

## BAtB Fanfiction: Deleted Scenes 3 – Home

In 'Playing with Fire' (ep 19) Vincent shows Catherine the new place that he and JT have moved to. The episode ends on a kiss. This is the "deleted" scene that happens after the kiss...

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"I, um, I have something to show you," Vincent said as he put his arm around Catherine, walking her through the tunnels of the subway. "Yep."

Moments later they arrived at their destination, a glorious art deco home on two levels. It was aged and elegant.

Once inside Vincent looked at Catherine. "So what do you think? Do you see yourself visiting your boyfriend here once in a while?"

"It's beautiful. It's perfect." Catherine said smiling as she looked across at Vincent. She glanced away as he turned his face to hers. She looked back and as if pulled by an external force they drew together for a soft kiss.

Their soft kiss soon changed as Vincent pulled her closer, arms encircling her waist as Catherine wound hers around his shoulders, leaning in to him.



As desire ignited inside them, their kiss deepened and Vincent pulled her hard up against his body, groaning in need. Whether five minutes, hours or days apart, the intense need always burned for them both.

"Vincent..." Catherine gasped as they came up for air. "God."

"I know..." he buried his face against the soft curve of her neck.

"And to think you asked that dumb question about whether to keep this place secret from me... Vincent, really, what were you thinking?"

"About keeping you safe..." he muttered.

"Safe? I'm safer here with you than I am out there on my own without you." Catherine sighed. "Vincent for a smart man you can be so dumb sometimes."

"Ouch."

"No really. Dumb. Didn't we talk about this? Romantic or crazy against pillars in an arms dealer's warehouse, busting you out of a Muirfield cell, lying and covering up for you time and time again and you think that I'll just say 'Yeah sure Vincent, I'll stay away for my own safety?' Like my safety is worth anything if you're not there or if I'm worried about you? See? Dumb." Catherine explained.

"Ok, ok I get it," Vincent laughed ruefully. "I was dumb to think I could stay away from you anyway." he sighed.

"Exactly! Now are you going to show me around your new home?"

"Home? This is a place JT and I get to live in, it's not home – you're my home Catherine," he said as he pulled her in close again.

"Oh yes Vincent," she breathed. "I do remember that... I like where you call 'home' ". Pressing herself against him, she continued, "Are you planning to come 'home' any time soon?"

"Mmm oh yeah, very soon," he said huskily.

Heat flooded through Catherine as she felt his response against her. She glanced around. "Well Vincent, as perfect as this place is, it's still a fixer upper. So... are there any nearby pillars?" she teased.

"Oh I can do better than that. Stay here. I'll be right back." Vincent reluctantly released her and turned to leave, throwing her a wicked grin over his shoulder as he bound up the stairs and out of sight.

Catherine wandered about the vast room, admiring the marble and the art deco touches, the heavy timber furniture and the wall art that spoke of a gentleman's club. Dust cloths and cobwebs covered most of the furnishings and the room had seen better days but it would clean up nicely and was the perfect place for Vincent & JT to live in.

Moments later Vincent was back downstairs to stand in front of Catherine. He held out his hand and looked at her with a decidedly cheeky and very pleased grin. She smiled back and took his hand, relishing his warmth and possessiveness as he clasped it very firmly in his.

"You remember the conversation the other day about romantic? Yes? Well it's not perfect yet but I think you're going to like it. It is better than a pillar...although," he grinned at her wickedly. "That pillar holds some fond memories for me." He looked her up and down with his scorching gaze, lingering...

Catherine flushed as he led her none too slowly up the stairs, their mutual desire palpable.

Once upstairs, Vincent led Catherine into his new bedroom – one that he'd 'prepared' earlier by cleaning it. He'd made the bed up with a new coverlet in scarlet to go with the billowing crimson curtains that framed the windows, and also placing lamps that were now, together with a handful of candles, throwing out a soft flickering glow of romance.

