

Perfection

by Angie

It had been a very rough day, but Catherine smiled now as she stroked the warm, silky length she held. It was long, had a lovely point and fit her hand as if made for her. Definitely a keeper.

Vincent looked down at her, glad to see her happy.

"What makes you smile, Catherine?"

"This. It's exquisite."

She looked up at him and held up the wooden crochet hook.

"That looks like one of Cullen's. He would be gratified that you like it."

"Hope he doesn't mind if I keep it for myself."

"There is no better praise," Vincent replied.

