

BAtB Fanfiction: Deleted Scenes 2 – Warehouse

At the beginning of Episode 19 – 'Playing with Fire' Catherine shows Vincent an abandoned warehouse as a possibility for he and JT to move into after losing the warehouse in the raid/explosion. They talk about Evan's death and then finish the scene on a kiss. We then fast forward to Gabe waking up in bed after a nightmare. This story is the "deleted" scene that takes place between Catherine and Vincent after the kiss.

"I want a place for us," Vincent said.

"That would be nice, wouldn't it?" Catherine responded.

"Yeah..." Vincent leaned in to kiss Catherine, his mouth brushing her lips softly. She melted against him, drawing in his love, soon losing herself in the warmth of his lips on hers.

Vincent wound his arms around her, pulling her in close as she laced her fingers behind his head tangling in his hair. Gentleness soon gave way to insistence as heat spiked between them.

Vincent broke their kiss to stare at Catherine intently. "Mmm I need to find a place fast..."

"Yes Vincent, you do, but in the meantime..." Catherine pulled his mouth back to hers, kissing him with all consuming passion. He was her drug, one she couldn't get enough of and getting lost in him blocked out the terror of almost losing him again. It seemed that life was determined to throw obstacles in their path which meant, that whenever they could be together alone it was a gift and one she needed, to keep her sanity.

Anything could happen out there beyond the walls that currently hid them from the world and Catherine was in no hurry to leave those walls behind as she pressed herself against Vincent.

Vincent felt himself drowning in her need as desire fused them together, he felt himself sinking further, loving her so much as she gave herself completely. When Catherine tugged at his pants he stilled her hands with his. He broke their kiss and pulled away slightly, albeit reluctantly, the memory of her lips tingling on his.

"Catherine," he breathed erratically. "As much as I want to, this..." he looked pointedly at their surroundings "is not the place. I want to be able to take you by the hand, lead you to somewhere more romantic. I certainly don't want to here in an arms dealer's lair...you deserve better."

"Ex arms dealers Vincent and after what's been happening to us lately..." Catherine shuddered at the memory of Vincent's capture by Muirfield and Evan's death. "Tomorrows seem so far away..."

"Christ Catherine, what I'm putting you through. This isn't normal."

"No it's not but this is our life now. Don't think about running away again because you think you're doing the right thing – for me. That won't work either. I won't let you."

Vincent looked at her in wonder, raised his hands to cup her face gently as he searched her eyes. "Catherine. I'm always in awe of you, of your strength. I still don't understand how you hold it together or cope with the craziness of my life..."

"Vincent I cope because I love you and I would rather have crazy with you than be without you and if that means you taking me against this pillar well then I'm all for crazy."

Vincent's eyes widened.

"Oh stop looking at me like that Vincent Keller. You helped create this so enjoy it while it lasts as I'm sure you'll get to see my dark side soon enough." Catherine breathed "Plus we're here, right now, alone and I'd hate to waste it because of your sense of romance. Don't get me wrong, I like your sense of romance but you can do that another time. You can owe me..." Catherine teased as she pressed her lips against his neck, enjoying his heat and wonderful Vincent scent.

Vincent groaned as he pulled her close into his arms. "You really are very persuasive you know that?"

"Oh, you have no idea..." Catherine angled away from him and in doing so slid a hand into his pants to grasp him in her fingers. He hardened instantly at her touch and whatever reservations he'd entertained at their surroundings vanished as desire overtook all else, crashing through him, requiring only her to feel complete.

Catherine gently propelled Vincent backwards until he was up against the pillar and he growled as her hand unbuttoned him so she could grasp him fully with both hands. Vincent's eyes started to glow as Catherine slid her hands up and down his shaft, her heat soon enveloping him.

