

BAtB Fanfiction – Wet

On June 2, 2014 Beauty and the Beast returns in the US with the last six episodes of Season 2. Ep 217 is titled 'Beast is the New Black' and based on what we saw in the closing moments of 216 'About Last Night' we know Vincent has been arrested for the murder of Curt Windsor. Teaser images were released, showing a fully dressed Vincent in a hot kiss while water from a shower rains over them.

This is my *short* take on how they got to the shower while fully dressed and where it goes from there (let's just say that far less clothing is involved).

****Warning– some pretty graphic sex takes place****

Vincent had deliberately chosen this particular grave in the cemetery to bury the gem because of the nearby marsh like pond. The grave was obscured from the rest of the cemetery and if you didn't know about it, you would never find it. The grave's occupant was long dead, with no surviving relatives that would visit. After helping Vincent to reclaim the gem from its resting place, Catherine had left him to settle the grave and was making her way back to the warmth of the car but had inadvertently fallen into the nearby pond that was filled with near to frozen icy water. Her foot got tangled in the gnarled tree roots that were under the pond's surface. Although Vincent had waded in to pull her out within a minute or so, it had still taken precious moments by the time he registered what had happened and been able to free her tangled foot. Catherine's small frame had absorbed the freezing conditions from the pond far too quickly, so instead of going on the run, he'd whisked her back to her apartment, concerned for her wellbeing.

"V, Vincent. I'm o, ok, really I'm ok. You c, can put me down now." Catherine said, teeth chattering. "They'll c, come here to look for you. The, the, they arrested you here... s, so we have t, to go."

"Catherine, you're freezing. Your skin is tinged blue and you feel like ice. We have to get you warm, now! If we don't get your body temperature up you could go into hypothermic shock. Ok? I don't think they will look here. This is the last place they would think we would go considering I was arrested here. I didn't bring you in through the front door and no one saw us. If they are keeping an eye on the place they won't even know we're here...and...I also have JT and Tess busy calling through anonymous tips that will say I've been seen on the other side of town. It will give us the time we need to get you warmed up and ready to move again.." Releasing her, Vincent slid Catherine down his body until she stood in front of him but he kept his arms around her in a vain attempt to try and keep her warm. "Your clothes are soaking wet and icy cold, we have to get them off you stat."

Catherine started to pluck limply at her frozen clothes with shaking fingers "I, I know Vincent so...h, help m, me p, p, please."

"No, not like that, not here. The cool air will only make it worse because you are too cold. We have to get you warm first before we start to shed layers."

"H, how are we going to do that?"

"We're getting in the shower," Vincent said as he pulled her back into his arms and barreled down the corridor to Catherine's bathroom.

"F, fully clothed?"

"Yep."

"But you c, c, can't, you'll ruin your c, clothes..."

"To hell with what I'm wearing Catherine. You and getting your body temperature back up is all that matters to me at the moment."

Vincent strode into her bathroom. While still holding Catherine with one arm, he turned on the faucets, adjusting the temperature until the water was warm, not hot, not cold. Once the water temperature was just right, Vincent placed Catherine directly under the stream keeping his arms around her as the water rained down over both of them. Catherine's previously blue tinged skin started to return to a more normal color from the combined heat of the water and Vincent's closeness. She relaxed in his arms, relishing his nearness and his intense body heat. As he held her, gradually her teeth no longer chattered and her body's shudders subsided. Vincent's heat and the warm water combined were radiating straight through her body which, although having a healing effect, was also proving to be *very* distracting.

"Vincent," she leaned back and gazed into his eyes. "I'm ok now. I'm going to be fine."

"Fine? How can you possibly be fine? Catherine, once again because of me you were in danger. You could have been hurt. I hate what this is doing to you...I can't continue to put your life at risk. I have to go..."

Catherine's eyes blazed. She pulled out of Vincent's arms and grabbed his face in her hands, staring at him almost mutinously.

"You will do no such thing Vincent Keller. Wherever you go I'm going too. I'm not leaving you and you're not leaving me again."

"But Catherine..." he got no further.

"Don't you dare 'but Catherine' me. I said earlier today that I've only just got you back. I am NOT letting you go again. We're partners, remember? It's too late anyway. They probably know I helped you escape so I'm at risk now no matter what. I prefer to take my chances with you than without you, so no more talk about running away to 'keep me safe' or to 'do the right thing' by me...the right thing is for us to be together. Remember, we're meant to be. How many times have you and I tried to walk away from each other over the last few months? First because of my Dad, then Tori, Gabe, the police, this secret group and yet here we are. Vincent it seems we can't escape each other. What did you say recently? I'm part of your DNA? Well you're part of mine too. I love you. I'm in this and we do this together..."

