

BAtB Fanfiction – The Inn

At the beginning of Never Turn Back (finale), Vincent and Catherine were enjoying a 'date' in Milltown. This is my imagining of what happened if they stopped at a country Inn before returning to the city.

The afternoon in Milltown had been perfect. As they walked towards where Catherine's car was parked, arm in arm, neither really wanted their 'date' to come to an end.

"Catherine..." Vincent stopped and turned Catherine to look at him. "If we go back to the city, well you said Heather's at home...and at my place JT's just gonna want to talk about DNA and meds; he's been texting me all day. Soooo, maybe we could see if we could find some, ah privacy somewhere here?"

"And just what did you have in mind, Dr Keller?" Catherine smiled, enjoying the look he was giving her.

"You know damn well what we both have in mind, Detective Chandler. It's just that, well, with these pills still wearing off, if this is going to be the last time we ever get with me feeling almost normal, let's not waste it."

Catherine sighed and drew him closer. "Oh Vincent. If only we could...but we really have to go." She kissed him quickly, pulled away and started walking towards the car, knowing that behind her Vincent was giving her a puzzled look, hoping he wouldn't push the issue.

"But Catherine...I thought..." Vincent stopped, definitely puzzled, wondering for a moment if he'd done something wrong. But she was already opening the passenger door for him and moving around to the driver's side. He shrugged, and got in.

As they drove onto the road leading out of town, towards the highway, Vincent tried again, "You know, we could even just, well, maybe pull over somewhere...?"

"In the car, Vincent?" Catherine was trying to keep a straight face, he was being so serious.

"Okay I know it's not the most romantic, but it could be fun, yeah?" Vincent realised he was starting to sound desperate and laughed. "I mean...look if you have to get back then of course. I just...well I just didn't want today to end. Ever." He looked over at her, but Catherine was focussed on the road ahead. After a moment with no response, he looked the other way instead at the passing countryside, wondering what on earth had suddenly made her so quiet. He was so used to being able to read her emotions and her intentions through his senses, that it was a little disconcerting to feel so 'out of the loop'. Vincent almost laughed out loud as he realised he was now a cliché; just like any other man trying to figure out a woman. If he hadn't been so disappointed, he would probably have been quite excited by the challenge.

Catherine knew she'd confused him, but right now it was better to keep Vincent wondering. If she tried to make up some explanation she'd probably make a mess of it, and even without his built-in lie detector, he'd know something was up and the surprise would be ruined. She looked ahead, knowing that he only had to be patient a while longer, and not wanting to miss her turn. Ah, and there it was.

As the car turned onto the side road, Vincent looked up. "Um Catherine I think you took the wrong exit...the highway's not for another couple of miles..."

"I know."

"So...so we are going to, ah, pull over then?" She could hear that familiar deeper huskiness starting to creep into his voice, and it was making her feel warm. Very warm, all over. He sounded so hopeful, and it was driving her crazy not to cave in.

"Nope. Just be patient Vincent. There's something I have to take care of before we head back into the city."

Vincent decided the best thing was probably just to sit there and be quiet. Catherine was definitely in a strange mood; maybe once she'd dealt with whatever this was, he could broach the subject one more time.

Catherine turned the car again, this time into a long driveway framed by heavy evergreens. Not a sound from Vincent, and she glanced over to realise that he'd been looking the wrong way to have noticed the sign at the driveway entrance. All the better. Eventually the road opened up, and directly ahead was a large, Colonial style mansion, surrounded by lawns and trees, with several smaller buildings visible further back. She pulled into one of the parking spots, turned off the ignition and opened her door, once again glancing over at Vincent. "Okay Vincent, if you can wait here, I promise I'll only be a moment."

"Sure, where would I go anyway? Catherine...just a sec...how could you have something to do here when you didn't even know Milltown was where...we...?" But he was talking to the air; she'd already disappeared into the building. Vincent sighed, leaned his head back and closed his eyes, deciding instead to use the time to come up with another option for them to...hang on, where were they? Vincent opened his eyes, reading 'The Old Mill Inn' on the sign affixed to the building. He started to smile. They were at a hotel. Surely he could use that and come up with something clever to say that would get her thinking along the same lines as he was.

He was shaken out of his thoughts by Catherine getting back into the car. She gave him a quick smile, then started the engine and backed out of the parking space, immediately dashing any ideas Vincent had of romance in the country; he hadn't even had a chance yet to think of anything to say. But instead of heading back to the main driveway, they went down a lane behind the main building, pulling up in front of a small, cottage-like building.

