

## **BAtB Fanfiction – Wet Series 5: Oasis**

Catherine checked her reflection in the mirror again for the 100<sup>th</sup> time as she waited for Vincent to arrive. She was wearing the scarlet bridesmaid's dress she'd worn to her father and Brooke's wedding months earlier and she was nervous. What was it about Vincent that managed to set her heart racing and left her with the feeling of butterflies fluttering madly in the pit of her stomach when she knew he was close?

Vincent insisted on her wearing the dress and when she reminded him of the dark memories the night held for her he'd pleaded with her to trust him. He said that he understood her pain but wanted to erase it forever and create new memories. The dress was important to him because when she was wearing it that night he finally admitted to himself that he loved her. Catherine couldn't say no.

It was her birthday and Vincent was taking her somewhere very special according to him.

Catherine had no clue what his plans were. She smiled to herself with a wicked grin, "Vincent, you may think you have all the surprises, but I have one of my own. You wanted me to wear this dress so let's see your reaction when you realise how I'm wearing it."

A smile came easily to Catherine again because knowing Vincent, whatever he had planned for her birthday would be epic. She remembered some of his previous romantic gestures; the dancers for Valentine's Day, the starry sky on the roof for the 10 year anniversary of their meeting and her Mom's death, the carving of his love for her under the pier on that rather memorable day in the waves at the beach. As she thought of that time she blushed. Catherine touched her lips with soft fingers and recalled every sexy moment, heat suffusing her at the memory.

She still couldn't believe just how far she'd come in exploring herself, her sexuality and how attuned to her body she was when it came to Vincent. He only had to give her one of his scorching looks and her body would combust.

Catherine loved him so much, craved him to make her whole, responding to him at her deepest level. Memories of the beach triggered other times; the pool at The Ashcroft Hotel and the night she'd welcomed him back from a weekend away, in her bathtub of bubbles. She shook her head at the mess they'd created that night, almost flooding downstairs. Then she remembered her encounter with Vincent's beast recently during the rainstorm when Muirfield tried to capture him. Remembered the terror of almost losing him and the stunning revelation that it turned into, her ability to accept Vincent completely and allow his beast into her body and soul. There'd been no fear, only the deep conviction that even as the beast, Vincent would never harm her. Her body had responded with a savage intensity that matched his and she'd not regretted her course of action one bit and although Vincent seemingly accepted what she'd done, she knew he still harboured reservations. She sighed. The shame and horror Vincent showed towards his beast was so ingrained after more than 10 years of having to live with it inside him that it would take time to break down his walls where the beast was concerned. She understood that and would fight for him until he finally accepted that part of himself as she did.

As Catherine glanced in the mirror once more she heard the knock at her door. "Oh no," she thought. "Please don't let anything spoil tonight."

She headed to the front door, opened it and stopped still, eyes widening as she took in the sight in front of her.

"Vincent."

He normally used the fire escape but not tonight. Her heart skittered wildly in her chest as she stared at him dressed in what she assumed was JT's tuxedo. He looked so handsome her body responded as if electricity lanced through her, pupils dilating and heat pooling in her sex.

Vincent's eyes widened as he grinned at her. "I never get tired of that, the way you respond to me," he breathed as he swept her into his arms to kiss her thoroughly, his tongue dancing with hers. Breathless they drew apart some moments later.

"As much as I could happily stand right here and kiss you all night, I have plans for you Catherine so..."

"Really? They must be some plans." Catherine said appreciatively as she looked him up and down.

"Catherine," Vincent growled. "Keep looking at me like that and we'll never make it out of here..."

"It's not my fault that your spidey senses are so in tune with how I react to you. But get used to it. I don't see it stopping any time soon." Catherine smiled delightedly. "As much as I love the sight of you in that tux, I like you better without your shirt on or anything else for that matter..."

Vincent grinned. "Later, I promise. But first I have one or two surprises up my sleeve."

"Vincent not to be outdone, as do I."

"Um, I hate to break it to you Detective Chandler but that dress – no sleeves," he quipped. "So where you could be hiding that surprise beats me. But I don't mind finding out and I love that dress on you. You were wearing it during our very memorable dance at your Dad's wedding."



"I know Vincent. That night started great but..."

"Catherine, trust me. I plan to erase every bad memory of that night once and for all. This is our first birthday together where I get to spoil you as your boyfriend so...I've pulled out the big guns."

"Oh I know all about your big guns Vincent." Catherine teased as she ran her hands over the fabric of his jacket, feeling his biceps under her fingertips.

"Catherine," he growled.

"Ok, ok. I promise to behave...for now. But I am looking forward to your face when I show you my surprise."

Vincent swept his gaze up and down her body holding out his arm and offering it to Catherine. "So am I Madam. The night awaits us. Let's go. Oh and can I please have your keys. I'm driving."

"Ok Vincent, give me a minute."

Catherine made a last minute check of the apartment, grabbed her bag and locked up as Vincent remained standing outside the door. He'd decided that venturing inside was far too dangerous when all he wanted was to ravish her. He was also nervous. He'd put a lot of effort into making Catherine's birthday present perfect. He couldn't take her out for a traditional birthday with lots of people around so he'd conjured up something far more creative and special. His ability to source just the right setting was spectacular even for him and he couldn't wait to see Catherine's reaction.

Catherine handed him her keys while taking his arm as he whisked her to the car, settling her in before taking up the driver's seat.

"Vincent, we're both dressed up for formal so I hope you're not taking me somewhere public. I don't want you to risk..."

"I haven't, I promise. It's ok. It's just you and me with no risk of exposure. I found the perfect place with privacy in mind."

"Good. I was worried for a moment."

"I'd rather have you to myself anyway. I'm not sharing you with anyone, especially with what I have in mind..." he trailed off huskily as he picked up Catherine's hand, kissing her palm with heated breath.

