

BLACK COVER

WEDNESDAY NIGHT MOVES

- M LOUIS

Diana Bennet had hoped that he had only been a figment of her over-active imagination. Vincent couldn't possibly be real! What had happened to her, and the people she had come to know and love in the last few months, could only have been a plot for some sort of sci-fi horror film. But the strange though attractive lion man/protector had been real - and Vincent had stayed with her for 4 days as he recovered from his injuries.

After spending the time she did with Vincent, all the other trials they went through together, everything else seemed insubstantial to her. Pretty, even. To know of Vincent and his world's existence, and to have made tentative friends with him, even her relationship with Mark, though not as strong as she had wished in the first place, suddenly seemed like something she needed to discard, to get out of the way. She needed to leave her mind open to all the new changes that were upon her.

Diana sat alone in her apartment, sipping some strong coffee and wondered about Catherine Chandler. Obviously, from what Diana had gathered from Vincent, Catherine would not live with him, though he claimed their love had been strong and without end.

Maybe Vincent's love is, she thought, but she couldn't understand why Catherine had not gone Below with Vincent. Why had Catherine never told him she was pregnant by him? Why hadn't Catherine trusted Vincent completely? Diana couldn't imagine Vincent giving Catherine any reason not to. He seemed incapable of deceitfulness of any sort. Diana couldn't see any reason not to trust Vincent with anything, even her deepest and darkest secrets.

All she knew of Catherine was just a smattering of information from Joe Maxwell, and some of the things Diana had gathered from Catherine's apartment. All that gave Diana little insight as to the type of woman Catherine had been. And Vincent was blaming himself for Catherine's death. Somehow, Diana thought that if only Catherine had trusted Vincent and told him about the baby, this entire nightmare, that so many others had suffered through and some died over, would have been avoided. Possibly Vincent would have convinced Catherine to live Below with him and they would have had their 'Happily ever after...'

Now, Diana only wished desperately that she could rid Vincent of the burden of his guilt. He was the very kind of person who experienced emotions very deeply and she knew that if it

hadn't been for knowing of his son's existence, Vincent surely would have died from the self-loathing he felt over Catherine's death. As it was, he had almost died when Diana found him in the graveyard. She wondered if it was her very presence and her fervent willing of him not to die that saved him? Or just the strange metaphysical and powerful being that he was, able to withstand extremes that Diana knew surely would have killed anyone else. Perhaps she would never know.

Diana secretly hoped it had been herself that had instilled the desire to go on in Vincent. Even after he had recovered sufficiently to leave and could have gone home, he had remained at her loft for nearly a day and a half further, just talking to her. He told Diana of the guilt and the grief he had over Catherine, the things he wished he could have done, the anger that he couldn't do those things for her. Diana had suffered with him through those solemn moments, felt his pain and sorrow, and worst of all, felt helpless to help him. He didn't ask and Diana knew he wouldn't. In the end, she had to force her help on him.

Diana was happy during those days Vincent spent at her apartment. It gave her a wonderfully warm feeling that he had shared his confidence in her. Vincent was someone she knew had been used to keeping secrets all his life. And she was smitten with Vincent, not in spite of his differences, but because of them.

She was sure Catherine must have felt the same way. What strange power did he hold? He seemed to her something out of a fantasy story, from a Steven Spielberg movie maybe.

It was hard to believe that two very opposite beings existed inside the one man, but she had seen it to be true. She had seen the rage Vincent was capable of, the extreme contradiction of the gentle, cultured man she also knew. The sight of the 'beast' in him had not frightened her when she first saw it, but it intrigued her no end. If Diana was impressed with Vincent before, she was in awe of him now - and she couldn't quit thinking about him, dreaming about him. Her dreams were often incomprehensible.

Always, she seemed to be trying to reach out to him, but Vincent couldn't see or hear her. Diana knew it was a block Vincent was reluctant to break through, and she wasn't sure how he felt about her. She wasn't even fully sure of how she herself felt about Vincent. She only knew that she had envied the love that he and Catherine had shared. It was expressed in the reverence in which he spoke of her, how he said he had lived for her, and that he was her protector.

Diana once again wondered what it was like to be loved with the intensity that Vincent loved Catherine? What would it be like to be loved by him, to be held in his strong, warm arms? With a start Diana heard the elevator rising to her apartment.

Must be Mark, she thought. Probably to get the rest of the things he had left behind. She chuckled, then wondered about all the things he had left at her place. He'd been back three times already in the last month to collect them. Mark had never completely moved into her loft, yet had left more of his belongings than she was aware of.

Diana was waiting at the door when he arrived. Mark was standing there with his hands in his pockets as the door slid open and she smiled slightly at him.

He only nodded and said, "May I come in? I only have to pick up my books and I promise you, that's it."

Diana nodded and stepped aside, allowing him through. She watched him as he traversed the loft to the bedroom, went directly to the books he had stated and picked them up. He turned around and came back to her.

"Anything else?" she asked him, her eyebrows raised.

Mark watched her, seemed as though he was about to speak, then sighed and shook his head.

"No... I guess not." He went into the elevator, hit the button and the door closed behind him.

Vincent landed on the roof top gracefully, glanced about himself quickly and was assured that he was alone. He went to the rooftop doorway and hesitated. He really didn't know Diana very well and had no idea what she thought of him. He was fairly certain she wanted to be friends with him, but coming here to her place unannounced?

Now that the danger and threat was over and he had his son home safe with him, Vincent felt it was time to heal and see her. He owed his and his son's life to Diana, but he knew it wasn't just that which brought him to her loft tonight.

Vincent genuinely liked Diana and wanted to get to know her better. He moved slowly to the door that would lead him down to her loft and hesitated as he reached for the knob. He heard voices inside her place. Hers and a man's. His heart fell. Vincent felt a little breathless and waited as they spoke. They didn't say much, then he heard the sound of the elevator going down. Vincent wasn't sure if Diana was alone now, but he was still shaking from the fact that there'd been a man in her place. Why did she ask him to come if she was already involved with someone? Vincent felt angry and hurt as he began pacing the rooftop impatiently, then he stopped abruptly.

How absurd! He wondered at his reaction. It was an emotion he had experienced a few times with Catherine, and he recognized it for what it was. Jealousy. Vincent steadied himself and took in a deep breath. Then he released it, gazed at the door again and turned from it. Perhaps now was not a good time to be there after all.

Diana felt the powerful surge of emotion and knew Vincent was very close! She rushed to the door accessing the roof because she knew that now he was leaving. Vincent was already beginning to climb down from the roof as Diana burst through the doorway.

"Vincent!" she called, and he stopped, peering back to her over his shoulder, almost sheepishly.

Returning to the roof Vincent stood there watching her as she approached him.

"I...", he began and pointed to her loft. "I didn't realize you had company." He bowed his head and added, "I decided I would like to see you tonight only a short time ago. There was no

time to warn you.”

“It’s okay, Vincent, he’s gone!” she said quickly. Almost too quickly, she thought. Watch it, you’ll look too anxious, Diana.

They both stood there awkwardly for a moment, then she said, “Would you like to come inside?”

Vincent raised his head and smiled at her. He nodded his head as she returned his smile and turned back to the doorway. Vincent opened it for her and they went inside her place. Diana entered her living room and called over her shoulder, “Would you like anything to drink?”

“No, thank you,” Vincent replied and walked over to her kitchen table. Sitting down he looked around with some apprehension.

Diana watched his obvious discomfort. “Nervous?”

Vincent turned to her, his blue eyes widened a little, then he nodded his head, smiling almost shyly. “I do not understand my discomfort in being here.”

Diana shrugged, brushed a stray lock of red hair from her forehead and sat across the table from him.

“Maybe because you came under your own power this time.”

Vincent chuckled at her statement and said, “Perhaps you are right.”

