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BAtB Fanfiction - Dream State 5

Cold, she felt overwhelmingly cold. Catherine knew Vincent had probably gone for a walk along the rooftops because she was so cold and he wasn't lying beside her. He thought she didn't know about the midnight walks, but she did. JT had said to her that Vincent could be so restless sometimes, as he went from doing push ups to pacing back and forth, in his restlessness it was almost like he was putting grooves in the floor. It broke her heart that he was pent up all day.

For someone with Vincent's intelligence, his capacity for compassion, his need and want to do the right thing and help people, Catherine could only imagine how hard it must be for him to do nothing hour after hour, day after day. At least she had work which would occupy her time until she could be with Vincent again, but he had nothing other than the endless, hopeless search for a cure or to follow up on the dead end leads to Muirfield if he wasn't helping her "behind the scenes" of her cases.

With the understanding that Vincent would just be out walking, Catherine drifted back to sleep, but it wasn't an easy sleep, because when he wasn't with her, she worried about him, worried for him and she always had that fear that he would once again be taken from her. But she was tired. So tired and weary, although the Bustamante case was wrapping up and close to a conviction, there was still so much to do. Without Vincent beside her though, she was so cold and didn't sleep an easy sleep.

"Vincent..." Catherine's call was only an exhalation of breath escaping from her in sleep, but Vincent heard the sound slice through the night as if she whispered his name as he held her close. Because she sounded alarmed, Vincent tuned into her and listened carefully to her sounds, assuring himself that she was sleeping, he could hear her steady breathing. Though her heart did beat a little faster, from his vantage point on the rooftop across from Catherine's window, Vincent knew her call was all but a whisper in the wind and his Catherine was just dreaming.

Vincent's hearing over the past few months had become almost bionic. It wasn't just heart beats and noises in the same room he could hear any-more, it was strangers talking several streets away or people talking behind closed doors and across crowded rooms. He could hear a couple arguing a few buildings away, a car alarm going off in the next street and the actual sound the ice-cream vendor made when he scooped the ice-cream from its container on the street corner just near Catherine's place. Curiously Vincent had followed each noise he heard to its source wanting to know where it came from, and how far away he could hear. Tonight he was restless and rather than lie in bed to toss and turn, risking waking Catherine, Vincent decided he would test this increasingly super bionic hearing again to see just how far it would take him tonight.

"Vincent..." Catherine's call was more urgent this time and he could hear her breath starting to shorten and almost feel her heartbeat racing faster than a moment ago. "It has to be a nightmare," he said to himself, but he still reached out with his senses trying to see and hear if there was anything sinister that might be threatening to her, but there was nothing. From his vantage point he could see into her bedroom window and knew that she was alone and safe. Turning back to the sounds of the night he refocused trying to locate a sound to follow.

Over time Vincent had learned to single out and focus on an individual sound which prevented a thousand things invading him all at once. At first he suffered because there was so much noise and he couldn't distinguish one sound from the other. With the ever increasing changes in him and his DNA morphing into stronger, more keen senses, Vincent was forced to learn how to control them or he would go mad.

"Vincent..." Catherine's call had gone from an urgent whisper in the night to a more pleading cry now so Vincent focused on her again. Though she was still asleep, he now saw she was having one hell of a nightmare. Her eyes were closed, but she was gasping for breath and her heart was racing at a faster pace than the Indy 500 cars raced around a race track. She was thrashing around the bed, fighting an unseen enemy and her face, usually peaceful in sleep, was projecting fear. He knew if he didn't get back to her she would wake up from her nightmare alone. For a moment her conscious mind would believe the lie her nightmare was creating. It would only upset her more because he'd been there when she had fallen asleep and she would expect him to be there when she woke.

Waking up next to Catherine was his favourite place. Vincent loved holding her in the early hours and would never get enough of her warmth, wrapped within his embrace, as their bodies entwined in each other. On occasion Catherine's arousal from some dream she'd had of the two of them would invade his senses, waking him, which in turn would wake her. Those times would result in such sublime love making that those moments were forever etched into Vincent's memory. This wasn't his only motivation, but Vincent fully intended on being there every time she woke, if he could. The very thought of the morning a couple of days ago had his shaft swelling, the memory flooding his mind with images...

"Vincent God no Vincent!" Catherine's scream tore at his heart and stopped his thoughts in their tracks. Quicker than the blink of an eye, Vincent jumped across the street and was shedding his jacket as he landed on the fire escape stairs and his clothes as he came in through the window. He made his way quickly to the bed, climbing in and wrapping his arms around her, spooning her body to his. He snaked one arm under her head and the other around her waist, tangling his legs with hers, skin to skin, hoping she could feel his warm embrace.

