

## BAtB Fanfiction - JT&T Tango

A while I ago I watched the CW Upfronts video interview of Austin Basis and Nina Lisandrello where they talk about JT & Tess behaving like an 'old married couple' and that if she were to find true love who better than JT to peel away Tess' layers as they are both true New Yorkers. They also mention that all that snarking at each other could end up in making out. Although Austin did talk about a slap in the face afterwards I decided to use some of that interview as inspiration for a JT & Tess story. Especially after San Diego Comic Con when Austin coined the phrase JT&T...so here it is.

Thank you Austin and Nina for being awesome as JT & Tess. Thanks for great comedic timing in my favourite TV show EVER!

Please see comments at end and tell me if I should write a follow up story to JT&T Tango...

**Introduction:** It's sometime in the future of Vincat's relationship. They are going strong which means that our intrepid JT & Tess have bonded loosely (albeit with bickering humour) over their shared vigilance in protecting Vincent. Tess is an ongoing ally of Vincent for Catherine's sake which means that she works with JT frequently behind the scenes on some of their police cases (& when trying to outwit Muirfield).

In this story, Catherine has taken some much needed vacation time, going away for a few days, taking a very happy Vincent with her, which leaves JT & Tess at odds. Tess broke up with Joe months earlier and JT's relationship with Sarah fizzled out at much the same time. With not much to do in Vincat's absence, an unusual case at the precinct leads to a very interesting (and unforeseen) outcome for JT & Tess that may have future ramifications...

###

JT sat in front of the TV. He was bored. Yes it was a show he normally liked to watch but without Vincent's mind to good naturedly mess with and with everything being quiet on the Muirfield front, he was uncharacteristically flat. Distracted, he checked his cell every few minutes almost hoping for something, anything that he would have to help out with.

Vincent and Catherine had gone away for a few days and while JT was happy that they could get some uninterrupted alone time, he wasn't used to the fact that Vincent could go away without JT in tow. Lord knew his friend deserved happiness with the love of his life after the obstacles that had been thrown in their path for far too long. He sincerely hoped they would get all the sexy time they needed although he doubted that would *ever* be possible. To say that they were connected and in love was an understatement. At times he found it difficult to keep his mouth shut at their public displays of affection. Stoic, tormented & morose Vincent was evolving into the romantically inclined, thoughtful and attentive partner he was prior to enlisting. Catherine was reaping the benefits and loving it!

JT's cell buzzed and for a moment his heart skipped a beat hoping he was needed for something. Instead he muttered out loud "Oh God. JT, this could be a case of be careful what you wish for."

"Forbes," he answered brusquely.

"Um TJ, it's me, Tess."

" 'Vargas' " JT responded tersely, calling Tess by her surname with equal deliberation. "Really? You don't think that's getting old now...?"

"It's still so much fun...coz you bite every time."

JT sighed. She was right. The more he reacted the more she played him. He was trying to decide if he should just hang up, but he was bored, and Tess, momentarily at least, alleviated that boredom.

"What can I do for you 'Detective Vargas' " he said sarcastically, but with a slight smile.

"Well I kinda need a favour..."

"Then calling me JT at the start of this conversation would have gone a long way towards getting into my good graces to actually *want* to do you a favour..."

"And go against my nature? Hell no," Tess chuckled.

JT laughed. "Well you're always straight to the point. I gotta give you that! So what do you need?"

"With your genius and exemplary hacking skills..."

"So now she starts with the compliments."

"We've got a case involving some big wig billionaire who thinks he's untouchable. Not sure he's our perp yet so we need to rule him out at the very least. I need Intel on him we can't look for legally. You know, like the background check you did on Gabe and his financials<sup>1</sup>?"

"Yes I remember only too well. The douche spends way too much money at girlie salons...he has more money than sense."

"No arguments from me on that score..."

"So you want a complete file on billionaire dude?"

"Yeah if you could, on the quiet of course. It will give me a heads up on anything that may be suspicious so I know what to concentrate on."

"Ok, I guess I can do that."

"JT, you're a gem..."

"Now she calls me JT...and again with the compliments. Don't try too hard – I'll ask who you are and what you've done with Tess."

"Funny...but seriously I've always wanted to know, what does JT stand for?"

"Never you mind. It's on a needs to know basis and..."

Tess laughed. "I'll get it out of you one day!"

"Good luck with that, many before you have tried and failed. Send me the details of this dude and I'll find out what I can."