Diana smiled at him again and he returned it. She watched him for a moment and couldn’t help feeling that she was very attracted to this man. Just his mere presence in the room caused a fluttering sensation in her lower abdomen and she was actually beginning to feel a little breathless. She admired his long golden hair, his intelligent blue eyes. She felt some apprehension, wondering if he could feel what she felt, hoping he didn’t. She wasn’t used to feeling this vulnerable around anybody.

Diana finally realized that he had been watching her with an unreadable expression all this time, the lids of his eyes slightly lowered. All she saw were his gem-like sapphire blue eyes darkened with an emotion she wasn’t sure he was ready to feel.

“I know what you are thinking,” Vincent said to her suddenly, leaning on his elbows and folding his strong, claw-like hands before him then pressing them against his lips in contemplation.

Diana felt her face go crimson. She inclined her head, her eyes avoiding Vincent’s.

“I have much to thank you for,” Vincent added sincerely then, his voice in almost a whisper.

Looking back up into his eyes Diana saw the honesty in them. His lips were slightly parted now, the tips of his ivory fangs showing as he waited for her reply.

Diana smiled at him finally and said, “You don’t owe me anything, Vincent. What I did for you I would have done for anyone else like you.”

“Indeed?” Vincent answered, his eyebrows raised. There was a hint of amusement now in his eyes. “How many others do you know like myself?”

Diana started laughing and finally began to relax a little. "Believe me," she said and sighed with mock weariness, "after all we've been through, I thank my lucky stars that you are the only one."

Vincent chuckled with disarming gentleness and Diana enjoyed his laughter. It was truly the first time she had ever heard him laugh.

"So," Diana said softly, as he looked back at her. "Why did you come here?"

Vincent's expression became shy.

He replied softly, "Remember when you said to me, 'when this is all over...?'"

Diana once again felt her face flush as she remembered and she nodded her head. Vincent's answer at the time had been, 'I will come to you...'

Vincent watched Diana for a moment, as she seemed lost in her own contemplation. This was one of the attributes that he liked about Diana. She never said anything that was out of line, and most of all, she always spoke her heart. This same honesty in her made him feel confident and compelled him to speak only his heart to her as well. It would be difficult to learn to do so. He had been used to masking so many of his emotions from others most of his life.

Then he wondered what it must have taken for Diana to ask him to return in the first place. Vincent was fully aware of what an intimidating presence he could be.

"I keep my word," Vincent said gently and breaking into her thoughts and ending his own contemplation.

"Yeah," Diana agreed nodding her head. "I've found that out about you." She smiled at him then boldly reached across the table taking his hand.

Vincent was startled by her gesture but he did not pull away from her. He gazed into her intense green eyes and trembled a little. With trepidation, he gently squeezed her hand and started, "The man who was here..." but he trailed off and shook his head, sighing heavily.

"Forgive me, Diana," he said and began rising from his seat, reluctantly releasing her hand. "I have no right to ask. I should go..."

Diana's heart flew into her throat and she almost just sat there in stunned silence as he disappeared from her life.

"Vincent!" she called sharply. "What makes you think I won't answer a question you haven't even asked?"

Vincent paused and stood for a moment with his back to her. He finally replied softly, "I... I shouldn't ask you any questions of the nature I was going to."

He turned back to face her finally and shrugged his shoulders. "It is rather bold of me, seeing I am," he held his hands out to his sides, indicating himself, "what I am."

"Mark was someone I was involved with," Diana stated simply, her arms folded against herself. "Someone who I thought I was in love with, and might spend the rest of my life with, until recently. I've broken up with him."

Vincent inclined his head and nodded it, the veil of his golden hair hiding his face. "And why did you break up with him?" he asked with hesitation.

"Because I met you," Diana replied with no hesitation, her eyes locked with his. Vincent was once again taken aback by her frankness. She certainly didn't even try to hide the fact that he affected her. And by the admittance of her reason as to why she broke up with Mark, the way he affected her was very obvious.

Diana was watching Vincent as she saw the beginnings of a smile tugging at his lips and she held her hands out at her sides.

"Can we get comfortable now, Vincent? I mean now that the preparatory B.S. is over?"

Vincent chuckled easily and nodded his head. Diana rose and made her way over to her couch. She sat down, then patted the place next to her, indicating she wanted Vincent to sit there.

He approached her with cautious steps, but did not sit by her. Instead, he slipped to the floor. His back rubbed her slightly, his shoulder pressing into her leg, not accidentally but intentionally. Diana watched with wonder as Vincent settled himself, then he turned his head back to look at her over his shoulder. Her heart fluttered at the almond-shaped blue eyes, a hint of curiosity glowing in them.

"Are you really comfortable there?" she asked him, and placed a hand gently upon his shoulder, her fingers playing slightly in the tassel of golden hair laying there.

He inclined his head. "Yes."

Smiling at him, Diana reached for the hood of his cloak, pushing it off his head. She boldly began to caress his golden mane, gently running her fingers through its tresses. She loved the way the low lights in her apartment highlighted the shades of gold and red, the way it felt in her hands. Vincent shivered a little, and surprising Diana, he suddenly laid his head upon her knee, nuzzling there for a moment.

This was probably a very natural show of affection for Vincent, Diana thought, part of his very nature, and she sighed trying to contain her excitement. Suddenly, she heard an almost imperceptible rumble from him. She had to remain very still and quiet to hear it. She realized what it was, and was reminded again how delightfully different Vincent was.

Diana impulsively caressed him behind his ear with her fingertips and started leaning forward, wanting to return his nuzzle, to feel his soft hair against her cheek. Vincent raised his head in surprise, almost hitting her.

"Whoa!" she exclaimed as she just got out of range and began laughing. "It wasn't that bad, was it?"

Vincent himself chuckled and shook his head. "No, Diana. You startled me."

"I'm sorry," she said, then patted the top of Vincent's head affectionately once. He smiled at her gesture as she added, "You startled me with your nuzzling."

He glanced at her with some embarrassment now. "I felt compelled to do that, to show my..."

and he trailed off, hesitant to continue.

“Try gratitude?” Diana asked. Vincent paused a moment then nodded. “Okay, Vincent. We’ll use that word for now.”

Vincent stared at her in astonishment then his face became crimson beneath the golden down. She rose to her feet again. I’m going to put on some music.”

Nodding, Vincent watched her as she went to her sound system and turned it on. While she was doing that, he noticed a photo album beneath the coffee table by the couch. Diana put on some sort of soft music and turned back to him.

He indicated the photo album, “May I?”

Diana shrugged. “Knock yourself out.”

Removing the album from under the table, Vincent set it on his lap. He opened it to the first page and saw a copy of her high school diploma. On the next page was a crushed and dried pink rose next to a prom invitation. Diana sat next to him on the floor and waited for any questions. Vincent turned the page without comment and saw a picture of Diana some years old, in a lovely white formal gown, her red hair pinned up in mounds of curls, standing next to a handsome young man in a white tuxedo.

“My first high school prom,” she said in explanation to Vincent’s curious expression, and he nodded, while turning the page again. The next picture was of her with a different young man in a rather beat up old car. Diana was behind the wheel smiling brightly, while the young man next to her had a smile that seemed strained.

“Learning to drive.” Diana said when Vincent peered back at her in question.

Diana smiled at Vincent as he chuckled knowingly now, satisfied as to why the man with her seemed uncomfortable with her. He continued paging through the album. Every now and then he would pause while Diana gave explanations about the pictures. Vincent saw her from her early high school days until she was a graduate from college, the last school picture being of her graduation ceremony.

Diana wondered if she would ever know more about Vincent’s past? She didn’t think he would have any kind of memorabilia, such as a photo album of the years as he grew up.

Finally, she asked him, “Do you have any pictures of when you were younger, Vincent?”

Vincent nodded replacing the album back in its spot. “My father has a few pictures of when I was a baby and as I grew up. There are not many but he tried to get at least one for each year of my life.”