He spoke softly as he tried to coax her from the nightmare, his voice a calming whisper penetrating into the depths of her soul. He whispered words of rainbows and sunshine, white soft clouds, and soft grass mattresses. He spoke of open fields where she could see there was nothing to harm her. He whispered to her that she was safe, that she was with him and had nothing to fear. He whispered that he would protect her, that he would hunt down anyone that dared hurt her. He was rambling and he knew it, but all he wanted to do was let her know that he was there.

Catherine had told him her favourite way to fall asleep was the two of them spooning, with him buried deep inside her. Armed with that information, Vincent did the only thing he knew to do to finally drive the nightmare away and bring back her dreams. He gently manoeuvred himself so that he could move between her legs and slowly, with painstaking gentleness, buried himself inside her. He was warming her from the inside out. He didn't move he just held her until her breath normalized, her heartbeat calmed and he felt awareness creep back into her consciousness.

Warmth. Vincent was back. She was warm, but wanted to be warmer still. She felt him slide one arm beneath her head and the other arm around her waist, she felt his shaft begin to swell against her back and her sex moistened, readying itself as Vincent did exactly what she knew he would do. His movements tempered, he slid his body along hers into a position where he could move between her legs just enough to give him the space and angle he needed to enter her from behind.

She felt the head of his shaft nudge at the entry to her sex. Vincent entered her as if she would break or shatter into a million porcelain pieces if his thrust was too hard. The beauty of his slow deliberate entry was that she could feel herself stretch over each vein on his shaft, she felt him inch by inch slide into her with perfect precision, against the walls of her inner sex she felt his silken length swelling as he filled her completely. He was big, and even though he stretched her beyond what she had thought was normal, he was her exact fit. Catherine's breath caught as she felt not only his restraint but the dance of his muscles in his arms as he steeled himself to enter her slowly. And now, Vincent was buried deep within her warmth, the only place she wanted him to be.

Catherine slowly felt the tension of the nightmare ease out of her body, her breathing calmed and she drifted off to sleep again. Vincent was with her. There was no nightmare waiting for her behind closed eyes, this time there was no running through a maze trying to find Vincent, there was only her erotic dream.

"Vincent! Are you home? Vincent?" Catherine called out questioningly. She had left work deciding to go past Vincent's earlier than originally planned. Wanting to surprise him, she'd raced home, showered and dressed in her newest Victoria's Secret green & black lace teddy. It was a one piece with little clips in the crotch, which she fully intended on Vincent undoing for her.

"Vincent?" She called out again to an empty room, but she could hear the water running in his upstairs bathroom so she quickly made her way up the stairs to wait for him to finish his shower. Walking up the stairs, the feel of her sexy outfit and the imagery in her mind as to Vincent's response to her latest purchase, had Catherine buzzing with excitement. She hoped if Vincent's reason for having a shower in the middle of the day was because he had been working out, that he wasn't too exhausted.

Waiting for Vincent to emerge from the shower, Catherine discarded her clothes leaving on only her teddy clinging to the curves of her body. With careful deliberation, she settled on the couch under the blanket and managed to pull off a "just thrown on" look for the blanket, at the same time making sure her new teddy would not be seen until she wanted it to.

Rather than fidgeting with impatience, Catherine settled enough to watch some TV while she waited, even though she knew Vincent would have heard her come in and wouldn't be long, Catherine needed something to occupy her mind. She turned on the TV and the DVR to watch more of the TV series from New Zealand that they had found called 'Go Girls' starring an actor named Jay Ryan. Catherine told Vincent that Jay reminded her of him.

At first Vincent wasn't happy with the comparison. This Kevin character was a hopeless guy and a bit of a loser in his opinion, but when Catherine told him she found Kevin really endearing because of the way he loved his Go Girls and how he would do anything for them, Vincent eased up on his distaste of the show and started watching it as well. Secretly, Catherine found the actor, Jay Ryan, really hot and sexy but only because of his resemblance to Vincent. It was uncanny really; they could almost have been the same person.

The episode of 'Go Girls' she was watching happened to show Kevin standing naked with his back to the camera giving the viewer a rather spectacular image of his ass, just as Vincent walked out of the shower, gloriously naked. Catherine looked up from the cute ass of Jay Ryan on screen to the perfect view of Vincent's ass in person. The two images one after the other was too much and Catherine both moaned and laughed at the same time which caused Vincent to turn around to face her, gracing her with a view that the TV show could never match.

"What's so funny?" Vincent asked.

Catherine got up from the couch and made her way over to where Vincent stood. He was standing in front of her dripping wet and open mouthed obviously enjoying the way she had risen from the couch and was walking seductively toward him. He absently noticed her sexy outfit, but she was beautiful to distraction and he didn't know where to look first. He watched the sway of her hips, the gentle rise and fall of her breasts, the length of her legs, mmm, he was such a leg man. Her femininity evident in every graceful movement she made toward him.

