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BAtB Fanfiction: Dream State 6

As Catherine stood in the bedroom watching the rain outside, she noticed raindrops on the window and watched in fascination as they made their way down the glass. She watched the path one drop traveled, how when it collided with another raindrop its direction would change, its shape would change, with each touch of another drop its path and shape again would change. It was a continued metamorphosis with each raindrop it collected. As she watched the play of raindrops in front of her, Catherine's mind transported back to the gym she and Vincent had recently visited.

Catherine spoke to Vincent of a friend who managed a gym near her apartment who'd agreed to let her use it after hours recently. After all, being a cop she was trustworthy. When Vincent asked if she had access to the pool too or just the gym Catherine was quick to respond "No, I have access to everything."

"Do you think we could go there and take a swim one night? I mean, you know how much I love the water?" Vincent had asked questioningly with a hint of seduction in his voice.



A few nights ago, Catherine took Vincent to the gym. Their workout was tough; the swim they took afterward invigorating. As Catherine climbed the steps of the ladder to get out of the pool, Vincent watched the flex of her muscles as she pulled herself up the ladder, the sway of her hips as she climbed the steps, the way the water cascaded from her hair down her toned back, and further over her ass then down the back of her legs, how he envied the water at that very moment.

Vincent also noticed earlier on the way to the pool that the sauna room had not been turned off and he now looked at it with longing for the second time. Catherine had seen Vincent notice the room earlier and when she turned to look at him because she could feel his eyes watch her, she held out her hand in a gesture for him to follow her into the room. As Vincent got out of the pool and made his way silently over to the sauna room, he picked up his and Catherine's towels to place on the wooden bench so they could sit and enjoy the heat of the room.

The moment she opened the door, the heat of the room engulfed them both, but a hunger also pulsed through Vincent's body, made even sharper in the knowledge that there was no one to disturb them, the doors were locked, and there was no chance of being taken by surprise. Visions of Catherine's and his hot and sweat filmed bodies writhing around swam before his eyes, blood rushing to swell his shaft, until the smell of a sauna registered within. He'd forgotten how a sauna smelled. It smelled of heat and sweat yet the pine scent allowed for the sweat to smell sweet almost. As Vincent moved into the room and placed the towels on opposite benches, he had a fleeting thought that the sauna might also expunge the repentant dirtiness of Muirfield from his body. He almost desperately wanted to believe he could feel cleansed of all things Muirfield, figuratively at least, his DNA could never be changed, that, he would have to live with.

The heat of the room dried the residual water from the pool off their bodies in seconds, but both bodies soon became slick with moisture beading across their skin that the heat of the sauna created. Beads of perspiration skimmed the surface of their skin dancing their own tune as gravity pulled the beads down to fall on the towel they each sat on. Vincent looked at Catherine sitting across from him, her skin flushed from heat. Vincent's abilities allowed him to focus on one bead of perspiration, and he enjoyed the view as he watched its journey over Catherine's skin, he watched a bead of moisture as it traveled the map of her body, and Vincent could see each individual bead of perspiration heading in a different direction to a different destination. He was mesmerized but somewhat disturbed that he kept losing droplets to the material of Catherine's bikini. He wanted to watch a bead travel the whole length of her tiny frame. He wanted to see if it would fall straight to the floor from the peak of her nipple or if it continued the length of her body and took time to pool into her belly button or if it would travel around it. Would the bead get caught in the hair at the apex of her sex or would she have waxed recently enabling him to watch it skim over the beautiful smooth outer folds of her sex? If she were lying down would he be able to see the bead escape into her folds or would it follow the path of her upper leg and fall over the side of her hip?

The bikini he thought, Vincent needed to get rid of the bikini. He stood up and moved over to pull Catherine up from her sitting position to stand in front of him and moved his hand to the back of her neck to untie the bow holding the straps from her bikini top, he pulled the string hurriedly until it released its hold and the top fell toward her waist. He then moved his hands around to her back until he reached the piece of string tied there and repeated the hurried pull until it released and the top fell free from her body. He hooked his fingers into the waist of her bikini bottoms and slid them from her body until she was standing in front of him, gloriously naked and smooth with just a hint of feminine hair at the apex of her outer sex. His tongue, almost of its own volition, took a moment to lick a bead of sweat that caught his attention on the satin skin of her hip.

