

Janeen Hayes

BAtB Fanfiction – Dream State

Setting the scene:

This entire prose is Catherine in a dream – there is no rhyme or reason to a dream, no perfect symmetry between the now and the future, this is why it's a little disjointed.

Vincent has returned from having been taken by Muirfield. The tests they managed to conduct before he escaped and their repercussions were unknown, and untested.

Catherine is lying in bed next to him, loving him with her body, her mind, her heart, her everything, accepting him as he was and whatever that entailed, she had just woken from a dream, it was a dream so real to her, it was like it actually happened.....

"Vincent reached out as if in a trance, his fingers trembling as they tried to gently rest against my face. He wasn't sure if he wanted to touch me, or just hold my image with his gaze. He couldn't believe that if he touched me I wouldn't dissolve into a million droplets of mist.

Vincent lay there, so scared. I wanted to calm him, I wanted to reassure him that I was real but, it hurt me the way he was looking at me, not believing it.

Vincent really is the sweetest man walking the earth. I hated that he was in this much pain; I was his home I was his safe haven. His heart was secure with me, and I was so filled with love for him.

Vincent is one of those people whose very essence fills a room. He used to fill me once. I was lying in bed thinking about how I was consumed by him, but that was before. Before, I would take him into me every chance I could. It didn't matter where, when or even if we were alone or in a room full of strangers. I lost count of the number of times he had his fingers inside me whilst we were standing in a crowd. We could have been waiting to buy tickets to a movie or standing in the supermarket checkout or just lying in bed. He loved having his fingers knuckle deep within me as much I loved them being there.

Don't get me wrong, Vincent was more than impressive when it came to the size of his shaft, but he used to say, "if I can't get my cock inside you because of where we are, I will always manage with my fingers". I don't know how he did it, we were never caught. I was always ready, always willing to be filled by his fingers, they never failed to make me tremble with need and desperate for fulfilment. He never disappointed me. His fingers, his hands, god how I loved them loving me.

I remember a time Vincent and I went out for dinner. The restaurant we were going to was cosy, dimly lit, with long white tablecloths and comfortable seats. I was feeling particularly daring this night so, halfway into the drive to the restaurant I told Vincent I wasn't wearing underwear. He took one hand off the steering wheel and quickly lifted my skirt and delved into me. He growled as he felt my smooth velvet skin, made smoother by a recent waxing. He moved his fingers up and down my wanton sex, a few times, my nerve endings jumping to attention and my insides swelling in readiness for the promises of the night ahead. Vincent moved his hand back to the

steering wheel, but not before lifting his fingers to his nose and inhaling deeply as he murmured “God I love your scent, it makes me just want to do things to you but I am scared of my strength and I don’t want to hurt you, you know you drive me wild”.

My intentions in telling Vincent that I was bare beneath my clothes was to build his desire and anticipation for the night’s end. I wanted him to be as turned on as I was. I was hoping it would make the night go faster and have Vincent hurrying through the meal in eagerness to claim me completely, to fill me to my very centre, as only he could. But he pulled over, on the side of the road, leaned over, pressed the lever that sent the back of my seat into a reclining position then dove head first between my legs. He drank me as he strummed my sleek folds with this mouth and fingers. Vincent certainly knew how to play me, he brought me to a quick climax, a prelude of things to come. After Vincent knew I had come and that I was momentarily satisfied he moved away, inclining my seat forward again but still leaving me in a puddle of wetness, waiting to be lapped at again. He sat up, repositioned himself, started the car then drove toward our destination.

As we entered the restaurant, I was a walking nerve end. We were directed to our table, in the corner of the room next to a window that looked out to the street where we could see people walking past, the city lights and the flashing neon signs across the street, creating a romantic ambience.

The waiter positioned me opposite Vincent and as I sat down, I slipped off my shoes under the table, thinking, that because the tablecloths were long enough to touch the floor, no one would notice. I decided then and there that I liked the thought of my foot resting in Vincent’s lap all evening, after all, no one would be able to see. Ever so cautiously, I put my foot on his chair resting it between his legs. Beneath heavily hooded eyes he looked at me and smiled. We sat there together, talking about our day, about the things that happened, talking like lovers do. Conversation flowed easily between us, it always did. I was also enjoying rubbing my foot against his length. He was rock hard and I could feel his jeans stretching to their maximum beneath my foot, making him uncomfortable and causing him to adjust himself several times, each time, bringing an impish gleam into my eyes.