"Thanks. I'll swing by tomorrow night and grab the file if that's ok?"

"Yeah whatever. All good. I'll set the intruder alarm now shall I?"

Tess laughed again. "See you tomorrow after work."

"I'll be here. By the way have you heard from our lovebirds?"

"Nope. Expect they are doing too much of the horizontal to spare a thought for us..."

"Yes I noticed..."

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<sup>1</sup> Scene featured in 'Anniversary' – Season 1

"Disgusting I know but what can we do?" Tess mused. "Getting the smiles off their faces is impossible these days. That girl always looks like she has the sex glow going on..."

"Too much information Tess, but yes I know what you mean. And it is disgusting..."

"You're just jealous..."

"Well with what I've heard, by not eavesdropping...so are you..."

"Touché. You're quick for a geek." Tess chuckled.

"I know. I'm full of surprises. See you tomorrow."

JT hung up, musing. Tess always managed to get under his skin so easily but he couldn't work out why. From the very first time they met they'd sniped at each other, sometimes in fun and sometimes there was just a little bit of malice. He recognised that she was a good cop and a smart woman but her acerbic wit grated on him even though he liked how quick she was and that she didn't put up with anyone's bullshit.

Moments later his cell buzzed with the information on the would be perp Tess needed details on. He fed the information into his computer and set the search in motion, then went back to his TV with a grin. At least he had something to do and the following evening he would have the chance to dazzle Madam Detective with his hacking skills. Maybe even fire a few broadsides that would keep her on her toes. He was not about to admit out loud that he enjoyed their relatively friendly snarking. At the very least he suspected he wouldn't be bored.

###

The next evening at about 6.30 pm there was a resounding thump at JT's door. He made his way to open it, with increasing impatience, as the thumping got louder.

"Hold your horses woman I'm not Speedy Gonzales," he shouted as he opened it to find a grinning Tess. "Hmm should I be scared? You look way too pleased for my comfort..." he said.

"What can I say Geek Squad? Bestowing upon you my outstanding repartee makes my day. I can *a/ways* rely on you to bite." Tess chuckled with evil glee.

"I'm sorry I agreed to help you already..." JT shook his head as he ushered Tess inside. "Don't make me regret this."

"Awww TJ you've got me all wrong. I'm grateful, really I am. Let's face it, without V around you would have to be bored out of your brain. I know I don't like Cat being away either so we're both in the same boat."

"Possibly true. Although you don't readily spring to mind as a way to alleviate my boredom, especially when you keep calling me...oh never mind..." JT sniped at her.

"Now I'm hurt... and you're learning fast..." Tess laughed as she put her hand over her heart in mock indignation.

"Yeah right. OK 'Detective', let's get to the part about *you* needing *my* help with one of *your* cases. You realize now of course that you owe me one? I spent literally hours putting this together for you and I still can't think for the life of me why..."

"My scintillating company. Let's face it – I'm fun to be around."

JT looked at her, then cast his eyes towards her hip. "I trust you left your gun back at the office? You are known to shoot without thinking of things, you know, like trajectories.... you do have priors as I recall..."

"As I recall JT, I got you out of a jam when I shot those handcuffs..."

"Yes by shooting my cuffs off, you know I still haven't forgiven you for that," he grimaced as he recalled the time Gabe's girlfriend handcuffed him to the heater after knocking him out when he wasn't looking<sup>2</sup>. Tess' response included taking out her gun and without much thought to JT's safety it seemed, she shot at the handcuffs where they met the heater, *while* they were still around his wrists. He shook his head to dispel that troubling memory. "No wonder I keep having problems with the female gender, you're all trying to kill me, first that...that she devil and then you."

Tess couldn't help it – she burst out laughing. "Awww JT you're priceless. You're such a geek."

"Hey, Geeks generally live longer..."

"Not when they room with best friends like Vincent they don't..."

JT headed over to his desk where papers were strewn along with files, his computer, books, a couple of empty beer bottles and the remains of his dinner. "Ok point taken. That *could* shorten my life span. Now to this very important file that you need. I got everything I think. I went through his entire history and background including financials with a fine tooth comb. It's all in here. Knock yourself out." He picked up the file and handed it to Tess. "But like I said, you owe me..."

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<sup>2</sup> Scene featured in 'Never Turn Back' – Season 1 Finale.



"How about a case of beer next time I'm here?"

