

BAtB Fanfiction: My Beastly Valentine (Colorado – 2)

Wet and furry. Something wet and furry - although not exactly unpleasant - was nibbling and licking at her shoulder, and Catherine groaned, mumbling in annoyance as she was gradually woken up. "Beast, please Beast it's too early. The alarm hasn't even gone off yet." The nibbling stopped for a moment, then resumed; now moving towards her neck. Catherine sighed, blinking in the darkness. "Beast stop it, I mean it. And you know you aren't supposed to be on the bed."

She heard a small growl, then her beast spoke, his voice deep and husky. "Well that's disappointing. I kind of like sleeping on the bed."

She giggled. "Vincent. It's barely...umm..." Catherine squinted towards the bedside clock. "...6am. What are you trying to do?"

"I was trying," the nibbles resumed, "to wake my girlfriend with a few kisses. But since it seems she can't tell the difference between me and our dog, perhaps..."

"I knew it was you all along."

"Oh you SO did not. You were about to ask me if I needed to go outside."

"Speaking of that..." Catherine turned over onto her back, as Vincent propped himself up on one elbow and smiled down at her.

"No, no Catherine, I don't need to go outside." He winked as she reached up and playfully swatted his arm. "But if you're wondering why he didn't come galloping in here the second he heard us wake up, I've already been up and taken care of him, and we've had one of our chats. He'll leave us be for a little while longer."

Vincent leaned in for a kiss as Catherine shook her head - not for the first time - at the uncanny connection her boyfriend had with their pup - actually with most animals. She'd given up trying to explain it...along with all the other 'leftovers' Vincent had from his animal DNA. Mostly things like partially enhanced senses, increased muscle coordination and strength. At least they had all been positive, and...

"Hey," Vincent broke into her thoughts. "Am I on my own here?"

"Sorry, just thinking about...things." He looked at her searchingly, and Catherine reached up and pulled him back down for that kiss. "Good things Vincent, only good things."

"Glad to hear it," Vincent whispered against her lips, "as I was hoping we could get Valentine's Day off to a really good start." His hands began to run all over her body, his fingers gently tickling against her thighs, and Catherine could feel the proof of his morning arousal heavy against her hip, enticing her. She parted her legs slightly to allow him access, and Vincent immediately obliged, his gentle caresses causing tiny moans to escape from her throat, answered by deep rumbles of satisfaction from his chest.

"Mmm yes you're right, it's Valentine's Day...and I certainly like it so far." Catherine giggled. "So are you my gift? Shouldn't you be all wrapped up in a big red bow?"

In one graceful motion, Vincent rolled atop her, then entered her. He stilled for a moment as she adjusted to him, then they began to move together, with the ease and familiarity only felt by two people deeply in love. "I considered it...but not only would it have been a serious blow to my dignity, it would've been totally wasted. You would've ripped it off me in a second." His eyes glinted mischievously, and he leaned down and nipped at her earlobe.

"Oh really? You think you're THAT irresistible? You think I have so little self-control? I'll have you know I like to take my time opening...ooh, don't stop that...opening my gifts...seriously do not stop that." Catherine arched her back as Vincent began to suck gently at a sensitive spot on her neck. Somehow he always knew exactly where she wanted his touch...and she wasn't about to admit it, but yeah, he WAS that irresistible.

"Well, I know that's what I would have done to you...in fact I considered that too..."

"Considered what?" The attention to her neck, along with the feel of his hot, pulsing shaft rocking gently inside her was making it difficult to remember what they'd been talking about. Oh that's right. He was still talking about the ribbon, about...oh... "Vincent...you were thinking of...ah...tying me up?" She tried to sound nonchalant, but realised the idea was making her heat up even more.

"Actually it was more like just wrapping you, so I could UNwrap you, not exactly tying you. Although...mmm..." His voice trailed off and Catherine knew he'd sensed her increased excitement. His thrusts suddenly became faster, deeper, and she met every one with the same intensity. She would never tire of the way he felt inside her, filling her completely as his hardness repeatedly stroked against her softness, the combined heat radiating throughout their bodies. It was more than a physical connection; whenever they joined they were practically one in mind as well as body. And, she thought wickedly as she slid her hands over his hips to pull him even closer, it certainly didn't hurt that he had such a gorgeous ass to hang on onto.

