

Janeen Hayes

BAtB Fanfiction: Dream State 7 – Dance With Me

Vincent walked through the door from Catherine's bedroom into the living room of her apartment and was greeted by the sight of her dancing around, totally engrossed in the music that he could hear from three blocks away as he made his way from his place to hers. He heard her singing at the top of her lungs, and it was her voice, rather than the music that he tuned into on his way over the rooftops. He would know her voice anywhere.

The music was pumping with its distinct throbbing tempo. The female singer's voice was breathy, sexy and singing about feeling supersensual. Even though the music was loud to his sensitive ears and slightly uncomfortable if he didn't hone in on one particular sound, watching Catherine, lost in the music, lost in her own world, moving in time to the beat, made the uncomfortable volume of the music worth it.

She was wearing his T-shirt, the one she insisted she didn't have after he had told her he was looking for it. He was positive he'd left it at her apartment when he'd done his washing there when he and JT were homeless, and in front of him was proof that he was right. Had Catherine lied to him about it? Maybe she hadn't, after all her heartbeat didn't raise when he asked her if she'd seen it.

If she was lying about it then, he forgave her the lie now. She bent over while dancing, gracing him with a quick glimpse of red lace. Her face was flushed and beads of sweat were forming on her top lip. He wanted to drink them from her mouth. He loved her cheeks pink and flushed, licking his own lips at the memory of the sweet taste of her sweat, momentarily transporting his mind back to the sauna and the shoulder ride he had given her. Coming back to stare at her in front of him now, he licked his lips again and his shaft swelled. Catherine had leaned over and wiggled her perfect little ass in his direction. He knew she knew he was watching.

He watched as she raised then lowered her arms as she was pumping the air in time with the music, then moving from side to side, her incredibly lithe body swaying rhythmically to the music. He watched her whole being embody the beat of the music and how, when she started to jump with the beat, the toned muscles in her legs moved under the surface of her silken smooth skin. Her breasts that fit into his hand as if his hands were moulded specifically for them, moved enticingly in front of his eyes. A soft growl escaped from him as he watched her, through hooded eyes he drank the sight of her in to him, in to his soul.

Vincent sat for countless minutes and several tunes as Catherine danced around, moving her body to the beat of the music causing his body to respond to the sensuality of her movements. He could close his eyes and almost believe that he was buried deep inside her, pulling her down to meet him as he raised his hips to her, closer, burying himself deeper; in his vision she was grinding her hips against his rather than in time to the music. Watching Catherine move was like watching a flame flicker in a fire, she was hot; her dance unpredictable, matching the music's beat from the slower tempo of the chorus to the build-up of the verse. His body heated and continued to swell as he sat watching her move.

Catherine knew Vincent was in the room. She knew the moment he stepped through her bedroom window. The music she was dancing too was loud, thumping, mood inducing music for the night ahead. She was yet to tell Vincent that she was going out to a club with Tess, posing as clubbers to gather some Intel on a case they were working. It had been a long time since Catherine had been to a club. Earlier when she found her favourite CD, put it in the player and pressed play, the music took over, putting her in the mood to dance.

Catherine was so busy dancing around and singing to the music, moving and swaying to its beat, she almost lost herself until she remembered that Vincent was on his way over. Pausing the music mid song she quickly donned her newest skimpy barely there red lace knickers and the T-Shirt she knew Vincent had been looking for, after finding it under her bed a couple of days earlier, leaving herself almost naked underneath. Smiling at herself, she went back into the lounge and pressed play on the CD player again. Even though the music was dated, Catherine loved it and knew it would get her heart pounding, and body ready for the club – she loved music, she loved dancing.

Even as she registered that Vincent had arrived, she continued her dance, deliberately choosing movements that would send sexy visual messages to him. She loved that when he was within arm's reach of her, her body would be ready for him, ready for his invasion of her *and* of her senses. When she closed her eyes and moved to the music she could almost feel Vincent dance with her. She opened her eyes and looked directly at him, saw the evidence of what she was doing to him and smiled.

