

## BAtB Fanfiction: Season 2 Deleted Scenes

### First Night...Again

This Deleted Scene takes place at the end of Ep 216 called "About Last Night" between the romantic Vincat kiss on the roof and them waking up in bed together the next morning. As they re-avow their love for each other I've treated it like it's their first night together... again, so there will be some recollection of their 'other' first night together between 'Any Means Possible' & 'Insatiable', as detailed in my fanfic "Deleted Scenes 6 – First Night" from S1. Please also note the lines spoken between them in bold italics at the start and end of this story are from the actual episode.



Standing on the rooftop of Catherine's apartment building, Vincent looked out over the city, deep in contemplation. His thoughts were swirling around with what ifs and recriminations for his past behaviours. He was tired, lonely and significantly at odds with his heart. He loved and wanted Catherine desperately but still wasn't sure that he was worthy of her love even if, she was still capable of giving him her heart as she had before. Things were very different now and as much as he was becoming the man he wanted to be, he still understood that his beast could always come between them and it worried him. What could he offer Catherine really, other than a vow that he would try to not hurt her again? The vow sounded hollow even to him. Yes he would try, but there were no guarantees and dependent on what his seemingly inexhaustible supply of enemies threw at him, he knew it was possible the vow could be broken, if not smashed into a million pieces at any time.

Catherine's family tree was littered with people who had betrayed him in one way or another over the past decade or so, but he didn't blame her for any of those sins. But since shooting him, he found it difficult to not wish sometimes that she had put him out of his misery. He understood her motivation and how it had nothing to do with saving her father and everything to do with saving him. At the time Vincent was incapable of coherent thought, in the thrall of his beast, and to a lesser extent the damnable pull of Tori's beast, so he was unable to understand how she could shoot him, but now he knew. It saddened him to think he could have chosen his beast over Catherine, the one true and constant light in his life or, to have pushed her to make the choice for him.

The loss of his memories, of everything they'd shared didn't help but since his memories started to return, he understood and believed more than ever that without her, his life would be miserable. Vincent was prepared to let her go if that was what she wanted – even if it was to be with Gabe. The man did seem to have completely redeemed himself and even if Vincent didn't like their romantic entanglement, he conceded that Gabe could offer her more than he ever could.

Vincent was determined to step back and allow Catherine to be happy with someone else until JT intervened, telling him essentially to go and get the girl...and Vincent was aware that Catherine herself had started to exhibit behavior that wasn't in line with her being serious about Gabe.

Whenever she was around Vincent her heart rate elevated, it didn't with Gabe. Then there was the previous night when she'd come to say goodbye and they'd ended up together in his bed, connecting in a way they hadn't since before his kidnapping. That had been so very real and so incredible. He believed it meant something and if Catherine's behaviour tonight showed him anything, it was that perhaps she too wasn't ready to let go of him. When he left her at the ball after Sam's arrest he noted her restlessness, sensed that her mind was made up and not in the way he'd thought originally. Looking back as he walked away from her and Gabe he knew, felt, that being here now, on her rooftop, was the right thing to do. So he waited.

Breaking into his reverie were the noises coming downstairs from Catherine's apartment. Vincent sensed Catherine's heartbeat as she opened the door and entered her apartment...alone, felt her apprehension and elevated fear as she must have noticed the balcony window he left open. Then he sensed her fear turn to joy as she realized the significance of his gesture. He smiled. She knew he was nearby and the sudden insane flutter of her heart told him nearly everything he needed to know. His instinct where she was concerned was right. He could barely contain himself in that moment, he wanted so desperately to bound downstairs, gather her in his arms again, kiss her endlessly and never let her go. But still he waited. This had to be Catherine's decision and hers alone. He knew who his heart belonged to. Now all he needed was for her to be sure of hers.

So he stood, still in his Tuxedo, facing away from the door to the roof, hands behind his back, almost in a military stance. He'd learned long ago that it helped him to relax, which was far from what he was feeling as he heard the door open. Her scent overwhelmed him even in the gently falling snow.

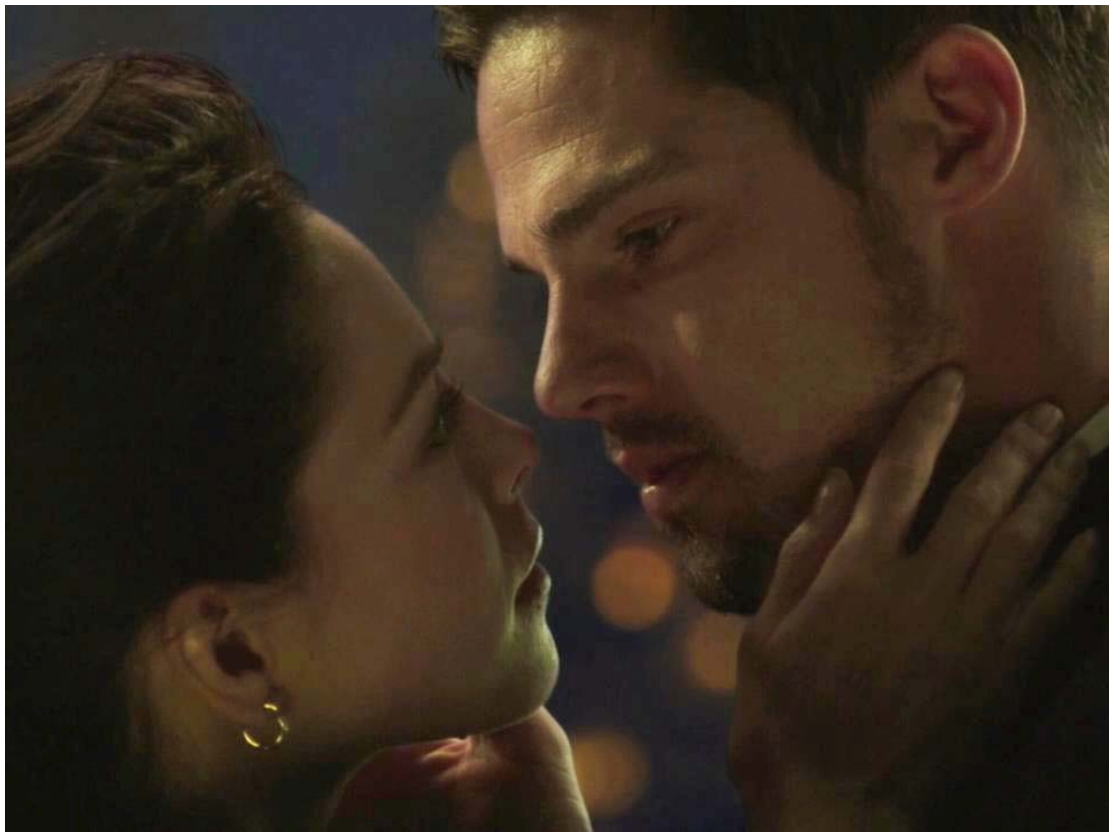
Footsteps approached him and a heartbeat later, he turned to stare at Catherine as she came towards him, his beloved. In that moment every single word he wanted to say to explain, to make amends or atone for the past few months simply flew out of his mind as he stared at her beautiful face, drinking her in.

