

BAtB Fanfiction: The Beaster Bunny (Colorado - 3)

"I look ridiculous." Vincent muttered, as he glared at himself in the mirror and tried, once again, to pull the collar further away from his neck. No luck. He was destined to be strangled by pink fur before the day was out.

"What's that?" Catherine's voice came from the bathroom, where she was putting on her make-up and outfit.

"Nothing," he called, "just trying to make this thing fit. How did I let you talk me into this, anyway?"

"Me? You volunteered. It was your boss who hurt his back and you seemed quite happy to fill in for him, especially since I'm one of the bunny helpers."

"Yes well that was before I saw what he wears to do it. And it's your hotel sponsoring the event; I seem to remember you told your manager that I'd do it, before I even knew about it." Vincent grimaced at his reflection again. "Perhaps it's not too late to get somebody else?" he added hopefully.

"Of course it's too late. Oh Vincent, it's for the kids. You'll have fun, you know you will. And besides, like you said the other day; it's the perfect opportunity for us to be an active part of the community without having to avoid events with cameras, like usual."

Vincent started growling to himself, and not in a happy way either. He lifted one baby blue fur-clad foot to adjust the ankle, lost his balance, and started hopping around on the other to regain it. Catherine's giggle reached his ears. He turned, ready to give her one of his best 'don't laugh at me now' looks - and instead couldn't help staring. She was leaning against the bedroom door, trying unsuccessfully to stifle her laughter. And she looked gorgeous. He let out a breath. "See, that's just not fair. When I said I'd do it, that's more like what I thought I'd be wearing."

Catherine looked down at her costume and back up at him, clearly confused. "You wanted to dress like a Playboy bunny? Because if so, I've obviously missed some of your...uh...preferences."

"No no." Vincent was exasperated. "That's not what I meant. I meant that your costume is...well... at least it's real-rabbit-coloured-ish. I just assumed a more...well, a masculine version of that. Not this pastel monstrosity I've got." She was in a casual black dress trimmed with golden fake fur at the hem, sleeve and neckline, with a headband holding ears made from matching fur. It wasn't overtly sexy, certainly still kid-friendly - and yet Vincent found himself thinking decidedly adult thoughts as he ran his eyes over her. "Put it this way; if my beast had any rabbit DNA, I can guarantee you it did *not* have pink and blue fur. My former rabbit was...was...*manly*." He turned and sat down on the bed, trying again to fix the twisted ankle of his costume and blatantly ignoring the pitying look his girlfriend was sending his way.

A furry head - this one real - poked his head around the door and stopped short. Beast had heard his name in conversation and come to see what was going on. Their dog - only half grown but already taller than Catherine's knee - stared at Vincent, then looked up at Catherine quizzically as if asking for an explanation. Vincent sighed. If a dog could be laughing...well, his dog definitely was. He narrowed his gaze at Beast, who promptly turned around and left the room.

"Catherine I'm sorry, I guess I'm just nervous. This is going to be more public than anything we've done here before - the parade *and* the egg hunt with the kids - and this suit really does feel like it's going to strangle me...and it's stuffy...and my neck's itchy...and I'm a bit claustrophobic so that head...well..." his voice trailed off.

"Claustrophobic? You? No." Catherine left the doorway and came to sit beside him.

"Yes. When I was a kid I could never have Hallowe'en costumes with full masks. Then there was the headgear firemen and soldiers wear..."

"I can't believe I didn't know this about you." Catherine looked genuinely worried. "Is it that bad?"

"No, no I'll manage; I learned how to deal with it back then. It's not like I freak out or anything, I just feel really uncomfortable. Actually I'd forgotten all about it, until I saw that damn fuzzy pink head."

Catherine smiled at him reassuringly. "Okay then. You'll be fine, trust me. You've made it through much worse, and I'll be there and so will Beast, all afternoon. Look, if it really gets that bad, tell me and we'll figure out something. I'll wear the bunny suit myself if it comes to that." Vincent visibly relaxed, unable to stop himself from chuckling at the image of Catherine in the bunny suit. "As far as the rest of it goes, no problem." She walked over to the dresser, retrieving a pair of scissors from the drawer. "Hold still." With a couple of snips, she undid a few of the stitches in each of the seams along his neck, giving him proper room to breathe again. "There. We can sew it back up afterwards. And now it's not directly against your skin, it shouldn't itch, either."