“Vincent, are you going to stand there or are you going to come over here and dance with me?” Catherine whispered to him, her voice entrancing him, carrying over the sound of the pumping beat of the music. She didn't need to talk loud, he was so tuned into her she only had to whisper from the other side of the room and he would hear every word.

Vincent slowly moved toward her, shrugging out of his jacket, seduction in his eyes. He stood behind her for a beat, then snaked his arms around her waist and pulled her close. Lowering his head to bring his lips to her neck as he inhaled her scent and his tongue darted out to lick her neck as if to taste her. She was honey sweet and chocolate smooth. Her taste, her scent; his erection grew larger.

The song had changed, it was still rhythmic, but slower in tempo as Vincent now standing full bodied against Catherine's back began to sway from side to side with her. With his mouth still kissing and nipping at her neck, his hands moved from her waist to under the T-shirt she wore, his fingers skimming over her ribs to her breasts “Mmmm bra-less,” he murmured against the skin of her neck. “Yes, freedom,” she whispered in response as his hands engulfed her and heat seared through her to the pit of her stomach. Catherine arched her back as if she were trying to fill his hands, raising her arms to run her hands through his hair, the movement pushing her against the evidence of Vincent's swelling erection, and Catherine exhaled a long breath of desire. “I thought you would be wearing a bra,” Vincent mused. “Nope, freedom, I wanted freedom,” was all Catherine whispered in response.

They moved in time to the music for a few moments then almost of its own will, whilst kneading one nipple with one hand, Vincent's other hand moved. Still standing with her back to him, Vincent lifted his T-shirt from Catherine's body and began to stroke his way from her stomach to her hip, from her hip to lace at the top of her knickers, to beneath the lace to her skin. With feather light touches, he began to stroke the smooth skin he discovered beneath the lace. He teased her, stroking his fingers along the top of her sex, not really touching but revelling in her smoothness save for a strip that almost guided him to her hot, moist centre.

He moved his hand further, his fingers finding her wet and warm, her honey nectar lubricating as he delved into her deeper until finally, he inserted two fingers into her warm, wet velvet sheath. He withdrew to run his fingers along her moist sex, teasing her folds before inserting his fingers again. His fingers were everywhere and Catherine sighed, bending herself forward, shifting her legs and raising her hips, an involuntary movement, an unconscious desire to get as close to him and give him as much access to her as he needed.

He moved his other hand from her breast to her back to rest between her shoulder blades, she was so slight of frame that his hand span almost covered the width of her back completely. He then moved his hand over the toned muscles in her back, to her shoulder where just a little pressure from Vincent encouraged Catherine to push herself against his engorged Jean clad erection.

Vincent moved to Catherine's side sitting down on the arm of the couch, pulling her with him to stand her between his legs, his face level with hers. His fingers continued to play in and around the walls of her outer sex, his fingers inserting and withdrawing as his palm rubbed against her bud. Vincent's movement to Catherine's side gave him the freedom to use his thumb against her sensitive bud with concentrated pressure, heightening the intensity of his touch. He lowered his head and sucked at the nipple closest to him. His other hand slid down her back where he teased the sensitive spot at the top of her butt before sliding over her cheeks and into her from behind as he withdraw the fingers of his other hand to concentrate solely on her core. He lifted his mouth from her breast but only to capture her mouth with his, kissing her, hitting the right notes with his hands everywhere at her sex, her folds, his fingers within her, deep within her, playing with her in time to the beat of the music, swaying back and forth. Catherine reached such an explosive climax as the music hit its crescendo that her orgasm turned her liquid, melting her into Vincent's arms as his mouth drank the moans and deep sighs escaping from her.

As the song ended and Catherine relaxed into Vincent's arms, he carried her to the bedroom where they spent the next hour discovering how long Vincent could last if Catherine were to do him, what he had just done to her albeit, a little differently and showing Vincent what dancing with him meant to her.

