

BAtB Fanfiction:

Dream State 8 "My Puppet" - JANEEN HAYES (AKA JAY COLE)

Vincent lay there, the fever caused by his bullet wound only having broken within the past hour. He was still tossing and turning restlessly in his sleep. JT watched over him, worried that his long-time friend's fever would return, but knowing more than ever, a healing sleep would be best for him right now. JT didn't know if taking Vincent to hospital was an option or not. He knew Vincent had been out in the world these past months, but was still in the dark as to whether or not his friend was a walking, talking "real life" person again or, still a man alive with a death certificate.

So much had happened over the past few months, the beast killings, the discovery of Tori, Catherine, shooting Vincent! JT was still trying to get his head around that one... but, he had to give Catherine the benefit of the doubt didn't he? After all he didn't know her side or Vincent's or, for that matter, the events and reasons for the shooting. Knowing how much she had sacrificed for Vincent in the months prior to their finding him, JT believed Catherine's reasons would have to be pretty extreme. But he was still angry with her.

"How is he?" Catherine's entry into the Gentleman's Club and her voice broke through the haze of worry to JT's ears.

"He's fine." JT almost spat the words at her, disbelief at what she had done was at that moment, overpowering his rationale that there would be good reason for her having done it.

"JT?" Catherine asked questioningly, as she walked over to where JT was almost guarding Vincent in his bedside vigil. JT's raised and questioning eyes were shooting a thousand arrows at her heart. "JT?" Catherine asked again "JT, you know I didn't want to shoot him don't you, but he gave me no choice." Catherine moved slowly toward JT and Vincent, all the while telling JT how Vincent had made the decision for her and how she believed she had saved Vincent's life, his very humanity by shooting him. Catherine explained to JT that she knew she couldn't live with herself if she had allowed Vincent to kill Reynolds. "JT, I knew I would feel guilt, but I didn't realise it would be this bad.... I can't breathe knowing I did this to him, that I am the very reason he is lying on this bed, almost bleeding to death."

The tears falling down Catherine's face melted a little of the ice around JT's heart. He knew deep down she believed what she was saying because guilt was written all over her face. "Catherine, just because I understand, doesn't mean I like you very much at the moment. But I do understand, so come on, come and sit by him whilst I get more fluids." JT held up the bag in his hands. "This bag is almost empty anyway." JT stood up, making room for Catherine and as she sat, she took Vincent's hand in hers.

“Vincent, I don’t know if you can hear me, I am sorry, I love you, come back to me. Please!” Catherine chanted the words to Vincent with her voice low and tears in her eyes. A tear drop she shed landed on Vincent’s hand, for a heartbeat Catherine sat staring at its landing spot then lifted his hand to wipe the tear away. She watched as the teardrop moved over a vein in Vincent’s hand, the vein pumping the lifesaving fluid and medications into him. Catherine wiped the tear away then lowered her head to Vincent’s shoulder and inhaled his scent, then inhaled him again, breathing with him, every breath he took she took with him, breath after breath, willing him to wake up, to forgive her, to tell her everything was going to be ok. She needed him. She needed his strength to help her overcome the guilt. She needed him to live for them. She needed him to heal them, to love her.

Vincent knew she was close, that her hands held his. He heard her words, he felt her warmth. She was Catherine. She was soothing balm for his soul, his very reason for living still, his reason for not ending it all as he remembered all he had put her through as his memories returned. He remembered their love, the romance and how “epic” they were together. He knew the pull toward her was always there, he remembered how he remembered the pull even when he didn’t remember her. He could feel her heartache and he could feel her guilt, feel her heart wrenching itself toward his as if to mould itself around his own. But if she was his anchor, his reason for being able to push through the yearnings of his beast, if she held his heart in her hands, why did she shoot him?

He was confused, he *knew* her. Through his fever he tried to push through the hate that was filling him over what she did, he tried to push through the anger at her choice, she chose her father over him. Why?