“I’d like to see them,” Diana said, and folded her hands upon her lap, crossing her legs beneath her.

Vincent shrugged replying, “Father is very protective of them. Whenever I had my picture taken, he would make sure he received the negatives back and he would destroy them. I haven’t seen the pictures in years. He may have grown apprehensive and destroyed them as well.”

“Well,” Diana said then, “I’ll just have to ask him next time I’m down.”

Vincent’s eyes went to hers. “That could be this Thursday, if you would be so kind to attend. The children are having a spelling bee. I have to be one of the judges.”

Diana almost laughed at the way Vincent said that. He said it as if it was not something he was very enthused about.

“It should only last perhaps two hours at the most,” Vincent explained, when Diana didn’t reply right away, and added, “I would be most honored if you were there, Diana.”

Diana finally nodded. “Yeah sure, I think I’d like that. It would give me a chance to see Jacob too, he’s such an adorable little guy.”

“Yes.” Vincent agreed. They sat in silence for a while, just listening to the music. Diana was a little surprised that she felt no uneasiness with Vincent. She didn’t feel she had to keep up any kind of small talk with him to keep his interest, and she could feel that he was content as well.

Vincent glanced over to her indicating her television, “Do you own a VCR?”

Diana was a little surprised by his question. But of course he would know about such things as a VCR! Vincent was forced to live in another world Below, but that didn’t mean he would not keep up on the happenings Above.

“Yes I do,” she finally replied. “Why?”

“There are some movies I wish to see,” he said, folding his hands in his lap. “I do not have much opportunity to see them. When I was younger, I would sneak into an old movie theatre Above from the steam tunnels, and watch the features. It closed down years ago.”

“Didn’t Catherine have...,” Diana stopped and felt her face grow crimson. She hadn’t meant to bring up Catherine, but it was too late now.

Diana wasn’t sure how Vincent was going to react to what she said, but he simply replied, “Catherine didn’t have a television.”

“Oh,” Diana said then, seeing with relief that he was not offended by her question. “In that case, just tell me what you’d like to see and I’ll rent it.”

“‘Star Wars’,” Vincent replied without hesitation, and Diana began laughing with surprise, her hand touching her cheek, her eyes filling with delight. Vincent just watched her with humor and smiled warmly, adding, “all the ‘Star Wars’ movies and ‘Star Trek’ movies. ‘Indiana Jones’ as well.”

Diana laughed again shaking her head. “For some reason I thought you’d ask to see ‘Gone with the Wind’ or ‘Casablanca’?”

“Indeed?” Vincent said raising his eyebrows. “I do have a classical education, but I also like to enjoy the more frivolous things in life. I have seen those movies you spoke of, at a helper’s home. I have seen most of the classics.”

“So now you’re ready to have fun?” Diana asked gently and leaned toward him.

Vincent nodded. "I was then, also, but for some reason the helper thought I would not enjoy fantasy movies."

Shrugging, she spread her hands. "Why didn't you ask?"

"I didn't feel it was my right to impose."

Diana smiled again and nodded asking with some amusement. "But you aren't afraid of imposing on me, right?"

"No," Vincent replied simply without any pause, his warm blue eyes holding hers.

For some reason Diana felt a gentle glow inside, that he was that comfortable with her. "What are you doing Wednesday night?"

Vincent shrugged and gazing at her with mirth in his eye. "Coming here?"

Diana's smile was now filled with warmth. "I was hoping you'd say that."

Vincent nodded, then relaxed against the couch again, his eyes directed forward, listening to the music. Diana was just content to watch him and she sighed softly. Leaning her elbow upon the couch behind him, she gently began playing with a stray golden lock of Vincent's mane. He let her...

The seasons passed uneventfully, but after what Diana had been through when she first met Vincent, that was fine with her. The last year and a half had been absolutely wonderful! She had become a helper to Vincent and the world Below and she had begun spending any spare time she had there with Vincent and his son Jacob.

Jacob was growing quickly and was becoming a rambunctious child, intelligent and already walking with sureness in his step. Since Diana took Wednesdays off, she would watch him for Vincent, so he could work that day. It wasn't necessary, but she loved Jacob dearly and wanted to be with him.

Wednesday was also VCR movie night at her loft, because Vincent didn't have to be up early for anything on Thursday. Since, in her line of work, Diana pretty much kept her own hours, neither did she. Between watching Jacob during the day, then having Vincent most of the night after, Wednesday became Diana's favorite day of the week.

Today, Diana had Jacob Above in her loft and he was quietly playing on her kitchen floor while she was doing her dishes. She glanced behind her every now and then to check on him, but he seemed content where he was as he built incomprehensible objects with his 'Lego' toys.

Diana finished her task and turned to him. "Okay kiddo!" she said and then swept him off the floor with a flourish. Jacob laughed delightedly. "I have to take you back Below, babe. Daddy's gonna get home and wonder where I've kidnapped you to this time?"

Diana carried him to her elevator and he began jabbering in his nonsense baby talk, because he loved the elevator! Once Diana spent an hour going up and down in it with him. She finally had to stop because the other tenants started complaining about the noise.

Gathering his belongings and her bag, Diana left the building then took a taxi to the Park. She began to make her way to the drainage pipe. As she walked in the falling dusk across well-trodden grass, she saw lovers scattered about, walking hand in hand. She had to stifle a little shiver of envy when she saw two of them in a passionate embrace.

She thought about Mark for the first time in quite a while. He had been quite a satisfying lover when they had been together. He always seemed to know what pleased her and she missed that time with him. Now, as she had many times before, she wondered about Vincent.

Though they had become very close as friends, in all the time they had been together he had never indicated that he wanted to further their relationship to a more physical plain. She wondered if he ever thought of it?

Diana had grown to know Vincent pretty well. Many times she could feel everything he was feeling and sometimes she thought he did desire her. But he would mask the feeling so quickly that she had just a slight sensation. Then she wasn't sure if she read him correctly.

Diana had been dreaming about Vincent since she had met him over a year ago, but now her dreams were filled with unfulfilled fantasies of him. She would wake up in a fevered sweat, wondering if he might have felt what she had. Sometimes Vincent could feel what she did strongly and Diana's face went red, even now, and she hoped he didn't feel all her strong emotions.

Diana knew that making love to Vincent was just about all she thought about when she was with him. Though she had wanted her relationship with Vincent to progress, she knew she had to remain patient and wait for him. At the very first, Vincent had been very guarded with her. He'd had a terrible time opening his heart to feelings for a long time. Diana knew he was trying to be as honest with her as possible, but he had a fear instilled in him of getting close to another. He didn't want to have another life torn from him.

Diana couldn't blame him, and she waited as he sorted through his feelings, watching the progression of her friendship with him, watching his son grow.

Then, sometime during the last year, Vincent had decided that it was time to open his heart again. He realized that keeping it protected would only make him stagnant - and it would stunt any growth of his relationship with his son, his friends and family.

Just very recently, Diana could swear Vincent had begun flirting with her! Little things such as compliments and some lighthearted teasing, but unfortunately nothing more serious than that. And he had become relaxed with her in a way she was sure he wasn't with anyone else, even Father.

Once, when Vincent had arrived at her loft for a movie, he'd had an especially difficult day that involved much physical labor on his part. Although he had bathed and groomed himself before he arrived at Diana's loft, she could see that he was exhausted. Still, he came to her in spite of that. They settled themselves on the thick carpet she had purchased, since it was Vincent's habit to sit on the floor and now hers too. She started to play the movie she rented, and with a quiet, weary sigh, Vincent leaned back against the couch.

In a few minutes, when Diana looked over to him, his eyes were closed, his head tilted back and she could tell he was beginning to fall asleep. She placed her arm around his shoulders just to give him some support for his neck and to her surprise, without opening his eyes he laid down beside her and put his head on her lap. Diana was moved by this gesture of trust and began gently stroking his golden mane until she could hear the quiet rumble start up in him that delighted her so. Soon she could tell he was deeply asleep.

