

BAtB Fanfiction: Deleted Scenes 5 – Starlights

At the end of Ep 20 'Anniversary' Vincent surprises Catherine with a starry sky of fairy lights on the roof of his place, for the 10th anniversary of their first meeting and her Mom's death. The scene ends on kisses – I've extended it to include a lot more...

"Ok, shut up, just let me kiss you," Catherine smiled as she leaned towards Vincent.

He leaned in and met her lips for a soft gentle kiss, then pulling away slightly he glanced at her, falling under her spell as he always did, moving back in for a deeper kiss as their bodies spoke their own language and merged closer.



Catherine was lifted halfway across his lap as Vincent had her senses reeling with kisses that invaded every part of her. She pressed against him; wanting, needing more as their combined heat radiated from them and sliced through the cold night air.

"Mmm Catherine," he said raggedly as he drew a breath between kisses. "It's always very special when we can finish the day the way we started it. Mind you it doesn't happen nearly often enough..."

"And wouldn't have happened at all this morning if it had been up to you Vincent..." Catherine teased. "Considering the things that happen to us I like to grab the opportunity whenever possible..."

"I noticed. And this morning you were definitely in control. Now it's my turn." His eyes gleamed at hers in mischief.

"Vincent Keller, are you telling me that you're already settling that IOU – tonight?"

"Oh definitely. I have plans for you, very interesting plans..."

"Really? I don't suppose they involve your mirror?" she asked, a note of excitement in her voice as she breathed against his neck.

"Not this time. We're not leaving this roof as it happens..."

Catherine looked up into Vincent's eyes. "Isn't it a bit cold out here?"

"Not where I'm taking you and believe me you won't be cold for long. You'll just have to trust that I will keep you warm." Vincent responded as he pressed himself against her, his hands sliding under her jacket and top to caress her skin causing Catherine to flush. "See you're warming up already so heat won't be a problem..."

"Promise?" she breathed against his lips. "As I recall, the last time you asked me to trust you involved that mirror which was sooo good..." she said breathlessly as her body arched against him, remembering. "That's going to be tough to beat."

"Catherine, you make it very hard for me to concentrate when you react like that..."

"How hard?" she teased as her soft hands burrowed under his top finding his bare skin, trailing her fingers around his body to caress his back.

Vincent groaned. "You're going to be my undoing. I thought I was in control..."

Catherine smiled at him delightedly as she closed the distance between them to kiss him, her tongue darting into his mouth to play with his tongue. He held her closely, losing himself in her warmth until he managed to drag himself away from her to pull the table closer towards them.

"Ok I do believe it's time to eat," as Vincent shook his head to clear his thoughts.

"Really Vincent. I think our appetites run to other things..."

"Catherine, you're going to need the energy," he grinned at her. "And lots of it. I have plans for you remember?"

"Oh I remember. I'm looking forward to your plans. And as I recall, your creativity usually leads to us, um, let's just say, um..." Catherine's flush deepened.

"Lost for words Detective Chandler?" he teased as his hands caressed her.

"No, just remembering the mirror and this morning and..." as desire coursed through her body.

"Catherine," he growled.

Vincent leaned over to pick up a strawberry and put it to her lips. As she took it into her mouth, he was mesmerized at the movement her jaw created as she ate, so, he leaned over to pick up some grapes and fed them to her one by one watching how her mouth moved whilst eating them. Between bringing food to Catherine's mouth and eating himself, they soon finished the feast Vincent had prepared.

"So, are you ready to begin?" Vincent's voice whispered in her ear.

"What, you mean we haven't started yet?" The question coming out hoarsely as Catherine was already tightly strung with desire.

"Nope. Not yet..." Vincent pulled a piece of fabric out of his pocket.

"What is that Vincent?"

"Remember the mirror Catherine?"

"Vincent I'll never forget..."

"Well that was about seeing, this is about not seeing..."

"Not seeing? What do you mean?" but Catherine was starting to guess.

