

BAtB Fanfiction – I Feel Him

Introduction: We've seen the Season 2 spoilers: a picture of Vincat smiling at each other on a roof top (picnic basket in the foreground); a shot of a room looking out at night over the New York skyline with billowing curtains; a scene where Catherine suddenly wakes up (maybe in that room), startled & seemingly confused before calling JT at 5am and saying that she loves and 'feels' Vincent. As we know, Vincent is shackled in a waterfront warehouse facing a possible adversary (from the Yakuza perhaps?)

I've put some of these clues together and drawn my own conclusions... the text in italics are the words spoken in the spoiler scenes that were released. They are not my words.

"Cat, I found something. It could be something, it could be nothing. Can you just get over here so I can show you – and then we decide where we go from there." JT said, straight to the point.

"Sure JT. I'll be there as soon as I can, but it could be a while before I can get away from work...unless it's urgent, if this is about..."

"No, no it's ok. My surveillance monitors aren't going anywhere...I'll see you when you get here."

JT hung up the phone and frowned at Vincent. "If she knew you were here now..."

"I know JT but I need some alone time with her and here is our best option. I don't want to tell her over the phone and I can't just show up at her work, plus I need to do a few things before she gets here anyway."

"Like what? What do you need, I've got class in two hours?"

"It's ok JT. I don't have to hide from Muirfield anymore, I earn my own money now so I can go, I'll take care of it, but thanks man."

"Hmmm I don't know about this new improved version of you Vincent. This is going to take some getting used to. I find it all a just a little bit creepy."

"I'm creepy?" Vincent laughed at his friend.

"No, not you - the situation. It's just a lot to get my head around. I'm still trying to come to terms with the fact that you don't have to look over your shoulder all the time. This new incarnation of Muirfield – that's what creeps me out."

"Well I didn't have a choice JT. It was go along with them or..."

"I know, I know, but still, after more than 10 years on the run, hiding from them, you have to admit it's really, really strange. And I don't think Cat's going to like it at all..."

"Yeah, that worries me too but...I have to believe she'll eventually understand. It's better than constantly fearing a bullet in my back, fearing for her life or yours or worse, them dissecting me while I'm still alive. At least I'm my own man again."

"Your own man? Vincent your beast is amplified and even if you can now control it at will – I'm still getting my head around that and I've had a few hours now. But the fact that you can be out in the open again and living a kind of normal life, that's something we know Cat WILL like."

"I hope so JT. She was what kept me going these last three months. I did it for her. If she can't accept that...I don't know what I will do. I love her so much I can't imagine a life without her anymore."

"Then tell her that V. She'll be throwing herself into your arms quicker than you and your super speed can get her naked...women are suckers for that kind of talk."

Vincent grinned widely for the first time in a long time. "I'm looking forward to that part...a lot."

"Yeah, yeah, yeah, V. I'll be gone. I don't need to be here when THAT part happens, but Big Guy...?"

"Yeah JT."

"I'm really, really glad to have you back..." JT's smile was as big as his scientific heart.

"I'm happy to see you too man."

Catherine hung up the phone and turned to Tess, who, noticing the look on her face asked, "Cat, what's wrong? Was that JT? What did he say?" Tess was concerned. The shadows under Cat's eyes were darker than ever and she had lost weight she really couldn't afford to lose. Her nervous energy bounced off her in waves and Tess was finding it harder and harder to stay silent about her friend's emotional state as more time passed.

"Yeah, uh, he just said he might have a clue about Vincent's whereabouts but he wouldn't say what. He's always careful on the phone, well you know that, so I'm going over there as soon as I can get away. He didn't want to get my hopes up but..."

"But you hope he's found something real? Oh Cat, just don't get too excited this time. It might be nothing."

"That's what JT said but it could be something, eventually we'll find him. Tess they took him when they could have killed him so..."

"I know Cat but they could have done anything to him in the meantime. He may not be the Vincent you once knew anymore..." Tess saw Cat's look of intense hurt. "I'm not trying to hurt or frighten you but you have to face the possibility that even if he's still out there that he may be different. Cat, there is no telling what they might have done to him..."

"No. He's out there Tess. I know he is. I can feel him and Vincent would never hurt me."

"For your sake I hope you're right Cat because you can't go on like this. It hurts me to see you in so much pain. At some stage..."

"No Tess," Catherine almost shouted. "We will find him! And I will be with Vincent again! I know I will..."

