

# When Leo and Libra Go Walking

By cindy Rae



*Part of the idea for this occurred to me when I realized that Linda Hamilton's birthday was September 26<sup>th</sup>, (so close to our premier date!) and that made her a Libra. Libra (the scales, the balance) always symbolized the law, (Lady Justice holds her scales) so it was just too good a coincidence to not play with.*

*From there, well, let's just say that one thing just led to another, almost completely on its own. I started out thinking something particular was about to happen with this Zodiac couple.*

*It didn't. I was wrong. What follows below is what happened, instead.*

*The muse is like that, and there are times when she simply cannot be bargained with; and everyone who's ever written for Vincent and Catherine knows exactly what I'm talking about. (smile)*

*For the September 25<sup>th</sup> Celebration, on Treasure Chambers, 2022.*

*35 Years and Counting...*



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*In order to fill the entire expanse, nature must infinitely repeat each of its original or generic combinations. - Louis August Blanqui*

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“You’re not supposed to be here. You do this from time to time, you know,” the starlit lady scolded her sun sign companion.

Her starspun companion knew he did. “The last time was... years ago. Decades. Have you missed me?” Leo, the embodiment of the Lion asked his eons-long companion.



“No,” the lady of the constellation Libra lied. The set of scales she held tipped. She smiled and they both knew her answer for the falsehood that it was.

“And I didn’t miss you,” her masculine companion returned, also lying. “At all.”

His lion’s body changed to his man-form, and his face shifted, subtly. He knew she liked him like this, so he obliged her.

“Not once?” she teased.



“Not even one time,” he returned her jest. “I didn’t think of you. Not when the great, Atlantic Ocean crashed its dark waves against the shore, not when New Year’s Eve came to Times Square and the war was over, not when--”

“Which one?” she interrupted, reaching over to smooth a light spun wisp of silky hair down over his broad shoulder. The Lion always wore his hair long.

*The Great Lion. My lion?* She wondered idly. In spite of the eons of time between them, she wasn’t sure of his intentions. She never had been. Sometimes, it seemed as if he was flirting with her. Other times, she wasn’t sure.

“One of the recent wars?” she prompted. With a wave of her lovely hand, her scales vanished. She could retrieve them again, at any time. The hand playing with his hair remained where it was.

“One of the larger ones. Does it matter?” he asked. *I love it when you touch me. I always have*, he thought, sparing her feminine fingers a glance. They remained where they were for a moment, then returned to her side.

“I suppose not,” she replied, staring down at New York City. They were there, hovering above it, because he’d mentioned it. They were there because he’d willed them there, in a way.

“You speak of the ocean. Why do you think of me when you see water?” she asked, sensing it was true.

*Because your eyes remind me of a great sea, after a storm*, he thought, but didn’t say.

The Atlantic he’d described was to their right, while one of the largest cities on Earth spread its lights out, before them.

“Water would be for Scorpio, or Pisces. I’m an Air sign,” she reminded him.

He gave her an enigmatic look, then leaned in close to her. “And I am fire,” he husked, near her ear.

The sound sent shivers down her cosmic spine.

“Does fire not need the air, to live?” he asked, reverting to a more courtly posture. He tucked her starry hand into the crook of his elbow.

“I suppose it does.” She hoped he couldn’t detect her blush.

“And besides, you are gentle. And the elements are in you mixed,” he declared.

"That's Shakespeare." She smiled. "He was a Taurus." They were drifting closer to a large, green space.

"He was a god," her companion gently corrected, as their starlit selves drifted farther down. "With words, at least. And he still writes love poems for his mistress, as he chases her across the sky."

"Like you chase me," Libra declared, feeling a little bold. She gently set her astral slipper on the greensward of Central Park.

"Like I chase you," he agreed, joining her. There was no sense in pretending he wasn't pursuing her. He'd even caught her - almost - once or twice. The fact that she'd escaped him again - as constellations always must do, as they return to their rightful place in the heavens - was of little consequence. Or at least he'd told himself as much.

But still, she was correct that it had been a few years since his last overture to her. One of the problems with immortality was its vast timeline. Decades could pass like mere hours, to ones such as they. But a decade was still a decade.