"That's right. I want you to feel...everything I do to you," he said, his voice increasingly husky. "Every touch, every kiss, every lick and without seeing from which direction I am coming from or what I might do next..." he breathed as he stared at her hotly, gauging her reaction.

Her body responded for her, instinctively telling him what words couldn't as he listened to her heart rate rise rapidly, inhaled the scent of her arousal. Catherine could only stare back at him as if in a trance and she nodded as he gently but firmly tied the fabric around her head, immediately blocking all sight.

Vincent swept her up into his arms and carried her only a few short steps before she heard a door open and close behind them and Vincent lowered her to the ground to stand close to him. She felt softness under her feet as she stood on what seemed to be blankets and pillows as warmth enveloped her and she sensed soft light.

"We didn't go far Vincent. Where are we?"

"Still on the roof in a hideaway I, um, prepared with you in mind. I'll show you later...much later. We're far away from JT and the rest of the world. No-one to interrupt, no-one to hear you..."

"Hear me what?" Catherine husked but she knew and her body's heat spiked dramatically in response to his words.

"Hear you scream my name Catherine," he breathed hoarsely into her ear as he stood closely behind her, his hands reaching around to unbutton her jacket as he pressed against her back. He pulled her coat off and tossed it aside, then stepped in front of Catherine and went still.

Catherine's breath hitched as she felt Vincent reach for one hand to peel away the gloves she was wearing, kissing each fingertip he revealed. He took her other hand, peeled off the glove slowly but he didn't kiss her finger tips, instead he took them in his mouth, his tongue rasping each one in turn until she felt her toes curl in response.

Vincent shrugged out of his own jacket and tossed it aside along with his scarf, then sat on the floor in front of Catherine. He reached out gently, placing her hands on his shoulders for support as he lifted her leg easing a boot off her foot, followed by her sock. Then he did the same for her other leg until she stood in jeans, top and underwear.

Vincent paused to look up at her, watched her desire for him mount as her skin flushed and her lips parted breathlessly in anticipation. He tugged off his own boots and socks, his own top and singlet to bare his chest then moved to stand behind her again. He stood slightly away from her and simply inhaled her scent, enjoying her response to the heat radiating off his body while listening to her heart as it steadily increased its rhythm.

"Vincent?"

"Catherine," as he reached out his fingers, hooking them under the fabric of her top, feathering her skin as he rolled it up slowly over her stomach and towards her bra. "Raise your arms Catherine and keep your eyes closed under the blindfold."

Catherine did as he requested allowing Vincent to slide her roll neck top quickly but gently over her face tossing it aside. He placed her hands by her sides and then re-adjusted the material over her eyes making sure her sight was still blocked. Catherine's anticipation grew with each passing moment as did her body heat as she felt him pressed against her back. He trailed his fingers slowly down her arms, shoulders, across the base of her throat to cup her in his hands, kneading her breasts firmly through the lacy fabric.

Catherine moaned. "Vincent, please..."

"Please what?"

"Go faster..."

He chuckled as his lips breathed hotly against her ear. "Oh no, not yet. There's still more I want you to feel..."

"Oh God." she gasped again as he unclasped her bra and peeled it off her shoulders letting it fall as he brushed his fingers over her now taut peaks. He circled her skin with maddening slowness, taking his time to caress and fondle her. He stopped momentarily to sweep her hair off her shoulder kissing the skin at the nape of her neck, trailing his lips down her spine while his hands cupped her breasts, kneading her nipples between his thumb and forefinger. He continued his caress on her breasts, feeling the goose bumps skitter madly across her skin as her nipples hardened into pebbles at his touch.

He moved himself against her back again, flesh to heated flesh. One hand continued to explore her breasts while his other hand slid down to the fastening of her jeans, unbuttoning her. He paused again, listening to Catherine's body intently as he heard her gasps, felt her heat spike, her desire pooling in her sex releasing her sweet scent that enveloped his senses, almost bringing him undone. He stood back momentarily as he silently shucked off his own remaining clothes to stand naked behind her. Moving close to her again he growled low in his throat as he slid his hand into her jeans, under her briefs to cup her mound, feeling her incredible heat.