He loved her so damn much but nothing he could say in apology was ever going to be enough, so instead he stood facing her, reached into his jacket and pulled out a single red rose. As he presented it to her, she smiled, crinkling her nose as she laughed in that adorable way he loved. She understood what it represented. He then said the only words that made sense to him as they came from the depths of his heart and soul...

**"I love you Catherine,"** he said holding his breath slightly.

She made a point of accepting his rose as she paused before giving her answer, not hesitating, but needing to make herself clear to him. **"I love you too,"** she said softly looking into his eyes and the truth of those words, shining in her face.

He leaned in to touch his lips to hers, gently kissing her at first but as the kiss deepened his hand moved to her cheek and Catherine's hand moved to rest against the side of his neck. They moved apart slightly to look into each other's eyes, a tender look asking for acceptance.



Vincent knew love had forgiven all their past sins, that it would continue to do so. He leaned back in to kiss her again. This kiss sealed that love, intensifying it. They had come home at last...to each other. As Catherine moved her arms to wrap around Vincent's neck, he pulled her into the circle of his arms, reaffirming their love.

Moments went by as their kisses became heated, their bodies straining to press closer, craving intimacy and union. Vincent groaned into her mouth, his tongue dancing with hers in a way that made his senses soar.

He broke away reluctantly, touching his nose to hers as his arms tightened their grip around her tiny frame.

"So much..." he breathed. "I love you so very much. Catherine I...." he stumbled over the words.

"Ssh, Vincent. It's ok. I'm here. It's you. It always has been and always will be you. The heart wants what the heart wants and my heart wants and loves you. I didn't listen to it for a while but I'm listening now. I'm not going anywhere. This isn't...you and I... we aren't a mistake. I was wrong. Gabe was the mistake. And for that I'm sorry to both you and him, but especially you." Catherine sighed as her nose gently rubbed his.

"You have nothing to apologize for Catherine. It's me who has done questionable things, made both shocking and wrong choices...I, drove you away."

"Largely though, through no fault of your own Vincent. I understand that...now. Between my mother, my father, Gabe, and to a lesser extent Tori, what was done *to* you is what we should hold accountable. Not you. You only dealt with it the way you knew how considering you didn't know or remember me or our connection. I was a stranger to you for the longest time, yet I pushed so hard to get the old Vincent back that I didn't see what I was doing to the new Vincent along the way". Catherine's eyes shone with tears.

"Ah Catherine, I don't deserve you..."

"Stop saying that. That's the old Vincent coming out and as I said earlier tonight I really do like the new you better". Catherine suddenly grinned at him. "In all *sorts* of ways..."

Vincent's eyes widened.

"Well last night *was* pretty great..." she almost purred. "That's a side to you I like even more. Your control, um, over your beast is pretty great too..."

"Catherine Chandler..."

"Yes Vincent Keller?" she smiled at him very sweetly but with mischief dancing in her eyes.

"You never, *ever*, fail to surprise me."

"Well I have to keep you on your toes somehow. God knows you always seem to know, sense, what's going on with me. Vincent, how did you know I'd be here alone tonight? Or that I would come up to the roof?"

"I felt your emotions back at the ball. You didn't seem all that happy to be with Gabe and your heart did that racing thing you do when I'm near..." he smiled with just a small amount of smugness that he simply couldn't hide. "So, I took a chance. Catherine, I said I was not going to give up on us and that we're better together than we are apart. I meant it. I may have taken a while to come to my senses but once I did, well, there was no stopping me and JT..."

"What about JT?"

"He told me to stop doing what I think everyone else wants and to do what I wanted. So, what I want Catherine is you! JT believes I do deserve you and believe it or not it was him that pushed me to go after you my own way. Catherine, I may be all kinds of wrong, I may never be able to get rid of the beast and I may make lousy choices again but they won't be intentional. JT even said that makes me more human – that I keep trying and failing – it's all a part of being human."

"Wow, remind me to kiss JT next time I see him..."

"Not on your life. You can shake his hand but that's it..." Vincent looked almost pained. "I don't want to see you kiss anybody but me ever again...I've had enough of that to last a lifetime."

Vincent immediately regretted his words as he felt Catherine flinch. "I'm sorry. I didn't mean that as recrimination. It's reality. I know Gabe's a good guy now or at least he *seems* to be. He can offer you more than I can so I understand why you had your head turned by him. Catherine, there are some parts of me I'm never going to be able to change thanks to my DNA. Seeing you with anybody but me is torture but I am willing to accept it for your sake. Catherine, I just want you to be happy. You deserve that." Vincent responded earnestly, searching her eyes for some clue as to where her mind was.

Catherine stared at him in wonder. Who else but Vincent would sacrifice his happiness for her? Realization that it was more than Gabe was prepared to do if she compared their tactics in the tug of war/love that had taken place between them recently, came to her then. Catherine knew who the greater man really was and it wasn't the solely human one that Gabe had become, but the man standing in front of her who was prepared to let her go for the sake of her happiness. Gabe was far more scathing and less tolerant of Vincent, calling him out for his beast, but it was that beast in front of her that now seemed more human to her. She could see that now and Gabe's possessiveness rang an alarm bell as she realized how close she'd come to throwing away what she shared with Vincent.

"You really have changed Vincent. You're that hero again. My Superhero! The kind of strong, compassionate and caring Superhero. The things you've done the last few days have been amazing. You tried to save one Jacob, you did save the other, and you saved Xavier *and* Sam. You even saved Gabe more than once. He seems to have forgotten that he owes you his life, just as I forgot everything you've done for me even when you didn't remember me. You still saved me time and time again and Tess, I can't forget Tess. You're the old Vincent but with this new confident, powerful and no nonsense Vincent thrown in. I really like it. A lot..." Catherine breathed as she nuzzled against his neck drawing in his warmth while starting to shiver in his arms.

"Catherine. I'm no hero and right now we are going inside because it's cold and you need to get warm and I really, *really* want, no need, to warm you up right now. Curl your toes even..." he grinned down at her with a very confident, cheeky smile.

"Vincent Keller...how?"

"Let's just say a certain scientist may have heard it from a certain police detective..."

"I am going to kill Tess..." but Catherine's heartbeat and libido spiked at Vincent's reference to curling her toes.

As Vincent felt that spike in her desire, he was lost. "No more talk Madam Detective. Right now I am taking you to your bed and we're getting re-acquainted in the best way I know." Vincent vowed as he swooped Catherine up into his arms. "I am not letting you out of my sight or my arms... you are mine..." he stopped to stare deeply into her eyes. "But only if you want to be..."

"Vincent. I don't want to be with anyone but you. But I'm sure we got re-acquainted last night. It was *really* great after all...toe curling great even," she grinned.

