

**BAtB Fanfiction - S2 Deleted Scenes****This Shouldn't Work...**

Inspired by Ep 216, as Vincent waits for Catherine to arrive home (subject of my fanfic: 'First Night...Again'), Tess is at home on her couch, contemplating life & JT. The day was action packed, culminating in Sam's arrest after the Masquerade Ball. To top matters off she kissed JT, again, so now she has some decisions to make.

###

Damn it girl, you did it again. What is it about him that makes you do crazy things?" Tess mused to herself as she flopped down on her couch, glass of wine in hand. "You just had to go and kiss JT again. What were you thinking?"



She looked at her hand as her fingers involuntarily ticked off the reasons why she and JT shouldn't work. In her head the list looked something like:

1. He's a geek – I don't do geeks
2. He's a scientist – I don't do scientists
3. He's just not my type, not the kind of man I usually fall for
4. He's not like seriously macho. I normally like macho
5. He's too snarky, calls me out on my BS

She put the wine glass down as she realized she needed her other hand to continue her imaginary list:

6. He's way too smart in a bookish way. What would we ever talk about?
7. It's JT. I mean, come-on, it's JT. What am I thinking?

Then her mind went back to the Valentine's Day night in the hotel room. She mentally started another list:

1. Their shared kisses and hot sex...she smiled.
2. She couldn't ignore their chemistry. It certainly worked
3. He was tall and stronger than he looked. She remembered moments of his strength and giggled.
4. There were also other parts of him that worked very well too.
5. He did seem to be into her. Numerous text messages, chocolates, flowers and those god-awful balloons were a giveaway.
6. Then there was Valentine's Day when he also organized her solving a case to get her crime stats up to impress her new boss. That was honestly the nicest thing anybody had ever done for her.
7. He definitely wasn't intimidated by her
8. He made her want to be a girl

What was she going to do? She couldn't stop thinking about him. She did want him again, the kiss earlier that day was as good for her as she hoped it was for him even if she did launch herself at him in his chair. He didn't object. In fact she distinctly remembered his hands all over her body and she liked it, a lot.

But still, this was JT. Granted she didn't know the man's real name and she would have to remedy that very soon. After all, she couldn't very well continue a relationship with a man whose initials stood for a name she didn't even know, could she?

Tess stopped dead in her train of thought. "Continue a relationship? Did I just think that? OK, do I want a relationship? Do I want one with JT? He seems to be interested. And we are both single. It can't hurt can it? Maybe I can just call it 'scratching our respective itches'.... but that's not fair to him...so do I? Don't I? Oh God, this is doing my head in."

Just as if serendipity were introducing herself, at that moment the doorbell rang. Grumbling at the interruption in her very important thought processes Tess flounced off her couch, wine in hand and strutted to the door and as she opened it muttered, "This had better be goooo..." the words dying mid-sentence as she saw who was standing there...with flowers and *more* god awful balloons.

She cocked an eyebrow and responded sarcastically. "Really? You know how much I just *love* balloons..."

JT grinned widely. "Yep, I had to get your attention somehow. If Mohammed won't come to the mountain well then the mountain had to get himself off his ass and do the moving. So here I am. Are we gonna finish our conversation from earlier today or what?"

"Conversation? You mean the kiss?" Tess was amused now. His initiative and audacity were growing on her very fast.

"Well yeah, there is that. Happy to finish that too among other things," he grinned. "So you gonna invite me in or what?" JT exuded more confidence than he was feeling but he had decided that he was either going to be brave... or die trying!

Tess stepped back and opened the door further, smiling like a crazy person. "Well I can't have you standing there in the hallway with those god awful balloons. The neighbors might start talking..."

"Oh it's not the *balloons* that will have them talking..." JT promised, giving her a very heated look as he entered Tess' place. "Not if I have any say in it." Where did that come from he thought? He was braver than even he gave himself credit for.

"And just what are you alluding to Mister?" but as she remembered their night at the hotel, Tess knew exactly what he was talking about and she suddenly felt very, very warm inside.