Liquid heat arced through Catherine's body as she responded to his mouth and scorching gaze.

"Vincent if I can't tease you that goes both ways. Stop it. I'm going to combust at this rate."

"Mmm I felt that. Like I said before I am never going to stop liking that part of my 'spidey senses' as you call them. Feeling you. I may not be a superhero but I do like that aspect of my abilities."

"You are a superhero to me Vincent." Catherine responded with conviction. "You might not be the typical superhero like Batman or Spiderman, but Vincent I wouldn't trade you for anything so you'll just have to deal with being my fantasy superhero," she laughed warmly.

Vincent had the grace to blush. "Fantasy – now that part I like."

"Oh you do? Glad to hear it. I get the feeling that a few fantasies are going to come true tonight."

"You have no idea Catherine." Vincent said huskily.

"With your ability to create beautiful moments I'm sure I'll like your ideas a lot. Just don't forget Vincent, I still have one surprise for you."

"Of that I have no doubt. You never fail to surprise Catherine but we need to talk about something else now."

"Why? Are you having trouble concentrating?" Catherine teased.

"And then some..." he growled.

Moments later they pulled up in a secluded tree lined street in Greenwich Village. The old brownstones sat elegantly side by side; stately, elegant and affluent.

"Vincent. Where are we and who lives here?"

"It's of little consequence Catherine. Let's just say that some favours were called in."

"Who could possibly owe you favours Vincent?"

"Not me. JT."

"Oh?" Catherine said questioningly.

"Don't worry Detective Chandler. It's all above board. We're not breaking and entering if that's what's worrying you. Not this time..."

"Yes well I remember the last time you needed to satisfy your, um, urges and found someone else's home and called in that false alarm..." Catherine reminded him.

"Hey I was on heat at the time and can hardly be held accountable for my actions..."

"Hmmm Vincent, I'm hardly going to argue. You know I have no objections to your, um, more primal side." Catherine knew it was the wrong thing to say as soon as the words were out of her mouth as she noticed Vincent's flush, followed closely by his frown.

Catherine sighed. "Vincent, how many times do I have to tell you to stop beating yourself up over that night?"

Vincent still hadn't quite been able to reconcile just what Catherine did that night to save him, bringing him back from the terror of not being able to change. "But..."

"But nothing. Muirfield came after us, we prevailed and you went through torture to protect me. You always protect me Vincent. I did what needed to be done to protect you and I always will. I have absolutely no fear towards your beast anymore but you do. I accept him and you need to as well. Vincent, your beast's desire to mate with me was far stronger than his desire for violence. He, you didn't hurt me and never will."

"I know Catherine but I still feel like I let you down, that I could have hurt you," he looked away.

Catherine hauled herself across the seat to take Vincent's face in her hands forcing him to look at her as she lovingly gazed into his eyes.

"Vincent, this ends now. No more guilt, no more shame and certainly no more what ifs. What I did that night to bring you back I would do again and again. Don't take that away from me. I don't care what Muirfield, the likes of Gabe or my father throw at us, but when you don't trust me or pull away from me that hurts, especially when you know that I love your beast as much as he loves me. Vincent I will always fight for you. I love you. Please accept that. Now Dr Keller, no more talk about that night. I believe you have some birthday surprises for me and I would really like to see them... or perhaps feel one of them very soon." Catherine said looking down between them to the evidence of Vincent's desire. Catherine grinned at him wickedly as one hand followed her eyes to the front of his pants, her heat causing an increasing reaction as her lips found his.

Vincent groaned. "I love you. You take my breath away and I'm sorry for doubting your instincts..." Vincent reluctantly slid Catherine from his lap sitting her back in her seat. "Ok you need to stay right there. I'm coming around to get you."

Vincent got out of the car and headed to Catherine's side and gently pulled her out of her seat scooping her into his arms. "Catherine here's the part where you're just going to have to trust me."

"I already do Vincent."

Vincent smiled as he locked the car. "You need to close your eyes and promise not to look."

"Ok." Catherine replied burying her face against Vincent's chest snuggling into him, inhaling his divine Vincent scent as she closed her eyes.

A moment later Catherine heard a door open as Vincent carried her inside. She faintly heard music playing in the background, a tune vaguely familiar to her. He locked the door behind them and walked, still carrying her, down a flight of stairs.

As they came to a standstill at the foot of the stairs Vincent paused, looking down at Catherine, imprinting her face on his memory. He felt her heart against his; felt her arms wound tightly about his neck. A faint smile played on her lips, a smile he couldn't resist as he brought his head down to hers.

"Don't open your eyes yet." he breathed as he kissed her, his tongue softly playing with her lips, coaxing them open to play with her tongue as she melted into him.

Within seconds heat ignited a trail of fire that wound around them in a fiery cocoon of desire. Catherine tangled her fingers into Vincent's hair as their kiss took hold, threatening to fuse them together.

Vincent dragged his mouth away from hers. "I am never going to get enough of you."

"Just. as. well. Vincent. because. there's. no. getting. away." Catherine said, her words punctuated by gasps. "Now what is this surprise?"

"A few more steps." he said, starting to walk again still holding her in his arms.

Vincent stopped, placed Catherine on her feet to stand behind her, arms around her waist. "Ok you can open your eyes now."

Catherine gasped as she opened her eyes and took in the scene before her. "Oh God Vincent. It, it's an Oasis, oh my God, with sand, you..."

"I remembered..." Vincent breathed hotly against the curve of her throat.

"But it was an observation when we nearly flooded downstairs that time we..."

"You mean you Catherine, when *you* welcomed me home with that seriously sexy bath of bubbles?"

"Well yes ok, me. Vincent it's gorgeous."