Laying within the circled warmth of his arms, Catherine turned to Vincent and kissed him, then moved away from him, giving herself space between the corded ripped muscles of his chest and stomach and her soft feminine curves. Vincent had noticed that Catherine couldn't think when they were lying skin to skin with legs entwined, breathing each other's air. If she had something to say to him, she often moved away. She would pace back and forth then look at him with questioning eyes, waiting for his response to her question. Vincent found it hard to concentrate when Catherine would do this especially now as she was naked, glorious and inviting. Even after the past hour and a half they had spent together, he still wanted her. His erection, hard and unyielding was evidence enough. He kept it under the blanket though because he knew if she saw, it would be another hour and a half before they would surface again.

Catherine was his oxygen and being within her presence enabled him to breathe. If she moved too far away from him, and he lost her scent over a distance, he often felt he would never draw breath again unless he was around her. This thought was running through his mind as he listened to Catherine tell him about the case she and Tess were working on, the club they were going to tonight, and how she needed him to go with them so that he could listen to the conversations that she and Tess wouldn't be able to hear over the music. Catherine was asking if he could single out voices and conversations through all the noise that would be assaulting his senses if he were to go with them to the club. His super hearing could be used to help them gather the Intel they needed by being able to listen to things that they couldn't.

Vincent lifted the covers, checked himself to make sure he was under control and walked over to Catherine, stilling her pacing by placing his hands on her shoulders. He pulled her into his embrace and as he lifted her off the ground Catherine swung her legs around his hips and hooked her feet together at his back. He grew hard again but ignored it as he walked with her into the shower. "If we are going to a club tonight, you need to get ready."

His intent was to place Catherine safely on the tiled shower recess floor, but instead, whilst holding on to his shoulder with one hand, she reached under and took his erection in her other hand and angled it perfectly so that she slid on to his thick, long, swelling shaft instead of the floor. Leaning back against the wall of the shower, feeling him grow wider inside her, with a big grin on her face she looked at Vincent and said simply "Then clean me."

His eyes flashed yellow and a soft growl escaped from his lips, but he turned on the water, tempering it to a mutually agreeable heat whilst buried deep within Catherine. He washed her hair, he soaped her body, he wanted to take a break from washing her to finish what she had started by sliding onto his shaft quickly but with his plans building for the night inside his head, he thought postponing the orgasm for both of them would heighten their coming together later that evening. Anticipation was important here, so instead of taking them both to a shattering end, he soaped his hands and washed her inside and out, sliding easily over her. He finished quickly, but before getting out of the shower he lowered his head to her breast and sucked a nipple into his warm mouth then let it go to watch it bounce in front of his eyes. Looking up at her with an evil, impish grin he said "Let's go find something for you to wear tonight. I am thinking, black, I am thinking skirt, I am thinking something that flows, not something that hugs your amazing curves, and I am thinking, 8 inch heels."

"8 inches, why so high? I am not going to be able to dance much with heels that high."

"But you can dance in them yes?"

"Well yeah, I can, but it's not easy."

"Good, then you will think twice before accepting an offer to dance with someone that isn't me then won't you?" Vincent said grinning at her like he had just won round one. He had, but she wouldn't tell him that. She liked his possessiveness. Catherine knew that Vincent, in a dark room, scar or no scar, was a sight to behold and the girls in the club would notice him. That he wanted her to dance with only him, well, who was she to argue that? "Ok, black, skirt, something that flows....Hmm, I think I have something that fits that description exactly." Catherine said over her shoulder as she left the bathroom to go and dress in the clothes he described.

Vincent watched her go. The vision of her naked retreating back was etched into his memory as was every part of her amazing body. Catherine had been a gymnast when she was younger, a very good one. The training from such a young age bode well for her as she became an adult, the discipline ingrained in her to keep herself fit and healthy was as natural to her as breathing. But to Vincent, she was just his, the other half to his half, he wasn't complete without her. He quickly dressed so as not to get distracted again and spoke to Catherine who was rummaging around in her closet. "I'll just run home and change then I will be back here shortly ok? We can go from here together if you want or is Tess coming.....?"

