

BAtB Fanfiction:

Dream State 9 "The Night Before" - JANEEN HAYES (AKA JAY COLE)

Catherine's eyes absorbed the sight before her. She had never forgotten how beautiful Vincent was or how big he was compared to her tiny frame. Looking at him was like gazing upon Adonis. His body was sculpted muscle and sinew that spoke of vigour and strength. Even without his beastly abilities Vincent would have been strong. He had a strong man's build, broad shoulders, tapered waist and strong thighs. He screamed power. His veins always begged to be traced with the tip of her tongue, as they ran across the muscled wall of his chest to his shoulders then wound their way down his arms to his forearms to his hands.

Catherine's eyes stopped at his hands, a flash of how they were capable of ripping a man's heart out of his chest, momentarily clouding the vision of the beauty standing before her. Involuntarily Catherine's hand moved to her breast, covering her heart, knowing as she lifted her eyes back to Vincent's that he would see her sadness and confusion.

For a heartbeat of time, Vincent thought he had lost her, that she was going to turn and leave. He could see the confusion in her eyes as she fought her instinct to run. He listened as her heart beat faster for a moment and by her placing her hand over her heart, he knew and memory had flashed before her eyes, and which one. He couldn't change the past nor could he go back in time and not rip Kurt Windsor's heart out. It was done; he could only hope she could move past it and remember his hands had loved her, more often than they had caused someone's death. So Vincent stood, and he waited.

He understood her fear and almost accepted her look as a rejection of him when she lifted her eyes to his. His guilt forced its way back to the surface threatening to overwhelm him until he reeled it back in. Vincent had spent a long time reasoning with his conscience, his humanity and knew he would always feel the guilt, but he kept his gaze focused on Catherine, looking into her eyes as he stood before her, silently willing her to stay. Both of them struggled with the knowledge of his recent past. He had nothing left to give her. His promise that he could control his beast already spoken between them. He had nothing else, only his heart.

Vincent watched as Catherine closed her eyes again. He listened to the fight she was waging within herself by the sound of her heart beat. He listened to her breathing, his senses reaching out as he listened to her with his eyes, watching the pulse at her neck beat erratically, watched her swallow several times and he could almost hear the words he knew she was telling herself. He knew he had won the fight raging in Catherine's mind the moment her heart rate started to slow. He reigned in his senses as she came back to the present with him.

Her eyes opened again to look at the mountain of man standing in front of her. Choosing this moment over everything else, she surrendered to her heart, continuing from where she had stopped before she almost listened to her head.

Catherine's eyes retraced their path across the chiselled wall of his chest. Instead of following his vein that she could see pulsing at the base of his neck, her gaze moved over the rippling muscles of his washboard stomach continuing their journey along the length of his muscled legs to his feet. Lifting her gaze, Catherine retraced the path she had already travelled but only as far as his hips. No longer able to resist the evidence of his desire for her, Catherine's gaze settled on his engorged shaft, standing proudly to attention before her. He was long, thick and visibly throbbing in front of her. Her mouth watered for the taste of him as her hands itched to stroke him.

When Catherine stepped forward and placed her hand on his chest, Vincent let her feel his skin as she traced her fingers along the lines of his collar bone, down his throat and chest then over the bones and muscles at his ribs. Though her touch was feather light it was scorching him. His body felt tight, he was as hard as a rock and painfully full. Everywhere she touched him flames leapt over his skin, the blood in his veins thickened like molten lava flowing steadily to his groin, pooling and bubbling away with a need so intense, she almost pushed him into an early release just by looking at him. Slightly panicked, Vincent held his throbbing erection in one hand and squeezed almost to the point of causing pain. His intention was to stop himself from reaching an untimely release and embarrassing himself in front of her before they had even begun.

Catherine replaced the hand holding his erection with her own then bent down to him, taking the swollen head of his shaft into her mouth. It took all of his control and iron will to be calm and hold his desire in check. Her mouth was so hot, silky and wet. She flicked her tongue around the head of his shaft causing the sensations running through him to slightly weaken his legs, his knees bending slightly as if he were too heavy for them to hold his body upright. While still holding him with one hand, she licked the length of him from the head of his shaft to his full and heavy sac cupped in the warmth of her other hand and back to head of his shaft, closing her lips around him.

Catherine took as much of his long, thick shaft as she could into her mouth before pulling back, the action causing Vincent to begin thrusting into her heated mouth. With each thrust she pumped her hand synchronizing it with his hips movements. For a moment Vincent stood there, his hands subconsciously holding Catherine's head by a fist full of hair, as he pumped in and out of her mouth until he threw his head back with a hiss of breath escaping into the room. Catherine sensing he was close to reaching climax, stopped her ministrations with her mouth. She still teased the head of his engorged erection with her tongue as she continued to gently massage his sac with one hand and stroke him with the other until Vincent's legs turned to jelly as the last of his self-control almost evaporated.

