

BAtB Fanfiction – Wet Series: Waves

Vincent was quietly pleased with himself as he drove with Catherine by his side. He'd scoped out their destination in the previous week making sure that it was perfectly set up for what he had in mind. It was a warm, balmy Saturday afternoon which meant by the time they got there, timing would be just right. Nearing dusk with light and shadow in equal play.

As much as he wanted, needed Catherine he also wanted her to understand just how much he loved her. He'd thought hard about what he could do to demonstrate his love. Something that was for them alone but also a permanent reminder of the day.

"Vincent, where are we going?" Catherine asked as Vincent drove away from the city out onto the open road.

"You'll see," he smiled enigmatically.

"Well I presume it has something to do with water seeing that you told me to wear a two piece bikini – not a one piece mind you. You were a little specific about that."

"Oh yeah," he looked her up and down and continued in his husky voice "with what I am planning to do with you it had to be a bikini."

His desire for her was so apparent in his scorching gaze it caused Catherine to shudder in response as liquid heat swept through her body.

Vincent grinned back at her with his sexy smile, inhaling her desire which was having a marked effect on certain parts of his anatomy.

"We better talk about the weather, your work or something else or I'm gonna stop the car right now."

"Promise?" Catherine teased.

He growled softly at her, smiling. "Don't tempt me..."

"Vincent you seem awfully happy at the moment. You've planned this in advance haven't you?"

"Yep," he grinned. "I do believe you'll enjoy it, but no Red Vines OK?"

"Spoilsport," Catherine laughed. "So I gather no movies either?"

"No, just you, me, water and..." his hot gaze jolted through her body.

"Vincent Keller, does that mean you're planning for us to...you know?"

"Yes Catherine, absolutely. It's getting harder not to stop the car and have you right here right now so can we talk about something else please? And you looking at me like that... is not helping things at all." Vincent growled again.

"Oh I don't know. I kind of like that you're distracted," Catherine trailed her fingers along his leg towards...

"Catherine," the car swerved. "Stop it." His eyes glowed at her. "Soon..."

Resigned to knowing that she'd get nothing more from him, Catherine steered the conversation to safer topics until they reached their destination. They climbed out of the car, Catherine looking around at the scene in front of her.

"The beach...oh..." she remembered that conversation when Vincent talked about going to the beach.

"OK, in the pool that time at the Ashcroft Hotel, you said..."

"That us and water really do mix and seeing that our time there was way too brief I thought..." Vincent said softly

Vincent's senses were tuned into Catherine as she flushed with desire.

"Mmmm I like it when you do that."

"Do what?" Catherine asked breathlessly.

"Get excited like that."

"How did you...oh...I guess you can..."

"Oh yeah Catherine. I can. Let's just say your scent is like nothing I've experienced before; it is unique to you, musky and it's...driving me crazy." He pulled her into his arms, holding her close whilst drinking in her heady scent.

"You know Vincent, you really do have a way of expressing..."

"Catherine, I haven't even started yet..." he dragged her mouth to his, gently running his tongue over her lips, teasing her until she demanded more, capturing his tongue with her teeth, drugging him with a long, deeply sensual kiss.

Vincent pulled away to place his forehead against hers, nose touching nose as he breathed her in.

"God, what you do to me..." he whispered.

"Dr. Keller. The feeling is entirely mutual."

Vincent dragged himself away reluctantly and let Catherine go.

"I have plans for you. Stop distracting me," he laughed.

"You mean this wasn't part of the plan?" she teased, trailing her fingers down his chest.

He grabbed her hand and kissed her palm with warm lips.

"You are impossible you know that? Now please tell me you are wearing...?"

"Yes Vincent I am."

"Good," as he started to unbutton her blouse. "I really think we should go for a swim. I want to show you something."

"Out in the water?"

"Yep."

"Now I really am curious," she smiled, enjoying the feel of Vincent's fingers as he lingered at each of her buttons brushing against increasingly heated skin. Swaying, she closed her eyes as Vincent continued to peel off her clothes leaving her only in her two piece bathing suit.

Warm air kissed Catherine's skin and Vincent let out a strangled breath.

"You really are beautiful. I could stand here and look at you all day but..." he kissed her bare shoulder and then made quick work of his own clothes leaving them both standing in their swim suits. He dumped both sets of clothes in the car, locked it, then using all his senses, checked for anyone that may be close and finding no-one near he hid the keys above the rear tyre.

He turned back to Catherine and smiled at her wickedly as he scooped her into his arms.

"Vincent, what the.."

He took off at a loping run, Catherine bouncing in his arms. He didn't stop when they got to the water's edge; kept going into the shallows until they both collapsed, laughing, into deeper water.

He kissed her hard, leaving her breathless.

"Race you to the pier," and took off. Catherine launched after him as they cut through the water towards the pier 100 yards away.

They reached it at the same time.

"Vincent you let me catch you."

"Well maybe" he grinned happily. "Because I always want you next to me."

Catherine splashed him in delight and then looked around, searching for clues as to what his surprise might be.

"Not making it that easy," Vincent chuckled as he pulled her into his arms, steering her toward the underbelly of the pier amongst the pillars; the scent of wet timber and sea salt all encompassing. Soft shafts of light illuminated the water giving the scene an otherworldly feel; the sense of being in their own private sanctum where the outside world seemed to disappear.

"Vincent it's gorgeous here. How did you find it?"

"I did a little recon and I looked very hard to find the perfect place. Amazing what you can find online," he breathed against her throat as he turned her in his arms to hug her back against his chest. He moved through the water pulling her with him as he backed up to a pillar.