Catherine smelled of pine and chlorine and her own unique scent of arousal. Vincent was almost lost, but Catherine, determined not to let Vincent have all the fun, indicated that she wanted him to stand from the kneeling position his removing her bikini bottoms had put him in. Catherine hooked her fingers into the waist of his swimmers and knelt down as Vincent stood, taking the swimmers with her where they pooled at his feet, he was standing before her proud, swollen and as hard as a rock. Catherine took the tip of Vincent's engorged shaft into her mouth, she could taste the chlorine on his silken flesh, as Vincent felt the moisture from her mouth mixed together with the beads of sweat the heat of the sauna was creating, making his entry into her mouth feel like he was driving his heavy seed laden shaft between the sleek, wet folds of her sex.

The vibrations Vincent felt Catherine emitting were strong and compelling, hot and steamy, causing a driving need within him as elemental as time as he began to thrust in and out of her pliant, wanting mouth. Taking a handful of hair he held her head to his shaft, careful not to apply any pressure, just needing something to hold. But she looked and smelled ready for him as he looked down at her to watch his shaft slide in and out of her velvet smooth mouth. He was enthralled. Her soft moans and the sounds coming from deep within her captured Vincent's imagination. He let his head fall back and closed his eyes as he felt Catherine's tongue swirl around his hardened, swollen shaft, as she sucked with her mouth and squeezed with her hands, he was lost in a sea of sensation as images flashed before his closed eyes and Vincent felt himself swell and harden further, ready for his release into Catherine's waiting mouth.

Catherine raised her eyes readying to watch his orgasm play across his face as Vincent lowered his gaze to look at her, as he did so he inhaled her scent that was calling to him as he let go, his guttural growl as he released his seed vibrated within her mouth and a flooding sensation swept through Vincent's body, weakening his knees momentarily. Vincent's eyes absorbed Catherine's beauty and imprinted her lustful image to his memory.

As his heartbeat calmed, Vincent pulled away from Catherine's mouth, her tongue lapping at the tip of his shaft was sending a sensation through his body too intense for her to continue if he wanted to breathe anytime soon.

He leaned over and hooked his hands under her arms, which allowed him to raise her and hold her until her mouth was flush with his. His lips meshed with hers, his tongue darting into the very mouth he had just released himself into and kissed her, making sure he kissed her thoroughly. He could taste himself on her tongue, which was driving him wild as his depleting shaft swelled to life again. He carried her to the bench seat and lifted her up higher so he could stand her on it.

Vincent knew that although his recent release had his knees feeling weak momentarily, he was more than strong enough to hold Catherine's weight in his arms. Checking the height of the room to make sure Catherine wouldn't hit her head, Vincent knelt slightly and lifted one of Catherine's legs over his shoulder, then took hold of her foot from behind him and brought it under his arm to rest against his chest. This movement brought Catherine's sex to his mouth. "Put your other leg over my shoulder. I am going to give you a shoulder ride you will never forget." The rasp of Vincent's voice set Catherine on fire and combined with the heat the sauna created she thought she would dissolve into a ball of flames but did as he asked. He was slippery and she nearly slid off him, but with his amplified strength, Vincent moved his arms to cradle her, his hands so large against her back as they held her safely in placing, bringing her sex to his thirsty mouth.

Vincent quickly raised his head as she looked down at his face, so close to her sex. "Lean back into my arms Catherine, I won't let you fall, trust me, trust my strength." Catherine relaxed into his hold but Vincent walked over to the wall, sensing her insecurity from having nothing to hold onto, and gave Catherine something to lean against if she needed to. Vincent lowered his gaze from her face to her sex, loving the intimacy of the moment, the angle perfect, as he brought her to his thirst depraved mouth, just as he imagined moments before when his throbbing shaft was in Catherine's mouth. He tongued every soft fold, using his nose against her bud as his tongue thrust in and out of her dripping sex. He then lapped at her folds again, gently sucking at the walls of her inner sex then at her sensitive bud, rolling it with his tongue, or sucking it into the warmth of his mouth. He invaded her very core as he drank her honey sweet essence as if it were his life force, bringing Catherine to the brink of an intense orgasm that was starting to build in the pit of her center and was radiating throughout her body.

