

BAtB Fanfiction:

Reflections 2 "Vincent's Letter to Catherine" - JANEEN HAYES



Dear Catherine

I needed to talk to you tonight after the whole Sebastian thing, but you shut the window before I could tell you everything I needed to. I understand why you did, but if you knew some of the things I really want to tell you, you would probably open the window and let me in. To explain!

I can hear your heart breaking. I can feel your sadness deep into my soul. I know you are wishing me away from the fire escape but I don't want to leave you when I know the pain you are in is partly because of me and how I've done wrong by you in the past few days. But I need you to know I can't explain what is happening to me, to you, to us, because, well, because I don't understand it myself.

I have someone who contacts me – I can't tell you who it is, and I can't tell you why, but this person seems to be able to control me. I don't know how he does it. He sends me on missions, that I can't tell you about and I become single minded, focussed only on the objective of that mission.

If I see you when I am in the middle of it, my body and my heart knows that it wants to be with you, but my head doesn't understand why and it's my head that rules everything.

I don't know why I am telling you this, but, I actually have more control over my Beast now. I can turn him on and off at will. But I can't control him when I am pushed or questioned about what I do. I have been able to warn you before and tell you to stop asking questions. When you stop asking questions, I gain control again. If you keep pushing, he rises again and I have no control over him. The only time I don't seem to have control is when I am questioned. It's like I am programmed to react to certain phrases or questions. I can't control the Beast when I am questioned about what I do and who I work for after a point. I just don't know what that point is. Maybe, you can help me to understand it, maybe if you work with me, if we work together, we can find the patterns that are in front of us, if we bother to look for them.

I know you said you were trying to help me with Sebastian, but at the time, I didn't know that. I've said to you now, on the fire escape, that I know you now, I can trust you now, and I know whatever actions you are taking, you're taking them to keep me safe and to find out what has happened to me.

I did have those flash backs. I did see the first time I saved you in the woods, with your glazed eyes trying to focus on me. And the time I saved you from the train while you were working on the case regarding the woman in the hotel that I gave CPR too. Catherine, I remembered you. These feelings I get with the flash backs are so raw and real, they can't be just my imagination. I can see that now.

Don't you understand how much it is killing me? Knowing that I know you but not being able to remember you. Knowing there have been many nights when I have held you in my arms, cherished you, been buried deep inside you. To not remember that almost kills me! The only memories I have of you are from the other night. And they are still so fresh if I close my eyes I can relive it. The smoothness of your skin, the taste of your honey nectar, the smell of shampoo in your hair mixed with the musk of your skin. I remember from that night what it feels like be so deep inside you that I am almost touching your soul! I remember that night, but I want to remember every night, every morning, and each single moment in between that I have held you in my arms.

I want to remember the feel of your satin soft hair sliding through my fingers and feel your soft, kiss swollen lips touching mine again as if starved for the taste of me. I want to remember all the times you have shattered in orgasm at my fingers or from my thrusts in and out of you as I rush toward my own release. I want to remember all the times I have called out your name and I want to feel the spiralling sensation through my body when I am touched by the softness of your hands or when you take me in your mouth like a lollipop and suck on me until I burst. I want to feel your throat constricted around me when you drink me. I want to sink into the depths of you and never come up for air again.

This want, this need, can't be from the one night I remember, it has to be from the many nights that have been stolen from me. I can't believe for a minute that I would have chosen to forget you. After only having "known" you for a few weeks and having spent that one night together at least I know that much. You are not willingly forgettable. I want to remember. I want to be the only man that ever gets to hold you again. But am I a man? That man, your, man?

Catherine, I want you to understand that I am not lying to you by choice. I don't know why I can't tell you, I only know that I can't. I don't know why I am the way that I am, I only know that I am.

As much as it breaks me, I will leave your fire escape and I will give you your space as you asked, because I feel the only thing I ever want for you is your happiness. If being away from me gives you that happiness, I will learn to live with that feeling, or maybe I can ask to have it removed from my memory, not.... not because I want to forget you, never that, it would be so that I don't have to remember that I've hurt you.

Catherine, as I do walk away and give you your space for tonight, I will be watching over you, I will be shadowing you and making sure there is no danger to you. I will be close if you need someone to rescue you. For some reason that I can't explain, I think I have done this before.

Vincent.

****The End****

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