"Nicely played Vincent. It's beautiful." She looked around in wonder. "Your sense of romance is alive and well I see."

"You know the best thing about this room Catherine?" Vincent smiled at her delighted response. "Other than the fact that you're in it with me...is this." He turned back to the bedroom door, closed and locked it with an audible click.

"Why Vincent Keller am I your prisoner now?" Catherine teased, nervous excitement coursing through her body.

"Oh yes Catherine. Now that we've established this place is no secret from you there's no getting away, so I hope you didn't have any plans for the rest of the day...or evening? Right now Detective Chandler, you're mine," as Vincent closed in, staring at her passionately. She shook at the intensity of his gaze as her eyes dilated with corresponding passion.

"Plans?" she breathed. "Just you. I want you..." was as much as she could say before Vincent's lips were on hers. He didn't just kiss, he plundered her mouth to appease an unquenchable thirst.

Catherine melted into him as he held her tighter still, their clothes now intrusive but for a moment neither willing or able to break away from a drug inducing kiss long enough to take the time to remove them.

It was Vincent who staggered away first, gulping in air as his heart hammered wildly.

"Where, what?" Catherine protested in a haze, trying to pull him close again.

"God, I could kiss you all day and night but I need you naked...too many clothes..." he gasped as he pulled off her coat, flinging it across the room. Catherine responded by doing the same with Vincent's coat, his joining hers on the floor. Watching it land straight on top of hers stopped them both as they burst out laughing.

"Hmmm it seems even our coats know the score Vincent."

"Yes and one I plan to emulate very, very soon," as he pulled Catherine by the waist of her jeans towards him.

"You know Vincent, this room might be all romantic at the moment but I hope that doesn't mean you were planning on a slow seduction. Last thing I have in mind..."

"Is that so? What exactly did you have in mind?" as he peeled off her top and unhooked her bra, his breath catching as he drank her in.

"Oh I'm sure you and your beast will know just what to do at the right time," Catherine said breathlessly as she pulled his top away from his pants to run her fingers along his skin. She yanked his top over his head appreciating just how taut and glorious his chest was.

"Me and my beast? Mmm I don't know whether to be jealous or flattered Catherine..."

"Oh definitely flattered Vincent. I'm very attached to your beast," as she slid her hand into his jeans to hold him in her fingers while her other hand caressed the smooth skin of his chest. "And it was this beast I was referring to. I'm not exactly left wanting," she purred as her hand became more insistent, proving her point very fast as Vincent sprang to attention.

He growled softly as she brought her hand down from his chest to unbutton him, tugging at his briefs at the same time to release his now fully erect shaft. Watching his face intently, her eyes glazing with desire, Catherine left his clothes alone to unbutton her own and slide them slowly over her hips. Vincent reached out to help her.

"No Vincent. Not yet, let me..."

He watched as she kicked off her shoes, socks and then shimmied out of her pants and briefs to stand naked in front of him. He ached to touch her. Then she reached for him again, hooking her fingers into his jeans and slid them down along with his briefs over his powerful thighs. Letting her fingers trail his skin, Catherine sank to her knees on the floor, pulling off his boots, socks and removing one leg at a time of his jeans.

Totally mesmerised, Vincent watched as her fingers softly caressed their way up his legs and then he groaned as her lips followed, feathering light kisses on his skin. Her hands continued to his hips while her lips kissed their way across his abs before taking him in to her satin soft mouth, engulfing him with her hot wet tongue. Vincent reacted as if electricity lanced through him, almost staggering, but Catherine steadied him with her hands on his ass while sliding his shaft deliciously in and out of her mouth.

Vincent's breathing became laboured as his growls and groans ensued in rapid succession. She increased the tempo using her hands on his ass to thrust him in and out. He reached behind to lace his fingers with hers, needing to touch her, to connect with her as she gave herself completely over to his pleasure, driving him mad.

"Catherine I can't...hold on," he growled with passion. "I'm going to...you don't have to..."

