

Janeen Hayes

## **BAtB Fanfiction – Dream State 3**

The moon is filtering in through the window, casting a soft glow across the room. I shifted slightly so as to block it from waking her. Catherine is spectacular in her sleep. Her worry lines fade, her lips almost upturn into a slight smile. I wonder what she is dreaming about. I love watching her dream and the sounds she makes when she is asleep.

I used to walk at night, restless and yearning to be a part of normal. The closest I could ever get to it, was walking the streets at night in a place that never sleeps. Throughout the night, it was easier to hide, easier to walk around in the dark alleys or over the rooftops. It was easier to go unnoticed and fade into the shadows of the night.

Since meeting Catherine, my upturned days and nights have come back to be normal again. I sleep through the night wrapped in or around her. Sometimes, sleep still escapes me but rather than walk around the streets of New York I use Catherine's cute little noises as my sleeping pill; they are my lullaby that sings me to sleep. Though she swears she doesn't, Catherine's clucking always bring a smile to my face. And as I lay there listening to her, I match my breathing to her steady rhythm and drift off to sleep. As sleep comes, I begin dreaming about the weekend away we wanted to plan and I dreamt...

We needed to get away. The city was loud and the heaviness in the air from the pollution was lung clogging. Getting way helps me ease the feelings of isolation too. It gives me a different view for a little while. Getting away also means we were able to be free. We can breathe fresh air and, sure, we can make snow angels, throw snowballs or sit and read by the open fireplace, but these weekends away, they are my chance at normal.

Catherine would spend hours finding secluded places where the population of a small town was at most around 4000 people. Though it would be easy for people to remember seeing us, there was almost no chance of me beasting out, we would be forgotten quickly enough. This time Catherine found a small town south of the city with a beautiful, well secluded, cabin in the woods. The snow had been falling all day but gently enough, that you can still go outside and even catch a snowflake in your hand then watch it melt as it hit the warmth of your palm.

The night before didn't go according to my plans but that is probably a good thing. I knew that Catherine was tired from the gruelling days she was having at work at the moment. Joe was really riding her and Tess's since things had amped up because of the Bustamante trial coming up soon. But, realising Catherine and Tess had been almost worked to the bone, Joe gave them both a few days off. There wasn't much to do now anyway, the hearing starts in less than a week, and what they didn't have wrapped up now, wouldn't be wrapped up in time for the trial.

We'd spent most of the night before curled up with each other, me eating popcorn and Catherine eating her Red Vines, watching a movie in front of the fireplace.

Catherine curled up next to me with her head in my lap, sated from the red vines and a glass of wine I had poured for her, and ended up falling asleep peacefully. I spent the night watching the end of the movie alone. Well, the movie was playing but

mostly, all I did was look at Catherine. I watched the wonder of her for what seemed like hours. While she was sleeping I could revel in her. I lightly stroked the side of her face, she snuggled closer. I breathed her in and I watched her smile in her sleep as I ran my fingers through her hair, she snuggled closer still.

Finally, picking her up carefully so as not to wake her, then walking into the bedroom, I gently placed her down on the bed. I thought about undressing her but I really didn't want to wake her up. As I lay there next to her, fully clothed as well, I pulled her close then I wrapped the blanket around us. I fell asleep listening to the sounds of the night outside and the feel of Catherine's steadily beating heart under my hand.

The next day, we had nothing planned, no sights to see, but we spent the day walking around the town, and exploring this gem of a place Catherine had found. After last night's inactivity I woke up and planned a nice romantic evening for Catherine. I had everything, but the chocolate. "Catherine, I need to go to that local shop we saw on the way in last night. Do you want to stay here or come for a walk with me?" "I'll come." Catherine called out from the kitchen. "You certainly will." I said to myself, thinking of the night ahead and the plans I had for her. If she only knew!

We were back from the walk to the shops and I had everything I needed. All that was left to do now was to find something to occupy Catherine, get her attention away from me and what I was doing to prepare for the evening. So, I sat her down with some more red vines, a movie and instructions to not turn around to see where I was or what I was doing. I said "If you need anything, just call out to me. I don't want you to spoil anything". I watched her eyes widen with curiosity. "Promise me." I said to her again. "Ok, I promise. If I need anything I will call out," Catherine responded as she curled up on the couch and pulled the blanket up over her legs.