"Yes but that was before, this is different. Choices have been made now and there's no going back from here. We are not a mistake. There's no more Tori or Gabe or Sam or your father, there's just you and me together again. Catherine Chandler, I love you and I plan to show you just how much right now." Vincent crushed her lips to his in a soul shaking kiss that left no room for anything other than her surrender, which she willingly gave.

Vincent continued to kiss her as he unerringly tracked his way across the roof, through the door, to her bedroom. Beast senses had their definite advantages Catherine decided as she fell under the thrall of her love for him and gave herself completely. Her tongue duelled with his in a heated battle of love and red hot desire as their combined heat threatened to combust. It was different. It wasn't just giving in to lust – it was the acknowledgement of being so in love that they couldn't contemplate life without the other. They had been apart for too long and the accompanying ache desperately needed assuaging.

Vincent set Catherine down to stand on the floor and sat on the end of her bed, at the same time whisking the shawl away from her shoulders. He pulled her between the V of his legs as he wound his arms around her tightly to rest his head against her stomach.

"Even when I didn't know you I felt the pull. I loved you then. I love you now. I'll always love you Catherine. You're my light and my humanity. Do you remember how I said that Zach turned into a monster because he didn't have an anchor in his life? That almost happened to me while we were apart. What I feel for you terrifies me as much as it exhilarates me. I am so scared of losing you again," Vincent declared, literally shaking against her.

Catherine felt Vincent's anguish tearing at her. She moved slightly from within the circle of his arms, tilted his face up to hers. "Vincent. Yes we've been through so much but I'm not your humanity. You came back from that yourself. You did that. You overcame having your memory wiped and the pull of Tori's and your beasts to emerge as the man you are now. That was you. Don't ever let anyone tell you differently. You are not a monster. You never were, even at the height of my father's control. Even when you killed it was to protect us, to get rid of bad people. That never changed Vincent. Don't sell yourself short. Yes I was troubled for a time because of the methods you used but in hindsight they were to be expected considering what had been done to you.

Vincent, you were turned into a killing machine by my father. My own flesh and blood did this to you, yet you overcame all of it. You emerged stronger, better, more human and JT was right. Everything you've been through was monstrous and yet here you are, a gloriously flawed man, one I love more than anything else in the world.

Now please, no more self-doubt. I said before, that's the old Vincent and that part of you needs to vanish for good. The new Vincent is spectacular and even though it's been hard I wouldn't trade you for the old Vincent any more. I don't want him back – I want *you*. I love you."

Catherine kneeled down in front of him allowing Vincent to cup her face in his hands. She turned into one to kiss the palm with a tenderness that stole his breath away. Then she looked up at him with a smile. "Now as I recall you said something about showing me how much you love me? Well I'm ready for you to do that right about now..."

Vincent smiled, a breathtakingly gorgeous sight that lit up his whole face, his solemn demeanor vanishing immediately.

"Oh yeah! Prepare for my new mission Catherine Chandler..." Vincent stood upright, taking Catherine with him and tumbled with her onto the bed.

"Mission?" she laughed out loud at his obvious joy.

"Yep the one where I make your toes curl – *all* night long..." he promised as his hands traveled over her body.

Catherine had the good grace to blush, wriggle, then her hands reciprocated. It was Vincent's turn to wriggle, as his state of arousal started to climb exponentially along with where Catherine was placing her hands.

"But Vincent, there are way too many clothes in our way..."

"Is that so? We can fix that. I definitely prefer you with no clothes on, naked in my arms, with me inside you. Now that's my idea of heaven right there..."

Catherine giggled "Oh I don't know. I'd say my heaven is right here..." as she cupped his length through his Tuxedo pants.

He growled low and long in response. "You're playing with fire Chandler. I'll make a deal with you. Once we get out of these damned clothes our individual ideas of heaven are gonna merge in spectacular fashion..."

"You promise?" Catherine grinned sexily as she continued to massage Vincent's shaft through the fabric of his pants.

He growled...again. "Enough!" Vincent grabbed her hands and pinned them over her head on the bed. "I won't last if you keep doing that," he said as his breath fanned her lips with heat.

Catherine did the only reasonable thing any self respecting aroused and in love woman would do. She leaned up and kissed him, sliding her tongue into his mouth and latching onto his, at the same time pressing her lower body against his impressive erection.

Their kiss tuned into an erotic battle of wills as their tongues danced furiously together, the torrid heat spiraling between them with every passing moment.

Vincent sought frantically to release Catherine from her dress but with little success and craving skin on skin contact she clutched at his shirt, popping buttons in her haste. Vincent's pants, shoes and socks went flying through the air along with his jocks and shirt. Suddenly they stopped, stared at each other and burst out laughing.

"You'd think we were teenagers again discovering each other for the first time", Catherine giggled.

"Well in a way we are." Vincent laughed. "Now stay still. I need to get that dress off you. As beautiful as you look in it I prefer you out of it. Right now I am at a distinct disadvantage while you are fully clothed...."

Vincent slowed his movements so that he could concentrate on unfastening Catherine's dress and as he deftly slid it off her shoulders, taking his time to slide it down over her breasts, he gasped in surprise when he realized she was bra-less.

"This night just gets better and better," he groaned as his lips sought her nipples, burying his face in the sweet scent of her soft skin.

Catherine mewled at the feel of his lips and arched her back up to meet him. As Vincent continued to lavish his attention on Catherine's breasts with long rasps of his tongue, his hands were also busy, sliding the dress the rest of the way down her body. Only then did he lift his head slightly so that he could trail his tongue on a path down her body, licking and nipping at the soft curves and hollows. He kissed his way to the top of her briefs and hooking his fingers into the fabric, he pulled them down her legs and removed them along with the dress and gently deposited them on the floor by the bed.

"My shoes Vincent," she responded breathily.

"Oh you have to leave these on Catherine. Very sexy..." he murmured as his tongue found the skin above an ankle and licked in a long wet trail from that spot all the way up her leg to her thigh.

Vincent felt Catherine's tremor as it shook throughout her body. "Oh you liked that did you?" he whispered against her skin.

This time he started on the opposite thigh and trailed his wet tongue all the way down to her other ankle. Catherine trembled again.

"Your tongue Vincent, it does things to me...."

"I noticed."

The electricity that sparked at the touch of his tongue sent ongoing tremors throughout Catherine's body as Vincent continued his assault, this time trailing his tongue from the outside to her inner leg and starting from the ankle he kissed his way up that inner leg to her inner thigh.

As he lapped at her skin he gently spread her legs apart so that he could gain access to her most intimate part. Then before she could realize his intent she felt his glorious tongue rasp against her soft folds in long sweeping movements that claimed her from bottom to tip and back. Again and again he licked, tasted and gently sucked on the bud until she felt herself start to come apart.



"Oh my God Vincent..."

Vincent paused for only a moment and then he grabbed Catherine's hands to pull her upright as his face continued to nuzzle against her sex.

"Look at me while I taste you Catherine. I want you to see, hear and feel what you do to me."