Tremors shook through Catherine as she felt his hand move and rub against her, his fingers teasing until he plunged inside her, causing Catherine to jerk involuntarily, her head lolling back against his shoulder. She arched her body back as she thrust forward to meet his hand, his fingers. Catherine groaned more loudly as he slid two fingers in and out and along her wet folds. Vincent managed to remove her remaining clothes completely while not losing his momentum deep inside her wet heat.

As Vincent plunged his fingers deep within her, he pulled her against him so that she could feel his hard erect shaft throbbing against her back. Vincent's lips were at Catherine's throat, trailing a path of fire to her jaw line as she turned her face to his their lips meeting in a duel that had tongues colliding as he found her most sensitive spot and pressed it with his thumb, circling as he thrust harder with his fingers. As she bucked against him he pulled his fingers away. Catherine mewled in protest but stopped, sighing with total satisfaction as she felt his length slide inside her from behind, thrusting deep and hard many times, filling her so perfectly and completely she was breathless with abandon until tremors reached their peak and the orgasm crashed through them both.

Catherine staggered from the intensity of her orgasm but Vincent steadied her, his arms holding her tightly as their breathing calmed and they were able to speak.

"God Vincent," she whispered. "That was intense. How do you do that?"

"Mmm, it's you, all you. That's what you bring out in me," he muttered hoarsely against her throat, relishing her quivering heat and the heady scent of her release.

Slowly he withdrew to turn Catherine around in his arms, holding her closely. She pressed her face against his chest, breathing in his glorious Vincent smell. "Can I take off this blindfold now?"

"No, not just yet Catherine. I have further plans for you...delicious ones." As his hands lingered in the small of her back pushing her softly against him Catherine trembled as new heat suffused her body. "Mmm I can feel your response already..."

Catherine laughed weakly, still in sex glow heaven. "Response? More like craving...or a serious drug," she murmured.

"Drug? One you're addicted to?"

"Hopelessly, utterly addicted to...you Vincent..."

Vincent growled his response as she felt his breath against her lips, felt his hand tangle in her hair under the blindfold as he pulled her closer, felt his other hand on her ass pulling her in tightly against him. He watched her face, saw her love, her desire evident as her heart beat erratically as his lips closed in on hers claiming her completely. His mouth swallowed her tongue, plundering hers with an almost savage intensity as he felt her surrender, melting against him, latching on as if afraid to let him go as her tongue warred with his, seeking the sweet oblivion only he could give her.

Long moments were spent lost in kisses that were felt in every part of them before Vincent reluctantly staggered away, struggling to think let alone speak. Breathing heavily he stood, hands clenched at his sides willing himself to hold on, not wanting to let go before he'd done what he ached to do for her.

"Vincent?" Catherine questioned breathlessly, her heart beating wildly.

"Just catching my breath. You make it really difficult for this man to think when you kiss me like that."

"What's there to think about? Just kiss me again," she teased.

"No Catherine, I have intentions..."

"What kind of intentions?"

"Well remember my delicious plans for you?" Vincent husked as he sensed Catherine's arousal flare. "There's a reason you're going to be delicious...oh yeah, been looking forward to this all afternoon. Poor JT's eyes nearly bugged out of his head when I asked him to buy it." Vincent chuckled at the memory of his friend's face when he asked him to buy this one specific item.

"Vincent Keller, what are you up to?"

Vincent gathered a couple of items from a small shelf high up on the wall. Then he approached Catherine, swept her hair up and wound it into a clip so that her hair was free from her back and shoulders.

"Vincent? Why are you doing that?"

"Don't want your glorious hair in the way, well not yet anyway..." he said as he popped the top from the bottle in his hand before dropping to his knees behind Catherine. Then he tipped an amount onto his hands before placing the bottle on the floor next to him. Vincent reached out and spread the warm liquid onto Catherine's calves and as she trembled at his touch she spoke. "Vincent that smells like..."