*So here we are again, and neither of us quite knows why.* They both thought it at the same time, unaware that they had.

People in the park hurried past them, most keeping to a sidewalk path, but others wandering outside its confines. Leo remained unconcerned about being detected. Celestial Beings often walked among mortals, unnoticed. They were never seen, and it was rare that their presence was even intuited. That happened almost never, and only by someone extremely sensitive to All That Lay Beyond Plain Sight.

Leo knew they'd be unmolested, as they strolled. He guided them onto the nearest sidewalk.



“We came to New York before,” she said, knowing that with all the world to choose from, this was at least the second (or was it third?) time he’d taken her down to the Great City, though they’d seen different parts of it. Chinatown had been a marvel, the last time.

“We’ve been to New York, but not in the Park. We were in the City, before,” he stated. A pair of roller skaters zoomed by them, intent on the concrete path.

She disengaged herself gently from him and held her gossamer covered arms out, expressively. “And is this not the city?” she asked. “There’s a multitude all around us, and from down here, above us; people in machines that move, and great, huge buildings that block the starlight.” She indicated the skyscrapers that even the tallest oaks could not conceal.

“The scattered trees don’t change that, Leo. They can’t.”

He nodded at her assessment, and considered it, as he watched a couple stroll by with a picnic blanket slung over the woman’s arm, as the man carried a basket.

“Perhaps they need the illusion of green spaces. So they carve themselves one, out of the rock and steel of this place. I don’t think it’s a deception, my fair one.”

*‘My fair one.’ Ah, you are in a suitor’s mood, tonight, if you’re calling me that.* Libra knew that that wasn’t always the case; that sometimes, an internal darkness seemed to all but overtake him. She knew he could be fierce, and savage as his symbol.

For tonight, though, it seemed, he was at least as much a man as he was a lion, that he even gave the illusion of wearing dark pants tucked into a pair of calf-hugging boots, and a poet’s shirt with a vest. All that

was fine with her. She simply knew that she liked it when they walked together. She always had.

She kept her mind on their conversation, rather than her own, internal musings.

“Deception... illusion... those can be dangerous things,” she replied.

He shrugged at her assessment. “Don’t begrudge them the illusion, Lady,” he prompted. “Perhaps they need it more than you... than we will ever know.”

She watched more New Yorkers rush past, each seeming intent on their own path, their own destination. Many of them were well dressed, while others wore faded denim and patchwork clothes. Some had clearly succeeded in acquiring money, while others were obviously poor. Tall, short, young, old, dark, fair... They were almost as different from each other as they were from her and her companion. And that was saying something.

“I don’t begrudge them,” she answered. “I just don’t... understand them, sometimes, that’s all,” she admitted. *Any more than I understand you. Sometimes.*

He gave her a considering glance. “That’s because you think like a Lawyer. You hold the Scales of Balance. Even when you don’t,” he said, as if it were just that simple.

Libra was quick to defend her sign and sigil. “There’s nothing wrong with Balance. It isn’t *just* about Law. Light and Dark *exist*. Life and Death. Guilt and Innocence are simply --”

“Necessary,” he interrupted gently, suspecting he knew where this protest was going, considering that they’d had this conversation before, centuries ago.



“Very necessary,” he amended. “Necessary and vital, and right, in the universe.” He let her know how much he considered her Ruling Attributes valuable, even if it wasn’t *her* sign that dominated *his* personality.

Libra blinked, a touch of surprise in the gesture. The Wildness of him was often more... disagreeable, when it came to such things. He was a creature of instincts, even as she was one of dichotomy.

“I’m glad you think so,” she replied. *Have you ever said that to me before?* She knew he hadn’t.

*How can I not think it, knowing I’ve been falling in love with you for the last millennia?* he thought.

Her next comment was a considered one. “I’m not sure about illusions. I’m not sure if I can trust them. But... there’s nothing wrong with understanding the Balance of the world, and living by it. The Law, when it is just, upholds that much, at least.”