"With your exceptional detecting skills I'm sure you'll work it out. Now are you going to accept these or am I going to stand here like an idiot, holding them all night?" JT held out the flowers and balloons to Tess.

"Ok, ok, give them here." They really were lovely flowers and the fact that they were a bunch of Forget-Me-Nots wasn't lost on Tess. She placed them and the balloons on the kitchen counter and turned to face JT.

"Thank you, but are you trying to tell me something JT?" she looked pointedly at the flowers.

"Well it did seem like you'd forgotten..." he responded.

"Oh I hadn't forgotten. I was just working out what to do with you."

"And.... have you worked it out yet? You know, what you can do *with* me...Or I *could* give you some ideas?"

"Oh I bet you could but let's just say I might need further persuasion..."

"I can do that. How much persuasion do you need?" JT asked as he pulled Tess into his arms and kissed her on the neck. His bravura was increasing by the minute much to his surprise, but she was not saying no or holding him at arm's length, giving him hope, so he continued.

"That's not a bad start..." she breathed as his lips found a very sensitive spot under her ear and concentrated on it, making her senses start to spin.

"Also I, um, wrote you a poem that I might read out to you later..." he said between kisses on her neck.

"You wrote a poem? About me? Now this I want to hear. No-one's ever written a poem for me before...that's kinda romantic." Tess was starting to like JT more and more.

"I wouldn't call it romantic but it's definitely *you* ..." JT said cryptically as his kisses went from Tess' neck to her jaw line. He was tracing a path to her lips where he captured hers with his, at first tentatively but then with growing insistence as she responded.

As the kiss deepened JT's hands rested on Tess' ass, and pulled her closer, leaving very little to her imagination as she felt him grow against her.

She broke their kiss to gaze into his eyes. "Easy there Big Boy..." but she was smiling. "Just because I said I needed more persuasion doesn't mean I'm going to just fall into bed with you straight away."

"Who said anything about a bed?" he grinned at her.

"What? So you were just gonna do me on the floor? *That's* romantic..."

"Well no, that's not what I meant..." he said bemused.

"So what did you mean?"

"Oh I don't know. I was just going with it. I was in the moment. You know, without analyzing it to death."

"So now I'm analyzing it to death?" Tess stepped out of JT's arms.

"No, that's not what I meant either. Stop seeing meaning when there isn't any..."

"So now you're saying it doesn't mean anything?"

JT groaned. He was messing this up without even trying. "No...I meant that I wasn't doing anything other than being in the moment with you. I like kissing you and I like feeling your ass ok? You have a nice ass. I'm human. You're hot. My hands wandered. It's not like I haven't touched your ass before..."

"You think I'm hot?" Tess suddenly smiled.

"That's what she latches on to. Women..." JT shook his head. "Of course I think you're hot. For God's sake all I've thought about is seeing you again after that Valentine's Day night. It meant something to me ok? Is it a crime to want you so much I can't think straight? I could be doing other things, like, you know, my work or scientific stuff or finding a cure for Vincent, but no I sit there and think about you and I write poetry about you. You're driving me crazy."

"Speaking of Vincent," Tess smiled crookedly, changing the subject. He was definitely getting under her defences and she needed a moment to process what was happening, otherwise she was going to jump him again...

"What about Vincent?" JT said even more bemused. Her hot and cold mood swings were confusing him.

"Where is he? How come you're not hanging out with him?"

"Firstly, I wanted to see *you*. Secondly, he was going over to Catherine's to wait for her..."

"He's what?"

"He called me and said he thinks Catherine's not so sure about Gabe after all. Something about her heartbeat so I think tonight he's gonna try and woo her back once and for all. You know he's still in love with her right?"

"I figured as much. Between you and me, I know Catherine still loves him too. She just hasn't admitted it to herself yet. That was *not* break up sex..."

"I agree. So not break up sex. Those two are crazy about each other. It's just taken them a while to find their way back to each other..."

