

BAtB Fanfiction: When the Dream Became Real – Part 1

The beginning of 'Any Means Possible' (Ep 115) was a dream sequence, and I got to thinking what if it had been real? How would it have come about? What would happen if Vincent & Catherine could make it through his transformation? This is just one possibility.

Vincent sighed at his best friend in frustration. "JT, that's not the point. Of course I want to...of course I love her...but...you know better than anyone why I can't take that risk again."

"That was years ago, you know you have better control now, especially since the serum - and besides, it's Catherine. Vincent you just said it yourself - you love her. That other woman, you barely even knew her, let alone loved her."

"Exactly. I love her, and I'm not going to put her in a position where she regrets knowing me, or gets scared to be around me, or - God help me - something worse. Look JT it's gonna be hard enough explaining to her why we can't ever have a real relationship, but Catherine's a smart woman. Anyway, she's coming over tonight and I'm probably...well probably going to break her heart, I get that, but there's no other way. Please JT; I could use a little support here."

"Fine. Whatever. But you're crazy if you think Catherine's just gonna back down and say 'oh sure Vincent, let's just forget everything that happened the other night, that's cool'. She's more likely to show you a solid right hook, and you'd deserve it too. And one more thing, you're even crazier than I thought if you think you're doing the right thing by giving up a chance at happiness...not to mention you'll be miserable to be around again." JT turned and started downstairs, "Anyway I'm going to Sarah's. I'm not planning on being home tonight, so don't expect me to pick up the pieces when your girlfriend isn't as understanding about being dumped as you seem to think she will be."

Vincent rolled his eyes and shouted after his departing roommate "Gee, thanks. Nice to know I'm crazy and a downer to be around. And I'm NOT dumping her...I'm giving her the chance to move on and find someone who can actually give her more than just a kiss, how is that not the right thing to do?" No response from JT. "Well it is right, it has to be right" Vincent muttered to himself as he gathered up some fresh clothes and stomped into the bathroom to take a shower.

Sometime later, after a very long and somewhat calming shower, Vincent emerged from the bathroom, and stopped dead in his tracks. "Oh hell JT, now what have you done?" He said in exasperation. He'd heard his friend moving around again upstairs and just assumed JT had been getting some things he wanted to take to Sarah's. Instead it looked like he'd been madly transforming Vincent's bedroom area into some kind of gothic love nest; there were lit candles everywhere. On the table was a note: "V - please buddy, give her a chance. Give YOURSELF a chance."

Perhaps JT was right. Maybe... No. Vincent shook his head. He couldn't start to get emotional about it. Protecting Catherine from danger was the only thing that mattered, and right now, HE was that danger. Vincent looked around...it was romantic...but he'd better get rid of these candles before Catherine...

"Hi, Vincent, sorry if I'm early, I wanted to beat the rain...wha...what is all this?"

Damn. Too late. He'd been so wrapped up in his conflicting thoughts he hadn't even sensed her arrival. "Catherine. Hi. I, umm, this...how are you?" He smiled awkwardly at her. My God she was beautiful. Jeans and a white lace blouse, her limpid eyes full of love and anticipation, looking at him questioningly. This was going to be the hardest thing he'd ever done.

"How am I?" She laughed. "Oh Vincent you really are nervous. I have to say I didn't know what to expect, I mean after the other night...sorry I've been so busy with Heather and work, oh Vincent it's been awful, what a mess...but looking forward to seeing you tonight has kept me... Oh wow listen to me, babbling. I guess we're both a bit nervous." She smiled and moved towards him "But this... Vincent it's so magical. I should have known...Vincent?"

Vincent stepped back, avoiding Catherine's embrace and averting his eyes. "No. Catherine, please, stop. What you think is going to happen tonight, isn't. We...I mean I...I..." his voice trailed off.

"But I don't understand...I thought...all this?" Catherine gestured towards the candles, their warm glow dancing around the room.

"That wasn't me. I wish it was, but it was JT. I guess he...you see, Catherine I need to explain." Vincent still couldn't meet her gaze as he sat at the table and motioned for Catherine to join him.

"Yes I think you do" Catherine said, her confusion obvious. "No I do not want to sit down; I just want you to tell me what's going on. Vincent, please look at me."

Vincent slowly looked up at her, the anguish evident in his eyes. "Um, Catherine, I know after the other night you assumed that we would...well that we would take the next step. And then walking in here tonight and seeing all of this..." he waved his hand at the candles "...well I can't blame you for thinking that. I felt the same, but..."

"Woah...okay I get it. Slow down, right?" Catherine asked incredulously. "You think that with everything else going on, that we should wait?" She gave a hollow laugh. "Vincent your intentions are admirable but if you think I can take this as slowly as it took us to get around to kissing, then you've got another thing coming." Catherine moved over to the table and reached forward to stroke Vincent's cheek, but instead of leaning into it like usual, he flinched and jumped from his chair.

"Catherine, no you don't understand. I don't just mean tonight. I mean this can never happen. Not now, not ever. It...well it just can't." A loud crack of thunder rattled the warehouse at that moment as if underscoring what Vincent had just said. Catherine was staring at him, eyes filling with tears, obviously trying to process what she'd heard, how strangely he was acting. He swallowed hard and continued on: "You have to trust me, it's the right thing, and I never should have let it get this far...Catherine I'm so sorry."

"But two nights ago, you told me how much you loved me...and the way you kissed me...oh Vincent...you can't tell me that wasn't real?" Her lip trembled as the realisation set in. "Did I misunderstand? Do you just not want to...?"

"No, NO Catherine. Please no, don't think that. I do love you, so so much. And oh my God Catherine, you have no idea how much I want to make love to you. It's all I've thought about the last couple of days, literally. Honestly it's a good thing this table is between us, because I just want to..." Vincent stopped as he noticed the flush creeping over Catherine's face at his words, and sensed the beginnings of her arousal. This was not going according to plan. Oh how he wanted her...no no no. He had to focus, had to stop thinking of her that way. Vincent took a deep breath, failing miserably in his attempt to push thoughts of Catherine and sex out of his mind, and tried again. "Anyway none of that matters. The only thing that's important is keeping you safe, and in order to do that I..."

"Safe from you?" Catherine interrupted. She was beginning to get annoyed, flashes of anger mixing with the despair in her eyes. "Is that what you're saying? I thought we got past this ages ago. Honestly Vincent you're starting to sound like a broken record. You tried to break things off with me the other night too, right before kissing me like I've never been kissed before. I didn't accept it then and I'm not accepting it now."

"Catherine, what I said the other night is still true. You deserve a chance at something normal, and no matter how much you think I can be that for you, I can't." Vincent turned away, struggling to get the next words out. "I've been selfish, pretending that I could give you what you deserve. The truth is, if you stay with me, we can never make love. Never. Because I could hurt you. I would hurt you, or worse." He hesitated briefly as he heard Catherine murmur 'no, no', then, steeling himself, continued on. "Catherine when I get...excited...I usually start to change, and with all the adrenaline...and the heightened emotions with you, I simply can't see any hope of control." Vincent laughed bitterly, "and after all, isn't that what lovemaking should be about, letting go? Except the person who said that didn't have Beast DNA. So no, it's just too big a risk...if anything ever happened to you..."

Catherine shook her head, horrified at the internal struggle he'd been going through. "But you don't know that for sure. Perhaps...perhaps you're just imagining the worst? And what about the serum? That helped, you know it did."

"But Catherine I do know. I've tried, and it was, it was awful. She wasn't hurt, not physically, but that was only because she got away. And there weren't even any emotional ties like there are with you...I don't want to think about how much worse that could make things. And the serum, yes it stopped the blackouts, and helped my control overall...but when those urges take hold..." Vincent stopped, suddenly realising he'd confessed to being with another woman. He saw that Catherine was trying very hard not to cry, and it took everything he had not to go to her and hold her. "Oh damn I'm sorry, I'm making such a mess of this...it was years ago..."

"Vincent I don't care about that, honestly I'd be more worried if you hadn't, I think. But - how can you say that loving each other makes things worse? That's, well that's just hurtful." The anger was starting to return. "All I'm hearing from you is 'I can't risk this'; and 'I won't let you do this'...well sorry but there's two of us here and I say WE don't know what may or may not happen, and I can't believe you aren't willing to try. Love IS about taking risks, even in our situation. Stop always thinking about doing what you decide is the right thing, and for once just do what you want. You wanted to kiss me, and it was good...it was so good..." Catherine's voice trailed off and she flushed as she momentarily became lost in the memory, an overwhelming sensation of arousal fluttering deep in her belly.

