

Some Enchanted Evening

A.N.D

Catherine came out onto the balcony to investigate a noise. It was Vincent, but he had not tapped on the French doors for admittance – instead, he was absorbed in teasing the leaves of a plant with the tip of a claw. As he sensed her presence, he put out an arm and swept her into a crushing embrace, murmuring "Catherine, I love you so much," into her hair.

Catherine was elated if confused. Vincent didn't normally behave quite this way, and she shifted to look directly at him. As she did so, Vincent began nuzzling her exposed face. With a growing sense of unreality, Catherine captured his head in her hands and pushed him away.

"Vincent, are you all right?"

He pouted, trapped a hand between his face and shoulder, and began rubbing his cheek along her palm. "I'm fine," he whispered in that wonderfully melodious voice. "Absolutely wonderful. Look at the colors of the city. Aren't they just *beautiful* tonight?"

Now Catherine was positive that something was wrong. If she didn't know better, she'd say that Vincent was drunk or on drugs. What could have happened to him? She captured his face again and looked into his eyes. They were dilated, so much so that the lovely blue of his iris had been completely covered in black. Whatever he had done, whatever he had gotten into, Catherine knew She couldn't let him go home in that state. What if he fell?

"Come on," she said, tugging on a sleeve. "You need to come inside and sleep this off – I mean, have a cup of tea or something."

"I'd follow you anywhere, Catherine," he told her blearily as she towed him to the bed. He cocked an eyebrow at it, then at her.

Catherine frowned back at him and started to push him roughly down--but Vincent grabbed her wrists, and they landed together in a sprawl, with Catherine on top. Instantly, Vincent's arms looped around her, holding her gently but securely. She started to squirm free, but wriggling at close quarters is not generally considered a good way to calm the over ardent, and Vincent clutched her closer. One large, furry hand moved to cradle her head, stroking her hair and holding her still so he could nuzzle her face again. Catherine pulled back, straightening her arms against the mattress. Her continued resistance was beginning to soak through Vincent's befuddled state, and he looked up at her stern face with a tragic expression, tears gathering in his blue eyes.

"Don't you want me?" he asked in the smallest possible voice; sounding like a lost little boy.

Responding to his pain Catherine leaned forward, gathering him into a comforting hug. "Of course I want you," she quietly told his ear. "But not like this ..."

Reassured, Vincent began nuzzling through her hair, and Catherine became exasperated, snapping, "You don't know what you're doing!"

"Yes I do," he breathed into her ear, licking ever-so-delicately along the rim. I read all about it once in a book."

Catherine knew that she was rapidly losing control of this encounter. Worse, she was losing control over herself. A part of her wanted to slap Vincent into behaving, but a renegade corner of her mind was noting that his tongue had the most unusual texture – not so smooth as to be slimy, nor so harsh as to rasp – just rough enough to be interesting.

"Vincent..." she started to say, but bringing his attention back to her mouth was a tactical mistake. He nibbled along her jaw, tracing a path from her earlobe to her lips. "No, Vincennmph!" she repeated, only to be silenced by his mouth.

Against her better judgement, Catherine found herself returning the kiss with interest. Encouraged, Vincent's hands slid into her hair, pulling her closer. Catherine caught a strong odor of mint and dimly wondered where it came from. However, her mind was slowly shutting off as she became more and more involved in the necking. She teased his mouth open and hungrily wrapped her tongue around a fang.

His hands slowly slipped over her shoulders and ran caressingly to her waist. As they fumbled with her clothing, Catherine lurched back to awareness. Unfortunately for her, it is very difficult to lodge a verbal protest when someone is nibbling on your lower lip.

"Nnnnh!... Vincent!" The thin flannel shirt had been untucked, and his fingertips were slipping beneath. "No! Please..." His hands, large, warm and soft, were running slowly up her back beneath the cloth. "Don't, Vincent!" He caressed the bare skin of her shoulders.

Catherine had dressed casually and hastily after her shower and was not wearing a bra. Noting the absence, his hands began sliding around to the front.

"Stop!" Catherine wailed, jerking temporarily clear of his mouth, Vincent briefly tickled what he found, and Catherine shuddered. "Stop that!" she whimpered half-heartedly.

Vincent stopped moving but did not remove his hands. He studied her flushed face with a trace of amusement. "Are you sure?" he asked quietly. Catherine paused, trying to think clearly through the haze of hormones. "I love you, Catherine," he whispered to her, his fingers just barely moving.

