

BAtB Fanfiction - Good Morning My Love

An imagining of an early morning for Vincent & Catherine after he has just moved into his new home with JT. Takes place between 'Playing With Fire' & 'Anniversary'.

Catherine stirred in bed and peeked out from under Vincent's arm with half open eyes. It was still dark, and for half a moment she wasn't sure where they were, then realised it was Vincent's bedroom in he and JT's new home, the first time she had awoken there. With a sleepy smile she remembered the previous night, how they had 'christened' the new digs for hours, making love over and over again with wild abandon. What had started as a playful hug while cleaning up the remnants of their take-out meal, had ended up as one of the most physical and passionate nights they'd spent together, with Vincent's Beast putting in several appearances - as he often did during their most intense moments. There was never any fear though; rather just a deepening of their love each time Catherine lost herself in those amber eyes, eyes that always still belonged to her Vincent. Last night had somehow seemed to encompass that even more than usual, and her love and acceptance of everything he was had reached yet another level.

As Catherine replayed the evening in her mind, she settled back into Vincent's warm embrace. He was still asleep, spooned behind her with his left arm reaching over her body, his fingers entangled in her own, holding her close. His face was buried down between her shoulders and the pillow, and the feel of his warm breath against her neck began to stir a familiar desire deep inside. Catherine didn't want to wake him and she was still more asleep than awake herself, but the urge to move, to feel more of him against her body got the better of her. She couldn't help but press her back into his strong torso, ever so slightly, and was rewarded as Vincent stirred and, with a gentle, purring sound, pulled her even closer and weaved his legs around hers.

While he pulled Catherine towards him, although for all intents and purposes still asleep, Vincent was also remembering the night before. He wasn't sure if Catherine had realised what happened, but it had been the first time he'd consciously not tried to maintain some control over his Beast when they were intimate. The trust that Catherine had always had in his alter ego was finally starting to take hold with him too, and although he hadn't completely thrown caution to the wind, Vincent had let the Beast within him have much more freedom than he usually did at those moments. Cautiously optimistic but ready at first to pull back at any time, to his surprise and happiness, nothing had happened. Nothing bad, anyway. If anything it had enhanced their passion, as his Beast contributed an additional degree of lust, and Vincent gradually allowed himself become more lost in the moment without worrying about when or how much to hold back his other side, or even if he could. He was coming to understand how much his Beast also loved Catherine...how much THEY loved her, as one, and that it...he...would never ever hurt her.

Pressed against her in the early morning dreamlike haze, Vincent sensed Catherine's increasing arousal. They began to move against each other almost imperceptibly; feeding each other's need to be close, but neither one ready to disturb the serene state they both still inhabited. He felt more than heard Catherine moan, oh so quietly, as his hand slipped gently down her body, feathering across her breasts and coming to rest on her stomach. Vincent's long fingers teased below, not yet fully touching, not yet ready to commit, as he felt his own hunger for her begin to rise. He had no idea how long they remained that way; it could've been mere minutes or could've been hours as they drifted in and out of sleep, but eventually their movements

became more deliberate, more rhythmic, and Vincent's breathing started to become ragged as his need for her increased. He knew Catherine felt it too, as she placed her own hand over his, encouraging the touch she so desperately wanted. Vincent was eager to comply.

Catherine breathed in sharply as Vincent expertly explored her with his hand. By now he knew every fold of her sex, every nuance of her reactions, and she let herself be consumed by the waves of pleasure he was creating. His fingers delved deep inside in a slow but concentrated tempo while his thumb gently caressed, knowing exactly how much pressure to exert. He'd always been careful to ensure she was ready for his own rather generous proportions, which swelled even further when his Beast took hold, but by now they both knew that it was hardly necessary. Catherine usually became wet and ready just from being in the same room with him, sometimes even from hearing his always sensual voice over the phone. She'd given up being embarrassed or surprised by it, and instead just enjoyed the feeling. It had become a secret they shared in even the most unromantic of circumstances – Vincent only had to glance at her with those incredible eyes of his, and she instantly melted, in every sense of the word. And with his super senses, there was no hiding anything - he always knew exactly what effect he was having on her – and in turn that knowledge usually had a similar effect on him. Therefore, this part of their foreplay had simply become pure pleasure over necessity. Catherine knew that Vincent derived just as much satisfaction from her reaction as she did; his incredible hardness pressing against the back of her thigh was proof enough. She could feel him throb, his own need intensifying with each stroke of his fingers inside her, and she pressed back into him unrelentingly.

