

## BAtB Fanfiction: On Heat

"Vincent, not only do I disagree with you but I am about to take my life in my hands and try and talk you out of it. You are so way off base on this one."

"JT..." Vincent almost growled at him

"Don't JT me. Just listen. I've told you before how good would it be if you two worked together instead of against each other? I know, I know, you think you're doing the right thing but you aren't... Vincent, when it happened with that other woman you were a different man, er, beast. Now everything has changed and I hate to say it but you have to tell Catherine what you're going through. She needs to know and you need to work this one out together..."

"JT, I can't do that. You and I both know that Catherine would do whatever it takes and that is amazing. I still can't believe my luck. But this takes things too far. I can't expect her to do that. And JT I'm scared."

"I know you're scared but for God's sake Vincent, she loves, respects and more importantly, accepts your beast more than you do. I know you nearly killed that woman but ... how often have you been with Catherine now and nothing like that has happened and remember that time a while ago when you beasted out and she bought you back? Vincent, she needs to know."

"JT it's only a few days and then I'll be fine again."

"Oh and how do you expect to keep away from her or harder still expect her to keep away from you while you're going through this? You see each other daily..."

"I haven't worked that part out yet."

"Vincent that's because you're being crazy. It's not like you two don't get wild anyway but honestly bottling that up could be more dangerous than actually giving in to the urges. I know they are pretty intense but Vincent we don't know that fighting it won't do more harm than good. What if storing it only makes it worse - what then? You are constantly changing so maybe this time needs action rather than ignoring it all in the hope it goes away. It certainly won't make you pleasant to be around."

"I know so I'll have to disappear for a few days. JT remember last time? The urges hit me out of nowhere and drove me half insane. I know I have more control now but what if I don't?"

"Vincent you will. We've already established that there's no way in hell your beast could ever harm Catherine. And remember too that woman is tougher than she looks. She's like martial arts chick in her fights. Have you seen her kickass moves?"

Vincent had the good grace to blush. "Well yes I have," he shook his head trying hard not to remember some of those very sexy moves.

"JT can you guarantee that?"

"Well no but...."

"Well that's it then. Argument over. I'll think of something and in the meantime...you are not to tell Catherine."

"But Vincent..."

"No, you have to promise me JT."

"OK, OK. I promise," JT responded, his fingers crossed behind his back.

"So help me," he thought. "Vincent will probably kill me but she has to know he decided. Let her make the decision."

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Catherine sat at her desk at the precinct thinking of Vincent. She did that a lot. They had talked about not getting lost in each other but as they grew closer it was getting harder. Shutting out his voice; his presence; his love; his protective instincts; was becoming impossible. Ever since that night she'd found him in beast state and bought him back it was as if their connection was forged in something other than earthly. It scared and exhilarated her at the same time. Her feelings for him were so intense that they threatened to overwhelm her.

"Oh, oh here she goes. Thinking of lover boy again are we?" Tess teased Cat.

"Are you ever going to stop pining after him when he's not around? It's not like you two don't see each other like every day anyway. Girl get a grip. We've got a case."

Catherine blushed and then laughed. "Good, happy to concentrate on something else."

"Really. Could have fooled me but I gotta say other than the whole he could be captured again any day thing you two got going, he is good for you. I have never seen you so happy and that glow – god dammit it never goes away anymore. What's with that?"

Catherine giggled. "Well...let's just say that since discovering that we can – we do – a lot."

"Well thank God for that. That's normal in the beginning of any relationship. Gotta say Vincent strikes me as a loyal man and he sure as hell adores you. I wouldn't want to threaten you when he's around. Even as a joke..." Tess rolled her eyes. "Let's go."

As they headed out the door Catherine's cell beeped at her. Looking down she saw that it was from JT: 'Meet me in the cafe at my college at midday. Come alone. Don't tell Vincent.'

Catherine frowned. 'Is Vincent ok?' she responded.

'Yes, sort of. Just meet me and I'll explain.'

Midday found Cat & JT sitting opposite each other in a quiet corner of the cafeteria.

"OK JT what's going on? Is Vincent ok?"

JT shook his head. "Man it's always about Vincent for you. You are more protective of him than I ever was and I thought I was bad. It kills me to say this but you are the best thing to ever happen to him. He really is a different man but..."

"But?"

"Look there's no delicate way to put this so I'm just gonna come out and say it."