Vincent sensed her excitement for the second time, and that plus all the talk of love and sex and want and kissing had given him a wicked erection. He was pretty sure she'd noticed, too, the thought of which only served to make him even harder.

Catherine turned and walked into the bedroom area, hoping he'd follow. He couldn't tear his eyes from her, admiring the way her jeans cupped her bottom, the way her lace blouse hugged her curves. His breathing became laboured as he struggled with his lust for her. Vincent was near the breaking point, and after so many years of forcing himself to accept that he could never be with a woman again, the fact that there was one standing by his bed, offering herself - a woman he loved, who loved and wanted him unconditionally - had his head reeling.

He managed, somehow, to try one last appeal. "Catherine, wait," he growled, barely managing to get the words out. "Please. If you don't leave now, I...I won't be able to help myself. I'm hanging on by a thread here..."

"I know. So am I."

Vincent groaned as he heard the huskiness in Catherine's voice, watched her eyes run appreciatively over the front of his bursting jeans, and saw her hardened nipples poking against the lace of her blouse. He could feel their joint desire permeating the air in the room, it was electric. He was acutely aware of the effect he was having on her, her scent was overpowering him - and it was not the scent of fear. With a half-strangled growl he let go of his last strand of reason, and moved towards her.

Catherine tipped her head upwards to meet Vincent as he took her into his arms. Warm lips met, gently at first, quickly giving way to desperate tongues, searching, reaching, as if trying to devour each other. Vincent broke away long enough to look down and start undoing the buttons on Catherine's blouse, as she in turn slid her hands up his back, pulling up his t-shirt. With one hand, Vincent ripped it the rest of the way off, as he revelled in the feel of Catherine's hands against his burning skin. He picked her up, and they fell down onto the bed, tongues and lips and hands barely skipping a beat, hungry eyes fixed only on each other. Catherine's fingers caressed his cheeks as his hand moved up her body, beneath the lace, over her breast. Their tongues continued to reach out, flicking, tasting, mirroring the frantic dance of their bodies as they thrust against each other, clothing no barrier to the intensity of their need. Vincent could feel his Beast was with them, bubbling under the surface, but so far so good. Maybe...just maybe he would stay there. Maybe this could work.

Neither of them noticed the veins on Vincent's neck and shoulders briefly pulse, blue and ominous.

Vincent's breathing became ragged as his desire increased tenfold, and he didn't need any super-senses to tell that Catherine was reacting in the same way. He kissed her neck voraciously, fingers tracing up and over her breast, along her throat, wanting to possess every part of her. He tensed in pleasure and nearly came then and there as her hands drifted down inside his jeans and over his black briefs, caressing and gently squeezing his ass. Oh God he needed her. With a swift move Vincent lifted Catherine and swung her around, so that he was sitting on the end of the bed and she was straddling his lap.

They continued their frantic assaults on each other's lips, throats, necks, as he lifted her jean-clad thigh and pulled it upwards and towards him, causing their thrusts to become even closer, even more rhythmic. Vincent felt like he was going to burst out of his jeans at any moment, and as Catherine arched into him, he knew she could feel his need as well. He couldn't wait any longer; he moved his hand down to free...

Then it happened. Without any warning, he felt the Beast pushing, demanding to be let out, threatening to transform. Vincent pulled back from Catherine, terrified, knowing he should move completely away from her now, but unable to do so, beholden as he was by the intensity of his human desire for her. They were still moving together as Catherine, confused, looked into his eyes and saw his terror, replaced by a brief flash of amber, and realised what was happening.

"Vincent, are you okay" she gasped, reeling from the intensity of their movements. The storm outside chose that moment to explode in a cacophony of thunder and flashes of lightning, once again underlining the intensity of the moment as if it had been planned in a script.

Vincent was trying desperately to calm his tortured breathing, to take back control, "Just wait a sec, it'll pass". He hoped. He looked back into Catherine's eyes, and all he saw was concern - for him, not herself.

"Vincent it's me, just calm down"

She was literally willing him to stay with her, and as she caressed his cheek Vincent felt her love and believed that he had won the battle. He succumbed to her kiss, moving his hand up to the back of her neck, pulling her closer...

NO. No please no. This time the Beast didn't give him a chance. Vincent stood up and threw Catherine down onto the bed, more roughly than he intended, but he had to get away, had to keep her safe. He strode a few feet away and stood there for a moment, panicking, not sure if maybe he could push the Beast back down just long enough for Catherine to leave. Or perhaps he should leave, just run out into the storm, yes, that's what he'd do. His thoughts were a jumbled mess, and it was too late anyway. He looked down at his hands in horror to see the claws emerge. He was transforming, and quickly.

"Vincent, just breathe."

Somewhere behind him, in the haze of his confused, semi-human mind, he heard Catherine still trying to help. Talking in his changed form was usually next to impossible, but Vincent summoned everything he had to try and warn her off. "I SAID GET AWAY!" he roared. Catherine hesitated, a brief flash of apprehension and maybe even fear going through her as the Beast crossed the space between them with impossible speed, and stopped directly in front of her. She shivered as the lightening flashed again, but stood her ground. He snarled and moved as if to lift her, then stopped. For a few seconds it was as though time didn't exist, their eyes locked, she looking into his amber, animal eyes, he into her brown, human ones. The Beast spoke again, painfully. "Go. Go.", and moved off into the shadows as Catherine walked away.

Ten minutes later, Vincent was sitting on the end of his bed, head in hands, fully in human form and absolutely hating himself. Everything he'd feared had come to pass. Well, thank God, not everything, somehow he'd been able to control the Beast just enough for Catherine to get away. If only he'd been able to control his human side as well, ignore the love he felt and force her to leave before anything even started.

He heard a sound and looked up. It was Catherine, looking a bit hesitant, but smiling and offering him water. He wondered why he hadn't sensed her presence, but realised that her scent was all over the place, and anyway in his despondent state he was hardly alert.

"You...you're still here?" he said, trying to wipe away his tears, even though he knew she would have already seen them. "Please, Catherine, I'm fine. You have to go. There's no point in you being here...and...it's probably best if you don't come back anymore, either. It'll just be too hard for both of us". He sounded completely and utterly defeated.

Catherine shook her head. "No Vincent. I'm not going anywhere" She moved closer and put the water in his hands, he took it from her and swallowed half the bottle in one go. "Vincent, I'm staying until we work this out."

"Work what out? Catherine there is nothing to work out. I let my feelings overtake my common sense. I could've killed you tonight. We tried. It didn't work. End of story."

"But you didn't kill me. You didn't even hurt me. In fact, I think you have more control than you realise. And Vincent, look how many times before I've been there when you changed, even talked you down. This was just another of those times. I've told you before, I know, without any doubt, that he...you...won't ever hurt me."

"Okay, yes, you've talked me down. And as far as hurting you goes, intentionally no. God I hope not. But you have to understand Catherine, the way I was feeling when I changed tonight, all that love, and...and need for you, it made everything so, I don't know, so...primal, honestly Catherine when I changed this time, I'd never felt anything like it before. I wanted to do things to you that...well, just...never mind." Vincent flushed red as he tried to explain.

"But that's exactly my point. You - both sides of you - wanted to be with me, not hurt me. I gather from your reaction that some of the things you wanted weren't the most conventional, but I don't think you could ever accuse me of not being open minded." Vincent actually smiled a little at this, so Catherine took the opportunity to sit down on the bed, next to him. "And Vincent, think about this too: I think you changed so quickly tonight because you fully expected it to happen, like a sort of self-fulfilling prophecy. I'm not saying you didn't try to stop, but by that time it was too late. And then the control - Vincent, I said you have more control than you realise, and I could see it. When you were changed, when you stood in front of me and we locked eyes, it was you I was seeing. They may have been amber, they may have been different, but Vincent they were still your eyes, and just like they always have, they made me feel safe. I knew right then that I still wanted you. ALL of you."

Vincent sat silently, his eyes once again filling with tears, looking at the woman he loved, trying to digest everything she'd said. Was it possible? And did he dare to hope that there was a chance for them after all? "Catherine, when you say it like that, you make everything sound possible. But what if you're wrong? What if..." he stopped as Catherine took something out of her pocket. It was the note JT had left.

