

BAtB Fanfiction – The Pill

Inspired by the episode 'Date Night' I really wanted to explore what drove Vincent to take the pill after promising Catherine that he wouldn't. I considered that during the night something dramatic occurred that compelled Vincent to do what he did. This is my story on what may have transpired.

We know these were the last words spoken by them in the scene that took place while seated by the pool.

"...but we can go to my place, my sister's out for the night", Catherine suggested.

"Perfect," Vincent replied huskily with a soft smile.

The story continues:

"Before we head inside can we stop at that corner store? A couple of things I want to grab for our night in," Vincent asked Catherine.

"OK. What did you have in mind?" Catherine asked with curiosity

"It's a surprise." Vincent laughed.

"I'll leave it to you then."

As they pulled up Vincent gave her a quick kiss.

"Planning on being gone long are we?"

Vincent laughed, "No just wanted to kiss you. Do we need food?"

"No, we're good."

Vincent jumped out of the car and bounded into the store.

"What is he up to?" Catherine thought with sorrow tinged joy. "He seems so happy. God it's not fair. He deserves so much more than nearly five hours of normal."

Well she could certainly make those hours memorable. Ideas were flying through her mind as to just how she might make Vincent's evening memorable.

Minutes later Vincent was back in the car with a bag of goodies.

"Well, are you going to tell me?"

"It would spoil the surprise...." Vincent grinned.

Catherine rolled her eyes. "Hmmm should I be worried?"

"Not at all. It's small but I think you're going to like it."

Minutes later they were back at Catherine's.

"So what do you need me to do?" Vincent asked as Catherine looked into the fridge.

"It's ok Vincent. Relax. I got this."

"Oh I don't know. You look like you definitely need a hand." Vincent came up behind Catherine, pushing her hair away with deft fingers as he kissed the nape of her neck.

"Vincent Keller, keep doing that and we will never get to dinner so behave yourself and go switch on the TV or something. If you stay in the kitchen I'm going to be too distracted to cook."

"We could get take-out?" he asked suggestively. "I'd rather spend the time doing, um, other things. Remember I turn into a pumpkin soon..." Vincent continued his incredibly sexy kissing of her throat before taking one of her earlobes in his mouth and sucking on it.

"Oh hell Vincent. You make a really good argument for take-out."

"I do don't I?"

Catherine turned around in his arms

"Ok you win. Take-out..."

Vincent stopped her sentence with his lips. As his tongue collided with hers, his hands travelled down her body, touching, stroking, brushing against skin; caressing through layers of fabric; all the while pulling her closer and closer until Catherine was breathless.

He pulled away to stare into her eyes. "That was for being interrupted in the pool. If I hadn't been on the meds I would have mauled him to death..."

"Really? Vincent, you know you should take anger management classes." Catherine teased.

"Well anyone who stops me from kissing you deserves what he gets..."

Vincent swooped in on her mouth again. He couldn't get enough of her. She was his drug and he never wanted a cure. Catherine kissed him feverishly, her tongue dancing with his as desire took control. He picked her up in his arms to carry her the few steps to her living room. The bedroom was simply too far away. Clothes were pulled off in seconds as he fell onto the couch pulling her into his lap.

She settled her legs around his torso kneading his shoulders as he skimmed over her skin with fingers that were on fire. Catherine's head fell back as he leaned in to kiss her throat, her shoulders, across her breasts. There was no quenching his thirst for her or his need to possess her and Catherine felt it. Felt it in his every kiss, every touch, every breathless mention of her name. She spiralled into need so strong it hurt, ached in every part of her. He reached out to her face pulling her to him as she laced her fingers in his hair. Open mouthed they kissed, plundering tongues trying to climb inside each other. She lifted herself above him and slid him inside her wet and waiting core; rocking up and down, building intensity and tempo. Vincent moved his hands to her bottom cheeks; caressing, guiding, revelling in the feel of being inside

her. Joined together they rode the waves that always came; engulfing; drowning; pulling them apart until they splintered in ridiculous ecstasy.

Afterwards...

"I think I miss your amber eyes." Catherine remarked breathlessly.

"Oh you do, do you? Sorry to disappoint..."

"Vincent it's not possible for you to disappoint me. Brown eyes, blue eyes, grey, I don't care but those amber ones do tell a story..."

"What kind of story?"

"Well they usually happen when, let's just say, you're in the moment..."

"You mean when I'm coming inside you?"

"Yes..." she breathed.