They stayed that way until the sky began lighting up for a new day. To Diana, that was merely the first step in a deeper physical relationship with Vincent, although she knew he might need more time to become totally confident with her.

“Be patient, Diana!” she sighed to herself, as she carried Jacob through the secret entrance of the tunnels, then lowered him to walk on his own, flipping the lever to close the door. He immediately started running and she went after him.

“Hey, squirt!” she said with a laugh and grabbed his hand. “That’s all I need is for you to get lost for your dad!”

Just then Vincent came from a side tunnel and Diana jumped with a start. Jacob and Vincent began laughing at her expression of astonishment and she released Jacob’s hand. Vincent had also finally developed a sense of humor over the past year and a half, and enjoyed playing little pranks on her.

“Thanks, Vinnie!” she said as she held her hand over her heart.

Vincent picked up his son and replied, “I’m sorry. I frightened you, didn’t I?”

“Just 20 years worth off my life!” she exclaimed and started walking with them. Diana fell quiet and watched Vincent, moving with feline grace and ease of motion, remembering the couples in the park and what she had been thinking about.

They’ve never withheld what they felt from each other and Diana wasn’t about to start. In a more serious tone she asked, “Are you still coming over tonight after you put Jacob to bed?”

Vincent peered at her curiously. “On movie night? Of course I shall be there, Diana. But why do you ask?”

Diana began to feel uncomfortable. Maybe she shouldn’t broach the subject. Vincent seemed so naive at times.

“I really need to talk to you about something.”

Diana saw a slight crease of a smile come to Vincent’s leonine features. He eyed her speculatively then replied, “I think I know what you want to talk about.”

So Vincent did feel what Diana had been feeling lately! Diana could feel her face growing hot and it made her angry, with her fair complexion, her face would turn beet red and it never failed to amuse Vincent. It didn’t this time either.

Diana sighed, flustered as he chuckled and she said quickly, “I have to go back now, Vincent. What kind of movie do you want?”

Vincent paused and thought for a moment, bouncing Jacob absently in his arms, then

shrugged.

“Surprise me.”

Diana nodded, quickly kissed Jacob goodbye as the child embraced her, then gave her a sloppy kiss back. Diana smiled at them both and she could swear Vincent had winked at her! She felt her face redden even more and she quickly left them as she heard his deep chuckling. Making her way back out of the tunnels to the park, she wiped Jacob’s goodbye kiss from her cheek with the sleeve of her army jacket.

Sometimes Vincent made her so damned frustrated. Diana knew Vincent would now tease her on purpose, just to see her blush. He once told her he thought it was lovely. She sighed softly, remembering how he said it the night the power had gone out and they spent Wednesday night talking by candlelight instead. And how Vincent had almost kissed her, then the power came back on and Joe Maxwell was buzzing her loft. Vincent had left. Diana had sighed with irritation then.

Well enough thought, because now she had tonight to prepare for and she had to go get that movie Vincent was expecting.

Vincent loved the movies she found and together they had watched movies of every kind from ‘Crocodile Dundee’ to ‘Top Gun’. They had seen comedy, adventure, romantic, suspense and even bad ‘B-rated’ sci-fi horror films. They’d seen almost everything! She didn’t know what to rent for tonight.

Wait a minute, there was a certain kind of movie they had never watched together! Diana wasn’t sure if Vincent had ever seen that kind of movie. And Vincent had said, “Surprise me...”

Diana got a delicious feeling of bedevilment and decided she would rent that one kind of movie they’d never seen together.

She went to the video store, glanced around for a moment and spotted the catalogue that was put aside on the front desk for Adults Only. As she started paging through the selection, she had to chuckle at some of the titles; ‘Love Slaves’ Revenge’ and ‘Nymphomaniacs from Neptune’ when someone came to her elbow.

“Can I help you with anything?”

Diana looked up, beginning to blush and saw the young man who worked for the store.

She replied rather awkwardly, “Well, maybe. I have a friend coming over tonight and I don’t think he’s ever seen one of these kinds of movies,” she indicated the magazine. “But I don’t want to really shock him to death. Could you suggest something that’s got a story to it? One that doesn’t have some woman bonking 20 guys, preferably.”

The young man chuckled and nodded his head. “Then try this one.” And he pointed to a title. “It’s a love story between a man and a woman, but it’s quite explicit.”

Diana saw a movie called ‘Lustful Lakefront’ and agreed to it. She had never heard of it, but then of course she had never heard of any of the adult movie titles. None were major motion

pictures because of their content.

When she was making her way home with the movie securely under her arm, she began to giggle at how Vincent would react to it. She wondered if he would be offended by it? If he was, she would shut it off immediately, but otherwise she was just going to spring it on him when he arrived tonight. Suddenly, she couldn't wait for that moment!

Vincent arrived on time, just after sunset. Diana heard him knock lightly on the door that led to the rooftop.

"It's open," she called and he came inside holding a bottle of wine in the crook of his arm. Diana saw it and with a hint of amusement asked curiously, "Vino tonight, Vinnie?"

Vincent smirked then looked to the bottle shrugging, "I thought that tonight it might be appropriate."

Diana was a little shaken. Vincent obviously knew what she wanted to talk to him about and now she wondered if she should have gotten the movie she did. Maybe he would be offended by it.

"Are we ready for the movie?" Vincent asked, as he entered her living room, set down the bottle of wine and removed his cloak.

To Diana's surprise, tonight Vincent was without his layers of vests and sweaters and was wearing only a light cotton shirt with his faded and patched blue jeans. And to her delight, he also was finally wearing the high top Nike running shoes she had given him for his birthday in January. He was totally casual tonight, as she had never seen him before, and very attractive. She noticed his shirt was even partially unbuttoned and some of the ginger-colored fur beneath it was showing.

Diana wanted to sigh helplessly at how sensuous he looked and wondered what he had in mind.

"The movie, Diana?" Vincent repeated with a hint of amusement in his voice now, breaking into her thoughts.

"Oh, yeah!" she said and pulled it from the bag. She went to her VCR, turned it on, then inserted the tape. Vincent was already sitting in his customary place on the floor, his back to the couch and his long lean legs stretched out before him.

Diana went to get two glasses for the wine. When she returned, she turned out all the lights, as was their custom, and sat next to Vincent.

Then he began to pour the wine. She reached for her remote control for the VCR.

"And what have you brought us tonight?" Vincent asked softly as he handed a filled glass to her.

"Something I don't think you've ever seen before," she replied. "It's a love story. If you find it offensive, let me know and I'll shut it off."

With that Vincent's brow raised as he peered at her with amusement.

"I see," he said and turned back to the TV screen. "Does this have anything to do with what you wished to speak with me about tonight?"

"Well, yeah... sort of." Diana replied, and turned toward the TV as she pressed the play switch. The movie unfolded before their eyes and Diana would glance at Vincent every now and then to see his reaction. It started out tame enough, but by the time they were eight minutes into the movie, there was already some very hot action on the screen.

"Sort of?" Vincent said softly and glanced at her. Diana felt her face getting warm and she reached for the remote control.

Vincent clasped her hand gently and stopped her saying, "No. It's fine. Let's watch it."

Diana nodded, then became uncomfortable because Vincent didn't seem to be reacting at all to the steamy sex scene now going on in the movie and she wondered what he must be thinking. She decided she would try to watch it and enjoy it as much as she could, despite Vincent's seemingly unaffected composure.

When one particularly explicit scene was running, Diana herself was watching with rapt interest when she suddenly felt Vincent's arm go around her shoulders. Then, after the passage of perhaps a minute, she felt him place his face into her hair by her ear and she could feel his gentle breath as he nuzzled there.