"I found this on the table. JT was right. Just trust me, trust yourself, and listen to your friend. Give yourself a chance. A real chance this time, no preconceptions, no fears. Please Vincent. If you can do that, if you can let us try one more time..." She lifted a hand to his cheek, and wiped away a tear, as her own eyes grew wet. "I love you, and I don't ever want to wonder what might have been."

Vincent began to let go. He leaned into Catherine's hand, and then removed it from his cheek, kissing it gently. He looked into her eyes, and suddenly all the fear, all the horror of the last hour left him. He felt only love. He leaned in to kiss her, and she met his mouth with a fury that surprised them both, tongues immediately entwined, lips crushed together, as their hands began to move all over their bodies, over clothes, under clothes, everywhere. Vincent was instantly hard, and he could tell that Catherine's eyes weren't the only part of her becoming wet. Oh how he wanted to feel her, to taste her, to become one with her.

Catherine's blouse was still unbuttoned from earlier, and she removed it and her thin camisole swiftly. She wore no bra, and Vincent growled in pleasure as their bare chests touched, taut nipples brushing against each other, skin so sensitive he could feel everything a thousand times over. He lay her down on the bed, and positioned himself above her, as he tore his mouth away from hers, and feathered kisses down her neck, across her throat, and over her breasts. His strong arms pinned hers over her head, and she writhed in pleasure underneath him, his mouth moving lower, until he reached her jeans. "Oh God Vincent, yes, please" she implored, as he undid the button and zipper, and moved his hand inside her panties, cupping her sex, revelling in something he hadn't done in such a long time. She was so hot, so wet, and as he slipped one, two, then three long fingers inside her, he released Catherine's hands and reached down to undo his own jeans, he had become so engorged that it was almost painful. As he fumbled for his zipper, she beat him to it, reaching inside and pulling out his swollen member, purring in appreciation as she ran her hand up and down his length, gauging his impressive size, running her finger around the sticky tip. Vincent literally mewled, never had anything felt so intoxicating. They lay that way for a while, hands moving gently but purposefully inside each other's jeans, deep kissing, like a couple of teenagers exploring each other in the back seat of a car.

But soon they wanted more, they needed more. Groaning as they tore their hands away from each other, they quickly removed what remained of their clothing, finally able to take each other in, completely, for the first time. Vincent shook his head in wonder as he looked down at his love. "Catherine," he growled, his voice markedly deeper than usual, "you are so beautiful". She responded by running her hands over his muscled shoulders, down across his chest, stopping to play relentlessly with his nipples. As they grew taut under her expert fingers, Vincent trembled as the waves of pleasure she was creating seemed to travel throughout his body, increasing in intensity as they moved towards his pulsing, aching shaft. Oh God, it had been too long, too long, and he couldn't wait another second.

"Catherine...I...Oh damn please I need..." he rasped. Catherine responded by opening herself up to him, and he plunged inside her...and oh he was so big, so hard...was she ready? Oh yes yes she was so hot so good so wet so...incredible. Vincent's thoughts were running like wildfire. His Beast was completely awake and there with him, but there was no threat of change, just primal lust added to his own human desire. He thrust into Catherine with the unimaginable fury of a man denied for too long; she arched to meet him, pulling him ever deeper as her legs wrapped tightly around his body. He sensed she was close too, felt her giving in even before he did, heard her moans.

Panting, gasping, faster, faster...there was no longer any human - or animal - hope of holding back, and Vincent let his Beast roar as he exploded, pouring into her, not just physically but with his love, his passion, his admiration for the woman who had given him back his humanity.

Vincent collapsed onto Catherine, hardly able to register what had just happened. Somewhere in his barely lucid mind, he realised he was probably crushing her, and rolled to her side. She made a small noise of protest as he pulled out of her warmth, and rubbed herself suggestively against his thigh, obviously not yet ready to end the proceedings. Damn she was hot. Vincent had assumed that most of the added sensation, the increased desire he felt was courtesy of his extra DNA. But seeing her, feeling her now, he knew that was only partially true. Catherine herself was responsible for much of their combined lust. She was a force to be reckoned with in oh, so many ways.

"Hey..." Catherine's tender voice broke through the haze. Vincent was still scarcely able to speak, but managed to whisper "are you okay?" as he gathered her back into his arms.

"Vincent I am soooo okay, although I have to admit that was more...wild...than I had ever imagined, even considering..."

"He was there, you know. With us the whole time."

"I know, I felt him...I could see him in your eyes. But you didn't change. Vincent you had control. And would it be wrong of me to say I rather liked it, both of you ravishing me at once..."

Vincent grinned and leaned in to kiss her, "Catherine I'm shocked. I never knew you were into threesomes". She winked and drank in his kiss.

"Only when they're both you. He is a bit impatient though, isn't he?"

"Catherine I'm sorry, I wanted to take things slowly, give you more, but I...I..."

"You couldn't wait." She laughed, "I couldn't wait either, and I hadn't been bottling it up for years like you. And besides, I think we're going to have plenty of opportunities to explore the slower side of things...like now, perhaps? You're certainly ready."

She was right. He was impossibly hard again, but he was determined give her pleasure first this time, something that he'd been fantasizing about doing for months. Vincent rolled Catherine onto her back. He kissed her deeply, and for a moment he almost lost himself there. With a gentle groan he pulled away from her lips, her searching tongue, and started his own tongue on its wet, teasing journey down her body. Her nipples seemed to search out his mouth, and Vincent spent several moments rolling them between his lips, pulling at them with his fingers, until Catherine was literally purring at him. But he planned on giving her more than that. Much more. His downward assault continued, teasing, tantalizing, as her hips rose in anticipation.

Vincent stopped, poised at the edge his of his goal. He looked up and met Catherine's wanton gaze. "May I?" he asked...

Part 2

Vincent stopped and looked up at Catherine. He was mere inches from his goal, and she was literally quivering, wanting and needing to feel his mouth, right there, right now. "May I?" he asked.

Catherine looked back at him, taken aback by the question, and momentarily shaken out of her euphoria. "May I?" she repeated. She giggled. "Everything we just did, the way you're making me feel right now, and you're asking permission?"

Vincent looked at her sheepishly. "Well I know some women don't really, ah, enjoy this...so, I didn't want to assume anything, I mean even though I've imagined how you...err...we..." his voice trailed off as his face reddened.

Catherine smiled to herself as she realised that Vincent had just - and not for the first time tonight either - inadvertently admitted to having illicit thoughts about her, about them together. She liked that. She really liked that. It also fleetingly crossed her mind that any woman who didn't want this man doing what he was doing, would have to be crazy. "I'm sorry Vincent; I'm not laughing at you, really. It's just that, well, nobody has ever asked me for permission before. I mean never. And yet here you are, half wild Beast, but still the biggest gentleman of them all". She giggled again and muttered under her breath "And I do mean 'biggest'. Oh...you just heard that, didn't you?"

Vincent looked up at her with a mischievous grin and a definite twinkle in his eye. "Sorry Catherine, what did you say? You know my hearing's not the best."

The mood had returned, for both of them. Vincent glanced back down at his prize, running his tongue over his lips in anticipation. Even the mere sight of that tongue just about sent Catherine over the edge. "For the record, the answer is yes, you may. Actually you must, oh God you really, really must." Her heart rate was picking up. "And to save time, take this as a blanket 'yes' for anything else you might want to do tonight. Now, please..." her hips were moving again... "Vincent please..."

Vincent leaned in, pulling her closer, his hands kneading her ass. His tongue flicked out, impossibly quick, briefly feathering over that most sensitive part of a woman's body. Although he had barely made contact, the effect on Catherine was pure bliss, sending wave upon wave of ecstasy to every nerve ending, making her literally purr for more. Vincent waited for her first reaction, and then did it again. And again and again and again, until Catherine could hold back no longer. She laced her hands behind his head, and pulled his mouth down onto her sex, moaning as she felt his warmth upon her, begging for more. Vincent obliged, exploring every fold with his tongue, inside, outside, up and down, round and round, as if to devour her. Catherine knew that her juices were flowing relentlessly, and she groaned from deep within as he lapped at her time and time again, rolling her bud between his lips, leaving no part of her unattended. She happily noted that Vincent appeared to be as aroused by this as she, making the same noises, breathing becoming strained, and meeting her sporadic thrusts almost as though he knew they were coming.

