

BAtB Fanfiction: Vincent

This was written as a Birthday gift for Jay Ryan, so it's a little bit different than my usual offerings. No erotic scenes, in fact nothing but a glimpse into an hour or so in Vincent's life and his thoughts – inspired only by the character created by the BATB writers, and brought to life – brilliantly - by the aforementioned Jay Ryan.

Jay, if you should ever read this, I hope you enjoy it, and I hope I've done your Vincent justice.

Perfect timing, Vincent thought to himself as he rounded the dune and sat down on the sand, settling into his favourite spot. And sure enough, as if on cue the blackness of the horizon was suddenly broken by a pale glow. Within seconds that glow had become bright enough to make out the crests of the waves nearing the shore, a minute or so later the first deep yellow rays of the sun pierced the sky. They reached up towards the few pink-tinged clouds, now being chased higher and higher by the fiery ball of the sun. A golden path of light made its way across the water, over the shoreline and along the sand, finally settling on Vincent, making his eyes gleam just like the shimmering amber they would sometimes become.

He smiled and closed his eyes to the brightness, letting the early morning warmth wash over him, listening intently as the rest of the world started to wake up along with the sun. He could hear the gulls begin their persistent mewls, the scratches of small nocturnal rodents burrowing away for the day, even the sound of a crab edging its way across the sand. Vincent loved this time of day, right before the harsh sounds of civilisation joined in, when the day was new and anything...everything seemed possible.

Standing up, he quickly stripped off all his clothes. As the early spring air touched him with its salty fingers, he took a quick look up and down the beach. Not a soul in sight. There never was, not here, not this early. Satisfied he was safe; Vincent moved to the edge of the dune and dove off the small cliff into the ocean. He wasted no time starting to swim, aware that the water was barely above freezing and he needed to keep moving. For several minutes he swam back and forth, doing lengths between invisible markers he'd worked out years ago. His easy, powerful strokes belied the speed with which he was actually moving, covering the distance in what would've been record time, keeping his blood and muscles warm against the icy waves. When he'd had enough he pulled himself back up onto the cliff, letting the sun's rays and the sea breeze dry him enough to pull his jeans and shirt back on.

Carrying his boots, cap and jacket, Vincent set off down the beach to another favourite spot; a natural seat among the rocks with a gorgeous sea view. It was awash in sunshine, but kept him well hidden on the off chance anyone should wander down to this part of the shore. He was actually on the private beach of a private home, but in the 7 or 8 years he'd been coming out here, Vincent had seen evidence of occupation only twice.

He'd done some checking and found out the owner lived in Europe but apparently kept the property for sentimental reasons, rarely visiting. This suited Vincent just fine, although he hadn't been here much himself recently. Actually, he thought with a smile, not since Catherine had found him, had realised who he was and changed everything.

Catherine. The woman who had given him his life back. No, strike that. Given him a new life, a better one. Better than anything he might have ever had with Alex or anyone else from before; had fate not intervened all those years ago. And obviously, infinitely better than the last decade in the warehouse; JT had done his best, and they'd even managed to have some fun over the years...but that had only been an existence, not a life.

Vincent pulled out his phone and checked for messages, just making sure Catherine hadn't called; that she didn't need him. He hated that she'd had to go away overnight for work, but since she was travelling with others there was no way he could go with her. That was why he'd decided to come out here again, to take his mind off of missing and worrying about her. Anyway she'd be back in a few hours. He grinned as he thought about all the things he was going to do to her, and then shifted as his body started to react eagerly to those same thoughts. Vincent sighed and tried to push the images, lovely as they were, out of his mind. Feeling like that right now wasn't going to do him any good...but hell, he was hardly complaining. Compared to the way things used to be, it was damn satisfying for his body to actually have a tangible reason to respond that way.

Something caught his attention, way out in the surf. Even with his enhanced vision he strained to see...then they came into focus. Porpoises. Beautiful. Vincent remembered when he'd first seen them, not quite believing it at the time. But he did his research, and found that they were seen in these parts occasionally, although it was rare they'd come so close. He'd even been lucky enough once to see what he was sure was a whale...and researched that as well to make sure it was possible. It was...and he'd felt extremely triumphant showing JT - who hadn't believed him - the online proof.

Vincent surveyed the water again and chuckled as he remembered those times. Research. He'd always had a thirst for knowledge, but living the way he did, he'd taken that to extremes. The internet had become his library, his teacher, even his friend. Anything that caught his eye, anything he didn't understand, anything JT wasn't interested in discussing. And, he may not have had an account, but Vincent had even lurked on Twitter quite a bit and seen some interesting things, although they did seem to yell a lot there.

Mostly though, there had been the endless checking for the tiniest clue about his condition, or the latest attempt at a cure for JT and him to try out. Medical journals, hacked military sites, even fanciful blogs about the strange and unexplained. All were read regularly, and fruitlessly. In fact, it was after researching what appeared to be a particularly promising gene therapy, that he'd ended up here for the first time. JT had run a preliminary trial of a watered down version; there had been no adverse reactions so they continued with the real thing. Put bluntly - one of the worst mistakes they'd made.

Even after they'd stopped it, Vincent spent days trying to regain his physical humanity...then even longer with his emotional side, trying to come to terms with what had happened, everything he'd done. One night it had all become too much, and he'd just run, left the warehouse, wanting only to escape...everything.

Eventually somehow he'd ended up here, and as that first early morning sunrise washed over him Vincent had managed to find himself again. It had been tenuous, but just enough to pull him through, to give him the strength to go back and do it all over again. And as each attempt failed, he would return here to cleanse himself in the solitude of the ocean sounds and that glorious sunrise. The cycle repeated, again, again, again for years, until he'd had enough, had told JT that it was time to stop. And of course it was here he'd come, to start the process of reconciling himself with the truth about his future.

Vincent remembered that time and shivered, not from cold, but from the memory of what he'd gone through. Learning to accept that he was always going to be this way had been a bleak time and a nearly impossible task, but the only choice if he was to keep his sanity, keep what humanity he still had left. He knew he might not have gotten through it at all if he hadn't had this place to calm him. He certainly couldn't have managed at the warehouse, not with JT constantly telling him what a bad decision it was. After that Vincent hadn't come back here for a while, until he realised he actually missed it. So he continued to visit regularly, but now just for enjoyment, or - like today - to keep his mind off of other things. It might only be a tiny, forgotten corner on the far side of Staten Island, but it was his escape from the stifling city, and Vincent loved it.

His ears pricked as he heard the sounds of civilisation starting to come to life; a construction site somewhere behind, people getting onto buses, kids heading to school. With a sigh Vincent realised it was time for him to leave, make his way to the ferry terminal and blend in with the crush of commuters and tourists, expertly avoiding the security cameras. Shoes, coat and cap back on, he started to make his way back to the real world...but stopped. Vincent wanted one more moment. He closed his eyes and turned his face to the sun, feeling the warmth, the safety. Damn it was so perfect out here. Maybe he should show Catherine. Yes, oh yes he so wanted to share this place with the woman he loved...the woman who loved him. Perhaps...perhaps he'd bring her here on his Birthday.

The End

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