Diana's heart pounded as if it were going to leap out of her chest and she felt herself becoming aroused. She pressed into him, hesitantly, then laid her hand upon his thigh and rubbed him gently. Vincent didn't seem to mind Diana's hand and she continued to rub him as they watched the movie.

She glanced over at him furtively and saw he too was watching the ignited love scene with interest. She tried to ignore the panting and moaning coming from the screen and admired Vincent's profile, the fine covering of down on his nose and chin, the way his lower lip protruded almost in a pout from covering his fangs, his long eyelashes, his long golden hair.

Diana found herself unconsciously moving her hand with increased speed and pressure on Vincent's leg and she stifled a shiver, stopping her obvious libidinous movements immediately. She knew Vincent was aware of what she had just done and waited for him to push her hand away. She wasn't about to remove it willingly, she decided.

Suddenly she felt a warmth on her leg. Vincent had placed his hand upon her thigh gently and just left it there. Diana stifled a gasp of excitement, then felt him nuzzle into her hair again, his arm around her shoulders, pulling her closer to him. She pressed into him and turned her face toward him. Diana could see Vincent's blue eyes looking into hers with warmth and he placed his finger under her chin, tilting her head up slightly then gently pressed his lips against hers.

After a long tender moment he withdrew. Diana remained with her head toward him, her eyes closed, and didn't want to move. Placing his fingers on her cheek, Vincent gently drew them across her soft skin, his claws dragging ever so slightly, then he kissed her lips again. Diana could feel the strangeness of his mouth against hers, the downy soft feeling of his whiskers,

his warm breath on her nose.

Her hand on him began moving again, slowly, and she was feeling the warm muscles of his thigh twitching as she rubbed it. Diana was waiting for Vincent to move her hand away as she slowly began moving it upwards. Finally, he did take her hand and to her surprise, Vincent guided it up his leg and higher, placing it where she could feel his arousal straining against his jeans.

Vincent moaned softly, pressing his lips harder against hers as Diana grasped him and began gently massaging him, feeling the size of him. Her breath caught in her throat as his hand reached up, cupping one of her breasts then gently kneaded it. She was feeling a little heady and full of expectation when their lips finally parted.

Their eyes locked on each other. His azure eyes were dark with passion and she knew he could see the same thing in her own. Without hesitation, their lips joined again and their tongues sought each other out. Diana immediately pushed herself into him, the roaring awakening of her sensuality overcoming any apprehension she had experienced earlier.

She had Vincent on his back as she lay on his chest, their lips never parting. Vincent gently entangled his fingers into her luxurious red hair then ran them down through it, reveling in the softness of it. Diana shivered and her own hands went into Vincent's hair, her fingers grasping his mane and pulling his head against her lips. Her tongue touched his fangs and she moaned with delight. She pressed herself against the hardness in his jeans and began moving on him. Vincent pulled his mouth away from her then growled slightly.

He rolled her to her back and began kissing her neck, positioning himself between her legs, pressing himself there then began moving his hips in rhythm against her. Wrapping her legs into his, Diana arched upward and he groaned softly. Her hands moved on his back, feeling his firm muscles through the cloth of his thin shirt. Both of them were straining to join through the fabric of their jeans. Diana squeezed her hands between them and began to unbutton Vincent's shirt until she could get a hand inside it. Her fingers sought out the golden fur there and was surprised by its softness.

Vincent's clawed hands were carefully working on her blouse, unfastening it until he could reach inside. He gently cupped a breast in his hand and with one look into her eyes, he bent down and gently placed his mouth there, as Diana removed her leg-lock from him.

He began tantalizing her with the tip of his tongue until her nipple was hardened and she was undeniably aroused. The feel of his fangs against her tender skin was exquisite and she moaned in response to his ministrations. She gazed down at him. The sight of his golden head, his mane spilling over her torso, intrigued her.

Vincent pulled from her slightly, reaching between her legs and gently began massaging her through her jeans as she wiggled her hips and sighed in response. After a moment of that, hearing her fervent moans, he unfastened her jeans. Slowly unzipping them, he pushed his fingers into them. He slipped his fingers into her bikini underwear until one clawed finger fell through the soft, curly hair and dipped into the awaiting moisture there. He began moving his finger in a circular motion between the folds of her warm sensitivity. Diana gasped, arching

her hips in response, wrapping her arms around his neck and began panting into the veil of his mane.

Vincent could feel the extent of her excitement by the amount of dampness between her legs and he whispered into her ear. "Shall we become more comfortable?"

"Yes!" Diana almost gasped in reply, and Vincent began to push her jeans down as her own hands began unfastening his.

In no time, their clothes were tangled and piled to the side of them and he pushed the coffee table away to make room. He was on his knees, looking down at her slender naked body with obvious approval and sighed, trembling as Diana admired Vincent's own well-muscled, golden fur covered body, and the sheer size of his erection as it stood out from his body.

She reached for him and he came to her eagerly, positioning himself on top of her as she willingly spread her legs wide on either side of his narrow hips. Vincent pressed his hardness against Diana's own moist arousal and without hesitation, he submerged his entire length into her, growling softly from the sensation. Diana suddenly gasped sharply with pain, her face in agony.

Instantly stricken, Vincent exclaimed, "My God, Diana! I hurt you!" Then immediately began pulling from her.

Diana grasped his shoulders and stopped him saying, "Wait a sec', babe."

She reached awkwardly beneath her back and removed the 'Lego' toy that had implanted itself into her spine. Diana glared at it as Vincent closed his eyes, exhaling with relief, and she tossed it over her shoulder. Diana wrapped her arms and legs around Vincent's back arching her hips, encouraging him to begin moving.

Vincent didn't need much encouragement and began moving his hips slowly, pushing the entire length of his hardness into her and withdrawing then submerging himself into her again. He grasped her shoulders gently in his giant warm hands and raised his head, his eyes closed tightly as he moved.

Diana's hands were in constant motion on his back, feeling the hard muscles rippling under the warm, fur-covered skin as he moved. The feeling of his warm, hard muscled, fur covered chest against her breasts was totally sensuous. She reached up and began kissing his neck as he moaned, and she could feel the restrained power in him. Vincent's pace was increasing and his powerful thrusts were causing Diana to gasp as she dug her nails into his fur-covered shoulders, when suddenly Vincent gasped and withdrew from her completely. Diana groaned with disappointment and Vincent panted.

Then Vincent said in a strained whisper, "It has been a long time for me."

"Me too!" Diana replied plaintively and grabbed his shoulders, trying to pull Vincent back on top of her.

Vincent stopped her gently and Diana groaned again. Then he said, "I don't want this to end too soon." He lay beside her and wrapped his arms around her holding her close to him, his breathing returning to almost normal. "I want to please you, Diana."

“You are!” Diana replied moving sensually against his warm body. She gently grasped his damp hardness in her hand then kissed his down-covered nose.

Vincent closed his eyes and shuddered as she started moving her hand on him. He pulled away from her gently.

“I want to please you even more!” he whispered to her in his raspy voice, returning her kiss on his nose. When he parted from her, she watched him curiously and Vincent smiled sensuously back at her.

He rubbed his down-covered chest against the satiny skin of her breast then he moved down to her belly as she stroked his long soft mane tenderly. Vincent began moving down between her legs, trailing kisses down her belly and lower still, kissing the tender insides of her thighs and began tracing his tongue on them toward the most sensitive area of her body. Diana closed her eyes, trembled and sighed with anticipation, awaiting the touch of his tongue.

Vincent nuzzled into the curly red hair with his nose, inhaling her fragrance deeply, then delicately pushed his tongue into the gathering moisture, slowly moving his tongue upward, tasting her, savoring her. He sighed closing his eyes and began to lick her gently, holding her hips in his hands, his sharp claws indenting her skin.