Catherine felt his release building, relished it, wanted so much to do this for him, to make him understand that he was hers completely, that there were no taboos, only love, trust and intense desire.

Vincent felt her everywhere. He knew and understood that she wouldn't let him pull away any time soon. His eyes changed as he tumbled over the edge and released his seed deep within the satin soft walls of her mouth. Sensation clamoured through his body as he felt her throat constrict, swallowing his offering, her lips, tongue and hands holding him in place for several heartbeats. As she lifted herself away from him she swirled her tongue around his shaft, her teeth gently scraping the walls of his erection, sucking the tip of his shaft to make sure she left nothing of his essence behind.

"Catherine. That was...you didn't have to..." he said shakily looking down at her.

"Vincent," Catherine responded huskily as she slid back up his swaying body, wrapping her arms around him to steady him. "I wanted to. Didn't you like it?" she teased very softly, feeling the tremors still rippling through his body.

"Like it? I've never experienced anything like what you just did. Never. That was...I have no words. Christ..." he muttered hoarsely, holding her tightly, still shaking. "Where did I find you?"

"I'm pretty sure I found you Vincent and believe me when I tell you that I'm never letting you go."

"I noticed," Vincent smiled. "You can *not* let me go like that any time you like..."

"Really? Whatever happened to only visiting my boyfriend here once in a while? Or trying to keep this place secret from me in the first place?"

"Ok. I know. I was dumb. Once in a while is obviously not a workable arrangement. I might have to dig a secret tunnel."

Catherine grinned. "Poor JT, he's going to need a lot of Tums to cope you understand? I hope his bedroom is far away from yours Vincent or else he's going to develop a major ulcer very fast."

"You're wicked Detective Chandler. Don't ever change."

As he said the words Vincent led Catherine to his bed and gently dropped her onto it to climb in beside her. He lay on his side and propped himself up on an elbow letting his fingers trail down her body, watching her as he caressed and touched her skin.

"So beautiful," he murmured as he swept his gaze lingeringly over her from head to toe, making her blush. She averted her eyes, snuggling into the warmth of his chest a little self consciously. Vincent saw and understood her movement and the reason for it.

"My God Catherine, you really have no idea how glorious you are, how perfect."

Catherine blushed. "I think you're a little biased." she smiled self consciously. "But thank you..."

Vincent stared at her intently, wondering what he could do to convince her. He disentangled himself from her reluctantly, sat up and then eased off the bed to stand up.

"Vincent, where are you going?"

"I was just thinking," as he looked down at her admiringly.

Catherine blushed again and moved to grab the sheet.

"See now that's exactly what I mean," he said mysteriously as he looked around his room and then settled on something that would drive his message home in a way that would be sexy but possibly a little unsettling at first for Catherine.

"What are you talking about Vincent? I don't understand."

"Catherine I want to show you what I see, see yourself as I see you. Then you'll understand..." he held out his hands towards her and as she took them he pulled her off the bed and into his arms. She trembled as his hands skimmed over the smooth skin of her back coming to rest on her waist and watching her face, he walked her backwards towards a corner of the room.

"Ok Vincent, you have this really determined look on your face. What are you up to?"

"Oh you are about to find out I promise," Vincent said huskily. His head filled with images of what he was about to do to show her just how incredible his Catherine was and it was enough to arouse him. Catherine's eyes widened as she felt him harden against her.

"Oh my Vincent, whatever you have in mind must be good..."

"It will be Catherine but you have to trust me."

"I already do Vincent." Catherine breathed, butterflies winging madly in her stomach, desire pooling already, just at his gaze.

Vincent stopped and turned Catherine around to face a huge, ornate, heavy timber edged, free standing mirror.

Catherine laughed nervously as she took in her own naked form, Vincent standing directly behind her.

"It's gorgeous Vincent but we hardly need a mirror..." she said as she attempted to turn in his arms.