Vincent grinned. Somehow Catherine could manage to make anything sound like a good idea. He watched the sway of her rear as she walked back over to the dresser to put the scissors away, accentuated by the black knee-high boots she had on. Once again his head began to fill with decidedly inappropriate thoughts, and before he knew it he was standing beside her, leaning in for a kiss and pulling her against him.

Catherine groaned, and half-heartedly tried to pull away. Vincent deepened the kiss, dropping one hand down to explore under the hem of her dress and back up her thigh.

Catherine whimpered, and then pulled back. "Vincent, we can't, we don't have time. And I just finished this make-up." She had carefully painted on a few bunny whiskers.

Vincent made a face. "Umm...I'm afraid we've already managed to mess you up a bit." Catherine winced and leaned over to look in the mirror, relieved to see the damage wasn't too bad. "So, since you'll have to fix it anyway," Vincent continued, "and since we actually do have plenty of time," he started to back her towards the bed, "and well, you know what they say about our kind..."

"Our kind?" murmured Catherine, becoming hypnotised by his husky voice and large hands gently running all over her.

"Rabbits." He leaned down and whispered into her ear. "Wanna fuck like bunnies?"

Catherine choked back her giggle, too turned on to even pretend to be shocked. "Mmmm. I can't take all this off again, we really don't have *that* much time...but bunnies can be quick too, can't they?"

"Oh yes, yes. We'll just stay in character then." Vincent wasted no time in taking another kiss while rolling his hips hard against her, making sure she could feel just how ready he already was. Catherine pushed back into him, and then burst out laughing...not exactly the reaction he'd expected. "What?"

"Oh Vincent, it's just...you...you..."

"Catherine, *what?*"

"You said 'stay in character'," she barely managed to get out the words between giggles, "...and you're wearing that furry costume...and I know that's, that's like a 'thing' for some people, but I never thought..."

Vincent was confused for a moment, and then it dawned on him. "No!" He started to laugh along with her as he realised how he must look at that moment. "I didn't mean that much in character!" One swift movement of the zipper, and he was stepping out of the fake fur. "Better?" he asked, now standing before her in a t-shirt, shorts and briefs, his erection straining.

"Mmmm, much much better." Catherine wasted no time undoing his shorts, pushing them down with his briefs, and pulling out his already throbbing member. She leaned down and placed a long wet kiss on the tip, causing Vincent to growl and gently thrust his hips towards her. With another brief kiss and teasing lick, Catherine turned around and bent over the bed, flipping her dress up over her ass and wiggling it at him provocatively.

Vincent groaned and leaned forward, pulling down her black tights and panties in one swift move, spreading her legs as far as the restrictive garments would allow. He looked at the sight in front of him and hissed with desire, his shaft lengthening even further, seeming to reach out towards her all by itself. She was glistening, ready, wanting him as much as he wanted her. She circled her hips once, twice, and then again as she moaned; expressing her impatience. That was good enough for him; Vincent eased forward and pressed his manhood against her - but not inside. Instead he used it to tease, stroking her folds up and down, round and round. Catherine's breathing became laboured and she started to pant as she pushed backwards, trying to get him where she wanted. With an ability that was a little bit more than just everyday human, Vincent anticipated her every move - no matter how slight - and shifted himself against her accordingly. It was a game they often played in one way or another; Catherine never won...but that never stopped her from trying.

"Vincent, Oh God Vincent...enough...really. We have to move. Mmmm..." She wriggled again, desperate to feel him inside, knowing time was ticking away.

Vincent grinned, but didn't stop. "I thought we were moving - rather nicely, from my point of view." She made a huff of frustration, pushing back against him once more. Vincent relented, holding himself still at her entrance. "Mmmm...is this what you want?" Geez, she was becoming even hotter and wetter, it was all he could do now to hold back...no...actually he couldn't, he needed her now.

"Vincent, dammit...please!"

Vincent lost his resolve at the same moment she spoke, pressing easily inside. They both let out the breaths they'd been holding, and the mood changed from playful to passionate. He still held back, keeping his thrusts shallow; wanting to keep them both on the edge for as long as possible. Catherine played her part, clasping him with each stroke but not yet demanding him fully. Soon though, he felt her grip around him tighten, trying to draw him in faster, deeper. He complied and swelled even further with arousal, the added friction stimulating them both almost to the point of no return. Catherine fisted her hands in the comforter, looking at him hungrily over her shoulder. Vincent was torn - he could barely tear his eyes away from hers, but the primal lust now infusing every nerve ending in his body demanded he focus on what was happening directly between them.

