

BAtB Fanfiction – Wet Series 4: Rainstorm

As rain tumbled out of the sky drenching the ground in seconds, Catherine fought ferociously to break free of the vice like grip of the three men pinning her in place. While they held her back another six attacked Vincent. They kicked, punched and slammed into him from all sides; pounding him in an attempt to bring him down. Two had cattle prods that they used on him viciously. He roared in pain as their assault pummelled him without mercy. She had to help him, could see the toll it was taking on him.

Terrified for Vincent's life Catherine struggled harder against her assailants then suddenly stopped. She went as limp as a rag doll and hung lifeless in their arms; didn't move, didn't twitch. Just hung there praying they would take the bait.

Her plan worked. One let her go while the other two loosened their grip to see if she'd fainted. Long seconds passed as they relaxed, taken in by her stillness.

Seconds later she exploded out of their grasp, dropped to the ground, grabbed her gun, firing as she launched back up again. She took out two of them immediately.

Her actions were enough to attract the attention of Vincent's attackers as they took in the hellcat fighting the last man standing. Two ran in her direction which increased the odds in Vincent's favour.

Catherine's actions were distraction enough, enabling Vincent to leap out from under the remaining four; claws tearing through bodies, sending others hurling, to smash sickeningly against trees. He cut a fatal swathe through all standing between him and Catherine, his only instinct to protect her, keep her safe. Driven by that insane urge and superhuman strength, they didn't stand a chance.

Four bodies littered the ground.

Catherine despatched the third assailant with a punishing kick to his head, sending him flying into the other two. She fired her gun again and they went down in a hail of bullets, killing all three instantly.

Then it was just Vincent and Catherine panting, standing in the teeming rain; the lights of several empty cars illuminating the carnage; blood running away in rivers of red into the woods beyond.

Moments later Vincent the beast crunched towards Catherine and stopped several feet short. He was huge, menacing and monstrous; growling, claws clenching and unclenching by his sides. His breath coming out in shreds of air, he shook and shuddered as he waged an internal war.

He howled in deep anguish. The danger was over but he was still the beast. He wasn't changing, he couldn't come back. He felt as if he was being tortured. He backed away from Catherine; pain, longing, torment and need etched into his brutal features.

His control was under attack from within as he stared at her in horror and self loathing, aware yet helplessly trapped inside his beastly exterior.

"Vincent it's over, we're safe.
You won't hurt me. Come."

Vincent couldn't move, rooted to the spot continuing to stare at her. She could see he was in such pain that tears for him started to fall.

She stood there contemplating, watching his every move; seeing the torment; the desperation to come back; the agony at wanting to reach out to hold her, confirm she was safe but denying himself.

Catherine suddenly felt a strong premonition as awareness flooded every cell of her body. She understood. She knew what to do and how to do it.

"Vincent I know your beast won't hurt me.
Trust me.
I love you."

She lunged at him, almost flew through the air across the space that separated them. She threw herself straight into his arms, believing completely that she could, that she would save him.

He was the beast but he was her Vincent and his inhuman exterior harboured the man she loved with all her heart and soul. She would fight heaven and earth to bring him back to her.

She grabbed his face, staring at him intently.

"Vincent, you're mine.
Be here with me.
You're safe with me.
We're together.
Always."

Then her lips were on his face, her hands pulling him against her, willing him to respond, thrashing against him with her body.

He thrust her away. She came back. He thrust her away again. She came back again, would not back down. Catherine came at him with her mouth, her hands, her body; every part of her touching every part of him.

"Vincent trust me, we need to do this."

Adrenaline surged through Catherine's body as she realised that far from being repulsed she was savagely turned on.

Vincent felt it, felt her heat, saw what she was doing and from somewhere deep within he/it understood.

His beast exulted and recognising her desire, his need to mate overtook his need for violence.

In pouring rain, surrounded by bodies, blood washing the ground, he hauled Catherine into his arms. Looking around wildly he carried her towards a dense crop of trees.

He pushed her up against the bark of one and then suddenly stopped. He stared at her, his claws and then at her again. Catherine understood. He was terrified to take this further for fear that losing total control would harm her, perhaps accidentally tearing her skin with his vicious claws.

Catherine reached out, took over, tugging feverishly at her own pants and then did the same with his, hissing in need when she saw just how ready for her he was, his erection large, upright, throbbing.

She responded to him, lust raging through her. It was as if her body knew what he needed, what was required to save him. She didn't question it, she didn't understand it or how it was possible to feel him in every part of her but she knew with absolute certainty that this was right and that the beast would never harm her.

"Vincent, come.
Be with me and inside me.
NOW!" she commanded.

Vincent the beast roared, picked Catherine up and plunged straight inside her. Pinning her up only with his arms and body as he grasped the tree with his taloned claws. She was so hot, wet, molten that the beast plummeted headlong into a world of sensation, drowning in instinct so primal he shook as he thrust over and over again merging with his mate.

Passion exploded as mouths met, clung, ravaged. Roaring fire that would not, could not be extinguished until the moment, when buried deep inside her, their world spun off its axis and turned them inside out.

Against a tree in drenching rain, her legs wrapped around his waist, her arms wrapped around his body, her mouth invading his and Vincent sensed, knew, even as the beast that he would never ever hurt her.

He felt her acceptance of all that he was and it was glorious. She met every thrust with equal fierceness, matched him move for move and then gave him more. He rocked her, frenzied, in his all consuming need for completion.

Catherine's complete acceptance of him, of his beast, combined with her insanely strong scent of sex spun him into a volcano of heat. Catherine felt it - felt his release building, his heat cascading through every pore, every cell in her body. She tugged him closer, arms tightly banded around him, urging him on, driving him deeper still until he climaxed explosively inside her.

Time stopped as she held him.

Tremors still wracking his body he attempted to pull back, his face turning away from hers in shame but Catherine only pulled him closer, arms around him while breathing warmth and love against his neck.

"Vincent," she said softly.
"I'm ok. You didn't hurt me.
I told you. You'll never hurt me.
Now come back
Come back to me.
Be with me.
With your Catherine.

I love you."

Catherine continued to croon softly as she turned his face towards her. Her eyes probed Vincent's, showering him only with the intense love that mirrored his own.



It calmed him. It was enough to change him. Catherine knew she was all he would ever need to change.

Vincent morphed back into his human state once more to look at Catherine with renewed awe. What she had just done for him was beyond anything he could ever hope to articulate out loud. This was his greatest fear, his one terror. The possibility of transforming; causing her harm and she had just smashed it away to shreds leaving only hope and love so deep for her within his soul that he ached from it.

Shaking, wordless, he held her tightly as rain continued its steady stream over them washing the torment, loneliness and despair of his condition away.

Catherine was his cure.

© Karin Witnish 2013

Disclaimer: Whilst I own the rights to my story, I do not own Beauty and the Beast, its characters or images. They belong to the CW Network. This is a work of fan fiction.

I hope you enjoyed 'Rainstorm'.

The Wet Series will continue and finish with part 5: 'Oasis' very soon.

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'.

Buy the eBook of Rina & Dean's scorching story at: <http://www.raunchify.com/is>

All BA&B fanfiction is available at the links below -

Website: <http://www.batbpassion.com>

Facebook: <https://www.facebook.com/BATBPassion>

Twitter: <https://twitter.com/BATBPassion> (Links are listed in my Twitter Favorites)