With this question running over and over in his mind, and his fever broken, Vincent slept. His subconscious took him to a place where he and Catherine were filled with love, awe and a visceral soul sharing acknowledgement that they belonged together. He went back to a place where they first merged, mind, body, soul. Not their first time together, but the first place where everything each one felt, was felt by the other. Vincent’s sleep took him to a place where both he and Catherine knew for the first time that “epic” and “meant to be” were deeper phrases with a deeper meaning than any “normal person” would ever understand. Vincent took himself back to The Falls, back to a time when he and Catherine were innocent to everything they knew now.

They had only been walking to The Falls for a few minutes when the sight of Catherine’s ass in front of him was his undoing. Vincent was walking in her wake, her scent surrounding him with every step taken and her sexy ass covered only by a small pair of shorts. He reached out and captured Catherine in his arms as he turned her to him and lowered his lips to hers spending heartbeats of time with their lips melded together. “I love the taste of your mouth” Vincent murmured as he flicked his tongue along the line of her full kissable lips. He took his time exploring her mouth, moving his hands to grasp handfuls of hair and gently tugged, pulling her head back to give him access to her long sleek neck.

He kissed his way down her neck toward her shoulder and back up again taking possession of her mouth once more. He was lost, in the middle of the path, leading to The Falls. He didn't want to wait till they reached the falls. Well, he did, but instead..... he dragged a laughing Catherine into the bushes, just off the trek they had been following.

Vincent lifted Catherine's top and lace bra, placing his enormous hands over her breasts and shaping them to his palm. In a hurry to free her from its constraint he almost tore the scrap of material holding his prize. Impatient to be inside her, Vincent unzipped her shorts and shed them from her, freeing her legs to wrap around his hips as he thrust his hastily freed erection into her warmth. Clothes were still tangled around ankles and necks in their haste to be together.

He thrust into her, filled her, each deep thrust of possession causing him to grow larger still, fill her more completely. Every inch of his swollen shaft was filling every space within her wet, silken folds. Her smell, her taste, her slick moist channel beckoned him to feel the completeness of their merged bodies and spoke to him in a language only known to him because of Catherine. Vincent knew his body was no longer his own, that it belonged to Catherine. He could feel his shaft, his thrusts, rubbing against her inner walls, but it was as if he were the walls of her silken sheath, not his thrusting, throbbing shaft. He was silk and satin, and she was smooth skin and throbbing veins.

Vincent stilled but remained buried deep within her, enveloped by Catherine. Their eyes focused solely on one another. His senses were strengthening his insight to Catherine and her responses to him and he knew it would only ever be possible with her.

Without Catherine, Vincent had no reason to live beyond tomorrow. She was everything to him. How could he have forgotten that, even for a moment? But he now understood what Reynolds had meant when he uttered to Vincent one day before he went on a mission "We need to get this done, now, as quickly as possible." When Vincent asked about the urgency of these missions, Reynolds response was simply "We don't know how long it will last!" At the time Vincent had no idea what Reynolds meant, but he now understood what "it" was. Reynolds didn't know how long his mind wipe would last or when the visceral pull he and Catherine had toward each other would surface now that Catherine had found Vincent again. Although he still didn't have his memories Vincent knew instinctively, beyond words that he was connected to Catherine. It went deeper than just lost memories, deeper than love and deeper than having only saved her life. Catherine was his soul. She was his air; she was a part of him. Vincent now believed the connection he and Catherine had was as old as time itself.

Vincent took a moment to feel each part of him that was connected with her. He could feel his touch on her skin, he could feel her responses when he rubbed the pad of his thumb over her nipples, the sensation tingling its way from her breast to her womb and flowing to her very core nestling at her bud between her thighs waiting for his attention. He felt her swell with need and moisten with desire. When he took her breast into his mouth and suckled her, he could feel how it raised goose bumps on her skin and made her restless for his warmth.

He gently nipped his way from breast to breast, nipple to nipple, then blew against the nibble marks, he could feel her insides clench with want. When he tongued her sensitive folds or buried his tongue inside her warmth or gently sucked at her bud as he drank her nectar while his fingers were deep inside her, he could feel the walls inside his heaven tighten to hold him inside but expand with readiness and need that he could push his swollen shaft inside her without causing pain.