Dropping his gaze to where they joined, Vincent lost himself in the sight. He saw Catherine begin to twist and grind even more, pulling him closer. In turn, his heavy sac pressed repeatedly against her swollen, needy nub with each fast, deep thrust, giving them both pleasure from every angle. She whimpered, began to tremble, and Vincent was suddenly overpowered by his senses - the sights, sounds and scents were pushing him gloriously close, much as they had when he was a beast. He roared loudly and reached down, gathering Catherine up to pull her flush against his body, one large hand kneading her breasts through the dress while the other circled her throbbing sweet spot below. He plunged upwards, hard enough to make her gasp, then tremble and gasp again as she implored him for more. Over and over he thrust, until his movements triggered their simultaneous orgasms; each pulsing furiously against the intimate flesh of the other until gradually, the spasms slowed and stopped. They couldn't move. They didn't want to move. Vincent growled quietly and gently nipped at Catherine's neck as their heartbeats returned to normal, holding her tight, neither of them willing to let the moment end.

But, of course it had to. With a groan he slipped out, moving his hand quickly to prevent the evidence of their lovemaking from ruining her dress. "Come on, let's clean up and then..." he looked reluctantly at the fluffy bunny suit taunting him from the floor, "...I suppose we'd better get this over with."

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Catherine finished repairing her make-up and cast a critical eye at herself in the mirror. Not quite as good as the first time, but it would have to do. Returning to the bedroom, she found Vincent still tugging unhappily at the fit of the bunny suit, muttering away to himself. She chuckled; many of the words coming out of his mouth were as colourful as the costume he was complaining about. "Vincent? Are you nearly ready?" He looked at her and nodded sadly, like a man being led to the gallows. Catherine decided not to encourage him and ignored his silent plea for sympathy. "You let Beast outside a few minutes ago, right? Okay I'll get him and his leash, you put your paws and head on and we'll leave."

Vincent grabbed the giant rabbit head and followed. "Why do I have to wear them now?"

"Because it's only a short drive and when we arrive at the park for the parade start, children will be there. And they have to believe that you're a deliriously happy, giant pink and blue bunny; not a grumpy man who's convinced himself he's betraying his old animal DNA."

"I'm sure it's not legal to drive with this head on."

"Probably not. I'm driving."

"Do you have an answer for everything today?"

"Yes. Now, on with your head!" Giggling at her little play on words, Catherine opened the back door to let Beast inside. She closed and locked the door after him, setting the alarm and turning back across the kitchen. Suddenly Beast darted in front of her, blocking her path and growling. "Beast! Move out of the way. What are you doing?" The dog pushed back against her legs, refusing to let her pass. He growled again, and then let loose a volley of barks. Catherine looked up to see what had him so upset - and there in the living room stood Vincent, now wearing the complete outfit...head, paws and all. She burst out laughing.

"Oh for..." came Vincent's muffled voice, yelling to be heard over Beast's continued barks. "Now my own dog thinks he has to protect you from me." Raising his blue paws, Vincent removed the head. Beast stared at him, but stopped barking. Vincent put the head back on...and Beast started growling, still not letting Catherine in the room. Taking the head off again, Vincent sank down on the sofa. "Guess we didn't think that one through."

"That's just silly," said Catherine as she pushed past Beast, who was now sitting and staring suspiciously at the rabbit head. "His senses are as good as - or probably better than yours. He has to be able to tell it's you under all that fur. Especially with your...connection."

"I'm sure he can. Remember he's still just a baby himself. I've confused him, he probably thinks I've been attacked and eaten by a rainbow Wookie. Or maybe he was terrorised by Bigfoot out in the woods as a pup." Vincent smiled wryly. "I can't *actually* read his mind."

"I know," sighed Catherine. "I guess we'll have to leave him behind."

"No way. If I have to conquer my fears today, so does he. Besides, you know how much some of the kids were looking forward to seeing him again. Give me a minute."

Catherine looked doubtfully at him, then at Beast, then at the clock. "Okay, give it a try - but just a minute or two. We really *do* have to leave."