Catherine took in the glorious large in-ground pool; the sandy beach along one side where pillows and throws were piled; large candles dotted the area as did tall potted palms lending the scene incredibly exotic romance. A table laden with food and wine stood at the other end and over in another corner a divan covered in furs. Music played in the background as soft light flooded the room.

"Vincent, forget the whole conversation about being a superhero. Are you sure you're not actually Prince Charming re-incarnated?" she said breathlessly. "How?"

"Oh a little creativity goes a long way. So you like?"

"Like? Vincent, this is amazing. You really did pull out the big guns. I remember the dancers for Valentine's Day and the starry sky on Mom's anniversary but this...this is..."

"Well I wanted your birthday to be special and because I can't do normal things..."

"Vincent, believe me when I tell you that 'normal' is seriously over rated right now. If this is how you make up for not giving me 'normal' then I don't ever want 'normal' again. This is perfect." Catherine turned in Vincent's arms, threw her arms around his neck and proceeded to show him just how much she loved his lack of 'normal'. She kissed him hard, long and thoroughly, her body enveloping him with her heat, her need and her love.

Vincent allowed himself to indulge in the kiss but moments later he pulled back. "Catherine, um, God, later, although..." Vincent struggled to articulate the words. He settled his forehead against hers; allowing himself to breathe, regain a semblance of function to his jumbled thoughts. Catherine's ability to drive him crazy with desire unbalanced him constantly.

"Why Dr Keller. I do believe you're in need of oxygen." Catherine breathed none too steadily herself.

"Mmm, you're all I need to breathe Catherine." He stared at her through desire fuelled eyes.

"So what now? Other than the obvious?" Catherine teased. "I'm up for that as our entrée."

"Really? No, I do believe you'll like dessert better."

"We could compromise. Entrée and dessert." she suggested with a wicked glint in her eyes.

"Mmm you're a witch I've decided. That's tempting and as much as I don't believe I'm going to say this...dinner first and then Detective Chandler, you and I have an event to attend."

"Event? Vincent..."

"We're not going anywhere but it's going to be special nonetheless."

"Ok dinner then Vincent, the sooner the better. I want to know what's next plus I'm really, really looking forward to dessert..."

Vincent laughed as he led Catherine to where the meal was, seating her at the table.

"So why my dress and your suit?"

"You'll see," he replied enigmatically. "You'll just have to be patient. Glass of wine?"

"Yes please."

Vincent poured the wine and as Catherine reached for it Vincent was suddenly inspired with an idea. He decided spontaneity was definitely a healthy thing as he pulled the glass away. Catherine looked at him as he rose from his seat to stand slightly behind her, looking down at her.

Vincent startled her by talking a long draft of wine into his mouth. Remembering his aversion to drinking because of his fear that alcohol would affect his beast she looked at him questioningly. Vincent leaned down, gathered her face into his hands, tipping her chin up to bring her mouth near his. He prised her lips open with a gentle finger and then placed his mouth over hers and as he did, the wine slipped from his mouth into hers. He swirled it around with his tongue in her mouth as if dancing it everywhere. The wine combined with Vincent's hot spicy taste sent Catherine's senses reeling as he plundered her sweetness.

Lost in sensory overload both struggled to come back to the moment.

"Hell Vincent. I'm never going to be able to drink wine without thinking of tasting you ever again." Catherine breathed heavily, desire building inside her.

"I could happily do that all night Catherine but if I do we'll never get to the main course...or dessert."

"Oh I don't know Vincent. You taste pretty sweet to me..."

"Mmm I see that the monster I created that day at the beach is alive and well."

"Oh Vincent, hold that thought. I still have that surprise up my non-existent sleeve remember?"

"Oh I remember Catherine. I'm looking forward to finding out exactly what your surprise is so let's eat. You are definitely the sweetest appetiser I've ever tasted."

"And the only appetiser you're ever going to taste." she said firmly.

"I like it when you get all territorial on me. I see my beast influences you in all the right ways."

"And don't you forget it Dr Keller. You're mine."

Vincent grinned happily. "Now who's the beast?" he chuckled.

The next hour passed in a sensual haze as Vincent and Catherine ate and talked finding every opportunity to touch, to flirt, to bask in mutual love and desire.

Conversation flowed as did the rise of slow burning need. They knew it was close but relished the banter and play before the main act. Catherine watched Vincent as he spoke with laughter in his voice. He was so relaxed and at home in her company. Compared to the tortured man of more than a year ago the changes were breathtaking. She really had saved him and was so proud to be his light and love. He'd believed for so long that he wasn't worthy and she could see that those shadows had almost entirely lifted from his shoulders. She also knew he'd done the same for her. Even amidst the danger of Muirfield she knew she would act no differently. Would do whatever it took to fight for him, keep him safe.

As main course was eaten Vincent rose from his chair. "I'll be right back."

Vincent headed towards a sound system panel on the wall, selected several songs and then turned the music up. He came back to stand in front of Catherine and held out his hand. As the song's notes drifted into her consciousness Catherine felt a sense of familiarity.

"We have a dance to attend Miss Chandler. May I have this dance?"

Catherine nodded wordlessly, eyes shining, placing her hand and her heart into Vincent's hand.

He pulled her to her feet, and walking to a clear area of the floor he wrapped his arms around her to lace his fingers together against the small of her back. He swayed her in time to the music, his eyes never leaving her face, just as he'd done at her father's wedding, enveloping her with his love, his heart and his soul.

Catherine stared at him, drowning in his beloved eyes, her lips forming a silent 'O' as she listened to the song.

"Vincent." she breathed, "that's..."



"Yes, our song that was playing when we had this dance before; you in your dress, me in this tux that I begged JT to let me wear so I could be with you." he admitted softly.