"Well by morning my amber eyes will return. You'll just have to make do with my 'normal' ones for now." Vincent smiled at Catherine.

She couldn't drag her gaze away. Those eyes spoke of love, trust and loyalty beyond her comprehension. She loved him so much. She needed him to understand just how much. He was always afraid that she would walk away. That he wasn't worthy. That she would decide it was all too hard. Catherine knew she would never willingly walk away from Vincent. Sometimes she felt she wasn't worthy of him and his fierce protectiveness and adoration. She had never believed in Destiny before. She did now.

"So do we order take-out now before we change our minds and go for round two?" Vincent looked at her with a sly grin.

"I think food is a good idea...It seems we're going to need it to survive the night."

An hour later pizza was ordered and eaten amid love, laughter and playfulness.

Catherine watched Vincent as he settled so easily into their domestic scene. It was so far removed from the life he'd lived for the last ten years that it tugged at her heart and ached. As much as she loved her sister, she really wished it would be different when Vincent returned to his half human state. Wished that Heather would like and accept him which would allow him to be with her more often. She sighed...

"What is it? Are you OK?" Vincent asked with concern.

"Vincent I just wish..."

"That I was normal?"

"No, stop saying that. I wish I could have you here when Heather is here. I'm angry that she won't accept you for my sake."

"Catherine she doesn't know. Can't possibly understand."

"I know but it doesn't make it easier. You don't need to be normal. I just want you here with me whenever we want."

"OK. Time for my surprises. Let's enjoy tonight. No more talk about anything other than now..."

Vincent grabbed the bag, settled himself next to Catherine on the couch and handed it to her.

She opened it to find a bag of Red Vines and a DVD of the movie 'Ghost.'

She looked at Vincent, eyes shining with love.

"Red Vines. And oh my God I haven't seen this movie in so long and I love it. Vincent how did you know?"

'A lucky guess? I thought you'd like it.'

She leaned across to kiss him softly. "Thank you. They're perfect."

Within minutes they were settled in each others' arms, eating Red Vines and watching the film.

"Catherine I gotta say. These are an acquired taste."

'What, you don't like Red Vines? You know that's almost grounds for evicting you from the premises...'

"That's what you think." He pulled Catherine closer. "Not getting rid of me that easily..."

"Sshhh best scene is coming up."

"Oh, you like the scene at the potter's wheel as well?"

"What's not to like? It's sexy."

They watched as Demi Moore and Patrick Swayze sizzled on the screen while moulding the clay at the potter's wheel. Vincent's hands had a mind of their own as he pulled Catherine closer, nuzzling her neck.

"Very. Too sexy. It's giving me ideas." Vincent's hands were doing things they shouldn't be doing.

Catherine felt his hands massaging her while watching two sets of sexy hands moulding clay on the screen and suddenly sat upright.

"What is it?" Vincent asked.

Catherine realised exactly what her memorable plan for Vincent would entail. She just knew.

"Ok Vincent. I've got an idea and I don't want you spoiling it so stay right there. I'll be back really soon."

"Where are you going? Don't you want to watch this?"

"I've got a better idea." she grinned at him. "Wait right there. I'll come get you."

Vincent sat fidgeting, watching the film with absolutely no interest, wondering what Catherine had planned.

A few minutes later she returned from her bedroom. She didn't look any different.

Catherine held out a hand to Vincent.

He took it willingly, getting up from the couch to let himself be led into her bedroom.

She'd set up candles, towels on the bed and there was a bottle of fragrant oil on the bedside table

"Catherine? Don't get me wrong. I like where your mind is heading but..." as she started to peel away his clothing...

"No touching allowed. Just go with me here. This is what I want to do for you so don't argue. Take off your clothes and lie down on the bed on your stomach."

Catherine watched very appreciatively as Vincent took off the rest of his clothing and laid down on her bed.

"Now close your eyes and just feel Vincent."

"Yes Maam..."

Catherine stripped off her clothing and straddled Vincent's buttocks. When he realised she was naked he groaned.

"Vincent. You need to control yourself. This isn't about sex...yet. This is about touch so just enjoy. Keep your eyes closed."

Catherine took the oil, poured the contents onto Vincent's back and in a stream down his body before tossing the bottle aside.

She placed her hands on his back and started to spread the oil, massaging it into his muscles in long deliberate strokes across his neck, shoulders and his back. Her hands travelled the length of him. As she continued across his buttocks she got distracted and her concentration slipped. "He really has a fine ass," she thought

Catherine shook what she wanted to do with that ass out of her head and massaged his thighs running her hands sideways to his hips sweeping underneath him to stroke his abs.