Diana gasped and trembled again at the sensation of Vincent’s tongue on her in such a intimate manner, her shaking fingers rubbing the soft fur on the back of his hands gently. She gave a spasm at the fiery thrill that passed through her, her fingers entangled into his mane, pulling his mouth tighter against her, gasping at the feel of his fangs against her. Vincent pushed his tongue deep inside her and moved it all around, enjoying her excitement, her taste, the warmth of her.

Moaning softly, Diana moved her hips in a circular motion as Vincent licked upward, then back down again as her moisture of heightened arousal began to flow, the burning feeling of release building in her rapidly. Diana could hear the quiet wet, lapping noises Vincent was making as he did that and she sighed softly, her fingers rubbing into his scalp around his ears, her toes beginning to curl.

Increasing his pace accordingly, feeling her excitement mounting, Vincent drank deeply of her. Diana gasped with pleasure as Vincent continued his ministrations, his hands rubbing her belly gently, his own arousal becoming unbearable.

Raising her knees up, she placed her thighs on either side of his head and he gently grasped her hips pulling her toward him. Vincent pressed his tongue harder against her and began a circular motion. Diana began to gasp as her fingers clenched into fists and her thighs tightened against Vincent’s head.

She raised up to watch Vincent as he gazed back at her, his blue eyes filled with warmth, his mouth pressed against her, her curly hair against his muzzle under his nose, which made him like he had a red mustache as he nuzzled gently. She began gasping when he pushed his tongue deep into her and began moving it in and out. Watching Vincent’s golden head nodding and what he was doing with his tongue, the feel of his fangs against her when he did

that... Diana suddenly lost control explosively and cried out, clamping Vincent's head into a death grip between her thighs.

Vincent quickly but gently flitted his tongue against her pulsing moistness, reaching up and kneading her breasts until the sensations of her climax subsided. She lay there for a moment, gasping her emotional and physical release and sighed, loosening her fingers from his ears slowly and relaxing her thighs.

Vincent raised his head up to gaze at her when she released him, his eyes glowing with satisfaction and ardor. At the moment of her climax, Vincent had felt her release as intensely as if it had been his own and it surprised him. Finally, he felt uncomfortable laying on his stomach, his hardness pressed into the even harder floor and he shifted his legs.

"God, Vincent!" Diana gasped and grasped his arms pulling him back up to her. "I didn't know you knew how to do that?!" Vincent nodded then smiled at her pointing to the TV screen. Diana laughed softly and said, "Oh, I almost forgot it was on."

"I haven't," Vincent replied with mirth and began kissing her neck again, rubbing his dampened nose and muzzle against her skin. Diana wrapped her arms around his shoulders and squeezed him hard.

"Tell me, Diana," Vincent whispered into her ear between his kisses. "Anything of special interest that you have noticed in our movie tonight?"

"Lay down, babe!" Diana replied with a seductive smile and pushed Vincent to his back then. Vincent laid back willingly as Diana raised up over him now and admired Vincent's naked body. Diana's eyes devoured the sight of him, the sculpted, light fur-covered body of the man she had been dreaming heatedly about for the last year and a half of her life. She gazed at his hardness laying against his flat belly and gently caressed the silken light skin of it with her hand.

Vincent jerked at her touch and groaned, his head lifted from the floor then his hands went to her head and gently grasped her. Diana gazed into his blue eyes that were dark with anticipation and silent appeal. She knew what Vincent wanted her to do and she smiled at him. She gently placed her mouth around Vincent's hardness as he gasped in pleasure, her warm, wet tongue running over the sensitive skin at the tip.

"Di--ana!" he cried out in a whisper of tortured relish and amazement, as she began moving up and down on him with her lips and tongue, her hand gently grasping the shaft of him.

Vincent arched his back, totally bound by the sensations he was receiving from her. His fingers entangled in her hair now as she gently sucked his hardness and he began to rock back and forth, becoming delirious with pleasure. He felt himself becoming harder as Diana reached to the base of his erection and gathered his golden, fur-covered orbs into her hand. He began gasping, sweat beginning to form on his body as she massaged the taut orbs gently in her hand and his hips arched in rhythm to the up and down movement of her head. She paused once and just sucked Vincent's engorged organ hard, her tongue rubbing over the sensitive tip of him inside her mouth. Vincent gave a spasm and jerked, then pleaded with

her to stop.

She giggled and Vincent sighed with relief, but she was nowhere near finished with him. Surrounding him once more with her lips and tongue, she actually pushed Vincent's hardness deep into her throat and Vincent gasped in astonishment, his eyes wide as he watched her. The sensation was incredible and Diana's eyes were smiling at him as she continued pushing his erection into her throat.

Suddenly, Vincent's entire body stiffened, his shoulders and head jerking from the floor. A strangled roar escaped him as he climaxed tremendously.

Diana continued her ministrations of him as Vincent came in bursts of hot fluid, his hand clenched in fists into her hair, his seed spilling down upon himself and her chin. When the excruciating ecstasy began ebbing, he became amazingly sensitive and halted Diana's motions on him abruptly.

"Stop!" Vincent gasped and held her head still in his hands, his fingers entangled in her hair with shaking fists.

Diana peered at him with a devilish glint in her eyes then touched him again with her tongue. He had another spasm and almost snarled at her.

"No! Please, Diana! It is becoming almost painful!"

"Sorry." Diana said softly and sighed in her own sense of completion, her eyes closed, happy that she tore such a primal release from the gentle, cultured Vincent.

She opened her eyes slowly and saw he was lying back, relaxing, his chest heaving, one arm draped across his forehead, the other laying upon his stomach, his fingers absently rubbing her shoulder. Diana loved the way Vincent looked when he was spent and she inhaled a sharp breath, trembling in her increased hunger for him. He responded with a soft moan when she laid her head on his stomach.

Finally, he opened his eyes and whispered, "Do you know how long I have dreamed of a woman doing that for me?"

"How old are you?" Diana answered looking up into his eyes. Vincent peered at her dubiously and squeezed her against himself. She could feel the hard muscles of his arms around her neck and shoulders and it didn't fail to excite her even more. Vincent sighed in satisfaction, then glancing once at the still playing movie, he grasped her shoulders gently and drew her all the way back up to lay beside him.

They lay, holding each other in rapture for a long quiet time, watching the movie as the players on the screen were still not spent! Diana continued to move seductively against the warm, soft fur of his body and Vincent knew that Diana still wanted more of him. He could feel it. He snorted softly.

"Obviously, the 'hero' of the movie is accustomed to more frequency than I," Vincent commented dryly on the man's stamina and hugged Diana against himself. He nuzzled into her hair at her ear whispering, "and you?"

Diana pushed his face away and exclaimed softly with an indignant, “No way, Vinnie. I’ve been saving myself the last year and a half for you!”

Undaunted, Vincent persisted in his gentle attack on her ear, as she fought with him playfully, then she finally relented. He continued to nibble on her ear lightly with his fangs.

Blowing gently into it he asked in his low, seductive whisper, “Have you now?”

“Yes....” Diana replied, then shivered involuntarily and cuddled into Vincent, nuzzling into his dampened mane. She gently licked under his own ear with the tip of her tongue and now he shivered involuntarily. Then laying back into his arms, he kissed her hair gently and they continued watching the happenings on the TV screen. Diana looked up at him and saw he was completely relaxed, a slight smile playing on his lips and she knew it wasn’t because of what was transpiring on the screen.

“Vincent?”

“Hmmm?” he responded and turned his eyes to her, still smoldering in passion.

She smiled at him gently. He returned her smile then she asked, “How do you feel?”

“For lack of a better term,” he replied softly, “euphoric... but even that seems insubstantial to what I am feeling inside. It cannot be put into words.”

“I’m glad I’ve made you feel that way tonight, Vincent.” Diana said and rubbed the damp fur on his chest.

