

BAtB Fanfiction – Wet Series 3: Bubbles

Vincent tossed and turned in his bed, frustrated and lonely, missing Catherine.



She'd gone to spend the weekend with her family for her sister Heather's birthday. Catherine didn't want to go, especially with the recent revelations about Thomas not being her biological father but Vincent had urged her to, realising that spending time with her family was important and the right thing to do.

It didn't feel so right to Vincent now though after the second sleepless night. Catherine was due back later in the evening and he couldn't wait to see her, hold her again. He felt so incomplete without her which was as wonderful as it was frustrating. The feelings Catherine invoked in him were so all consuming and powerful that his body ached to touch her again.

Vincent sat up, feet touching the cool floor as he contemplated the day. A run was in order; the exertion he hoped would blunt the desire coursing through his body as he thought of their reunion later.

As if on cue his cell buzzed. Vincent nearly transformed then and there from the adrenaline that raced through his body when he saw that it was a text from Catherine.

"V – Tonight. My place. 8pm sharp. Expect bubbles – C"

Vincent's heart lurched in his chest as he recalled a conversation about bubbles and where they were at the time. He cast his mind back to their visit to the beach weeks earlier, their glorious lovemaking in the shallows and her tease that next time the water was on her and that it involved bubbles.

Parts of him stirred as he smiled, delighted she hadn't forgotten.

He text back "God yes. Can't wait. Miss you."

Suddenly Vincent's day looked bright and he met it with renewed vigour.

Receiving Vincent's returned message had Catherine smiling at his response, imagining just how much more responsive he was going to be tonight. She was leaving earlier to allow plenty of time to prepare. As much as she'd enjoyed the time with her family she'd been distracted. Time apart from Vincent was always hard on her especially after he had been taken from her not so long ago.

He was as necessary to her as breathing which still stunned her at times. Until she found him she really thought love, romance and sex were not for her. Idiots over the years had tarnished her idea of love but no more. Vincent was her life now and no version was liveable without him in it.

Catherine smiled as she contemplated her plans for Vincent. He was opening her up; making her want to take their physical relationship to places she had never wanted nor dreamed to go before. Catherine had always been somewhat prudish when it came to sex but with Vincent it all seemed natural and so very right. Previously held beliefs and taboos vanished, leaving only the desire to explore everything with him. His love for her so intense and so complete she couldn't help but respond to it and to him, allowing her imagination and creativity to flourish as their relationship deepened.

The rest of the morning dragged by but Catherine was making an effort for Heather. She missed Vincent with every fibre of her being, but it was Heather's birthday and Catherine couldn't blame Heather for their mother's indiscretions. The change in relationship was acknowledged between her and Thomas, but Thomas was the only father Catherine had ever known. Even finding out as she did about him not being her natural father, Catherine didn't think her feelings toward him would ever change, because he really had treated her as if she were his own.

Being away from Vincent though, with the knowledge she had about her "family" had her wishing the hours away. Thankfully lunch came and went soon enough which gave Catherine the opportunity to say goodbye to her family.

"Cat, are you sure you have to go?"

"Yes Heather it's fine. I have plans anyway..."

"I thought so. Cat you've been very distracted. It's still Vincent Zalanski isn't it?" she looked at her sister closely.

Catherine wasn't fast enough with her denial.

"Look Cat. I kinda guessed ages ago that you were still seeing Vincent Zalanski because you've been really secretive and you haven't had him over, well not that I've seen, so I kept my mouth shut. But I know you've been very happy and I realised I didn't have the right to interfere. Tess also clued me in that Vincent could be trusted, but she also told me that it had to stay quiet, which I still don't understand but I get it. You followed your heart and although I still don't trust him I'm not going to stand in your way. I love you and I know you've been careful not to parade him in front of me so it's OK – I think."

Catherine threw her arms around Heather.

"Thank you. That means a lot. Heather he's not what you think and...I love him."

"I know. Cat I'll see you in a few days and I promise to give you plenty of notice..." she rolled her eyes with mischief.

Catherine's eyes shone with a new level of respect for her sister as she hugged her again with the words, "thanks Sis. I love you."

Catherine almost flew home, so happy with her conversation with Heather. She would remember to give Tess a big kiss for her part. It wasn't perfect but it was a start. It meant that at least she could occasionally tell Heather that Vincent was coming over and ask for privacy without getting into trouble.

Once she arrived back at her apartment she took stock and decided on what was required to give Vincent as memorable an experience with water as he'd given her on more than one occasion. She blushed when she thought back to that time in the shower just before he'd gone on heat; to the pool at the Ashcroft Hotel; the beach weeks ago. She loved his spontaneity, creativity and sense of romance. He may have had little experience in expressing his creative side in the ten years in hiding but she was happy to be on the receiving end of it now. She loved his heart, spirit, imagination; basked in his love for her. She smiled, touching her lips remembering just how he felt inside her, consuming her and loving her so much she felt so very lucky to have him in her life.

She also suspected he would be a very frustrated man about now. It was Sunday and they hadn't been together since Friday morning. More than 48 hours was too long and she planned to make it up to him.