Leo nodded that he agreed, but then said something else: “But only *some* live by that lawyer’s mentality, Beauty. *Most* live by cunning, and verve. It’s “chance” more than “choice,” for most of them. Perhaps that’s why they need to believe the illusion, to embrace... magic.” He indicated the bustling crowd, around them.

“Perhaps that’s why they... confuse you, sometimes.” *And why I often seem to.*

She turned in a circle and watched the faces of the crowd, as they walked by her. Many seemed happy, and animated. Most of them seemed like they were going to the same place, like something exciting was about to happen, and they were glad to be a part of it.

Others, however seemed less purpose-driven. Some seemed very casual, in their attitudes. Others looked more sullen, or serious. A

prostitute strolled by, her low cut blouse nearly meeting the hem of her cutoff skirt. An addict staggered past, rubbing his arm, almost absently.

*Scorpio, Gemini, Aquarius*, she chanted, naming all their signs, as they walked past her. The ability to know that was as much a part of her as her Scales. She scanned their faces, and to some extent, knew something about them, thanks to all the other things she knew.

*That old man is a Virgo, and he's running out of time, yet seems content. That teenager is an Aquarius with decades in front of her, but she knows no peace. There's a Capricorn who's lost something. And a Taurus who will never admit he has*, Libra thought, wondering at all of them. *There's a Cancer who wants to paint and another who wants to act. Acting is another form of illusion...*

She wasn't sure if there was a logic to them. But there certainly seemed to be a ... a vigor to the passing crowd. A vigor that reminded her very much of her companion.

"They do look more like yours than they are mine," she confessed. The fiery warmth in him was also in them, and it shone in their faces, or at least it shone in most of them.

She tucked her hand in his elbow again, and they resumed walking.

"We don't have to be like them, don't have to own them to understand them," Leo advised.

A brunette Aries woman rushed by him, a concert program clutched in her gloved hand. She was determined, and Leo could sense that she was a natural leader, and a good example of the stars that had ruled her birth. A Sagittarius man – a fellow fire sign, like him - kept pace with the Aries woman, and put a protective arm around her waist, as they hurried on, together.

*She'll give you hell and make you like it, Centaur,* Leo thought, inwardly pleased at the thought of how intense their fights – and their make-ups – would be.

He turned his attention back to his companion, as an errant breeze lifted her honey-blond tresses.

*How often have I watched you, secretly, from the heavens?* he wondered. *How often have I... longed for a night like this, and to see an autumn wind in your hair?*

The breeze toyed with her shimmering lock, then set it down again.

"I remember you on a night not so different from this one," Leo whispered into Libra's ear. "The air had turned cool. We walked among them for hours, and we explored. We drifted across the entire city. Then, we walked all the way to the river, just to watch the sun rise."

Libra smiled. "Oh! It was springtime, and there was rain! I remember it!" she said. "That was decades ago. The cars were so different, then. They were all black, and the raindrops got caught in the big, round lights."

"The raindrops caught in your hair," he said, knowing it wasn't the 1930's era cars that had captured his attention. "Caught, and clung, like precious jewels."

His companion blushed again, becomingly.

"Raindrops can't get caught in starlight," she said, looking down, modestly.

They both stopped moving as his great, clawed hand reached for her hair, and swept itself up into the soft, shimmering tresses. The silky bounty draped itself across his unusual hand.

*I will chase you across forever, he thought. And sometimes, just sometimes, I may even find a way to hold you.*

“I disagree that rain cannot be caught in light,” he replied softly, knowing he’d seen the rain do just that, with her. “If I could will it, I’d wish us a rain shower, just to show you how wrong you are.”

She caught his hand and cupped it against her cheek, resisting the urge to plant a kiss there.

“I would love that. If it would rain, I could laugh in it with you, again.”  
*I might even see you smile, rare as that is.*

His starlit blue eyes warmed, with memory. “I would want for nothing more, if I had that memory to carry with me,” he declared.

Around them, the crowd grew thicker, their destination now in sight. They were all heading for the Naumberg Band Shell, and an orchestra was tuning up, inside. The sound of the strings pulled Libra’s attention toward the building.