"Cherries, Catherine, sweet glorious wild cherries, in an edible oil..."

"Edible? Oh...my..." as she felt his hands knead her calf muscles. She felt the silky oil sliding erotically over her skin as Vincent spread it higher up her leg behind her knee. "And just what do you plan to do with that oil Vincent?" She knew but she needed his response, craving the words as well as his touch.

"Oh Catherine, I'm going to start here and work my way up your legs one at a time, the back of them first, then the front of your legs, then I'm going to slide my hands all over your back and your glorious ass and then I'm going to kiss and lick your shoulders, stomach, your beautiful breasts, your nipples at which point I'm going to take them in my mouth and then Catherine I'm going to lay you down and drink your sweet taste..."

"Oh my God," Catherine moaned loudly, her body shuddering in response as he continued to caress her legs. Her anticipation rose with every moment, waiting for his every touch, his every caress and his every kiss.

Vincent continued to rub the oil in circular motions to her thigh with both hands. "God I love your legs, so soft yet toned and silky smooth," as he placed his lips against her skin pressing his words home. Catherine shook as his lips and hands trailed up towards her ass while he kneaded her skin, pouring more oil onto his hands as he went. He stopped at her ass cheeks and she groaned in frustration as he then did the same for her other leg; pressing, brushing, caressing the skin of her calves, behind her knee and thigh so that both legs glistened in the soft glow of the candles he'd placed on high shelves around the small room.

Then walking on his knees he turned his attention to the front of Catherine's legs. He gently placed her hands on his shoulders. "A foot please Catherine..." She lifted her foot and he grasped it, poured some of the oil onto it and massaged her foot until she purred.

"Hmm Vincent that feels so good." Then her body arched as she felt his mouth swallow her toes, sucking on them, rasping his tongue against her skin. His hands and mouth continued their upward tour of her leg, he moved onto her other leg, carefully avoiding her sex as he traveled every inch of her legs until she trembled with want.

"Vincent, you're driving me crazy." Catherine moaned.

Grabbing the oil he stood up. "I haven't started yet," he breathed hotly against her skin. He stood behind her again and started his work of love at her shoulders letting his hands slide across them, her upper back, spine and lower back as he spread the oil with wonderful sweeps of his strong hands.

The aroma of the wild cherries was intoxicating as their sweet smell combined with Catherine's rising arousal assaulted Vincent's heightened senses creating havoc on his state of mind.

"God you smell and taste so good," he growled against her skin. His hands brushed over her ass, kneading her skin, pressing firmly as his fingers tortured Catherine, only glancing against her sex as he brushed her inner thighs. She wanted, needed more.

"Vincent..." she groaned.

"Soon Catherine, soon..." as he stepped in front of her again with fresh oil. He caressed her throat and worked his way across her shoulder blades, down her sides and onto her stomach, deliberately keeping away from her breasts to watch them harden as she anticipated what she was now craving for.

"You are so beautiful," he murmured as he poured more of the oil into his hands and brought them up to her chest at long last. Catherine mewled loudly as she felt him cup both breasts in his large hands, squeezing, pinching her nipples then using his flat palms and feather-like brushes against her nipples until they stood erect and hard.

He slid one hand behind her to cup her ass as he leaned forward to take a nipple into his mouth, suckling hard as the other hand continued to play with the skin of her other breast. His teeth grazed her slightly as his mouth and tongue laved at her and she shuddered as the pleasure coursed through her body.

Then he turned his attention to her other nipple; licking and suckling at it with intensity and mind numbing thoroughness, his tongue rasping her skin. He went from one to the other and back again as Catherine quivered and gasped breathlessly wanting so much more.

Suddenly Vincent paused and stood back, watching her; he saw her need, heard her chaotic heartbeat, felt her disappointment that he stopped his massage.

"Vincent, why did you stop? God..."

"Because now comes the most delicious part Catherine," as he drew her down to kneel as he did the same. He released her hair from the clip as she sank onto cushions and blankets strewn on the floor. She felt him in front of her and reached out to touch him, came into contact with his chest, ran her fingers across his skin.