He continued to consume her, and Catherine whimpered as she felt his incredibly long tongue delving even deeper, searching, reaching for that unattainable spot that...wow...okay...mmm...perhaps not so unattainable for him after all. He had it, he did, oh yes he did...oh...oh...oh!

His tongue continued to move in exactly the right way as Catherine's orgasm took hold almost without warning, her entire body shuddering, splintering, her hands clutching at his shoulders, repeating his name, until even the ability to do that was swallowed up by the passion. Somewhere in the middle of it all she unmistakably felt Vincent quaking against her, and smiled as she heard his soft, growling moans.

Eventually Catherine's trembling subsided, and although she was too ramped up to feel anywhere close to normal, at least she could form coherent thought again. Vincent was lazily moving back up her body, his lips leaving a trail of their combined wetness. She opened her mouth to tell him how incredible that had been, that she had never felt anything so intense, but he stopped her with a finger to her lips, followed by a gentle kiss. Catherine kissed him back, revelling in every taste, not wanting this moment to end, but he pulled away. "Shhhh" he whispered, gazing into her eyes. "I'm not done with you yet, not by half."

Catherine's breathing became heavier again, as Vincent moved his hand back down her body, circling her breasts, brushing against her stomach, his eyes not wavering from her own. One finger entered her, becoming coated in her wetness, then he brought it out and used it to circle her still-throbbing bud. The touch was electrifying and at first she involuntarily moved as if to stop him; "oh too soon, too sensitive" she gasped. Vincent slightly decreased the pressure he was exerting, but maintained his touch, massaging her purposefully. "Trust me", he murmured, hypnotising her with his gaze.

So she did. Almost instantly, the sensitivity turned from sweet pain into the most exquisite pleasure. It was as if with his heightened senses, his animal instincts, Vincent knew better than she how her body would react. Catherine found that thought very exciting, and wondered if he actually had any idea what a gift he had. She quivered as he slipped one, then two fingers inside, stroking, reaching, hooking back to feel every part of her, while his thumb continued the glorious assault on her swollen nub.

Her hands moved over his chest, his back, his neck, her fingers tangled in his hair, her breathing became ragged again. Catherine could feel his hardness against her leg, just out of reach, as though he was deliberately ensuring she didn't concentrate on anything other than her own pleasure...or perhaps ensuring he didn't either.

Eventually Vincent increased his tempo, fingers thrusting, thumb teasing. Still lost in each other's eyes, they began to move rhythmically together. Catherine continued to feel his manhood burning against her thigh, but it remained slightly beyond her grasp. As she thought about that, as she lost herself in everything he was doing to her, once again her need for release began to take precedence over any other thought. Staring into his eyes, into the depths of Vincent's very soul, she let go, moaning from her core as the sensations flooded her body, her mind. Vincent trembled alongside, letting out deep, guttural, animal sounds. Catherine heard his growls, and as she felt him throbbing wetly against her, she knew that he had also just found his release. His veins were furiously pulsing blue, his muscles were slightly redefining themselves, and his eyes were bright amber, verging on gold. But Catherine's gaze never wavered. She looked into the eyes of the Beast, of Vincent's Beast...and yet she was still looking into Vincent's eyes. They were one, and Catherine felt no fear, all she felt, all she saw in those golden, Vincent eyes, was love. She reached up and caressed his cheek, tracing his scar, and as she did so Vincent leaned down to kiss her, his muscles and veins returning to their fully human state, the gold in his eyes changing to amber, then disappearing.

A few gentle but intense kisses later, they broke apart. Vincent sat up and reached for the bottle of water Catherine had given him earlier, offering it to her. She propped herself up on one elbow and took it gratefully, swallowing half of what was left before giving it back, he drank the rest in one gulp. They settled back into the pillows, Catherine nestled against his chest. She felt hot and sticky and frankly, the best she'd ever felt in her life. "Thank you", she breathed. "That was...Vincent that was unbelievable. Twice." He chuckled, obviously pleased at her reaction. Catherine continued "and I know you wanted to give all that to me, but I'm glad that you got to enjoy the end result as well."

"So am I", Vincent replied. "Twice". He looked at her and winked, "I guess I just can't control myself around you".

"Well good then. I don't want control. I want all of you, whatever you want to do to me, whatever form you want to do it in, as often as you want, wherever you want."

"Whoa, you really are giving me a lot to live up to there. On the other hand, I like the idea of gradually working through all that."

"Me too" she replied, closing her eyes and nuzzling into his neck.

They dozed together for a short while, wrapped up in each other's arms. The storm outside was still raging, and a particularly loud clap of thunder brought them both back to reality with a start. Catherine was desperately thirsty, but was loathe to move from Vincent's warm embrace. As she lay there trying to figure out how to gracefully extract herself, and if it was even worth it, Vincent did it for her.

"Sorry Catherine," he said, rolling away and giving her a quick kiss on the forehead, "I need water. You?"

She nodded gratefully and watched as he walked towards the kitchen. No, not walked, he glided. Every muscle rippled, languid but firm at the same time. His strong, broad shoulders, leading down his back to the deep 'V' at the small of it, leading further into his toned and perfect buttocks, then further still to his solid thighs...oh those thighs, for some reason they were really turning her on.

"Catherine is water okay or do you want something else?" he asked, opening up the fridge. "Catherine?" he repeated, turning towards her.

"Umm whatever." She couldn't tear her eyes from him. The absolute glory of the view she'd just had, had been replaced by an even better one. Ripped deltoids, ripped pecs, ripped abs, ripped everything. And another 'V' shape, leading down to... "Do you know how perfect you are?" she said suddenly.

"Catherine? Wha...sorry?" he said quizzically, an opened bottle of water in each hand.

She got up from the bed and walked towards him, knowing full well that now it was he who was watching her. All she wanted at that moment was to touch each and every one of those muscles. To trace every part of his body with her fingers, with her lips. And water. She still wanted water. Damn she was thirsty. She took the proffered bottle and drank greedily, as Vincent did the same. "You're perfect." she said huskily. "How are you so perfect?"

Vincent grinned, suddenly a little self-conscious, but obviously just as enthralled by the sight now standing before him as Catherine was. She noticed his manhood start to lengthen, and she knew exactly what she wanted to do. Placing her nearly empty water bottle on the nearby shelf, she moved behind him, hands encircling his torso, running them up and down. With a feather light touch she moved her hands to his nipples, briefly tugging, rolling them between her fingers, until Vincent groaned and shivered with pleasure. "Oh Catherine that's...oh...so good...mmm." He reached behind to grasp her, and tried to turn to face her.

"No, no not yet Vincent. It's my turn...or should I say your turn. Just enjoy it". As he relented and let his arms fall to his sides, Catherine moved her hands down to Vincent's stomach, teasing up and down over his rock-hard abs, feeling them tense with pleasure under her touch. They weren't the only thing that was rock hard. One more move down and she had taken him into her hands, stroking gently at first, then with more purpose, more pressure. Without releasing her hold, Catherine moved around to face Vincent, looking intently into his eyes before fixing her gaze on the still increasing thickness between her fingers. She increased her rhythm, one hand on his shaft, the other hand cupping below. Vincent groaned, and leaned down, asking for, needing her kiss. Catherine met his mouth hungrily, tongues and lips seemingly trying to outdo each other in their frantic need to connect.

The kisses became deeper and Vincent placed his hands on her neck to draw her closer, but Catherine never relinquished her hold below, continuing to pull and caress and tug and stroke. His size and heaviness fascinated her, and she wanted to be sure she was giving him all the right attention, in all the right places, just as he had done for her. Eventually she wanted even more, wanted to possess him completely, and so she relinquished her connection to Vincent's mouth, moving downwards. She focussed on his shaft and leaned in, tongue flicking at the raging tip, mouth gradually encasing as much as she could, feeling him in the most intimate way.