Vincent struggled to keep it together. She felt so incredibly sexy as her touch lingered and brushed his skin at some points and then kneaded with deft firmness in others.

He let her massage him for moments longer enjoying her touch; but maddened by it at the same time.

"Catherine," he growled.

"Sorry that growl carries no weight with me tonight so suck it up princess." She laughed.

Her touch became firmer and more sure as her power to drive him crazy emboldened her. Catherine ran her fingers down his sides, across his lower back and onto his ass. She gently nudged his legs apart and proceeded to stroke his inner thighs brushing against him with delicious temerity.

Then she leaned forward, sliding her body against his skin; up and down like a wanton cat; teasing, rubbing, flowing over his skin like silk. Vincent almost lost it.

"Where did you learn to do that?"

"Nowhere, just seemed right with you."

"Christ," Vincent turned over to look at the glorious woman who had taken his heart and locked it up with his forever.

He grabbed her, rolled her over onto her back and settled himself on top of her.

"You drive me crazy, you know that?"

"I hadn't guessed," she giggled.

"Really, well then let me show you..."

Vincent's hands travelled down to her sex to stroke her, his fingers finding her sweet spot; playing her until she gasped out loud against his lips.

"Vincent no more nice, just do me please."

He complied, plunging inside her in one stroke, his fingers continuing their magic at the same time.

Catherine grasped his shoulders as he thrust inside her.

"Vincent, harder. Don't hold back. I won't break. Need you, want this, god please..."

Vincent cried out as he did just that. He completely let go as his fear of changing evaporated. He was 'normal' and could enjoy what Catherine offered with no reprise. It was as liberating for Vincent as it was intense.

At the height of their passion Vincent cupped Catherine's face in his hands, invading the depths of her gaze with such love she stared at him speechless, while within she became boneless. There were no words to describe the intensity of what was happening as he whispered her name again and again with shuddering breaths whilst claiming her heart, body and soul.

Sensation exploded, the climax scattering them in a million different directions before bringing them slowly back together again.

"OK..." Catherine shook. "I think I just died and went to heaven. Vincent we're so not getting out of this bed ever again."

"Mmm I like that fantasy. And that so ties in with mine. My fantasy is that maybe there will be babies. I know I flipped out earlier today when you thought it was a possibility but Catherine, like I said in the pool, I do want it all and if there's any possibility in the future then we can maybe make 20 of them..."

"Dr. Keller go find someone else to have 20 with because it won't be me..."

They both laughed at the absurdity of their fantasy. It was a lovely moment.

"So you're going to let me...with someone else?"

"Hell no. Any other woman comes near you and then watch a beast at work. Your amber eyes will have nothing on me. You'll just have to settle for less and I'll make it up to you..."

"With massages like that?"

"As many as you want..."

"Mmm you got me."

"Catherine?"

"Yes."

"You have no idea how much I love you and how lucky..."

"Vincent it's me who's lucky. You didn't meet some of the idiots I went out with over the years. Hold on, did you?"

"No. I just sensed if you were in trouble. I didn't go that far."

"Oh I don't know. I kind of like the fact you had my back all that time without me knowing."

"You do? Catherine you have no idea how unique you are."

"And Vincent?"

"Yes."

"I love you too."

Vincent smiled the glorious smile that melted her heart. He pulled her close.

Heaven was in Catherine's apartment that night. Vincent felt so comfortable and loved for the first time in a very long time. Actually he had never experienced this kind of love before. He grew up with Alex and getting engaged seemed to be the next logical step. He loved her no doubt but it was never the all consuming need for completion that Catherine gave him. He could still kick himself for how he treated Catherine when Alex re-entered his life. Well he certainly wouldn't let anything like that happen again.

"Tired?" he held her closer

"Yep."

"Catherine, in the morning I'll be..."

"Sshhh Vincent I know and it's ok. Sleep. It doesn't change anything. I'm here remember so just hold me."

"Always," Vincent responded.

At about 2am they both stirred, sleepy but happy. Catherine caressed Vincent's chest as he pulled her close. As they snuggled, desire took hold and in a half sleepy languid state they kissed. Long, slow erotic kisses that spoke of tenderness and complete trust.