“A concert! This is better than rain! You brought me to music!” the starlit lady said, now understanding why most of the crowd seemed so eager.

“Not ‘better.’ Just ‘also good,’” Leo replied, watching the mob as it settled itself on blankets, in chairs, and sometimes just on the open grass.

“Is it Beethoven?” Libra asked. “Sonata for Moonlight” was one of her favorite pieces.

“I don’t think so,” Leo replied, eyeing a dropped program. Beethoven wasn’t on the list.

“It could still be wonderful. We can sit down in front,” Libra said, gently tugging his hand.

Leo followed her, and as he did so, the evening breeze carried something else: Information. The celestial hairs on his arms began to rise, and the animal inside him sensed something. The air around them was changing. The barometer was dropping. Fast. Rain was close.

*Wishes do come true. Even if you wish them no more than once every thirty years or so,* he thought. The chance to stand with her in an outdoor concert, while the rain soaked her moon-kissed skin, was a chance not to be missed.

They flowed to the front of the crowd, a certain drainage grate quite near their feet. Lovely strains of music lifted up and began to flow, all around them.

She felt it, and tipped her head back, to enjoy it. “It’s transcendent,” she breathed.

She was enchanted, her expression one of beatific pleasure. In that moment, Leo thought her more lovely than any other creature in the entire universe.

*The planet Venus rules you. I wonder that I never thought of that, before now?* he mused, listening to a slowly ascending section of strings.

Her smile was incandescent. "Listen... It's like a conversation... but with music. It's amazing," she declared.

"So are you," he complimented. "It's Schubert."

"Schubert... is lovely," she stated, absorbing the introduction to the *Unfinished Symphony*.

Looking at her, Leo couldn't agree more.

The scent of petrichor greeted his sensitive nose. "Fairest ... remember that I told you... I would wish us more rain?" he asked.

She looked over at him and nodded. "Of course I do."

He faced her squarely and let her see how intensely he was feeling the approaching storm. "I don't mean like last time," he whispered, his voice husky, again.

"Not a gentle rain, not something that barely gets caught in the headlights of their cars, or leaves little puddles on the sidewalks." His blue eyes held a strange kind of fire.

*Can fire be blue?* She barely had time to think it.

"Not some... gentle shower, here and gone," he continued. "But a storm, a *real* storm. A sweet, raging tempest. One where thunder shakes the heavens and lightning splits the sky open, from one side to the other. A storm that shakes you, and drenches you, and makes you want to fall against me."

Thunder chose that particular moment to make itself known.

Libra glanced up, forgetting the concert, for a moment.



“Are you... are you doing this?” she asked, studying the sky above them. The music continued.

He looked where she did, as lighting traced its way across the heavens. They both knew he had no influence of the weather. But in this moment, he almost felt like he did.

“Yes. No. I don’t know,” he admitted. *I don’t know what wishes do. I only know what fire does. I know it creates, and it destroys. I know it can be harnessed, or it can rage. I know it warms... until it burns. I know that I burn for you, and no water in the world will ever quench that flame, or make it less. Don’t be afraid. Please, don’t be afraid. Share this moment with me. Let it... overcome you, Beauty.*



*My stars tell me that we are possible. Please let it be so,* he thought.

Lightning flickered overhead again, and another roll of thunder chased it westward. The Atlantic they'd both seen when they'd descended was now sending a late evening storm their way.

"We should stand on the grate!" she urged. "Let the rain fall on us, and through us!" Libra smiled as she said it, her sense of anticipation already making her joyful.

Her grey-green eyes beseeched his. *We should do it, and have a memory to take with us, forever. Please, Leo, will you? It might... it might mean so much. So much more than it did the last time we were in the rain together.*

Her hand tugged his gently, and he followed her without resistance. *Yes, I will. Of course I will,* he thought.

The moment they both stepped onto the grate was the moment they realized they were not alone, in their desires.

"Lightning?" A feminine voice asked, from just beneath them.

"I think it was," a masculine voice replied, barely above a whisper.

From the edge of the grate, Leo looked down. So did Libra.