Finesse was all but lost as Vincent withdrew himself from Catherine's mouth, pulling her to stand upright in front of him at the same time he shed her of her clothes. His movements were frantic in his need to have his skin touch hers. If he could, Vincent knew he would've branded himself on her, left something from him on her to mark her as his own. Her scent surrounded him and was calling to him from a place so primitive he knew he had been starved of it and was slowly dying without it.

As Vincent laid Catherine on the bed before him he moved to lie next to her, intending to pull her close and bask in the feel of skin on skin as they imprinted themselves onto each other's body. Instead, he began his slow exploration of her body, reacquainting himself with every dip and hollow. He trailed kisses along her neck following her softness and curves lit by the harbour lights shining through the windows. The light almost guiding Vincent's way over her body. He took one breast in his hand, molding it to its shape as he claimed the other in his hot wet mouth. He was nibbling and suckling from one nipple to the next, leaving both nipples sensitive and moist. A cool breeze from the opened window fanned across the room, causing Catherine's nipples to pebble further in the breeze, intriguing Vincent as he continued his tortuous kisses from one nipple to the other.

He gently rolled Catherine over onto her stomach and leaning over her, lifted her hair from her neck to plant wet kisses on the skin he revealed and then leaned further to kiss the underside of her ear. He took her earlobe into his mouth and suckled on it, nibbling at it, running his tongue around its edge. The sensations Vincent was inducing were so intense Catherine began to wriggle underneath him causing Vincent's erection to dig into her back. Her skin was like silk but so hot the contact of his shaft against her heated skin was almost unbearable in his aroused state. Vincent lifted himself from her, removing his contact with her body and changed tactics, releasing Catherine's ear lobe.

He moved to place his body between her legs, holding himself over her, his erection so large, even as he held himself off her back, it nudged at her entrance from behind. He leaned over her, placing one hand on the bed beside her for support whilst the other hand traced a path over her spine that his lips followed, leaving wet little kisses, nips and licks in their wake. As he moved down her back, he moved down the bed, removing the temptation of her silken feminine sheath beckoning to his painfully hard erection. He kissed her all the way down her spine, over the mounds of her ass until his mouth was level with the opening of her sex.

Between her legs, the sight and scent of her open to him, her juices glistening in the moonlight held him transfixed. His breath on her sex as he gazed upon her was like ice on Catherine's heated folds causing her to raise her hips slightly off the bed. Taking advantage of the position her movement created, Vincent placed his hands under her hips and held them slightly raised, her butt in the air her sex at his mouth.

Vincent bent his head, bringing his mouth to her heat, and buried his tongue inside her driving it in as hard and as deep as he could. Her honey liquid welcoming as he drank from her as he tongued every inch of her sex, and suckled the nub where her nerve endings met. Catherine pushed herself onto his thrusting tongue sending it deeper and deeper into her, but it wasn't nearly enough. He wanted more, needed more. He took his mouth from her, but only giving himself enough room to turn her over on to her back and time to spread her legs wide before he dived back thrusting his tongue into her heated soaking sheath once again.

His mouth was as hot and as wet as she was, but Vincent wouldn't stop, almost drowning in the taste of her honey nectar. It wasn't the more frenzied his tongue became lapping at her, or the more pressure he applied to her bud using his thumb and it wasn't his fingers that Catherine felt inside her that were invading her in that moment, it was all of him. It was the whole of Vincent's being that Catherine felt slowly start to fill the void and vast emptiness that separation had caused. Everything he meant to her filled her until she couldn't take his ravenous mouth on her sex anymore. She wanted him inside her, to feel the stretch of her sex as he pushed his way into her, stretching to become his perfect fit. Catherine wanted him buried to the hilt inside her, filling the void his long absence had created. She bunched Vincent's hair in her fists and pulled him from her dripping sex bringing his mouth back up to hers.

Her skin slick from perspiration caused by heat of what Vincent was doing to her body created a smoother and sweeter slide for him along her already silken skin until his lips met hers. There was no calm, slow, tempered entrance into Catherine as he plunged his tongue into her mouth at the same time, spearing her with his thick, over swollen shaft. Vincent was convinced he was going to come right there or that he was going to split in two he was that hard and hopelessly aroused.

Vincent knew Catherine would taste her own nectar on his lips and see her glistening juices on his chin, but as she pulled him into her kiss, the taste of her nectar and taste of her mouth together with Vincent thrusting into her, burying himself to the hilt, was almost too much. He was motionless for several moments because he knew he was gone if either of them moved. Holding her hips to his, making sure she didn't move, Vincent fought for control. He wasn't trying to control his beast, that part of him was nowhere near the surface now.

