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BAtB Fanfiction – Dream State 4

Sometimes first thing in the morning, we don't talk. We just soak in the wonder of each other with our eyes. We run smouldering lazy eyes over each other, as so much of what we want to say, we say with our eyes. I know Vincent can't read my mind, but when he looks at me with that dark sensual hunger it is as if his eyes speak to me of a need to be inside me. His look reaches into my mind and hears my thoughts, his heart tunes into the rhythm of my heart and beats as one with mine as our bodies burn, almost ache with a need for a release that only we can give each other. We look into each other's eyes as if to say, please, take me into your soul and let me live there, where I will be warm and safe.

Vincent stretches his long beautiful body like a panther basking in the sunlight and turns toward me. He is such a sight to behold, his fingers move first, then he stretches his arms and then the rest of him moves. The veins across his body swell and move with him, he has this one vein, it runs from the base of his throat across his chest to his left shoulder then winds its way down his arm, or is it, that it begins in his hand, stretches lazily up his arm and across the chiselled muscular wall of his chest disappearing at the base of his throat? Either way it is something that I find so sensual, so sexual and almost primal. The vein just begs for me to trace it with my lips and tongue almost like I am trying to lick his life's nectar into my mouth. Every time I look at that vein of life on his body, my body reacts as I think to myself, who would have ever thought that veins could be such a turn on?

Vincent inhaled deeply as he stretched. Just before he woke, I was thinking of the dream I had throughout the night. My dreams were always sensual, always leaving erotic pictures in my head and a deep burning desire that was impossible to hide from Vincent's super sense of smell and hearing. No doubt he could hear if not feel my heartbeat beating overtime from the memories that are invading my thoughts and the heat I feel in the pit of my stomach. I am sure he can hear my body talking to him, the swelling of my sex in preparation of his entry inside me to the very centre of my body and fill me so completely it is difficult to see where I start and he finishes. We are one, one body, one soul, one feeling, one emotion, one living cell breathing the same breath.

Vincent said to me once that if I told him about my dreams he would try to make them come true. He was such a romantic guy. I would never have thought a doctor, an ex-soldier would be so, so sweet. I was lucky because not only did I have my protector in Vincent, but I also had the perfect boyfriend.

I have sadness, but it comes not from Vincent being different, or not 'normal', but from my not being able to tell him that in my dreams we aren't hiding, we aren't running from Muirfield. In my dreams, we are always free to do the things that every other "normal" couple does.

It would break his heart, crush his spirit. I just can't do it, so I have learned to be creative when telling Vincent about my dreams, I modify them so that he can try to create my dream states and make them into living realities because I know, sooner or later, he will try to create the atmosphere and make my dream real.

In this morning's dream Vincent and I were hiking through the hills close to home, far enough away from civilisation that we didn't have to worry about being seen or need to look over our shoulders. We were free to just put one foot in front of the other and walk along the trek that was winding its way up the hills surrounding the city.

Vincent was walking in front of me, ensuring every step I was about to take was a safe one. I didn't mind him taking the lead as I did enjoy the view he presented to me. Watching him move like the sleek, powerful manimal he is. I don't know if it was the DNA in his blood or if he was naturally graceful before the Muirfield experiments but Vincent moves like molten lava. His movements are effortless, languid, almost liquid. He has a step he tempers to match my own small ones, his one long stride to my two smaller ones.

We were almost to the top of the hills, surrounded by nature, under a canopy of tree branches. The sun was high, and the weather warm, but I was hot, sweaty and needed a rest for a few minutes. I wasn't like Vincent. I didn't have the stamina of a work horse. I didn't spend hours working out and I certainly wasn't as fit as he was. Sure I could kick the butt of almost anyone his size, but I couldn't beat his raw strength and stamina.

"Vincent, can we rest a minute? I mean, we aren't in a hurry to get anywhere are we?" I asked him as I found the comfort of a large boulder just to the side of the path we were following to lean against.