I had watched her settle with her red vines and the remote, I knew it was safe to start with the preparations for the evening ahead. Catherine knew I like to make grand romantic gestures to make up for the normal we couldn't have, I could trust her to sit there until I called. I went into the kitchen to make sure the champagne and strawberries were chilled, I had set the chocolate on a candle burner, melting it slowly into a warm gooey mess.

I was ready, but the movie still had some time to go, and I needed to fill in some time. I came out of the kitchen and as I walked toward the bathroom I said to Catherine, "I am just going to have a quick shower, don't move and don't look at anything". I also needed an excuse for being in the bathroom while I set up for later.

Any time I stopped my preparation and actually thought of the night ahead, I would get ramrod hard and I knew if I wasn't careful I wouldn't last long. I stepped into the shower, with the water running over me I took the soap in my hands and started to wash myself closing my eyes to envisage the night ahead. I was getting harder and harder. I had to relieve the pressure or I would be useless for Catherine so I let my visions take over. I didn't think it was possible to be any harder than I already was; my erection was almost painful from lack of release. I took myself between my hands, closing my eyes, thinking of Catherine. I pictured her lying underneath me, sitting on top of me, her mouth swallowing me. I thought of every time we made love or just fooled around. I remembered the times when she was curled up sitting on my lap watching movies, I remembered her scent. The more I thought of her, the harder I got. Here I stood under the shower head's spray, thinking all this and at the same time pulling and stroking myself, trying to imitate the way Catherine did it to me. I

loved the feel of her hands around me; it wasn't the same, but it was enough, so at first I pulled myself off slowly using the soap as lubricant, then the more I thought of Catherine the quicker and harder I stroked, stroking and pulling myself in a frenzied motion that had me coming explosively. Moments later, I was standing in the shower on slightly shaky legs, the water washing away any evidence of what I had just done. I knew I would be ready for the night ahead. I was so excited, the last thing I wanted to do was to blow it, so to speak, before things got to where I wanted them to go and now I knew I wouldn't.

As I got out of the shower and dried off, I dashed into the bedroom and grabbed the roses from where I had stashed them earlier after picking them from the garden outside. I plucked the petals, letting them fall into the bath in readiness for when I would come back in and turn the water on. I placed the candles I had brought with me around the room and left the matches on the window sill. I was really looking forward to washing her intimately. With that thought, if I hadn't just self-indulged, I would have been in trouble again just thinking about it. I willed the images out of my head and headed back into the room where Catherine was lying on the couch, hopefully.

I walked back out via the kitchen, wearing track pants low on my hips, naked from the waist up. I was comfortable in my own skin, but I didn't want Catherine distracted so I put the track pants on. I collected the champagne and a glass then picked up a rug from the closet on my way into the room where Catherine was. I laid the rug on the floor in front of the fireplace that had been lit from the moment we arrived yesterday. As I lay the rug down, I smoothed it out and threw another log on the fire deliberately avoiding looking at Catherine, but I knew she was watching me and not the end of the movie. I could feel her eyes watching every move, I heard her heartbeat quicken the moment I walked into the room.

I turned to her with a glass of champagne in my hand. As I held it out for her to take the glass from me, I stood there for a moment as her eyes looked at me from head to toe. My mouth went dry and I grew semi hard again as I saw her mouth slightly open, her pupils dilate and her nostrils flare as she inhaled. She got up from the couch. She bent to take off her socks, but I walked toward her and stilled her hand with mine. I didn't speak to her. I just took her by the hand and led her to stand with me on the rug in front of the fire.

Catherine took the glass of champagne and drank the whole glass, turning to put the it on the mantle. She stood there, looking at me, asking me with her eyes to start the evening my eyes promised her. I leaned in and kissed her. Closed mouth at first then, with each kiss I softened my lips, and asked for more of hers with mine, using my tongue to coax her mouth open, deepening the kiss. The only place we touched was at our lips. I kissed my way from her mouth to her neck, her head falling back in acceptance. I reached up and released her hair from her bun and let it fall down her back and ran my hands through her hair as I continued to kiss her neck.

