

The Balcony

by Judith Nolan

Moonlight kissed the balcony as Catherine opened the door and stepped into his waiting arms.

"I thought of you all day," she confessed softly, as she rubbed her cheek against his vest. "It's been hard."

Vincent's answer was a wordless embrace, deep and reverent. He breathed her in, the scent of her hair, the quickening of her pulse. To love her was to find home again and again. Without end.

As she touched his cheek, he whispered, "Every moment apart is only a path leading back to this."

And together, beneath the stars, they found forever in a single kiss.