"We can wait as long as you like." Vincent said turning to me.

I must look absolutely horrible, I thought to myself, and turned away from him so he wouldn't see the sweaty, dirty face I knew would be presented to him if looked at me. So, I pretended to look back at the path we had just walked along, but what I was really doing was grabbing the canteen that I was carrying and started to pour it over my face, my eyes closed as I then turned back toward him.

I knew I was in trouble when I opened my eyes and saw Vincent looking at me, watching the drops of water fall from my face onto my t-shirt, wetting it as it went, the material clinging to my body and making the t-shirt I was wearing translucent. I had donned sexy underwear this morning. Vincent had said we were going somewhere special today, and I knew that meant we would end up somewhere, making love and basking in the afterglow of fulfilment somewhere beautiful. So I wanted to look beautiful for him when that moment came. I didn't realise we would be hiking when I had decided on my underwear for today, even though he had told me to wear comfortable clothes and shoes that I could climb a mountain in. I don't know what I thought he meant, but I sure didn't think he meant it literally. I was thinking more along the lines of him being the mountain, I loved climbing his mountain. I love sitting on top of it..... My train of thought cut off abruptly as I saw Vincent move toward me.

Lifting his hand to take hold of my head and pulling me to him Vincent's lips covered mine hungrily. There was no gentleness in his kiss, it was primal, it was hungry and it was pure possession of my mouth. He pulled away, bent down and lifted me over his shoulder like the proverbial sack of potatoes. Of course I was protesting throwing punches at the wall of his back fruitlessly, and recognising that I stopped beating at him, I would only end up tired with sore palms. He really was like hitting a brick wall.

After a few minutes I asked Vincent to put me down, he ignored me and just kept on walking, but not for long. It seemed we had reached our destination as he lifted me from his shoulder, letting me slide down his body, every part of me connected to every part of him, the only barrier between us was the clothing we were wearing. It didn't stop me from feeling him though. I could feel the power of the muscles his skin contained, I could feel his arousal straining against his pants as I slid down his body, I could feel his body's vibration as he held me suspended, my face level with his. With a gleam in his eyes, and a sensual, lazy blink, he pressed his lips to mine, almost asking if it was ok to kiss me after he had just hauled me over his shoulder. I kissed him back, knowing what had driven him to act so primitively and as I had incited that in him, I wasn't mad, I was... aroused.

Vincent stood there, holding me suspended against him, drinking my mouth, his tongue meshing with mine, our breathing becoming laboured, stifled almost by our need to swallow each other's essence. Vincent's kisses went from the softness of clouds to the forceful crescendo of lightning and thunder in the storm of passion he was creating just by kissing me.

Slowly, whilst being lost in his kiss, Vincent continued to let my body slide down his until my feet touched the ground. The earth beneath me seemed to rise up and cushion me in its grassy mattress as Vincent then lowered us to the ground, his movement fluid, effortless even whilst holding me against him. Lying almost on top of me, I could feel the weight of his body pressing me into the earth, its coolness welcome against the heat of my body. Vincent raised his face from mine and stared at me as he then lifted his body off me stretching out to lie next to me but keeping me in his embrace by putting his arm underneath me to manoeuvre my pliant and willing body anyway he wanted. His eyes help me captive. His head raised as if holding himself away from me, looking at me one minute, the next he relaxed and almost sank back down to kiss me into oblivion.

I lost track of time in the kiss. It could have been hours or days. I just let my feelings unleash themselves in the moment. I mirrored Vincent's kiss, I took control one minute only to relinquish it to him the next. We fought each other with our tongues, with our teeth, with our breath, but neither of us won. We pulled apart long enough to shed our clothes and then lay back down into the earth. We touched, we kissed, we pulled, we plunged, we merged, we were in each other, as if we had become part of the earth itself, our bodies welcoming the onslaught of sensations that our love making provoked. We reached our explosive release together, but the sunrays on our skin wouldn't let the heat we had created between us cool.