"Yes we can all go from here, but don't be too long, I would rather go, get what we need and leave....." Catherine came out from the wardrobe, only to realise that she was talking to herself, Vincent must have only just left, because the curtains from the window he left through were moving slightly in the breeze.

Sitting down on the bed, Catherine's mind played back the last couple of hours she and Vincent had spent together. She could still feel him as if he were still inside her. She loved the feeling of being filled by Vincent, and that first thrust, the one that first filled her completely was like she was finally home.

She remembered his lips on her skin, his roughened hands on her hips pulling her down as he lifted like he was trying to impale himself within her, like he was trying to crawl so far inside her. Hmmm, she loved his love with all of her being.

Realising that her day dreaming wasn't getting her anywhere except yearning for Vincent again, Catherine jumped up and finished getting dressed. She chose her underwear carefully because if she spun too quickly in the skirt she had chosen to wear, one would be able to see what she was wearing underneath. The thought of doing a little twirl for Vincent to demonstrate the flair of her skirt bought a smile to her beautiful face.

As Catherine was applying the finishing touches to her make-up she heard Vincent come back in through her bedroom window. Moments later, walking from her en suite back into her bedroom, Catherine was stopped in her tracks by the sight of Vincent standing in her room, staring out through her bedroom window, dressed in black pants and shirt with a striking red tie hanging loosely around his neck. With his shorter hair cut, a result of his having gone missing for 3 months, Vincent looked steeled, like restrained danger, ready to transform in an instant if need be. That was until his eyes rested upon her, glowed yellow for a split second before his face and his eyes softened, returning to their usual molten chocolate caramel that Catherine often felt herself dying to drown in.

"We're matching," Catherine said pointing to his tie. "Nice touch, it matches my top perfectly." The lopsided lift of his mouth was her only clue that he had heard her speak. He was staring so intently at her from head to toe. The skirt she wore fell to just above her knees; it was full, soft black satin that seemed to hug her legs as well as swirl around her in the illusion of an abundance of silk. The red sequined top glittered when caught by the light, her hair fell around her shoulders and her feet were encased in black patent leather platform stilettos, 8 inches high. She was his angel dressed in the devil's colours. She was his weakness. She was the only thought that centred him when he was far from being himself and she would bring him back. Always!

"You look stunning," he said as he walked over to meet her at the end of the bed. Turning her toward the door, "Can we go into the lounge, with you looking like this and your bed being so close, it is not a good thing for my ah, well, you know..." This gave Vincent the perfect opportunity to see that in her heels, she was the perfect height for the plans he had for her later in the evening. Vincent wasn't sure how long this night was going to take to get the information Catherine and Tess needed for their case, but he was hoping to fulfil one of his fantasies with Catherine before the night was through.

Standing in the middle of the room, Catherine placed her arms out at an angle and twirled for him. Vincent closed his eyes, lifted his head to the ceiling and inhaled, deeply. Bringing his eyes back to look at her again, he said, "Nice touch with the underwear, but if you spin like that in the club tonight and some guy sees what I just saw, I will not, I repeat Detective Chandler, I will not be responsible for shredding a man to pieces. Your beast will show his fangs and talons, his eyes will glow amber for a lot longer than a second and I will not be able to control him." Softening his voice and his eyes, he said "You are mine, Catherine, my other half and I don't want other men seeing what you have under that skirt, that's mine. Ok?"

Just as Catherine was about to respond to Vincent's possessive remark, the doorbell rang signalling the arrival of Tess. Vincent barely had time to control himself again before putting a smile on his face to say a warm hello to her as she walked into the apartment. As all three were ready to go, they made their way to the apartment's car park. Vincent drove, he couldn't drink anyway. They found music to play on the radio as they made their way to the club.