"So Vincent, what were you going to show me?"

Vincent pointed to a spot a few feet away.

Catherine looked up and saw. Her heart lurched wildly in her chest; tears stung her eyes at first then flowed freely as she stared in wonder at what Vincent had done.

There, on a pillar under the pier were the words:

'Catherine, I am so in love with you – Vincent'

carved into the timber so deeply she doubted years of weather or water could ever wear them away.

Tears streaming, she turned to face him, eyes shining with love.

"Oh Vincent," she whispered. "That is so romantic. I love it and I love you so much," she leaned forward, resting her cheek against his chest, listening to his heart beating frantically. "Vincent I don't need your powers of hearing to hear and feel your heartbeat. Thank you," she kissed his chest "for this beautiful expression from your heart." She trailed her tongue up towards his shoulder "and for loving me so much" another kiss feathering his skin.

"I am the luckiest..."

"No Catherine," interrupting her, he lifted her face and looked into her eyes. "It's me who's lucky. My life before you wasn't a life. I existed, I breathed, but I wasn't alive. You did that. You're my life."

Vincent groaned as he wrapped his arms around her, pulling her into a frantic embrace, his mouth seeking to draw in his very life essence through her lips.

All at once romance escalated into a torrent of desire as hands, mouths, lips, tongues came together; claspings, caressing, licking, and straining against each other craving intimacy. Vincent peeled Catherine's bikini top away, his lips at her nipples as she felt heat raging through her body.

He hung the top on a long nail embedded in the post behind them.

She noticed the movement. "That is so convenient..." she gasped as he seared a path with his lips from her breasts to her throat.

"No, not convenient. Forward thinking..."

"Oh God," as Catherine comprehended just how thoughtfully Vincent had prepared.

His lips travelled further, feathering her breasts and across her stomach as his fingers hooked into her bikini bottom, dragging it down. He lifted each leg and kissed her inner thighs as the scrap of fabric joined its counterpart on the nail.

Catherine stood gloriously naked, wet and sexy, drowning in the desire reflected in Vincent's eyes. He tugged his own swim shorts off never taking his eyes away from hers.

As one hand threw the shorts onto the nail, the other captured both of Catherine's hands, lifting them up to hold them to the post above her head, pinning her there with his body. She was helpless to do anything but feel him.

The timber was rough and wet behind her as Vincent's hot mouth explored her throat. She succumbed to pure pleasure as one hand trailed fire down the length of her body; teasing, brushing, caressing against her skin; skimming over her breasts, twirling her nipples, pinching them until they puckered hard against his fingertips.

Still holding her two small hands with his large one, he leaned in to kiss her, tongue invading her mouth, drinking in her sweetness and the scent of her all consuming need.

As he plundered her mouth, his hand continued its downward descent feathering lightly against her abdominal muscles, fingers at last caressing the soft folds of her sex.

Catherine whimpered, "Please..."

"Oh no, not yet." Vincent breathed as his fingers found her, plunging in and out, in a rhythm with his tongue as it too found its home inside her hot, wanting mouth.

With waves slapping against her; Vincent's fingers and tongue pulsing inside her she spiralled, splintering in a vortex of exquisite sensation.

Vincent stopped his exploration of her mouth and lifted his head to watch her face as she climaxed; seeing every flutter, twitch and shudder chase across her features; feeling her body come apart at his touch.

"God you're glorious," he purred, picking her up to wrap her legs around his torso as he thrust hard, burying himself so deeply inside her that she screamed out in pleasure.

"Yes Vincent, god yes..."

He walked towards the water's edge while still buried inside her. He sat, pulling her on top of him in one fluid movement, never breaking contact or slipping from her warmth.

Mouths joined as Catherine leaned into him, pushing herself up and down his shaft using his shoulders for support. His hands around her waist, he increased their tempo driving their movements faster.

Waves, salt, dappling sun, tongues crashing together, hot delicious friction as movement became frenzied culminating in earth shattering blinding release leaving them spent and languid against each other.

"Seriously I swear I heard orchestras," Vincent barely husked.

"And crashing cymbals..." Catherine breathed, tremors quaking her entire body.

Long moments of contented bliss later...

"As much as I like the thought of staying inside you forever we really should go."
Vincent feathered soft kisses along Catherine's jaw line.

"I like the way you think Vincent but I agree. Mind you if you don't stop kissing me like that we'll be here all night."

"I like kissing you but yes...later."

"Promise?"

"Always.."

They collected their swim suits, reluctantly put them on again and strolled up to the car hand in hand. Back in the car with their clothes on Vincent turned to Catherine.

"I did say that you, me and water mix really well." he uttered as he pulled Catherine into his arms.

"Good, because next time the water is on me and I do believe Vincent that I've already thought of an idea that will make your toes curl," she teased with a wicked glint in her eyes.

"Going to give me a hint?"

"Think bubbles," she teased.

"Why Catherine, I do believe I've created a monster."

"Oh you have no idea Vincent. No idea at all. But you are going to find out. For now though you really need to get us home. The night isn't over yet!"

It was the perfect moment Vincent decided with an incredibly delighted grin on his face. He looked forward to bubbles and Catherine, always Catherine. His Catherine.



© Karin Witnish 2013

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 'Waves.'

The Wet Series will continue with part 3: 'Bubbles' very soon.

I have also self published a very steamy romance novel about love and second chances between an author and a private investigator, called 'Indefinite Secondment'.

Buy the eBook of Rina & Dean's scorching story at: <http://www.raunchify.com/is>

All BAAtB fanfiction 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)