Vincent could barely contain himself – and yet he also wanted this moment to last forever. He always did. Being able to once again give this kind of gratification to a woman – to Catherine – was something that he'd not even dared to dream of just a few short months ago, and it still overwhelmed him each and every time. The simple fact that they could make love, that she really did accept and even enjoy all of what he was and could become in the most intimate of moments, and that HE, Vincent, could make her feel like this without fear of what might happen, had restored the final, missing part of his being: he felt like a complete man again.

In turn, that had allowed him to make a kind of peace with his other side, had helped him to understand and control it, even to embrace it – because as horrendous as the last ten years had been, without it he would never have ended up here, with Catherine. That didn't mean he wouldn't still think about a cure, or even be driven to rash decisions borne out of the longing to provide her with a 'normal' life. That would never go away. But it did mean that after more than a decade of hell, he could actually begin to enjoy life as the man...and the Beast, which he was.

Catherine let Vincent bring her almost to the edge of release, then with a low murmur, drowsily turned so that she was facing him. His full length, until now trapped between them, sprang upwards, leaving a sticky trail along Catherine's hips and stomach. She reached down to grasp him, revelling as she always did in his size and firmness, and causing Vincent to growl gently as he did whenever he was completely immersed in the sensations. There was palpable heat emanating from him as she gently pulled and massaged, but she kept her movements unhurried, aiming to keep them both at the same degree of pleasure for as long as possible. Even so, Catherine knew she couldn't hold out much longer, and based on his increasingly ragged breathing, neither would Vincent. She was enfolded tightly in his arms, and she heard him began to moan as he kissed the top of her head in between breaths. Her face was pressed into his fiery chest, and she felt one of his nipples rubbing rigidly against her cheek.

Vincent was overcome with desire as Catherine confidently manipulated his manhood. Every nerve ending, every fibre of his being was on fire. He pulled her impossibly close and felt her face moving against his chest. Suddenly her tongue snaked out and skimmed over his nipple. That soft wetness was all Vincent needed to push him to towards the point of no return.

With a groan that emanated from his very core, he reached his arm down and in one swift movement hooked Catherine's leg up and over his thigh, allowing him easy access to what he was aching for. His hips moved slightly back and then forward, effortlessly thrusting his thick shaft into her slick centre. He heard her cry out briefly, in passion rather than pain, as they began to rock together, with a gentle rhythm intended to make the bliss last as long as they could. Vincent became more and more lost in Catherine, his enhanced senses feeling each and every tingle she felt, no matter how miniscule. He loved this woman to her very core, and delighted in feeling what she did, especially when it stemmed from their mutual lust.

Catherine was just as far gone as Vincent, their carnal hunger for each other beyond anything she had ever imagined before knowing him. As they moved gracefully together, she fixed her mouth firmly over his nipple and sucked vigorously, knowing it would drive him wild. Vincent reacted with a sound somewhere between a groan and a growl, spurring Catherine to find his other nipple with her fingers, twirling and licking both together, making him tremble uncontrollably. They moved together in a sort of dance, unhurried yet feverish, languid yet untamed, able to explode at any moment but not yet ready to yield to the burning desire they both felt. As they moved in sync, Catherine thought for the briefest of moments that she felt Vincent's shaft inside her expand even further and start to pulse even faster, usually a sign that his Beast was joining them...but then it was gone.

Vincent stroked into Catherine again and again, she met every thrust equally but they maintained their relaxed state, both wanting to make this morning passion last and last. For a fleeting moment Vincent felt his Beast stir and then subside, almost as if to say "this is too calm for me buddy, I'll let you take it alone". Somewhere in his euphoria Vincent mentally acknowledged this, grateful that he and his Beast were completely together now, at least when it came to the woman they both loved.

As dawn broke, Vincent and Catherine continued to move as one. Unbelievably they were still more or less half-asleep, only the rhythmic rocking and occasional moans and growls belying their heightened state. Eventually their joint thrusts increased in tempo, and Catherine felt herself letting go, floods of ecstasy flooding over her, seemingly without end. At the precise moment Vincent felt Catherine yield, pulsing around him, he also surrendered, coming inside her with a fury that matched that of the frenzied love-making the night before. Catherine gasped and reached for Vincent's hands, hands that were firmly on her ass, pulling them more closely together than should be humanly possible.

While the rapture subsided they held each other tight, heartbeats and breathing gradually returning to normal. Eventually Vincent relaxed his embrace and opened his eyes, allowing Catherine to look up and meet his gaze for the first time since they began their morning lovemaking. They kissed, and with sleepy smiles said at the same time: "Good Morning my love".

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