

Love and Hope

by Judith

“...the clouds that gather round the setting sun, do take a sober colouring from an eye that hath kept watch o’er man’s mortality...”

Vincent finished reading, closed the book.

Lying against his shoulder, Catherine slept, her breathing slow and even. He sighed, looking down at her, turning his head to press a kiss against her forehead.

She didn’t move or wake. For a long moment he hesitated, considering the implications. He could wake her and leave, or...

Gathering her into his arms, he stood effortlessly, pausing briefly at the threshold, before carrying Catherine into the darkness of her apartment beyond...