"You remembered?" Catherine choked.

"Remember? How could I ever forget? That was the first time I got to hold you, be with you and be with my feelings for you that were so strong even then."

"I felt it too Vincent but then..."

"Sshhh I know." he whispered. "That's behind us. It's time to make new memories."

Vincent leaned down, kissed her softly as the song serenaded them.

He let go his hands from behind her to trail his fingers along the fabric of her bust line, brushing the scar on her chest where she'd been shot that awful night, when he almost lost her. His lips followed his caressing fingers, kissing the scar, the tip of his tongue tracing delicious circles on her warm skin.

Catherine moaned, almost falling if not for Vincent steadying her with an arm around her waist. His lips continued to trace lazy circles along her shoulder blades. At her sharp intake of breath Vincent's lips moved to her throat, luxuriating in the soft silky feel of her skin. Catherine swayed on her feet in time with Vincent as the music wafted around them. Their moves were subtle, languid and slow as desire weaved its way in and around them drawing them closer together. Vincent's fingers trailed her back once more, coming to rest at the top of her zip and slowly he moved it down.

Catherine stopped to take Vincent's face in her hands as he unzipped her gown, watching his eyes with a sexy smile on her lips.

The gown fell to the floor and as Vincent glanced down several things happened at once. His expression changed from softly burning desire to roaring lust as he...saw.

"Oh my God...Catherine...you're...I can't...words...what..."

Catherine shook at his scorching gaze, corresponding liquid heat igniting in her body everywhere. God how he managed that with just a look she would never understand but would never tire of.

"It's not like you haven't seen me naked before Vincent..." she teased.

"No, but..." he gulped as he drank in the sight of his Catherine, standing gloriously naked wearing nothing but her sexy high heels, the gown gathered in soft folds on the floor.

Catherine reached out, pulled Vincent to her, tugging at his pants, releasing his now raging hardness, grasping his length in her hands.

"No," he groaned, lost in her touch. "Slow. I was going to do slow. Seduce you..."

"Later Vincent. There's plenty of time for slow. Now, I want you now. I can't wait any longer. I want, need you inside me."

Vincent growled as he kicked off his shoes allowing Catherine to pull his pants down and toss everything across the room. He stood, the top of his body resplendent in the tuxedo but naked from the waist down. Vincent attempted to unbutton his shirt, take off his jacket but Catherine stilled his fingers.

"Vincent, now. I like this fantasy and it is *my* birthday. Keep it on," as she reached around him to pull him against her, feeling his erection throbbing wildly.

Vincent let out a guttural cry as he picked her up, wrapped her around him and plunged inside her deep and hard.

"Yes," she hissed with need as her hands reached around his back under his jacket, tugging at his shirt to run her hot fingers up and down his skin pulling him hard against her chest. The fabric of his shirt felt both rough and smooth against her and it was erotic looking at him seemingly clothed while she was naked, at the same time feeling him thrusting wildly inside her. Catherine's head lolled back in passion as she angled her body away from Vincent trusting him to hold her tightly. The movement allowed him deeper penetration which in turn sent him into a tailspin. He looked around wildly, spied the nearest wall and almost staggered as he barrelled Catherine up against it. They spun out of control; Vincent's hot tongue plunging into Catherine's mouth trying to swallow her whole as he thrust harder and harder inside her.

Whimpering, Catherine locked her thighs, calves and feet around him, rocking with him in her wild efforts to draw him deeper. She felt him everywhere, invading every cell, every pore, drowning in need so vast she never wanted it to end.

Then Catherine felt them, earth shattering tremors starting from deep within, radiating out in wave after wave of intense sensation.

The effect on Vincent was electric as he felt her wet heat; felt the waves of climax shuddering through her body; felt her everywhere, drawing in her very essence that she gave him without reservation. He felt her trust and her love. He shattered with her, scattering in a million directions all at once.

Long moments later.

"Christ Catherine..."

"So I gather you liked my surprise?"

"There's that word again. Liked? Catherine there's not a single word in the dictionary to describe what just happened. Doesn't exist," he spoke hoarsely, his head still reeling.

"Hmm Vincent. I need to not wear underwear more often if that's how you respond." Catherine teased. "Epic comes closer to describing how you reacted and how, um, magnificently you rose to the occasion."

"Epic?" he laughed shakily. "Not even close. And how you manage to destroy all my well laid plans for slowly seducing you with one sexy unplanned moment does my head in."

"Just your head?" Catherine smiled. "I do believe other parts of you just came undone too Dr Keller in rather spectacular fashion I might add but I'm not complaining. While I'm still singing inside now we have all night for slow."

"All night? You're going to kill me." Vincent muttered. "I still have a surprise or two for you involving dessert and water so you will keep Catherine."

"Yes I noticed the pool." Catherine responded.

"Uh Catherine, it's not just a pool..."

Catherine's eyes widened. "What do you mean?"

"Oh you're going to find out. Soon." Vincent said mysteriously.

Vincent slowly withdrew from Catherine's warmth to stand her upright again.

"Now Detective Chandler there's a certain inequality in our current state of dress." Vincent started to undo his buttons. "I don't know about your fantasy but I'm ready for naked now. Don't want these clothes in the way anymore..."

"Well seeing that I prefer you with no clothes on let me help you with that. If JT only knew what his tux gets up to when you're wearing it. Promise me, if you ever tell him, that I'm in the room because I think his reaction would be priceless."

"You're evil, you know that?" Vincent grinned at Catherine. "But I like it a lot."

Once Vincent's clothes were a distant memory in a pile on the floor he walked Catherine backwards towards the pile of cushions and throws that were scattered on the sandy beach near the pool's edge.

Vincent settled her among the cushions and rose to his feet. "Don't you dare move Catherine. I'll be back in two minutes. Time for dessert." Vincent smiled as he sauntered away.