He stopped her by placing his hands on either side of her waist, pulling her back against the hard wall of his body. "Yes Catherine, I believe we do."

Her eyes widened as she again blushed self consciously.

"Catherine, there's nothing to be self conscious about, you're so beautiful," he breathed hotly against her ear. "But I get it, looking at yourself like this can be daunting. But please look in the mirror, see what I see." He moved to her left so he too was reflected in the mirror with her.

The effect on her was instant as she took in his naked body, loving the movement of his magnificent torso, chest, arms, shoulders, powerful legs and his glorious erection, watching it grow...heat pooled as she saw the effect her nearness was having on him. She drank him in, her breathing becoming shallow.

"Do you like what you see Detective Chandler?" he teased.

"Oh yes Vincent. Very much."

He took her hand and placed it on his chest. Catherine's breath hitched as she felt his heartbeat and enjoying his heat, she ran her fingers across his chest watching her movement in the mirror. Then she trailed her hand lower over his abs towards his shaft and he growled softly. Catherine's arousal increased as she watched, mesmerised, his immediate physical response.

"So it seems you're enjoying watching me reacting to you Catherine?"

"You could say that Vincent," she barely breathed.

"Catherine, that's what it's like for me. With my heightened senses I see, hear, feel everything that goes on with you; inside you, how you breathe, how your muscles contract, the sounds you make, the way your eyes glaze over. God you're so beautiful when you come and when I'm buried inside you, I'm ..."

"Home," they both whispered in unison. Love echoed strongly in that word.

"I want you to see how you look to me. I want you to understand how you react when I touch you, kiss you. Will you trust me?" he asked again.

"Yes Vincent, but..." as a thought occurred to Catherine while looking at him in the mirror.

"But what?"

"Trust works both ways. As much as you want me to see what you see, you need to do the same for me. Can you handle possibly seeing your beast come out? Because if he does you need to accept him whatever he looks like. Will you trust me to know that he will never hurt me? Vincent you haven't seen what I see so that may be more than *you* can handle? I love you so there's no fear. Can you say the same?"

Vincent stared at Catherine intently. The thought hadn't occurred to him and now he was unsure. But she was sure. She had seen more than she'd let on.

"Vincent, to me your beast is as beautiful as you are. Please know that. If we are to have a future you need to accept it as I do, not be afraid." Catherine uttered, love blazing intensely through her words.

He loved her enough to try. "Catherine, I can't promise but I will try."

"That's all I ask. Now you wanted to show me, me in the mirror so I'm kind of looking forward to that now Vincent. Especially with the view I'm getting at the moment," she teased, her fingers caressing him, lightening their mood immediately.

Vincent put her hand back by her side and stepping behind her, he watched her face in the mirror as he slowly lifted her hair away from the side of her neck to sweep it over the opposite shoulder, then he leaned in to kiss her now bare shoulder as his fingertips trailed down both of her arms lacing his fingers into hers.

Then he moved her hands with his, over the skin of her own hips and stomach. "This is what I feel when I touch you. You're like silk...so soft...can you feel how soft your skin is?"

"Yes," she breathed, watching as his hands guided her own over her skin; touching, caressing, feeling her own increasing heat and desire as his lips softly whispered against her shoulder and curve of her neck. Then Vincent let her hands go so he could place his on her shoulders as he lazily traced a path to her breasts, circling the skin around her nipples with long strokes of his fingers. Catherine moaned, leaning back against him, watching his hands as they cupped her breasts, his thumbs brushing their peaks slowly and deliberately. She saw her nipples pucker, harden, watched her skin twitch under his touch, heard her breath quicken, felt the heat build inside her.

Vincent's every touch, every caress, his breath against her shoulder, his soft words of love, the pulsing of his shaft against her, all combined to create an avalanche of sensation that melted away her inhibitions, only to be replaced by an all consuming desire to feel more, see more.