Vincent's legs buckled, and he stumbled back against the shelves, knocking down various jars, equipment and paperwork. "Oh. My. God. Catherine...oh..." Vincent was gasping as if at the end of his rope, and she hadn't even really started to do anything. And yet with this intimate connection, the sensations she was feeling from him were instant and almost overwhelming. He was growing even further, throbbing quickly against her...was he reaching his release already? Or was it something else? "Catherine...you have to stop..." his voice was strained. Then desperately, pleading to his inner self: "no not now Christ not again no no please". Vincent reached down and moved Catherine off of him. He pulled her up so she stood, meeting his eyes. With a start Catherine realised that they had already turned past amber to golden, that the veins in his neck were pulsing furiously, that he was beginning to breathe in short, heavy rasps. Vincent's entire body was rippling as the muscles beneath his skin fought to reassert their animal DNA. There was no mistaking the signs, this was not the more compliant, sharing Beast from their earlier lovemaking, Catherine knew that this time he was on the verge of changing.

"Vincent...Vincent, come on, it's okay, you have control, remember? YOU decide. And if you decide to let him out, just a little, or a lot, or whatever you need, that's fine. You won't hurt me. I know you can't hurt me." Catherine spoke the words and meant them, almost babbling in her rush to reassure, but even she had no idea what she was agreeing to, what this might do to her. Or to Vincent. But she was damned if she was going to let him down, let any apprehension show. She'd made him a promise and would see this through, no matter what. And she trusted him, implicitly.

"But...oh damn...he's so strong. He, he doesn't reason...the urges...so strong...it's all instinct." She could see Vincent's struggle to hold it together, see the toll it was taking as he fought to get the words out, trying to give her - for the second time that night - a chance to run. "Catherine I want to...he wants to..."

"Then let him. Let yourself. Just be with me Vincent, both of you. All of you." She reached up and caressed his scar, watching in wonderment as his entire face shifted. For the briefest of moments she was looking at his Beast, then just as quickly his features shifted back so it was Vincent's own beautiful, tortured face again. At the same time she was becoming incredibly aroused, leaning into him, stroking his face, feeling his unrelenting hardness raging, quivering against her belly.

"No, no...Catherine you don't know...you...you...I can't stop..." Vincent was losing the battle, both battles; with his Beast and his Love.

"Vincent I promise. I promise if he goes...if you go too far I will get away. I won't let you hurt me, even unintentionally." They were looking deep into each other's eyes, the golden and the brown, accepting, trusting each other. "Open minds, remember?"

That was it. With a decidedly inhuman yowl, Vincent lifted her and moved the few steps over to the table, sweeping everything off of it with a semi-clawed hand. In one fluid motion he turned her around, bending her over it, entering her from behind. Catherine gasped and bit her lip; it was so fast and he was now so big it was painful at first, but there was no way she was going to let him know...because it also felt so unbelievably good. He thrust, he plunged, he impaled her, again, again, until the pain became only pleasure, until she adjusted and pushed back on him, meeting him equally. He pulled her up against his torso, and she could feel his hot breath, the teeth that weren't quite human grazing against her neck. Sometimes the hands holding her had claws, sometimes they didn't. Sometimes the sounds he was making were primal, animalistic grunts, sometimes they were just familiar Vincent growls and moans. Sometimes Catherine knew, she just knew that if she could turn to face him she'd see his Beast, and at other times she was just as certain that she would see only Vincent.

She tried once to turn her head back to him, to kiss him, completely accepting of whichever Vincent she would meet, but he stopped her, holding her so tightly that she couldn't. Catherine realised that even though Vincent had been unable to prevent his animal side from taking the lead in their lovemaking, he was still going to control what he could; he did not want her to see him like this, not now. She relaxed and turned back, letting him know it was okay, and instead revelled in the primitive feelings he was invoking in her.

His claws occasionally dug into her skin, his arms sometimes held her too tightly, and his thrusts often felt as if she was going to be pushed right through the table. But Catherine didn't care, because through it all she could still feel a curious tenderness, a desire, however primitive, to attend to her needs, and ultimately, love. And besides, it really did just feel so incredibly good. Catherine may not have been part Beast, but she was finding it awfully difficult herself to hold back. She wanted to explode, to shatter, to let him know just how inflamed she was. He pounded into her ever harder; his hands pulling her hips back onto him. He was growling, moaning, grunting, all at the same time, all with equal ferocity, as his animal need for release overtook any remaining human resistance. He came almost violently, with a deafening roar, and Catherine gave herself to him at the exact same moment, feeling him turn her insides into molten lava as her own orgasm challenged his, cleaving them together as one.

Catherine gradually returned from the dizzying heights he'd taken her to. She wanted desperately to turn to him, to kiss him, to show him it was alright, but she knew Vincent wouldn't want that, not yet. His Beast was still holding her tight, rocking against her, within her, breathing harshly. She could tell that Vincent was fighting himself again, no doubt knowing that if he released her he'd change back sooner, but that in doing so she'd see him before he wanted. Catherine realised that it was one thing for him to accept her seeing and interacting with his Beast at other times, but this, this was different.

Catherine waited; stroking his arms, telling him it was okay, telling him she loved him. Eventually she felt the Beast disappear, and as Vincent relaxed his hold she turned to him, taking his face in her hands, looking into his eyes. What she saw saddened her: she saw the love, but she also saw shame, guilt, even confusion. Catherine tried to kiss him, but instead Vincent pulled her closer, burying his face in her neck. He began to sob, deep wracking sobs; the kind that came from a man only when he was at his absolute lowest point. Catherine held him, rocked him, knew that this was not the time to say anything, not yet. For all his strength and outward bravado, her Vincent was still a deeply damaged, fragile man, emotions torn to shreds over and over again through the years, in constant battle with himself. She knew she would never completely understand exactly what it must have taken for him to break down enough walls just to let her through in the first place, let alone to allow himself to love her openly, to take the steps they had taken tonight. But she did understand that just now he'd taken another step; even after the shame he felt about what had just happened, this time he hadn't pushed her away or run himself. Instead he was giving himself to her again, needing her there at his most vulnerable moment.

They stood together in near darkness; most of JT's candles had now burned themselves out, and the lightning outside had passed. Catherine continued to hold Vincent as the minutes passed, until his sobs slowed and eventually ceased. He raised his head and slowly looked at her, his eyes still tortured. "I'm so sorry. Catherine I tried, I fought the whole time...but I just wasn't strong enough. I couldn't stop him...stop myself. I wanted so much just to...I'm sorry."

"Vincent, you have nothing to be sorry for. I'm fine, really."

"No, I hurt you".

"You didn't." She saw him looking at a set of scratches on her hips, courtesy of his claws. "That is just a scratch, no more or no less than what any other couple might give each other." She didn't mention the bruises she could already feel forming, he'd see those soon enough anyway.

He shook his head. "Catherine that's hardly what any other couple would be dealing with. And anyway I don't just mean that. I mean...I mean inside you. I was too rough, I tried to not to...but I couldn't stop, couldn't slow down." She tried to protest again, but Vincent interrupted. "Please, don't deny it Catherine, even though physically I lost control, I was still aware of everything; I could still sense you trying not to let me know how much I was hurting you."

Catherine mentally kicked herself, realising that her attempts to spare him hadn't made a bit of difference. She should have known she couldn't hide anything. But on the other hand... "Okay Vincent, well if that's true, then you also know that was mostly just at the start. I wanted it...I enjoyed it, a lot, even if you don't want to hear that. It was...different, sure. But different doesn't have to be bad. Being with you is teaching me lots of things I never..."

"I know Catherine, I know" he interrupted her, "whether you...we enjoyed it is not the point. The point is...the point is that it could happen again and you'll say you're fine but I'll know if you're not and and...besides, this isn't what I want for us. I know we won't ever be normal, but what if we can't ever really make love?"

"Vincent...what do you think we've been doing the last few hours?"

"No, no, do you realise that even with everything we've done tonight, and as great as most of it has been, we haven't actually done that? Not really. What if we can't, what if we can only go so far each time before I lose control, before I hurt you again, even just a little...what if this is it for us?"

His voice cracked. Catherine could see he was starting to crumble again. The shame he felt over what he thought he'd done to her, what he thought lay ahead, obviously went too deep to just be erased with a conversation and a bit of reassurance. And besides, they were both exhausted. "Okay look, Vincent. It's been a long night, a wonderful night, a crazy night...for both of us. Why don't we get some sleep? Things will look better in the morning. Things always look better in the morning."

Vincent stood silently for several moments, composing himself again. Finally he nodded, drawing her back into an embrace. "You think I'm overreacting, don't you?" Catherine shook her head in protest as he continued on. "You're probably right, because yes, tonight has been wonderful and we've done things...good things, incredible things...that I never imagined we could. Catherine, I love you so much." He leaned down and kissed her, gently, passionately. "I just so hoped that..." he stopped, sighed, and looked deeply into her eyes. "Sleep it is. But just sleep," he managed a wink "for now, just sleep."