"No," he growled. "No touching. I just want you to feel..."

"Vincent if you want me not to touch you you're probably going to have to handcuff me," she teased, only half joking. She suspected keeping her hands off him would prove impossible. He was too perfect.

Vincent had a vision of a handcuffed, blindfolded Catherine screaming his name in the throes of orgasm as he feasted on her and he let out a strangled gasp as his beast suddenly made himself known wanting just that.

"I can hear that you like that idea Vincent..."

"Catherine." Vincent growled. "Don't tempt me."

"Why? Afraid I'll like it or that you will?" Catherine suggested getting more aroused by the minute at where the conversation was heading.

"I'm not going to risk it. My beast already likes that idea too much. I struggle to keep control as it is but this...I might lose control and hurt you and you'd have no ability to get away..."

"Ok I understand that so...what if you tie me up loosely, just enough for my mind to tell me I can't touch you but loose enough to get out of should I need to, but Vincent..." she stroked his length, teasing him. "I know I won't have to and, um, I actually want you to do it. It's kind of turning me on..."

Vincent stared at Catherine, startled at how much she wanted this, trusted him and then felt his own desire to see her writhe underneath him, almost at his mercy. He looked around the small space looking for something that could work and then saw the perfect solution. He gently repositioned Catherine so that she was lying on her back on the soft floor, nestled comfortably amongst the pillows and blankets. Then he slid his body over hers grabbing her arms to pin them down over her head feeling the stretch of her body under him. He grabbed her bra and tied her hands loosely with it, just enough to restrain her.

Catherine's heart lurched erratically already so aroused at what she could only feel, not see, as Vincent's mouth and lips traveled to her throat, kissing her. Then she shook harder as he descended down her body, his hands, fingers, lips and tongue dipping, pressing, kneading, licking, caressing everywhere. She felt her gently bound wrists, felt only bliss as he plundered, sliding across the smooth valleys and contours of her slick and shining skin, making her gasp over and over again.

He drew lower and she craved him, desperate for his mouth to be on her. She arched her hips toward him.

"Mmm trying to tell me something Catherine?" he spoke softly against her skin.

"Please..." she almost begged.

Vincent laughed warmly and grabbed a pillow, placing it under her ass as he took the oil and drizzled it all over her sex making sure she was well coated and lying down in front of her, he kissed her inner thighs, trailing his tongue towards her slowly, drawing out her need.

"Vincent..."

He smiled as his tongue darted out to lick her sensitive folds with fleeting touches. Catherine arched her back again to feel his tongue delve deeper as she did so.

"Mmm impatient..." before flicking his tongue out again, this time closing his mouth over her hotly, sliding his long tongue in and out and around her nub, feeling her throbbing wet need push against him.

"Oh my God, oh my God, oh my God, feels so good..." Catherine whimpered.

Vincent felt his own dark need rising as he felt her scorching response. She started to buck her hips upwards frantically, in time with his thrusts inside her, causing him to go deeper with each movement of her hips. He had to pin her down with his arms as she thrashed harder begging him for more. He felt his beast pushing for release also wanting to give her what she craved.

He lifted his head briefly to watch her face, saw an aching wanton need, a craving etched into her face, felt her increasingly wild response and then taking in the blindfold and the bra tying her wrists something changed inside him. His control started to yield as he felt his beast's need for dominance rise.

Vincent's eyes glowed, his veins appearing all over his body as his tongue resumed, laving at her more deeply, burying his face in her wet heat as he suckled, inhaling her sweet musky taste along with the cherries that lingered from the oil.

Catherine knew, felt Vincent's change as his tongue swelled, elongated, rasping at her like a magnificent wild cat, taking her to new heights of sensation that clawed at every part of her as he honed in relentlessly on her sweet spot.

She heard his increasing growls, heard the rasping breaths and panting that matched hers but wasn't afraid. She was powerless to do anything other than feel as she held on to trust because there was no way she wanted him to stop what he was doing to her, didn't want it to end, in fact she demanded more. Wanted, needed, craved it with every part of her and she didn't care at that moment if he was man or beast. The sensations spiraling through her body were beyond anything she'd ever experienced. He was Vincent, she knew he wouldn't hurt her.