"So you think...?"

"Yep I think. If Vincent gets his way..."

"Well according to Cat, he made her toes curl..."

"Really?" JT grinned widely. "Excuse me for just a moment..." as he pulled out his cell.

"JT what are you doing?" Tess looked at him with a concerned expression on her face.

"I'm giving our V more than a fighting chance."

"JT what are you going to tell him?"

"What you just told me..."

"You can't. Cat will kill me for frigs sake."

"I'll protect you, don't worry, but I gotta do this...He deserves her, her love and the whole damned thing. He deserves to be happy. God knows he's had very little of that."

He dialed Vincent's number and when he answered, "Hey V. Is she home yet?"

"No. I'm still waiting, why? Is everything ok? Are you ok? Is Catherine ok?"

"Yeah, yeah she's fine V. Well, at least I'm pretty sure she will be once she sees you."

"JT what's going on?"

"Let's just say I had a conversation with a certain police detective partner of Cat's..." JT stepped back a pace or two when he caught Tess' murderous look.

"And? Where are you going with this man?" Vincent asked.

"Well let's just say that Tess doesn't believe it was breakup sex either and apparently you curl Catherine's toes..."

"Oh I do, do I?" Vincent responded very happily on hearing that piece of information.

"Yep. So go get her Big Guy. Show Gabe who's the man...and V?"

"Yes JT."

"She still loves you. She just won't acknowledge it to herself yet according to Tess. You might have to woo her really hard for a minute or two..." JT backed further away as Tess' face turned stony.

"I'll take that under advisement. It's still Catherine's decision at the end of the day. I just want her to be happy..."

"And her happiness is with *you*, you big lug. Do *not* mess this up. You two are epic together and don't you forget it."

"I remember you saying something like that to me once before."

"I said borderline epic then but now it's just epic. Anyway gotta go. I am about to get killed."

"What?" Vincent responded, confused.

"Long story, don't worry. It's benefit for a good cause. She'll come around," as he looked at Tess. "I gotta go. I'll talk to you later, or tomorrow or whenever." He hung up from Vincent and looked at Tess intently.

"You really do love the guy don't you?" Tess suddenly understood. She looked at JT with a great deal of respect and admiration.

"That man deserves every inch of happiness he can get. Tess, the dude adores Catherine. What happened to him is monstrous and I, for one, will be very glad to see him win back his girl. I won't be upset if along the way he rubs Gabe's face in it. And I'm sorry, but I don't buy this whole 'Gabe's a good guy now' crap. I just don't trust Gabe and I never will."

Before JT could blink or say anything else, Tess threw herself into his arms kissing him, thoroughly pressing her body close against him and making his head spin.

This time, he pulled back from their kiss after an impassioned few moments to ask Tess. "What'd I do? I thought you were angry at me for telling Vincent what you told me?"

"I was but I'm not any more. If Cat chooses to kill me, so be it. But, I suspect after tonight, her sex glow will be back in full force and I won't have to worry about it." She grinned at JT. "I like how loyal you are to Vincent. You're a good friend. You really do care about his happiness and I respect you for that."

"You do?"

"You are full of surprises JT. Lots of layers I think and I may have underestimated you."

"Oh really? In what way?"

"I thought you were just a geek with his head in books, science and studies but you're more than that. You're loyal, steady, honest, smart, funny and you're actually very tall," as she looked up into his face.

"Well I am 6'2".

"So who's the Big Guy?"

"Well that would be me, in all sorts of ways if you would let me." He grinned at her again.

"Oh so we're back to that are we?"

"Only if you want to. Look Tess, I like you – a lot. I would like to see where this goes. We have more in common than you think cos everything you said about me with Vincent is true about you and how you are with Cat. Well maybe not the tall part," he smiled as he looked down into her eyes. "I respect that you're a hard assed cop, that you're smart and don't put up with anyone's BS. You're gorgeous and you also have kick ass moves. What's not to like? I told you once before that you literally blew me away the day we met. That wasn't just a line. I'm not very good at lines..."