He shifted her so that she almost sat on the edge of the bed and he was on his knees on the floor in front of her, his hands holding hers, keeping her upright as she watched from above, blushing yet fascinated and incredibly aroused. He looked at her and adjusted his hold so that she could recline back enough to see his mouth as he placed it over her sex and when his tongue found her center and plunged as deeply as it could go Catherine arched her back pushing herself onto him. She needed him deeper and he obliged, thrusting as far as he could, repeatedly. The deep guttural sounds of pure satisfaction coming from Vincent as he nibbled, licked and sucked between thrusts, while she watched, added to the eroticism. When he glanced up at her and caught her gaze, the intensity of carnal desire in his now amber eyes made Catherine's heart hammer wildly in response. Then her whole body started to quiver and as the orgasm took hold, she bucked crazily.

"Vincent...I can't...it's too much...I'm...OH. MY. GOD." and she rushed headlong into blinding release as he continued without stopping, drinking her sweet nectar, his groans mingling with hers, the taste of her driving him to distraction.

"Vincent. I need you inside me...NOW!" she cried out.

He pulled her by her hips down off the bed and straight onto his lap, impaling her on his raging erection in a swift but fluid movement. The slide into her sheath was hot, liquid, velvet and she pushed hard until she met his thighs, feeling him fill her completely. Stars exploded as she pushed down while he thrust upwards – harder, deeper, faster. Bodies slamming together, her hands on his shoulders, his at her waist, skin slick with sweat. Their eyes found each other; mouths fused together, tongues colliding furiously as if to devour each other. Her feet locked behind his back as she pressed closer, pushed harder, wanting more, needing more, craving him body and soul.

"God Vincent. I need some of your beast, please more. I want more," she almost begged.

Vincent growled in response. He had already been fighting his beast but when Catherine's plea reached his ears he let go a little more. He wanted her so badly, loved her so much he was compelled to drive himself so far inside her that he would never return.

He felt himself swell and grow, combined with the added strength he manifested, his thrusts went deeper, harder, his hands at her waist propelling him with a force that started to worry him. But Catherine's responses were anything but fearful or of any kind of pain.

"Yes Vincent. Yes. God. It's...I want this. I want you. Need you...don't stop."

"Unlock your legs Catherine," he panted.

She did, frantically kicking off her shoes at the same time, so Vincent could lay back on the floor, the angle driving him deeper inside Catherine as she followed. She gasped. Using her hands as levers, first on his chest and then behind her on his thighs, she rocked backwards and forwards. The further she leaned back the deeper Vincent thrust inside her, hitting her g spot each time, driving her wild. Forward, back, forward, sliding up, down - she set the pace, matched him move for move, adding grinding gyrations of her own. When she rocked back again Vincent used that opportunity to rub her bud with his thumbs. Catherine stayed back and felt the crescendo of sensations as her pushing, his thrusting and the movements of his fingers against her engorged bud finally sent her over the edge. She shouted his name over and over again as the orgasm ripped, without mercy, through her body.

With her sex clenched tightly all around him, the spasms cascading through her every pore radiated into him and were enough for Vincent to follow her into oblivion, shouting her name repeatedly as he too came, milking their mutual release and feeling himself drown in the joy of it.

Spent but still joined, he pulled her down against his chest, cradling her face in the crook of his shoulder as he gently stroked her back, feeling their combined shudders slowly subside.

"Wow, just wow," she crooned hotly against his skin. "And I really thought I could live without you? Without us doing *that*? I must truly have been insane."

Vincent chuckled. "So again you just love me because I'm good in bed?"

Catherine raised her head to gaze up at him, grinning like a Cheshire Cat. "Well technically speaking Vincent Keller we're not in bed...and did you just make that up or...?"

"No I remember the other time I said that. It was on our first night a lifetime ago."

"Your memories really are coming back..."

"Oh you have no idea," he teased. "More and more every day, I get flashes at the oddest of times and you should see some of my dreams...actually you don't need to see them. What we just did pretty much gives you an idea..."

"You dream about us doing that?" Catherine laughed.

"I do, I did. I prefer reality though. Remember the morning of Gabe's pretend funeral when you asked if I'd had a hard night?"

"You didn't?"

"Oh I did. And it was hot."

"What did we do in your 'hot' dream Vincent?"

"A kaleidoscope of everything we'd done up to that point and then some."

"Oh my..."

"Yep..." he grinned as he rolled her onto her back, pressing against her, his length still encased in her warmth. "I enjoyed those dreams but they were also as frustrating as hell. I gotta say, last night and tonight...definitely beats all my dreams put together. I may love you all the time but it doesn't stop me from loving this reality right now. Like I said – you're my heaven. I'm never going to get tired of being inside you, feeling you all around me. Being able to do this..." he murmured as he nuzzled her throat, inhaling her sweet scent. "I love you very much Catherine and I plan to prove it to you for as long as you'll have me."

"That's a very long time Vincent. I don't plan on letting you go anytime soon. This time I mean it. I've learned the hard way recently, so whatever they throw at us we'll deal with it – together."

"Mm, you and me against the world?" he winked at her.

"Hmm maybe you, me, JT and Tess against the world."

"Not Gabe?"

"Definitely not! I don't know Vincent but I'm getting a really funny feeling about him. He didn't take me saying goodbye very well and he threatened you. I think he feels he needs to protect me from you."

Vincent looked at Catherine. "I can't entirely blame him for that. I would have done the same if I'd seen me behaving towards you like I was."

"No Vincent. You wouldn't and you didn't. You proved that to me by being prepared to let me go. I'm just now realizing that Gabe was trying to control me in nearly everything I did. At every turn he undermined you and ultimately tried to turn me against you. I can see that now. He almost succeeded." Catherine shuddered, realizing just how close she'd come to losing Vincent. Her reaction made her wind her arms about him a little tighter, holding him closer.

"But he didn't. You're here, where you belong, with me. By God Catherine Chandler you're not getting away from me again. If you think he's a threat, I'll just have to watch over you more closely. Up close and personal even. And I mean that in a non stalker way..." Vincent grinned down at her.

"It's not me I'm worried about Vincent. It's you. But you can get as up close and personal with me as you like. Remember though, I also meant it when I said I don't need a knight in shining armor. I am no damsel in distress..."

"Well, um, no. You're definitely not that. You can kick ass and you've got some serious moves. I like your moves a lot. But Catherine, I said last year on your Mom's anniversary that my instinct was always gonna be to protect you. I can't help that so..."

"You remember that too?" Catherine's eyes shone with happiness. "Wow, this mix of old and new Vincent you've got going on? I hate how you got it but I love the new you."

"Even if I drive you crazy wanting to protect you? I am gonna forget that you aren't a damsel in distress every once in a while and go all grrr on anybody who tries to hurt you. You know that don't you?"

Catherine sighed in pretend indignation for her independence. "Well if you make it up to me after our fights like this I guess I can cope..." she shimmied sexily beneath him. "After all, I do love you because you're really good in bed. Did I say really good? I meant fantastic. Toe curling even."