"Say what?"

"Catherine, Vincent is on heat."

"He's what?"

"You heard me. On heat and it's going to get really, really intense. He needs to, um, do something about it but he won't for fear of hurting you."

"What do you mean?"

"Well let's just say that for a few days every once in a while, the last time was with that woman he almost killed, he gets seriously, um, in need of satisfying his, um, über sexual urges."

"JT you're being serious?"

"Yep. It hits him anytime, any place, anywhere and pretty much causes his baser instincts to take over. Let's just say that he's not pleasant to be around when they hit."

"But is that because he's never had an outlet for these urges before?"

"Well yes I guess. I actually hadn't thought of that. Getting it when he needs it might just make it go away faster and make him less dare I say it, beastly!"

"JT, so the Vincent I am with now gets even more, um, frisky?"

"You could say that."

Catherine blushed from head to toe. That would take some doing. "OK. JT what do I do? How do I help him through it?"

"Atta girl. I knew it. I tried to tell Vincent that he had to share the news with you but he swore me to secrecy. I had my fingers crossed behind my back at the time. No guilt. But it won't be easy Catherine. There's no telling how rambunctious he's gonna get and how often. I suspect you're in for a hell of a time but I do have to explain the risks."

"I know what you're going to say JT but you know I won't listen. I know that his beast will never hurt me. We've proven that. I'm not exactly immune to the idea of an even hotter Vincent."

"Hot doesn't begin to cover it. He's gonna be off the charts hot. Catherine, his DNA is always in such constant flux there's no telling what could happen so you have to really understand what you're taking on here."

"JT I get it. So what's the next move?"

"Well he plans to disappear for a few days leaving tonight so my suggestion is be there at our place and get creative to stop him from leaving. The rest will happen naturally. But Catherine, he will be very stubborn in his need to protect you so creative is an understatement. I won't be there. I'll stay at Sarah's..."

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Catherine went back to the precinct with a lot on her mind. On arrival she grabbed Tess and virtually dragged her into the ladies locker room. Checking that no-one was around she gulped

"Tess..."

"OK what gives? What happened with JT that's got you so hot under the collar?"

"Um Tess you are not going to believe this but Vincent is on heat."

"He's what?"

"Pretty much what I said to JT."

"Vincent is on heat?"

"Yep."

"Wow, so what does that mean exactly Cat?"

"Well apparently the mood could strike at any time and when it does let's just say the urge to do something about it overpowers him."

"What did he do in the past? Has it happened before?"

"Once and it didn't go well. And no he didn't kill her." (Cat decided to prudently leave out the part that V didn't kill her because she escaped) "But he has me now and I can handle it. Remember I told you about that night he..."

"Yes I remember and that's great but what if this is different Cat? What if he can't control the beast?"

"But that will only happen if he's not able to you know... I figure if he can come to me as soon as it hits he has a better chance of controlling it and not giving in to his instincts entirely. Really he should just be, um, more excited and even hotter than he already is although I can't imagine how that's even possible."

"That sounds like an understatement but Cat, you won't be able to control where it happens and when. How are you going to work around that and why did JT tell you and not Vincent?"

"JT believes as I do that it's better for Vincent to work with me on this but Vincent..."

"Won't risk hurting you in any way so is trying to take himself out of the picture for a few days until it passes. It does pass doesn't it?"

"Yep apparently."

Tess looked at Cat closely. "Cat, the thought of it is kinda getting you all excited isn't it?"

"Well let's just say I don't hate the idea. It's just that I'm going to need you to cover me for a few days. If we are out somewhere investigating and I suddenly disappear you'll know why and won't be concerned."

"Oh really? I don't know about unconcerned. You'll walk back in with the sex glow turned up by about 1000 degrees. This is going to be really interesting. I know I'm not going to be able to talk you out of it and I trust your gut on this. From what I've seen and heard from you it's not remotely possible that his beast will hurt you. The man certainly won't. Well not in a way you won't like I suspect...but hey is he going to come to the party or get all Vincent stubborn on you?"

"That's going to be the hard part. I'm going over there tonight and will have to do something creative to get his attention to stop him from leaving."

"Oh I'm sure you'll manage that Cat. Put on a French maid outfit. That should do it."

They both giggled.