Catherine stopped still, admiring the view of his retreating back, watching the muscles constrict and relax in his ass as he walked away. "God he is magnificent," she mused. "How did I ever get this lucky?" She watched his shoulders, muscled back, the dimples at the base of his spine, the long powerful legs and well defined calves. As she watched him, her pulse started to race as her imagination took over, contemplating what he may have in mind for dessert.

"Detective Chandler. I can feel your eyes on me and hear your heartbeat from here without looking at you. Like what you see?"

"Always Dr Keller," she grinned at his back. He always managed to tune into her so unerringly that it was still unnerving at times. There were so many aspects to Vincent's beast that she was really starting to appreciate a great deal. His ability to read her unsettled her at first, but not anymore. The way he used his senses to understand her physical and sensual needs was beyond her comprehension. As a lover, he was simply unique, the beast providing abilities that a normal man couldn't. He was so connected into her via those senses that she realised that she really didn't want him any other way any more.

Complete acceptance of all that Vincent was settled throughout her mind, her heart and her soul. She had admitted that to him so often and believed it, but now it was complete surrender. Secretly she hoped they never found a cure, as long as they were together, nothing else mattered.

"So Catherine, did you get enough time to contemplate my ass?" Vincent came towards her again with a tub of ice cream and two spoons.

"Yes but I have other parts of you to contemplate now." Catherine said admiringly, taking in the view of Vincent's chest, taut abs, legs and of course...She flushed.

"Now there you go again." he grinned. "Do I need to put my pants back on?"

"Don't you dare." Catherine laughed. "Just get down here. I notice you have ice cream."

"Mmm yes and I have plans that involve you and this ice cream."

Catherine's eyes widened. "Um, yes please."

"But you don't know what I'm going to do with it yet."

"I have a pretty good idea Vincent."

Vincent gracefully hunkered down beside Catherine, pulled the lid off the tub and handed her a spoon.

Catherine took the spoon, tossed it aside. "I believe one spoon will do Vincent."

Then and there Vincent decided he'd died and gone to heaven as he scooped out some ice cream and fed it to Catherine. He watched intently as her tongue licked at the ice cream with slow deliberate movements, sliding the ice cream into her mouth to swirl it around with her tongue before leaning forward for more, her tongue licking her lips in anticipation, slowly driving Vincent mad.

Vincent was finding it difficult to concentrate as he fed her several more mouthfuls, watching Catherine become more bold, teasing him with a flick of her tongue. With her final mouthful Catherine leaned forward and found Vincent's mouth with hers. Her tongue darted inside his and he felt the shock as icy confection combined with her heat plundered his mouth.

He lost himself in her sweet taste but a moment later pulled away reluctantly. "Not this time. We're not going to be sidetracked again. I told you I had plans for you with this ice cream." Vincent smiled at her, desire very plainly written on his face. "Now you just lie back, close your eyes and enjoy!"

Catherine did as she was told, stretching out onto the pillows like a cat, revelling in Vincent's appreciative stares as he contemplated her glorious form. Then she closed her eyes.

Vincent took the spoon, dipped it into the now soft ice cream and drizzled it across Catherine's breasts, stomach and lower body. As the icy cold came into contact with her warm skin it almost sizzled, sending tremors through her body.

"Vincent, it's cold and wet and sticky..."

"Oh yeah, but on you it looks good enough to eat..." and leaning forward his lips feathered her breasts, paying particular attention to her nipples as his tongue darted over each of them in turn, licking and sucking the ice cream away. Catherine's tremors increased as he rasped his tongue against her, the heat from his hot mouth combing with the ice cold of the areas he hadn't reached yet, sending her into erotic freefall. Vincent took his time, licking and kissing his way into every soft valley and rising swell of her skin. Her nipples puckered hard as he came back to roll them into his mouth sucking them intently until she moaned out loud with a guttural cry.

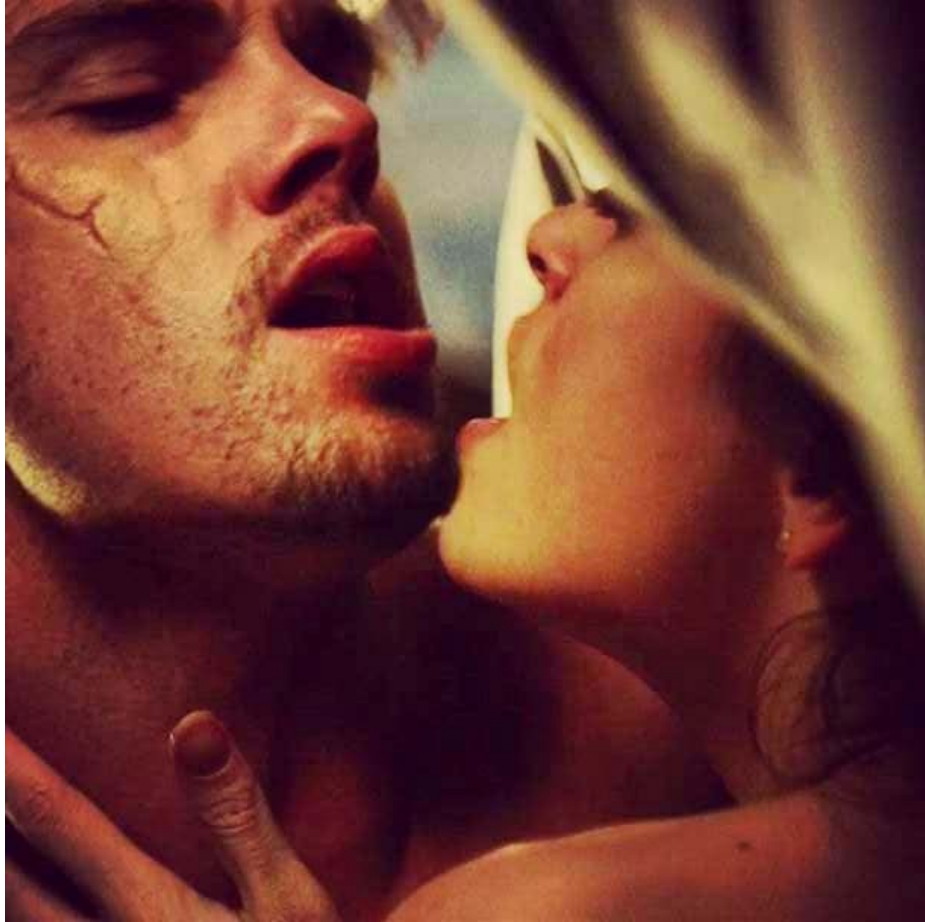
Vincent reached out for the ice cream again to drizzle more against her sex letting it run its course before his tongue lapped at her; licking, kissing, nibbling until she cried out, "Oh God, don't stop. Please don't stop...so good."