"Catherine I won't last at this rate..." he stopped her hands and spun her around until she was up against the pillar. He peeled off her jacket and his own then deftly unbuttoned her pants, pulling them along with her briefs to her ankles. He dropped to his knees and as he ran his tongue along the silken skin of her bare leg he tugged off a boot and one leg of her pants so that he could ease her leg over his shoulder for intimate access as he feathered kisses across her hip. Then he slid his lips across her stomach and dipped lower until he found her core with his mouth. Catherine arched her back involuntarily against the welcome resistance of the pillar and held on to Vincent's shoulders as his tongue rasped against her softness in long slow strokes.

"Ohhh my god, feels sooo good..." Catherine moaned, shuddering, as Vincent thrust his tongue deeper inside her, pulling her closer to him to drink her sweet nectar. Her sounds intensified as she came apart, tremors washing over her in wave after wave of pleasure.

Vincent moved back up her body to stand between her legs. With one hand he yanked his own pants down and with the other his fingers found her, sliding in and out of her wetness, preparing her for him. Watching her face and desire filled eyes intently Vincent grabbed Catherine by her ass, lifting her higher and pushed into her, filling her completely. Catherine clamped her legs around him as one ankle crossed

the other clinging to him to hold him in tightly. Her hands locked behind his neck as he thrust in and out.

Vincent held his head back because he loved watching her face in the throes of intense passion, seeing her emotions play out, hearing the hitches in her breathing, the beat of her heart as it fluttered wildly in her chest, feeling the climax building inside her again.

"Vincent...yes...god...harder...don't stop...want you...so much..." she gasped.

"Catherine..." he growled, plunging deeper and harder, his movements becoming more frantic as he felt her insanely hot, wet response to him. His eyes changed completely, the veins in his neck pulsed madly. Catherine revelled in his change and pulled his head closer to stare at him, willing him to stay with her as he fought for control over his beast as he lost his senses inside her.

Catherine's mouth and tongue latched on to his as their climax tore through them leaving him with no ability to do anything other than hold her tightly, responding to the softness of her tongue in his mouth as she rocked against him.

Moments later...

"Vincent," Catherine breathed raggedly. "we don't...always...need, um, romance. That was, um, really, um..."

"Struggling for words Detective Chandler?" Vincent breathed shakily.

"Hmmm...it's just...when we do this...it's, it's like you're..." Catherine struggled to find the right word.

"...home Catherine. I'm home when I'm inside you..." Vincent whispered as he pressed his forehead against hers, watching her, adoring her completely.

Catherine gazed into his eyes. "Yes," she whispered. "Exactly, you're home." She shook slightly. "Vincent you may have a beast as part of your DNA but now you're part of mine. I'm never letting you go. So romantic settings, or like this in an arms dealer's warehouse, I don't care as long as we're together, as long as we can do this..." she gently rocked against him, sighing with happiness. Suddenly she laughed.

"What's funny?" he looked at her with a soft smile.

"Remember the first time we met at your warehouse, that first day after you saved me in the subway?"

"Mmm how could I forget?"

"Remember how you took me back to your place, tended to my knee and I asked for a drink?"

"Catherine, make no mistake. I remember everything about that day and night."

"Well the next morning at work Tess walked in, took one look at me and accused me of having sex..."

"But we didn't..." Vincent exclaimed.

"No, but I had this mad sex glow according to her..."

"Really? Sex glow? That first day? You never told me that..." Vincent grinned. "So even then?"

"Yep it seems our bodies knew. We just took a while to catch on..." she teased.

"So what will happen when you go back to work now I wonder Detective Chandler?"

"I suspect Tess is going to call me out on my sex glow again but now I'm happy to admit it, to her anyway...I like my sex glow..."

"So do I. It suits you," he nuzzled the curve of her neck. "But now I should let you go back to work. I really want to hear what Tess has to say..." Vincent grinned wickedly as he slowly slipped from her warmth.

As they got dressed again, Vincent turned to Catherine. "But you know, that sex glow, we will be continuing it...later..." Vincent growled as he pulled Catherine back into his arms, kissing her softly.

"Count on it Vincent." she responded breathlessly, kissing him back.



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This series will continue with 'Deleted Scenes 3 – Home' soon.

In the meantime I have also self published a very steamy romance novel about love and second chances between an author and a private investigator, called 'Indefinite Secondment'.

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