Later that day as soon as Cat could get away from work she drove across to see JT, audibly praying that whatever he had found would lead her to Vincent. The last three months had been horrendous, her emotional state was in turmoil but she absolutely refused to believe that Vincent was anything other than alive and perhaps even nearby.

A gut feeling that Vincent was close had grown so strong in her over the last few hours it was like she could almost touch him. It was difficult for her to go against her gut. Every time that she had this feeling before he'd been there so she refused to go against her intuition this time and instead, chose to trust in it completely.

As she arrived at Vincent and JT's place and got out of her car Cat's sense of familiarity grew. She almost staggered against the door as she went to knock, only to find it slightly ajar. Concerned she drew her gun and stepped inside cautiously.

"JT, are you there?" she called out to silence. Catherine stepped further inside, and headed across to the monitors where JT had been tirelessly working, hacking into everything he could access in his so far, futile search for Vincent. She knew she'd been hard on him but they were both so committed to their goal of finding him and she knew JT could no more give up than she could. They both loved Vincent in their own way.

As Catherine approached the table she noticed the monitor. There was a note attached to the screen.

It simply said "Roof".

As she studied the note, Catherine's heart knocked madly in her chest and her hands trembled as she recognised Vincent's handwriting.

"Nooo. It couldn't be. Could it? Was it possible?" she asked herself. She refused to get her hopes up.

"JT, are you here?" she shouted again more loudly, but was met with silence except for her hammering heart and the incredibly real sensation of Vincent nearby. She almost flew up the stairs, throwing open the door to the roof and then stopped dead in her tracks.

Standing there with an intensely serious expression on his face, hands clenching and unclenching at his sides was Vincent; breathing raggedly, his shoulders rising up and down rapidly. Was he real? Her Vincent, her beloved Vincent and he had never looked so wonderful to her as he did in that moment.



" Oh my God, Vincent. Is it...really you?"

"Yes," he breathed hoarsely. "It's me. God Catherine, I missed you."

At his raspy voice Catherine broke out into a huge smile. A smile that threatened to split her face wide open. Relief, longing, love and incredible joy taking over her body as she took in his very real appearance right there in front of her. He looked so fine, his hair was shorter, his scar was less noticeable but he was still her Vincent.

His smile was no less intense. They were grinning at each other like teenagers who had managed to sneak out to be together. Catherine stopped a meter or so short of Vincent and just breathed him in, her smile beaming.

Through his hesitation, she saw his love, his smile and intense relief. Her feet moved of their own accord and before she could think, analyse or question, Catherine had launched herself at Vincent, letting out a gasp of relief so intense she shook in his arms. She buried her face against the warmth of his neck as his arms came around her to hold her fiercely, almost as if he were terrified that she would fade away before he had the chance to breathe her in, touch her, kiss her again. Her tears streamed down her face as he tilted her chin up towards him, searching her eyes, his own wet with tears. She closed the gap between them, her lips meeting his in a kiss that was so full of her love that he felt it spear through every part of him. He sensed loss, loneliness and a deep aching need as her lips scorched his with her intensity.

He met her intensity and gave her everything he had. He was hers body and soul and his lips were no less fierce as he crushed her to him. After long moments of bone shaking intimacy they paused for air and she gazed at him, eyes shining.

"I came so close to thinking I'd lost you...how? What?" she whispered, her lips close to his. She wrapped her arms around him, burrowing under his jacket, feeling his heat soak from his body to hers, infusing her with life. Catherine felt him in every part of her.

"Catherine, it's a long story. I have so much to tell you but..." He was worried about her reaction to what he needed to tell her and as he gazed at her mouth intently all he could think of was tasting her again, of feeling her lips joined to his.

"I get it Vincent. ...we can talk...later!" Catherine smiled at him through tears that were fast disappearing as desire to touch him to confirm his existence became far more important than talking. It had been too long since she'd been able to hold Vincent and tell him just how much she loved him.

She stood on her toes and pressed her lips against his once more, whispering, "I love you. I need you now..."

Vincent groaned as he kissed her, his tongue capturing hers, this time tentatively, but as memories crowded in and instinct took over, their kiss soon turned them inside out with need.

Three months of aching loneliness welled up in both of them to burst out of their bodies explosively as hands, mouths and tongues fought for intimacy. Almost manic in intensity, Catherine couldn't get enough as she wrapped her body around Vincent, straining to get closer, to feel him against her. If he hadn't been so strong he would have fallen back at her onslaught as she kissed him passionately, her lips fusing to his as though she'd never let go.