"I noticed." Tess teased. "But we have a small problem..."

"And what might that be?"

"It would help to persuade me if you were to tell me your name..."

"You know it's JT."

"No, I want to know what JT stands for."

"Oh..."

"Yes, so what is it?"

JT hadn't divulged his name to anyone since his early school days. He had made Vincent swear to never tell a living soul what his real name was, but now he stood in front of Tess thinking, he could be about to mess up his night in epic proportions if he was so invested in never saying his own name out loud ever again. It wasn't even that embarrassing, he was just so used to being called JT, he didn't know if he would be comfortable being called anything else.

He stared hard at Tess. "So on a scale of one to ten how important is it really?"

"It's that bad?"

"No, it's just that..."

"Seriously? You can't bring yourself to tell me your actual name but you can bring yourself to sleep with me. Interesting...but you wanna explore what's happening here, this thing that shouldn't work...hmmmm."

Tess started to back away again.

JT groaned out loud. "You know you are impossible. Can't you just call me JT like everyone else?" He knew *that* was the wrong thing to say as soon as the words were out of his mouth.

"Oh, so now I'm like everyone else am I? No different? This is gonna go well..."

JT made a snap decision. He liked her, a lot he decided and she was obviously going to get all tied up in knots about it. They were only names after all and...she had a point. He really thought they might be great together, she was great, the sex was great. There were a lot of greats so it was worth it.

"But you have to absolutely promise me you'll never tell anyone and for God's sake I prefer that you still call me JT ok? Deal?"

"Well that depends..." Tess grinned devilishly.

"On what?" he answered apprehensively.

"In the heat of the moment I might prefer to call you something else..."

"So are you saying that there could be more heated moments? If I tell you now can we get to the heated moment part, like, straight away? You have no idea the hard time I'm having here trying to keep my hands off you..." JT emphasized by stepping up close to Tess, and placing his hands loosely on her waist.

"Try me," she breathed. She was so close now that JT could feel her warm breath on his skin at the open collar of his shirt. He leaned down and whispered in her ear, "It's Jonah Tobias..."

She looked up at him, surprised. "Jonah Tobias, Jonah Tobias, Jonah... Tobias." Tess tried his name a few more times, letting his name embed itself within her. "I really like that. It's even sexy."

"Well it never sounded sexy to me before."

"Oh but it is... Jonah," Tess husked sexily.

JT flushed. "When you say it like that even I like it. But please, JT ok?"

"Well if you insist but if I forget you'll just have to spank me..."

That was the final straw for JT. "Woman, you are gonna be the death of me. I am seriously going to kiss you. If you want me to stop say so right now...."

Tess smiled while not saying a word. He took that as her tacit approval and claimed her lips with his, his arms pulling her close.

He really did know how to kiss Tess decided. His kiss was soft, firm and sexy all at the same time. Who knew Geek Squad could be this hot? And she liked it. His tongue found hers and drew her in, as if inhaling her, like she was his air. Deep, exploratory and demanding her response. She gave it, dueling with him as heat spiked and hands roamed excitedly over clothed bodies.



JT found the soft skin of her back under her shirt, caressed her softly, his hands up and down her spine. Tess melted against him. It had been too long since Valentine's Day and she really should have put them both out of their misery before now. JT had certainly tried hard enough. No-one had ever so single mindedly come after her in such a charming, almost old fashioned and slightly awkward way. She may have thought of him as nine parts geek before but he was certainly pressing all of the right buttons now.

Joe never treated her as if she was this special and no-one had really pursued her for any length of time. Most men were seriously intimidated by her, except for JT. He'd been awkward in his approach, yes, but in hindsight Tess realized it was because of his shyness and liking for her, not intimidation. He was ultimately a stronger man than most men she'd known. She could feel how special she was to him just in the way he kissed her. He kissed like he didn't want to let her go. It was impossible not to respond, especially when he kissed her like this. Her senses were starting to spin and she was getting very hot, bothered...and turned on.

