

BAtB Fanfiction – The Beast Within

Catherine woke up, startled. Something was wrong. She could feel it. As she reached for the lamp she heard the sounds – deep, heavy, ragged breaths and growls. Soft light flooded the room and she stared in the direction of the noise to see...

Cowering in the corner, back to the wall, gulping in shards of air, huge taloned claws clenching and unclenching at his sides.

It was Vincent but not Vincent. Not her beautiful, beloved man but rather the beast. He crouched, waiting, wild eyes staring at her in abject terror.

Catherine's heart raced in her chest. How long had he been like that? They'd fallen asleep blissfully sated in each other's arms, after making love, only hours earlier. What could have triggered the change? Another fugue? Was his DNA morphing yet again? Catherine's heart cried for him as she watched the all consuming battle raging in his soul.

'Vincent?'

"Go away," he roared in pain.

Catherine could not move, would not leave him. She continued to stare at him intently. He held his stance but she could see the battle within. She knew on some level that his awareness of her was more than animal. His eyes followed her every move and she sensed the terror at what he might do. It was his nightmare of all those months ago come to life.

Catherine saw the horror, yet wasn't afraid. The oddest sensations rippled strongly through every cell of her being. In all the times Vincent had saved her as the beast, from the first moment they met, she had never, ever feared for her safety – in fact it was the complete opposite. He made her feel safe, protected, loved! As he carried her out of the server room when Muirfield burned; in the subway when three agents tried to kill her; the bike messenger; Gabe and on so many other occasions she lost count.

There were also all of the times that Vincent the man had cherished her and cloaked her with his love whilst they made love. The moments of anger that always led to incredible intimacy. His eyes had glowed golden, signalling the beginning of his change so often and yet always, always, he controlled it. Catherine knew that as man or beast he would never harm her as he thought. Her knowledge of that was unshakeable.

Catherine made a decision.

She stepped towards Vincent, crooning softly when she noticed his increased agitation.

"Vincent, it's me, it's Catherine.
Your Catherine.
It's OK.
No-one is going to hurt you.

I won't let them
I'll never let them
You're safe
Always safe
With me.
Vincent
I'm not going to hurt you
I love you
You love me – remember?"

As she softly spoke, Catherine continued her steps until she stood in front of him.
He was terrified...and terrifying
She should run
She should be scared
But she knew, she knew

"Vincent
I won't hurt you
But you have to trust me
I love you
All of you..."



She reached out ever so gently to place her hands on either side of his face
Gently caressing
Softly crooning
She searched the vast pools of golden amber that were his eyes
And saw her Vincent there

"Vincent
It's ok
It's me
It's your Catherine
Come."

She gently led him back to their bed
Both hands still on his face
He let her lead him, docile
She eased them down on the bed until they lay on their sides barely touching,
but close
So that she could continue to stare into his amber eyes,
never breaking contact
Willing her Vincent back up to the surface.
They lay that way for what seemed eons
Catherine's hands never leaving his beloved face
Her gaze never wavering from his sight
And she continued to speak gently to her love, her life...

The changes were imperceptible at first but Catherine knew
Felt his increasing calm and stillness
Then the changes became more apparent
Her Vincent was returning to her
As the moments ticked by
Vincent her beast gradually became Vincent her love and
as full recognition and knowledge flooded back into his features
he gazed at her in awe.

"You bought me back.
I felt it,
felt your love.
I thought I was drowning,
sinking
but you, you..."
Vincent's eyes shone with tears.
"You should have run
I could have...." he choked on the image

"Ssshhhh Vincent
I know you would never hurt me..."

Catherine reached out, enfolded Vincent in her arms,
let him bury his face against her heart.
He wound his arms, legs and body around her tightly and held on as if she was his
anchor to the real world.
And indeed she was.

His Catherine and how he loved her.
Her Vincent and she would never, ever let him go...

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I have also self published a very steamy romance novel about love and second chances between an author and a private investigator, called 'Indefinite Secondment'.

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