Vincent looked questioningly at Catherine. "Why don't you go and unlock the door?" she said, putting a key in his hand and getting out of the car, unable to hold back her smile any longer. Vincent was still sitting there, looking at the key, then up at her. "Well are you going to stay in there all day? Because I don't know about you, but I think we'd be much more comfortable inside."

Vincent grinned as realisation set in, and was out of his seat in one bound. "Hell yeah," he said, literally running around the car and pulling Catherine into his arms. "Have I told you today how much I love you?"

"Yes, umpteen times. But if we get inside you can show me instead...because I've been going crazy for hours now, trying to keep this a secret."

Vincent unlocked the door, and together they moved inside. The cottage was old and small, but clean and beautifully decorated. There was a modern bathroom just off to the side, a seating area at one end of the room, and at the other the most magnificent four-poster bed, swathed in tasteful, cream coloured linens and curtains. But it might as well have been covered in sacking for all Vincent and Catherine noticed; they were in each other's arms before the door had barely closed behind them, eyes locked together, clothes already being shed in a line along the floor leading to the bed.

They stood in front of the bed, Catherine in her bra and panties, Vincent shirtless with belt and zipper undone, his jeans not at all able to conceal his desire. Their hearts were pounding as Vincent leaned down and kissed her, purposefully, hungrily, his hands going around her back to undo her bra. As it joined the other items on the floor, Catherine returned the kiss and leaned into him, her breasts pressed against his chest, her own hands wandering to his back and moving down, down, inside his jeans, caressing his ass through his briefs, feeling the rock hard muscles tighten even further at her touch. Vincent moaned...no, he growled, and Catherine smiled as she realised that even with his animal DNA suppressed, some things had just become a permanent part of him, or maybe they actually had always been all Vincent, all along. That certainly included his manhood, and as Catherine pulled Vincent's hips hard against her, even through his jeans there was no mistaking the impressive length and thickness. She moved one hand between them, and started caressing, rubbing, stroking through the denim. Vincent growled again, and in response moved one of his hands down too, oh so lightly running his fingertips up and down the delicate lace of her panties, causing Catherine to shiver in anticipation.

Vincent felt Catherine start to tug at his pants, and with a groan pulled away from her just long enough to remove jeans, shoes and socks. Now clad only in black briefs, he reached down to cup her groin with his hand, noting that her panties were already soaked clean through. Vincent loved knowing that this was because of her desire for him, and even without his Beast he had to take a moment and suppress the urge to just take her there and then. Composing himself, he met her mouth for another deep kiss before gently pushing her down to sit on the edge of the bed. Now almost panting in anticipation, he knelt before her, spreading her legs wide and leaning in to gently feather kisses on Catherine's inner thighs before turning his attention back to the scrap of fabric between her legs. Slowly, teasingly, his tongue reached out, circling her sensitive bud through the lace, hands on her hips to steady her trembling body, wanting only to please her.

As he did exactly that, Catherine couldn't help but cry out. Vincent's tongue always felt like heaven, but the way he was teasing her through the fabric was adding yet another dimension to the pleasure. He started to suck, using his velvety lips and the silky lace to harden her pebble-like nub, heightening her sensitivity even further. After what seemed like endless sweet agony, Vincent raised himself up for another kiss, continuing to delight her below with his fingers, circling, rubbing, fondling, bringing her endless waves of bliss.

Catherine cried out again, barely able stand it, but as she was about to give in to the lust she felt Vincent's massive, straining erection brush against her thigh, and became momentarily distracted by the desire to give him what he was giving her. She reached out and stroked him through his briefs, feeling him stiffen even more against her touch, moving her hand further down and cupping all of him through the cotton as he groaned in appreciation.

Vincent nearly lost it himself, but instead stood up and used one arm to draw Catherine up to meet him. He pulled her mouth onto his, letting his tongue wander over hers, enjoying the sensation overload as their hands and fingers still maintained the strokes and caresses below. He wanted to be inside her, but that could wait. For now he wanted something else.

Dragging himself away from her warm kiss, Vincent lay down on the bed, lifting Catherine easily so that she was straddling his chest, facing away from him. He took a moment to admire the sight, then slid her closer, so that his tongue was once again on the lace, teasing her. He hooked two fingers under her panties and moved them out of the way, now able to taste her directly. As she purred and began to grind against his mouth, he left no part of her untouched, his long tongue now thrusting and probing deep inside. Catherine shivered, whimpered, then leaned forward and slid her own fingers under the straining waistband of his briefs, finally releasing his fiery erection and taking it into her hands. Vincent felt her lips brush against the head, and his hips began to roll involuntarily, wanting her to go further, needing to feel her tongue on him, begging for the warm wetness of her mouth.

