

BAtB Fanfiction – Deleted Scenes 1 – Prelude

In Episode 17 – 'Partners in Crime', Vincent saves Tess from drowning in the tunnels and Catherine takes her home to spend time with Tess over a bourbon (or two) answering her questions about Vincent. From there we see Catherine and Vincent talking on the fire escape outside Catherine's bedroom. We know that JT is with Evan drinking beer so it seems plausible to think that in the time between Tess' place and Vincat's conversation, that Catherine & Vincent may have had some private time together. As the day's events had been huge starting with morning after sex, Vincent being shot by Tess, then being attacked with cattle prods by Garnett & Newell, watching Catherine get hit in the throat by them and then saving Tess from drowning it seems that they needed some alone time to continue the relationship they'd only just consummated. After that kind of day I think that a rather more volatile time would have been spent together. This is that "deleted" scene.

Catherine unlocked her front door, entered and taking in the silence, noticed the hand written note on the kitchen counter. It was from Heather explaining that she wouldn't be home until very late as she was out with some girlfriends.

Catherine groaned, wishing she'd known earlier. Although she desperately needed to decompress, she was already missing Vincent. The events of that day had taken their toll. She was tired and exhausted physically and emotionally but realised rather than being alone, that she wanted Vincent with her. She'd almost lost him twice in the past 24 hours and that scared her. Events had moved so fast she'd not had time to digest everything and it was now crashing down on her. Tess had shot him, Garnet & Newell had tried to capture or kill him. She didn't know what they intended to do with him but the memory of their attack was still fresh in her mind.

Catherine walked through to her bedroom and sat on the edge of her bed pulling off her boots and socks. She sat lost in thought, wondering what Vincent was doing. She'd meant what she said in the tunnels - that they had to promise not to get lost in each other but now that he was in her life and they had taken their relationship to the next level she realised just how hard it was to not get lost in him. At any given time he could be taken away from her and the thought terrified her. A life without him now was impossible to comprehend.

Catherine knew she should push him away, get him and JT to go, be safe, but the very idea of Vincent not being in her life made her shudder with aching loneliness. Tears pricked her eyes as her hand closed in on her cell phone but she hesitated. She knew he would come, knew he found it as difficult to stay away from her as she did from him.

After he saved Tess Catherine thought Vincent would be tired and that he would be spending the time with JT, contemplating their next move now that the warehouse was destroyed after the raid and explosion.

Their immediate danger had passed and sleep though needed would be hard and as always her concern was that Vincent was safe.

Catherine closed her eyes, pressing her fingertips to her temples trying to will away the stress, breathing deeply, the fear and the loneliness of missing him nearly overwhelming her.

"Catherine," Vincent's breath caught as he watched her face go from thoughtfully depressed to pure joy as she looked up at him as he climbed in through her window. "You didn't honestly think I could stay away until tomorrow did you?"

"Vincent!" she beamed and jumping up from the bed she walked across her room and straight into his waiting arms. "You came."

"I've missed you," he growled closing his arms around her. "Don't want to repeat today any time soon. Being shot and cattle prodded is not what I expected. I prefer how today started with you and that seems so long ago," he whispered as he held her tightly. "You should have let me know when you were leaving Tess' place. I would have come then. I hate being apart from you..."

"I thought you'd be with JT talking about a new place and where to look..."

"No, believe it or not he's having beers with Evan trying to find out what he's up to and what Muirfield may have planned."

"Really? In that case I'm glad you came. I missed you too and Heather isn't back until late."

"Mmm how late?" Vincent smiled as he caressed her back with warm hands.

"Really late I hope. She's out with some girlfriends." Catherine finally relaxed for the first time since leaving Vincent's warehouse that morning; he was with her and that was all that mattered. Catherine melted against him as he stroked her hair, inhaling her beloved scent.

"I'm just happy you're ok. When Tess shot you I was so scared."

"Hey it'll take more than a bullet to keep me away. How's Tess?"

"Adjusting to a world of grey," Catherine smiled slightly. "She's also sorry she shot you."

"She didn't know. I'm not upset or angry with her."

"I guess I can't be either Vincent, but still..." Catherine pulled back from him to grab at his pullover under his jacket with urgent hands.

"Not that I mind but what...?"

"Just checking," as she pulled his top up inspecting the spot where the bullet had entered. "Hell Vincent it's healing really well," she said in wonder.

"Cross species DNA has some advantages," he smiled.

"I'll say. Wow!" as her fingers trailed his skin softly.