Catherine smiled at the man she loved with all her heart. "Just sleep." she repeated, taking his hand and leading him to their bed.

Part 3

Vincent lay in bed, listening to Catherine's deep, even breathing as she slept next to him. "Just sleep," they'd both agreed a few hours ago, but for Vincent that sleep wasn't coming. Not even close. At that moment, Vincent Ryan Keller was probably the happiest, the most confused, and the most scared man on the planet, all at the same time. His emotions were bursting, his thoughts were racing, and his senses were on full alert; trying to drink in and retain every sensation, every sound, every nuance of his time with Catherine.

Some of his happiness was driven by pure male ego; simply feeling like a complete man again instead of the sexless existence he'd been convinced was his fate. But even that was eclipsed by the utter joy he felt in knowing that the woman who'd given him this gift was the one he'd thought he could never have, the woman he'd spent almost a decade falling in love with; his Catherine.

And yet...he still couldn't understand why she was here, still couldn't quite believe it. He looked at her and gently stroked her hair; she was snuggled up against him with one arm thrown over his chest. A while ago she'd awakened and gotten up to use the bathroom, she'd been so sweet, so careful to get out of, then back in bed without disturbing him, not realising that he was only pretending to sleep.

Vincent didn't want to worry her. If she'd known he was awake, she would've stayed awake too, and she needed her sleep, much more than he did. And if truth be told, Vincent didn't want to sleep. Part of him thought that perhaps this was all the dream, that he hadn't really just spent hours loving Catherine. That she hadn't proven him wrong about being together. That he would wake up alone, as he always did, as he thought he always would.

Yes, she loved him, he knew it, he could feel it as strongly as he felt his own love for her. But by all rights, even loving him she should've run for the hills, and he should've made sure she stayed there. And yet it didn't seem to matter what he did, what the Beast did, time and time again she came back, accepted him, loved him unconditionally. He had exposed her to the people who wanted to kill him: she still loved him. He had put her in an impossible position with her friends, her family, her career: she still loved him. He had nearly lost her when Alex came back, not listening to his heart and instead making a stupid attempt to do right by everyone: and still, she loved him. It made no sense.

And now he had done what should be unforgiveable: he'd practically taken her by force, transforming when they were together, becoming an actual physical threat in his quest for sexual gratification...but even after that she still loved him. What was even more confusing; she'd enjoyed it - and so had had he. Not just his animal side, but the human too...and Vincent was wracking his brain trying to understand why something that should be so abhorrent, that on the surface horrified him, had actually felt strangely loving, even seeming to solidify their connection.

Vincent had no idea how to deal with all of this, and it terrified him. Now it wasn't just about the danger from Muirfield or even Catherine's own colleagues if they found out her secret.

No, now it was also about what completely loving each other might do to her: how the Beast might inadvertently injure her during what was supposed to be a beautiful and intimate moment; how her emotions might be shattered if it all did go horribly wrong; his confusion about how they could enjoy things that he had always thought were 'wrong'; and his worry that, although they had come further than he ever hoped, this might be as far as they could go.

He had suggested to Catherine earlier that perhaps they might never be able to truly 'make love'; she'd brushed it off as if it didn't matter. But it mattered to him. He'd dreamed for so long of being able to make slow, romantic love to her, spending hours in bed just being together, gently teasing each other to the brink and then backing off, only to do it all over again, guiding each other tenderly until the passion finally overtook them and they...No.

Vincent growled at himself in frustration, shaking off the images, realising that it had done nothing but leave him with yet another raging erection. That should've been a good thing, with the woman of his dreams cuddled into his side, but instead it only served to remind him of what they couldn't do. As wonderful as tonight had been, it had also apparently proven that the only way he would ever be able to stave off his Beast completely, to take his time loving her, would be when he concentrated only on Catherine's pleasure. Giving into his own desires, or just thinking about being inside her only caused his animal side to take over. Even the time when he hadn't actually changed, Vincent had still experienced moments where he felt as if he was just along for the ride.

Nevertheless, it had been so good for both of them that he'd chalked it up to the eagerness and lust of their first time, of his impossible need after being denied for so long, and he was sure that he'd have more control going forward. So he'd been devastated when the next time he was inside her, his Beast had gone even further. He'd been so completely ashamed; to Vincent it felt like even his unrivalled love for Catherine still wasn't strong enough to hold back his Beast.

After spending so many years trying to push most feelings away, building walls and repairing the damage done whenever he did let something through; all these conflicting emotions coming at once had just been too much for Vincent's still-broken psyche to handle. The overwhelming love and joy, the confusion and fear, and most of all the shame of transforming and what he'd done in that state - all of it had resulted in him breaking down in Catherine's arms. And yet...having her with him at that moment, feeling her complete acceptance as he bared his very soul, really understanding for the first time that she would always be there, always love him, no matter what...had begun a sort of healing process. As he lay there in the dark, mind still racing, Vincent knew that he had to try and sort this all out - for Catherine and for himself - because their love had now come too far to even think about turning back. He couldn't live without her.

But for now he was still in bed with a beautiful woman, aroused, throbbing, needing...and couldn't do a thing about it. Vincent wanted nothing more than to roll over, to wake Catherine with a kiss, gently ready her with his fingers then enter her soft, wet warmth, hoping that this would be the time that maybe, maybe...but he knew this wasn't the time to try again, not now, not yet. And besides, he wanted to let her sleep a while longer.

As he inhaled Catherine's scent, felt her soft skin against his, Vincent decided he had better get up, before his need became too great and the choice was taken from him. He gingerly moved away from her and got out of bed. She murmured his name, reaching for him, but didn't wake.

Vincent sighed as he looked around at the mess on the floor - papers, bottles, etc; all a reminder of when things hadn't gone so well last night. But there didn't seem to be broken glass or anything else dangerous, so to hell with it, he'd clean it up later. He padded to the sink, picked up his toothbrush and was about to turn on the tap, then thought better of it. He'd take it into the shower with him instead, so as not to disturb Catherine.

Vincent moved towards the bathroom, and then turned back. He opened a cupboard and quietly rummaged around, coming out with a new toothbrush, toothpaste, and a clean towel, then laid them all out next to the sink. Pleased with himself for thinking of it, he returned to the bathroom.

As Vincent stood under the cascading water and soaped his body, his mind was also cascading over every good moment from the night before. He was still half-hard from his earlier fantasy, and the thoughts he was having now weren't about to let that go away any time soon. Maybe he should just take care of matters himself, quickly. With a long growl of anticipation, Vincent moved his hand down, running it along his stiffening shaft...and then looked up to see Catherine standing by the doorway. The bathroom had no separate shower stall, only a wet-room style arrangement at one end, so there was literally nowhere for him to hide; it would be obvious to her what he was doing.

Vincent flushed in embarrassment, opening his mouth to speak and realising he had no idea what to say. "Hi," he mumbled, knowing that sounded pretty stupid. Oh God, she was turning red too, no doubt embarrassed herself that she'd seen him.

"Hi yourself," Catherine replied, taking a step towards him, "getting started without me?"

"I, err, I was just..."

"I can see what you were just..." she came closer. "...and I think that's something I'd like to do."

As she neared him, Vincent was able to catch her scent through the water which had been masking it, and realised that far from being embarrassed, Catherine had flushed because she was stirring with excitement, her desire mounting. She joined him under the shower, putting one hand on his shoulder while the other immediately grasped his erection. Vincent gasped. Not skipping a beat, she began to stroke. He moaned as he felt her gently manipulate the skin along his length, felt her fingers moving to accommodate him as he continued to thicken. As Vincent ran his hands up and down her back, Catherine looked into his eyes, then looked down at the object of her attention and began to slide down his body. Immediately an alarm bell went off; he knew exactly what she was about to do...and he wanted it, oh how he wanted it...but this was what had triggered his Beast just a few hours before.

"Catherine, wait...remember last night, this...this was when he...when I lost control." He placed a hand on her head, tipping up her chin so she was looking at him again. "Right now this feels so good...maybe we shouldn't tempt fate? Let me..."