"Don't plan to," he breathed hotly as he scooped more of the ice cream onto her most private part and then settled in, rasping at her with long deliberate strokes. Vincent took hold of Catherine's hips pulling her towards him so that his tongue could delve deeper. Finding her sweet spot he laved at her bud until he felt her release building without mercy and then she splintered, her liquid heat flooding his senses. He drank deeply as she shattered around him, crying out his name over and over again.

Her overwhelming response to him was all he needed to harden as he moved back up her body to slowly, torturously enter her, his thick shaft sliding into her wetness until he was buried so deep inside her he felt as if they'd merged. As Vincent rocked her, his thrusts slowly gaining momentum, Catherine's need for completion intensified. Desperately craving more she locked her legs around him and grabbed his ass to pull him deeper still.

"Vincent, she panted. "no more slow, no more nice..."

He understood and matching her urgency he let himself go, plunging in and out of her hard and fast, almost brutal in intensity as she demanded, arching up to meet him time and time again. With no limits she took him with her as she urged him on frantically. Nothing else existed as sensation hurtled Vincent and Catherine into an entirely new universe that exploded into showers of stars.



It was sometime before either of them were capable of coherent speech; Vincent nuzzling against her heart, his breathing slowly returning to normal while Catherine held him tightly, allowing her tremors to subside.

"Vincent, seriously, I'm never ever going to be able to look at a tub of ice cream the same way again." Catherine said shakily.

"Mmm, you think you have a problem 'looking' at ice cream?" Vincent growled with a happy smile in his voice. "Imagine what it will be like for me when I try to taste ice cream. It will always remind me of how delicious you taste..." he answered in a husky purr.

Heat flooded Catherine's body at his words. "Oh God, " she gasped.

Vincent felt her heat and grinned. "Soon."

"Dr. Keller I have a confession to make."

"Oh 'Detective Chandler' and what might that be?"

"Honestly? A cure – if it weren't for Muirfield I don't believe I ever want you to take it now. What you do to me is beyond 'normal'."

"Are you saying that you don't believe I'd be able to, um, rock your world as a mere human?"

"Oh God Vincent," Catherine blanched. "I didn't mean it like that..."

Vincent chuckled. "Don't worry Catherine, I'm not offended. I kinda like my 'spidey senses' as you call them. I love that because of them I can sense what's going on in your body and respond accordingly. Let's just say it's a definite upside to the beast part of me."

"Upside? Vincent you make me spontaneously combust a million different ways. Old age had better be in your DNA because you've spoiled me against all other men."

"Other men? Catherine you haven't got a hope in hell of that. You know I will kill them first. You're mine." he growled, holding her closer.

"There's that beast again." Catherine sighed in pleasure. "Being territorial about me has never been so sexy."

"Sexy?" Vincent stared at her ruefully. "You really are unique. Most people would regard that as insane and tell you to run away from me fast."

"I'm not most people Vincent."

"I've noticed. Catherine the first time I saved you in the woods I realised that. I've always wanted to know. Why did your pulse slow? Why weren't you scared of me? You should have been terrified."

Catherine searched Vincent's face and saw the wonder of her reflected in his eyes. "I can't really answer that Vincent. I just knew you'd never hurt me. I looked into your eyes and I guess my soul recognised yours. That we were destined..."

"Catherine that is why I am so in love with you. Yes, destined..." he breathed softly as he claimed her lips in a slow tender avowal of his love.

Catherine melted. How could she not love him with all her heart and soul? He was her Vincent and she was the one who would kill to protect him.

"Catherine," as he pulled away to grin at her. "We should go for that swim now. It will cool us down plus wash away any left over chocolate ice cream, although I could check to make sure, with my tongue..."

"Vincent." Catherine laughed. "I believe you well and truly licked off all the ice cream..." With that thought came the image and then the memory of his tongue and then Catherine felt the heat yet again. She flushed, shaking her head.

"Catherine," he growled.

"I can't help it Vincent. With a bit of luck it will stop one day before we're old and ..."

"Don't count on it," he responded. "At the rate we're going, very soon you'll be imprinted into my DNA and you'll never have any hope of keeping me away."

"Like you're able to keep away now?" Catherine teased.

"Ok point taken. Staying away from you is never going to be remotely possible."

Vincent gently withdrew from the warmth of Catherine's body, slowly getting to his feet none too steadily.

"See what you do to me?" as he held his hand out to hers.

Catherine sat up and took his hand as he helped her up. "Choir Vincent, remember?"

"Oh I remember," as he pulled her into his arms, inhaling her sexy afterglow. "So what do you think of your birthday present so far?"