"Oh, nothing really, it's a timing thing," she said, the sound of her words seductively winding themselves into Vincent's mind. He raised his brow questioningly because he was too intent on watching the way she moved to actually ask the question verbally. "Well, you walked out here naked at the same time Kev from 'Go Girls' was showing me his cute ass, I think the timing of it all was funny."

As she reached where he was standing, Catherine raised her arms to wind them around the back of his head, bringing his face level with hers. Her tongue flicked out as she ran it fleeting across his lips, then pulled her head back "but Vincent...though I do enjoy the sight of Kevin's ass, I love my "real life" version so much better." She said as she pressed her hips against his arousal and leaned back in bringing her mouth to his. She kissed him with wild abandon, intent on evoking desire and raw hunger from him, enjoying the play of their lips and tongues, the teasing and nipping of their kiss.

Catherine almost drowned in his kiss. Her sex was as wet as his body was fresh from the shower. When Vincent kissed her passionately, he engulfed her and he almost consumed her, his kisses always provocative. It was a chore for Catherine to pull away from his embrace as she did now. Turning away and purposely walking away from him she afforded Vincent the opportunity to watch her retreating back, swinging her hips just a little bit more than normal. When she walked a certain way the clips between her legs keeping her teddy in place, rubbed against the bud of her sex, so she swung her hips a little more until she reached his gym equipment in the corner of the room. She walked up to the bench and as she turned she swung one leg over to straddle it as she placed her hands in front of her and leaned forward. The movement succeeding in both pushing her breasts up and releasing the perfume of her arousal toward Vincent. She could see from his smouldering and intense gaze that her seduction was working.

"I feel like a bit of a workout now, do you want to join me, or have you just finished one?" she asked innocently, before adding, "but, I was thinking a workout of a different kind though."

"A work out of a different kind hey?" He said turning to dress in his workout clothes. "Well, I'm game so, what did you have in mind?"

"Vincent, I want you naked while we work out," Catherine said stilling Vincent's movement toward the drawers, he turned and looked at her from head to toe, slowly, appreciating the view of Catherine clothed only in a one piece scrap of cloth that looked stunning on her, bringing out the green in her eyes.

"But if you want me naked, aren't you over dressed?"

"Hmm, I guess I am." Catherine's eyes gleamed with mischief as she willed herself to continue her flirting. Normally flirting and seduction didn't come easily to her, but with Vincent, Catherine was discovering things about her sexuality that she never would have thought possible and she was revelling in every experience she was having with him.

"Do you need me to help you take that, that, um thing off that you are wearing?"

"It's called a teddy Vincent. Are you telling me that you want to take my teddy away from me?"

"Hell yes," Vincent replied as the breath he had been holding escaped from his lips as he took determined steps toward her. He almost had Catherine within his grasp when she held up a hand to stop him from taking hold of her. Vincent stopped short at the gesture but sent her a look that spoke of primal need, impatience radiating from his pores so vehemently she could feel its heat.

She knew she had to play this game carefully, or Vincent wouldn't be able to reign his beast in, his face radiated arousal, his nostrils flaring, his eyes starting to glow and his veins were starting to pop just a little further from his tensing as he fought for control over his beast. His beast's near appearance was almost her undoing. For a moment all Catherine wanted to do was jump on board his beast and hold on for the wild ride that always left her satisfied and sedated. But for tonight, she wanted fun and games before the savage need took them to the place they could no longer hold themselves back from.

"Vincent, if you want this Teddy removed from my body," Catherine's words were like honey to a bee as she ran her hands down her body, her fingers reaching her sex as she leaned back to show Vincent the piece of silk covering her sex and her entrance to his own heaven. "Then you are going to work out to remove it. Each exercise you perform will have its own reward."

"But what do you get out of me working out?"

"Are you kidding me? I get to watch your muscles flex. I get to see your intense focus and your veins, mmm those veins, swell," she said licking her lips. "I can watch your strength which is only contained by your skin. I will see your determination and driving will and watch how every part of your body moves together in perfect synchronization, so languid and sensual."

But most of all, with your reward being me at the end of each exercise, I get to see how you take your reward. I get to watch you either lose control or take control of your desire. The sight of you Vincent, watching you is my reward.”

The growl that came from him following her little speech was guttural and raw, his look stilled her movements, as he took her by the arms and with little effort lifted her from the bench to lay her down on the floor next to the bench press. “I need you to raise yourself on your elbows, but bend your knees and spread your legs wide for me because I am going to need room for this.” Catherine, eager for the workout to begin, did exactly as he asked.

