

Revenge is Best Served Cold...

by Judith Nolan

Paracelsus stood at the apartment's window, staring out into the night. The room was in total darkness. He was high enough to look down onto Catherine Chandler's night-shrouded balcony.

He smiled grimly, as he waited with the endless patience of a true predator. Soon *he* would arrive...

Paracelsus's long-boned hands ached to seize Catherine's pretty throat and squeeze. The temptation was almost overwhelming... *almost*. He didn't doubt his erstwhile protégé would tear him limb from limb for such audacity.

But the need for retribution remained, a slow-burning fire, deep in his belly. He could wait. With astuteness he *would* prevail...