"Wondering how you could possibly top it next year. It will take some doing Vincent. So far yours is definitely my favourite birthday present ever."

"Mmm a challenge. I like a challenge and I have 365 days to prepare. I'm up for that." he grinned at her wickedly.

"Vincent when you look at me like that, my body has a tendency to..."

"Yeah I know. Expect that look a lot. I really like how you react."

"Like Vincent? Only like?"

"Now who's fishing for compliments?" he grinned.

"Ok to quote someone I know...intimately, I was just clarifying."

"Oh clarifying! In that case I 'love' how you react. I never want you to stop reacting like that..."

"No chance of that Vincent, now let's swim before we decide that more 'clarifying' is needed."

Vincent laughed. "You might change your mind about that. What do they say? 'Out of the frying pan into the fire?' "

"Now you are just being mysterious."

"Let's just say that my plans for you in this pool involve a lot more than swimming."

"You mean like that time at The Ashcroft?" Catherine responded breathlessly remembering their heat.

"There'll be no comparison Catherine. It will be epic."

Catherine flushed deeply. Vincent growled in response.

"That's a very confident response Dr Keller. Can't say I'm not looking forward to epic."

Vincent grinned with delight. "In that case." He lifted Catherine into his arms, walked over to the edge of the pool and jumped in with her, tipping them both under the water.

When they broke the surface of the water Vincent grabbed her again, pulled Catherine into his arms with her back against his chest.



"Weren't we going to swim first?"

"Just making sure the ice cream is all gone Catherine." Vincent said as his palms stroked her body, brushing the skin of her breasts, stomach and legs with slow sensual motions. Catherine swayed against him, enjoying his touch. When his hand strayed lower he slid his fingers along her sex caressing her softly. She shifted allowing him greater access as his fingers became more insistent until he cupped her with the palm of his hand. She squirmed, pressing her legs together to anchor his hand tightly, feeling the pressure of his palm against her rising heat.

"You like that?" he breathed hotly against her ear.

"God yes Vincent." Catherine moaned.

Vincent slid his middle finger inside her, moving it up and down along the length of her and as her sounds of desire intensified he plunged inside, thrusting several times before suddenly withdrawing.

"Vincent, what?"

"I think we should swim now." he whispered.

"You are kidding? Vincent Keller I don't like you very much right now." Catherine actually pouted as she turned in his arms.

"Oh Catherine believe me when I tell you that you will like me again very soon. Epic remember? You will just have to be patient plus I want you to beg..."

"Beg? Really? Now this is a different side of you. Vincent I don't beg!"

"Catherine I plan to change your mind. It will be worth it. Trust me?"

"Hmm we'll see Vincent, we'll see," she said sternly but Catherine was secretly smiling as she dived out into the water. Knowing Vincent and the insanely addictive command he had over her body she was sure that he was right and she would beg. For some reason it didn't bother her at all. "Catherine Chandler," she thought to herself. "You've come a long way. Now I'm looking forward to begging. What on earth could he possibly do to make me beg for him?"

Images flooded her mind which in turn...

"Catherine. I felt that from here. Stop it!"

Catherine stared at Vincent for several heartbeats, grinning at him. "Payback's a bitch," she teased.

Vincent doubted he could love her more than in that moment. He headed in her direction but as he approached she dived away and sliced towards the other end, laughing. This happened several times, Catherine just managing to evade his grasp with maddening success. He growled, tried harder, she evaded using every tactic she had. Police training could come in very handy sometimes.

Vincent thought for a moment and as he approached, with her watching him intently, he suddenly dived under the water, reaching her in time to yank her foot pulling her under the water until she was nose to nose with him. Then he pointed upwards and brought her to the surface.

"You cheated..." she spluttered.

"Yes," he admitted happily. "Now take a deep breath Catherine."

They both took a deep breath. Staring at each other Vincent took possession of her mouth as he drew them down below the surface of the water. Kissing her thoroughly, delving into the depths of her mouth as their bodies sank into the depths of the water. For as long as they could they kissed, staring into each other's eyes, tongues warring, teeth meshing, trying desperately to draw the moment out for as long as they could, whilst the water embraced their bodies. They became weightless, each breathing the other's air. It was a moment that took the weight of the outside world from them, giving them permission to float safely in its depths.

Bringing them back to the surface, Catherine gasped for breath as Vincent moulded her body to his. "Catherine, do you feel the water, how it is both wet and warm? How it is beautiful as it slips over us? That's the feeling I get when I'm deep inside you. I feel surrounded by warmth, as if I'm floating weightless inside your wetness and that it gives me what I need to continue living..."

Catherine could only stare mutely at him, at his choice of words as Vincent pulled her closer, his arms tightening around her to feel all of her against him. She wound her legs around him and reached down to guide him inside her.

"Oh no you don't." Vincent said tightly. "As much as I'd love to, this time I have some preliminaries to see to...I seem to remember you liking those."

Catherine's eyes went wide. "What kind of preliminaries Vincent?"

"I'm about to show you."

Vincent steered Catherine to the furthest end of the pool and sat down on a ledge hidden under the water, pulling her against him so that his chest pressed against her back and she was sitting in his lap.

"Vincent, I didn't realise that this was even here."

"There's a lot of things about this pool you don't know yet Catherine."

Vincent turned slightly to reach his hand under a cushion scattered near the edge and flicked a button. All of a sudden jets of water sprang on turning the once still water into a whirlpool of bubbles and airstreams.

"Wow. Oh Vincent this is wonderful." as she closed her eyes, leaning against his chest. "I love it."

"Thought you might..." he murmured against her cheek.

They sat for long moments revelling in the bubbles, the heat and each other.

Catherine's thoughts drifted with the bubbles feeling relaxed as she let Vincent flow around her, feeling his strong heartbeat and his very essence. She turned her face up to his, eyes shining with love.