Their movements ramped up further, becoming almost frenzied, yet never losing rhythm. Vincent raised his head from her neck and their eyes met. Catherine could see the love there, the need...and with a split second flash of gold, an almost animal-like intensity. Whether it was a remnant of his beast, or just his awakened human reaction to the primal act, she didn't know...or care. He was close, she could see it, feel it, and the same sensation was about to take her over that same edge. He growled hungrily as their lips met, and...

"Geez what the f...damn I meant to turn that off". Vincent's hand shot out and bashed wildly at the clock radio, the alarm buzzing incessantly at them. Catherine giggled. Vincent, having succeeded in killing the offensive piece of plastic, also began to laugh and flopped down over her. "So much for the mood," he muttered into her hair.

Catherine ran her fingernails lightly over his back. "I don't know about that," she whispered against his ear. "Feels to me like you're still quite ready to go." She clenched her inner muscles firmly, deliberately around him and was rewarded by a small groan, as Vincent began to roll his hips against her. He rose up on his arms, and the intensity increased as they once again gazed into each other's eyes. Catherine moaned, and Vincent...stopped moving.

He shook his head, rolling his eyes. "And three...two...one..." he announced. Right on cue, a four month old bundle of fur burst into the room and jumped on the bed. "Beast...NO!" they yelled in unison.

"You didn't close the door," Catherine remarked in a surprisingly calm voice.

Vincent sighed. "Would've been worse. You know he hates closed doors, he would've just been out there yowling at us to open it. And DON'T ask me why I can't seem to get through to him about that."

Catherine chuckled and ran a hand soothingly through Vincent's hair, watching as he threw an exasperated expression at Beast. The half-grown pup was oblivious to what he'd interrupted and happily pawing at the sheet that was still, thankfully, sort of covering them.

"Right, you little monster," said Vincent, and the dog immediately looked up at him in adoration. "We love you too, but you need to go back to your own bed, for just a little bit longer." His voice sounded normal, but Catherine could swear there was a curious undertone that seemed to lull the pup. Or maybe she was imagining it. Probably...or, okay, maybe she wasn't after all, since Beast suddenly barked once, then turned and bounced off the bed and out of the room, seemingly quite content to do so.

"Impressive," she said "just promise you won't ever try that technique on me."

Vincent smiled and leaned in for a kiss. "I wouldn't dare. Now, third time lucky?" His tongue ran over her lower lip, as one hand gently tickled across her breasts, stopping briefly to tweak each nipple. Catherine moaned as she felt them pucker. She wanted more, and now. The constant interruptions had left her almost unhinged with the need for release, and from the way Vincent was throbbing inside her, she knew he felt the same. It wouldn't take much, just a touch, a...

Damn! In a split second, Catherine sat bolt upright, and in the same moment Vincent rolled off her, letting out a string of expletives. He laid back and pulled a pillow over his head, a muffled "I give up!" coming out from underneath. Catherine started to giggle, and reached over to turn off the alarm - which this time was blaring the radio along with the usual buzzer.

"I guess you just snoozed it before."

"You think?" Vincent reappeared from under the pillow, muttering a few more choice words. He looked at her. "What IS it with us and Valentine's Day?" They both burst out laughing.

"You know I DO appreciate what you tried to do," Catherine leaned over and kissed him on the forehead. "But I have to shower and get ready for work...it's going to be a busy day, with the overtime I agreed to. At least I'm working in the office today, not on my feet in the restaurant."

Catherine had recently started to take on other duties in the small hotel where the restaurant was located.

"Yes, I've got a busy day too. But you should still be home by 7pm?" Catherine nodded. "Good, because, ah, I'm taking you out."

"Vincent...no...we agreed. No gifts, no fancy dinners. It's a lovely gesture but you don't need to take me out, and we can't afford..."

"Shhh." He held a finger up to her lips, and winked. "No, nothing like that. Trust me. I can show my lady a good time on a budget."

Catherine sighed and got out of bed. "Okay, okay. I'm in your hands then. But now...shower." She smiled, watching Vincent as she started to move towards the bathroom; his hooded eyes were fixed on her body and he was growling, quietly, not even aware he was doing it. He was still just as hard with need for her as he'd been before they were interrupted. "Well, are you coming with me?" She held out her hand.

He didn't have to be asked twice....