Vincent got down on his hands and knees to position himself between her legs so his face was level with her sex. Placing his hands on either side of her he did his first push up. Catherine watched as he lowered himself, mesmerized as she felt and saw him nuzzle against her trying to grasp the scrap of material held together by the little clips. Using his tongue and teeth, he managed to undo the first clip as Catherine swam in a sea of sensation. Then ... another push-up ... another clip.



He repeated the exercise until he had unfastened each clip and moved the material out of the way. With each push-up he grasped the material between his teeth and pulled to release the clip, but not before his tongue and his teeth licked and nipped and had their fill as they moved against her most sensitive folds trying to snare the material. He took his time, bringing her close to orgasm as he gently played with the lips and walls of her sex, the tip of his nose pressed against her bud as he tongued every inch of her, savouring her sweetness before he released each little clip.

Vincent raised his head taking his gaze from the prize his push-ups had revealed and looked up at Catherine, "now for my reward."

Catherine watched as he tried to put himself in a plank hold but was fascinated to see his erection was preventing him from holding the position comfortably. As the indecision of what to do played across his face Catherine took advantage of the time to try and calm herself, until she instinctively understood his intentions were to hold himself in the plank hold while he devoured her using his tongue to take possession of her. The image this provoked in Catherine's mind had her bringing her own hand to her sex, applying the pressure she so desperately wanted.

"This is my reward. You are not allowed to play with it," Catherine admonished.

Vincent growled but watched in fascination at her body's response to her fingers and the way she was playing with herself. An idea came to him while watching her and Vincent moved his body around hers and placed a knee on either side of her head, careful not to kneel on her hair. At the realization of the position they were in, Catherine opened her mouth and accepted him as he lowered his throbbing shaft into her mouth, then his mouth, to her wet and waiting sex.

Wrapping his arms under the top of her thighs he feasted on her with his mouth and plunged into her with his fingers, thrusting them in and out while he sucked at her bud. For the next few minutes they feasted on each other, biting and nibbling, licking and sucking, tasting each other, writhing around and swapping positions so Catherine lay on Vincent. She was so light he barely registered her weight. Vincent felt Catherine's inner muscles constrict around his fingers and his mouth was flooded with her intoxicating nectar as an earth shattering climax racked through her body. Wave after wave of sensation flowed over her, her toes curled, a breath she had been holding released as she screamed "oh God oh God oh God...Vincent!"

Without finding his own release Vincent took hold of Catherine and lifted her from his body as the final tremors of her orgasm subsided. He sat up as he righted her so they were mouth to mouth, lifting her just enough so he could wrap her legs around his waist and he could plunge himself deep inside her again. Each part of his skin was like an electric shock sparking a response from her, she was aware of every place they touched. Her nipples against his chest, the tender skin of her forearm against his shoulder as she weaved one hand through his hair, the feel of his hand on her back holding her close, the other hand cupping her bottom, the jagged skin of the scar on his face under her thumb as she traced it back and forth holding his cheek in her hand, the feel of his thick throbbing shaft buried inside her as he stood and walked them over to the bed, the feel of the satin bed linen against her back. She was nerve endings on high alert as Vincent's wonderful length meant that he was able to stay buried within her with each step.

There was something so compelling in the amber of his eyes as he lowered his mouth to hers. Releasing her from the kiss, the rasp of his voice caused ripples of anticipation to flow through her as he whispered, "I can't hold back, he needs to take over." His breath hissing as it left his body from the feel of her wrapping herself around him tighter as he pinned her to the mattress with the weight of his body.

He was fighting against himself and losing control of his beast, but Vincent still managed with careful fingers, to take hold of the material that had settled around her middle, withdrawing from her only to follow the material with feather light kisses as he lifted the silk teddy up over her head.

Then taking her face between his hands he thrust inside her again as he kissed her. It was a hungry kiss, a total and complete claim of lips, mouths and sex, each touch was a claiming of ownership of the other.

"Give him to me, Vincent, give me your beast, I love all of you..."

Awareness seeped into Catherine as she felt Vincent wrapped within her embrace and his thick throbbing shaft filling her sex. She had turned and was being held by Vincent, the same way he had just held her in her dream after her orgasm. She could feel his internal fight but wasn't expecting to see tears in his eyes and one escaping down the side of his beautiful face when she opened her eyes from her dream.

Pulling away from him she looked into his amber eyes. "Give him to me, Vincent, give me your beast, I love all of you," she said. These were the very words though dreaming, Catherine had said out loud and were what had brought the tears to his eyes in the first place. As more tears escaped and travelled the contours of his face, Vincent relaxed his tight hold on his control and let his beast take her to a place where her screams were the fulfilment of her erotic dreams rather than nightmares...



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