The crowd fell away. New York fell away. The rising music, even the imminent tempest seemed to fall away from them, as, for a moment, they stared down into a couple that could have been their human reflections.



“Do you see them?” Leo asked. His voice was hoarse, almost unrecognizable, to his own ears.

“I... yes. Yes, I do,” Libra replied, unable to tear her eyes away from the couple seated below them.

“They don’t... see us... do they?” she asked.

Leo’s keen eyes tracked from one figure to the other, and he sent his intuitive sense of understanding out. The strange couple was seated on the ground, alternately looking up, and at each other, as they spoke in soft tones.

*He is... enraptured. And so is she,* Leo concluded.

“No, they don’t sense us. He looks at much. But... he *sees* only her,” Leo answered.

“And she sees only... heaven,” Libra stated, certain it was true, thanks to the sensations which were emanating from the woman.

“But they... shouldn’t be here. They shouldn’t even be possible,” Leo said, confused by what his eyes were telling him.

*A hundred centuries pass... and I can still be surprised,* he thought, wondering at the unexpected sensation.

"It's... incredible," he said, staring.

Some other night, Leo knew that his mortal twin might have had a sense of him. But not tonight. Tonight, the lion man below him clearly only had eyes for his companion.

"It... It can't be. Can it?" Libra was the one to ask it. In all their immeasurable lives, they'd never encountered the like.

Leo was immersed in the familiar features of the lion-like man who was, right now, staring back at him. Or who was, more precisely, staring up, as the woman he was with rose to her knees, looking expectantly at the sky beyond the crosshatched grate.

"It... can't be?" Libra repeated, this time making sure to state it like the question that it was.

"No. It can't be," Leo answered, as awestruck as she was. *This can't be happening. Not in a thousand years. Not in a thousand thousand.*

*They're our mortal reflections. And they're sitting right beneath us,* he thought, grappling with the knowledge of it.

"She's me. He's you." Libra said. The resemblance was as unmistakable as the mortal woman's intention to feel the rain on her beautiful face.

"He's not a Leo," Leo said, speaking of the man's Astrological sign.

"But he *is* one. In his soul, he *is* one," Leo whispered, knowing that the January 12<sup>th</sup> birthday made him a Capricorn, technically.

"It happens," Libra said, knowing that not all beings were ruled by their star sign. Some seemed ruled by the moon, or their ruling planet. And still others seemed ruled by something else.

“He’s... he even looks just like me.” Leo said, stating the incredible and the obvious, at the same time.

“He... he does,” Libra agreed, not knowing how to add more. What else could she say?

*Bring us rain. Bring us a torrent of it,* Leo commanded mentally, wishing he actually had the power to summon a hurricane.

“He *does* look like you. And she... she’s *definitely* mine,” Libra whispered, starting to feel the raindrops fall. Around them, the crowd began to murmur, as the orchestra continued.

“Yes, she’s yours. Inside and out,” Leo agreed.

“September’s child. She’s definitely a Libra,” the celestial Goddess confirmed. “She’s even a law giver. I can feel it from her,” Libra declared.

“Vincent, it’s starting to rain!” Catherine declared, unaware of the conversation taking place just over her heads, and a little to the left. Her smile was huge, and she rose higher up on her knees, her hands up, in a supplicant’s posture. Around them, the rain began to increase, in tempo.

Her companion reached to remove his cape, to offer her shelter from the storm, but she shook the offer away.

“She is you,” Leo said, watching the woman beneath him as she adopted a pagan’s worshipful pose. She flung her head back, allowing the unexpected shower to take her, and take her where it would.

Fat raindrops came hurtling down.

Then... they began to cover her.

“She’s... so beautiful...,” Libra said. Leo couldn’t agree more.

“And she loves him,” Libra added, awestruck. She was watching the unselfconscious joy in Catherine’s expression, as the heavens above them opened up and gave up their bounty.

For his part, Vincent was drinking in the sight of his love, as the rain began to pour down in earnest.

“She loves him unconditionally. Even if a part of her is afraid. She loves him with her whole heart,” Libra said, feeling it from her celestial Daughter.

“As he loves her. Look at him. Look at his face, Beauty,” Leo prompted.