"I noticed you couldn't get out of those shoes fast enough..." he chuckled.

"Well my toes did need free rein to curl..."

"And did they? I was very busy at the time determined to drive you wild so I didn't stop to look."

"Oh take my word for it. They curled every which way. And drive me wild? You succeeded."

"I noticed that too. You gave as good as you got, but Catherine?"

"Yes Vincent?"

"Asking for my Beast to come out and play?" he shook his head at her. "That's too dangerous and you know it. What were you thinking?"

"As I recall Vincent I wasn't doing much of that at the time. Thinking that is. I was just feeling. And I liked it so stop worrying. Your control over him is spectacular..."

"But it wasn't that long ago. Not that long ago I hurt you..." Vincent eye's reflected his extreme remorse over the incident when she'd pushed him to regain his memories too hard and his beast had retaliated by shoving her to the ground.

"And I shot you. It was the only way I knew at the time, to stop the beast from taking over, making you less human. Vincent, we've both learned out of this and we know what not to do in the future. As horrified as you were that your beast pushed me I'm mortified that I pulled the trigger when you could have bled out. Vincent I wouldn't be able to live with myself if you had died."

"I didn't die and I'm not planning on dying any time soon. There's too much lost time to make up for, with you. But back to my Beast..."

"Vincent..."

"Catherine. I'm serious."

"I know you are. But you do have more control now that you've regained your humanity and mixed it with your beast. With this new DNA cocktail you have, I don't think it will be a problem anymore. That happened when you were more umm, dare I say, beastly? Regardless of what my father did to you, you're not the same now. And that gives me confidence that you won't hurt me again. Can't you feel the difference?"

"Well yes I can."

"So stop worrying, shut up and kiss me. We have spent too much time talking. I want more toe curling Keller so do your duty and complete the mission. That's an order." Catherine sparkled at him with unabashed joy. She was back with Vincent, the love of her life and she wasn't letting him go again anytime soon.

Vincent smiled widely. "Yes Ma'am."

He leaned down and captured her lips with his, teasing her for long moments with soft feather like glances of his lips and tongue, not quite committing to the kiss until she groaned with exasperation..."Vincent, stop teasing me."

Catherine laced her hands behind his head and pulled his mouth onto hers, hard, darting her tongue between his teeth to taste his tongue.

That was all the invitation Vincent needed as he gathered her closely and proceeded to deconstruct Catherine with drug inducing kisses, his lips mining her mouth for every drop of her glorious taste he could absorb.

Then he suddenly stopped and Catherine snapped open her eyes. "What?"

He grinned at her. "Catherine, much as I hate to break this up it's time we moved off this damned floor." He stood in one fluid movement with Catherine still in his arms. She would never tire of how effortlessly he managed to do that. For a large man he moved with such grace and controlled power. She loved it as he made her feel safe, protected, desired, cherished. He maneuvered them both under the covers of the bed, sliding his arms around her body to hold her close to him.

She sighed deeply.

"OK Chandler. What's up?"

"You again shortly I hope," she teased. "No, I was just thinking that this night couldn't be any more perfect. Vincent, I love you. I don't ever want to leave this bed."

"Isn't that my line? No wait, that's what you thought I was thinking...."

"OK Vincent. I'm suitably impressed. You remember that too?"

"I do. You were right then and you're right now. I don't ever want to leave this bed either! Well maybe to eat and shower... as I recall I really like taking showers with you<sup>1</sup> and eating off you, especially strawberries<sup>2</sup> ... and cherry oil<sup>3</sup>. Oh yeah now that brings back memories."

Catherine actually blushed. She hid her face against his shoulder. "You really do remember?"

Vincent tilted her face up to his. "Thank God I do. I would hate for all *those* memories to have vanished. Mind you, I plan for us to make a lot of new memories too. Did I mention how many of them I plan to make with you?"

"Dare I guess?"

"Nope, you'll be way off base anyway cos it'll take years and thousands of hours of practice."

"Thousands of hours? Vincent, I like the way you think."

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<sup>1</sup> Fanfic – On Heat

<sup>2</sup> Fanfic - Deleted Scenes 6: First Night

<sup>3</sup> Fanfic - Deleted Scenes 6: Starlights

"Only *like*?" he teased. "And yes, this time I am fishing for compliments. I have a lot of lost time to make up for."

"Vincent I would have thought that curling my toes every which way was a good indication of the effect you have on me, plus the fact that we, um, seem to shatter into like a zillion pieces when we...we..."

"Come together?"

"Yes exactly that. I swear I see stars."

"You're not the only one," he murmured as his lips found hers in long, slow, deeply exploratory kisses that were as much about love as they were about passion.

Moments, or perhaps hours seemed to pass as they got lost in the wonder of discovering each other again almost as if for the first time. Touch became paramount as did words of love. Since the monstrous things that had been done to Vincent, the loss of memory that he had only recently recovered from, this was indeed akin to their first time. They relished in the newness of it all while basking in the wonderful memories that were there too.

As love turned to desire and longing for union, their exploration of each other became heated. Vincent's hands and fingers glided over Catherine's body, again with intent to drive her wild. Lying on their sides while facing each other, smooth chest to curving breasts, Catherine hooked her leg over Vincent's buttocks as he slid his hand between them, curling his fingers into her waiting sex; stroking, playing, rubbing against the swell of her bud until her liquid heat coated his fingers and she started to quiver and pulse. As bliss overtook her, he slid into her in one thrust, filling her to the hilt, stretching her until he fit like a glove, overwhelmingly encased in her tight sheath.

They started to rock against each other, slowly at first, delighting in the feeling of complete surrender to each other, of total trust and love. Vincent slid his upper arm over Catherine to place his hand on the curve of her ass, pulling her to him tightly as he thrust upwards. His other arm snaked under her neck to grab a fistful of her silky hair to bring her face close to his.

Nearly nose to nose he pierced her with his gaze as he husked hotly against her skin, "Look...at...me...Catherine. I need to...watch you come for me...I want it all... all of you...nothing held back...Christ Catherine...yes...so wet...so tight...so perfect."

Mesmerized by his golden glowing eyes, she gazed at him in total abandonment.

"Vincent... Oh God...you feel so good... want more...yes...harder...harder....yes, right there...oh god, don't stop,...oh...oh...don't...can't..." then she keened incoherently as sensations overcame her.

His upward thrusts intensified as did her matching ones pressing down onto his hard, steely length, the angle of his ascent setting her on fire as he sensed just where her nerve endings were at their most sensitive. His instincts and her fierce responses soon brought them to the brink of climax and then tipped them over. As wave after wave of orgasm crashed over them, their lips met and still lost in each other's eyes, they rode the waves in total soul shaking unity.

Many long moments later they stirred; sated, blissful, content and just a little delirious.

"Vincent," Catherine said sleepily, snuggling against his chest, her head resting under his chin.

"Mmm," he responded lazily, hugging her close.

"If I'm ever insane enough to tell you I'm going to be with anyone else it's ok to kill them...ok?"