JT grinned. "Now you're talking. I never say no to a beer."

"It appears we at least like the same brand so that's a no brainer. Consider it done." Tess smiled.

"You drink this beer?" JT said surprised.

"What? What did you think I drink?"

"Oh I don't know. Not beer that's for sure. Maybe a Cosmopolitan or something. You know, girlie cocktails..."

"Well I am a girl...so I'll drink a cocktail, but hey I like beer too."

"Ok then. Now that we've established you're buying me beer can we get back to this file? Check it out, tell me if you need anything else." JT said.

"You don't mind if I sit and read right now?" Tess asked.

"Nope. Go ahead. I'm switching on the game anyway. I'll watch while you read and you can tell me if I missed anything."

"Cool. Thanks. I don't suppose you got any of that beer left?"

"Um, sure. Yeah, ok, we've got plenty..." JT said bemused. This was going to take longer than he thought. He went to the fridge, grabbed two beers and coming back to stand in front of Tess who had made herself at home on the other end of his couch, he handed her a beer. "Don't get too comfortable. I'm a dude, I like drinking beer and watching the game without being...you know...nagged by a woman who's not into sport..."

"Who says I'm not into sport? What are you watching? Which game?"

"Seriously? Like you'd be interested?"

"Try me," Tess grinned up at him.

"New York Giants vs..."

"Oh hell, is that on tonight? Damn, how did I miss that? I definitely work too hard and don't have a life!"

"You watch...?" JT started to ask.

"Yeah, whenever I get the chance. The Giants are my team." Tess jumped in enthusiastically.

"Well that wasn't the answer I expected. And they're *my* team."

"I told you I was fun to be around. So I'm going to read now but don't be surprised if I get sidetracked by the game...you sure you got enough beer?" Tess grinned with an evil glint. She knew she was making JT nervous but she couldn't help it. He was such an easy mark and she, unfortunately for him, relished getting under his skin. Her boredom soon evaporated as she decided that milking his discomfort would be even more fun.

JT stared hard at her, trying to decide whether he should bundle her out the door right away. He had the sinking feeling that his evening had just been hijacked and even if he was bored, she wasn't the intervention he expected or necessarily welcomed.

Tess started to read as JT sank down onto the couch at the other end, as far away as he could get. She glanced sideways at him and chuckled as she continued. He watched, she read and for many long moments there was relative quiet.

"Well JT, I gotta hand it to you. This is good stuff. Very comprehensive, I'm impressed. Almost as impressed as the time you played Dr Forbenstein and bought beast Gabe back to life<sup>3</sup>. Naaahh, actually that was better but this *is* great."

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<sup>3</sup> A scene from my fanfic called 'Taken'

"I didn't bring him back to life. He wasn't dead so technically..."

"Never let the truth get in the way of a good story Doctor F. Your geek skills are cool, in fact they're so cool I've decided you're no longer just Geek Squad..."

"I'm afraid to ask..."

"You've been elevated to 'King' of the Geek Squad..."

"King? I could get used to that."

"Yeah, better than JT I expect. By the way..."

"Forget it."

"Well you are a geek, so if you inherited that from your parents then maybe they were Trekkies."

"What?"

"*You* know, Star Trek fans?"

"I *know* what Trekkies are. I just didn't expect..."

"Hey I'm up on my TV shows. I mean, considering the Twilight Zone of beasts, evil corporations and other unmentionables we encounter, keeping up with all of those shows is a must. So...I know. James Tiberius...?"

"Oh my God, Captain Kirk. *Now* who's the Geek?"

"Captain Forbes to the rescue," Tess laughed.

"It is not James Tiberius although that was a good pick-up. I'm impressed you knew what his full name was. So does that mean *you* were a Trekkie?"

"Naaahh not really, but one of my brothers is, so some of it rubbed off. Ok, so you're not named after the good Captain Kirk and you're certainly not Justin Timberlake..."

"Er, no, I can't sing and I won't dance. Will you just finish with the file already and tell me if you got enough...?" JT asked, starting to bristle again.

"Yes Sir, King Geek Sir! Your wish is my command Sir..." Tess was relentless.

JT groaned. "Women, can't get along with 'em, not allowed to shoot 'em. Can I watch my game please?"



"Watch away King Geek, watch away..." as Tess lowered her eyes back to the file, but not before she caught JT's withering look. She took another swig of her beer and whistled softly as she read, waiting...