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Later that night Vincent was coming back home. He'd been to Catherine's to at least say goodbye. He couldn't just leave and not tell her something. She would be too hurt and angry and that would make him miserable but she wasn't home. He sighed. Until she came back later he couldn't leave. He wasn't sure yet how he was going to be able to cope without her for even a few days. She was his lifeline. But he felt he was doing the right thing. He seemed to be motivated by that a lot where she was concerned. He had thought about what JT said but as appealing as it sounded on one level, he couldn't take the risk. Catherine meant far too much to risk her precious life in any way.

As Vincent came in he registered several things all at once. The shower in his ensuite was running, the lights were all off downstairs and he heard music. "What the?" he mused.

He bounded up the stairs towards his room but hesitated when he picked up her scent. OK Catherine was here, in his shower? Nothing made sense. He stood very unsure of what to do next. His inner beast was starting to make itself known and that worried Vincent.

"Hell. Now what do I do? It's early yet and I don't expect the effects to really kick in for another day maybe. Vincent hold it together," his self talk was urgent.

He walked into his room towards the ensuite and literally stopped dead in his tracks. Not only was Catherine in the shower, she was naked, wet and had left the door open so there was no chance of not seeing what he was seeing and parts of his anatomy were coming to attention very, very fast.

She was also staring straight at him. It smelled of a setup. This was so not Catherine's usual behaviour. Once they made it to the bedroom she was very creative and an equal partner but she generally wasn't a tease like she was being right at the moment. Vincent gulped nervously.

"So are you just going to stand there or are you going to join me?"

"What are you doing Catherine?"

"I know exactly what I'm doing Vincent and don't think for a second that you get to run away. Not happening or else you are going to have one seriously angry girlfriend. Get in here and be a boyfriend." Lord that word was so inadequate where Vincent was concerned Catherine thought as she watched the emotions play out across his features. He was seriously torn between doing the right thing (which didn't seem so right at the moment) or saying to hell with it.

To hell with it won. Vincent stepped into the shower standing in front of Catherine, looking at her wet face searchingly.

"JT told you didn't he? I'll kill him. That can be the only reason."

"It's not the only reason. It's not like I'm not enjoying that look on your face that tells me you want to ravish me, but yes he told me. We'll argue about it later but Vincent you need to do me now because I am getting really, really hot for it and you are getting really, really wet and looking dumb with your clothes on."

"But..."

"But nothing. Vincent you notice that you are being Vincent the man don't you, not the beast. So stop worrying so much. The longer you stand there trying to control it, the harder it's going to get." She looked in the direction of his lower regions and actually giggled. Vincent couldn't believe his eyes. She was taunting him...was there no end to the ways that Catherine could surprise him? He would spend a lifetime finding out.

His resolve went out the window as Catherine started to peel away his wet clothes.

A moment later they were a sodden pile on the floor. Vincent stared at Catherine in awe as she ran her fingers along his shoulders, across his chest and then pulled his head down to hers to firmly plant a huge wet kiss on his mouth. At that point all reason went to hell.

His arms wrapped themselves around her tiny frame and he opened himself up to everything she was offering. He kissed her back with all the passion in his heart and soul. Tongues danced around each other and time stopped as their kiss turned into drug inducing bliss. Catherine nipped, licked and collided with his tongue in such spectacular fashion he felt himself freefalling. She was being more assertive than usual; as if she was not taking prisoners and it was working.

Vincent dragged himself away from her tantalising mouth long enough to groan out the words

"What are you doing to me? God I want you so much."

"Well then have me Vincent. Now."

She launched herself at him and in his totally not prepared for what was coming next state, she managed to push him up against the shower wall. He was so startled at her brazen sexiness that he didn't quite know how to respond, but Catherine did.

She grabbed Vincent's hands and pinned them to the wall of the shower with her hands. As she held on tight she started to lick her way across his chest, feathering spectacular kisses along his arms from one arm to the other and then back to his chest. When she rolled his nipples in her mouth he growled loudly in response.

Her kisses continued down across the flat of his stomach and she lingered there for a moment or two revelling in his smooth taut skin. "God he is perfect," she thought. "I will never get tired of this man."

Then Catherine let go of his hands as she dropped to her knees and took Vincent in to her mouth. He looked down, watching through heavily veiled eyes as desire took hold; let himself feel every flick of her tongue, every luscious detail of what she was giving of herself to him. Vincent's legs threatened to buckle when he felt himself slide deeper in and out of her mouth as she increased the tempo. It was one of the most erotic things he'd ever seen, watching her. He caressed the top of her head while continuing to get lost in the sensations.

