

B&B Tidbits (100 words)

by Judith

What Should Have Been

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 agreed 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...