"Vincent," she literally screamed his name. "Now, please...god, now...hard."

Vincent growled loudly as he moved over her and thrust inside her with one deep powerful stroke, he was big, hard...Catherine heaved at the intensity, her body screaming with lust as she fought to drive him deeper and then she realized he was growing inside her, swelling, stretching her, filling her more than he ever had and it was...

"Yes," she begged. "Don't stop, feels...oh my God...sooo good...Vincent...more..."

Vincent felt himself change further, knew his control was crashing away as his beast clamored for more, but still aware enough to try to pull out of her. Catherine wouldn't let him as she clamped her legs around him and brought her arms down from over her head to his back squeezing him tightly with her arms and legs desperate for him not to stop. "No, stay with me, I need this, want this..." she panted loudly.

Vincent lost more control as he thrust back inside Catherine. She felt every ridge, every vein and bump of his extended shaft as it swelled and rubbed against every tender part of her, driving her wild. She thrust her hips violently up to meet his thrusts driving him impossibly deeper each time. As he impaled her, the ridges of his shaft collided with her bud rasping along it with unerring precision. Catherine was a mass of raw nerve endings threatening to explode as Vincent's heat, size, texture, smell and explosive thrusts tipped her over the edge into a screaming orgasm.

"Oh God...fuuuccckkkk, Vincent, Vincent, Vincent " she screamed his name again and again as she shattered around him, her orgasm tightening and clenching her feminine muscles around his shaft, driving him to his own release as he roared, spiraling into mind numbing sensation.

As they came down Catherine tugged the bra at her wrists until it came away, pulled away her blindfold knowing she needed to look at Vincent, also knowing what he would be feeling. She took his face into her hands and stared into his glowing eyes.

"Don't even think about apologizing Mister. I seriously, I mean seriously LOVED every minute of that and you didn't hurt me. You just made me scream like no tomorrow because it was...beyond love; it was scorching, epic and I'm blissed out, um, did I mention that I loved that..."

Thankfully, Catherine's words made Vincent smile as he looked into her eyes. "I, um, noticed. I even heard you say a word I've never heard you say before Catherine Chandler..."

"Yes well..." Catherine blushed. "Your beast came out at the right time," she admitted. "Let him do that more often and you might not have to fight with him so much for control. Just a thought. I, um, certainly don't mind..."

Vincent could only stare at her in awe. His glorious Catherine, as he comprehended just how much she loved him, trusted him, accepted all parts of him.

"Where did I find you again?"

"I've told you before Vincent. I found you. Finders keepers," she teased. "And I plan to keep you for a *really* long time..."

"Is that so?"

"Yes. By the way. Happy anniversary to you too Vincent. This is the kind of celebration I had in mind all along. Thank you for the starry sky and all of this – it's wonderful but I don't need it at the moment – I just need you," and she pulled him back down into her arms with a kiss that would soon lead to more celebrating...

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I hope you enjoyed 'Deleted Scenes 5 - Starlights'

My next story 'Deleted Scenes 6' will be available soon. (A fan request that I haven't come up with a name for but stay tuned). What happened between VINCAT from the closing scenes of 'Any Means Possible' and the opening scenes of 'Insatiable'? I'm betting a lot so that will be the next 'deleted scene' to be explored.

All of my BAAtB fan fiction is available at the links below -

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

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

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#Beasties, being a self funded BAAtB fan-fiction writer means I'm currently living on Beastie love which sustains me mentally but not physically (food appears to be essential). I LOVE that you love my stories. Fans suggested I add a donation button to my website because they wanted to help so I thought, "Hey what a great idea," and have done just that. If you'd like to support me to continue my full time passion for writing VINCAT, your donation (any amount) is appreciated. And if you get really desperate for hot sex in between my BAAtB stories buy my eBook on the link below.

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