

A Beauty and the Beast Tidbit (100 words)

by Angie

Love of light

It was very late, but Catherine wasn't tired. Instead she gazed over her balcony railing at the Park far below. Her eyes were drawn to a giant Christmas tree, brightly gleaming.

Soon afterwards, she was approaching it. It was snowing, and the coloured lights turned the snowflakes into sparkling jewels.

"Catherine," a voice said behind her, and she felt his warmth as he enclosed her in his cloak, held her tightly, drawing her to him.

"Merry Christmas," he whispered in her ear.

"Now it is," she whispered back, snuggling.

They stood thus, eternal, two hearts beating with the same joy.

END