Vincent settled in for the drive and let Catherine and Tess talk over their plan for gathering the information they needed for their case. Every now and then they asked Vincent if he was listening, and he was, but he was also thinking about his plans for Catherine. He knew exactly how to fix what would be his problem, if Catherine decided to do a spin on the dance floor.

Vincent pulled the car into a parking space where they sat for a few minutes until an agreement on tactics and outcome for the night was reached. Basically all Vincent had to do was listen into conversations for any mention of Lycotna, so his job was easy, and to keep an eye on the girls of course. Tess got out of the car the same side as Vincent. Making sure Tess was settled on the path he ran to the other side of the car to open the door for Catherine. As he helped her out of the car, he quickly ran his hands up her legs and under her skirt, tearing her knickers from her body. He looked into her eyes with a look of complete accomplishment. "Now I know there is no way you will spin around in that skirt and let anybody see what you are *not* wearing underneath." It took a moment for Catherine to register what he had done. With realisation dawning on her beautiful face, Vincent placed Catherine's underwear in the pocket of his pants, and planted a kiss on her cheek. He turned Catherine around with an affectionate caress then a pat on her bottom and guided her in Tess' direction.

Reaching the side-walk to stand next to Tess, Catherine was stunned. She was running her hands down the sides of her skirt, totally shocked, not quite knowing what to do. The thought of walking into the club wearing no underwear was confronting to her and it took her a moment to focus on Tess' conversation rather than the gamut of feelings currently overwhelming her. Catherine felt the breeze between her legs. What was happening to her body, could she walk into a club wearing no underwear? She looked down, the skirt was long enough, she felt its length at the back, if she bent over, it didn't show anything, did it? As if reading her thoughts, Vincent whispered into her ear from behind and said "only bend forward if I am standing behind you otherwise, you're good."

"Cat? Cat! Are you ok?" Tess was looking from Cat to Vincent confused. Vincent looked smug and Catherine looked shell shocked. "Cat?"

"Um, oh, Tess, yes, yes, I'm fine, sorry. Vincent just whispered something to me that sort of threw me off for a minute. I'm sorry." Catherine looked at Vincent pointedly.

"I don't want to know." Tess laughed, waving her hands in surrender. "Come on, let's get inside, and get this over and done with. I have plans for later."

"Mmmm, me too," Vincent mumbled as he opened the door to the club and ushered the girls in before him.

It was hard for Catherine to concentrate on what she was supposed to be doing for the night when within the blink of his eye and the twitch of his wrist, Vincent had her feeling exposed, but wanton, sexy, sexual, desired, and daring all rolled into one. She knew Vincent had control of how she danced and moved for the night but then a thought flashed through her mind and the night ahead took an interesting change for the better. It dawned on her that she knew, that Vincent knew, she wasn't wearing underwear: nothing, no bra and, no knickers!

As they entered the club, Vincent noticed the eyes watching two stunning women walk into the room. Catherine and Tess were a striking pair. Each dark and almost exotic looking, Catherine with her wide smile and green eyes and Tess with her dark beauty and smouldering brown eyes, they captured the interest of more than one or two guys in the crowded room.

Vincent made the motion that he was going to the bar to get the girls a drink. Although he could hear their chatter, he knew they wouldn't hear him over the heavy, loud, thumping music. Both Tess and Catherine nodded, and paved their way to the bar to order their drinks. Vincent, following behind Catherine, took the opportunity to put his hand under Catherine's skirt to place his hand on her ass cheeks, delving his finger between them, before quickly removing his hand to steady her as she almost stumbled from the shock of what he had just done.

A smile of satisfaction was written all over Vincent's face when she turned to look at him. She'd just realised that Vincent would be able to do that all night, because in her heels, he didn't have to bend, she didn't have to reach up on tippy toes; his hand would be at the perfect height to reach under her skirt any time throughout the night without raising any suspicions. The skirt was flowing around her enough that his slight movements would just look like fabric moving of its own accord to any movement she made. She knew she would be ready for him at every moment. He would torment her and give himself plenty of opportunity to reach his prize all night long. Catherine was ready to give as well as she got.