"Beast, come here," commanded Vincent. Beast stood up, whined, but didn't move. "Oh, come on boy, it's just me." Beast took a couple of steps into the room, so Vincent leaned forward and held out his hand encouragingly. Beast yelped, jumping back and trying to hide behind Catherine. "What the...? Oh...." Vincent realised he was still wearing the paws, and took them off. He tried again, reaching out to his dog. This time Beast came over to him, sniffing at the costume and eventually wagging his tail, now relaxed. But the head was another matter. As soon as Vincent even reached for it, Beast let off another volley of barks, this time trying to push Vincent away.

Catherine laughed. "Well at least now he's trying to protect *you* from *it*," she remarked, "instead of me from you."

"Not done yet," Vincent said softly, and Catherine was sure she could now hear a tone in his voice that she could never quite put her finger on - never even be positive was really there. A tone that he only used with their dog.

After taking Gabe's 'cure', Vincent had lost his corrupted DNA...and the enhanced senses that came along with it. But over time, many of those senses and characteristics returned in some form; the latent human genes reawakening and learning new pathways to work on their own. At least that's what JT theorised. But one of the most curious changes had been his effect on animals, especially dogs. As a beast, dogs hadn't liked him very much, usually avoiding him or reacting dangerously out of fear, if cornered. However now, as a human, they absolutely adored him - and it seemed as though he could communicate with them on some rudimentary level. Especially Beast. Perhaps it was because he was part wolf. Perhaps it was just the bond they'd forged. But either way, Catherine had seen Vincent teach, convince and tell their pup things that nobody else would believe. Vincent was the first to admit he had absolutely no idea how he did it - but he couldn't deny that he was.

As Catherine reflected, she watched closely, trying to understand. It looked innocent enough, just a man talking gently to his dog, explaining that the rabbit head was nothing to be afraid of. But Vincent was looking straight into Beast's eyes - and Beast appeared hypnotised by Vincent's gaze and tone. As she watched, Vincent put the rabbit head on, and then took it off, the entire time still murmuring to Beast. He did it again; and suddenly Beast reverted back to his usual happy self - now completely disinterested in any part of the giant bunny. Or so they thought.

Vincent looked at Catherine triumphantly, as she laughed. "Vincent I feel like I should be clapping. You really are the 'Beast' Whisperer."

He smiled. "It wasn't so long ago I called you that. Now...where is my other paw?" They looked at each other, rolled their eyes and in unison, called out "Beast!"

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Eventually the little family arrived at the parade site. They'd rescued the soggy but otherwise intact left paw from Beast - who couldn't understand why they'd taken away and quickly rinsed out what he considered his new chew toy. Vincent had another minor victory when it turned out he couldn't fit in the truck wearing the head after all, so they decided Catherine would drop him off a block away. She pulled over to the curb; Vincent got out of the truck, and Catherine handed him his head. "Right, Egbert, off you go and find your float. Beast and I will see you afterwards." They were walking with other dog owners in the parade, while Vincent would have the place of honour on the biggest float.

"Egbert? Who's Egbert?"

"You are. You're Egbert the Easter Bunny, didn't you know? Named after one of the town founders, I think."

"Just when I thought it couldn't get any better..." Vincent muttered, putting on the head.

"I heard that," said Catherine with her sweetest smile. "Now hop to it, Egbert!" As she pulled away to turn into the parking lot, she didn't have to be able to see Vincent's face to know that he was giving her a particularly withering look.

But as Vincent turned and headed towards the staging area, he was also grinning to himself. Catherine's last joke - cheesy as it had been - had broken through his gloomy mood and made him remember that this was supposed to be fun...and all for the town kids. Speaking of those kids, it looked like at least a dozen of them were bearing down on him at an alarming speed, yelling excitedly. "Egbert, Egbert you're here!" Vincent wisely stopped, bracing himself for the onslaught. Sure enough they slammed right into his knees, and he nearly went over backwards.

"Hey, hey yes, I'm here, careful!" he said, simultaneously patting at their heads while gathering up a toddler who was trying to climb his leg and about to fall off. The children were now looking at him as if they expected a speech, and it occurred to Vincent that he hadn't given any thought to what a rabbit should do or say. So when he opened his mouth, he wasn't quite sure what was going to come out. "Ho Ho...I mean ah...Woohoo!...it's Easter! Umm...Yay!" he cried out. Well, that sounded dumb. Did the Easter Bunny even have a saying? Vincent had no idea. At least none of the kids seemed to have noticed his little holiday mix-up...but a couple of the parents now standing next to them obviously had, since they were laughing openly at his muddled greeting.