His senses allowed him to almost read her mind. He knew what she needed and when she needed it. If Vincent had to spend the rest of his life anywhere, it would be right here, with Catherine alongside him, naked, wet, and wanting. "I will never get enough of you Catherine. Your taste quenches my thirst at the same time as it makes me need to drink more from you, your scent fills me, I know you are ready for me and all I want is to be inside you all the time." Vincent was trailing kisses, nips and licks over her breasts, he tongued her belly button, he then continued to lick and kiss his way over the surface of her body, reaching her centre, until his desperate need for her saw him replace his mouth that was feasting on her honey sweet core with his heavily engorged and throbbing shaft.

Writhing in frustration as Vincent played her body to his own tempo, winding her tighter and tighter, Catherine managed to utter "I know. You fill my mind too you know? I...I was walking through the supermarket the other day, I imagined you taking me from behind as I leaned into the freezer bin to get some ice-cream." Catherine gasped.

"What were you wearing in this day dream of yours?" Vincent murmured and he thrust in and out of her velvet warmth, in...., out...., in....., out...., he was almost getting lost in his slow sensuous rhythm, as he absorbed the feeling of each thrust of his shaft as it slid against her inner walls, the feeling of the veins that wound themselves around his erection making contact with her softness, the feeling of the head of his erection almost leave her before sliding back into heat, feeling the pressure of her tightness surround him, feeling her stretch a little bit more to engulf him, in....out.... Catherine too, was enjoying the sensations Vincent's rhythm was evoking until she thought to answer the question he had asked, her response, punctuated by his thrusts into her heat. "My... (*in..out*) black...(*in..out*) skirt! (*in*)!"

A growl of possession escaped Vincent at the mention of the Catherine in "*that*" skirt and he almost lost control. Vincent, demanding, elicited a harmony of responses from her as he continued to pay her homage, pounding into her welcoming body. The images of that night, were now forefront in his mind.

For all the times Vincent had been buried deep within the walls of Catherine, he knew this time was different. He knew his senses were expanding and because of his connection to her, he could feel everything Catherine was feeling. When he brushed her breasts with his breath, as he ran his thumbs over her nipples that stood proudly to greet him, when he lowered his mouth to suckle them. He knew what it felt like for Catherine as he held her hips to his and he thrust inside her, when he was so heated from holding back all he wanted was to thrust wildly into her, thrust again and again with possession, a stamp of ownership on her insides walls.

Vincent stilled, as awareness crept back into his consciousness.

“Catherine, we need to stop! Vincent struggled to leave her warmth as he slowly withdrew, when all he wanted to do was plunge back inside her heat and pound his possession onto her, mark her body as his impaled her on his long thick throbbing shaft. Instead he stood and looked down at Catherine lying in the grass with her legs open to invite him in, her nipples puckered, her nakedness begging for his mouth and tongue to taste all of her, he nearly gave in and buried himself inside her to finish what they had started. His erection grew again to the point of being painful but his will of strength and desire for her were reigned in as the vision of the two of them together at The Falls came to mind.

He leaned down, as his eyes lingered on her wet, welcoming folds he closed her legs, taking from his gaze the very place he wanted to be. He pulled her up from the position she was lying in to stand in front of him. He knelt to take hold of her shorts, first lifted one leg, then the other to pull them back on for her. His lips kissed the trail his hands followed as slid her shorts back up her beautiful, toned legs over her ripe ass, fastening the zipper just below her waist. He reached up for her top and bra from where they hung around her neck, he had forgotten to take them off her in his haste to be inside her. He ran his fingers over her nipples, giving them a little pinch as he covered them shutting off his vision of them and his ability to freely gaze upon her as his eyes craved to do.

Taking her hand, Vincent led Catherine back to the path and on toward the waterhole. At several places during the walk Vincent needed to scale high cliffs and slide down a few small ravines. With Vincent’s help Catherine would climb onto his back as he made the climbs and the descents until he placed her back on the ground again. They walked under a natural bridge and over moss covered slopes. Careful to make sure Catherine didn’t fall Vincent followed her path over the rocks, after another 20 minutes and a minor detour off the path, they finally reached their destination.