Before Vincent could utter a word in response Catherine pulled his face down to hers and kissed him hard and passionately, silencing him the best way she knew.



He groaned as her tongue slid into his mouth, touching his and as she melted against him, he gave in. They tasted, explored and relished in their intimacy for long moments until Vincent broke away, shaking his head.

"Now that was not fair. You play dirty Detective Chandler. How the hell am I supposed to think straight when you kiss me like that?"

"Who said anything about playing fair?" she grinned up at him. "I will use every dirty trick in the book to lure you in Dr Keller so get used to it. Speaking of dirty, I think we need to remedy that right now..." as she pulled at his clothes, tugged his jacket off and threw it to the bathroom floor with a wet thump...

Vincent's eyes widened as he sensed her increasing arousal.

"Don't look at me like that. You were the one who said I had to have a warm shower before removing my clothes so now we need to get to the removing OUR clothes part. You are just as wet and dirty as I am. We do need to get clean, among other things..." her smile turned sinful as she pressed herself closer to him while cupping his ass in her hands.

"Chandler, are you making a pass at me right *now*?"

"Yes, now, so what are *you* going to do about it? I mean we *do* have to make absolutely certain that there's no residual coldness in my body and you *are* the doctor. So be a doctor for me now Vincent. I need your, um, body heat to warm me...from the inside..."

"Oh you're in trouble now. That sounded very much like a challenge..."

"Your new mission Vincent..." she teased. "After all, who was it that said we're better together than...oh wait, maybe that was Roman from StarCrossed!" Catherine's eyes glinted at him in mischief.

"Hey, I was only in jail for less than 24 hours. Who the hell is this Roman guy and what the hell is a StarCrossed?" he growled.

Catherine laughed. "I'm teasing you Vincent. StarCrossed is a TV show..."

"Oh back to that are we? I told you before we're not fictional characters, we're very, *very* real," and to prove his point he pulled her hard up against his now impressive erection.

"Oh my Vincent, I think it's time you showed me just how much better we are *together* than we are apart. Time is not on our side so quit arguing with me and start loving me. I am not going to get any warmer without your help..." she said as her hands wandered to the front of his pants, one of them sliding past the fabric of his pants and briefs to cup his manhood in a way that left little to his imagination.

"Witch," he rasped. "I'll show you just how well I can heat you from the inside. Never let it be said that Vincent Keller backs down from a challenge or a mission. I told you I take my work where you're concerned very seriously..."

"Vincent you talk too much," Catherine uttered throatily before claiming his lips with her own, while her fingers became more insistent on his shaft.

He growled into her mouth as his hands moved fast to peel off her clothes, piece by piece, tossing them unheeded onto the floor between searing kisses that ravaged her mouth and mind.

Catherine was no less idle as Vincent's gear was tossed through the air, hitting the tiled floor with sodden thwacks. Naked, they moved together skin on skin with another all-encompassing kiss as their desire for each other soon saturated the air with explosive heat. Breathing hotly against her skin, Vincent laced his fingers into Catherine's hair, tugging her head back so that he could rain hot kisses against her throat, her shoulder, to her breasts where he rolled a nipple into his mouth; licking, sucking, gently biting until she writhed and moaned against him.

Vincent continued his path down her body with his lips, tasting her skin, her scent filling his senses as she pushed herself against him, demanding more. He complied as he knelt down in front of her, his back close to the wall. Looking up at her intently he lifted one of her legs to drape it over his shoulder and then claimed her hands to place them on the wall behind him.

Then his mouth trailed her inner thigh, across her hip and back again, oh so slowly across her stomach, tonguing her belly button and then lower as his hands cupped her ass, kneading her smooth cheeks with firm and sexy movements.

Catherine moaned. "Please Vincent..." as she watched, mesmerized, his sexy assault on her body, while the water rained, creating an added eroticism as it streamed over them both

"Please what?" he whispered, his lips brushing the outer folds of her sex. "You want this?" as his tongue flicked out to taste her, once, twice, three times.

Catherine felt herself clench from head to toe as his tongue delved deeper; fluttering, tasting, licking, thrusting. "Oh God! Yes. Exactly that. Don't stop. Oh. Yessss. There. Feels. Good. Oh so good. Yesssss. Yesssss. Vincent....oh. It. That. God!"

Catherine, blind with need, pushed herself against his mouth, her hands clutching at the wall as Vincent sucked on her engorged bud, rolling his tongue around it, then stopping to blow hot air right there before diving back in to almost inhale her pulsing wetness and thrust against her bud with his tongue. His hands on her ass pulled her closer to him and when his fingers found her sex from below and thrust inside her in time with his tongue, Catherine flew apart, shattering around him as she recited his name over and over.