"Mind you it wasn't a kill shot. Even I'd struggle with a bullet to the heart..." Vincent felt Catherine stiffen as he said it, regretting the words immediately. "Hey it's ok. I'm ok and, um, if you keep doing that," as she caressed his skin further "I'll be more than ok very soon..."

"Oh so you like that?" she teased as her fingers became more insistent.

"Mmm yes. I seem to remember you touching me like that, god was it only early this morning?"

"Yes it was. I also remember that we talked about the fact that we can Vincent..." she smiled at him with a decidedly sexy glint.

"And we did, again and again..." Vincent breathed, watching her with increasing desire.

"We did, didn't we in, um, in a rather wild way?" Catherine said breathlessly as she recalled the mess they'd caused in his bedroom. "I'm so glad about that Vincent. I really like the fact that we can," as Catherine leaned forward to kiss his skin where the bullet had done its damage.

"There's that word again Catherine. Like?"

"Still fishing for compliments I see," her lips were travelling across his skin distracting him a lot. "We really should clarify some more and make sure it wasn't just about last night and this morning..."

"Catherine shouldn't we talk some more first?"

"We can talk later Vincent. Right now I'd rather do other things, like..." Catherine's lips were now travelling across his stomach as her hands went for the buttons on his pants. "Plus Heather will be back later..."

Vincent hauled Catherine into his arms, looking at her intently. "Catherine it's been a hell of a day. You should get some sleep."

"Sleep? The last thing I want is sleep now that you're here Vincent. After today and with no Heather..."

"You're sure?"

"Vincent Keller. Are we still on that? Didn't we prove that we can?"

"Yes but..."

"But what?"

"Struggling to answer that with any clarity."

"So you don't want to is that it?" But Catherine was smiling as the evidence of Vincent's willingness was becoming very apparent against her. Her hands starting their own exploration of his ass through his jeans.

"Yeah right. Like that will ever happen..." he groaned.

"Well in that case Vincent unless you plan to stop me?"

"Stop you? Catherine now you're in trouble..."

"Promise?" she breathed as Vincent closed in on her mouth.

Vincent didn't need further encouragement as he swooped down on her mouth crushing her lips beneath his, the kiss sealing them in a moment they'd craved since morning without realising. Tongues danced, swirling around each other as the slow seduction of the previous evening together made way for explosive need as the events of the day infused a sense of urgency and gratitude to the universe that they could come together at all. Catherine's hands were all over Vincent, touching and caressing to confirm his reality. She could feel him straining as he hardened against her.



Flames turned into torrid fire as tongues plundered each other craving connection, needing it to carry on breathing. Vincent almost tore at Catherine's clothes in his frantic attempts to pull them off her body. She was no less intense as she did the same. They kissed open mouthed between gasps, between items of clothing flying through the air while bodies sought to touch skin on skin.

Both naked and breathing heavily...

"Catherine, I want you so much, love you so much. God I need you now but he hurt you..." Vincent shuddered, remembering the punch to Catherine's throat during the fight with Garnett and Newell.

"Vincent it's ok. I'm ok and I want this...so much. I don't want pretty. I thought I was going to lose you too. I need you and I love you. Don't be afraid for me...just love me now." Catherine pulled his mouth back to hers. All she wanted, craved was for Vincent to climb inside her and never leave. Nothing she had ever experienced in her life prepared her for the aching need that only he could now fill.

In less than 48 hours Vincent had become her all consuming drug as the slow and tender exploration of the previous night turned into something else altogether. Catherine felt, craved him everywhere as he tormented her with kisses that turned her into a sizzling mess of live nerve endings. She melted into him, feeling his entire body pressed against her.

He slid his hands down her back to cup her ass cheeks pulling her hard up against him, his mouth threatening to swallow her whole. The heat and friction were unbearable as she whimpered in lust.

Then he stopped kissing her to whip her around in his arms frantically, his hot breath at her throat. With his chest against her back he trailed his fingers across her chest to cup her breasts in his hands, playing them until her nipples hardened like pebbles. He left one hand to explore as his other hand slipped lower and then her breath caught raggedly in the back of her throat as he slid two fingers inside her while his shaft throbbed against her ass cheeks. He concentrated on sliding up and down her increasing wetness listening to the mad hitches in her breathing that told him much of what she was feeling, of the climax building inside her as his fingers pulsed in and out. Catherine's head lolled back against him losing herself in the deep shudders wracking her body.

"Oh God Vincent. Feels so good..."

He growled, "Catherine, you're so wet. I want you...so much."

He withdrew his fingers as her climax took hold, picked her up and while still carrying her, plunged inside her as they hit the bed, Catherine wrapping her legs around him drawing him deeper into her soul.

