

BAtB Fanfiction - Foreboding

In the season finale we saw the scene when Catherine shows Vincent the two ID's for them to start a new life in a town outside of Denver. He is touched and also stunned that she is prepared to give up her life in NY for him. He reaches out, kisses her and as they start to get a little more into it, her phone rings and her Dad is on the other end. My fan-fiction has that call being delayed by maybe 20 minutes giving them enough time for some sexy spontaneous combustion on the table.

Vincent pulled Catherine into his arms, head still reeling at the fact that she would give up her family, friends, job and life in NY to move anywhere with him so that he was safe. She truly loved him that much.

He leaned in to claim her lips with his, exploring her tongue, feeling her heat and love. She laced her fingers behind his neck, tangling them in his hair as she arched her body closer to his, needing to feel him against her.....

Their kiss deepened, tongues dancing. Groaning they fell into need and intense desire that took them from soft exploration to all out craving.

They couldn't get enough, hands frantically seeking to touch, caress, to pull closer.

Vincent tore his mouth away from her lips to explore her neck as he tugged at her jacket, flinging it away as it came off. She in turn hooked her hands under his pullover & singlet yanking them up and over his head in one frantic movement, her fingers skimming over his skin, her heat almost tangible, driving Vincent crazy with desire.

Catherine's top followed as he unbuttoned her blouse with shaking, clumsy fingers, lost in the moment and the sight of her bare skin. He removed her bra and pulled her between his legs as he sat on the table. He dragged her against his now bare chest and as skin touched skin they both exploded in passion.

She revelled in the feel of him against her as she strained closer. His hands cupped her ass through her jeans, pulled her against the burgeoning bulge in his pants. He tugged at her jeans, hooking his fingers under the fabric and then pulled them together with her briefs down in one fluid movement. He dropped to his knees, lifted each of her legs as he pulled off socks and shoes and then threw everything across the room.

"Oh God," Catherine gasped as she stood naked and wanting, seared by the passion on his face as he came up to claim her.

She dragged herself away from him, started to move away.

"What the...where are you going?" Vincent growled

"Come," she panted, grabbed his hand, trying to lead him away.

"Your bedroom," she managed to breathe.

"Hell no," he hauled her back into his arms. "and risk your goddamn phone ringing before we get there. No way."

Snaking his arm around her waist he pulled her against his chest and with his other arm, upended everything from the table sweeping it all onto the floor.

"Not waiting that long," he growled again. "Now, I need you right here and right now."

Catherine flinched at the heat in his sexy growl causing her body to flood with a heat echoing his own. Lord she would burn in hell before she ever let him go or grew tired of his reaction to her, of the compulsive need to be consumed by him.

He yanked down his own pants and kicked them out of the way until he too stood naked. She drank him in, inflamed at his very obvious reaction to her, his erection telling the story more eloquently than words ever could.

Then he swept her into his arms, mouth swooping on hers demanding her complete response. Catherine's tongue latched onto his, sucking him into the depths of her mouth with matching intensity.

Driven by all consuming lust their mouths engulfed each other, trying to merge as one. Then Vincent swung Catherine onto the table, lay her on her back. He was everywhere; hands, lips, mouth; caressing, touching, kissing; rasping his tongue across her breasts, her stomach, laving at her skin as if possessed. His fingers dipped inside her bringing her to climax fast as she drowned in his all consuming need of her.

"Vincent," she panted, her shudders intensifying...

He slid her down the table until he lined up with her sex and in one thrust was inside her. She was wet, ready and completely open to him; wanting, needing him to fill her, complete her. She wrapped her legs around him as he thrust over and over again.

"Vincent. Oh God, harder."

Catherine reached out to his hands at her waist, desperate to get closer. He grabbed her hands, jerked her upright so that she sat on the edge of the table feeling him plunge deeper inside her.

She grabbed him around his waist, anchoring her feet around the small of his back and threw herself against his chest, burying her face in his neck moaning as he slammed into her, impaling her so deeply it was as if he imprinted on her soul.

Her second climax started deep within her, radiating out of her body hurtling her into blissful oblivion.

"Oh God Vincent, don't stop..."

He thrust harder, felt her release spreading out to claim him in its intensity, hurtling him into oblivion with her.

"Oh God, Catherine," he cried, thrusting deeply twice more before his release left them both gasping, struggling to breathe.

"Where did that come from?" Catherine uttered moments later as they came back to 'normality'.

Vincent held her close, tipped her face up to his and kissed her softly.

He looked into her shining, love filled eyes.

"It's you. God what you do to me. You drive me crazy. Sorry if that was a little intense..."

Catherine laughed weakly, basking in the afterglow. "Choir Vincent, as in preaching to. I don't recall complaining do you? No apologies needed. It was intense but you can do intense with me any-time you like. But for the moment just hold me."

Vincent held her as if afraid to let her go. He was suddenly hit with such a strong sense of foreboding it shook him to his core. A tremor went through him, an unpleasant one.

Catherine felt it, felt the sorrow sweep through him.

She searched his face.

"Vincent, what is it? What's the matter? Are you ok?"

"I don't know. The oddest sensation just lanced through me. Almost like a darkness or sorrow, like I lost something. " He looked down into her face, the face he adored more than life itself.

"Well you don't have to worry Vincent because I'm not going anywhere. I'm in this and I love you."

He smiled into her eyes shaking off his anxiety.

"As I love you...but now I suppose we should really get dressed." He let her go very reluctantly, loathe to leave her side even for a moment.

Once back in their clothes, Vincent pulled Catherine back into his arms, kissing her again with urgency.



"Mmm, I like the way you taste," he purred.

Catherine laughed, kissed him back and then...her cell buzzed cutting through the moment.

Vincent stared at her, laughing.

"See I told you," kissing her softly for the last time. "Damned phone."

It was Catherine's Dad.

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We know what happened next and that this would sadly be their last truly intimate moment before Vincent is hauled away by enemies unknown in that damned freakin' net...

I am currently writing my version of the S2 opener. It picks up in the final moments of the finale and tells the story from there. Called 'Taken' it will be available 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>

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