Vincent smiled. "Ok. I'll hold you to that because after tonight I probably will kill anyone that tries to get close to you or threatens you or..."

"Good. I'm happy now...and Vincent?"

"Yes Catherine?"

"That includes Gabe..."

Vincent couldn't help it. His smile grew wider.

"Even though I can't see you, I know. You're smiling aren't you?" Catherine stretched against him and then turned over to her other side, pressing her back against the solid wall of comfort that was his chest. He wrapped himself around her body enveloping her in warmth and love that she could feel.

"You know me far too well..." he responded ruefully.

"Thought so and Vincent?"

"Yes Catherine."

"I'm going to sleep now – but just for a while. Wake me up later when you're feeling like you might want to continue the mission and curl my toes again."

Vincent chuckled. "Then you'd better stay awake now..." as he pressed his point home against her ass.

"Oh my. I like your mission."

"You'd better. It's a mission with no end in sight. I take my work very seriously Detective Chandler. Expect to have your toes curled for the next 50 years or so..."

"Only 50 years? I never figured you for a quitter. I'm disappointed in you Vincent Keller. I'm only 30 and I plan to live to 100 so by my math you've got 70 years."

"70 years it is then," he kissed the top of her head. "Catherine have I told you lately how much I love you?"

"Several times tonight but please don't stop. I will never get tired of hearing it."

"I love you Catherine Chandler. I said once that I can't live without you and it's true. I wouldn't want to."

"I love you so much Vincent and you don't have to live without me. I'm yours...for keeps this time. I'm going to sleep now so I can wake up faster. I'm *really* looking forward to waking up." Catherine wiggled her ass.

"Beguiling witch..." he muttered under his breath, smiling.

They fell asleep.

###

Sometime later, Catherine woke with a start to find Vincent absent from her bed. She looked around in confusion and then saw the light coming from the direction of the kitchen. Smiling broadly she got up and quietly padded barefoot up the corridor to see Vincent bent over in front of the fridge. He was naked and splendid and... well...naked. She thought that perhaps she should let him know she was there but then again he probably knew... and he was naked so she drank in the sight before her admiringly. He had such a fine ass. She could just eat him alive she thought which then gave her an idea.

"Like what you see Chandler?" Vincent laughed without turning around or missing a beat as he returned food items back to the fridge but not before shaking his ass at her.

"Oh always Keller. Always. Were you hungry by any chance? Did I wear you out?" she grinned as he did a double take on finding her naked when he turned around to face her.

"You are *full* of surprises. And yes I was hungry all right. I've eaten but now I want more and I'm not talking about food," his eyes swept over her hungrily causing her to flush prettily. "But before I partake of the sweet dessert that is you, you'd better eat. I made you a sandwich..." as he pointed over to the counter. "I would hate you to run out of energy any time soon. I poured you a glass of wine too."

"I see that. Thank you." Catherine sauntered over to the counter and made Vincent watch as she made short work of the delicious sandwich, while rapidly downing the wine. Her idea was taking hold and she grinned to herself.

"Aren't you being a tease? OK what devilish play have you got in store for me?" Vincent smiled with anticipation. He could sense she had something sexy in mind so he wasn't exactly averse to her plans.

"Oh you're about to find out Vincent." She giggled.

She came over to his side and took his hand. The she led him to a chair in the kitchen and made him sit.

"Close your eyes and don't move from that spot..."

"Yes Ma'am." Vincent closed his eyes.

"And absolutely no peeking."

"I wouldn't dream of peeking. I like your surprises Catherine. Especially, the ones that take place when we're both naked. Does this involve strawberries?" he asked hopefully.

"Nope. Better. Food but not food," she answered cryptically.



Vincent heard the door to the fridge open and listened acutely as she seemed to only grab one item. He couldn't smell anything so his mind wondered at the possibilities. The he heard a shaking sound in conjunction with the movement of a...ball bearing? He was confused.

Then Catherine moved again, and he sensed her coming towards him. He was intrigued and aroused. Then she stopped and he felt her hesitation.

"Stay right there and don't open your eyes. I'll be back in a minute."

She returned only a moment or two later. He felt the fabric being tied around his head, covering his eyes.

"I said I wouldn't peek."

"I know but I'm not taking any chances. Your willpower might waver..."

"What on earth have you got in mind Catherine?"

"Sshhh. No talking, just feel. Now stay seated and spread your legs."

Her command and close proximity were enough. Vincent couldn't help it. He sprang to attention. Catherine laughed huskily.

"Vincent Keller. You are incorrigible."

"Where you're concerned, *every* time."

She dropped to her knees between his legs and placed a hand on one of his shoulders. He heard a click, the sound of an aerosol, seconds later, he felt her spraying something onto his chest.

"Oh lord," he said out loud. "If it's what I..."

His words died on his breath as he felt Catherine's lips on his chest; licking, sucking, tasting and tonguing his skin with fervor. She paused only to spray more cream on his skin, spreading it with her fingers before tasting him again, trailing her mouth down across the flat plains of his stomach. He realized by the smell and texture that it was a can of whipped cream.

"When do I get a turn?" he mused out loud.

"Soon Vincent but first..."

Catherine sprayed a good amount of cream straight onto his shaft. It jerked in response, in part because of the cold but more in anticipation of what he was sure would come next. Catherine did not disappoint as her hands cupped his shaft and she bent forward to close her mouth over the tip. Her lips, mouth and hands then went to work, in turn lovingly tasting, sucking, pulling and licking as she controlled his thrusts into her hot and eager mouth. All Vincent could do was hold onto her shoulders, hopelessly lost in the sensations racing through his body that only stopped their journey in his shaft, driving him crazy. He grew larger by the moment, straining to not find his release. Catherine knew she was pushing him right to the edge of his reason and...his control by the sounds emanating from him; low, guttural and animal like in their intensity.

"Catherine," he gasped. "You have to stop. I can't..."

Catherine paid no attention to his plea instead she increased the intensity of her movements, taking him deeper into her mouth until he felt himself at the back of her throat. Her hands were pulling from the base of his shaft as he thrust deeper into the hot sweet cocoon of her mouth. He lost all control and shattered, shuddering as the climax took hold and released its offering. Catherine accepted all he had to offer her, claiming his hands with hers to anchor him as she drank, allowing him to use her as an anchor to come back to the present and be with her.

Vincent came to his senses and he ripped off the blindfold as he hauled her onto his lap, pressing his chest against her breasts. Grabbing a fistful of her hair so that he could bring her face close to his, he searched her eyes and shook his head in wonder.

"Seriously, I don't have to worry about my enemies getting to me because it seems you're going to kill me first. Catherine that was...incredible and a little kinky, so sexy and very dangerous!"

"Don't start Vincent. You didn't change. The beast in you didn't cause any problems. Stop worrying about him. In fact, I believe he liked it as much as you did so of course he wasn't going to argue. You have to stop treating him like he's a different person. He's not. He's you, or at least a part of you. Accept him like I do and I believe you get the best of both worlds. Use each other's strengths to support your weaknesses. How many times do we have to repeat this topic of conversation? Vincent, he's actually not your enemy and thanks to that part of you, many people have been saved when you as a 'normal' man wouldn't have been able to. We're here because of him, we're alive and able to love each other, *because* of him. Vincent – LET GO."