She wasn't the only one. JT struggled at the same time. This was Tess. He'd been attracted to her since day one but never *ever* thought she would reciprocate. She was, he thought, so far out of his league. She was smart, sassy, gorgeous and headstrong.

Now she was in his arms, kissing him back with passion and he liked it – a lot. He wasn't game enough to analyze it beyond the here and now, he was just thankful she was in his arms. If he had his way she'd be in his arms for a long time.

He broke their kiss, albeit reluctantly. "Your bedroom right about now would be really good. As much as on the floor might be ok, I do prefer...."

"JT, don't talk." Tess smiled as she pressed her nose to his. "You'll only mess it up..."

JT grinned at her. "No, I *can* do better," as he picked her up into his arms. "Lead the way...."

"Ooh, caveman JT. I like it," she grinned.

"Caveman? You like Caveman?"

"In this moment? Absolutely Caveman, lead on!" as Tess pointed him in the direction of her bedroom.

JT wasted no time. He was actually scared she would change her mind before they got there. His hurried movements did not go unnoticed after all, she was a damn fine detective. She noticed the small things that many didn't.

"JT it's ok. I'm not going to change my mind any time soon..." she chuckled.

They made it to Tess' bedroom where JT fell with her on to the bed and all bets were off as clothes went flying through the air in a very short space of time.

Naked and close, they rolled on the bed, enjoying their combined heat and passion. Mouths and tongues merged as heat escalated. After long minutes of intense foreplay their bodies joined, rocked together, hands and arms flying over each other, pulling each other closer still, culminating in a mutual release.

They came back to earth with long and achingly sweet tremors. As Tess was basking in a sex glow of her own she burst out laughing.

"Whaaaaat?" JT questioned, searching her eyes.

"I used to be jealous of Cat's sex glow..." she almost purred "I'm not anymore..."

"Is that so? Does that mean it was as good for you as it was for me?" JT quipped while smiling with a very pleased expression on his face.

"Oh maybe...wouldn't want to give you a big head...Jonah!" Tess responded with a throaty chuckle as she noted his pleased grin.

JT groaned. "I knew I shouldn't have told you. You're gonna make me regret this aren't you?"

"Really? You're regretting this right at the moment?" Tess teased.

"NO, oh never mind. I'm not gonna live it down I can see that now but no regrets. You're so worth it." JT breathed softly as he nuzzled against Tess' warmth.

"How long has it been since anyone called you Jonah?"

"Not since Vincent in school when we were kids. A very long time ago and I made him promise not to tell anyone. He *never* has." JT said pointedly.

"Don't worry TJ," she smiled at his scowl. "I promise not to tell, in fact I'm honored that you decided to share your secret with me. Have you never done that with a girlfriend before?" Tess' eyes widened as she realized what she'd just said, accidentally.

JT suddenly grinned very happily. "So you're my *girlfriend* now? I could get used to that. And no, in answer to your question, not that there have been many girlfriends, but I've never told anybody since V. Even my folks call me JT." He held Tess just a little closer.

The gesture wasn't lost on her. She sighed. "Listen Geek Squad, I don't know what *'this'* is, *'this'* shouldn't work..."

"I know, so you've told me, yet here we are. It seems to be working so far, *really* well...I might add."

"Well I'm not complaining if that's what you're asking. Yes I enjoyed it and I like your company more than I expected so there is that."

"So does that mean we could like do this again? Maybe even go on dates? Go to the movies, dinner?"

"That doesn't sound so terrible. You want to take me to dinner?"

"Yep, and give you more god-awful balloons on your birthday just to keep you on your toes, and for Christmas and Valentine's Day next year. It'll be my special thing." he grinned with evil intent.

"I guess, so long as you follow it up with this I *might* cope...." Tess giggled again. He really was adorable. She could get used to this. She felt his response to her all the way to her toes. Speaking of which she realized Cat wasn't the only one. She suddenly laughed happily. "Well ok then."

