

# Key

by Angie

Paracelsus picked up a bent gold coin and his mouth tightened. It was no longer perfect, and this was Vincent's fault. His face had suffered too, although gold masked it. That too was Vincent's fault.

The woman had alerted Vincent to his drug scheme, put an end to his gold acquisition. She would draw Vincent. This coin was the means, the key, the clue. The message would be unambiguous.

Paracelsus gave the coin to Orlick, not much caring how the brute accomplished his chore, as long as the woman lived. Revenge would be sweet, almost as good as pure gold.