After a long day of hauling equipment and doing minor outside repairs, Vincent let himself and Beast back into the apartment just after 6pm. He didn't mind days like this, when he was on his own, going from job to job in the truck. It wasn't that he didn't like working with other people, after all the years of being alone that was actually nice. But those same years had taught him caution, and Vincent was always aware that they could be discovered at any time. Working alone meant less worry about accidentally contradicting one of the agreed upon stories about their past, or being put on the spot and having to come up with something he and Catherine hadn't even thought about. Plus, he could often take Beast along with him, which had been especially useful today since the pup would have to be left alone tonight.

He showered, dressed, and after making a turkey sandwich, Vincent sat on the countertop and ate, telling Beast all about his plans for the night, 'accidentally' letting scraps fall down towards the dog. Hearing Catherine's key in the door, he slid hurriedly off the counter; for some reason she didn't like it when he sat there. He made it into a kitchen chair just as the door opened. Beast went crazy as usual, jumping up and down excitedly until Catherine paid attention to him. He tried to leap into her arms, nearly knocking her down.

"Vincent, we've got to work on teaching him not to jump like that. He's too big for me to carry now, but he hasn't realised that yet."

Vincent grinned at her. "And hello to you too".

Catherine turned from the fridge, where she'd been pouring a glass of cold water. She smiled, and he felt himself melting, like a teenage boy with a crush. She always made him feel like that. He hoped it never stopped.

"Sorry...hello." She sat down in the other chair, leaning over and giving him a quick kiss. Beast sat beside her and placed his head on her knee. "So, what are these big plans for tonight? What should I wear?"

"Ah...something comfortable, and nothing too good, just in case. And warm, very warm. Maybe even thermals under your jeans? Oh, and double socks." They luckily weren't in the middle of a particularly cold spell, but it was still February in the mountains of Colorado. "Did you eat or should I make you something quick?"

Catherine gave him a wary look. "Now you're scaring me. What, are we going to sit on a glacier or something? And yes, I got your text and ate before I left work."

"Good, good. Okay, you get ready and I'll take Beast out for a quick walk." Vincent chuckled to himself as he watched her go into the bedroom. Glacier! If she only knew how close she was.

An hour later, Vincent drove carefully down the country lane. The road itself wasn't that bad, but they'd had a lot of snow recently and some of it had rutted and frozen into sheer ice. Catherine was sitting contently beside him, one hand resting in her lap, the other tapping out a rhythm on the seat between them, in time with the blues song playing quietly on the radio.

"So you're still not going to tell me where we're going?"

"Nope."

"Well I bet I can guess. Let's see, this road leads to...yuck!"

"Yuck?" Vincent glanced sideways to see Catherine poking at the seat, a look of disgust on her face, as she wriggled sideways in the seat belt and tried to peer around behind her. "Umm - what are you doing?"

"Vincent...you're feeding Beast your gummy worms again, aren't you?"

Vincent tried - and failed - to stifle a laugh...and was rewarded with a glare from Catherine. He made a point of concentrating on the driveway they had just turned into. "He doesn't exactly eat them...he doesn't like them."

"No, but I know that you think it's funny watching him play with them...okay yes it IS funny. But now there's sticky bits of worm everywhere, you could at least have..." Her voice trailed off, the gummy worms forgotten. "Oh Vincent. Oh, look at that...it's so pretty."

They were reaching the end of the driveway, and the trees on each side were glowing in shades of red and pink and white. Vincent slowed, and looked around. "I think we're supposed to park over here," he said, turning the truck towards a group of other vehicles. He looked over at Catherine; she was taking in the scene around them, enthralled.

"Ooooooh. Are we going ice-skating?" They were parked by a large, frozen pond. Several couples and families were already on the ice, and over to the side were a few huts and makeshift shelters with people gathered around heat lamps. The colourful glow was caused by fairy lights strung on trees all around the pond, and as they got out of the truck they could hear music, and laughter.

"We are. If...that's okay?" Vincent waited for an answer, but Catherine was already skipping ahead of him excitedly. He leaned forward and swiped at the back of her coat, dislodging a piece of gummy worm.

"Oh! But what about skates? We don't have skates." Catherine suddenly stopped and turned to him, looking for all the world like a child who'd just had a toy dangled in front of her, and then taken away.