Drinks in hand Tess, Catherine and Vincent moved throughout the club. Vincent stepped back a little and allowed his girls to do their cop thing, but was always within reach of them, listening to conversations going around them. Vincent noticed all the guys in the crowd watching his girls, watching him, watch them all. A tension built in the area around them wherever they stood. He recognised that he could be preventing the girls from achieving what they had come for. He managed to get Catherine's attention and moved his eyes to the railing on the next floor above them, indicating to her with his eyes that he would be up there to watch them. Catherine acknowledged understanding then turned back to the group of people she had been talking too with Tess.

Vincent moved quickly, almost a little too quickly for human ability so he slowed himself down and was soon standing on the next level looking down at the girls, watching them through the crowd. Catherine looked up, her eyes found him and made sure she could see him wherever they were in the club. He was watching. Over an hour later Tess motioned to the dance floor, both she and Catherine made their way to the middle, making sure Vincent could see her from where he was standing.

"I don't think we're going to get anything here," Tess spoke into Catherine's ear.

"Yeah, I think you're right. How about we just forget about the reason we're here and let's just have fun? C'mon Tess, let's just be a couple of friends out on the town – have a good time."

Tess shook her head, "Nah, you and manimal stay." Tess said looking up to see Vincent smile at her use of her pet name for him. Waving goodbye to Vincent she turned to Catherine and said, "I'm going to call it an evening, besides I have somewhere to be anyways."

"Ok, but let us walk you out so you can get a cab," Catherine said as Tess turned to leave the dance floor and almost walked straight into Vincent who, hearing that she was leaving came down to escort her out.

"Do you want to stay Catherine?" Vincent asked questioningly, with what he hoped was a please say yes look on his face.

"Yeah, I'd like that, if it's ok for you, with the noise and all?"

"I'm fine. And I am in control so you don't have to worry any-more," he replied, placing his hand possessively on her ass. Catherine could feel his hand almost burn her through the satin.

"Ok you two, have a great night then." Tess kissed Catherine on her cheek, smiled at Vincent and turned to leave. Vincent took hold of Tess' arm to stop her and motioned for her to wait. He turned to Catherine pulling her to him flush against his front, deftly moving his hand under the skirt to quickly stroke the outer folds of her sex and said "I'll be right back, I'll just make sure Tess gets a cab. Ok?"

"Sure, I'll be right over there," Catherine said with a knowing smile, then indicated a space at the end of the bar. "I'll go and get a drink, I think I need one. Goodnight Tess, I'll see you tomorrow."

Catherine made her way to the bar, ordered her drink and was about to turn around when she felt someone come up behind her. Hands reached around, one on either side of her before she could turn toward the crowd in the club. Catherine looked at the hands and recognising Vincent, she relaxed back against him. Turning her face to him she smiled. "Are you going to let me turn around?"

"Yeah in a minute," he responded.

To anyone watching them, all it looked like was a guy leaning up against a girl while they waited for the bartender to serve their drink. Only Vincent and Catherine knew what was happening. As he held her to the bar with one arm, Vincent had his other hand under her skirt and his fingers buried deep inside her. She was so wet and had been in a state of arousal all night. Vincent had been able to breathe her scent from the moment he tore her knickers off and it had been driving him wild all evening. She was standing in a night club against a bar with Vincent's fingers inside her and no-one paid them any attention. Vincent could hear her heart rate start to accelerate, hear her breathing start to deepen and feel her orgasm building, close to the surface. But he didn't let her reach her climax, he wasn't ready yet.