"Vincent, this has been so perfect. Thank you for the best birthday ever. I just wish we could stay here. This Oasis you've created is beyond romantic."

"Catherine it's not nearly over yet..." Vincent breathed into her mouth just before taking her lips, kissing her slowly and thoroughly, plundering her mouth and tongue with expert drug inducing bliss. He was dismantling her second by second, dragging her into his soul.

As he kissed her his fingers caressed her skin, trailing across her stomach teasing with fleeting touches. Catherine grabbed his hands, placed them on her, demanding more. Vincent complied, cupping her breasts with his large hands, brushing his thumbs across her nipples, rubbing harder, then pinching them between his thumb and forefinger. Catherine moaned into his kiss, falling deeper into desire.

Vincent's fingers trailed further down her stomach, caressing, touching and then fluttered along her sex. He shifted her as his fingers slid along her folds with slow deliberation.

Catherine craved more. Vincent felt her complete surrender as his fingers plunged inside her, drawing a long shudder that rippled throughout her body. He grabbed her head to pull her closer to ravage her tongue with his as he continued his assault inside her. Then he shifted their bodies slowly across the ledge still connected to her with his mouth and fingers.

Catherine felt the movement and from somewhere deep within her Vincent induced haze of lust wondered why they were moving.

She found out, her eyes snapping open as she felt the stream of bubbles assault her sex with Vincent sensed pin point accuracy. He'd settled her over the jet as his fingers continued to plunge inside her. The combination of his tongue in her mouth and with his fingers and the jet of water inside her, Catherine spiralled, her body shuddering as the climax hit hard.

Vincent took his hand from her head to snake his arm around her waist needing to anchor her in place as her deep shudders spun her out of control.

She dragged her mouth away from his. "Vincent. Can't stand it. Need you...inside me."

He growled at her. "Beg," he gasped, plunging his fingers deeper.

"Oh...god...yes...I beg...now...now...ohhh..." as more words became impossible.

It was enough.

Vincent thrust inside her deep and hard from behind. His instincts took over as he felt Catherine's body jerking. She felt him in every cell of her being as he leaned her forward slightly, shifting their angle as he thrust harder, the jet of bubbles hitting her G spot, his fingers still there. Then he felt her muscles contract around his shaft, felt her tighten, spasms wracking her body as she flew apart at the orgasm that ripped through her.

Catherine screamed at the intensity of the tremors radiating outwards with breathtaking force. Her incredibly primal response to him tipped Vincent over the edge and holding her tightly his own climax tore through him as hers continued, hurtling them both into a mutual release so intense and vocal that people within a ten mile radius should have heard them.

For a very long time neither were capable of thought let alone speech. Vincent managed to withdraw gently, turning Catherine in his arms to pull her close to sit sideways in his lap. He turned off the jets and just held her, letting her fall, languid and spent against his chest. Their ripples of pleasure took many more moments to subside.

"Vincent?"

"Yes."

"You were right. That was worth waiting for and truly epic. Do we have to leave yet?"

"No. The people who own this house are away for a while yet."

"Good." she snuggled closer. "I don't want to go."

Vincent tipped her face up to stare into eyes that were still unfocussed and dreamy, basking in an afterglow that shone from every pore, lighting her from within.

"God, you're so beautiful." he whispered

"You make me beautiful Vincent. Being with you does that."

"Mmm," he growled. "How did I ever get this lucky?"

"It's me who's lucky. You're like the best boyfriend ever in the history of the world. I loved my birthday present almost as much as I love you. And you were right..."

"About what?"

"You got me to beg... Vincent for that I would have killed."

Vincent laughed softly. "I'll have to remember that. And best boyfriend ever in the history of the world? That's a hard reputation to live up to."

"Not for you Vincent. It's true so don't ever think about leaving me. I wouldn't survive."

"Leaving you? Considering that you're the life force that sustains me it's not remotely possible. You are stuck with this beast for life. He and I both adore you."

"Good because I love you and your beast too and I don't want you to change."

The love in Catherine's eyes blazed for him with such intensity Vincent's breath caught, held and exhaled in wonder.

"Now can we please get out of this pool? I want to snuggle on that rather comfortable looking divan over there." Catherine pointed towards it.

"Mmm I like that idea." Vincent hauled himself up with Catherine in his arms and carried her to the divan, depositing her gently.

"Be right back." He grabbed blankets, turned down the lighting to a softer glow and returned to stand looking down on the woman he cherished more than life itself.

Catherine looked up at him with desire. "Vincent...what are you doing?"

"Admiring the view," he declared.

"Well admire it from down here with me," as she held out her arms to him. "Don't like you so far away."

Vincent eased in next to her, pulled the blankets over them and accepting her open arms he gathered the love of his life into him. He turned her face to his, staring at her intently, eyes glowing.

"Catherine," his voice caught.

"Yes Vincent," she gazed at him.

"I don't know when and I don't know how, but one day..."

"Yes."



"I'm going to ask you to marry me..." He held his breath.

Catherine's heart lurched wildly as tears came. She smiled with joy and a heart bursting with love.

"Vincent whenever that day comes, my answer will be yes," she whispered.

Vincent leaned in to seal their words with a kiss that promised heaven and as they entwined in and around each other their souls sang in harmony...

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Disclaimer: Whilst I own the rights to my story, I do not own Beauty and the Beast, its characters or images. They belong to the CW Network. This is a work of fan fiction.

I hope you enjoyed Wet Series 5 'Oasis'.

This story completes The Wet Series so stay tuned for the next series I have in mind. More details soon.

In the meantime 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'.

Buy the eBook of Rina & Dean's scorching story at: <http://www.raunchify.com/is>

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