“Not only tonight, Diana. I have always felt that way when I am with you,” Vincent whispered into her hair. “Tonight, I can express it and share it with you, as I have never been able to before.”

His words sent shivers of pleasure through Diana and she pressed close to him. “This is the first time I have made love to a woman,” Vincent said unexpectedly and Diana looked at him sharply. He was watching her solemnly and he continued at her expression of amazement.

“No, Diana, Jacob was not an ‘immaculate’ conception. In the cave I was not coherent, I only have vague memories of when Catherine made love to me.”

“What about after?” Diana asked boldly, hoping he wouldn’t be offended by her bluntness.

Vincent wasn’t and he shrugged. “There was not an ‘after’ for us and I have always deeply regretted that. There are so many things I had wished to do for Catherine,” he sighed softly, with some pain. “But I could never bring myself to ask, or try to make a pass at her. Sometimes, she made me feel beautiful and there were other times... her dreams of me in the past have haunted me. I would hate what I am.

When Catherine finally made love to me, it was because she thought I was dying, not because we were celebrating each other and our love. There were times I felt she was unobtainable. Now I wonder sometimes, if I only loved Catherine because for me she was...”

He laid his head back, his eyes now filled with torment as he stared at the ceiling.

“I’m sorry, Vincent,” Diana said sincerely and touched his cheek gently with her fingertips. “I hope you don’t think I was too bold...”

“No,” Vincent replied as he looked back at her. His expression was that of total trust and tenderness. “Catherine was the first who had the courage to love me and I will never regret the love I had for her, nor the time we had together.”

Diana nodded solemnly, lowering her eyes, but Vincent took her chin and made her look at him. He gazed into her eyes. “You have never treated me as less than a man and you have never let me feel pity for myself because of my differences.”

Vincent touched her cheek delicately with a clawed finger and whispered, “When I was with Catherine, I always regretted what I am. From the start, I dreamed always for something that could never be for her... for us. You have accepted me as I am from the beginning and never spoke to me of dreams that couldn’t be for me. You have never asked me for something I cannot give you. With you, Diana, I have never had to be anything other than what I am, and I am finally at peace with myself...”

Diana’s eyes were slightly wide and she felt weak inside. She was glad she wasn’t standing up. After Vincent’s honesty, she feared that her knees would not have held her up. She was drenched in a warm feeling of love and acceptance that equaled her own. And he had admitted what she had been feeling from him for the past few months when he was with her. Absolute trust and comfort.

The apprehension he was armed with when he came to her, had only been fleeting and had long ago disappeared, even before he finally began to allow himself any strong emotion for her. As Diana let his words penetrate into her, Vincent was watching her face with curiosity, and she exhaled slowly, discovering she had been holding her breath for some time.

Vincent knew what his words meant to her and he squeezed Diana tight, so tight that she gave a little grunt of discomfort. He released her and kissed her lips again long and tenderly. When their lips parted, Diana returned to her nuzzling of his neck. The movie was still going strong and steamy, the sights and sounds on the TV were increasing in pace as the man and woman were coupled in fervent mating. Diana’s heightened arousal and her mouth on Vincent’s neck were beginning to fuel him again.

Her hand went to his limp organ and she gently began to manipulate him as he began to respond, filling out to awesome proportions once more. Vincent closed his eyes and trembled slightly, then placed a finger under her jaw and tilted her head up to him, pressing his lips against hers again, their searing passion for one another consuming them.

Diana moaned softly as their lips parted and Vincent once again moved down between her legs. Sighing and trembling, she willingly spread her legs wide to accommodate him and he gently delved into her sensitivity, licking her lightly.

“You like doing this?” Diana asked him softly as her fingers entangled into his disheveled hair then caressed his ears gently.

“Yes,” he admitted in almost a whisper. “I enjoy your taste, and the way this makes you feel.”

He continued his ministrations of her until he could feel her harden beneath his tongue. Her juices began flowing abundantly and Vincent eagerly lapped them up, tantalizing her in all her

erogenous areas. Placing his mouth gently onto the most sensitive part of her womanhood, he began to suckle her gently. Diana gasped sharply and began squirming as Vincent held her hips in his hands, trying to keep her from wiggling away from him. She climaxed suddenly, pulling on his mane hard, her legs wrapping around his back pressing her heels into his neck.

Vincent rubbed her belly gently as Diana convulsed, her hips leaving the floor, holding his face against her with the pressure of her heels until she was satisfied, but Vincent didn't stop there. He continued his gentle suckling and other ministrations of her sensitivity with his tongue and mouth until she had climaxed several more times, almost until it was becoming one continuous sensation. Finally, Vincent relented after Diana's pleas for her return to sanity. Her body was now covered in a fine film of sweat, her hands shaking fists in his golden mane. When she settled, Vincent laid his head upon her pelvis and nuzzled into her curly red hair, watching the rise and fall of her shapely breasts as she tried to catch her wind. Vincent's eyes closed and he sighed softly with satisfaction.

"Vincent," Diana said feverishly as she clenched her fingers into the golden fur on his arms. He looked up at her tenderly and she whispered, "Please, Vincent!"

Vincent moved back up to her and grasped her shoulders gently. Then he carefully laid on her, holding her shoulders between his huge clawed hands, watching her with ardor as he positioned himself between her legs. He gently placed his once more hardened maleness against Diana's warm, still pulsing sensitivity, pushing himself into her yielding moistness, groaning as the absolute pleasure engulfed him again. Closing his eyes he began to move his hips, thrusting himself into her slowly and deeply.

Diana gasped with each of Vincent's firm drives and held his arms tightly, her nails digging into his skin. She began rubbing her legs up and down the sides of his, enjoying the feeling of the soft fur on them, the muscles of his legs moving with each thrust of his hips. Vincent pressed his lips to her shoulder and bit her gently, nibbling her skin with the tips of his fangs. She grasped his mane and pulled his head to her and their lips locked in flaming passion, their tongues entwining.

Diana herself glanced up to the TV screen now and saw that the players were doing precisely what she and Vincent were engaged in, but in a different fashion. She pulled her mouth away from him chuckling. At that Vincent also looked up, smiled, then returned his attention to Diana as she wrapped her arms around him, gently pushing him to his side and onto his back. His lips were on her collarbone, his teeth pressing gently against her skin and she could feel his fangs pressing into her. She gasped and placed her hands against his shoulders, pushing him to his back. He gazed up at her, his eyes dark with hunger for her, his chest heaving.

Straddling him and placing her hands upon his shoulders, Diana began moving up and down on him when suddenly he jerked with pain. Diana watched Vincent with concern and he raised up slightly, now himself reaching behind his back to remove yet another 'Lego' toy. Diana began laughing as he held it up in disgust.

“Who has been playing with these?” Vincent asked, with humor now.

Diana pressed her breasts against him replying in a sultry voice, “Me and my afternoon boyfriend.”

“Oh?” Vincent asked and kissed her lips gently. “Someone I should become jealous over?”

“Naw.” Diana replied as she wrinkled her nose at Vincent, pressing her nose against him, “but he’s got a great looking daddy!”

Chuckling, Vincent nuzzled into her hair, kissing her neck tenderly. Diana raised back up and began moving up and down on him again. Reaching up, Vincent placed his hands on her breasts then began gently kneading them. Diana gazed into his sensual, blue eyes that were like windows into his soul as he watched her raptly, his breathing becoming ragged. He swallowed and closed his eyes, enjoying her love-making. He caressed her waist, then gently traced his claws inside her thighs as she shivered in excitement. She placed one of her hands on his chest, her fingers curling around the soft fur there and Vincent took her other hand in his, their fingers gently entwined.

As Diana moved upon him, Vincent began moving his head from side to side, feeling himself peaking to the highest attainment of pleasures. Inhaling sharply, he arched his back, grasping Diana’s arms and halted her movements. He held her tightly as he sat up, wrapping his trembling arms around her.