"Do you mind?"

Tess whistled louder.

"Ok what is it going to take to shut you up?"

"Got any munchies to go with this beer?" Tess asked innocently. "I haven't had dinner yet."

JT shot her a murderous look.

"What? I came straight from work. How was I to know that this would be so well put together and so comprehensive that it would require me to read now so I can establish if it's enough..."

"You could read it at home and get back to me..."

"But then I'd have to come back again another time..." Tess was being positively evil and loved it.

"Point taken. OK I'll see what I can rustle up for you. Just don't complain or I will throw you out, whether you can whip my ass or not..."

"Oh I can....definitely."

"I'm stronger than I look..." JT growled unconvincingly.

"Well you're tall, I'll give you that. Actually you must be taller than V. I've never paid attention to that before." Tess mused as she looked him up and down making JT blush.

"Yes by more than an inch. Don't know why everyone thinks he's taller."

"Must be the Beast thing he has going on. Makes him so menacing he looks bigger...and who's everyone? He's a secret remember?" Tess teased.

"Oh when we were younger. I've been taller than Vinny for like, forever, but even when he wasn't the beast all the chicks thought he was taller. It used to irritate me."

"Must be the way you carried yourself plus he is pretty hot and according to Cat looks good without his shirt on...women notice these things..."

"Yeah, yeah, yeah. You want food or not?" JT grumbled.

"Whatever you've got is just fine. Um, thank you."

"OMG, she knows how to do polite. She says thanks." JT continued to grumble as he headed for the kitchen. "Just keep reading."

Tess did just that.

Twenty minutes later JT presented her with several exotic looking and very delicious cold cut sandwiches and another beer.

Tess looked up at him, eyebrows raised. "Well aren't you just full of culinary goodness Chef Ramsey? These sandwiches actually look good enough to eat. Thank you." She put down the file and moved a little closer to JT as he settled back down on the couch, unpasing the game. As he noticed Tess' movements he sighed. "Am I going to be able to watch this game or are you gonna talk?"

Tess chuckled. 'Happy to watch Chef. I've seen enough of the file to know I don't need any-more at this stage. You've given me plenty to go on so thanks again. I really do appreciate that you did this for me.'

"Humph, ok then. I think you're welcome." JT pressed play and they watched the game; the next two hours flying by. The food was eaten, many more beers consumed and they both got excited at the same time during the match. Much to JT's surprise Tess really did know the rules and how the game was played and even managed to make the right noises in response. She was proving to be remarkably pleasant company.

The siren sounded and both flew up in unison calling out "whoop" at the same time as their team, The Giants, won. As they both flopped back down onto the couch Tess looked sideways at JT.

"Ssso...you got...'nother beer or what?" Her speech not quite perfect as she asked with a slur in her voice.

"I..yep...I can do that," as JT got up and weaved not quite so steadily on his feet to the fridge and grabbed another two beers. He handed one to Tess and sat down again, this time landing next to her on the couch.

"Thanks. That was...quite a game. I enjoyed it." Tess said.

"Yeah I agree. Best team won." JT took a swig of his beer.

"So JT?"

"Yeeeeesssss."

"What's the JT stand for?"

"Not telling."

"Awww, why not? I wanna know. Please?" Tess cajoled.

"Even with the please, still not telling."

"Yeah you will."

"Nope."

"Will too."

"Will not."

"Why not?"

"Part of my charm is mystery. You know? Women like mystery." JT exclaimed.

"You forget, I'm a cop – mysteries are my business and... hang on, you want me to like you?"

JT blushed. "No, that's not what I meant...um, I'm just not telling."

"You sure?"

"Yep."

"Then I'm gonna have to keep guessing...and I won't stop 'til you tell me."

"Still not telling."

"You said that already...so what about just the J – is it James?"

"Nope."

"Jimmy?"

"Not even close."

"I know, Jacob, like from Twilight? He is a werewolf and you live with a beast so that would be kind of appropriate."

"It's not Jacob."

"Jared?"

"Nope"

"Jeff?"

"Nope."

"Damn is it a girlie name and that's why you won't tell me? You're embarrassed?"

"Nope, it's a man's name. I'm just not telling so give it up."

"Oh for Christ's sake JT just tell me or else..." Tess suddenly gleamed wickedly at him.

"Why are you looking at me like that? Don't...look at me like that."

Tess put her beer on the table in front of them.