Vincent meanwhile had gone for that run, showered, exercised and showered again. Now playing chess with JT he was very restless.

"Getting to you are we big guy?" JT laughed at Vincent. "More than 48 hours without your Catherine drug must be killing you. It is a long time when it's not because you've been captured or separated by the minions of Hell, in other words Muirfield or other beasts or Daddy's who are way too protective of their only daughters. Gotta say you and Catherine have had your fair share of bad stuff happen but this one has gotta be tough. Family. Can't avoid 'em, not allowed to tear 'em apart." he chuckled at Vincent's restlessness and total distraction from their game.

"JT, you don't need to rub it in..." Vincent said without humour.

"Ouch, you really are doing it tough. What time are you going over there?"

"8pm..." Vincent trailed off looking at the time.

"Not a minute too soon. I prefer you less grouchy so more power to Catherine. Don't think you'll be grouchy for long. Are you coming home tonight?"

"Not if I can help it..."

"So I can throw a wild party in your absence?"

Vincent looked up at JT. "Yeah whatever."

JT laughed again. "Checkmate. You really are distracted. You usually win. But I'll take it when I can get it."

Vincent & JT watched a game for the afternoon, settling in companionable silence for the most part when JT wasn't messing with Vincent's head.

The closer to 8pm, the more restless Vincent got, desire whirling through his body.

At 7.59 pm he was on Catherine's fire escape in front of her open bedroom window. There was a note on the window sill.

"Dr. Keller is invited by Det. Chandler to a private bathroom party for two at 8pm so get in there now..."

Vincent laughed as he entered the room and closed the window behind him.

Catherine was nowhere to be seen so he padded through to her bathroom door on which he found another note.

"Dr Keller, entry is only allowed after all clothes are removed. No exceptions so I would start taking off my clothes right now..."

Vincent grinned, liking Catherine's imagination. He stripped off his clothing in seconds, standing naked and aroused. God he wanted her already. He opened the door, walked into her bathroom and stopped dead.

She'd placed candles all around the room; the bath full of clouds of bubbles; music sounded in the background and the glorious scent of her was all embracing.

She'd also placed towels on the floor and alongside the tub. His mind reeled at the significance of the gesture and parts of his anatomy tightened in response as he realised that a restful bath was not part of her plans.

"Why Dr Keller anyone would think you were really, really pleased to see me because I know that that's not a gun in your pocket..." Catherine's voice teased as she approached him.

He turned towards her voice and on seeing her, his heart hammered in his chest. Catherine stood, her long hair piled on top of her head, tendrils escaping to frame her beautiful face in a cloud of sexy softness. She wore only a long silk robe parted in the middle giving him glimpses of her glorious naked body beneath.

All he could do was stare helplessly as she glided up to him, an incredibly delighted to see him look on her face. She placed her hand on his chest, fingers caressing his bare skin, trailing fire wherever she touched him. Vincent was lost.

"You've missed me." she smiled as she took in his very physical response to her nearness.

"So much," he growled. "48 hours is too long." he reached out to touch her.

She stepped back out of his reach.

"Not yet Vincent. I want you to step into the bathtub, sit and close your eyes."

Vincent did as he was told, settling himself into the warmth of the water. His eyes widened as he realised that along with the bubbles there was a sexy oiliness to the water that slid over his skin like silk.

It felt like heaven as he closed his eyes anticipating what would happen next. Catherine shrugged out of her robe and Vincent heard the sound, almost losing his resolve not to look. Then he felt her hands caressing his shoulders as she gently propelled him forward. She stepped into the water behind him sitting on the edge of the tub, pulled him back towards her, settling him between her legs to rest his head against her stomach.

"Keep your eyes closed Vincent. No peeking." He groaned at her touch, revelling in the warmth emanating from her skin. Her scent overrode all others as he struggled to maintain his composure.

Catherine picked up a jug of warm water, poured the contents over his head, wetting his hair. Vincent draped his arms over her legs, gently caressing her calves as he felt her hands on his head.

She poured the shampoo onto his head and started to massage his scalp, working the lather in, letting her fingers roam his head, caressing. She lingered at the nape of his neck, brushed fingers over his temples, sweeping movement along his jaw line.

Vincent purred in response, her touch incredibly erotic, sensual and driving him mad.

After lathering, she poured more water over his head, rinsing away the bubbles, sloshing against his back, her knees pressing against his shoulders.

Vincent's head started to spin, lost in sensation and her touch.

Catherine's hands moved to his shoulders as she slid down into the water behind him, settling him between her legs, arms encircling him to run her hands, fingers across his chest, trailing his stomach and abs, dipping lower to feather caresses above his pubic bone. Vincent sunk lower in the bath to be able to rest his head between her breasts as he relished in her touch. Catherine grew bolder, grasped his full length in her hands, sliding up and down his hardness with a firm grip. As she continued stroking up and down his length he writhed in pleasure angling his face towards hers, eyes closed, acting on instinct. His mouth found hers and lips met, tongues played, merged, explored with long languid strokes and all consuming desire.

Catherine's hot response to his plundering mouth combined with her increasing tempo on his shaft sent Vincent into a tailspin.