Libra did, and she saw the wonder and quiet joy in Vincent’s expression, as rain began to drip from Catherine’s pearls. The man with a face that could not be seen above the ground was enraptured, as the lightning flashed, and another peal of thunder pounded its way across the sky.

“He... adores her,” Leo declared.

“I see it,” Libra whispered, fascinated.

*Love each other, Libra thought. Dare to do it. It doesn’t matter what they say, what any of them says. Don’t be afraid. Eternity is waiting for you, if you dare to love, to truly love. You only have so much time to know it. And time is too precious a thing to waste.*

The thought brought her to a stark realization about her own situation, with Leo. They’d been careful with each other for countless centuries, each one knowing they had the time to do so. Also each one knowing that a mistake, or a misstep, could bring a heartache that could last as long as the lifetime of a star.

*Perhaps, Libra thought, It is time to stop being careful.*



Beneath her, Catherine was drenched. And Vincent was... Vincent was smiling.

*That's it. That's right. Love her. Love her in all her forms. Don't be afraid. Fear is a thief. Love each other. Be brave.*

Armed with the words, she faced her love.

"Do you think she loves him as much as I love you?" she asked. It was the first time she'd ever dared to confess her love for him.

*Do I think--!!*

She was in his arms before the next raindrop hit Catherine's outstretched fingertips.

"I pray for his sake that she does. I know I love you. At least that much," he vowed.

He cupped her upturned cheeks in his unusual hands. Her shimmering skin was finer than porcelain, and her storm-colored eyes looked huge. Her hair was starting to streak, and run. And as he'd predicted, small droplets of water were caught there, suspended in her starlight. He tipped her chin gently up, and toward the rain.

*There. Catch it. Catch it all,* he thought, mesmerized. She did. She was.

"I love you," she replied simply, whispering it to the rain, even as she whispered it to him.

As Catherine fell into Vincent's arms and the tempest above them drove concert-goers and musicians alike away from the park, two lovers, long unsure of each other, yet inextricably drawn together, embraced, in Central Park.

In it, and beneath it.

Inside him, Leo felt the rush of Libra, or her goodness, her wisdom, her kindness and her stubbornness, and all that she was. He felt her joy, and her sometimes-conflict. He felt her love.

"I know that you love. I feel what you're feeling," Leo said, enjoying the sensation of the rain, as it both fell on and through his ethereal form. He closed his eyes, and felt his love, his Libra.

*You're happy. So happy. It shines in you like candleflame. And I can feel it from you,* he thought, luxuriating in her warmth. The bond he hoped they would always share was just now being born.

Beneath him, Vincent was thinking almost exactly the same thing about his Catherine: *You're happy. So happy. It shines in you, and I can feel it. Thank you, Catherine. Thank you for sharing this moment with me. I love you.*

Catherine, drenched and exhilarated, fell against him, and he embraced her in arms that felt as if they would never let her go. He silently gave thanks again, and simply held his love, as she turned her face back up to the rain, watching it with him, as it fell through the crosshatched grate.

Above them, the downpour continued, as the concertgoers all fled for cover.

Leo watched them go, barely aware that they were leaving. He had his love in his arms. And like any being, mortal or immortal, he knew his soul was content, just by that fact alone.

"We love each other. They love each other," Libra said, still trying to puzzle it all out. Beneath them, they both heard Catherine's feminine laugh, as she nestled into her love's embrace.

"We do," Leo said, simply aware that it was true. *It's true. It's all true. Perhaps everything is true. Are we in love because they are, or are*

*they in love because we are? Or does it even matter, even play a part? Perhaps we'll never know. When their Earthly lives are done, will we all see each other again, on the Celestial Plane?* he wondered.

"I have questions I have no answers for," Leo admitted. Even Immortals lived life one moment at a time. And he'd never had a gift for prophecy.

"Perhaps they do too, and it's all right if that's so," Libra replied, letting her joy fill her – fill them both.

She noticed the crowd had thinned to almost nothing, even as the rain persisted.

"I want to dance in it! Leo! Do we even understand what we've just seen?" she asked.