Vincent laughed. "All taken care of. I rented them from the rink in town, and the Dennisons should have them waiting for us, over in one of those huts." He put his arm around her, and they began to make their way over to the others. "This is their pond, and they told me that each year once it freezes over and is safe, they let the local kids use it for supervised hockey practise and stuff. But I guess they also hold some special evenings here, and...I thought this sounded like something fun we could try."

"It's perfect Vincent. I can't wait to get out there. That's right, I remember seeing a flyer up somewhere about a Christmas skate here. But...I've never skated before? Have you?"

"My Dad used to take us when we were kids. But I was never that good at it, and obviously haven't been in years. So we'll be rookies together."

They neared a table set up underneath one of the shelters, and a tall, wiry man leaned forward and grinned. "Ah, Pete, you made it!" he said, using the name Vincent went by in their new life. "Jeanne, look, it's the Hollisters, Peter and his lovely young wife. I told you they'd come." A pretty woman turned around and smiled, nodding at Vincent and holding out her hand to Catherine. "Hi! Welcome to our Valentine's Day skate. How lovely to finally meet you. It's Kathy, isn't it? I'm Jeanne, Ralph's wife. He's always talking about what a hard worker your Pete is." Ralph Dennison was Vincent's boss. "You work at Holly's Restaurant, right? So pleased you finally made it out to one of our events. You two need to get out more!"

Catherine smiled at the friendly woman. "Lovely to meet you too, Jeanne. I know, we're just so busy with work, and we've got a puppy at home we don't like to leave alone too much yet." It was true; they did keep very much to themselves, not completely comfortable with the idea of being too accessible. It was still too new, therefore too risky and too easy to slip up. They were careful to make just enough 'public appearances' to stop the locals from wondering about them. And besides, they really did work hard, long hours, and treasured what time they had to spend together.

"Oh don't I know it," Jeanne continued, "there's never enough hours in the day. Ralph, give Pete that duffel bag with their skates. We've kept them warm here by the heater. Now, the families get to be here for another hour or so, but then it's all just about couples. No funny business, mind, but a chance to enjoy yourselves out there without dodging the kids." She laughed, and Catherine found herself liking the talkative woman.

"How, ah where do we pay?" Vincent had turned to join them, the duffel bag now in his hands.

"Pay?" Jeanne smiled broadly. "Oh no, we don't charge for this. But, we are taking donations for the animal shelter, there's a box just over there."

Vincent immediately turned and shoved several bills into the indicated container. Jeanne beamed at him. "Thank you! Now, you can change into your skates in the shed, it's heated so you can leave your boots behind. And if you want it later, Nancy Grainger and her daughters are selling hot cider and cocoa down at the end...proceeds to the shelter, of course. So glad you came!" With nods and smiles all around, Catherine and Vincent started to walk away.

"Oh, Kathy?" Jeanne was calling after them. "You two must come over for dinner. I'll tell my Ralph to sort a day out with your husband. And you can bring that puppy!" Catherine waved in acknowledgement, and began to giggle to herself. Husband. She loved the way that sounded. Hopefully one day soon, they'd figure out a way to make that part of their life real. She leaned into Vincent's side and hugged him tightly. "Husband," she murmured into his coat.

Vincent placed a quick kiss on the top of her head. "Wife," he murmured back.

They headed towards the shed, and Catherine was amazed by the number of people who stopped them to say hello. Some were acquaintances of hers from work, but mostly it was people that Vincent had apparently done jobs for, each and every one equally full of praise for him. She could see he was getting a bit embarrassed by the attention, but to Catherine's eyes, it was wonderful. She was so very proud of him, how he'd coped and grown in less than a year. He'd had to first adjust to the loss of his animal DNA, and then adjust yet again as some of his human DNA compensated. Then, leaving JT and moving across the country with no safety net, nothing but his trust in her. His self-confidence grew daily, and although he'd always be overprotective, he'd learned to stop worrying about her every time she went out alone. Vincent even looked different. His hair was shorter than it had been in New York, and before moving here they'd spent some of their precious savings on having the appearance of his scar reduced; in the right light it was now almost invisible. They'd both been hesitant, but JT had pointed out that keeping it was a huge red flag for facial recognition programs, and obviously invited much more discussion than they needed. So they agreed. But most of all, Catherine loved how much more he smiled and laughed; how relaxed he was. Like now, with all these people around; something that would have been unthinkable just a short time ago.