"Sorry Pete...ah I mean Egbert," said one man, using the name Vincent was known by in town, as he retrieved his son from Vincent's arms; the toddler was now pulling at Egbert's ears. "They saw you and just dashed away. I tell you, they've been very excited, being chosen to ride on Egbert's Enchanted Big Bunny Float with you this year."

Vincent made a face at the name, at that moment rather enjoying that nobody could see him. "Oh, no problem - after all, they're..." he stopped and looked down at a little blonde girl who was holding his paw with one hand, while trying to get his attention by repeatedly hitting the back of his knee with her other. "What is it...ah...Grace?" he said, silently thanking whoever had thought to put name tags on the children.

"Eggybird why is your paw all wet?"

"Umm...yes well you see, to get here from my home in the woods, I had to cross the stream and it got wet. But it'll dry soon."

"Okay good," she said, accepting his lame excuse, "'cuz it's gross." She flashed a smile at him and then skipped away to join the others being helped onto the float.

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Hours later, the parade was long over and they were all at the park finishing up the egg hunt. Kids were still running around, screaming happily each time they found one of the colourful little plastic eggs that had been hidden by the hundreds. Vincent had felt extremely silly sitting in a throne on the float and waving to everyone, but since they got here he'd been having a great time. He'd run races with the kids, hopped for them, lifted them up to reach eggs, and told them all kinds of fanciful stories about Egbert's life in the woods. As he finished up a final tale and sent the children on their way back to their parents, he spied Catherine sitting at a picnic table with Beast, done with her raffle booth duties and now watching him with a smile. He started towards her, and was struck once again with a feeling of complete awe; how incredibly lucky he was that this woman loved him - and that she had given him this chance at a real, normal life. Reaching her, he leaned in for the kiss she deserved...and clunked her in the forehead with his rabbit head.

"Ow!" She began to giggle, "Good thing you're covered in fur or that would've really hurt. Sit down; tell me all about your day."

"Sorry. Can't believe I actually forgot I was wearing this...but I'm gonna be glad to take it off. It's been a long afternoon, but Catherine you were right. It was fun." He directed his attention to the dog who was now trying to climb on his lap, as if they were at home. "So how was Beast? Did he behave like we hoped, or did you have to hold him back?" Although they usually kept very much to themselves, they'd been working hard to ensure Beast was exposed to as many different people and situations as possible. He was going to be huge; so that and the wolf in his not-so-distant ancestry could be a problem for some of the townsfolk if he didn't prove to be completely trustworthy. Participating in the parade - especially just with Catherine - had been a big test, one they'd been concerned he was still a bit young for; so Catherine had been ready to leave with him at the first hint of anything not going according to plan.

"He was wonderful," Catherine answered proudly. "He just loves kids, so gentle with them no matter what they did to him - and they absolutely adore him too. And he listened to everything I asked him to do, I barely had to pull on the leash or repeat myself at all."

"So you were a good boy, were you?" Vincent tried his best to rub their dog's ears with his paws.

"He still wouldn't let me put these on him properly though," Catherine waved a pair of bunny ears that matched hers. "We had to settle for attaching them to his collar instead - and even that only lasted about fifteen minutes."

"I don't blame him. After seeing me today, he knew that one of your men had to maintain his dignity." Beast obviously agreed, as he tried to relieve Vincent of one of Egbert's paws. Vincent tried in vain to distract him with the bunny ears. "No, no you can't have this paw back. It's not ours. Speaking of..." he turned to Catherine again, "...did we remember to put my change of clothes in the truck, or do you just want to go home instead?" There was an evening BBQ planned for the adult organisers and participants.

"No, I mean yes your clothes are there, and no I don't want to go home. I'd like to stay a bit like we planned, if you're up for it?"

"Great - yes, let's stay a while. I suppose I change in there?" Vincent indicated the clubhouse nearby; Catherine nodded. "Okay, back in a bit...I guess I should say goodbye to the kids first." He started to walk away, and then turned. "By the way - what do rabbits say?"

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"No, I'm sure, I'll drive. You go ahead and have another beer. Go and enjoy yourself, Egbert."

