




# True Beauty

by Barbara Anderson



**G**azing lovingly into Catherine's eyes, Vincent tucked the hair behind her ear, exposing the scar on the side of her face.

"You're still as beautiful as the night we met," he whispered. She chuckled softly.

"Why do you laugh?"

Grinning, Catherine replied. "The night we met, I was unconscious, covered with bruises, and my face was slashed and bleeding. I should hope I look a bit better than *that*."

"You know what I mean."

"What exactly *do* you mean?" she asked.

"*Your* beauty runs much deeper, Catherine. *True Beauty* shines from within. *That* never fades."