Catherine wasted no time in giving Vincent what he craved. Her mouth opened and took him in, tongue circling the raging, sticky tip at the same time, hands stroking rhythmically. She moved one hand down to caress his heavy sac, and was rewarded by a deep, throaty growl, a growl that reverberated against her sex like nothing she could ever describe. Every time he did that it took her by surprise, transporting her to a place that before Vincent, she hadn't even known existed. He inserted one, then two fingers inside her, circling, probing, driving her crazy, as his tongue continued to explore every part of her sex. He rasped up and down, lapping greedily at the nectar that flowed endlessly, suckling at her bud.

In turn, Catherine increased her pull on his shaft, lips taking hold, hands working faster. He swelled further, her mouth could sense each vein throb, feel his increasing heat as he grew closer and closer to his release. His hips bucked; once, twice, again, and again, and pulsing furiously he let go. She was ready for him, hands and mouth encouraging every last drop of his essence, and as she consumed him he growled again. Longer, fiercer and louder this time, the intimate vibrations it caused taking Catherine to the very edge and then finally, gloriously over it and beyond. She mewled unceasingly as they throbbed into and against each other, writhing together, bodies trembling, mouths still working, until it felt like they had nothing left to give. But their heartbeats were still racing; they wanted more, needed to stay connected. They sat up, Vincent enfolding Catherine tightly within his arms as their still hungry mouths met in a frenzied kiss. They could taste themselves on each other, adding to the passion, sealing their love. At that moment they felt as though nothing could ever, would ever come between them.

Minutes passed and the kisses became gentler, until eventually their lips parted and they just sat there, smiling at each other, enjoying the intimacy. For the first time since they entered the room, Vincent spoke. "So, I know I'm not the detective here, but it looks like you did a little undercover work of your own today. How on earth did you arrange this, when I didn't even tell you we were going to be in Milltown?"

Catherine smiled at the line that had become a bit of a running joke between them. "I saw the sign for it coming into town, and then a brochure when we were at that coffee shop...so when you went to the men's room I called to make the reservation. You planned such a lovely day for us; I didn't want it to end either."

"I should've known you were up to something, letting me sit in that car feeling frustrated, and reduced to begging you to pull over."

Catherine chuckled. "Vincent it was all I could do not to tell you...and every time you suggested pulling over, I was ready to do just that and not even wait until we got here!" As they both laughed and she rested her head forward onto Vincent's chest, she distinctly heard another growl. Except this one was coming from his stomach.

"Sorry Catherine, I guess candy floss doesn't quite cut it as a meal."

"Ah, I nearly forgot. I think I may be able to help with that too." Catherine slid off the bed and padded over to the seating area, checking cabinets until she found a mini-fridge. Opening it, she triumphantly pulled out two small trays with some assorted sandwiches and fruit, along with several bottles of juice and water. "It's not much, but they were willing to do it on short notice, so..."

"Catherine is there ever anything that you don't think of? That is absolutely perfect." As he left the bed and moved towards her, Vincent's attention was diverted by a set of sliding doors behind the curtains. He pulled one aside slightly, and peeked outside. Rather than seeing a public area, in front of him was a small patio with table and chairs, a tiny lawn ringed by springtime flowers, and a high stone wall, with taller trees beyond that. "Oh, Catherine, you have to see this...is this ours?"

She joined him at the window. "Yes, they said it had a private garden, but I didn't imagine anything like this...I didn't think they actually meant totally private." They stared at it in wonder for a while, for that moment just like any other city couple enjoying a brush with real nature.

"Well what are we waiting for?" Vincent was already pulling on his jeans and shirt, and while Catherine did the same he took the meal outside, arranging it on the table. A quick search of the cupboards turned up plates, glasses and napkins, and as Catherine stepped through the doors Vincent bowed awkwardly and pulled out her chair. "Your feast, Milady." Giggling, they sat down to eat.

For a while they said nothing; simply enjoying the sandwiches, each other's company, and the clean country air. It had been a warmer than usual day for that time of spring, and the comfortable temperature seemed to be hanging on even as the afternoon turned into evening. Vincent reached to remove the wrap from the fruit plate, then stopped, springing out of his chair and disappearing inside.

"Vincent, where are you going?"

"Better idea, hang on" came the muffled reply.