"Hallelujah, she likes me..." he grinned absurdly as his hands skimmed over her body, his own making it very obvious just how attracted to her he was.

Tess giggled. She couldn't help but respond to his totally boyish glee. It was like he was the geek that got the girl and he was basking in it. And relishing in it was exactly what JT was doing as he started to touch her in places that soon elicited a very different response from Tess. Her breathing turned shallow as JT found her buttons and pressed each one of them with more assurance and deftness with each passing moment.

He was learning fast. There's nothing like being a clever scientist who is into research to help him reach a satisfying conclusion to any problem. Not that Tess was a problem of course - just a very pleasurable conundrum he would happily experiment with and *on* for a long time to make sure she got exactly what she needed to keep her happy. JT had learned a lot in all of his internet research on Vincent's behalf. After all, what were best friends for?

Breathless gasps soon made way for soft moans as JT found every hot button Tess possessed and as her responses heightened, JT hardened. Tess' moans soon turned into cries of pleasure as he slid inside her again, feeling her warmth envelop him. Losing himself in her heat, he rocked her hard and long into an oblivion that swallowed them both in its wake.

"Oh my," Tess breathed shakily long moments later. "This time it will be Cat asking me about *my* sex glow..."

"Really?" JT smiled while not being able to hide the barest of smirks. "I take it that's a good thing then?"

"Yeah Big Guy, it is, so you can stop being all pleased with yourself now..."

"Who, me?"

"Yes you. You are full of surprises for something that shouldn't work..." she teased.

"Working pretty damned well if you ask me," he smirked again as he ran his fingers up and down Tess' spine.

"Will you wipe that smirk off your face?"

"Nope not tonight I'm not. So, changing the topic completely, if I were to raid your fridge would I find wine for you and beer for me while you lie here and stay comfortable? I'm at your service after all..."

"You just don't want me to get out of this bed..."

"There is that." JT smiled adorably. "Can't have you deciding to kick me out so, I'm going to ply you with wine instead, then have my wicked way with you again. I like being wicked with you."

"Oh you do huh?" Tess couldn't help but smile. If there was one thing she noticed about JT it was how quick he was off the mark. Nothing much got past him and he certainly seemed to enjoy their banter. His humor made him very attractive in her eyes because she could have fun. It was a long time since she'd had fun or could just be silly with someone. Their lives were serious enough with all the beast drama going on so whatever *this* was, it was a welcome respite from that drama.

"So I'm gonna raid your fridge now," as he hauled himself, reluctantly, out of Tess' arms and her bed. "Don't even think about going anywhere. I'll be right back..."

Tess giggled as JT ambled out of the room as nonchalantly as he could which wasn't nonchalant at all. His keenness wasn't lost on her either. "Yes Sir, Mr Scientist Boss, Sir..." she called after him, hearing his echoing laughter as he trod barefoot towards the kitchen.

Tess was remarkably comfortable with the whole situation which wasn't what she'd expected prior to JT ringing the doorbell. The awkwardness she thought she'd feel was fast disappearing and instead, a sense of real joy permeated her mood. He made her laugh – always had if she thought back to all of their times together. As she lay contemplating what could come next, her eyes spotted his clothes on the floor and then spied a piece of paper sticking out of the pocket. Remembering his previous comments about a poem, Tess' natural nosiness asserted itself and without stopping to think whether it was intruding or not, she leaned down to grab the slip of paper and started to read:

***"DON'T MESS WITH TESS!"***

***by J.T. Forbes***

***The sign says:***

***"DON'T MESS WITH TESS!"***

***...But I WANNA mess with Tess.***

***She's got legs & she knows how to use them!***

***Attitude for miles***

***It's a snark sandwich for lunch every time I see her***

***...But I love it!"***

Tess' eyes widened. "He loves it?" she thought. "Wow. And wait – he wants to mess with me?" She read a couple of lines further in:

***"...Like a Sexy Latina Defibrillator***

***Just there to make me feel alive."***

"I'm sexy?" Tess' grin widened.