"Catherine I can't hold on much longer..."

He gently steered her head away from him and pulled her up into his arms.

"As much as I enjoyed that, I want to watch your face as I come inside you... but first ..."

He kissed her hard and as he did his fingers glided down across her stomach and slid inside her, rolling the bud of her sex with expert precision. It was Catherine's turn to groan as his insistent fingers played her to fever pitch. They separated long enough for Vincent to pick Catherine up in his powerful arms, settle her legs around his torso and enter her as he pushed her up against the wall. At that point it wasn't easy to pick who the beast was as lust took hold. Catherine held on to Vincent as he thrust over and over again. He watched her face as her sounds came out in ragged gasps; her eyes so full of love and desire for him as she stared back into his golden depths, it took his breath away. With water coursing down their bodies along with the heat, the steam and the intense friction of being in such a confined space the climax shattered through them with extraordinary intensity. Catherine's head fell against Vincent's chest as she whimpered at the sensations spiralling through her body. Her sounds of bliss elicited a roar in response as they both shuddered back to earth.

When both were capable of any speech...

"Catherine, again you surprise me."

"Vincent I do believe I surprised myself."

"So what is next on your agenda where I am concerned?"

"Oh pretty much everything possible over the next few days."

"Catherine..."

"Don't argue with me. It won't work and I've already set it all up anyway... now let's get dry and into bed and I might just tell you what I decided we should do about your, um, little problem."

"It's not a little problem Catherine."

"Well it might not have been before but it's definitely not going to be nearly as bad now that you have me. And if you think I'm missing out on you going all caveman you're wrong..."

Vincent shook his head in defeat.

"I should have known..."

"Yes you should have... Vincent I love you. I'm your Catherine remember? Whatever happens we do it together... and if that means lots of sudden bouts of seriously hot sex like that then I'm all for it. I will give out as good as I get."

"I noticed," Vincent actually chuckled.

"Good you're laughing and not being all grouchy."

"I still want to murder JT."

"Really? After what just happened you want to murder him? I would have thought a commendation was in order..."

Vincent laughed again ruefully. "You really take my breath away you know that? And Catherine?"

"Yes Vincent."

"I adore you."

"Damn right you do..."

Moments later they were snuggled up in bed and as Catharine played with his chest.

"You know you ambushed me tonight don't you?" Vincent shook his head.

"My intention..."

"What did you mean before when you said you've set it all up anyway?"

"Well I had to tell Tess..."

"You did what?"

"Well I needed her to cover for me."

"To cover for...what?" Vincent was almost afraid to ask.

"Well I do have to work but I figure you're just going to suddenly appear out of nowhere like you usually do, but instead of saving me or advising me about cases I'm working on, you are gonna, um, have your wicked way with me instead...so it could happen anywhere – right?"

"Um yeah I guess. I have no say over when the urges hit."

"What I thought. So I'll be out and about and if you show up and Tess can't find me she knows and will cover for me. It's that simple."

"Really? That simple? But Catherine..."

"I know what you're going to say. It's all about your fear of hurting me. Vincent you won't because if you come to me as soon as the urge hits and not hold it in then you get the release quickly and all is well with the world. The urge passes, I go back to work with a smile on my face and I don't believe you'll be unhappy either."

"You have a way with words, you know that?"

"Well you have to admit I'm making sense."

"Mmm don't know about that yet! But your solution is getting more appealing by the minute especially based on what we just did."

"I thought so."

"Catherine you're really not at all worried about what I could do are you? You have that much faith in me? But the beast..."

"Vincent that's your head talking. Your beast will never ever hurt me. We have well and truly established that once and for all. So quit arguing and let me kiss you."

So Vincent quit arguing and let her kiss him.



The next morning at work Tess was seated on Cat's desk in seconds of arriving.

"Well?"

"He didn't leave. I talked him out of it. Made him see reason."

"Talked hey?"

"Amongst other things." Catherine blushed.

"And everything went ok?"

"Better than OK. If that was an indication or teaser of what to expect I'm going to be grinning like an idiot for quite a few days."

"I'm almost jealous!"