Catherine stared in awe. Vincent had moved ahead of her and turned to watch the emotions on her face almost as if he were watching a movie, her face went from surprise, to wonder and awe, to inspiration as she took in the view. In front of them, the water fell from the mountain top in a myriad of colours, emeralds, blues and frothing whites as it crashed into the pool below. Falling freely, forming a veil of water cloaking the earth around them bringing the colours in to deeper intensity. The waterfall created a cocoon of comfort and peace where it met the pool.

“Vincent... I’m speechless, it’s just... it’s just breath-taking, beautiful.” Catherine turned to where Vincent was standing next to her.

“Well, come on, let’s jump in, the water is cool, but not cold, I love it up here.” Already removing his clothes he stood in his boxers looking at Catherine. “Oh, and we are going commando!” Vincent said as he almost ripped off his boxers and jumped into the water. Catherine was nervous, her heart pounding. As Vincent surfaced he looked up at her questioningly. She half whispered “What about if someone comes? I don’t want to be caught naked in the middle of the pool in front of strangers. I am not jumping in there with no clothes on. Can I wear my bra and knickers in because there’s no way you are going to get me in there naked!”

“That sounds like a challenge to me.” But the smile didn’t quite reach his eyes as he sensed her real trepidation. “Catherine, I promise, I will hear people coming long before they get here and besides, the only way we were able to get here was with me carrying you most of the way because there is no way someone without my abilities would be able to get in here. Don’t worry, no-one is coming, no-one is near. We are in a safe, controlled environment.” Catherine smiled as she remembered saying those exact words to Vincent when he met Heather for the first time, and knew he was trying to reassure her...except, that night hadn’t ended up so well for them.

To ease her apprehension, Vincent swam over to the water’s edge and walked out of the water then climbed the rock to where Catherine was standing. With the sunlight coming from behind him and water running off his luminescent body, all Catherine could do was stare. He was ethereal. His skin holding in the muscles and sinew toned to perfection, his stomach a washboard of bone, muscle and skin that she loved running her fingers over. They tingled almost, at the need to touch him. He smelled of earth, water and sunshine. His erection stood proudly and her palms were itching to hold him, her mouth salivating, wanting to swallow him.

Mesmerised by him, Catherine let Vincent slowly strip away her top, bra and shorts and placed them together in the pile with his clothes. He stood behind her, placed one hand on her hip the other in the small of her back. As he pulled her back against him, he bent her forward, her ass against his throbbing cock and pushed himself inside her in one fluid movement. He just stood there, pulling her hips toward him filling her completely, giving her a moment to catch her breath.

He should have been more patient, he should have taken more time, he was huge and she was tiny but he knew she was ready for him, he could smell her scent and he knew Catherine would still be slick with arousal waiting for him to take her again because they hadn't finished earlier. "I'm sorry, I didn't hurt you did I?"

"No, I love it, you knew I was ready, you always do and you never hurt me, but oh God I am so full of you, I love it when I feel myself stretch around you." Taking his time Vincent again withdrew from Catherine but only to pick her up around the waist. With his eyes alight with laughter he jumped off the rocks and they both fell feet first into the water below. Vincent, being taller, took the force of the jump in his stride and broke the water before Catherine, giving her a smooth entry. Gasping for breath as she resurfaced Catherine pushed out of Vincent's embrace in anger and turned to splash water in his face as she screamed at him for scaring her like that. Reluctantly Vincent let her move away from him, knowing she would be pissed at him for a few minutes because he tricked her into the water.

As she got her breath back, Catherine started to pay attention to the feel of nature around her and the spectacular views before her eyes, Vincent not included. The sun was streaming down into the pool, the water warm and inviting, cocooning her body in its velvet moisture. Slowly, she made her way over to where the water falling from above met the pool that she was swimming in. Catherine sat half in, half out of the water, watching, mesmerised by the wall of water in front of her. She extended her hand into it and marvelled at how, even though her hand was breaking the flow, it wasn't hitting her too hard, there was pressure, but it wasn't as hard on her hands as she thought it would be.

Climbing back into the pool, Catherine waded to the other side of the water wall. In doing so she felt a small ledge just under the surface on the other side and sat on it, turning herself around to look through the wall of water into the pool. From where she was sitting, she could see Vincent. He was on the opposite side of the pool, his intense gaze watching her as she discovered the beauty of where she was. It was almost like looking at him through a sheet of glass, like he was on one side of a window and she was on another.