My hands it seemed, had a will of their own and moved from her hair to slowly unbutton the blouse she was wearing, baring her shoulder to me. She is perfection. I kissed her there as I moved her blouse off her shoulders exposing her breasts hidden beneath an electric blue and black lace bra. I kissed her wetly along the top of her bra, along the swell of her breast above the line of lace, whilst pulling the straps off her shoulders. Then, cupping her perfect breasts in my hands, I pushed them together kissing her cleavage, taking my time to kiss, lick and nip then blow a gentle breath across her heated skin, kneading her taught nipples through the lace of

the bra. I flicked them playfully before my fingers undid her bra and let it fall to the floor. I took one nipple in my mouth as if to drink her. I sucked and licked one nipple kneading her breast with my hand while gently flicking and rolling the other between my fingers. I kissed my way from one to the other paying them equal attention as my hands travelled down to her jeans. I moved to the button and zip of her jeans.

I slowly tugged her jeans down her legs. My exploration of her perfect breasts and nipples skidded to a halt with a low guttural growl when I found a scrap of material in the same colour as her bra. She seemed to think these would pass as lace knickers. I nearly fell apart then and there. Instead, I sank to my knees in front of her spreading her legs slightly as I took each leg from her jeans and socks. I buried my face into the lace that was covering her sex. Licking and kissing her through the lace, inhaling her scent. I took a moment to look up at her to see, my goddess, my Catherine. At that moment she was the most beautiful sight I'd ever seen. I was speechless. I was in awe. She was mine.

Slowly, kissing a trail up her body I stood up. Even though I was covered from the waist down, there was no hiding the effect this moment was having on me. I kissed her again drugging her, then I stood back, she looked at me and I looked at her. I gathered her into my arms, breast against breast, skin on skin. I loved the feel of her skin next to mine. I looked behind her and in that moment I realised that I had forgotten the strawberries and the chocolate. I stood back, the look on my face bringing a smile to Catherine's face. This wasn't the first time I had been so excited about my intentions for Catherine that I forgot something.... I mean, after all I was like a little kid in a candy store with her. "Go on. Go and get whatever it is that you've forgotten" she said stepping back from me. The emptiness I felt when she moved away was enough to have me running into the kitchen to pick up the strawberries and chocolate, almost tripping over myself to get back to her and the warmth of her embrace as quickly as I could.

As I placed the strawberries and chocolate on the mantle just within reach, Catherine burst into a fit of laughter. At the questioning look on my face, she pointed and looked down at the tent in my pants and said, "Vincent, can I go camping under your tent, it looks like there is plenty of room in there for me". I laughed back as I stepped closer to her, took her hands and slipped them into my pants. "Anytime" I growled to her as her hands found my hardness, she wrapped them around me, squeezed me and stroked me at the same time letting out a satisfied little moan. I was tempted to let her have her way, but I quickly removed her hands to place them back at her sides.

"Vincent, your eyes have been glowing since you stepped out of the bathroom with the rug over your shoulder, are you sure you can wait? I mean..."

"If my eyes don't glow when I am around you in a setting like this, then we have a problem. Catherine I can't help it, I am in a constant state of arousal when I am with you, the adrenalin likes to shoot through and settle in the pit of my groin, always waiting for me to be joined to you. But.... right now, I want to feed you some strawberries, so please....." I motioned for her to come back to me.

I turned to the mantle and took a strawberry, dipped it in the chocolate then brought it up to her mouth. It was intoxicating watching her as she opened her mouth to accept my offering. Her tongue flicked out to catch the chocolate before it dripped between us. It was like watching her tongue on me. She sucked the strawberry between her teeth, showing me as she licked the chocolate from it, using her tongue to swirl it

around as she made sure she had licked all the chocolate off it before she sucked it into her mouth and seductively chewed it. I watched her swallow it, her throat constricting, then her mouth opened again ready for the next one. She was looking directly into my eyes when she did the same thing with the next one. I was mesmerised, by her seduction, by her beauty, the movement of her mouth, her throat, the lazy arousal in her eyes. I was drunk.

I moved to get the third strawberry, but before I could get it to her mouth a drop of chocolate landed on her breast so I leaned in to lick it off. The taste was addictive and so sweet that I needed to taste more. I dropped the strawberry but reached out to the chocolate and scooping some onto my fingers, I spread it over her breasts. Catherine almost melted to the same liquidity as the chocolate, she knew what was coming and not to be outdone she too dipped her hand into the chocolate and spread some over me.