"What-cha doing?" JT asked apprehensively.

"I know how to get it out of you," as she grabbed his beer and put that down too.

All of a sudden JT found himself with a very warm body on top of his as Tess flung herself onto his lap.

"Wha...what are you doing?"

"I'm gonna tickle it out of you..." and with that Tess proceeded to do just that, running her hands along his sides and digging in with devilish fingers that flew everywhere as she hit every ticklish spot he didn't even know he possessed. He started to laugh in spite of himself, but when she wouldn't stop JT's laughter soon started to hurt.

"Stop it. It tickles...too much," he gasped.

"Whole idea. Now tell me what the JT stands for?"

"I'm never going to tell."

"Damn, you've had too many beers and still you won't tell me. My powers of persuasion must be slipping."

"You're not exactly sober yourself. You *do* realise you're sitting in my lap?"

"Yeah, so? Not man enough to handle it Forbes?"

"Oh, I can handle it. Tickle away but it won't do you any good."

"Naaahh, gonna try a different tack now."

"Uh oh. I think I don't like the sound of that either."

"You're in trouble now Big Guy. I don't like to lose."

"I noticed. Assertive woman aren't you?"

"I like a challenge."

"I noticed that too."

"Just tell me what JT stands for and it's all over."

"Um, no..."

"Ok, you asked for it," Tess said as she leaned in and suddenly kissed him.

"Hey...what was that for?" JT spluttered as he blushed from head to toe when she was done.

"Awww you're cute when you blush." Tess giggled. Then she leaned in again but this time she pulled his glasses off his nose and gently threw them on the table behind her.

"What *are* you doing?"

"You know, you're cute. You're, like a geek with your glasses on but now you look ..."  
Tess cocked her head to the side as she contemplated a still blushing JT.

"Like what?"

"Like, attractive. Why didn't I notice that before either? You really are full of surprises aren't you, um, John Thomas, James Taylor, I know - Jackass Tiger?" Tess continued to giggle. She was definitely not sober.

She started to sway in his lap, moving across his groin quite unconsciously as if her body was thinking of its own accord. JT felt the movement *and* his involuntary response to her warmth and nearness; his beer befuddled brain registering surprise, laced with desire that came out of nowhere.

It *had* been a long time. So long in fact he couldn't remember when any-more. Things with Sarah fizzled out months earlier before they even got to the sex part and while living with Vincent, JT was loathe to start anything with another woman for fear of exposing his best friend's secret.

JT shifted on the couch in an attempt to move away from Tess' nearness, part of his brain telling him that this was not a good idea but for the life of him he couldn't articulate that thought out loud as Tess shifted with him, bringing herself closer in the process.

As she continued her increasing gyrations against him, he felt himself grow, hardening in response. Feeling him against her, Tess' eyes widened as she stared into his face.

"My my, maybe I should call you Jolly Thumper or Jack in the Box or..."

JT went beet red.

"Hmm, cute, tall, a smart geek, can make a mean sandwich and packs quite a lot of heat...if you know what I mean...?" Tess winked at him almost conspiratorially.

"Captain Forbes I do believe I'm getting more impressed by the minute."

JT stared at her red faced and nervous. This really was a bad idea. He just had to think. But it was hard to think when she was this close, her warm breath in his face. She felt soft and sexy and smelled really, *really* nice. He struggled to speak as his response to her grew at an alarming rate.

"Oh I know." Tess giggled again. Her giggle really was kind of cute JT decided. He liked it. "Jumbo Trunk – perfect." And with that Tess kissed him again and moved at the same time, cupping his length in one hand through his jeans.

JT groaned. "Now this really is a bad idea." He said with his last shred of willpower as she broke away from their kiss that he hadn't even had a chance to respond to yet.

"What? Why? I'm starting to think it's a really, *really* good idea." Tess said with a sexy rasp. "It has been a while and you, um, have some great ammo down there..."

"Tell me about it. I know all about celibacy...and wait...I *do*?"

"You definitely do...so you don't want to?"

"Um, no I don't believe that's the reason. It's just that..."

"You don't like me?"

"Um, no, I think right at this moment I like you, a lot...well I especially like what you're doing but..."

"Um, give me a good reason, not an excuse..."

"Er, coz we fight all the time and don't get along."

"Our bodies are getting along just fine at the moment."

"I noticed that."