I smiled to myself thinking that in that moment, I felt like Eve in the Garden of Eden. I was as naked as the earth was, lying beside my very own Adam. My body felt like an element, just like the wind, the sun, the rain, the soil beneath the grass we were laying on. I felt so natural lying there with Vincent beneath the sun. I didn't even look around me to see where we were. I was with Vincent, nothing else mattered.

I lifted my hand and traced Vincent's strong jaw line. Whenever I looked at his face I saw strength, honour, love, it is a beautiful face. My fingers continued and I navigated the terrain of his body. There are deep valleys and concaved ridges of muscle that play along the bones of his ribs. Muscle rippling beneath my fingers, his whole body tensed as I came closer to his silken length. He was smooth, but the veins of his manhood stood proud, I let my hands hold him for a moment, then I continued my exploration of his body.

Moving myself to kneel between his legs, my hands traced the muscles on his thighs, my mouth opening for his shaft and taking him into its warmth as my head became level with him, my hands continuing their way to his feet. My mouth and tongue massaged his swelling shaft as my hands, on their upward return massaged his calves, my touch featherlike as I moved my hands again until I held him firmly between them. I stroked him using my hands and mouth I sucked and licked at him, my very own lollipop. Vincent's muscles constricted, but he tried to relax, breathe in and out, his mind a whirlwind of feeling.

He sat up abruptly, lifting his legs slightly so that I was cradled between them. He raised my head and kissed me. Teasing me, brushing his lips against mine, gently thrusting his tongue between my lips then pulling back again before opening his mouth to kiss me, his tongue was thrusting in and out, only to repeat the pattern until his teasing soft kisses and tongue touching became a full open mouthed, consuming kiss.

Fingers and hands that promised me shooting stars and fireworks flashing behind my eyes took hold of me moving my legs apart so that I was straddling him with one leg either side of his body. The muscles in his stomach were dancing as he used his core to hold himself in an upright position. He used the other hand to hold me at his mid-thigh to prevent me from settling in his lap. He lifted his knees slightly until my breasts were level with his mouth. Holding me like this he took one nipple into the warmth of his mouth, and he nibbled at it until it became erect. He licked it, then blew on it, lifting his head to watch it become hard, then he repeated it with the other one, marvelling at how his mouth and his breath caused the aureole around each nipple to pucker. He took one nipple between his teeth gently nibbling, licking and blowing, then moved from one nipple to the other.

Vincent's free hand moved to my sex. At first his fingers found my bud and he lazily rubbed it in a slow constant movement that soon had my body rocking in the age old rhythm of lovers. He moved his hand so that his thumb was now nestled against my bud and his fingers were inside me. He held me like that, his thumb moving back and forth against my bud, his long lean fingers buried deep and thrusting deeper until he could feel the inner muscles of my sex start to constrict around his fingers. He pulled them out of me at the same time he released me from his mid-thigh hold and

just as my earth shattering climax hit, he impaled me with his shaft that he held at the perfect angle for me to slide down onto him. The orgasm hitting me was more consuming and gripping because he was filling me as I came. He held me there, pulsing around him, clinging to him with my inner muscles, my legs wrapped around his waist and my hands holding onto his shoulders as I rode wave after wave of pleasure to a rhythm that only Vincent knew how to play to.

As my climax subsided Vincent flipped us over and entered me again. I reached out to hold on to him and as he began thrusting, held on for the ride and I watched as his muscles played their own sweet tune over his body, his face constricting in ecstasy as his eyes widen and his pupils dilate. My hands sliding over the defined sculptured muscle of his upper body as his orgasm grips him, his eyes glow yellow as he slightly bears his teeth and almost growls in release.

I raise my hand to wipe away the frown from his brow. "I wonder if he knows he does that?" The deep richness of his eyes in this light, ignites a fire deep within my soul, his lips softly part ready for my kiss as we both come back to the very earth I am lying on.



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