

B&B Tidbits (100 words)

by Judith

Though Lovers Be Lost

Her Hand

Catherine's right hand lay on the rumpled sheets, palm uppermost. She slept, nakedly content in his bed. Now it seemed the most natural thing in the world, for her to be here -- with him.

Vincent's breath hitched. He stared at her fingers and the smooth creaminess of her skin. That hand had moulded and caressed his body in places which made him blush to remember them now.

Gently she'd led him-- a wondering penitent-- into realms he'd previously imagined only within the security of his deepest soul-- and he smiled wistfully, hoping they would soon return to that magical place...

His Beauty

"I owe you everything -- everything..." Catherine tried to make her simple words convey all she was feeling. Until this very moment she hadn't realized she now dreamed in colour, and everything around her seemed filled with unearthly music... and it was all because of him... the incredibly beautiful man

standing before her. He figured prominently in those same technicolour dreams...

Vincent sighed before replying gently, "You owe me nothing -- I'm part of you, Catherine. Just as you're part of me. Wherever you go, wherever I am... I'm with you... Good-bye..."

Before he could retreat Catherine hugged him close. "For now..."

That Kiss

Catherine dashed across the park toward the culvert. Vincent appeared from the tunnel at full run--- skidding to a halt when he saw her. Catherine flew into his open arms. He crushed her against him.

"Oh, forgive me... forgive me for doubting!" She gasped. "What we have is all that matters. It's worth everything!"

"Everything!" Vincent agrees vehemently, staring down at her.

Their gazes tangled, holding for several thudding heartbeats. In this moment nothing mattered but each other. Without hesitation Catherine reached to kiss him and he didn't deny her. It felt so right, how could it ever be wrong?

In Spirit

“Of things that are beautiful, of things that are lovely and never happen...”

Catherine pushed past Kristopher, stomping angrily away. He followed her, still reciting. “...*Of things that are not and should be!* It’s Oscar Wilde! Where are we going?”

Catherine scowled. “Home!”

Kristopher brightened. “*Okay...!* Does that mean you want to pose for me?” He followed her.

Not in this lifetime or the next... Catherine wanted to shout at him, but she was grateful he was following her. She couldn’t afford to have Vincent exposed to this quixotic man... *whatever he was.* She frowned... *there was the true mystery...*

Father’s Concern

Jacob stared at the slender young woman lying asleep in his son’s bed. He’d spent the night carefully stitching her destroyed face together. Mary had tended to her battered body, washing away the blood before dressing her in one of her own night-gowns.

Now Vincent’s father examined his patient, checking her erratic pulse while his mind wrestled with the worry over the

trouble she could bring to them. He frowned at his tall son standing silently at his side. “Keep a close watch. If her fever rises, let me know at once.”

Vincent nodded, his eyes on her. “I will.”

Mouse’s Gift

Mouse held up the rattle he’d made for baby Jacob. He shook it, liking the sound. His mind wandered. *Vincent and Catherine. Catherine and Vincent.* The names always matched. Like him and electricity. *Okay!* He loved the stuff. Did things. Made things go bang! A lot! Made them bright too.

He sobered. *Mouse and Jamie. Jamie and Mouse.* However he thought about the names, they went together. Like when he pictured his Jamie. Caused a big pain in his chest. The *always* ache in his head. He sighed, shaking the rattle disconcertingly. Mouse needed to make something neat for Jamie...