The kissing soon turned heated as Vincent rolled gently on top of Catherine entering her. They rode on waves of passion for many minutes simply enjoying the feel of being merged. Vincent slowed his pace letting their bodies speak to each other. Catherine felt loved and complete.

Suddenly...

"Oh god Catherine it's happening. I can feel it. I'm changing..." he trailed off as his voice started to change, becoming a growl; his breath exploding out of him in shredded gasps. Catherine reached out to turn the bedside light on. She gazed up into his face, with him still inside her. He was terrified.

She took his face in her hands.

"Vincent,
Don't fight it.
Don't be scared.
It's ok.
You're fine.
It's happening slowly.
Just go with it and come back to me."

His was indeed changing. His eyes glowing as they had on many occasions before but the veins were more pronounced, his face morphing slowly into his beastly form. He was still Vincent though; aware and frightened.

"Vincent look at me.
Don't look away.
I'm here and I'm not going anywhere so you just need to relax and breathe.
You can do this."

Catherine held his face; talked to him; never wavered from his gaze. There was no repugnance, no shame, no revulsion – just love and comfort; soft words and gentle caresses.

"Vincent this has happened before.
It's ok.
Listen to my voice and stay with me."

I love you.
Stay with me.
I'm here.
It's ok."

Catherine felt his body as he relaxed and calmed, slowly returning to his fully human state.

He rolled off her in shame, fear and self loathing; attempted to get out of the bed.

She wouldn't let him. Catherine pulled him back down again

"No you don't. You're staying right here. Vincent there's nothing to be ashamed of or sorry for. I told you before I love and accept all of what you are. They caused this, not you."

"Catherine that was terrifying. But you brought me back again. I still don't understand how you can do that or even want to..."

"You weren't as far gone as last time and I will always bring you back Vincent. I just know it so it wasn't scary for me."

"I wasn't inside you last time Catherine."

"Vincent it seems that this is going to happen from time to time. We've dealt with it and it's over now. We'll deal with it again if we need to."

"Catherine we have to find a cure."

"And we will eventually but in the meantime we deal with what we have and that's precious. You are not leaving me. Understood? And Vincent I'm not going anywhere either. I'm in this."

Vincent stared at her not comprehending how anyone could be so calm, so loving and so supportive of everything that he was. He would die to protect and cherish her.

"Now lie down again. We'll leave the light on and talk for a while until we fall asleep. Maybe this time though we'll wait to make love in the light of day..." she teased. "For now!"

He smiled tightly, not convinced.

"Oh for God's sake Vincent I've told you before, your beast is just as crazy about me as you are. He won't hurt me and neither will you. I accept all that you are so you need to do the same for me. Accepting me means that you accept and more importantly, believe that I'm here for you and I'm not going anywhere. And the only way you could ever hurt me is by leaving me."

She wrapped her arms around him drawing him back down to her bed.

Vincent looked at her in awe, belief finally embedding itself into his psyche.

They eventually fell asleep in each other's arms.

Hours later Vincent woke up to a sleeping Catherine by his side. He watched her slumber for long moments remembering the glory of being normal, making love to her and then the terror of his change. She never ceased to amaze him with her love.

He gently got out of bed and shrugged into a singlet and pants. He decided that coffee was in order. As he got up, the pill bottle fell out of his pocket onto the floor. He picked it up, staring long and hard at the contents. He settled himself on the end of the bed contemplating everything that had occurred. He remembered his promise to Catherine not to take another. He also remembered the sheer joy of their normal time. Remembered how free they'd been with each other. He also recalled her previous conversation about going to the movies. His thoughts whirled in chaos as he took out a pill, his fingers shaking. What she had done for him during the night shook him to his core.



She accepted all of him, both man and beast. It wasn't just words. Her act of complete faith in him; ignoring her own fears and being there for him meant so much that he wanted to take her to the movies, give her the extra day. Twelve more hours of normal. It didn't matter whether it took away a day, a month or longer of his life. She deserved another day. And he vowed to himself that he'd hand her the pills to flush down the toilet or give back to Gabe. It would be the last one he would take. She could forgive him one surely? She was his love and his life – he wanted desperately to give her more. He turned around to watch her sleep, his eyes softening, a slight pensive smile crossing his features. Eyes wet and with trembling fingers he swallowed the pill.

Vincent crawled back into the bed, slid in behind Catherine hugging her to him urgently. He watched her and sighed, brushing his nose against her arm, inhaling her scent, simply living in the moment of loving her with all of his heart and soul.



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