

Vignettes – Passion

by Angie

10 - Dark Spirit

I am in his arms and I can feel his serenity. The worst is behind us now. The terrible fear that almost overcame me is gone. The shell is now dust, crushed in one of his big hands and thrown to the winds of New York. Vincent saved me and has forgiven me. Nothing else matters.

I move away slightly and raise myself on tiptoe so I can reach his neck. I kiss it lightly. I feel a thrill run through him and myself.

I don't know how to thank him for what he has done. I know he would say he couldn't do otherwise, but I'm at a loss for words. A bad admission for a lawyer, but then love and passion like ours are not usual in my work. I see the distortion of these emotions often in my clients, but it is not like this, not like what Vincent and I share.

I move my arms around him to get him closer and he obliges by surrounding me with his cloak, protectively. I can feel his heartbeat under my ear. I could stay here forever.

Perhaps no words are needed.

Catherine looks outwardly calm, but I can tell she is still embarrassed. These past days have been difficult for both of us.

It cannot have been easy for her to reflect on the events leading to her complete loss of willpower. She is an intelligent woman, and had no belief in superstitions like the one which enslaved her. Even I find such things difficult to understand.

I have taken the shell from her and crushed it. I felt her relief as this symbol of her mind slavery became dust. But there was something else - perhaps a sense of closure. We both need it.

She is still quiet, yet I can feel she wants to say something. There is no need, and perhaps she realizes that too.

What could she say? She knows I would never abandon her, even when she told me to leave her. That hurt, but I could feel the conflict in her even then. Her heart was telling her the opposite and that is why I visited Narcissa. I needed to understand the dark passion that had engulfed my Catherine.

I cannot think of words either. She is holding me tight and I know she loves me. What more is necessary? Then she moves away a little and then lifts herself up to kiss my neck. I feel a thrill run through me. It is such a small gesture, but it means so much!

We hug tighter and the world around is suddenly of no importance. All that matters is our love. We are stronger now. I can feel it.

END