

Bond



by Jessica Rae

The ancient story of the crimson thread that connects this fleeting soul to the world beyond, is both adored and dismissed by those bound by its auburn threads. Tightly anchored to that which will be, this bond connects us to the reality where we exist, in a world that is held together by the hopes and dreams of those that dwell in it.

“We have a Bond,” Vincent spoke in the stillness.

The dark balcony that had become their meeting place between worlds was solid beneath their feet. The world stretched beyond them in a twinkling mass of lights and sounds. But for a moment, the still stone beneath them was the only crimson anchoring thread that they had between Above and Below.

“Yes,” she spoke softly. “I never knew that something so strong could exist between two people. I have never experienced this before.”

The lights of the world below glinted on his glassy eyes as he turned to seek her face in the shadows.

“Is it worth it?” he asked, and she did not need a longer explanation of his question.

Is it worth the pain, the struggle, the hurt, the ‘what will never be’, the ‘never can be shared’.

"Oh, yes," she whispered, her hands finding the roughness of his cloak and grasping it as tightly as if her life depended on it. In truth, it did. "Oh, yes, Vincent. Everything has been worth it. Everything."

His long arm encircled her shoulders, holding her carefully as close as he dared. "Everything," he echoed, gazing out at a world that did not know they existed.

"Will we ever be able to be anything other than what we are?" she asked softly, her voice muffled by the warm fabric that covered them both. His long tawny hair touched her cheek, as he leaned his face closer to hers.

"There is a difference in our world and yours," he began patiently, but she raised a finger to his lips.

"To hell with differences," she spoke intensely, more harshly than intended. Her eyes would have been dark circles of frustration, had he been able to see them in the dark of the night. "I am asking you what you have to say. Will we be anything else?"

He rested his chin on the top of her head, his arms settling more comfortably in a circle around her.

He did not have to say anything else. The Bond spoke for them both. Fear drove a wedge between them, an effective line in the sand. A Do Not Cross sign that they both were standing beside, wondering if anyone would notice if they just stepped one foot over that line.

"Yes," he spoke softly, his voice a comforting rumble in her ear. "But when we are both ready."

"I am," she responded with conviction. "Vincent, I love you. You are my everything, you are my life. I want to share everything with you, there will never be anyone else for me."

He gently pulled her away, so he could look down at her face, barely visible in the coming dawn.

"Dearest Catherine." His tone sounded regretful, and she opened her mouth to protest, fearing he would dismiss her plea entirely, but he quickly continued. "There is nothing that you feel inside that I do not know." A small smile quirked up the corner of his lips at the blush that crept across her cheeks. "The Bond is very strong, and I am honored by your devotion. Catherine, you are my sunrise, my sunset. You are the light that fills our tunnels, so grey and colorless. But we have you and for that I am eternally in your debt. Catherine, there are steps to our journey. It is unique and beautifully so. But I could not take your gift of everything you have to offer simply on the desperation that you feel to prove your love. I know your love, and it is my life. It is the beat of my heart, and there is no existence for me other than in your acceptance of who I am."

"Then let me show it," she whispered pleadingly, her eyes searching his. "Please Vincent, what is there to hold us back?"

The temptation was strong, he could feel it, and through the Bond he sensed that it was mutual on both sides. Did he dare? Could he be trusted? His hands unconsciously curled into themselves, and she pulled away, taking them into her own.

“Vincent, you could never hurt me.”

He closed his eyes in dismissal of her confidence and she leaned close, her face inches from his.

“Vincent, listen to me. I am not afraid of you.”

He felt her gentle trust through their Bond, and opened his eyes to find her right there, waiting. She carefully unclenched his fingers and he allowed her.

“Trust yourself, Vincent,” she whispered. “The Bond will guide us.”

Still he hesitated, but his resolve was fading at the twinkle in her eyes, now visible in the fleeting night air.

“You are sure, Catherine? We can never go back to what were were – before.”

“I don’t want to ever go back. What is there for us there, except longing and what could be?” she replied determinedly, and he willingly took her in his arms again.

There was nothing else he could say. She spoke the truth. They had been through fire and flood, sickness and health, and it had not yet driven them apart. Perhaps the fates knew what they were doing. The Bond was clear that they both were daring to step over the line in the sand. Choices would be made, and never undone. But neither lover would care. The glass door behind them beckoned them to enter its portal and decide once and for all what they would be.

With a single step in its direction, they made their choice and the crimson thread of two souls wound themselves together in unified harmony, their lives a permanent page in Time’s story.

Perhaps the gentle sun would kindly wait an hour more before bathing the lover’s domain in her revealing light.