So we stood there, wiping chocolate on and eating chocolate off different parts of each other, getting lost in the sweet stickiness. We were laughing, we were craving and having fun, lost in the moment. Who knew chocolate could taste like Catherine now, my favourite flavour "When I got the strawberries and chocolate, I promise you Catherine, this wasn't my intention. I was only going to offer you a glass of champagne feed you a couple of strawberries, strip you naked and take you into the ..... Shit, hang on I'll be back in a second"

I jumped up, leaving her sticky and alone in front of the fire, even though leaving her like that almost killed me. I ran into the bathroom and turned on the water and lit the candles. I had a few minutes to kill as the heat from the water released the smell of rose from the petals in the bath as it filled with water. I walked back out the lounge room, stopping dead in my tracks.

I think Catherine knew I was coming because I watched her lean over, grab another strawberry and use it to mop up some chocolate I had missed from the top of her breast then put it in her mouth. She looked up, saw me and smiled as she bit down on the strawberry. I heard myself moan as I walked to her, picked her up and carried her into the bathroom and placed her into the bath. I had intended to sit there with her, watch her drink some champagne, eat some strawberries with her, slowly washing her back, but I had no patience left.

Stepping into the bath with her I picked up the sponge, soaped it into lather and handed it to her so she could wash herself as I did the same with the other sponge. I was nearly losing it watching her. "Hurry" I growled. Catherine smiled then quickly finished washing off the chocolate. Before she could say I'm finished I picked her up, soaking wet and took her back into the lounge and lay down with her in front of the fireplace.

By this time, we were both frantic for each other, there was no slow seduction, there was no playful touching. We were both desperate to be filled with each other. I lay between her legs my eyes meeting with hers and questioning if she was ready. Her eyes told me all I needed to know. I know mine were glowing amber and as she opened for me and I plunged inside her. I was felt thick and long, filling her completely, she was wrapping her legs around me to pull me closer, I wanted to take my time but I was desperate for her. I thrust into her but Catherine took every withdrawal as if it were an insult and pulled me back in. In out, both of us desperate for fulfilment. I was close. I pulled myself out of her replacing my thick shaft with my fingers while my palm rested against her bud. I rubbed her and plunged my fingers

inside her in a steady rhythm to bring her to climax. I was kissing her senseless when I felt her body begin to tighten. I rolled us over until I was underneath her, she sat on me, I impaled her and as I moved my hand down her back I tightened my grip on her hips and pushed her down, while raising my hips off the ground, straining to get as far into her as I could. I wanted to mould her to me. I wanted to melt into her. I pushed up and pulled her down burying myself in her, she rocked back and forth and as she was using my pelvic bone to rub herself against me, I felt her tighten around me again so I held on for the ride.

We both came almost violently. The warmth spread over us was as we both sank into an earth shattering, soul destroying orgasm. She called out my name as I growled hers. In that moment, as we rocked back and forth coming down from our climax, our eyes locked with each other's, and we both smiled. We communicated without talking. We lay there languishing in the afterglow and warmth from the fire.

As the fire cooled Catherine and I were still joined. We separated only to move into the bedroom where the night ended as it had begun, joined as one, her lying on top of me and me just managing to stay within her warmth . We were mind to mind and skin to skin, every part of each other touching the other...

"I love you" I whispered to her....

I woke from my dream so hard and hungry for Catherine I nudged her with my swelled and throbbing shaft letting her know I was awake. She stretched, looked over at me, rolled over and threw her leg over my hip giving me access to the very place, waking from my dream had taken me from.

---

© Janeen Hayes 2013 (aka Jay Cole)

Disclaimer: I do not own Beauty and the Beast, its characters or images. They belong to the CW Network. This is a work of fan fiction.

Janeen's fanfiction is available to read at:

<https://www.facebook.com/pages/BATB-Inspired-Poetry-By-Nature-and-Fan-Fiction/181767428647845?fref=ts>  
(Janeen's fanfiction and poetry.)

<https://www.facebook.com/BATBPassion>  
(Shared FB Fanfic page for Janeen Hayes & Karin Witnish)

Twitter: <https://twitter.com/Jarneen> (links to fanfic in my Twitter Favorites)