Catherine almost threw herself back against the wall as her muscles tightened in a desperate fight to hold on to Vincent, to stop herself from slipping from his shoulders. The heat from the sauna and the heat they created together forming a light sheen of sweat over their skin causing them both to become slippery from the moisture.

With her whole body tensed from the fight to stay in position her orgasm intensified and became stronger and, from deeper within. An orgasm like she'd never had before slammed through her as she saw stars and watched fireworks spark in front of her eyes. Vincent drank every drop of moisture her deepened release created until she lost the fight to hold her body stiffly and became a trembling pool of jelly, almost falling apart in his arms.

He held her against him as aftershocks continued to vibrate through her body, Vincent shrugged Catherine's legs from his shoulders and slid her body along his to hold her elevated against him. The heat they created with each other was almost more powerful than the heat from the sauna, they were both glistening from the moisture beading on their skin.

Their bodies were sleek and cleanly sweaty, all thoughts of being cleansed of Muirfield had left his mind as he inhaled the scent around him, the pine, the chlorine, and Catherine. Vincent's muscles contracted, clenched, his teeth came together and he closed his eyes against the demands of his body. She was like hot silk and white lightening. Fire was skimming over his chest causing his body to burn and only Catherine could extinguish its flame.

He carried Catherine to the bench seat and laid her down, her body pliant, her breath deepening as he settled between her legs and plunged inside her. He held her close then started to move with slow deliberation, thrusting in and out of her warmth, her heat encompassing him, his movements frantic. Vincent picked her up and sat her in his lap, still inside her, still buried deep. Catherine moved herself to crouch over him then moved herself up and down his length, swallowing his engorged shaft into her core as she then rose until he almost left her, to crash down into his lap as he lifted his hips to meet her halfway. His felt so long in this position, it was if Catherine could feel the head of his shaft knocking at the entrance to her womb, begging to be as far inside her as he could. They moved around the sauna, slipping and sliding over each other, in and out of each other until they both burst into a heady sweat slickened cataclysmic orgasm and their bodies melted into each other.

The smell, the heat from the sauna, the lethargy born from the vigorous love making, mixed with the fresh scent of their sex lulled them both into a temporary trance as neither Vincent nor Catherine was aware of anything around them except the touch and feel of each other in the places they were connected skin to skin. The room cooling and the goose bumps puckering on their skin awakened them both into action, as they dressed silently. Catherine turned to Vincent and as she went to reach for the door handle to make sure he was ready to leave, she was suddenly lifted off her feet, spun around and held within his embrace for heartbeats until he set her on her feet again and he held her face, staring into her eyes.

Vincent's thumb moved to caress her cheek with one hand, as the other hand framed the curve of her neck where he felt the throbbing pulse that he could hear beating almost too hard and quickly for her tiny frame to hold and yet, as he weaved his fingers through her hair and holding her body to him with the other, she fit into his large frame as if she were molded especially for him, the missing piece of his puzzle. He held her closer until he could see nothing but Catherine's face and leaned in to claim her mouth in a soul shattering, earth moving kiss. His lips, so soft at first that she barely felt them, his tongue darting out to connect with her plush mouth to let her know that he wanted to taste her sweet lips, to possess them. Their kiss deepened, their mouths almost bruised from the force of their contact.

It was the sound of the key in the lock, the opening then closing of the front door as someone came in to the apartment that brought Catherine back to the present and out of her daydream.

She walked out of the bedroom and looked down the hallway to see Vincent standing in front of her. She ran to him, as she reached him she flung herself into his arms and crashed into him. Vincent caught her as if she were weightless and wrapped his arms around her as he buried his face in her neck. He held her as his body trembled from his fight to control the beast that the shock of being lunged at had started to awaken. But he recognized her scent, knew her by instinct, he would know her anywhere. It was Catherine he held in arms, arms that felt achingly void when she wasn't within them. He fought himself over the beast, trying to rein it in. The past months with Muirfield had changed him, made him almost more beastly and less of a man. But this was Catherine, his salvation. He was safe. She was home.

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