Vincent was watching Catherine make the same discoveries he did when he first found this place. Sitting in the shallows on the ledge behind the wall of water was like being inside your very own world, where only the sound of the thunderous water could be heard above the beating of ones' own heart and breathing. Vincent could hear her though, his abilities allowing him to shut out the sound of the water and listen only to Catherine. He could almost feel the water on her body by listening to the sounds her body made and his ability to hone in on her skin and see each individual pore enabled him to watch her body react to what it was feeling, giving him the sensation of actually feeling what she was feeling.

He heard her heart beat accelerate as the sensual feel of the water started to stir in her mind and the images this created. He watched as she used the water wall as her shield to his touch. She stared at him while lifting her hands to her hair to lift it off her face, and felt the tickling against her breast as her hair lifted from it.

The sensation took her by surprise. Her hand cupped her breast rubbing her nipple, puckered from the arousal. The acknowledgement that she was naked, out in the wilderness with Vincent and not a soul around to see or hear them made her feel daring and sexy, and wanting.

Catherine sat there cupping both her breasts, watching Vincent watch her as she continued to knead her nipples, pinching them, flicking them, pulling them, playing with them, squeezing them. Lost in the feeling of her own body and the responses she was wielding within herself, Catherine didn't even hear Vincent approach her. But instead of joining her on the other side of the water wall, he gently touched her leg, just to let her know he was there. She opened her eyes to see his burning with desire, arousal and possession, burning into her soul. He held out his hands to her and without words, without telling each other what they wanted, they both let instinct take over.

Catherine used Vincent's hands anyway she wanted. He wanted her to make love to herself, using his hands so she did. She placed one of his hands on her breast and covered it with her own. Squeezing his hand to indicate that she wanted him to knead her breast and flick his thumb over her nipple. Scooting forward off the ledge a little, she spread her legs and placed her other hand on her sex indicating with her eyes for Vincent to place his hand where hers was. Making sure each finger of hers was then placed on each finger of his, she guided his hand and fingers to do exactly what she wanted, what she needed. She rolled her bud, she applied pressure for a few moments, she used their hands and fingers, one of his fingers and one of hers filled her, his thumb and hers rolling her bud, sending fire to the pit of her stomach, the constant pressure building until she withdrew their fingers from her. He was her puppet, his hands were her hands, she was making love to herself using his hands.

Vincent couldn't take it anymore, aroused beyond comprehension, he needed to fuse with her. Let her know that he was staking his claim, that her responses were his, listening to her, watching her intently he was feeling what she was feeling, but he couldn't explain it to her. Vincent continued to be Catherine's puppet right up until she almost pushed herself over the edge with their hands. Instead of keeping the pressure like she wanted, Vincent lifted Catherine's lower body out of the water, and placed one leg on each of his shoulders. With his hands under her hips he lifted her sex to plunge himself inside her. The only part of her body on the same side of the water wall to him were her legs, as he allowed her to lean back into his arms on the other side of the wall. The only thing keep her afloat was his rock hard throbbing shaft impaled between her legs and his arms cradling her hips.

Controlling his movements he stopped thrusting but remained buried deep and moved to the other side of the water wall. "Catherine, I want you to hold on to my arm with both of your hands and whilst I am inside you, use my arm to hold yourself and rock for me, but whatever you do, don't let go, I need my other hand. Are you up for this?" Catherine smiled in response as Vincent moved himself to the other side of the water wall, and watched Catherine grab hold of his arm. She held on tight. Vincent used his free arm to manoeuvre Catherine's legs around his waist, opening her sex to him where they were joined.

Vincent then took a step forward and the pressure of the water wall washed over Catherine's sex sending shock waves through her entire body. Vincent felt her stiffen in reaction as the water hit her, then he took his free hand and added that to the pressure of the water at her bud as he withdrew slightly and plunged back inside Catherine.

