

# Happy New Year Vincent!

(s3)

by Mel

“Please take this, Diana,” Vincent said, removing his cloak.

“I’m... fine,” Diana attempted to protest even as she stuffed her hands deeper into the pockets of her green coat.

Vincent held her gaze for a moment in a silent battle of wills. Despite her feeble protests, Vincent could see Diana’s fair cheeks and nose had grown nearly as red as her crimson hair.

“For Jacob’s peace of mind then,” Vincent said, draping his cloak over Diana’s shoulders. “He would never forgive me if I let his favorite person freeze.”

“For Jake then.” Diana chuckled. “Thank him for me.”

Vincent nodded with a smile of his own. “He’s always happy to help.”

“Yes he certainly does,” Diana agreed, her gaze shifting back toward the door of her loft that led to the roof. Father and son had come two nights ago for a quiet weekend Above with her. Normally after a case she enjoyed some time alone, but Vincent and little Jacob were always welcome. The five-year-old had spent the day trying to help around the loft with various tasks.

Diana’s smile grew thinking of the stubbornness of youth, when Jacob insisted that he could stay up past his eight o’clock bedtime; only to succumb to sleep five minutes later.

Once again, a breeze swept over the roof of Diana’s loft. Most times the wind was buffeted by the other apartments that stood around Diana, but tonight it seemed to whistle past without a pause.

“Perhaps we should head inside, Diana,” Vincent offered. His eyes rose toward the sky, searching. The scent of an upcoming storm tingled his sensitive and more atone nose, but for now the sky was crystal clear.

“No... no I’m fine. The Bennet clan is known for weathering anything thrown at us, even the cold,” Diana said. Though despite her words, her hands automatically accepted the large warm cloak, again betraying the cold she felt.

*Along with stubbornness*, Vincent mused with a faint smile as he gazed upon her. He had thought no one could be as stubborn as the patriarch of the world Below, known to all as Father, and perhaps that was still the case. But Diana Bennet was a close second and even surpassed him at times, especially when she was deep in one of her cases for 210 or on occasion Joe Maxwell the DA.

Though Vincent couldn’t begrudge her that, it was that same stubbornness which had allowed Diana to solve the case of his beloved Catherine’s death and rescue both father and son from certain death. And all the others she had helped save over the last five years they had known each other.

“What... what about you, Vincent?” Diana asked, breaking the silence with a little laugh. “You don’t get cold?”

“Not as easily as most others.” Vincent again felt the cool winter breeze ruffle his golden mane, the ends of his fur standing on end.

Diana nodded, conceding the point, and looked back out toward the dark horizon. A sense of anticipation seemed to emanate from her as she stood watching... looking for something. He

stepped over the telescope Diana's father had given her. Diana's father had said it would allow her to see the stars, despite all the terrible lights of the big city, like he could as a child.

His claws gingerly touched the tube. "Is there something?"

His senses pivoted up and toward the horizon as a bomb of green light exploded in the sky. His instinct moved and pulled Diana closer to him as he tried to find the source of the attack. In mere seconds, another explosion followed this time in a sparkling blue and then gold.

He heard Diana give a little laugh against his chest, and then tenderly her hands touched his arm.

"It's okay, babe. They're just fireworks." She paused. "Is Jake okay?"

Vincent held her a moment longer as he processed her words. His heart swelled with even more love for that over her concern for his son. Vincent closed his eyes, reaching out with the Bond that connected him to his son and found only the blissful peace of sleep.

"Jacob is well, Diana."

He sensed Diana smile. While not official, Diana had become his son's mother in all ways besides blood. Still, heat rose in his cheeks at his overreaction. *Of course. Fireworks!*

Vincent's eyes rose toward the sky again. The green and blue sparkles were soon followed by ones of red, blue, purple, colors burst against the black canvas of the night sky. They lasted only moments before they fizzled out in golden powder and were replaced by another ball of color, or even a neat design. Their colors seemed to dance upon the dark a moment longer.

Vincent watched mesmerized.

He recalled stories Devin and the others told him of fireworks during the 4<sup>th</sup> of July. All the colors and festive nature not unlike Winterfest. Over the years he had caught glimpses of them. Each time was, like most things in his life were special fleeting moments to be treasured.

But tonight, it was like a private show for him.

His eyes lowered for a moment as he glanced over at Diana. Her arms were resting against the ledge of the roof as she too enjoyed the show.

She turned to him with a smile. Her blue-green eyes alight with amusement. "Do you like it?"

"Yes..." Vincent shifted, still embarrassed. "And I must apologize for my reaction .."

"No, no worries, Vincent. I should have warned you. They can be incredibly loud." Diana said. With a shrug and a tiny grin, she added. "But hey that's why the Chinese used them in battle."

Vincent smiled. Even without the mythical bond he shared with his beloved Catherine and now their son, it still amazed him how accurately Diana seemed to read his mind at times.

Diana shifted. "And...I wanted it to be a surprise."

"And it certainly was."

"Should we wake Jake up. He might want to see it," Diana offered.

"No let him sleep. He has had a busy day, a busy week really and could use the sleep."

Diana nodded. Even in just the past two days, she had seen Jacob barely stop for anything - it was like he was on some sugar high that had finally crashed. She grinned to herself. *Maybe next year don't give giant chocolate bars, Bennet.*

"But now Diana how... isn't it a little early for fireworks?" Vincent asked.

"They will sometimes do it on New Year's," Diana said with a smile. "I thought this would be more fun than Times Square, way less hectic, and crowded and the ball drop we can watch another year, if you like. Perhaps Jacob will stay up for that."

Vincent nodded; his eyes drawn again to the sky of colors, and then back to Diana. "Happy new year, Diana."

"Happy new year, Vincent."