

The Right Place

by Angie



Catherine had spent the day discarding and boxing up books for the tunnels. Now, in late afternoon, she poured herself a cold drink and sat down on the couch.

Vincent sat beside her and pulled her to his chest, enclosing her in his arms.

She sighed as she relaxed into his deep, padded chest.

“This is where I want to be for the rest of my life,” she whispered, and soon fell asleep.

“This is where I want to be for the rest of my life too,” Vincent said silently to himself, sighing as he felt her contentment.

END