"Cather...y?" Vincent was tugging gently on her arm. "Let's get these things on and make fools of ourselves in front of half the town."

Skates on, they headed gingerly towards the pond, and took hesitant steps on the ice while hanging on to each other for dear life. "This isn't the best idea," Vincent pointed out. "Right now I'm no steadier than you are, if one of us goes down then we both go down. Hold onto these instead, it's what they're for." He managed to stay upright while leading them to some railings surrounding the front part of the pond, proudly explaining that he'd repaired them himself recently and they were guaranteed to do their job.

Catherine looked at him doubtfully, but she was determined to learn. After taking a deep breath, she pushed off from the railing in what was supposed to be a graceful move, and promptly landed on her rear. Vincent went to help her up, and somehow got Catherine back to the railing. She pushed away again...and down she went again. After the 5th time, Catherine shook her head when Vincent leaned down to help, grim determination on her face. "No, I have to learn to get up by myself, perhaps that'll help me understand how to balance." It took several attempts, but eventually Catherine was standing. Sort of. She shuffled back to the railing and this time, instead of pushing off from it, she kept holding on while she found her footing, starting to understand how to glide instead of step. Back and forth she went as Vincent followed along, ready to catch her if needed. Until...

"Hey!" Vincent nearly crashed into Catherine; she'd stopped and turned, jabbing her finger into his chest. "How come you're...skating? You're not holding on at all, and you even just went backwards. I thought you said you didn't remember how."

"I, um I don't know. I just - can. Maybe it's like riding a bike?"

"Maybe." Catherine didn't look convinced. "More than likely it's another remembered-DNA-muscle thingy."

Vincent looked around quickly, but there was nobody close enough to have heard. Nevertheless, he lowered his voice as he replied. "Perhaps, but I think I'd remember if my beast was going out on ice-skating excursions from the warehouse in the middle of the night." Catherine giggled at the image and he grinned at her. "Okay, since I seem to be able to do this, do you want to hold on to me instead of the railing, and we'll try for a trip around the edge?"

She took his proffered arm, and off they went. By the third time around, Catherine had actually been able to skate on her own a few times, and Vincent had discovered that he was - somehow - rather good at it...which had been helpful as he'd needed to whisk Catherine out of the way of a speeding kid once or twice. After yet another teenager careened past, Vincent stopped and turned to her. "Do you want to take a break? Get a hot drink, by then the kids will be gone and we can come back out."

"Good idea, come on I'll race you." Catherine dropped his hand and set off for the exit area, about twenty feet away. Vincent pushed forward, expecting the inevitable...and reached her a split second too late to prevent her rear from hitting the ice again. He tried not to laugh as he helped her up.

"You did that deliberately, because I was going to beat you," she exclaimed, the look on her face just daring him to disagree. He decided it was safest to nod in agreement as she continued. "At least I know why you said to wear thermals. It wasn't just for warmth...it was for padding!"

After a steaming cup of cider, and a few more friendly encounters with townsfolk who were eager to meet 'Pete's lovely wife', they headed back out onto the pond. The families had left, and there were now just couples left out on the ice. The pop music playing earlier had been replaced by romantic ballads, and several of the bright lights near the huts had been turned off, leaving the coloured lights in the trees to provide the only illumination in the moonless night.

After circling the pond side by side a couple of times, Vincent turned to skate backwards, gathering Catherine into his arms so it was almost as if they were dancing together. At first he felt her tense up, unsure of how to skate this way, then she relaxed as she realised she didn't have to - she only had to rely on him to sweep her along, to hold her steady. And he did. 'Round and 'round they went, losing themselves in each other and the music, utterly content. As it got later, there were fewer couples on the ice, so they stayed down at the far end of the pond where nobody else was skating.