Suddenly Vincent looked at me with that slow sensual blink that he does, and said “Catherine, touch yourself for me”. My hand holding my fork stopped halfway to my mouth in shock. I know I heard him correctly, but I willed myself to continue eating. My mind was searching for a response, so I took my mouthful of food and then placed my fork back on my plate. I looked him in the eye and said, “only if you do the same”.

Vincent looked at me then, a slight smile taking shape across his beautiful face. His head inclined in agreement and he slipped his hand under the tablecloth. I held my breath as I heard the zip on his jeans open and then I felt him against my foot. So we sat, me fingering myself and Vincent palming himself. Occasionally Vincent would use my foot to bring him pleasure. We both came furiously, staring at each other across the table, trying desperately not to let the world in on our naughty secret. Vincent used his napkin to wipe my foot then placed the napkin on the table next to him. My hand shook as I took it out from under the table. I couldn’t believe what we had just done, but not caring at all. It was like we were in our very own bubble, and nothing could break through in that moment. Still feeling daring, I reached over to his plate and picked up a French Fry and moved my hand to his mouth. As he took the fry into his mouth and looked at me with desire fuelled gaze, he sucked at my fingers, the very ones I had just moments before used on myself.

"I think we should, you know, um, leave" Vincent struggled to say the words, I could see his mind racing a million miles an hour. "Mmm, I want you to... I want you, I need to be buried inside you as deeply as I can, and I can't wait any-more". Vincent's voice on a good day has my insides turning to jelly, but when he is turned on, he sort of growls at me and I swear I could come just listening to him talk. Vincent rose from his chair and held out his hand to me. I placed my hand in his, he lifted it to his lips, inhaled and kissed my hand. His response was a look so intense it burned through to my very core. "Your scent is everywhere Catherine and it's driving me crazy – let's get out of here".

The drive home was quick and intense. There was no stopping on the side of the road to release the tension winding inside us. I was as desperate to get home as Vincent was. Vincent sped through the streets, and we got back to the apartment building in record time. As we pulled into the car park, Vincent leapt out of the car, ran around to my side and literally pulled me out of my seat, cradling me in his arms. He carried me through the lobby and into the waiting lift. Impatience was literally jumping off our bodies as we waited for the lift doors to open on my floor. Then, running down the hall way to my apartment door, Vincent's eyes were starting to glow yellow, we had to get inside as soon as we could for fear of him being seen in this state.

As soon as we were inside Vincent set me down, holding me against him so that I was facing away from him ushering me as only as far as the lounge room. Vincent was that desperate for me that he made use of the sofa nearby, bending me over the back of it so that I was in the perfect position for him to enter me from behind. Almost savagely he pulled up my skirt and was inside me before I could take a breath. His need for me was that urgent, that consuming, that possessive, and it was driving me crazy with a feeling of completeness. I was filled with him and I was drowning. Vincent hammered into me from behind, punctuating each thrust of his wonderful thick shaft with the words:

"I
Love
You
Completely
Catherine"

Suddenly he stilled, realising that he was about to lose control, almost. But I didn't mind. As he slowly withdrew, I felt every inch of him leave my body before he could reach completion. I turned to face him as he stood there staring at me. The emotions playing over his face were conflicted, so I took charge, tore off my clothes, then stood before him with my arms held out, begging him to come to me. Within seconds and as his clothes landed every which way Vincent was standing in front of me in his glorious nakedness.

As I looked up at him and he down at me, all we could see radiating from each other was love and absolute acceptance. I knew, the rest of the evening was going to be filled with long, sensual kissing and licking, pulling and thrusting, and I couldn't wait as Vincent lay me down on the rug in the middle of the lounge room floor.

Though taking our time, we didn't want to waste it walking to the bedroom, Heather wasn't coming home anyway. Vincent slowly took possession of my body again, thrusting himself inside me one minute, withdrawing to replace his shaft with his beautiful mouth and tongue the next, only to come back and claim me completely time and time again.

And this is how I awoke from my dream; Vincent having found the courage to touch me, to reach out and to hold me close, trusting himself within me..... again. Where the dream ended and reality became evident was only in the knowledge that Vincent and I couldn't do what I had dreamt in public, because our lives were spent in the shadows."

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