He was fighting his man. The male in him wanted to ram so far and hard into Catherine it was like he was trying to implant himself into her womb. The man in him wanted her warmth to stay wrapped around him, the man in him wanted to go on feeling her inner muscles of her heated sheath clench to hold him inside. It was the man within him he was fighting with, not his beast. Vincent was gasping for breath, willing himself back under control while staying buried to the hilt inside her. What seemed like minutes later, Vincent was back in control, thrusting in and out of Catherine, making sure his pelvic bone rubbed against her bud as he did.

With one hand Vincent stroked her cheek lovingly as the other moved to her leg, lifting it, stretching out to rest on his shoulder and as he moved against her, Catherine raised her hands above her head to push against the wall. She looked at him, eyes sparkling with intent and pushed off the wall onto him as he thrust into her, each time a little harder, each time a little deeper, each time between thrusts a little quicker, each thrust spearing her body onto him.

For a moment the smacking of their bodies coming together was the only sound heard above their mutual grunts, or the hissing sound of a once held breath being released by one of them, or the gasps of “harder.....faster..... oh god..... hold on..... are you ready..... come for me,” talk between two lovers desperate to find completion together. Vincent tensed as he felt his orgasm building in the pit of his groin. He continued to rotate his hips and press his pelvic bone against her bud as Catherine’s inner walls that were already gripping Vincent’s shaft tightly, contracted in a vice like grip sending him over the edge, his shudder, as it racked through his body sent Catherine over the edge as well. They came together, calling each-others names as the heat inside them threatened to catch fire and shoot flames from everywhere they touched.

Vincent almost collapsed onto her, but at the last second moved to Catherine’s side to lie beside her. It seemed like hours before Vincent shifted onto his side pulling Catherine close, spooning her body from behind. His still solid shaft lay between the cheeks of her bottom. Rolling over to face him, Catherine raised her leg over his hip. Accepting her invitation, Vincent buried himself inside her again, but rather than thrust in and out of her again, he lay within her, revelling that she fit perfectly inside his arms as he fit perfectly inside her warmth.

The sound of the microwave interrupted Vincent’s recollection of the dream he had recently. He now knew the difference between a dream and his memories, and where his mind had just taken him too was one of the most vivid of dreams he'd ever had, just before the flashes of memory swamped him and woke him up the morning of Gabe’s pretend funeral.

Moments later, Vincent looked up to the sound of Catherine entering the the boathouse. She had come to tell him that she was with Gabe and they had to stop seeing each other, even as friends. He wanted to wish her well and tell her to take care. But she was so close. Just by looking at him she could steal the breath from his body.

The questioning in his eyes mirrored Catherine’s, but Vincent took his chance as his mouth descended to capture hers. Vincent created an intimacy between them with so many small details: from the intake of his breath as he breathed in her essence as he drew her close; to the way his eyes moved questioningly, though sensually, from her eyes to her mouth; to his holding her head in his hand just moments before his lips claimed hers; the way he melded his lips to hers momentarily then stilled. Scared to move. He was fearful she may dissolve into mist before his very eyes and end up being just a figment of his imagination if he released her from this kiss.

Vincent’s hand cupped Catherine’s face, the pad of his thumb moved lovingly back and forth against her cheek as he kissed her, his other arm snaked around her shoulders pulling her to him before gliding down the length of her back to hold her flush against his tall solid frame, holding her against the rock hard proof of his desire that was only growing with the intensity of their kiss.

As his lips left hers, Vincent opened his eyes and lifted his head slightly to gaze searchingly at the expressions crossing Catherine's face. She hesitated for moment, but it lasted only as long as it took for her to lift her eyes to look into Vincent's. Knowing she wanted this more than anything in the world, Catherine closed her eyes again, giving herself up to his kiss. He consumed her, explored her mouth and revelled in the tentative yet knowing duelling of tongues. She wanted the kiss to last forever as she felt the fire and heat sweeping through Vincent, branding her lips as his with the kiss.

Vincent released his hold on Catherine's hair, moving his hand to meet his other one at the small of her back as he slowly bent his knees and swept her off her feet. Vincent stalled their kiss only long enough to settle Catherine into his arms comfortably before claiming her mouth again. Still joined in a heart stopping, yet gentle exploratory kiss, he carried her from the kitchen up the stairs to his bedroom.



Vincent wasn't expecting company tonight and he was naked underneath his robe. He had pulled it closed when Catherine entered the boathouse, as much to hide his reaction to her proximity as to shield her from being uncomfortable. When he reached the edge of his bed he stood Catherine in front of him and removed his robe, allowing it to fall at his feet, offering her his body. He stood hands by his side. He waited. Would the dream he remembered earlier, whilst standing at the microwave, become his reality tonight?

****The End****

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