

Fate

by Angie

Paracelsus regarded the figure on the bed, bound, sweating and unconscious. He smiled. How simple it had been! Just a few whispers in a voice the boy knew. Soon Vincent would be his.

Unfortunately, Father did not give up and Vincent survived, sane. Paracelsus waited and plotted, then tried again. The drug almost worked, but this time Catherine saved the boy!

Paracelsus had one last trick. He would not live to see it, but the tunnel community would be destroyed by its favourite son. Third time lucky.

He gloated at the mad contortion of Vincent's face, then breathed his last.