Thrusting deep and hard he impaled her over and over again, needing her to reaffirm his very existence. Catherine arched her back to meet him, completely blissed out at the sensations spiralling in waves throughout her body.

Vincent may have harboured a beast but Catherine's human desire for him was just as powerful and primal in its intensity as she urged him to go deeper, faster and harder.

Their eyes locked and she watched intently as his changed colour, the glowing amber signalling his intense reaction to her as she felt spasms ripping through him drawing forth fierce growls of passion. Her body responded to him, wild tremors sending her headlong into shattering release. Together they soared higher than the previous night, waves of pleasure so intense that their cries could not have gone unheard.

Some time later...

Vincent looked into Catherine's eyes. "I think we have a problem..." he started.

Catherine looked at him apprehensively. "What kind of problem?"

"Well let's just say that I would really like to start and end every day doing what we just did..." he said huskily.

Catherine grinned. "Choir Vincent. Now that we can I'd like that too although..."

"Although?"

"I think we need a soundproof room," she teased.

"Yes I noticed. Catherine I suspect all of your neighbours know my name..."

Catherine blushed and then frowned in concern realising the implications.

Vincent laughed understanding her concern. "It's ok. There are a lot of Vincents in New York I'm sure. "

"True. You might have to be Vincent Zalanski after all, visiting from Denver, very frequently."

"If it means that my visits include this every time, I'm happy to be Vincent Zalanski for a very long time..." Vincent grinned looking at Catherine appreciatively.

"You know Vincent that was pretty, um, intense and wild and your beast didn't appear, well except for the amber eyes, so I really think we've put your nightmare to rest. I told you she wasn't me..."

"Mmm Detective Chandler you've built a pretty convincing case, I would have to agree." Vincent smiled broadly. "Mind you I seem to recall you reacting in ways my inner beast really enjoyed."

"It seems you bring out my inner beast too. Vincent this could get seriously habit forming. What were we saying about not getting lost in each other..."

"Well I don't know how we're ever going to not do that...or this. Catherine getting lost in you is as easy as breathing."

Catherine sighed, suddenly tightening her arms around him.

"What is it?" Vincent felt her urgency.

"I just wish you could stay but Heather will be home soon...so..."

"Throwing me out already?" Vincent teased.

"Well not exactly but I guess we should, we better put our clothes back on..." she answered without conviction. Catherine wanted nothing more than to be curled up in Vincent's arms all night. She realised just how empty her bed would feel without him in it.

Vincent felt her hesitation, leaned in to kiss her softly. "I'll never be far from you. You can't keep me away for long."

Catherine kissed him back very enthusiastically, her tongue capturing his as her hands started to travel across his back.

Vincent groaned, pulled away slightly. "You are going to do my head in. Didn't you just say something about getting dressed? Keep that up and your sister will get more than she bargained for when she gets home...she'll like me even less..."

Catherine sighed. "I know. That is sooo frustrating. It's not like I haven't caught her out before and now that you are my 'real' boyfriend..."

"Oh I'm officially your 'real' boyfriend now am I?" Vincent looked decidedly pleased.

"Well I would have thought so..." Catherine smiled up at him. "I don't just do this with anyone."

"Better not," he growled.

"There's that beast again." Catherine smiled as she kissed Vincent's neck.

"Mmm Catherine, you're not helping. I will preserve your dignity for the time being but I plan on being your 'real' boyfriend again very soon."

"Vincent you can be my 'real' boyfriend anytime you like..." Catherine teased.

"You shouldn't make statements like that Catherine. Very dangerous. I plan to. Now..." Vincent reluctantly moved away from her gently.

As Vincent rose to grab his clothes Catherine took a moment to watch him. To say that she was happy about how their relationship had progressed was an understatement. Now that he was her 'real' boyfriend Catherine couldn't imagine anyone else being in her life. She would fight to keep him by her side no matter what it took, she loved him that much.

"Catherine, what are you thinking about? You look lost in thought."

"I'm thinking Vincent that I love you a lot." Catherine said with all honesty, surprising herself.

Vincent stopped dressing, reached out to pull her off the bed and into his arms. "You really make it hard for a man to finish getting dressed. I wish I could give you 'normal' and stay, never doubt that I want to. I love you, so much." he breathed as he kissed her. Catherine melted against him responding with as much love as he gave her.

They dress and have the conversation on the fire escape that we all know and love...

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I hope you enjoyed 'Deleted Scenes 1 - Prelude.'

This series will continue with 'Deleted Scenes 2 – Warehouse' soon.

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