

“Well, don't you look like the cat that ate the canary?” Grezzo's voice forced Millie from her lovedrunk stupor. He glanced at them, his yellow eyes narrowing slightly before he returned to his work studying a jewel with his monocle.

Millie hesitated. Normally, Mari was the girl's confidante, but Mari was dead. She didn't know how Grezzo would like being a springboard for all her silly romantic notions. What she *did* know was that he would needle her until she gave in.

“He kissed me,” Millie mumbled in a rush. “Xander kissed me.”

Grezzo quirked a brow. “The doctor?”

“Yeah!”

“Hmm.” Grezzo set the gem down in a velvet case. “He's probably married, you know.”

In an instant, Millie deflated. Scorching hot tears stung her eyes. She tried to steady her breathing before speaking. “I– Well–” It was no use. Tears ran down her reddened cheeks as she tried desperately not to sob. *So stupid!* she scolded herself.

Grezzo's face softened slightly. “Oh, Millie. I was just trying to warn you, protect your heart. That's all.” He came around the glass cases and laid a hand on her shoulder. “We both know how you are.”

It was an unwelcome reminder that she was, after all, a romantic idiot. “I know,” she finally managed to say. “I'll ask him if – *when* he comes back.”

Grezzo sighed. “Just be ready for his answer, girl.”

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Xander returned a short while after midnight. The back door to the chapel creaked open, announcing his arrival. Millie heard a mouse scurry away somewhere behind a stack of boxes as she walked into her kitchen to greet the doctor.

He looked a little better than he did the other night. The dark bruises under his right eye had started to yellow, and his limp had improved. Still, Millie noticed him wince as he inadvertently leaned against the stove; he must've bumped his bullet wound again. “You really should just sit down,” she said, taking his arm and hurrying him over to the kitchen table.

“Thank ya.” Xander groaned as he sat down and leaned back into the chair. He lifted his shirt to examine the wound. The area looked raw, but the stitches were miraculously clean. “Could be worse,” he mumbled, more to himself than Millie, as he prodded the area with a gloved hand.

“At least wash your gloves first,” the cleric said, swatting his hands away from his stitched-up wound.

“I washed them before I got here.” Xander’s green eyes crinkled as he smiled at her mischievously. “You really should look into being a nurse. You have the right temperament.”

“Doubtful.” Millie wrinkled her nose. She stared at him as he went right back to staring at his stitches.

“Well, you’re doing wonderful, playing nurse to me.” Xander dropped his shirt and took off his top hat, setting it on the table with a slight *thunk*. “You’re looking at me funny.”

“Huh?”

“Penny for your thoughts?”

Millie tried not to think of her embarrassing meltdown in front of Grezzo earlier. As calmly as she could, she asked quickly, “Are you married?”

Xander laughed under his breath at that. He pulled off the glove on his left hand to reveal a bare ring finger. “Engaged once. Never married. Why?”

Millie sighed in relief. “Oh, nothing.”

“Grezzo?”

Millie tilted her head at him. “How did you know?”

“Because he told me not to let you distract me,” Xander chuckled. “Neither of us are very good at listening to him, hmm?”

The girl couldn’t help her sly little smile at that. “I guess so.” She stood from the table, smoothing out her nightgown. “Can I get you anything?”

“See, *there’s* that nurse’s hospitality...”