"Well in your case it would be hard to miss..." Tess looked down at his nether regions suggestively.

JT blushed again. "Tess..." he murmured.

"Yes JT..." her answer was soft and a little breathless as she leaned in towards him until their lips were only inches apart.

"OK I give up. You can have me. You feel way too good." JT groaned.

"I can have *you*?" Tess jerked backwards in his lap.

"Well you are The Man-slayer after all..."

Now it was Tess' turn to blush. "Who told you that? I will murder Cat."

"Wasn't her."

"You got beast hearing all of a sudden? How did you know?"

"Simple. Him, the kid that sings that song . Saw an interview where he said that he dedicated the song to a female cop he worked with. I knew it couldn't be Cat. So that left you. I do remember that case<sup>4</sup>..."

"Shut up. You're killing the mood."

"Man-slayer...I dunno. You're slaying me at the moment. Seems appropriate." JT grinned as his *hands* (not him of course) decided to move around Tess' hips, holding her in his lap as she swayed against him. As his fingers caressed her through her clothes Tess' fleeting moment of indignation vanished.

"Oh yeah, kinda liking that," she breathed a little more heavily.

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<sup>4</sup> Scene featured in 'Trapped' – Season 1

"You are? You do?"

"Just keep doing what you're doing. I'm not objecting..." as JT's hands continued to move, sweeping across her hips, stomach and up her arms to her shoulders before pulling her close again.

This time it was JT taking the initiative as his reservations crumbled; heat, desire and that ache in his nether regions demanding release.

Weaving his fingers into her hair he drew her mouth towards his. JT may have been slow on the uptake but once his body kicked in and lust took over there was no stopping him. This time *he* didn't hesitate; this time *he* went for her response as *he* kissed her.

He got her response in spades, as their tongues found each other and duelled together. It was hot, wild and fast. Both had been without partners for too long, both were lonely and missed the intimacy that sex bought with it so they just enjoyed each other – completely, comprehensively and without inhibitions. For two people who allegedly didn't get along they were getting along just fine as per Tess' earlier observation. Arms, legs, bodies scrambled madly to divest clothes and within moments their clothes hit the floor and Tess was back on JT's lap, condoms on the seat next to them (that happened to be in Tess' bag leftover from her days seeing Joe).

"Oh my, even Jumbo Trunk was an understatement. I think you an' me are gonna get along *just* fine..." Tess giggled admiringly, bringing JT undone. Her hands stroked his shaft and he groaned as she worked her magic on him. It didn't take long until he was totally ready, so, not wanting to deny her the same magic, he flipped her onto her back on the couch and for the next few moments his hands, mouth, lips, concentrated on every part of her body until she writhed beneath him.

"TJ, JT, um, Jimmy, oh yeah that feels really good. Don't stop."

"Don't plan to," as JT continued giving her pleasure until she bucked wildly in response to his talented mouth on her.

As she felt herself slipping over the edge Tess keened. "Ok Big Boy. Now. Want you now..."

JT grabbed one of the sheaths and rolled it on before moving up her body to thrust inside her. Then things got really wild. The beer having lowered their natural inhibitions meant that JT & Tess were able to let go, finding themselves totally immersed in a very happy place, delighting in the feel of sexual chemistry, shared intimacy and good old fashioned combustible lust.

They were *really* getting along...and then some!



Some time later as they came down from their happy place. "Ok King Geek. You got a bed in this club? It would be more comfortable than this couch although I'm not complaining..."

JT scrambled off the couch and pulled Tess into his arms. "So you wanna go for round two?"

"While I'm still a little tanked – hell yeah." Tess giggled the giggle that did JT's head in – every time.

"In that case." He picked her up, trotting off to his bedroom.

"Oh, you've gone all caveman on me. Big and strong. I like you more all the time Jimmy..."

"My name's not Jimmy," but JT was smiling as he carried her.

"One day you'll tell me..."

"But not today...right now..."

"Round two?" Tess asked.

"Yep."

"Let's go. I'm all yours." She actually snuggled against his chest. He liked it.

JT's smile broadened. "I thought I was yours – you're The Man-slayer after all and now I gotta say I totally agree with that title. In a good way of course. You slayed me well and truly."

"Oh I don't know. You didn't do so bad yourself...Jumbo Trunk." Tess giggled. She was doing that a lot and JT couldn't help giggling in response. But this time he didn't blush which was a bonus. How much beer did they have?

