

# **I'll Be Your Sentinel**

by Cindy

Vincent lay warmly next to his sleeping wife. Her pregnant belly was a gentle swell, between them.

She often slept lightly, or not very well. At first, nightmares had plagued her. But since her rescue, it was usually a lower back twinge, or some such.

They were both concerned. And overjoyed.

Sensing Catherine's restlessness, he sent her deep, comforting waves, through their bond.

Safe. You're safe, here.

Her hand slid across the sheet, searching. He put his in the way, so she could make contact.

Once she did, he felt her settle.

"Sleep," he whispered. "I will watch over you."