Instinctively, one of Catherine's hands flew to cover his, clutching it through the shirt. For a moment he feared she would pull his away, but her senses won over her sensibility, and she pressed him closer, rubbing her palm over his fingers.

"No," she purred huskily at him. "No, please don't stop, Vincent. Don't stop doing that at all."

So he didn't. Catherine began squirming again, but this time it was to help him pull off her clothes. Her hands became busy too, peeling layer after layer of leather and moving blankets. A stray thought made her snicker against the neck she was nibbling.

Once, when she was a child, her father had buried a Christmas present under sheets and sheets of tissue. She had unwrapped and unwrapped, knowing that underneath all the layers was something she would like very much...

The quiet laughter confused Vincent, but she distracted him from asking questions by clutching some of the more personal parts of his anatomy. No wonder models were always lounging on bearskin rugs, she realized. The feel of soft, warm fur against her skin was positively pornographic.

Vincent was slow, Vincent was gentle, and, Catherine noted with deep appreciation, Vincent was very careful with his claws. She cuddled close to him, hugged him tightly, and rolled to bring him on top. He didn't fight her, but his hands did falter.

"What's wrong?" Catherine asked, her lips moving against the warm fur of his chest.

"I... I..." Vincent took a deep breath and tried again. "I... don't know what to do next!"

Catherine chuckled again, "You're doing fine. Trust me."

"You don't understand!" He was starting to sound panicked. "Devin and I only read to this part when Father found out and took the book away! I understand the basic mechanics, but..."

Vincent hardly needed to be laughed at, at that point, but Catherine couldn't help herself. "I tell you what," she gasped when she finally regained control. "I'll show you." Then it was his turn to gasp, as she did.

Vincent was purring as he rolled over and fell asleep, a great deep purr that shook the bed. But Catherine was rudely awakened the morning after when the man next to her suddenly jumped bolt upright. Vincent stared around the bedroom with stricken eyes and looked at Catherine with an expression of complete and total horror.

"What happened?" he asked. Then he realized that the sheets were the only covering either of them had, and blurted, "What have I *done*??"

Catherine stretched seductively and smiled at him. "What do you remember?"

"I... was climbing to your balcony, and I heard the shower, so I was looking at the plants..."

"I'm keeping them for a friend while she's on vacation."

"... And I was just smelling the flowers, waiting for you to come out, and I started to feel drowsy..."

"And?"

"And," he whispered, "I dreamed that we... that we... *did we*?"

"Let me put it this way," Catherine told him. "Not only in your wildest dreams."

"I'm sorry," he said, so low that she could barely hear him.

"I don't see why" she responded frankly.

"How could I *do* such a thing?" he wailed.

There he had Catherine stumped. Vincent made an abortive effort to get out of bed, but Catherine realized that he was too shy to come out from under the covers while she was there.

"You stay put," she commanded as she slipped out from between the sheets. Vincent blushed under the fur and looked away as she stood up and searched for her robe. She leaned over to kiss the corner of his jaw and repeated, "Now you stay right there. Promise!"

Vincent ducked his head, still looking away. He made no sound at all.

Catherine snuck out onto the balcony; now lit by the early sun. She was searching for explanations, and the morning breeze brought the strong and familiar odor of mint from the far corner. Catherine traced it down to the plant Vincent had been toying with the night before and had to stifle her laughter as she recognized it. She should have guessed that Vincent had gotten into the catnip!

From behind her, she could hear rustling in the bedroom as Vincent disobeyed her orders and got dressed. "You're not getting away so easily," Catherine muttered fiercely, plucking a leaf off the stem in front of her. She crushed it, then ran it the length of her neck, from ear to collarbone. And then she marched back in to deal with her fractious lover.

Vincent was almost completely dressed, and Catherine "tsked" at him. "I told you not to do that," she reminded him.

"I must go," he said feverishly. "Father..."

"You're stuck here until nightfall;" she reminded him. "It's too light outside for you to climb down the building, and there are too many commuters for you to risk the elevator or subway." She stepped closer, reaching for his shoulders. "Is staying here really a fate worse than death, considering?"

She reached for him, and Vincent's eyes shut, and his head rolled back from the temptation of her closeness, a move that left his entire neck exposed to her lips. "Catherine," he said, then more insistently, "Cath-mp!" She silenced him as he had her the night before, then pulled his head down so that she could nuzzle under his golden hair.

"Catherine, no," he protested. "Please, Catherine don't... Catherine... is that a new perfume you're wearing?"

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