Both girls laughed and headed out to grab coffee.

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By the afternoon they had managed to get a lot of work done. There was no sign of Vincent so Cat thought that the previous night's activities had perhaps set the scene for not nearly as much angst as Vincent expected.

At 4.30pm they were called to investigate suspicious activity at a warehouse in Queens. Someone had seen what appeared to be the dumping of a body. When Cat & Tess got there they split up to search the abandoned premises. After 20 mins of searching they found nothing. Cat called Tess on her mobile to confirm the false alarm.

"I'll be with you in a minute Tess."

Just as she uttered the words Cat's senses picked up movement at the other end of the cavernous room. She pulled her gun out of its holster

"Who's there?" she called out.

"Cat you ok?" from Tess still on the phone.

"Hang on a sec. I'm just going to look."

As she approached the shadows a very familiar shape stepped out from behind a pillar with a seriously tortured look on his face...

"Um, Tess I'm going to be a little while. Go on without me if you know what I mean."

"Vincent?"

"Vincent."

"OK have fun."

Catherine stared at Vincent intently.

"Are you ok?"

"Not really," he ground out between his teeth.

"How does it feel?"

"Like if I don't do something about it I'm going to explode."

Vincent lunged at Catherine across the space and before she could draw breath was hoisted up in his arms and against a pillar.

He was burning up, his skin hot to touch, his breathing incredibly ragged.

"Catherine I ..."

"It's ok. I understand. I can see it and feel it. Boy can I feel it."

Catherine reached down to unzip his fly and release him from the confines of his pants. He in turn couldn't get at her pants fast enough. As Vincent entered her there in the warehouse against a concrete pillar in the throes of incredibly intense heat Catherine discovered something about herself. She was turned on at the power she exuded over this man who had to have her as if his life depended on it. And indeed it did. The beast didn't appear but the man was in the thrall of need so deep that she couldn't help but respond to it. It was fast, furious and...liberating.

It certainly didn't change her love for Vincent. She felt sorry that he had to go through this. It wasn't in his nature to be anything other than giving or generous during their lovemaking so she knew he would feel guilty about how he was behaving.

"Vincent," she breathed against his neck afterwards.

"Yes."

"Are you ok now?"

"Yes for now. Thank you." He looked at her face closely, saw only love no revulsion.

"I'm sorry if...I wasn't too?"

"Nope had me the moment you stepped out from behind the pillar. Vincent you didn't change, you were just more caveman that's all. I kind of liked it."

"You amaze me you really do. I wasn't gentle and I certainly wasn't even thinking about any, like, you know preliminaries? I am sorry. Are you ok?"

"Are you kidding? I'm more than ok. Vincent it's not like we never get wild it's just that we're usually not in an abandoned warehouse against concrete walls. And I know how romantic you can be so stop apologizing. We're ok and you are going to be fine."

Catherine leaned forward; kissed him softly, reassuring him.



They tidied themselves up and walked outside.

"I'll see you later?" he asked still a bit sheepish.

"Absolutely," she smiled at him "Try and keep me away. Maybe if we get in some extras tonight you won't feel it as badly tomorrow..." She smiled at him again but this time Vincent swore he saw a look of very real mischief.

He hauled her into his arms for a last kiss. "God I love you," he whispered against her mouth before reluctantly letting her go.

As he melted back into the shadows Cat called Tess.

"That was quick. Everything ok?"

"I keep being asked that. I'm not a Dresden china doll. I'm fine. Fast and furious is the term I'd use and I, um, liked it and that's all I'm going to say. Come get me."

"I never went away. I'm in the car around the corner. Be there in a sec."

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Later that night Catherine was back at Vincent's.

"Where's JT?"

"At Sarah's."

"Again?"

"Yep."

"Those two are getting serious you think?" Catherine questioned.

"Maybe. I think he's just keeping a wide berth from me at the moment. He's delighted things are progressing well and I know he's trying hard not to say I told you so..."

"Well he did. I'm glad I was able to exert some influence in that area."

"Catherine Chandler you are incorrigible."

"Where you're concerned, very! So how are you feeling at the moment?"

"Good. Where is this going?"

"No urges?"

"Not the savage punch me in the gut kind."

"Just the normal ones I hope?" Catherine said with a wicked glint.

"With you that never goes away. Expect that to linger for at least the next 50 years or so."