A few moments later Vincent appeared back outside holding a blanket, which he spread out on the small lawn. Gleefully he looked at Catherine. "How often will we get a chance to have a real picnic, on real grass, without worrying about anybody seeing us?"

As she smiled in agreement, Vincent took her hand and led Catherine the few steps to the blanket, settling her down before retrieving the fruit and napkins from the table. Sitting on the blanket, they fed each other grapes, melon and strawberries, laughing as they played 'normal', simply enjoying every second.

Their meal finished, Vincent reached up and with his long arms just managed to slide the plate back onto the table. He then settled back, and Catherine lay perpendicular, resting her head gently in his lap. "How long do we have?" he asked, running his fingers through her hair.

"Well we can't stay all night, unfortunately, I'm supposed to be at work at a ridiculous hour tomorrow morning, but we can stay a while longer, maybe get some sleep here then drive back early...besides, the traffic will be..."

"Oh God, JT." Vincent sat up with a start, interrupting her. "He'll be sending out a search party...my phone is probably full of messages."

"Nope. Texted him and said he was NOT to bother us." Catherine winked at Vincent as he shook his head in amazement and lay back down. "I think of everything, remember?"

They lay there together, listening to the birdsong and smelling the fragrant flowers, as the rays of the setting sun pushed through the tall evergreens and bathed them both in a golden glow. Catherine looked up at Vincent and for a moment, the reflection of the sun against his eyes was turning them amber, reminding her of his Beast, making her remember that as wonderful as these last few hours were, she would still love him and crave him just as much when things were back to their 'normal', when his eyes would change again for real. Completely happy, she cuddled against him, letting her hands start to wander up and under his shirt, reaching his nipples and gently tugging at them.

Vincent groaned and bit his lip. Catherine knew damn well that was one of his weaknesses, and he instantly felt himself becoming hard. There was no way she hadn't felt that either, considering her head was currently laying across his crotch. Not that he minded, if she'd given it two more minutes he would've been the one initiating things, they were both so obviously on the same wavelength when it came to this, even without his super senses. Vincent groaned again, now running both hands through Catherine's hair, feeling his erection strain beneath her, revelling in the continued attention she was paying to his nipples. It felt so good, the sensations travelling throughout his body, his breathing already becoming laboured, his groans becoming growls. He had to do something or he was going to come in his jeans like some desperate teenager.

Vincent sat up, gathering Catherine in his arms, pulling her in to his chest. They gazed into each other's eyes, then he looked down and centred his attention on her open blouse, gently kissing her neck, her shoulders, moving towards her breasts. As his hands reached down to undo her jeans, he felt her doing the same for him. Ready for her, aching to be inside her, knowing that she wanted to feel him there too, right now, he suddenly stopped. He lifted her into his arms and stood up in one motion, carrying her back inside and over to the bed.

Catherine looked at him questioningly. "As much as I wanted to have you outside, I wanted to make love to you on this beautiful bed even more," he said. "I am so, so in love with you Catherine. This day, this night, these last few hours before we have to go back, should be as romantic as we can make it."

Catherine smiled at him, so full of love for him it almost seemed superfluous when she said it out loud. "I love you too Vincent...more than I ever thought possible."

They made love then, on that magnificent bed. Slowly, emotionally, tenderly, bodies moving as if they were one, the outside world forgotten. Their climaxes were gentle, yet no less meaningful, no less fervent than the fiery releases of before. When they were done, they fell asleep still joined, waves of ecstasy still rippling from them, breathing in tandem, completely fulfilled.

Catherine awoke with a start. She knew immediately that Vincent was no longer next to her in bed, but could still sense his nearness, knew there was no reason to panic. She sat up and peered through the darkness at the clock radio on the nightstand. Nearly 2am. She was glad they'd slept for several hours, but sadly realised they'd have to leave soon, their romantic adventure over. As she yawned lazily, the breeze from outside caught the edge of the curtain, blowing it open, and Catherine caught a quick glimpse of Vincent, he was outside. She stood up, and without bothering to turn on a light, reached around for something to put on. Vincent's t-shirt, that would do. Catherine padded over to the sliding door; about to go outside she stopped, in awe of what she was seeing. Vincent was standing on the lawn, looking up at the night sky, completely naked. She gasped; it was one of the most beautiful sights she'd ever seen. Her Vincent looked for all the world like a Greek god, his chiselled body bathed in the moonlight.

Vincent heard her gasp and looked over, extending his hand. "Catherine, come here. You have to see this." She walked towards him, looking so sexy with her tousled bed-hair, his t-shirt literally hanging off her. As she reached him he leaned down and gave her a sweet kiss, then gathered her into his arms, standing behind her, holding her close. "Look up Catherine. Look at the stars." She tilted her head back and her eyes widened, there were stars everywhere, it was like something out of a Disney movie.