Vincent grinned, and gave her a quick kiss. After the BBQ, they'd all moved into the pub at the clubhouse. Beast - allowed in as it was a special occasion - was half asleep under the table, tired out from his busy day. Catherine smiled as she watched her 'husband' go back to his game of pool and accept the beer handed to him by one of his coworkers. She had thoroughly enjoyed today, mostly because Vincent was completely and utterly relaxed. Watching him play with the children, and now watching him with 'the guys'; it was everything she had imagined their life could be here in Colorado. She might even dare to dream that one day he'd be playing with their own kids. She sighed, knowing it was unlikely, and pushed that thought away. For now it was enough to see him making friends...even if they'd never know his real name - at least he could have 'man talk' or whatever they called it, something she was sure he missed without JT around.

"My God, just look at how he wears those jeans. Kathy Hollister, you are seriously the luckiest woman alive." Catherine was jolted out of her thoughts by a voice next to her ear.

"Sorry?" She turned her attention back to the table. It was her coworker Janet. She was a very nice woman, but outspoken - especially after a few glasses of wine, like tonight.

"Kathy, excuse me for saying so, I know I probably shouldn't so we'll blame the wine...but your Pete is the best looking man I've ever seen in my life. And that voice...Kathy if he wasn't so obviously devoted to you - and you weren't my friend - and oh yeah if I didn't love my husband...then oh boy..." Janet looked at Vincent then directly at Catherine, lowering her voice. "I bet he's fan-tas-tic in bed...come on, spill the beans."

Catherine smiled, trying to stifle the giggle that threatened to emerge. She should be shocked at the words, and it did make her feel a twinge of possessiveness, but in truth she rather enjoyed the appreciation her friend had for her man - as long as it didn't go any further than 'girl talk'. After all his years hidden away, Vincent deserved to be appreciated. And it certainly didn't hurt to be told it was obvious that he only had eyes for her.

"Well," she leaned forward and whispered conspiratorially; "you see, he does things that..." she stopped and took a sip of her soft drink, deliberately torturing her friend."...things that am I never ever, ever, going to tell you about." She winked, and sat back.

"Touché" Janet smiled and raised her glass to Catherine. "But I hope you know just how damn lucky you are...and no, not just *that*...he's a good, decent guy too. Everyone says so."

"Yes, he is," Catherine nodded. "Thank you."

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Home. Almost midnight. Vincent had consumed several more beers, won most of the pool games, lost at darts, and covered up his uncannily correct diagnosis of his boss' back problems by falling back on part of their cover story - that he'd done a year of pre-med before deciding it wasn't for him. All in all, he decided, it had been an extremely successful day.

He took a quick shower, put on track pants and was standing in the kitchen making them cups of tea, when Catherine came up behind him wearing pyjamas and put her arms around his waist. "Let me finish that," she said against his bare back, he hadn't bothered with a shirt.

"I love you even more right now." Vincent responded. "Thank you. My legs are killing me." He sat down stiffly on the sofa and reached for the remote, turning on the TV and flicking through the channels. He chuckled, "All the running around I've done, all the long days at work, and yet even with my residual beast strength it only took a few kids to finally bring me to my knees." Even their own Beast was already fast asleep in his basket in the corner.

Catherine came into the room, handed him his tea and snuggled up beside him. "A few? Vincent there were nearly two hundred of them...and you spent hours entertaining every last one. And then you still kept going at the BBQ and in the pub afterwards." She rubbed his aching thigh, trying to work out the tension. "I'm amazed you're still standing at all."

"I guess pink and blue bunnies are pretty tough after all," mused Vincent, shifting so Catherine could more easily reach the knotted muscles in his other thigh. "And whatever you're doing to my legs, please do not stop." He groaned as she massaged deeper.

"So tell me the truth Vincent, you deliberately lost at darts, didn't you? I know your aim is better than you pretended - and you didn't drink all *that* much..." Vincent smiled lazily. "And the pool games you didn't win - you let the others have those too. Good for you."

"I spent enough years with nothing much else to do than practise on JT's table at the warehouse - and beating him endlessly of course - so it was kind of fun to let someone else win." Vincent groaned and shifted again, now finding it difficult to concentrate on their conversation. "Do you know it's actually quite hard to plan the shots to deliberately lose and make it look good?"