His need was no less savage as he fought for control over his beast and found it easier now to contain that part of him. He could only exalt at the heat of Catherine's response, feel her desire drowning him in sensation as the scent of her arousal drove away all rational thought.

Catherine felt his hard length respond against her and delighted in it. Loved his nearness, needed, wanted more; craved him. He was here in her arms now and she couldn't stop as her hands flew to his pants, grabbing at him, trying desperately to touch him. A growl from the back of Vincent's throat vibrated through him to her, he was desperate to feel himself inside her, needing her as much as she needed him. There was no time for pretty or gentle or tender. It was wild, hot and primal.

He picked her up and swung her around in his arms as he strode across the roof-top space, barreling her up against the brick wall several feet behind them. Catherine mewled as his hand found the zip on her pants. She did the same to him and within the space of 30 seconds their frantic movements culminated in them shedding just enough of their clothes so that he could lift her off her feet as she wound her bare legs around his naked lower body.

Staring at her intently he pushed inside her wet heat in one long, deep thrust. Catherine's eyes widened as she felt his length stretching her, filling her completely and it felt right, good and...

"Oh God Vincent. Yessss. Please, harder. Feels so good. Been so long. Missed you, missed this...soooo much. Home, you're home...with me...I love you..."

Vincent lost himself in her heat, her need, her love, drowned in her words. He was home in her and he would do anything in his power to never leave her again. If it meant lying in bed with the enemy so be it. Catherine was worth it.

Keeping one huge hand under her, Vincent cupped her chin with the other as he continued to thrust deeply inside her, his gaze never wavering from hers. "You... kept me going...it's you I can't live without. You're my life Catherine. I love you so much. Without you...I can't..."

He lost the ability to speak as his movements and her scorching response tumbled them over the edge in a release that shattered them both. Rocking together their lips met again in a long passionate kiss that spoke of surrender, the return of love and acceptance. They were both whole again and not the shadows of the people they'd become, lost in searing loneliness without the other.

"Oh Vincent. I knew you were out there, somewhere. I felt you. God, please don't be a dream, please don't be a dream...."



Cat woke up startled, her cell phone buzzing an alarm. She shook her head and looked around the room. She was still in her apartment, in front of her computer and it was 5am.

Catherine was shattered as she realized she'd just had the most incredibly vivid dream of Vincent returning to her, making explosive love to her, and bitterly disappointed that it wasn't real. She grabbed her cell to call JT, even though it had just been a dream she felt different. Over the past few months she'd had many dreams of Vincent but this one was raw and real and so close that she could almost taste it. Something had happened she was sure of it. She suddenly believed with all of her heart that she and JT were close to finding him so she dialed JT's number and prayed.

JT: "Forbes. Oh. Hey. Cat. How's it going?...at 5am."

Cat: "Just checking in to see if you have any leads on Vincent..."

Cat: "Vincent is out there somewhere. I know it. I feel it." and later "But I love him."

Moments later, Catherine disconnected her call from JT still feeling very shaken and unsettled. Looking for a release she decided on a run, then she would shower and have breakfast before heading in to work. She would check in with JT again and soon...she could feel it, they would find Vincent and she would be with him again.

There was no alternative because the days and nights without him were becoming harder, not easier.

At around 6.30am JT was making himself a cup of coffee when his monitors beeped at him. Puzzled at the source, he sat down to study what had happened and why his system had flagged an anomaly. Scratching his head he looked at the trace signal that suddenly pulsed into life, watching the movement on his screen. He watched for several more moments as the trace kept moving. He magnified the path of the signal, saw that it was here in New York, relatively nearby and kept an eye on its trajectory trying to establish why it seemed so familiar.

Realisation dawned and JT knew what it was. Against all hope he watched, waiting to see where the signal would stop, praying fervently that it was what he thought it was and not a false alarm. It could surely only be...

On her way to work Catherine's burner phone rang out in the silence of the car. She'd been deep in thought, trying to make sense of the vivid dream of Vincent the previous night. So real, so achingly close. She'd been for her run, showered and was actually forcing herself to eat something. Tess would have been proud. Catherine felt a renewed purpose. Right or wrong the dream left her feeling a calm she hadn't felt since Vincent's abduction.

Picking up the burner phone she prayed JT had good news. "JT?" she answered.