"What? Only 50 years?" she grinned.

Catherine launched herself into Vincent's lap and kissed him soundly. He wrapped his arms about her holding her close as their tongues danced together in perfect unison. Their loving was slow and tender that night as Vincent more than made up for his previous lack of attention to the preliminaries...

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Next morning back at work and a pattern was emerging. Tess seated on Cat's desk waiting for the latest Vincent news.

"OK, spill."

"All good. Great night . Hopefully I took some edge off for today."

"I don't know Cat. That kind of biological urge doesn't follow a normal routine..."

"Yes I know and I can only take it one episode at a time but so far I have no complaints," she actually grinned. Tess stared at her friend open mouthed.

"Does Vincent know just how lucky he is?"

"Yes most of the time. He's usually pretty good at letting me know how lucky he is. But Tess so am I. He's amazing...."

"Yeah I bet! Beastly tendencies can be so caveman..."

"That's what I said but believe me caveman is good...but it's more than that..."

"I know, I know Cat. It's in the way you breathe, how you look at him and, and feel him before he enters the room. It's like soul connection stuff."

"It is isn't it? Weird but honestly it's like my soul knows his and locks in on his presence. I'm not fighting it, just going with it. It's scary but good scary..."

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Later in the morning they were called out to investigate shots heard at a private apartment in Greenwich Village. On arrival they searched the environs, found nothing and then headed to the top levels of the building that contained the two levelled apartment. They went to knock on the door but found it open. Drawing their guns they quickly searched the premises but again found nothing.

"Cat is it just me or is this a bit strange? Second time we've come out to investigate something and there's nothing?"

"I was thinking the same thing. Is someone playing games do you think?"

"I'm getting suspicious that the timing is way too coincidental. Have you seen V today?"

"It's only morning Tess. He should be fine..."

"What did I say about not following normal patterns?"

"Hmm hadn't thought of that but I don't sense him..."

"Not yet...Cat I'm going to head to the car. You do another sweep. If you're not back in ten I'll know why..." Tess shook her head as she walked away.

Catherine stood with a pensive look on her face. Was this Vincent after all? That was pretty cunning. Was that another symptom of the urge taking over? Would he have the capacity to think straight and be able to organise like this? With Vincent anything was possible...

She headed back upstairs and entered the bedroom. Nothing. As she moved towards the wardrobe, goose bumps skittered across her skin sending prickly awareness throughout her body...

Without turning Catherine whispered, "I really hope that's you Vincent."

Then he was on her. His left arm encircled her waist as he nuzzled his face into the side of her neck, inhaling her scent. He was keening; rocking her against the hard wall of his body. And heat didn't begin to describe what was pouring out of him.

"Want...want...need you..." he husked.

A frisson of fear tingled down Catherine's spine as she looked down to see – a normal arm and hand. The breath she didn't know she was holding exploded outwards. This Vincent she could handle but she sensed how urgent it was becoming. Her body knew.

"It's ok Vincent. I'm here."

Catherine took his right hand while unzipping her own pants. She then slid his hand against the warmth of her skin underneath her panties until he was cupping her sex with his palm.

Oh lord she thought as her own heat quickly engulfed her. He slid two fingers inside as he continued to hoarsely voice his need against her ear. She reached behind them to unzip him, help him gain access and then he plunged straight inside her waiting sex as if born to it. The headlong rush was indescribable. She still hadn't seen his face. There were no words; just incredible longing, need, savage desire. They rocked forwards and backwards for long moments lost in an act that was as erotic as it was carnal. Catherine had never experienced anything like it – even in all the times she had been with Vincent. There was something so primal and sexy in this exchange that her body sang. The climax tore through them and left them victims of a force that neither could control.

Vincent's breathing calmed.

"God that was intense. Are you ok?" He rasped.

"Amazed... that you can even talk. I'm still back there where we just were. God. How do we do that?"

"I know. Catherine..."

"Vincent don't always try to apologise. Just go with it. Accept what I'm offering. I keep telling you I like it. And that was beyond like – that was, um, epic!"

"God yes!"

Slowly they disentangled to put themselves back together again. Vincent then took Catherine into his arms, folding her against his heart.

"My, my that's a strong heartbeat you have there Dr. Keller."

"Only for you..."

Catherine smiled.