This time it was Catherine who took his hands in her own to guide them over her stomach and lower, craving his touch, telling him without words what she desperately wanted.

Vincent, his eyes on her face in the mirror, understood her intention as his fingers feathered her skin, trailed lower oh so slowly, driving her crazy with anticipation as she watched his fingers drift, watched as her legs shifted almost of their own accord to allow him access. His fingers lingered over her sex, teasing, softly touching.

"Vincent...please..." she moaned.

"Like this?" he breathed hoarsely against her ear as he slowly entered her with one, two, then three fingers, pulsing in and out; circling, pressing, sliding as she whimpered, wanting to close her eyes to feel but now completely mesmerised at the sight in the mirror of watching Vincent's long incredible fingers playing her from a perspective she'd never seen before. It was incredibly intoxicating as she watched and heard his groans, saw his face as desire for her took hold of him.

He swayed her, rocked her backwards and forwards, his shaft pressing against her in time with his plunging fingers. Catherine staggered as her legs gave way, unable to stand as the tremors took hold of her. Vincent wrapped a tight arm under her breasts holding her upright while his three middle fingers continued their assault inside her as his thumb circled, pressed her bud. Catherine watched all of it, saw the sheen of sweat break out over her body, felt it to her very core and realised it was the most erotic experience she'd ever seen and felt as she plummeted into sensory overload, every nerve ending screaming for release.

Vincent's tempo increased as his instincts honed in on her most sensitive spot, feeling her wet heat cascade in waves. His fingers still driving her insane, he took his arm from around her to place it up her back, his hand holding her neck as he pushed her body forward.



Then he firmly but gently inched that arm from her neck up to grasp a handful of her hair, lifting her head up to see him in the mirror as he entered her from behind in one powerful thrust as his thumb continued to press against her.

Catherine lurched forward to grasp both sides of the mirror frame as Vincent plunged his thick shaft inside her, filling her completely, time and time again.

"Oh. My. God." Catherine's words exploded out of her as Vincent's face drew level with hers over her shoulder. She saw his eyes glowing insanely in the mirror, saw the veins pulsing madly all over his body, saw the raw passion on his beloved face, felt his fingers in her hair, felt his thumb still playing her as his thrusts continued. She felt the shudders in her own body, saw and felt the spasms taking hold of him. Saw everything, felt him everywhere. And thought she'd die from the sheer exquisite pleasure of it. Although Vincent could now see his own face in the mirror to see what she saw, he felt absolutely no fear from her, only complete surrender, love and acceptance. He was so consumed by her scorching response to him and his beast that he couldn't stop, didn't want to.

"Vincent, I need you..." as she tried to tilt her head towards him. He eased the pressure of his fingers in her hair, turned her mouth towards his as they frantically kissed, mouths devouring each other, tongues thrusting as their movements became frenzied.

As their orgasm reached fever pitch, Vincent dragged himself away from her glorious mouth to turn her back towards the mirror to see their climax shatter through them, panting, crying out, staggering at the onslaught they were witness to and it heightened the experience, made everything more furious and intensely erotic.

As they calmed enough to think, Vincent gently withdrew and picked Catherine up to take her to his bed where they wound their arms around each other basking in blissful afterglow.

Many long moments later...

"I liked the mirror Vincent, a lot. I loved what you did to me in front of it. I loved what I saw in me... *and* in you. I wouldn't mind a repeat performance sometime soon."

"Catherine?" he whispered, shaking his head at her in wonder.

"Yes."

"I love you so much."

Catherine could see his love but also saw the lingering doubt. "As I love you and Vincent, beast or no beast, I don't give a damn. I'm not going anywhere and I'm never letting you go so whatever you saw, whatever you think holds you back, doesn't have to. I love both of you so please, just hold me."

Vincent gathered her into his arms closely and watched Catherine adoringly as she fell asleep. As his eyes closed he acknowledged he was the luckiest man on the planet and smiling he too fell asleep.

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