Leo shook his maned head. He knew he didn't. "Do you?" he asked.

She stepped back from him and did a graceful pirouette. "Balance... exists!" She laughed happily, beyond pleased, at the knowledge.

"The... the park exists in the city, and the city exists in the park! A world Above it. A world below it! And everything in between it! It's all true!" Her smile couldn't dim, as she spun around again.

"We're endless... and we're mortal!" she declared, glancing back towards Vincent and Catherine. "Mortal *and* Eternal! We're both!"

Considering that the evidence of that was wrapping his love more firmly in his patchwork cape as the rain continued to soak them both, Leo knew he could hardly refute her. He didn't even want to.

*We're both. We never knew. And now we do,* he thought.

"What does it mean, Leo?" Libra asked. Her smile was still huge. She spun again, with joy, her arms open wide. Raindrops scattered from her outstretched fingertips.

*Mortal. Mortals can love. Mortals can have children...* Her mind spun, with the possibilities of it.

“What does it mean?” she repeated, stopping to face him.

Leo hesitated, unsure of how to answer her. Celestials marked the *events* of time. They did not always mark the *meaning* of them, or try to. Such things were best left to poets, or possibly heretics. He knew he was neither,

“I’m not sure,” he confessed, still feeling her elation, as she continued to dance on a rain-splattered sidewalk.

*Mortals. We have mortal selves. I never imagined such a thing. They’re mortal, and they’re real. As real as we are. Moreso, maybe.*

He stepped up beside her and caught her hand, as they began to take their leave of the park. She went along, willingly.

*I don’t know what it means, he mused. I don’t know what something... impossible means. For them, or for us. We’re still what we are. But I know one thing: It isn’t going to be thirty years before I see you again, My Lady.*

The feelings between them were strong, and growing stronger. Too strong to be ignored any longer.

“Well, I think it means they’ll be Eternals too, one day,” Libra predicted. “Like Shakespeare, and Beethoven. Like Byron. Quote her Byron!” she called over her shoulder toward the increasingly distant grate.

“*She walks in Beauty, like the night.*” Leo obliged her, squiring her down a rain-drenched path. He was as soaked as she was, and rain glittered, in his storm-drenched mane.

Libra laughed up at him, even as she found him more handsome than she had words for.

"I mean *him*, not *you*. Do you think we'll see them again, while they're still on the Earthly plane?" she asked.

"We might," he hedged, having no idea whether they would - or even should - do such a thing. Eternal beings rarely dealt with mortals so directly.

Libra gave his hand a happy squeeze. "Walk the city with me? Please? Do you want to know what I think about all this?" she asked.

He absolutely did. "I think yours are the only words I trust in this moment, Beauty," he answered. "Tell me how the lady of Balance sees this? How the scales can possibly... hold such an amazing, such a fantastic idea as the one we just saw?"

He was confused, and it made him all the more endearing to her. "My Lion. So sure of yourself. So proud. *He's* proud. You can feel it from him. He wears it like that great cape of his."

"She's proud as well. There's strength in her," Leo confirmed. "And I'd have thought this night would have sent your scales to... spinning," he said. "You can't pretend this was expected."

She thought about that as they picked their way down an acorn-strewn path. The storm had shaken the branches of the autumn trees.

"Well, I think the scales are still in balance, my love. That they're just proof that... that if you wait long enough, *anything* can happen, in the universe. Even *magic* can happen."

"Two Immortals can see their Mortal selves? Can share an... an identical moment, with them? Libra, you have to know that even the celestial odds of such a thing absolutely... *defy* calculation..."

“On a long enough timeline, they say anything can happen,” Libra reasoned blithely. The rain was letting up, as the storm moved off.

“On a long enough timeline... And our timeline is... Eternal,” he replied.

“Our timeline is Eternal,” she echoed, stopping to hold both his hands in hers, again.

He lifted her up. Literally. He lifted himself as well, and they began to ascend, gently.

“We’re different, now,” he warned, not yet knowing how much he should tell her about the Bond that was even now, simmering, between them.