He began to shudder; deep spasms building in his body. Catherine could feel it, knew that he was close so pulled harder and with increased tempo until Vincent could no longer contain himself. The climax tore through him into her hot and wanting hands.

He could barely breathe, his body trembling violently. His face buried against her neck he looked into her eyes, his breath ragged.

"I gather you liked that?" she breathed against his lips.

"Liked? Mmm an understatement." he whispered back.

She kissed him softly while her hands skimmed over the skin of his chest, enjoying the feel of his muscles as they rippled at her touch. She loved touching him, couldn't get enough of the glorious feel of him; the way he quivered and responded to her with so much intensity.

He lay nestled against her for long moments enjoying her nearness and sweet scent.

At her request, he shifted, turning in the tub til he lay at the opposite end of the bath facing her.

Catherine smiled at him as she picked up the jug again, refilling it with warm water. She picked up one of his feet and let the clear water run over his foot and toes, rinsing away the bubbles. She replaced the jug and eyes on his, she took his toes into her mouth and bit down on his big toe, sucking it intently with a rasping hot tongue.

Vincent felt the heat jolt all the way from his head to his toes. It lanced through him like lightning.

Catherine continued to rasp her tongue across his toes, lavishing attention on each of them in turn. Vincent watched spellbound as her hot mouth engulfed his toes causing them to curl involuntarily, spasms shooting through his entire body.

His head lolled back as he let sensation swallow him whole, totally immersed in the feel of Catherine's mouth and tongue.

He never knew, couldn't begin to comprehend how erotic it could be as she made love to his toes.

His body responded in other ways as desire came roaring back after his previous release.

He growled at her, eyes glowing.

"Well I did say I would make your toes curl," she teased.

"Mmm you are certainly doing that. Catherine your bubbles idea. I like it so far."

"Only like?" She purred.

"OK love. Love the bubbles and I love you. I've missed you, a lot."

Vincent reached out, pulled Catherine into his arms, wrapping himself around her. She settled her legs around his torso, feeling his hardness pressing against her stomach.

"Vincent Keller, I get the distinct impression that you are very pleased to see me yet again." she looked between them with a wicked grin.

"Understatement Catherine. I am more than pleased to see you."

Vincent pressed his point home, his heat palpable. Then he pushed Catherine back to rest her head on the edge of the bath, trailing the fingers of both hands down the length of her body, sliding, gliding over her curves, caressing her skin like silk. Catherine lost herself in his touch and then gasped as his fingers found her warmth. Becoming more insistent his hands splayed both sides of her sex, thumbs finding her bud; circling, pressing, rubbing until Catherine's body started to shake.

When Vincent plunged inside her Catherine spiralled out of control, heat pooling where his fingers pulsed mercilessly.

Falling, drowning, sinking into need so strong Catherine cried out as convulsions wracked her body with unbearable bliss.

"Vincent." she cried. "God now. Please...."

He reached out to grasp her waist pulling her onto his lap, pushing her down his length as he thrust upwards. She went blind with desire. It became so wild that Vincent hung on tightly as his thrusting intensified. Rocking her body Catherine pushed down harder to meet his thrusts, clenching and unclenching her muscles around his shaft so that Vincent's assent into her was hot and tight. She gyrated, circling her pelvis around the width and breadth of him.

As she bucked in rhythm with his deep thrusts he grabbed her shoulders, dragged her mouth to his as he drove deeper inside her.



"Oh God," he breathed into her mouth as her tongue sucked him down into a whirlpool of need.

As their movements churned the water, water cascaded over the rim of the bath, bubbles floating in clouds around them. Slick and wet, merged in intimate sensation the climax hit. Orgasm after orgasm seized them both with such fierceness they could only hold on tight and ride the waves until they were utterly spent.

Tremors shook through them for long moments.

"Catherine. Oh God."

"I know," she barely breathed. "Bubbles god..."

"To hell with the bubbles. They were good but Catherine it was all you." Vincent shook his head

"All you. Just you. I love you so damned much that I ache. Never letting you go." he breathed against her lips, inhaling her.

"Vincent...
Yes...
Exactly...
No...
I know...
I'm not letting you...
Always...
I love you so much..."

Catherine struggled to get the words out she was so caught up in the euphoria of their lovemaking. All she could do was hold him as he held her, loving him with all her being.

The remaining water cooled as Vincent and Catherine lay in each other's arms in the bath. Moment by moment awareness settled in on them both until Catherine gently pushed herself up from where the bones in her body had melted her on to him. She raised her head and looked to what was no longer a bathroom but a small lake.

"Oh god, Vincent, look at the mess we've both made."

"Mmm, and you know how much we both hate cleaning..." he responded, his voice husky.

"Oh no, Vincent, not again, not yet. First we have to clean up the lake in my bathroom before downstairs starts to flood. But you know Vincent, all we need is a little sand and we could have almost made our own private oasis."

"Oasis," Vincent thought..."Hmm, now there's a thought."

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I hope you enjoyed 'Bubbles'.
The Wet Series will continue with part 4: 'Rainstorm' very soon.

I have also self published a very steamy romance novel about love and second chances between an author and a private investigator, called 'Indefinite Secondment'.

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