"Olympics here we come!" laughed Catherine, feeling steady enough now to perform a sexy little wiggle against him. Damn that felt good - even through all the layers of clothing they had on, his body started to react. Pure male desire was taking over; Vincent undid his coat and drew her in, wrapping his jacket around them both. Catherine chose that moment to let her hand wander down between them, cupping him gently. She squeezed and Vincent stumbled, barely catching them both from ending up in a tangle on the ice. He stopped skating and looked down at her. Her eyes were shining up at him, and the pinkish glow from the trees made her appear magical, almost ethereal. Vincent shook his head, unable to stop the groan that came from deep within. He began to harden, and knew from Catherine's smile that she could feel him too, rapidly lengthening and thickening beneath her hand. Logic was quickly being replaced by a raging libido - in both of them. He leaned down and captured her mouth, his tongue insistent until she let him in, returning his kiss with equal fervor. Not even thinking about where they were, Vincent unzipped Catherine's coat and worked his hand down inside her jeans, past all the layers until he found what he wanted so badly. Catherine shuddered and pressed into his touch, silently begging for him to hurry. She was soaked, and he could already feel her throbbing, pulsing against his fingers. Vincent started to tremble with lust; Oh Christ he was going to lose it, she was squeezing him, massaging him through his jeans, and he began to match her rhythm. Matched it with his fingers on her wanting sex, with his lips and tongue against her wanting mouth. She ground against his hand and came suddenly, unexpectedly, letting out a small cry as she collapsed against him, with Vincent instinctively using his other hand to hold her upright.

Vincent took a deep breath. Catherine was heaving against his chest, but in her bliss had lessened her grip on his crotch, allowing him to gain back a little bit of self-control. Part of him was crying out for her to resume, but common sense told him that probably wasn't a good idea.

He looked around, hoping that nobody had realised what was going on down here. Luckily the few couples left were all quite far away, and looked just as engrossed in each other as they were...well...maybe not quite THAT engrossed. He chuckled. Catherine started to mutter against him.

"Oh my God oh my God. Oh God. Please tell me nobody saw us. That's it. We'll have to leave town. I can't believe we did that. Oh my God."

"Hey, hey it's okay. Nobody saw." *I think.* "They're all too involved in themselves to notice anyone else." *I hope.* "And my jacket was around us, it would've looked like we were only kissing." *Hoping again.*

Catherine looked up at him. "You're sure?" He nodded, and she began to smile, the worry on her face being replaced by a wicked grin. "And Jeanne said 'no funny stuff'."

"Oh, trust me Catherine, there's not one little part of me that found that funny. Not..." he moaned; Catherine had squeezed him again. He really wasn't sure how much more he could take...oh if only it wasn't so cold, he would've picked her up and taken her into the woods behind them, and hidden in the trees they would be able to...ahhh no no no. Have to get those thoughts under control. Have to...

Although it was the absolute last thing he really wanted to do, Vincent gently removed her hand. "Catherine, no, not here, we can't push our luck." He kissed her on the forehead, adjusted her knit hat and did up the zipper on her jacket, then refastened his own.

"Vincent, there is nothing...absolutely nothing about you that is even remotely little." She sighed. "But you're right, we should go home...and I have a little Valentine's Day surprise of my own for you, once we're there. Come on!" She turned, and skating somewhat steadily, headed across the pond.

Of course that didn't last, and halfway back she tumbled, got the giggles, and just sat there waiting for Vincent to help her up. He leaned down to her awkwardly, and she gave him a strange look.

"I'm...uncomfortable, okay?" he whispered, "can't really bend down all that well right now, if you know what I mean..." Catherine dissolved into giggles again as she realised his dilemma, and managed to clamber up by hanging on to his arm. To Vincent's chagrin, she continued to laugh as they reached the other side. "Stop it," he hissed. "It's all your fault; I was getting under control until you mentioned a surprise at home."

They managed to make it into the shed to change out of their skates, only being stopped a few times with well-wishes and offers of mulled wine, which they politely declined; explaining they really needed to get home to the dog. This was true, but what Vincent needed even more was to get home and be alone with Catherine. Instead of getting his desire for her under some semblance of control, he was on the very edge of giving in to it. Sitting down to undo his skates was about the most painful thing he'd ever done; it felt like he had a steel rod straining in his jeans, and his sheer size made it even worse.

He grimaced, and Catherine was instantly down on her knees, helping him with his boots. Down on her knees...the pain almost turned into pleasure at that thought. Uh oh. And Catherine, realising his situation, was becoming aroused again herself - he could sense it; see it as she looked at him. They really had to get out of here, and now. He stood up.