*How much can you feel this? How much do you know? Do you know I can tell you’re thinking about going back to the river? About watching the sunrise? Do you know I can feel how happy you are, right now?*

“This changes things,” he cautioned her. He willed her to feel the depth of his love for her.

“It’s fine that it does,” Libra said softly. They would hardly be the first Celestial Couple to find love with each other. Jupiter alone was surrounded by the moons of his past amours. Many of them.

“Does that frighten you, my love?” She disengaged their hands and lifted her finger to touch it to his unusual brow. A brow he knew was slightly furrowed, right now.

Leo thought for a moment, then made peace with all he knew. *Some things we must simply accept on faith. They just are. As we just are, right now.*

“More afraid of facing the next eon... or even the next day, without you,” he admitted, letting her see how vulnerable love made him feel.



He wasn't used to it. Not yet. All of this was happening very quickly, for a being who often measured changing events in terms of centuries.

"When heart and mind are in balance, then you will know peace," Libra predicted wisely. He answered her with a look of love so pure it took her galaxy-born breath away.

*Peace. Yes. Like peace in the stillness, after a storm.* It was a necessary thing for his warrior's heart, to know that peace.

"I love you. Not just for this night. But for always." He wanted her to know. This would be no casual affair. His heart wasn't built for it. Neither, he sensed, was hers.

She tugged him toward the skyscrapers, seeming content with his proclamation. "As I love you. For always," she affirmed.

"And I don't want to go home yet," she declared, loving the picture of the glistening avenues, before her. The overhead street lights were much brighter than they had been last time they'd been to New York, together. A yellow taxi made rainbows, in its headlights, and she was charmed by this city of millions, all over again.

"I want to go to the river. Indulge me?" she asked.

He nodded his tacit agreement in a gesture that Vincent would have undoubtedly recognized.

"We can sit by the water and wait for the sun to come up," he said, content at the thought.

He shimmered lightly over the streetlights with her, heading in the general direction of the 59<sup>th</sup> Street Bridge. There was a very particular bench there, one he knew she favored.

“There’s beauty in their world, my Lion,” she declared. “I know some of it is rough. And some of it can break a heart. But there *is* beauty.”

He recalled the vision of her as she had been last time he’d seen her by the bridge, thirty years ago. She’d been Beauty and Balance, gossamer and starshine, as she’d looked up at him, after the springtime rain shower. The sky over her shoulder had been growing lighter, as it changed from black to blue. They’d met the new day together

It had been the first time they’d ever sat next to each other during an Earthly sunrise. Her hair had been painted in shades of gold, and her eyes had shimmered like newborn sunlight, on the water. He’d longed to kiss her, as the changing light had touched her lips with peach.

But he hadn’t. Not then.

“You just have to have faith in that beauty, to *know* it,” she continued. “Once you do... no darkness can take that knowledge from you.”

*No darkness...No shadow of another parting from you. We can only pray that’s true,* he thought.

“And what shall we do with this... great knowledge?” Leo asked, humoring her at least a little.

Libra shrugged delicately. “What’s to be done with any knowledge? Understand it. Accept it. Know that here, just like in the heavens, just like everywhere... that beauty exists.”

He chuckled, softly, and bore them onward. New York’s long canyons of stone surrounded them, and would continue to do so, unless they flew higher.

“Oh, Beauty. I knew that the first moment I saw you,” he replied, keeping her hand in his. They didn’t need to hurry.

*I'll take you past their huge cathedral, and to the statue of the Great Lady. Maybe we'll see Gypsies. Maybe some of them... will even see us, he mused, knowing that for every thousand frauds, one of them possessed True Sight.*

*We'll visit the city, again. And then...*

Leo's lion heart warmed, with anticipation.

*The air will smell rain-washed clean, and the sun will shine both on you and through you. The day will dawn clear, and the water will shift, and glisten everywhere the rising sun hits it. Your gown will shimmer, and your hair will gleam in the morning light. And your lips... oh, your lips...*

He knew they had another sunrise to catch. And that this time, he knew he was going to kiss her.

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And that's exactly what he did.

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*No matter where you are in your own fairy tale, I wish you love- Cindy*