He turned her around in his embrace so they were flush against each other, front to front looking into each other's eyes. Vincent took his hand from under her skirt and raised it to his lips, licking his fingers one by one, revelling in the honey sweet taste of her nectar. Moving a finger from his lips to Catherine's, staring into her eyes, he leaned forward and kissed her whilst the finger that had been inside her, slid along the crease of her bottom lip. The scent of herself while tasting him led to the most mind blowing, life changing and tender kiss of her life. Vincent was kissing her like the taste of her and the taste of her lips was the only thing that made his heart want to continue beating. Catherine had never felt more desired before in her life than she did in that moment.

Subconsciously knowing where she was, but also forgetting her surroundings, drowning out the music and only listening to the music she and Vincent were making, Catherine moved her hands to Vincent's zip. Leaving his belt tied she pulled his zip down and put her hand into his pants prepared to fight with the band of his boxers to hold him in her hands, but Vincent was commando too. He was ready, thick and throbbing in her hands with no effort at all.

Catherine heard Vincent's breathless voice in her ear. "Use your leg Catherine, pull me closer to you."

"But I'm...."

"It's ok. I've got it covered."

As Catherine raised her leg, Vincent moved her skirt so that it stayed mid-thigh on her with enough loose satin falling down to cover his swollen, heavy shaft that had sprung loose from his trousers. And before she could breathe out, Vincent was buried to the hilt inside her.

He leaned in and kissed her, deeply, had to keep leaning in and out, kissing her, to mask the movement of what they were doing. He wanted so badly to thrust in and out of her velvet sheath, but couldn't make it obvious. The only way they were going to "pull this off" so to speak was to be in the middle of the crowded dance floor, where everyone was more or less doing the same thing. Vincent leaned in one last time and took Catherine's lips with his, the other hand grabbed the thigh of her leg that was still on the ground and swung it around him for Catherine to loop with her other foot at his back. Just before stepping away from the bar, still buried deep within her folds, Vincent checked to make sure her skirt was falling behind her and enough had settled where they were joined. Thank god his belt was still fastened, it meant those looking at a glance would think the position was suggestive, but not actually possible because his pants were still belted around his hips.

Vincent made his way to the middle of the dance floor, his length enabling him to stay buried deep within her. The music took over as they moved in time with the beat. Catherine moved her feet to the front of his thighs and managed to look like she was just moving against him when she was actually allowing Vincent to slide in and out of her, deliciously, though making it all look like it was part of a dance. With his strength and her flexibility, their orgasms weren't long in coming. But how Vincent managed to stay standing whilst in the throes of absolute ecstasy was something they would muse over another time. Long after their orgasms, they stood in the middle of the dance floor, moving in time to the music, Vincent still half hard inside her.

Catherine having reached her limit of being around Vincent and not being free to love him with her whole body whispered into his ear, "Take me home Vincent, I want you in my mouth and me in yours. Please...."

The doorbell woke her from her sleep. Catherine didn't remember coming home last night, she was positive she hadn't drank that much. She stretched, waiting for that all familiar feeling she got throughout her body whenever she and Vincent made love several times in a day.

She opened her eyes and stretched some more noting the lack of soreness. "That's odd," she thought as she looked down at herself clad in her spring pyjamas. She never wore pyjamas when Vincent stayed over.

The doorbell buzzed again. Getting out of bed, she walked to the front door, to find JT impatiently pacing. "What took you so long?" he asked as he almost pushed past her. "Vincent will be back in 15 minutes and you're supposed to be at our place. You know how he hates returning after a weekend assignment with 'Muirfield' and you're not there.... So come on, hurry up."

Realisation flooded through Catherine. It was a dream. There was no case, there was no nightclub, there was no dancing in her lounge room, it was a pity she mused, because it had been good.

Picking up her phone she immediately sent a text to Vincent. "We are going clubbing."

Within seconds a reply came back "When?" to which she replied "Tonight – I had one of *my* dreams..."

Vincent's response – "Can't wait to hear all about it. But Catherine, I love you, I promise whatever your dream was, we will make tonight better than your dream ever was..... V"

****The End****

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