She cut him off, lacing one hand in his, leaving the other one where it was, still stroking, still squeezing. "No Vincent. I hate unfinished business, and I plan to see this through, now. Just let him try and stop me." The last line was said with a suggestive grin, but they both knew that if he did transform, if his Beast took over, it was likely to end up going the same way as it had earlier.

On the other hand, Vincent also knew that his Catherine was stubborn enough - and right now, aroused enough - that nothing was going to stop her trying. And anyway, he was also now so aroused himself, so desperate to feel her soft lips on him again, that he knew he wouldn't fight her...not unless it became absolutely necessary.

Catherine continued downward, and as her mouth enveloped the velvety head of his quivering manhood, Vincent could've sworn she purred with anticipation. He growled softly, happily, again and again, so overcome with emotion he was hardly able to process what he was feeling. His super senses were full on; there was a curious, tingling sensation, and Vincent realised he was reacting to the mint of the toothpaste he'd left out for her. His proportions were so impressive that Catherine could only go so far, but her lips, her mouth, her tongue, her hands: all were working together, greedily, pushing for that little bit more. Vincent growled again, louder now, a deep, primal sound. The woman he loved was feeling him, tasting him intimately, and he never wanted her to stop. It was like nothing he'd ever felt before, with anyone, anytime, anywhere; he was on fire. The sensations were coursing throughout his entire body and he was close, oh so close. He was shuddering, moaning, his hands tangled in Catherine's wet hair, his hips moving rhythmically, as glorious spasms shot through his body. Barely able to stand, Vincent gave himself to Catherine, and she willingly took everything he offered.

As his trembles subsided and Catherine moved off of him, Vincent pulled her up and their eyes met. "I told you..." Catherine said, smiling at him, eyes twinkling. Vincent was speechless; there were so many things he wanted to say, but his mind, his senses were on overdrive. Coherent thought was not currently at the top of the list.

"Damn you're beautiful," he finally managed to croak out. And she was. The water was flowing over her, droplets clinging to her eyelashes, rivulets coursing across her breasts. As Vincent looked her up and down, he saw again the scratches he'd given her last night, and noticed for the first time the bruises, newly formed on her hips, even around her waist.

"Oh Catherine," he said, "look what I've done to you..." the words caught in his throat as he slowly turned her around, seeing several more bruises, a few more scratches. "I, I...Catherine I don't know what to say, believe me I had no idea, if I did I...I would..."

"Shhh Vincent, trust me it's not that bad. I get worse than this all the time from bringing down a perp at work. Besides, it wasn't you who did this; it was mostly just the table." She smiled and ran her hands across his chest, trying to divert his attention.

"Semantics. And it's not funny," protested Vincent, unable to tear his eyes from the damage he'd done. "I should have..."

This time Catherine stopped him with a kiss, pulling his mouth onto hers, mumbling "then next time we'll just have to stay away from sharp edges..."

Vincent returned her kiss, giving in to her tongue as it literally forced his to join in. He didn't know why, perhaps it was the heightened senses he now possessed, but kissing Catherine just about gave him the same feeling as full-on sex used to in his old life, it was truly that intense for him. Whatever it was, it was glorious, and as the water rushed over them, it felt like his doubts were also starting to be washed away again.

All of sudden Vincent felt his Beast, pushing, encouraging, wanting to be inside her. He gathered Catherine into his arms, noticing her brief look of surprise as she realised he was hard yet again, ready...more than ready.

"How do you...how are you always...?"

"Mmmm...another gift from my alter ego...JT says that I...mmm...oh never mind what JT says. Catherine, I need you now, I...he wants you, please...if you want me to stop it has to be right now..." Vincent's voice was becoming strained, his breathing heavy. He knew she was seeing his veins pulse, muscles ripple, eyes start to change, but looking back into her eyes he could also see understanding and acceptance there. His senses told him she was ready for him, craving him, her juices flowing too quickly for even the shower to wash away. Vincent was torn, a part of him wanting to pull back, protect her, but the stronger part of him wanting to trust as much as she did, needing to trust, needing to be inside her, now.

He decided to trust. Reaching down, he lifted Catherine and she wrapped her legs around his back. He entered her quickly and pulled her down, impaling her with his rigid shaft, hearing her gasp, then feeling her swell around him as he continued to grow within her.

She began to move before he did, hips circling as his hands supported her, encouraged her. Her mouth was searching for his, and they kissed frantically, tongues dancing together, nipping and sucking each other's lips, taking turns claiming possession. Vincent moved slightly back from the water, bracing his shoulders against the wall, and began to thrust harder, feeling the most incredible sensations as she contracted around him, drawing him ever deeper. Catherine groaned with passion as she threw her head back in ecstasy, one by one taking her hands off of him and grabbing onto the chains hanging from the ceiling. Chains left over from when the warehouse was a working business, chains that Vincent and JT had just never gotten around to removing; and at that moment, looking at his Love practically hanging off of them, calling his name as he plunged into her with increasing urgency, Vincent was so incredibly glad they hadn't. She leaned back further, pulling at the chains, pushing her hips forward to meet him, the water from the shower still reaching her, glistening as it bounced off her breasts, pooling where their bodies met. Vincent was at that moment in heaven, sure that no man before had ever had such a glorious view.

"Christ Catherine...you...damn you feel so good, so good so good...mmm..." Vincent was enjoying every moment, but also trying desperately to slow down, to keep control, to make this euphoria last. But his Beast was again pushing, impatiently threatening to take over, wanting and needing to possess Catherine. Vincent had no choice but to relinquish most of his control; he didn't transform, not completely, but his other side was now dominating. He growled huskily as he rammed into her, shaft throbbing furiously, hands gripping Catherine's waist, forcing her down upon him. She released her hold on the chains and threw her arms around his neck, holding on for dear life, breathing nearly as quickly as he.

Release came fiercely and swiftly for them both, their bodies quaking, Vincent sinking to his knees as Catherine let out a cry of pure passion. Vincent groaned, shuddered, felt her drinking him from within. As he pulsed repeatedly inside her, seemingly without end, Vincent summoned everything he could to whisper hoarsely into her ear, "I love you Catherine, I'm here, I love you," making sure she knew that he was still with her, that this time he'd been able to resist, even just a little bit.

They just sat there for several minutes, neither able to speak, to move, to think. Eventually their breathing returned to something near normal, and Catherine moved her head back, looking into Vincent's eyes.

"Wow. Just...wow."

Vincent still couldn't quite speak, but he smiled back at her. Carefully he stood up, in one move lifting her off of him and helping her stand. He gathered her back into his arms and just held her, still feeling completely intoxicated by their love. Their hands began to run over each other's bodies, their desire again starting to rise with the promise of more to come.

"Oh boy...whoa." Vincent reluctantly took a step back. "I have no idea what time it is, but you have work...and if we stay under here much longer, we'll be soggy and wrinkled." He leaned back in and kissed her, finding it difficult to pull away again, Catherine not helping matters by trying to pull him closer. "Mmmmm...okay...you stay here and...umm...actually shower, and I'll go make us some coffee, see if we've got anything to eat." Stepping back out from the water, he wrapped a towel around himself, hurriedly leaving before he could change his mind.

As Vincent walked out of the bathroom, he immediately heard a door, footsteps, and realised JT was coming up the stairs.

"Dude! You're up. Good. I brought breakfast." JT waved a fast food bag in his face. "Yogurt and one of those egg thingies you like. Why are you dripping all over the floor, towels DO have a purpose, you know."

"You're certainly chipper this morning. Nice night with Sarah, I assume?" Vincent moved to the sink, filling the coffee maker with water.

"Buddy you have no idea." JT followed him into the kitchen. "But you, hey I thought I would be trying to cheer you up, but you seem to be okay...sooooo...how did it go with Catherine last night? Look I know I wasn't very supportive...and I'm sorry about the candles, but I wanted you to, ah, look at things in a different light, so to speak." JT giggled at his own joke.

"Ha ha, very funny. And about those candles - not the cleverest idea with the chance of me beasting out. The place could've burned down."

"Yeah okay, point taken, I..." JT stopped, he'd noticed the things scattered haphazardly all over the floor, the table sitting several feet from its usual position, shelves not quite standing where they usually did. "What the hell happened here?" Realisation set in. "Oh my God no, you didn't?"

"Yeah."

"Oh, oh Christ is Catherine okay? What happened? Oh I should've stayed, I should've been here." JT was babbling, his mind suddenly racing with possibilities, none of them good.