"Cat, I found something. It could be something, it could be nothing. Just get over here so I can show you – and then you decide where we go from there." JT said, straight to the point.

Catherine gasped as a strong sense of Déjà vu hit her from all sides.

"Cat, are you OK?"

"JT you wouldn't believe me if I told you..."

"Try me."

"Well, last night I had a really vivid dream of Vincent being back...with me..."

"Cat, you can skip the sexy reunion. I don't need to know about that, trust me."

Cat actually laughed. "In my dream JT, you called me and said to me exactly what you just said then."

"Which part of what I just said?"

"About you finding out something that could be something or could be nothing."

"Really?"

"Word for word JT."

"I like the sound of that. Did your dream have a happy...oh scrap that. I bet it did..."

"JT what is it? Tell me. This is a burner phone just for you, me and Vincent so it's OK."

"Ok, well remember when Vincent was having those blackouts?"

"Of course I do JT. You agreed to let him lock himself up which I totally disagreed with."

"Hey it was his idea, not mine. Anyway what I never told Vincent because I didn't want him to get all grrr with me for treating him like a, er, dangerous beast, I, um, put a tracker in his shoes."

"You did what?"

"Yes I know, very 'Get Smart' of me but it seemed like a good idea at the time. Most people search the clothes or body. Most don't look at the shoes especially with how I hid it. I was very proud of myself..."

"JT, why didn't you think of that before? Why now, why 3 months later?"

"Well Cat, he must have been held in a Muirfield facility where there is a signal dead zone and all tracers would have been jammed by some kind of damping field. So it means one of two things; either they've moved him to somewhere open and public so the trace has suddenly come back to life or, someone else now has his shoes..."

"OMG JT. I'm going with option number one. Where is he? Did you get a location?"

"I did Cat. It's at the waterfront, in a warehouse. I'll text it to you...but Cat, if it is him and Muirfield are around you can't go in alone. It'd be suicide."

"What else can I do JT? It's not like I can call the S.W.A.T team or anything. I promise to be careful and I'll let Tess know where I am ok?"

"Cat I'll meet you there too..."

"No JT it's ok. If it is Vincent and I promise to make sure of that first, once I get him out I'll have him, so we'll be ok." More than ok Cat thought to herself. She didn't know why but she knew it was going to be fine. "JT I know it may seem like I'm crazy to you but I know it's going to work out. I can feel it. I feel him."

"Well you always did have that connection to him but what if he...isn't himself Cat? Have you thought of that? He may be no help at all. He might even be...like the enemy. He might be different, more beast than Vincent."

"JT no, I don't believe that. If it's him and he's an uncontrollable beast we would have heard something by now. Even Muirfield would struggle to keep that quiet. He will be fine."

"Are you trying to convince me or yourself Cat?"

"JT, I'll be ok. I'll keep you posted but I gotta go, my normal cell phone is buzzing. Just send me the location and I'll go check it out to start off with."

Catherine hung up from JT and picked up her other cell phone. "Chandler," she responded.

"Hi Cat, it's me Heather. *We, we really need to talk...*it's about Dad. Something I should have told you before now."

"Hi Heath. I'm sorry but I'm on a case and it's important. It will have to wait."

"But Cat..."

"Look Heather. Dad's dead. I know it seems harsh and I'm not trying to make you angry but whatever it is has to wait. I promise I'll call you later so we can talk. But I have to do this first. I'm sorry."

"Cat – what is it with you? The last three months you've been so hard to talk to, it's like you're there but you're not. What's going on?"

"I'm sorry Heather. I know it's been really hard but I can't go into it. Just believe that it is really important to me ok and I promise I will talk to you. But right now I have to go." Catherine hung up the phone much to Heather's disappointment.

Catherine felt awful for shutting her sister out in the wake of their Dad's death but she couldn't think about that now. He was gone and nothing would bring him back. Vincent was now her priority and she wouldn't, or couldn't rest until she found him again.

She looked down at the burner phone as it buzzed with JT's message giving her the location of the tracker from Vincent's shoes. If the tracker brought him back to her she would kiss JT and throw a party in his honour. She smiled ruefully to herself. Well maybe not the kiss part. JT wouldn't survive Vincent's reaction.

Catherine pulled up around the back of the warehouse down at the docks. She'd sensed activity and with some trepidation got out of the car. She'd called Tess as she promised JT and let her know of her whereabouts, promising to be careful. Tess wanted to come immediately but Cat forestalled her with, "Look it could be a false alarm. I'll check VERY discreetly and if I think I need you I'll call straight away ok?"