As her orgasm plummeted her into oblivion Vincent launched himself upright and pulling Catherine up at the same time, he hauled her into his arms and slid inside her in one thrust, burying himself deeply. Instead of wrapping her legs around his waist Catherine leaned back and ran the back of her legs up his chest to lock her ankles around his neck. Quickly realizing her intent, Vincent grasped her hands so that she could use him as a see saw, rocking backwards and forwards so that she could in turn, lean out into the recess to be then slammed against his chest and as she jerked backwards again, each movement impaled him further inside her. It was hot, frantic and savage, her lithe flexibility enabling penetration that was at once intense, erotic and deep.

As he pulled her back against his chest, he pushed off the wall behind him and the angle of penetration intensified, causing Catherine to cry out in wild abandonment.

Vincent growled in response, her reactions pushing him closer to losing all control as his beast strained to emerge. Eyes glowing bright yellow, veins glowing a vivid blue, pulsing insanely under his skin, his shaft grew, swelled; thrusting, stretching, rasping along nerve endings that were already screaming inside her and yet she craved more.

She unlocked her feet, tucked her legs under his arms to lock her ankles behind his ass. Then she leaned forward, threw her arms around his neck, her lips pressing hotly against his throat.

Vincent stilled, losing himself in her wet heat while forcing himself to calm, to breathe, to not go where his beast was clamoring to go. Catherine felt the struggle inside him, searched his wild gaze with her own eyes which were no less wild with want.

"Vincent," she panted. "Don't fight him. He's you...let go."

"Catherine," he barely gasped out. "He wants, God, wants, needs, craves, he, I, all of you. To take you...in every way...but mine...you're mine," he keened urgently against her ear as he thrust inside her again, hard.

"Oh God, Vincent, yes...yours... and his. He's you. Love you, him, trust, please, don't stop, want this, you, oooh, yesss," she cried out as her head lolled against him, helplessly lost in sensation as he thrust upwards again and again, gaining momentum.

"Catherine, unlock your feet, floor...now," and as Vincent withdrew, Catherine almost wailed at the feeling of loss but she soon groaned with passion again as Vincent spun her around in his arms, pulling her against his chest, his large hands cupping her breasts as he drew them both to the floor of the shower recess. Then kneeling down, he pushed her forward onto her hands and knees long enough to thrust once more into her hot wet sheath from behind while one arm snaked around her waist to hold her in place.

Then he pulled her back against him so that she straddled his knees, her head falling back into the crook of his neck so that she could turn her lips into his face. Vincent angled his head towards her, capturing her mouth with his, plundering her tongue as he also thrust into her with his shaft as she pushed down.

Bodies heaving, tongues devouring each other, they moved in a perfect dance of desire, lust, love and all out craving need. In the throes of bliss, Catherine started to convulse as deep tremors rocked her body. Holding her tightly against him as he thrust upwards, Vincent moved his free hand to her sex and timed those thrusts from behind with his fingers, pushing into her, pressing her bud that was now a raging mass of nerve endings. His combined movements inside her tipped her over the edge and she was catapulted into blinding release.

Vincent felt her clench tightly all around him, gripping him as if in a hot, wet pulsating vice and as she cried out, he too came, emptying himself into her with a primal roar that she felt in every part of her. Golden eyes locked with glazed hazel ones as they broke their kiss to stare at each other, totally immersed in the mutual climax that tore through them.

As their tremors subsided, Vincent gently withdrew and pulled her into his arms, cradling her against him. "Christ Catherine. That was....no words! We.... how... you... not possible. You're too perfect. How do we do that? Every time?"

"I told you. Sex God..." she crooned deliriously, "and you wonder why I made a pass at you. If you think you're going anywhere without me, think again."

Vincent sighed in resignation.

Catherine heard his sigh. "Don't bother to try and talk me out of it Vincent. Save your breath and energy for other things, like clearing your name and having more showers with me..." She looked into his face, grinning.

"Chandler, you really are impossible, you know that don't you? You're beautiful but feisty, stubborn and very pig headed. Plus you take too many risks for my liking. Did I mention beautiful and impossibly crazy to be with me?"

"You forgot the most important part Vincent..."

"And what's that?"

"That I am crazy... about you? If we have to go on the run, that's ok. Remember I don't need walls or doors. I love you and this time wherever we go, we go together."

Vincent stared at the precious woman in his arms. The woman he loved more than life. That he would die to protect. She was back where she belonged, with him. He realized he couldn't, wouldn't have it any other way.

"I said before I can't live without you. I love you so very much Catherine but right now, for the next few minutes, before we have to get ready to leave..."

"Vincent, you talk too much..." Catherine leaned in to claim his lips with hers and their kiss said without words just how much they meant to each other. Whatever they faced, they would face it together, always.

****The End****

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