"Relax, JT relax. Catherine's fine. Look, I did what I said, I tried to break things off...but she wouldn't hear of it, she convinced me to...well, to try. So we did and I changed, and...well..." Vincent's voice trailed off as he remembered how awful that moment had been, how he was so sure he'd lost Catherine, lost himself.

"So you beasted out and did this..." JT gestured at the mess, "Right, but all ended up okay though, yeah? You held back enough for her to leave?"

"Actually no. Well yes, but no, this happened the second time. She...ah...Catherine wouldn't leave."

"The second time? Vincent you just said the second time? Oh boy oh boy why am I not surprised, that woman is so stubborn when it comes to you." JT grabbed one of the kitchen chairs and sat down with a thud, running his fingers through his hair. "Okay, right, okay but, geez you beasted out again? So that's when she left. Oh man, Vincent I'm so sorry, I can't imagine...ah...why are you so calm? You almost seem...happy?"

Vincent turned from where he'd just started the coffee maker, and grinned at his friend, raising his eyebrows and nodding.

"Nooooo. No. You mean? V! Dude! FINALLY!" JT was ecstatic; he leapt out of his chair and high-fived Vincent like they were high-schoolers discussing a first conquest. "Okay let me get this straight - you beasted out TWICE, and still got the girl? I guess it's true what they say, third time's a charm!"

"More or less, yeah" Vincent chuckled; there was no point in explaining the actual progression of events. "Let's just say that we've still got a ways to go...but yeah, JT...you can stop worrying about me, okay? And thank you, that note you left actually did make a difference."

"Alright then. Buddy I am so happy for you, ah...hang on..." JT had just realised he could still hear the shower. "Either you forgot to turn your shower off...or...she's still here, isn't she?" Vincent grinned at him again. "Okay not another word. I am outta here. Take this, have breakfast on me. Just gonna go back downstairs, change and grab my things for work, and I am gone. And Vincent..." JT smiled at his best friend, "I really am so happy for you. I told you, never give up. My God that woman loves you. Do NOT mess this up." JT was starting to get emotional. "When I think, how things were...and now...look at us...look at you..."

"Yeah yeah hey...JT, I promise. I won't mess this up." He heard the shower turn off. "Now, get out of here. And thanks."

As JT left, Vincent smiled to himself. He realised that his friend was right, in just a few short months they'd come from practically being hermits with only each other for real company, to two men with possibilities of love and actual lives to look forward to. All because Catherine wouldn't give up.

The coffee was ready. Vincent prepared two mugs, timing it perfectly as Catherine rounded the corner into the room, wrapped in one towel and drying her hair with another. He looked at her, once again at a loss for words, and suddenly feeling nervous. This was after all, their first 'morning after,' and saying he was out of practise at this barely covered it. Vincent moved forward, holding out the coffee, and said the first thing that came into his mind "I, uh, I'm sorry I don't think we have a hair dryer."

Catherine took the mug and burst out laughing. "I think I'll manage without one. On the other hand, this was just what I needed. Thank you." She sipped the coffee, and Vincent couldn't help but watch her lips as they wrapped around the mug, remembering what they felt like wrapped around...

"Okay Catherine, right, so..." Vincent was trying to focus, he moved around the other side of the counter just in time to hide what his towel would not. "Ah, JT was here, he left breakfast. Or we have cereal, I think there's enough milk...and what's so funny?"

She was giggling again, apparently at him, her eyes glinting mischievously as she leaned towards him. "Vincent, I don't think breakfast is what you're thinking about."

He smiled to himself, how on earth did she know? "I thought I was the one with the super senses...you...ah, stop looking at me like that, because you have to go to work, and I have to sort this out." Vincent looked around at the mess left over from last night.

Catherine put down her coffee and leaned over the counter towards him, forcing him to take a step backwards...not because he was trying to avoid her, but because he physically had to. Her towel was slipping down, no longer completely hiding her breasts, and as she ran her tongue over her lips suggestively, Vincent's already stiffening shaft sprang completely to attention.

"Vincent it's early, I don't have to go yet...and I'm still really turned on from what we just did in there," Catherine glanced towards the bathroom. "I really don't think you should let me go to work feeling like this, I certainly wouldn't be able to concentrate..." She started to move around the counter, towel slipping even further.

"Well, now that you put it like that, of course I should help you out. And besides, I hate cleaning." Catherine had reached him, now naked, her towel somewhere on the floor behind her. Vincent took her in his arms, slowly backing her up towards the bed. As they reached it, they fell down onto it together, Catherine looking up at him, Vincent looking down at her, just taking a moment to drink each other in. Their mouths joined, suddenly desperate, hungry, neither one holding anything back, wanting only to be connected.

As their tongues danced, teased, they laced their fingers together and Vincent moved Catherine's hands above her head, leaning down into her, as she wrapped her legs around him. They thrust into each other, separated only by Vincent's towel which was somehow still in place, both gasping for air, both moaning in passion. Vincent released one hand and moved it to Catherine's breast, kneading, massaging, as his mouth moved down to the other and sucked voraciously at her nipple. He could see, he could feel Catherine's reaction, as she tightened her legs around him, using her free hand to finally rip away his towel. As his burning skin completely meshed with hers, Vincent released his other hand, managing to work it between their writhing bodies, intending to ready her.

There was no need, he could feel her wetness, feel how she'd already expanded in anticipation of him, feel her bud throbbing. Her need was almost like an electric charge, transferring from her to his fingers and then throughout his entire body, increasing his own need, and stirring his Beast.

Catherine reached down to hold him, to guide him, and this time Vincent had no doubt that he heard her purring. As he gently slipped inside her warmth, knowing that he would never tire of the sensation, his Beast pushed. Vincent pushed back. He would not give in, not this time. It was a delicate balance between giving his other side enough to be satisfied, but not losing his own enjoyment in the process. Vincent realised it was almost like a game they were playing, one he was learning a little bit more each time he and Catherine were together. It wasn't ideal, but if it worked, if it allowed him to be with the woman he loved, then for now it would be enough. They rocked together, Vincent growling softly and nuzzling Catherine's neck as he plunged into her, deeper with every stroke, she meeting him equally. His senses could tell she was nearing release, but even so, almost without warning he suddenly felt her contracting around him, a moment later she moaned loudly, gasping "Vincent, Oh God Oh God Vincent!" She was shuddering from within, clutching him tightly, as the unexpected orgasm gripped her, rolled through her. Vincent stopped thrusting for just a moment, ignoring the protests of his Beast, letting the waves of her ecstasy wash through him as well. He waited, allowing Catherine to recover, enjoying the fact that he was, for now, still in control, before resuming. Vincent moved slowly at first, gradually increasing his speed as Catherine's hips undulated beneath him, as her tongue and lips and mouth once again found his.

His Beast was pushing even harder now, almost angrily. Vincent knew that he was dangerously close to either giving up control, or giving up his enjoyment if he chose to keep fighting back. He took a deep breath and willed himself to maintain both ends, to keep going just that little bit longer. Again his thrusts became deeper, but remained steady, controlled. His mouth left Catherine's and he began to kiss her neck, her shoulders, almost frantically, wanting every part of her.

He loved her so much, so much, and as his euphoria built, Vincent let go and allowed himself to just become immersed in the moment, in the feel of her under him, around him, with him. As his orgasm shook and he pulsed into her, Vincent gasped; it almost took him by surprise...it wasn't the most intense of their time together, but it felt so good, so satisfying, so...so...human. Raising his head from Catherine's neck, Vincent gazed into her eyes, breathing heavily, still moving rhythmically within her. His Beast pushed through at that same moment, and he knew she was seeing his eyes flash amber, his veins pulse blue. But it went no further. Catherine lifted her hand to cup his cheek, gently stroking his scar, pulling his mouth back down upon hers...and as she did that, as they kissed, his Beast retreated.

They kissed for what seemed like hours, gentle kisses, loving kisses, the kind that neither wanted to stop, ever. Eventually they pulled apart, satiated, Vincent holding Catherine in his arms as she drifted into sleep, all thoughts of work and the world outside the warehouse forgotten. It had not been exactly like the lovemaking of his dreams, and perhaps it never would be. Vincent was also under no illusion about his Beast; he knew the battle would be ongoing. But for now, once again Catherine had given him what he thought he would never have. For the first time in...well...forever, Vincent Ryan Keller was truly happy. And this time, he slept.

The End

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