"Vincent...oh Vincent, that's beautiful."

"We spend our lives in the city, and we forget what the night sky is supposed to look like...like this, not washed out from the city lights. When we were kids, JT and I would go 'camping' in the backyard, back then you could still see a bit more than you can now, and we used to lay there wondering about aliens and planets and all that..." Vincent's voice trailed off as he became wistful, lost in his memories. "And then, when I was in Afghanistan...oh Catherine if you think this is spectacular, you can't imagine what it looked like there. We'd be in blackout; there were no lights for miles, no city lights, no villages, nothing. The night would be so full of stars you could barely see the sky around them. So many it was even difficult to pick out familiar constellations. The others used to laugh at me; I'd spend hours outside, just looking up at them, dreaming..." Vincent stopped and chuckled. "And I bet right now you're laughing at me too, crazy naked man in a garden, babbling about the stars."

"No Vincent...nothing could be further from the truth...it is breathtaking, and hearing you talk about it...well, I love it when you share your memories with me, especially the good ones."

Vincent smiled, leaning down to plant a kiss on the top of Catherine's head, drawing her more tightly against him. They stood that way for a while, both looking up at the sky, lost in their dreams and memories. Before they knew it, without even realising they were doing it, they were rocking together.

Vincent felt Catherine grind back against him, almost imperceptibly, and his hands started to move down, reaching under the t-shirt, caressing her skin. He began to thicken, to lengthen, and he moaned quietly into Catherine's hair. She responded by pressing directly back into him, taking one of his hands in hers, bringing it to her mouth and sucking relentlessly on his middle finger. His erection grew further, pressing into her back, and as his other hand reached her folds he realised that as usual, she was instantly ready for him, her sex swelling in anticipation just as he grew, always able to accommodate his generous proportions.

Vincent began to growl quietly, and Catherine turned suddenly to face him, lifting the t-shirt over her head and throwing it aside to stand as naked as he in the moonbeams. He looked down at her and began to ache, wanting to give himself completely to her. His hands found her breasts and began to knead them, fingering the nipples in time with her increasing breaths, as their mouths found each other and tongues danced, fought, loved. Catherine reached for his shaft, working the velvety skin gently, pulling him down and towards her aching centre, both feeling the electricity as the connection was made.

Vincent let out a strangled groan, trying not to make too much noise since they were outside, but unable to deny the effect this was having on him. He started to tremble, and sank to the ground in a sitting position, wrapping his arms quickly around Catherine so she moved with him. The blanket from their earlier picnic was just inches away, but he stayed where they were, enjoying the coolness of the grass against his hot skin. He was throbbing, swelling so much he thought for sure the pills had finally worn off, that this was his Beast's doing, but no...it was still just him. Catherine mewled against his neck as she sat astride him, dripping with desire, his manhood pressing against her belly.

"Now Vincent, please, now", and at those words he could wait no longer. He lifted Catherine easily, positioning her above his shaft, then brought her down quickly, impaling her, both of them sharply drawing in breath at the same time, both of them starting to move immediately. Vincent continued to drive into her, using his hands on her ass, sliding her up and down in time with his thrusts, as she wrapped her legs around his back. For a moment he worried he was being too rough, but Catherine's continued murmurs spurred him on further "yes Vincent, oh...please...more Vincent". Her warm insides were grabbing him, massaging him; nothing had ever felt quite so intense. Their mouths, their lips, their tongues were on fire; sometimes caught in a kiss, sometimes ravaging each other's necks and shoulders. Vincent stifled an actual roar as he felt his release rising, the ache and need to let go becoming unbearable, and he held on to her even tighter, muffling his growls in Catherine's neck, flooding into her as he came. His orgasm immediately spurred hers, and before he'd even finished she was pulsing around him, milking him, stifling her own cries of ecstasy against his chest. He held her against him and looked back up at the night sky, unwilling to let go, wanting this feeling of oneness with Catherine, with the stars, with his humanity, to last forever.

As their passion cooled, reality began to creep back in. "I know we need to get back..." Vincent said huskily, "...but Catherine, promise me we'll return here one day, to our own private garden under the stars." They kissed deeply, then rose and made their way back inside, both knowing that whether or not they actually ever did come back, and no matter what the future held for them, this day would be locked in their memories for all time.

© Judache English

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.

Twitter: <https://twitter.com/Judache>