

BatB FanFiction:

Reflections 1 "First Time?" - JANEEN HAYES (AKA JAY COLE)

After having pushed Catherine, Vincent's mind is a little crazy. Making his way back to the houseboat he comes down from his Beast Out. He opens the door, walks in and stops in his tracks. He can smell her as he inhales deeply, closes his eyes and replays the events of the night in his mind.

Vincent kissed her. She felt familiar, she felt like a different kind of home. He saw the honesty in her eyes when she spoke of them being together as a couple. He remembered her heart beat, but didn't know from where. He could breathe the same breath she did, at the same time, and it was as if he was breathing life itself. She was a stranger, but familiar.



He kissed her. His lips melded with hers in a kiss he knew but he had only kissed her once before, only yesterday. He remembered that first kiss - it wasn't a kiss like this. He couldn't know her? This kiss spoke of yesterday, it spoke of remembrance and of promises. When he lifted his mouth from hers to look into her eyes he felt adrift so to feel safe again he leaned back in to kiss her. Wanting to test this feeling he lifted his mouth from hers. She whispered to him "We used to do more than just kiss." Their lips met, he teased her lips with his and tempted her with the tip of his tongue against her lips. The kiss was deep but their tongues touched briefly, a tease, a flick before the kiss deepened again and Vincent was drowning in the sweetness of Catherine's mouth, their tongues soon duelling in a war against lost moments in time he couldn't remember.

She snaked her arms around his neck and Vincent knew those arms had been there before, as she wove her fingers through his hair, he saw a flash of hands, so like hers, weaving themselves through hair much longer than his. He didn't know where it came from because his hair was short. Had it always been short? Still immersed in the kiss, Vincent picked Catherine up, walked upstairs and took her to bed.

Their kisses became desperate, but there was no knowing who was more desperate, him or her. Now that he was lying in bed with her he didn't know what to do. There was a part of him that knew it had been a while since he had been with anyone, a good few months but he couldn't remember exactly when. Part of him wanted to throw this woman on her knees, spread her legs and bury himself deep inside her and just fuck her with not a care about who she was. He wouldn't care about his strength and if he hurt her by pulling her hips back against his thick, heavy shaft that was swelling again as he thought of just pumping into her from behind, of being able to just fuck this girl then send her on her way.

He couldn't. She was more than that. He didn't know how he knew and he didn't know if he could love her, make love to her, he didn't know her, but he had a sense of her and it told him she needed to be cherished. He couldn't remember the last time he'd loved a woman. He knew he'd been with several women but couldn't remember their names or their faces. With his eyes closed to her soul, Vincent reached out and ran his hand down Catherine's arm then moved himself so that they were touching chest to toe, his large hands, his long body warming hers.

Catherine warmed to Vincent's touch. She liked the feeling of the heat radiating from his body warming hers, the easy fluid way he moved with the suggestion of tightly leashed power. She loved the way his eyes kept burning possessively over her, the way his chiselled perfect mouth tempted her. But she didn't like the confusion behind his possessive gaze. She didn't want to see that he didn't remember her. She closed her eyes.

Vincent lay stretched out on the bed, propped up on one elbow. He looked into her eyes and she looked into his. He could see the pain, the worry, the uncertainty in her eyes until she closed them off from his gaze. For a few moments he studied her, every expression that crossed her face, trying to see familiarity in the smoothness of her skin, in the faint laugh lines around her eyes, wondering if he was responsible for any of them. Hoping, but not believing. Whilst lying beside her, every breath she took, he took with her. He was taking her into his life being. The very air she breathed out, he breathed in. They were the same breath.



Vincent spent lingering moments running his hands over her body, familiarising himself with someone he had touched before but couldn't remember. There was a flicker of familiarity, but was that because she was a woman or because she was Catherine? His mouth found her breasts and his hands found her hot centre. She was so hot. She was so wet, she smelled like warm honey and he couldn't wait. Sliding down the short length of her body Vincent spread her legs and placed himself between them.

He used one hand to spread her folds which gave him access to her bud. He licked it, sucked it, tongued it, he played with her bud by rolling it around with his lips and his tongue, drinking her juices as if thirst had suddenly overcome him. He was everywhere, his mouth, his tongue, his fingers.

He withdrew his tongue from her centre only to enter her using his fingers. They delved into her, thrusting in and out, his mouth and tongue rolling her bud. His hands and mouth worked on her together. Vincent lost himself in her responses. He breathed her breaths. As her velvet sheath hugged his fingers they almost burned, she was so hot within. His shaft swelled, yearning to go where his hands were, wanting to feel her warmth wrap around him, swallow him, engulf him in sensation that he subconsciously knew would be his heaven. He didn't want to think, he just wanted to feel.

His senses were so attuned to her, he felt like he was sharing everything she was feeling. Every touch of skin, every whisper of breath, every moan of her pleasure was shared with him. He lifted his mouth and removed his fingers then immediately raised himself, sliding his body along hers until their lips touched. Taking hold of her wrists he raised her arms above her head as he buried himself deep within her. His body filled her, his mouth possessed her. She was so hot and ready for him, there was no resistance. Her moist, heated sheath encased him as if she was created especially for him, welcoming him home. They were merged together so beautifully he could not see where one started and the other finished.

They rode each other until they were breathless, each one tasting the other, filling their bodies with each other, burning memories of her in his mind. Sensations unbound catapulted them into an intense mutual orgasm that flowed through each of them. They lay there, entwined, in the aftermath of their release until the breeze raised goose bumps on their skin and the heat between them cooled.

Repentant that he had taken advantage of Catherine, he slid himself from her warmth. Mentally shaking away his previous thoughts about using her and pushing her out the door, Vincent swore to himself he would never do that to her. She didn't deserve it and although consciously he believed he didn't know her, his body did, he was sure of it. To feel this connected to someone he didn't know until realisation dawned. If he didn't know her, then he wasn't who she thought he was.

As he shook the vision from his mind, a feeling akin to fear washed over him. He didn't remember her, he had to leave Catherine alone but he wanted to stay. And that was dangerous – for her.

****The End****

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