Something inside Vincent finally clicked. He stared at her first in total disbelief but as she continued, disbelief turned into understanding and then acceptance and finally.... his self-loathing washed away. "You really mean that don't you?"

"I wouldn't have said it otherwise. Vincent you are who you are. You'll possibly never be free of him and it doesn't matter anymore. You need to make your peace with him and work together from now on and that includes sharing me with him. He likes it. You certainly do when you start to let go and, um, I'm not going to stop asking him to join us cos he, well, that part of you turns me on too.

JT said something profound the other day. 'It's hard for you to be Dr Jekyll when everyone wants Mr Hyde' and I've been guilty of that I know. But I've thought about it. It is a part of you for better and worse and it may not ever go away, so as long as we understand that and use him in a way that's for the greater good, well then, I have no problems with that. As long as you can accept it we can make this work."

"Wow Detective Chandler you make a good case."

"I do don't I? Vincent I'm in love with you and I'll take you any way I can get you, beast and all. I thought we were past this before you were kidnapped?"

"The last few months and a new beast DNA cocktail haven't helped."

"I guess not. So are we good now? Can we please go back to whipped cream and toe curling?"

"Well Catherine, you just turned mine inside out so the least I can do is return the favor."

"We could do this quid pro quo thing all night. I was returning your previous favor...and we still have this can of whipped cream," as she reached down to collect it from the floor. But Vincent beat her to it and grinned at her with hungry intent.

"Now it's your turn to stay still in my lap Catherine. I have a hot date with...." He sprayed some of the cream onto her breasts making sure her nipples were well coated and then he leaned forward to take first one, then the other into his mouth, sucking hard, licking and tasting her, rasping his tongue in long strokes up and down, across, inhaling her, rubbing his face in the soft hollows while letting his hands roam over her body.

Catherine moaned, arched into him, demanding more. He gave her more as his lips closed over her small pert breasts again, pulling the hardened nipples into his mouth, feeling them pucker insanely at his touch. Then he fondled her wet center and while he suckled the cream away from her chest his fingers thrust inside her. He knew exactly where to press and rub for immediate effect and as she pushed onto his hand for more, he slid the other hand under her ass lifting her easily, and using both hands then, he eased her down his shaft oh so very slowly, inch by inch, allowing them both to relish the sensation of him filling her completely. She took hold of the can and sprayed some of the cream into his mouth. His eyes widened as she swooped in on his mouth as their movements stilled to accommodate his large girth inside her. When he was buried as far as he could go he started to thrust as she pushed down, tasting him at the same time, her tongue tracing delicious circles in his mouth, drawing his breath into her.

The chair came under some punishment as their movements intensified, bodies slapping together in the silence, mouths joined in a hot all-encompassing kiss that gave them life. Groans of complete utter satisfaction sliced through the air as hands continued to slide across heated, sticky skin coated with perspiration and cream.

Their mutual climax tore through them with a fierceness that took their breaths away and it was all they could do to hold each other until the tremors subsided.

"We keep doing that Vincent," Catherine breathed shakily afterwards. "We're like some crazy clichéd epic romance novel. The kind you read and say is not possible in real life. Yet here we are. Screaming orgasms all the time. I keep thinking one day I'll wake up and find you're just an insanely great dream."

"Hell no! Don't even say it Catherine. We're not fictional characters. We're real. This is real and I'm not letting you go for anything or anyone. I love you too much so the world be damned..."

"The world be damned? See. Right there. Epic romance novel hero speaks..." Catherine was smiling from ear to ear.

"I don't think too many romance novel heroes have a beast inside them," he laughed.

"Oh I don't know. The whole vampire, werewolf thing is a pretty hot trend. Look at how popular TV shows like 'Supernatural' and 'The Vampire Diaries' are. I don't watch them but I'm told the girls lap up the bad boys who aren't entirely human. And then of course there's Batman..."

"I've told you before Chandler. I am not Batman."

"No you're not. You're better, my very own Superhero. Maybe even my very own Sex God..." she grinned at him with a very smug expression on her face.

"You know. You go too far. I'm going to get a complex," he pouted with mock indignation.

"About being used to curl my toes?"

"Yes. Exactly."

"Oh poor you, being used as a Sex God, how will you ever cope?" she skipped off his lap, laughing and raced out of the kitchen towards the bathroom. "Shower time Vincent. Are you going to join me or claim a headache cos you never know, I might use you for sex again in the shower...."

"Witch! You'll pay for that. With your body," as he launched himself from the chair, happier than he could ever remember being. He and Catherine were back together where they belonged. Sam was done, Muirfield were all but gone and her father was in jail. He could go out in public now, take her on dates and be a proper boyfriend. Vincent was freer than he had been in a very long time and he felt great.

"Shower with *you*? I am so there," he shouted after her and took off in hot pursuit, catching her in the doorway of the shower. He gathered her up into his arms. Amid her spluttering protests he turned on the faucets and let the water stream over the top of both of them until he finally put her down, close to the back wall, blocking her possible escape.

"I see what you're doing here Vincent. I'm not going anywhere. The shower was my idea after all..." she laughed.

"So it was..." Vincent picked up the loofah and squeezed some shower gel into it, then ran it under the water allowing the suds to build up. He turned to Catherine, his intent obvious.

Catherine simply stepped closer and turned her back to him, her legs wide, her arms reaching out to place her hands on the wall. "Yes please", she said softly.

"How can I possibly refuse an invitation like that? You are so beautiful Catherine. You do my head in."

"Only your head?" she teased, watching him from over her shoulder. She shimmied her ass at him.

"You're killing me here. Do you want me to clean you or take you against the goddamned wall right now?"

"Oh yes please," she husked. "Both...but clean first, then take me against the wall."

Vincent almost dropped the loofah. "When did you become so brazen?"

"You bring it out in me Vincent. Don't you like it?"

"There's that word again. *Like* doesn't begin to cover it. 70 of years of this? I am so dead." he growled. "But I wouldn't have you any other way."

He stepped up close and massaged her skin gently with the loofah, lifting her hair to swirl it along her neck working his way across her shoulders, down her outer back and spine to her ass before dragging the sudsy fabric slowly and deliberately over her smooth round perfect bottom. Vincent was struggling to maintain his composure with Catherine not making it easy, her soft moans of delight breaking the silence. He hunkered down on to his haunches to start cleaning her skin from her heels, up her legs, to her hips. Then he backtracked to her bottom and slid the loofah in between her legs. Catherine's moans became louder, her breath coming out in soft gasps as his fingers lingered, rubbing the fabric sensually against her now heated sex. She widened her stance further, allowing him greater access as he dragged the cloth from front to back, his fingers dipping into her wet heat, drawing out her need.

