

Happiness

by Angie

Catherine watched as a writhing clutch of toddlers clambered over Vincent on the floor after supper. She grinned at the sight and winced with him when one small foot, knee or elbow caught him in the most sensitive place.

Mary ended the tumble game, herding her charges towards their beds. Vincent stood and dusted himself off, chuckling.

“Why do you let them treat you like a large stuffed toy?” Catherine asked him.

He was silent a moment.

“Their sheer happiness infects me. As it does with you, my love.”

“Ah. Say no more.”

He kissed her instead.