The pressure of his shaft, the water and his fingers at her bud, holding onto his arm and using it as a swing as he thrust in and out of her was almost more than she could take. Catherine was feeling sensations coming at her from every angle, it wasn't long before an orgasm ripped through her body hitting her hard and fast, it was almost overwhelming in its intensity. She had never had an all over body orgasm before. That's what it felt like this time, her whole body tingled. It wasn't just sensations pooled in one place then spiralling outward, her whole body tingled everywhere Vincent was and had been. He pulled her into his embrace, swallowing her cries of ecstasy as he melded their mouths together in a kiss almost as earth shattering as the climax taking hold of her body. He rocked Catherine until the tremors subsided, until the echoes of her climax dimmed to whispers and she began to regain her senses.

For a while they stood in the water together with Catherine leaning into Vincent, her legs around his waist, melded as one, still joined by Vincent's raging erection. Even though the clenching of Catherine's inner muscles through her climax bought him to his own, Vincent was still rock hard inside her. Keeping hold of her hips, keeping them joined, Vincent let Catherine fall back into the water and float for a while until her breathing came back to normal and he could tell that she was aware of herself and him. Withdrawing from her, he made sure Catherine was standing steadily in the water before he moved away. His intention was to let Catherine swim alone whilst he absorbed the gravity of what just happened between them. He left her but only to wonder if Catherine was aware that he could feel her responses as if they were his own. If she knew that he could feel her goose bumps as if they were his, and if she knew he could feel the invasion of his erection as he delved inside her.

Not wanting to be left alone though, Catherine came up behind Vincent and placing her arms around from behind him she tugged on his erection to turn him around. Pushing Vincent back until he was under the water wall she swept his legs out from under him and raised his hips so his erection was on one side of the water wall and his upper body on the other. She took him in her mouth, almost savagely, not wanting to take her time. There was no tenderness in Catherine and the way she sucked at him, grasped his massive size between her hands and her lips and drank him into orgasm, swallowing the evidence of his reaching for the skies. He lay there spent, his eyes dazed at how quickly she had him reaching for the stars and just as quickly plummeting back to earth. She was the only woman that could make him feel like he could conquer the world one minute and within seconds having him wanting to crawl into a ball and cry like a baby. She was soul shattering in times like these.

Catherine moved under the water wall to join Vincent on the other side as the water surrounding them gave the impression of their being in their own private, glass like room.

She started her slow seduction of Vincent's body again but this time, she took her time to touch every inch of him, to hold his body close to hers, to worship him and for his arms to wrap around her so and hold her so closely they could each feel their hearts pounding against the wall of the other's chest. They were in heaven, angels in each other's arms and neither were letting go for anything in the world.

Lying in the aftermath of hours of making love on and off and the invasion of each other's body there wasn't a moment of the day that Vincent didn't etch into his memory. The feel of her, the taste of her mouth, the taste of her sex, the feel of her silken sheath welcoming him home, his amazement of what he had felt like earlier when he had literally felt her reactions to him as if the reactions were his own, Vincent knew, their love was more than just two people in love. This love spanned across the centuries, across the skies and heavens, this love was as old as time.

"Yeah, I felt it too" Catherine whispered into Vincent's ear. She had heard him speak in her mind, but didn't want to think too much about it. In fact, they had been listening to each other's thoughts for months now, but it was so natural neither had realised they had been doing it. Her answer ignited an ember of recognition in them both and although Catherine was sore from their hours of love making, she gently eased herself onto Vincent's erection, to do it all again. Slowly and under the fall of the water! They had to leave this very precious place soon, and they had to think carefully of the fact that Catherine had just voiced out loud, the answer to a question Vincent had asked only in his mind.

Vincent opened his eyes, and sat upright, the pain in his side burning him as he sat there. Focusing through the pain was hard. He was fighting between reality and his dream. But when he focused on the room he was in and who was by his side, the devastation that came across Vincent's face worried JT who was standing at his side next to Catherine. "Hey Man! What's up?" JT asked a stunned Vincent.

As Vincent slowly settled back down on the bed, he closed his eyes but answered JT, "I was with her." Vincent indicated with a nod of his head toward Catherine. But Vincent didn't want to see this Catherine, the Catherine that had shot him. He was however, desperate to get back to the place he was just taken from. Deep within his real Catherine, the one who would never hurt him, the one that was holding her body to his as he gently rocked her with the rhythm of his body making love to hers.

****The End****

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