"Turn around," he rasped softly.

She turned to face him, eyes glazed with desire, placing her hands at the same time on the frame above her head for support. She stood legs apart, waiting. Her eyes watched him, as he bent yet again and started with her feet and moved up her body making sure all traces of cream were washed away. He stopped at her hips, and went to her neck, standing close enough for her to feel the heat radiating off him but far enough to enable his erotic assault on her skin with the loofah to continue. He washed her arms, her sides and at long last came to her waiting breasts, her nipples already raised, hard pebbles waiting to be lavished with his attention. Vincent growled softly as he felt the desire quicken in her body wherever he touched her. She was so responsive to him, his every move. He slowly circled her breasts and then rubbed harder as she pushed against the loofah. He let go of it instead, squeezed some shower gel into his hands. He rubbed them together until they became soapy with bubbles then placed his large hands over each of her round globes, cupping them, kneading them, pinching her nipples between his fingers until she gasped.

"Vincent, more...the loofah..." she looked down between them, suddenly shy.

He understood and bent to collect the loofah, to start again running it down across her flat stomach as she widened her stance.

Vincent dragged it between her legs and this time massaged her sex with slow swirling motions. His other hand joined in and holding her folds apart he pressed it against her with a pulsing action. Vincent dragged the loofah across her folds, stopping to press it against her bud before sliding his fingers in and out, all the while watching her face intently for the emotions flickering in insane flutters under her skin. He could see the ripples, feel her heat, sense her increasing arousal as her scent filled the air with her sweet honey.

Vincent took hold of the shower head and rinsed the soap away. Water ran in clear rivers down across her skin. After replacing the shower head he bent forward to take a nipple into his mouth and suckle hard. Catherine flinched at his touch, every part of her sensitized, desire now raging as his fingers found her again and thrust inside her wanton sex as his lips and tongue thrust against her nipples.

She reached down to take his shaft into her hands. Realizing that he was already hard, Catherine basked in the knowledge that her arousal was enough to make him ready to join with her. She tugged at him, pulled hard and circled the tip of his shaft with her fingernails. Vincent grew larger.

Her touch, her heat, her arousal set him off and he needed her there and then. He picked her up and settled her legs around his waist as he entered her in one deep upward thrust, forcing her against the wall of the shower.

She latched on to the frame again with her hands and used it to lever her movements against him, pulling herself up and then slamming back down onto him, watching the water rain over their bodies, watching where he entered, retreated, entered. She was mesmerized, couldn't look away, watching intently as he continued his thrusts, watching him disappear deep inside her to then exit before impaling her again.

Vincent watched her face as she looked to where they were joined. Her face was wet, features heavy with desire, need and craving for more. The she looked up at him, saw his eyes...

"Vincent, I want both of you. Your eyes. I see him inside you. Let go. Give me *all* of you."

"Catherine I..." the words coming out in a strangled gasp.

She threw herself forward, collided with the hard wall of his chest, her breasts mashing against him, at the same time pushing down on his shoulders to use him as support as she drove herself down in a savage push just as he thrust upwards inside her. Her eyes locked with his, her breaths exhaling in shredded cries of pleasure.

"Now..." she pushed down forcefully yet again, contracting the walls of her sheath tightly around him in short sharp bursts of pulsing blissful torture. Vincent felt her in every part of him as she rode him hard, giving him everything she had. It was too much. He gave in as he felt his beast clamoring to mate and grunting, he slammed in and out of her as he grabbed hold of her waist to lock her in place as his surge of strength propelled her up and down faster as she pushed. He grew larger, harder, her shouts of release inciting him further. As he lengthened, the ridges on his shaft swelled and hit every sensitive nerve ending she possessed. She felt him inside her, in every pore and still she wanted more. She couldn't get enough.

He felt himself changing and the man still present marveled as he watched her really 'see' him, knowing what he had become and still able to look upon him with fierce desire, acceptance and, incredibly – love. Then her mouth found his and he was lost to her as their tongues collided, lost to sensation, savage lust and triumph. She belonged to him, only him and Vincent and his beast both exalted.

They both climaxed with a ferocity that had them crying out each other's names many times over, clinging tightly to each other, Vincent's legs gave way and they collapsed in a tangle of limbs to the floor of the shower to ride out the storm in their bodies.

It was a long time before either of them was capable of coherent thought let alone speech.

Vincent was the first to gently disengage as he lifted himself up and then almost delicately pulled Catherine up, holding her as he grabbed a towel to dry her tenderly.

"Hmm, Vincent. Sensational. Warm. Wonderful. Want bed. You in it. Snuggle." Her words were slurred and laced with deep satisfaction.

He laughed weakly, still too caught up in the aftermath of their coupling to think quite straight. But he managed to dry himself before picking Catherine up in his arms and walking on slightly unsteady legs back to her room where he fell in to the bed with her still in his arms. Bodies wound around each other, faces close, noses almost touching they gazed at each other. Then she smiled at him, a radiant smile of epic proportions.

"Before I fall asleep...Vincent, that was like...OH. MY. GOD! You and your beast as one whole, not two conflicting parts and see... right there, screaming orgasm...again and you *didn't* hurt me." She touched his face, still smiling. "You gave me all of you and it was glorious. I love you so much."

"And I love you Catherine. Your absolute faith and trust in me after everything that's happened fills me with awe. You've seen me at my worst so many times and you still haven't run."

"Vincent, running away from you isn't an option. I said once I could never hate you because..."

"It would be like hating a part of yourself," he finished her sentence.

Her eyes widened. "You remember?"

"I do. Catherine you're part of my DNA now. I'll never be willingly parted from you. You're my life," he kissed her softly. "My love," he kissed her again. "My heart," another kiss. "and my soul." Her lips melded with his as she melted into him, their kiss sealing that love forever.

They fell asleep in each other's arms.

###

The next morning Vincent stirred and for several heartbeats there was doubt. "Oh God," he thought to himself. "Was it another damned dream? Has she left again? What if...?"

Then he felt her hand on his neck, her soft fingers trailing down his back and he smiled. He was at peace and so very happy.

**"You didn't leave this time?"**

**"I live here,"** she smiled.

**"So you do,"** he responded as he turned to face her in the bed.

They gazed at each other.

**"I don't ever want to hurt you again,"** he said solemnly.

She paused, **"I know."**

He drew in towards her and kissed her as if sealing his words as a vow. She touched his face as he cupped her cheek and their tongues welcomed each other, their love and their new beginning.



**\*\*The End\*\***

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Disclaimer: Whilst I own the rights to my story, 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.

I hope you enjoyed 'Season 2 Deleted Scenes: First Night...Again'.

My next story features JT & Tess. As Vincent waits for Catherine on her rooftop in ep 216, Tess is at home contemplating the kiss with JT earlier that day. Then the doorbell rings...It's called "This Shouldn't Work" and is coming soon.

All of my BA&B fan fiction is available at the links below -

Website: <http://www.batbpassion.com>

Facebook: <https://www.facebook.com/BATBPassion>

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