

B&B Tidbit (100 words)

by Zara Wilder

Paying the Price

At the threshold of Catherine's subbasement, she'd placed her hands in his.

Vincent delighted in her trusting touch.

She gazed into his face. "I can't remember a time when I felt as good, or complete, as I do right now."

He savored her euphoria like rare wine. "I feel it in you, through you."

"You really can."

"It's very beautiful."

"Sort of like a dream?" she asked.

"Better," he replied with a gentle smile.

Glowing, Catherine turned and walked home.

Sobering, Vincent returned to Hell's Kitchen, to properly dispose of the two corpses he'd slain to give Catherine her victory.