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Later that day Catherine was back at the precinct in the middle of some research when her cell buzzed. She looked down to see a message from Vincent. It simply read: 'Roof.'

Her brain went hazy. "Again? Already?"

She showed the screen to Tess.

"Oh my God. You are so in trouble. Very soon you're not going to be able to walk. I'll need to get you a wheelchair at this rate..."

Catherine got out of that room in as ladylike a manner as she could muster but once alone in the lift her thoughts whirled. How would he be this time? The urges were becoming more frequent. Would he be able to hold on or would his beast take over? She decided that speed was of the essence on this occasion. The sooner he was inside her the faster he would return plus she really didn't want to risk exposure. This was insane.

She shot out of the door to the roof and saw Vincent between the air-conditioning housing. The expression on his face said it all. Triumph, lust and torture. But no beast. He really was getting good at controlling it. Maybe the beast knew that if he came out Vincent might miss out. This thought seemed crazy but who knew?

Catherine launched straight into his arms and within seconds he was inside her body, her heart, her soul. As manic as it seemed each episode only brought them closer. As Vincent held on tight, thrusting inside her, she felt his release and then his almost immediate calm. It was intoxicating that she alone had the power to centre him again. She was his rock and even though he was her strong, brave and wonderful Vincent,

it was her acceptance of all parts of him that made him soar.

He held her tighter still, shaking, as he whispered against her ear.

"Catherine, Catherine, Catherine. I couldn't live this life without you..."

"Sshhh Vincent. You won't have to. I'm here. Always."

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There was no doubt that Catherine wobbled a little on her return.

Tess looked her up and down. "You cleaned up well but you can't fool me. Cat you so look like someone who just got thoroughly sexed up..."

"Sshhh," Cat hissed.

Tess laughed. "Should I set my clock for five minutes?"

Cat chuckled nervously. "I hope not, at least not on the roof again. Vincent's or my place would be just fine. No prying eyes."

"You mean the thrill of outside locations isn't doing it for you?"

"Well I didn't say that and if we were a normal couple who weren't in the crosshairs of every lunatic out there in their quest to get at Vincent I would be ok but privacy seems a lot safer to me..."

"Understand totally. How's he handling it?"

"The beast side of things so far he seems to have under control but his agitation and mental state are escalating. It's almost like it's tearing him apart. Oh Tess, it's so hard to watch on one level because he's at the complete mercy of it. I can see why JT was adamant that the only way out the other side was to help him. I don't think Vincent would have coped on his own away for a few days. Knowing that I'm in his life now and forcing himself to stay away wouldn't have worked. He would have been dangerous and maybe even self destructive. I shudder to think. There is no way I want to be without Vincent in my life..."

"It's ok Cat. You've made it this far you'll see it through."

"I'm going straight there after work..."

"Provided he doesn't ambush you in the meantime..."

When Catherine finished work she went straight to Vincent. He was sitting at the table reading.

"Hey."

"Hey back."

"How are you?"

"Ok at the moment, but Catherine..."

"I know, I can see you're finding it harder. How much more time do you think?"

"I honestly don't know. Another day, maybe two. Why? Are you having second thoughts about continuing?" Vincent stared at her intently.

"No Vincent I'm not. The sex part is fine. Don't even think that. That so hasn't been a chore or a duty or terrible or..."

"I get it, but?"

"It's what it's doing to you mentally. Vincent if I could let you inside me and keep you there until it's over I would. That's not the part that holds any problems for me at all. I just hate seeing you in so much anguish and racked with guilt over what you think you're doing to me physically."

Catherine gently sat down on his lap and wound her arms around his neck.

"Vincent I love you so I'm worried for you, not me...."

Again she managed to console him in just the right way. Vincent stared at her for a long time.

"I'll be ok. Knowing you're here helps so much. You know I always thought that a lot of sex would be like really great after having gone so many years without but..."

"Yes, but it needs to be when we want not when some insane biological urge takes away all or most of your control. But Vincent what's really promising is that your beast is nowhere to be seen. Your control in that area is an enormous leap from where you've been in the past. You have to take credit for that."

"To a degree. But Catherine you give me the will and desire to control it. I couldn't do it without you."

"And you don't have to, so now that that's settled what have we got to eat around here? Once we've had dinner I'm taking you to bed."

"Really? A sucker for punishment?" Vincent grinned, his humour returning.

"Nope just getting you when you are more likely to see to the preliminaries..."