“What?” she panted softly into his neck and nuzzled there. She began moving her hips around on him.

Vincent inhaled sharply and grasped her hips, holding her perfectly still. He replied in a strained voice, “No, not yet... Please...not yet.”

Diana moaned, laying her head upon his shoulder then ran her tongue along it, tasting his sweat and bit him gently. He shivered and chuckled softly holding her tightly against his chest, himself fully implanted into her, his head on her shoulder, his lips against her neck kissing her tenderly, halting all other movements. Sighing softly, he closed his eyes then gently released his tight hold on her, looking into her darkened green eyes that gazed into his with rapture, desire and he could swear... worship.

As Vincent’s quivering subsided, Diana felt a gentle vibration start from his chest. She smiled and laid her ear against his shoulder to listen and enjoyed the tranquil, barely audible sensation. She ran her fingertips up and down the fur on his spine as he shivered, his soft mane tickling her arms as he laid his head upon his shoulder again. Slowly, she rubbed her breasts against the soft fur of his chest as he sighed again. Raising his head, Vincent and Diana’s lips joined again, their fingers entangled in each others hair. Carefully, he lowered her back onto the floor, laying on her lightly holding himself up on his elbows. He held her shoulders, gently tracing his fingers on her satiny smooth skin.

Closing his eyes, Vincent began moving again, raising his head up, an angelic expression on his face. Leaning up, Diana began kissing his neck, placing her teeth against his skin, tracing her fingers up and down his back causing him to moan seductively. She detected a slight

scent from Vincent she never really noticed before. It was a pleasant, musky fragrance of sandalwood and if it were at all possible, somehow excited her more, she needed him even more!

Her eyes went back to the TV again and she stopped Vincent's movements by clamping her legs around his backside. He looked at her in question, his breathing increased, sweat beginning to form a sensuous glistening coat on his golden skin. Diana saw that and reached up to lick his skin and sighed softly, enjoying his salty taste then she coaxed him to his back once more.

"What?" Vincent asked breathlessly, with some disappointment and laid back. She could feel his hardness pulsing with impatience inside her as she had stopped Vincent at the critical moment.

Diana indicated the TV screen. Vincent looked up and chuckled. "Oh..."

Diana again straddled him but this time she began to turn on him until her back was to him then pushed her feet under his thighs. He gently grasped her shoulders and raised up to his knees as she went to hers, her hands spread wide before her.

Vincent sighed and leaned over her back, reaching beneath her to cup a breast in one hand and he began moving his hips slowly. She gasped as he submerged himself into her as deep as he could go and Vincent moaned from the sensation of it. He was moving his hips in rhythm now, tracing his claws lightly up and down the soft skin of Diana's back, leaning her head down into her arms. Vincent grasped her hips and implanted himself deeply then began thrusting slowly, his head raised up, his eyes closed. Diana rose upon her hands again and Vincent leaned down upon her, gently pressing his lips behind her ear. "Bark, bark!" he whispered.

To which Diana replied with a savage, "Get screwed, Vincent!"

Vincent chuckled. "Oh, but I am, my sweet Diana!" He replied breathlessly raising back up from her back.

Reaching down, Vincent began gently stroking the backs of Diana's thighs and she sighed with pleasure from the sensation. Then Vincent began pushing himself into her harder, his hands grasping her hips tightly now. His eyes moved downward and he watched his hardness as he moved in and out of her, trembling from the sight, what was on the TV screen, and what he and Diana were engaged in together. He threw his head up, a snarl escaping him, his fangs bared, the instinctive nature of his inner self trying to overwhelm him.

Vincent began sweating from the restraint he had on himself, his breath coming out in pants that were hollow groans and Diana gasped softly with pleasure. She reached down between their legs and gently grasped the soft fur and taut orbs beneath Vincent's erection and he jerked in surprise.

"Diana!" he cried out helplessly and leaned down upon her back, instinctively seizing her shoulder in his teeth as he began plunging into her, his long golden mane draping and spilling over her back and shoulders.

Diana could feel Vincent harden and enlarge for the final plunge, the last stroke that would take him over the edge and into the fiery sensation of ecstasy. She pushed herself back into him and he trembled, reaching under her and grasping her shoulders in his hands and she could feel his claws pressing into her skin.

Diana felt that her own release was near. The feeling of Vincent's teeth on her shoulder in a savage hold, his plunging hips and powerful hands on her, his strength and gentleness combining together and bringing him to his knees literally in passionate lust, overwhelmed her. She fell into the tingling sensations of her own release and suddenly she climaxed.

Diana cried out then braced her hands before her and pushed against Vincent hard!

He quickened his pace as he felt the pulsing of her around his maleness. Vincent closed his eyes tightly clamping his fangs into her shoulder but released her suddenly as he felt his erection burst into her. He cried out with his feral roar that ended in a shuddering moan. Vincent held her hips and pounded himself into her as hard as he dared, experiencing waves of pleasure burning into his being until it became one long sensation.

Diana could feel Vincent filling her in pulses as she continued to gasp with her own pleasure. He moved in her hard and quickly until finally they were both sated.

Slowing, he breathed in gasps, laying his face against her back gently, kissing her shoulders all over tenderly. He nuzzled the damp, red hair at her neck and touched his tongue against her skin tasting the saltiness of her sweat. He pressed his lips against the back of her hair and nuzzled her as she held her head back to him.

"Oh God..." Diana whispered, her eyes closed and rubbed her head against his lips.

Vincent squeezed her once hard in his muscular arms and released her, collapsing to the floor and bringing her down with him. She lay on his chest, her chin on her arm, her fingers tracing the damp fur lightly and gazed placidly into his blue eyes, feeling sated with a euphoria and completeness she had never experienced before.

Kissing her lips gently, Vincent rested his head on the floor, his breathing returning to normal. He gently pressed her into himself and guided her head to lay on his shoulder and kissed her forehead tenderly. Diana's fingers curled into the golden fur there and she could still feel the gentle rumble in him.

"Diana..." he whispered breathlessly with love and tenderness.

"Vincent, did you know I was in love with you, since I first began learning of you and even before I finally found you?" she whispered to him as she gazed into his eyes.

Vincent smiled at her tenderly and whispered back, "Yes... Did you know that I love you, Diana?"

Diana was shocked at Vincent's statement and she peered deeply into his eyes. "Why did you say that, Vincent?" she asked him incredulously, her heart beating faster.

Vincent's eyes gazed into hers for a long moment. His lips parted slightly as he watched her then he replied, "I can live in the past and let myself die slowly. No matter how much pain I

suffer, it will not change what has happened.”

He touched Diana’s cheek gently as her eyes gazed deeply into his. “I have a future, many years yet to live and I have a son to raise. My future can only be better. With you in it, Diana... it has already started to be.”

Diana saw that Vincent was speaking from his heart and she was speechless. He reached up and kissed her lips gently, lingering for a long moment.

When he parted from her, Diana smiled at him tenderly, her eyes filled with love. She reached over for her nearly untouched glass of wine, took a drink from it and offered it to Vincent. He raised his head up and she gently placed it to his lips as he drank some then nodded when he was finished. Replacing the glass on the coffee table, she lay back in his arms again as he hugged her tightly.

He pressed his lips into her hair and whispered, “Now, what was it you wanted to talk to me about tonight?”

He playfully began nibbling her ear again with his fangs.

Diana laughed and pushed his face away. She raised up slightly and watched him for a long moment.

Finally she replied, “I was wondering if you would ever...” she trailed off.

“Ever what?” Vincent asked softly and embraced her again. “Ever wear the Nikes you gave me for my birthday?”

“Oh geez!” Diana exclaimed and collapsed into his arms as they both began laughing helplessly.

On the now unwatched TV screen, the movie came to its finale, the hero and heroine literally riding off into the sunset together and the words ‘The End’ appeared on the screen, then the credits began to roll...

END