Tess wasn't happy but she grudgingly agreed to Catherine's words.

Catherine moved forward, careful to keep low as she skirted the side of the warehouse, ducking behind crates and other containers stacked up outside. She was hiding behind one such stack when she heard voices so she peeked out to see two motor cycle riders sitting outside an entrance to the warehouse talking to each other. It looked like they were waiting for something.

A commotion from within the warehouse had her listening intently. It sounded like furniture or something being smashed. Then... she heard it – an inhuman roar, but even as more sounds invaded her senses she knew. She knew what or who was making those roaring sounds. The two motorcycle riders took off on foot and disappeared into the warehouse, giving her an opportunity to investigate. With her heart pounding, Catherine crept as quickly as she could to a window near the entryway and peeked inside.

There were three men surrounding a male figure; a fourth man was lying still, she presumed dead, on the floor and two other guards with guns, were hanging back, interestingly, not involving themselves in the fight that was taking place with the other three and their quarry.

Two of the three men standing nearby were the motorcycle riders who seemed to be protecting an Asian man as the figure loomed into the light towards him.

Catherine's heart stopped. Vincent. He was as the Beast, the same and yet different. He looked more menacing, more deadly than she'd ever seen him. But he looked in control, unafraid. There was something going on in there, more than what it seemed on the surface. The two guards hung further back. It appeared they were no threat to Vincent at this point in time.

Catherine noticed the broken chains, the upturned chair. Had he been a prisoner and escaped? Who were the bad guys here? She didn't know. Tempted to race inside she hesitated, deciding with sudden insight to linger outside a little longer and see what happened next. She didn't have to wait long. Vincent suddenly moved, faster than she thought possible and faster than she'd seen him move before.

He was terrifying and magnificent all at the same time. This wasn't the Vincent she had lost three months ago. That Vincent hated his beast, was unsure of it and lacked self-confidence at what he had become. That Vincent was filled with self-loathing that she was only just managing to change through her love and acceptance that he was nothing like that. But, this Vincent was strong, and exuded power. This Vincent was in control and displayed a focussed intent. She watched almost spellbound as he despatched the three within two minutes, their bodies lying still on the warehouse floor.

Then Catherine moved and raced inside straight towards Vincent. Startled at the sound he whirled around to see her, his Catherine, bearing down on the two guards, her gun in her hand. His joy at her sudden appearance, taking in her fierce protectiveness of him, filled him with elation. Catherine, seeing them move towards her, was prepared to fire at them when Vincent startled her by leaping towards her, capturing her in his arms, holding her as his hand came up with a sudden movement as he commanded "Enough", indicating to the two guards that he was safe and that no further action was required of them. Their target had been acquired, killed and the mission completed. The head of The Yakuza was now only a memory. They retreated immediately as Vincent turned Catherine around in his arms and held her.

He gazed at her intently, all menace gone and no sign of his beast, as his arms tightened possessively around her – only love for her shining from every pore. He was still her Vincent. She could see it, feel it as she felt his heart hammering against hers wildly as he pressed against her.

She took in a wild breath and shaking she could only cry, "Oh my God, Vincent. Is it... really you?"

"Yes," he breathed hoarsely. "It's me. God Catherine, I've missed you."

He tilted her face up to his and kissed her then, his lips telling her all she needed to know as her Vincent invaded every part of her, enveloping her with his love, his need and his desperate longing. She kissed him back with matching fervour as she wrapped herself around him, all questions flying out of her head as she responded to him totally, loving him so much as he crushed her to him. He was home for real. This time it wasn't a dream. They would deal with the rest later. Right now all she wanted was to lose herself in him, love him and keep him safe and by her side forever.

****The End****

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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 'I Feel Him'

My next story will be a JT and Tess one OR 'Deleted Scenes 6'. Depends on which one I finish first.

All of my BAAtB fan fiction is available at the links below -

Website: <http://www.batbpassion.com>

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#Beasties, being a self funded BAAtB fan-fiction writer means I'm currently living on Beastie love which sustains me mentally but not physically (food appears to be essential). I LOVE that you love my stories. Fans suggested I add a donation button to my website because they wanted to help so I thought, "Hey what a great idea," and have done just that. If you'd like to support me to continue my full time passion for writing VINCAT, your donation (any amount) is appreciated. And if you get really desperate for hot sex in between my BAAtB stories buy my eBook on the link below.

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