***"Melts my HEART- not my hands."***

"Awww Jonah," she murmured softly.

"What are you doing?" JT's voice cut through her reading. "Give me that. It's private. I wanted to do it my way," he barked without meaning to. He was embarrassed.

"Hell no!" Tess scrambled out of the bed just as JT reached her after putting the drinks down on the bedside table.

"I want to read this. It IS about me after all," she cajoled.

"I want it back now, please Tess..."

She evaded his reach yet again, nimbly hot footing to the other side of the room. Being light on her feet meant that she was able to easily keep evading his grasp as he came after her.

"Tess..."

***"Have I told you about her LIPS yet?  
OH... those lips- Mm!  
They are the weapons of a Devilish Saint!  
One kiss will leave you dreaming for MONTHS;  
Two will be enough to LIVE on for YEARS!"***

She read out loud. JT groaned, almost in agony. He thought that maybe, just maybe this night was going to end badly after all! How wrong he was.

"Dreaming of my kisses? Live on them for years? That's the nicest thing anyone has ever said about me."

Just as he reached her again she sidestepped out of his path, continued to read, skipping lines but honing in on the ones that caused her to pause.

***"...But it's her SMILE that will make your soul SHIVER.***

***...And all is right in the world.***

***...But her shyness is her TRUE gift."***

"Wow JT you're quite the poet. I am shy. Most people don't see that. They don't look past..." then her eyes widened further as she read, while still managing to evade him.

***"You would never think the Valiant  
Could be so Vulnerable:  
a BAT of those eyelashes  
And her Innocence is revealed;  
Bravada betrayed."***

"OMG. I was going to say Bravada. Most people don't look past that." Tess looked up at him, eyes shining suspiciously, as he honed in on her again.

***"...But like a Momentary Mouse-Trap  
Slammed SHUT before you can compliment her;  
Acknowledge her Grace."***

"You think I have Grace?" Tess stopped, stunned by his uncannily accurate analysis of her. He did know her, more than she knew and it touched her deeply. As she stopped, JT barreled into her and afraid of knocking her over, he put his arms up and gathered her into them.

"More than you can possibly know," JT responded. He was embarrassed, hopeful, suddenly shy and totally and utterly, he realized, smitten with her.

Her face softened as she stared at him, perhaps really seeing him for the first time; past the scientist, the best friend, the protector, the smart ass geek, the shy and awkward poet - to the real man underneath. She liked what she saw. She tossed the paper to the floor and pushed JT backwards until he fell on the bed, she landing on top of him.

"Now listen, Jonah, I'm only gonna say this once more. *This* shouldn't work...there's any number of reasons why it shouldn't but for the life of me I can't think of any of them as being important right about now. You've done more for me than any man I've ever met. You respect me and call me out on my BS. I like it. But don't go all clingy on me. I don't do clingy. But I will do dates, dinner, movies, battling the forces of evil with you for Cat & Vincent's sake and..."

"...and?" he breathed with a very happy crazy grin on his face, as his hands moved over her naked ass, pulling her close against him.

"Oh stop smiling at me like that. You know very well what the 'and' is..." as she leaned down and kissed him, resoundingly, leaving very little to his imagination.

JT decided that if he was to die in that moment he would die a very happy man. He kissed her back as thoroughly as she kissed him. The only sounds that followed were ones of an entirely different kind, sounds that continued for some hours and to their *very* mutual satisfaction.

Tess would definitely have to stay on her toes to evade questions from Cat about her insane sex glow.

**\*\*The End\*\***

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**Please note that the lines of the poem in bold italics were penned by Austin Basis as his character JT. I thank him for his very kind permission to use them in this story. Austin, your largesse and humor inspire me and other Beasties every day. Thank you for being you and for being an awesome Social Media role-model. You help make this BATB journey a truly unforgettable one. My undying respect always and I truly hope I have done #JTnT justice.**

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