

Better Late Than Never

by Barbara Anderson

“Marry me?” Vincent finally asked.

Kissing him until both were breathless, Catherine sat back, a mischievous grin on her face.

"What is it?" he asked.

She smiled broadly, as the dinner bell sounded from somewhere in the tunnels. "Race you to the dining hall," she challenged, a twinkle in her eye.

Jumping off his lap, she grabbed her walker, kicking his just out of reach.

"That's not fair!" he hollered, wheezing in the damp tunnel air.

"That's what you get for making me wait so long, you old coot!"

He heard her laughter as she shuffled to the chamber entrance.