"Is there anything I can...umm...do?" She looked at him, unable to keep the hunger from her eyes. "Perhaps I could, you know, take care of you...umm quickly?" She wanted it just as much as he did.

"Oh God yes Catherine," for a moment he considered it. "I mean no. No. Damn." He leaned in and kissed her deeply, knowing that was the entirely wrong thing to do, but needing to do it anyway. "Let's get home. But, you'll have to drive, I really don't think I can right now." He smiled wryly, and gave her the keys.

They left the shed and walked behind it, towards the truck and away from the remaining townfolk. Vincent felt almost like when he was a beast, the lust and drive coursing through his veins threatening to take away the last bit of human self-control. Okay, it wasn't quite the same; he knew he could wait. But – oh what the hell. He didn't want to.

"Catherine, wait." His voice was hoarse, thick with desire. She turned to him, understanding immediately, her own arousal going up another notch.

"Where?" she whispered. "The truck? But it'll be freezing in there..."

Vincent racked his brain for another option, which wasn't easy considering his mind could only seem to focus on all the things he wanted to do to his gorgeous, sexy girlfriend. "Oh...hey, I know. Come with me." He grabbed her hand and led her along a dark path behind a copse of trees, until they reached another small windowless shed. There was a faint light escaping around the padlocked door, and a deep rumbling coming from within. Vincent disappeared behind it for a moment, coming back with a small key. "It helps to have done a lot of work out here," he said, unlocking the door and pulling Catherine inside. "The generator shed," he said in answer to her raised eyebrows. "Powering all those pretty lights. Noisy, but they give off a bit of heat..."

"Not as much as you," said Catherine, as he pushed her back against the wall and kissed her, hard, frantically shedding his jacket and undoing hers. She reached for his jeans, undoing the button and zipper and searching through the layers for him. Vincent almost cried with joy as his throbbing, aching shaft was released from its confines. Finally, finally. Catherine wasted no time beginning to stroke and tug, intent on giving him the relief he sought...it felt so incredible, so good, and he surged up into her hand, groaning uncontrollably. But it wasn't enough.

"No, Catherine, no...I want to be inside you. I need to be inside you...please." Frantically he tugged at her jeans, and she wasted no time in kicking them - and her boots and thermals - off completely. She stood before him, clad from the waist down only in socks and blue panties, her chest heaving as she continued to stroke his heavy erection.

Desire seeped from her every pore - he could almost taste it. She didn't say a word, just reached her arms around his neck as he picked her up. She wrapped her legs around his waist, and the feeling of her warm belly pressing against his hot shaft nearly had him letting go before he even got where he needed to be.

Deep breaths Keller, deep breaths; he was practically chanting to himself. He held her easily with one hand; while the other reached down to pull aside her damp panties, allowing him access. He positioned himself at her entrance, trying to take another moment to quell his impatience. But it didn't work; the second he touched his fiery tip to her sex, he was done for. Catherine arched against him as he plunged inside, hard and deep, stretching her, stroking her. He growled shamelessly against her neck, letting every sensation wash over him. Time seemed to stand still; he was caught somewhere between the intense, urgent need for release, and the sweet, easy feeling of savouring every moment with the woman he loved. He was pounding into her relentlessly as she met him with equal force, and yet they were making love, as surely as if they were at home in bed with all the time in the world.

But soon - could've been minutes or just mere seconds, Vincent had no idea - the primal need to finish, to take her, overpowered everything else. Time began to move again. Catherine was moaning and purring into his ear, spurring him on. Vincent thrust, harder still, again and again, until suddenly, with a guttural sound, the need gave way to that most glorious reward. He surged repeatedly within her, panting, so shattered that he was barely aware that his own orgasm had set off hers. They held on tightly as the minutes passed, pulsing in and around and over each other, not wanting the feeling to end.

Gradually the sound of the blood rushing through their veins was replaced by the whirr of the generators, and Vincent felt Catherine shiver in the cool air. He lifted her off him, growling gently and happily to himself as he helped her dress. She took his still half hard member in hand, gently tucking him away with the unspoken promise of much more to come once they got home, and they kissed gently, passionately.

Leaving the shed, Vincent replaced the key and they walked back along the path, holding hands. As they neared the truck, Catherine turned and hugged him. "Thank you for tonight" she said, her eyes twinkling. "I think I really like ice-skating...especially how it ends."

The End

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