It was amazing what good sex did for one's sense of humour. The rest of the night passed in a haze of more giggles, hot sex and stops for naps in-between. It seemed that JT and Tess liked each other after all.

The next morning came which happened to be a Saturday so neither JT or Tess were scheduled to work. JT woke up to find himself lying on his stomach, snuggled against Tess, her arm flung across his back with one of her legs thrown over his. She too was on her stomach, her face inches away from his. Just at that moment Tess woke up. Their mutual stare froze in place as realisation dawned as to exactly what they'd done the previous night.

Before JT had a chance to voice a single word of protest however, Tess grinned and then burst out laughing. "We really did have way too much beer didn't we?"

JT stared hard at her, saw no malice only an amused acceptance and quite happy disposition at their predicament. He couldn't be upset with her in that instance. "Yep looks like..." he grinned at her. "So we gonna have a problem with this or chalk it up to way too much alcohol."

"Oh definitely too much beer but you know, beer included, it wasn't so bad was it?" Tess smiled. "Not bad at *all*..."

"I never said it was bad did I? I was just going for the whole OMG did we really have sex and do we ignore it in the hope it goes away or do we talk about it like adults...thing?"

"Well we are adults aren't we?" Tess teased.

"Well we were until last night and then we became sex maniacs. I may have had too much beer but I do remember what happened...Man-slayer..." he grinned at her. All of a sudden Tess didn't intimidate him any-more and that could only be a good thing.

He'd seen past the prickly façade to the warm woman underneath and he didn't mind what he saw, or felt. Then he realised he wouldn't mind feeling it again even though every thing indicated it was still a bad idea, although he really didn't know why. They were both single after all...

"Listen Jimmy, repeat the Man-slayer bit to anyone else and I *will* cut you."

"My lips are sealed...it will be our secret. So now what?"

"We had sex, no big deal...I can be a grown up if you can."

"What – whaddya mean no big deal? As I recall you called me Jumbo Trunk so that makes me a. Very. Big. Deal...get it?" JT laughed at his own joke.

"Ok Jimmy, yes my nickname for your, um, impressive credentials is certainly very true. You more than rose to the occasion..." Tess winked at him.

"More than once I might add..." JT said proudly.

Tess smirked in response. "Yes that too. So do you want a medal, is that it?"

JT laughed out loud. "Nope. Just thought we could maybe go for round three?"

Tess' eyes widened as she contemplated his question, one she wasn't expecting. The JT she had woken up next to this morning was fun, teasing and full of confidence. She liked it. "You're not gonna go all weird and clingy on me are you? I don't do clingy."

"Hell no. I have definite boundaries but they can be widened to include some good old fashioned sex to scratch our respective itches every once in a while...until we get sick of each other or kill each other or something like that." JT suggested. "You know, like friends with benefits? I gather we *are* friends *now*?"

He couldn't believe what he was saying but he had enjoyed his time with Tess immensely and decided what the hell, it couldn't hurt to explore their new connection, at least occasionally.

"Friends...with benefits? OK I'm thinking about it. Kinda not grossing me out so that's a good thing." Tess teased.

"Well why should V and Cat have all the fun...and I notice you haven't exactly moved since you woke up. Your arm and leg are still all over me. Must be my Jumbo Trunk. We're just not gonna tell 'em at this point in time. Can you imagine...?"

"Oh god yes. I'm not telling them although I expect they'll click soon enough. Especially V with his bloody super powers of hearing and heightened sense of everything else. Damn that must be a pain for Cat."

"I don't believe she's complaining...it has its upside..."

"Speaking of up...what were you saying about round three?" Tess grinned wickedly.

"Bring it...Man-slayer!" JT grinned back.

So she did...

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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 'JT&T Tango'. My editor, the fabulous Janeen (Jay Cole) & other #Beastie BFF, Debbie Green, tell me I should write a follow up fanfic exploring Vincat's reaction (by accidentally walking in...) What do you all think?

My next story will possibly be 'Deleted Scenes 6 - First Night'. Unless of course I get more distractions from a Season Two spoiler or from JT&T inspiration before I finish it...

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

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

Facebook: <https://www.facebook.com/BATBPassion>

Twitter: <https://twitter.com/BATBPassion> (Links are listed in my Twitter Favorites)

#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.

It's a very steamy romance novel (partly biographical) about love and second chances between an author and a private investigator, called 'Indefinite Secondment'.

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