"I think I've found something else that's hard," Catherine remarked, "or getting that way." Her hand fluttered gently over the bulge that was starting to form in Vincent's track pants, before resuming a gentle kneading of his upper thigh.

"Oh God, Catherine that feels good...but really I'm too tired..." She arched her eyebrow at him, then looked back down at his groin - which was proving him wrong by growing further. "No, I mean I'm too tired to...it wouldn't be fair..."

"Shhhh." Catherine quieted him with a gentle kiss. "All you need to do is lay back, hold me and enjoy yourself. No pressure. Watch this old movie, close your eyes, whatever you want...just be selfish for once, and let *me* give to you."

Vincent started to protest but was stopped with another kiss, this time demanding his acquiescence. As he slipped his tongue against hers, it suddenly seemed like a very good idea to let Catherine have her way. And at least one part of his anatomy definitely agreed. He leaned over to put his half-finished mug of tea on the side table, and then went back to resume the kiss. Slowly, gently, deliciously, his lips tasted hers. Their tongues meshed, exploring - more like new lovers than familiar ones, drinking in the sensations. All the while Catherine was gently dragging her hand back and forth over his now semi-hard member, stroking him lightly through the cotton. They continued like this for several minutes, until Vincent's breathing began to change; almost imperceptibly, but enough that they both knew he wanted more...he was ready to take more. Catherine moved her hand in silent response, tickling his lower abs before slipping inside his track pants, simply resting her fingers over him, waiting.

She didn't have to wait long. Vincent moaned and he moved his hips just the tiniest bit, pushing himself up and into her hand. He felt her fingers close around him and she started to stroke. Damn it felt good. She felt good. There was no demand in her movement, no expectation; she was letting him set the pace. Or they were setting it together. It didn't matter. His mind was rapidly emptying of every coherent thought, all he knew were the exquisite sensations as she gripped him, skin moving against skin. Without stopping their ongoing kiss he moved one hand down and pushed at his track pants, allowing Catherine to pull his shaft out, never losing her rhythm. Almost immediately he lengthened and thickened further, stretching her fingers as she tugged at him, now increasing her pace. Vincent was growling repeatedly, he couldn't help himself. She began to squeeze with each upward stroke, brushing her thumb over the tip to gather up the wetness that was rapidly forming. It felt so damn good, and he knew that if she looked into his eyes she'd see the flashes of amber that somehow still appeared when he was this close, this ready to...

She stopped. Or at least, she slowed. Vincent let out a burst of air. "Catherine, oh God why did you stop, what's wrong?" She just kissed him, and he couldn't help but kiss her back, relaxing and enjoying it. Gradually, as the kiss deepened, she increased her strokes, bringing him back to the brink - but once again stopping. He was in agony - and yet he loved it, suddenly realising that she was planning to slowly work him into utter ecstasy. He broke the kiss and looked down at her - yes, he was right - her eyes were glinting mischievously. "How long do you plan to keep this up?" he rasped, unable to stop another moan.

"As long as you can keep *this* up," she replied, squeezing him purposefully. "Unless...unless you want me to stop?"

"Hell no Catherine...damn you feel good...but you know you're playing with fire, right? Even when I'm this tired..." she squeezed him again and he gave up trying to speak, groaning and shuddering as she once more worked him into a frenzy. Again and again she teased, taking him just a bit further each time.

Through the haze of lust, Vincent let her have complete control of his pleasure, until he could take no more - and she knew it. "Oh fuck Catherine, please...yes yes yes...now..." His words turned into groans, which then turned into deep, animalistic growls. His hips bucked uncontrollably as he felt himself tighten and swell, throbbing as he thrust hard into her hand, spilling over them both as she milked him, slowing only when he did.

It was long moments before Vincent's breathing returned to normal and his thoughts cleared. He looked down at Catherine and their eyes locked, expressing their love in ways that no words could even come close to doing. He took in her flushed skin, realised she'd been breathing almost as hard as he had. As he watched, she brought her fingers to her mouth and licked them, curving her lips into a sensual, naughty smile. He shuddered - damn that was sexy. Unbelievably, Vincent felt his erection springing back to life, gently pulsing. He turned on his side to let her feel it between them, and her smile widened. "You know what?" he whispered. Catherine shook her head. "I'm not the least bit tired anymore...and it's payback time!"

The End

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