"Oh is that what it is? You like the preliminaries? I can do preliminaries..."

Much later that evening a smiling Catherine was back at her own place saying goodbye to Heather who was off to her Dad's for a few days.

"You sure it's ok for me to go to Dad's?"

"Heather it's ok. I have so much on anyway. You go and have fun and keep me posted."

"Ok Cat. See you soon."

Kisses and hugs goodbye and Catherine settled herself for bed.

She went to sleep but not before calling Vincent.

"Yes Catherine."

"Just wanted to let you know that Heather has gone so if you get the urge even if it's at two in the morning..."

"I know where you are, I think I'll find you."

"Yeah just use your spidey senses..."

"Spidey senses? Catherine I'm not Spiderman," he laughed.

"No you're way better... And spidey senses didn't come from me that was Tess when you were rightfully suspicious about Gabe that time."

"Oh yes, I was right about him, wasn't I?"

"No gloating. Go get some sleep and if the urge calls out to you, remember..."

"Catherine I don't believe I'm likely to forget."

"Oh by the way; the warehouse and the apartment. Did you set those up?"

"The warehouse no. That was whatever it was. A false alarm. The apartment, well I was walking in that area when the urge hit me. Didn't take long to sense an empty place for us to meet so called it in. It was on the fly."

"Vincent Keller you are a devious man. I like it."

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Catherine's words were prophetic or her soul just always knew. At four in the morning she jolted awake to see a pair of glowing amber eyes staring at her in the darkness...

"Vincent?"

"You were expecting someone else?"

"Funny. Wait how are you able to talk and be funny?"

"Just. Not for much longer. It's strong but it's also different."

"Different how?"

"I'm still aching to be inside you but..."

"Ok save the rest for later. Come here Vincent. You had me at aching...Hate it when you ache!"

Vincent sprung on to the bed and gathered Catherine in his arms. She was naked. God she had prepared for him. How did she know? She helped him shuck his clothes off onto the floor and this time although urgent the intensity turned down a notch.

He sat upright in the middle of her bed, his legs splayed. She sat in his lap, facing him with her arms wrapped tightly around him. As she rode him hard she moved her hands to his shoulder blades, holding on as she threw her head back in wild abandon. They would part for greater friction and depth and then come together to plunder each others' mouths with voracious tongues that couldn't get enough. Vincent's hands grasped her waist as he steered the momentum of her incredibly sexy movements up and down the length of him.

Really it was ridiculous just how attuned to each other their bodies were. A perfect union of heart, mind and soul. Catherine with her Vincent and his inner beast.

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In the days that followed Vincent still materialised out of nowhere but the intensity lessened during each episode until their 'normal' level of intimacy returned which was for them, still scorching. The ordeal had bought them closer together if that was possible.

Soon after that Vincent was at his place with Catherine when JT walked in.

"Really nice to see you alive and well and in one piece," he remarked with humour to Catherine. "And look at that smile. Epic. Hmmm."

"Oh I'm in one piece all right." Catherine blushed.

"JT..." Vincent growled at him.

"Ooohhh déjà vu. I've heard that answer before and as I recall it was about a week ago when I was trying to convince you to work *with* Catherine. How did that end up working for you? Oh, judging by the silly looks on your faces it was successful. Hate to say it, hang on, no I don't. I TOLD YOU SO..."

"Just waiting to say that weren't you? JT, I could still murder you. You promised..." Vincent attempted to look at JT threateningly.

"Hey my fingers were crossed behind my back when I made that promise V so it doesn't count...but in all seriousness I'm glad I did. Vincent I don't know that you could have borne it without Catherine."

Vincent sighed looking across at Catherine.

"You're right. Thanks both of you for having my back."

"I may have had your back Vinnie but Catherine here had your back, your front, your...."

He threw his hands up in the air, laughing as he strolled off. "Ok I'm going I'm going..."

Catherine and Vincent burst out laughing.

"You know Vincent I think I'm starting to crush on JT."

Vincent growled low at Catherine and swung her into his arms as he carried her towards his bedroom.

"What again? Well OK if you insist." Catherine purred. She snuggled up against Vincent's heart with an incredibly pleased expression on her face as she looked up at him.

"I love you Dr Keller."

"You better because there's no getting away. I told you this beast mates for life and Catherine you are my life."



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