

## BAAtB Fanfiction: Deleted Scenes 4 – Awake

At the beginning of 'Anniversary' (Ep 20) Vincent is sitting on Catherine's window sill when she wakes up. She wants to get a little sexy but he reluctantly declines believing she need not be sidetracked but instead, go to the cemetery with him to pay her respects to her mother on the tenth anniversary of her death. But it is also the tenth anniversary of when Catherine and Vincent first saw each other so she wants to celebrate that instead. The scene ends with her saying he has played it well, but her eyes suggest something else entirely. This is the "deleted" scene that took place before they left. Catherine can be nothing if not persuasive...

---

Vincent stepped away from the bed, taking himself out of Catherine's reach, too tempted to take her up on her offer of 'celebrating' them.

"We can do that by going to the cemetery together and saying hi to her," he said.

"Well played," Catherine responded thoughtfully. He was being very Vincent stubborn so now she was determined to have her way. She'd had a taste, albeit too brief, of his lips on hers and his body pressed against the length of hers when he kissed her good morning and now she wanted more.



Whatever they needed to do could wait a little longer she decided. It wasn't as if her mother was going anywhere, and everybody at the precinct understood what today was so she knew she'd be given latitude for being late. She *would* get together with her father and Heather later tonight and it felt wrong not to be able to have Vincent by her side. She sighed, wishing it could be different.

"Ok Catherine, what's on your mind? What's wrong?" Vincent asked.

"Vincent, please sit back down for a minute. We need to talk..." she said in the most serious voice she could muster trying not to give away her real reasons for wanting him back in her bed.

Vincent stared at her intently. "About what?"

"Please Vincent, it's important."

"Catherine, can't we talk in the car?"

"No, we can't. Why are you being so stubborn?"

"Because Detective Chandler, I know you too well and suspect you have ulterior motives," he responded.

"Like what?" Catherine asked innocently, but in her head thought, "damn he is way too smart for his own good."

"Catherine you forget that I can hear your heartbeat and right now, it's beating way too fast for just a 'normal' conversation so..."

"Well then Vincent, you better sit down because I'm not going anywhere until you do."

Vincent knew he was losing the battle as he struggled with his noble intentions of not distracting her on her important day. "Catherine..." he tried one last time to take the high road.

"Yes Vincent?"

He looked at her and sighed.

"Ok then, come and sit," she patted the bed.

Vincent gave in and sat as close to the edge as he could. "Ok so talk," he said, knowing full well that 'talk' was the last thing on Catherine's mind as her body told him an entirely different story. Sometimes his abilities could seriously mess with his senses and when it came to Catherine, he realised, resistance really was futile.

"Vincent," she started. "It is *our* ten year anniversary, like you said, of the first time we saw each other. I don't feel guilty about my Mom's death for the first time and you're here, with me. I have a boyfriend I love and one that I want to celebrate with, celebrate us, so..."

Catherine suddenly reached out, pulled Vincent back onto the bed to lay him on his back next to her. "Don't argue with me because it won't do you any good. I just really want to kiss you now...and I don't care about being late. You're far more important...to me," she breathed as she leaned over him, her hand on his face, caressing his scar.

Vincent's resolve was fast going out the window. "Catherine, it's not that I don't want to – believe me. It's just that once we start we have this tendency to, um, not stop..."

"Oh I don't know Vincent, there was that night after Tess shot you...and then again a few days ago in that arms dealer's warehouse we were pretty fast and it was really, *really* good..." she breathed against his mouth, her tongue softly teasing his lips. "I mean you made up for it when we, um, christened your new place..." as she recalled their epic time in front of his mirror her body flooded with liquid heat. "So you can just owe me again and do slow next time."

Vincent felt the desire coursing through her body and finally lost the battle, his arms winding themselves around her as their lips met, tongues dancing a tango that soon demanded more.



As she angled herself against his side Catherine was able to reach down and not wanting to waste any more time, slid her hand into his jeans and under his briefs to take hold of his shaft. He hardened instantly, growling into their kiss.

"Vincent," Catherine breathed as she pulled away slightly, "but we have to do this quietly. Heather is home, so no shouting my name," she teased, her hand continuing to drive him mad as she stroked him.

He grinned as he pushed against her hand, enjoying her touch. "Really, so when I'm buried deep inside you Catherine, you can't announce me to your neighbours again either," Vincent teased back.

He was now enjoying this morning's unscheduled interlude, especially when he felt Catherine's response to him heighten when he talked of being inside her. "And seeing that you seem to be in control this morning..."

"I am aren't I?" Catherine agreed as her fingers caressed Vincent's shaft, eyes dilating with desire as she felt him grow harder with every passing second. "In that case..." she sat up and moved into position so she could pull down his jeans and briefs only as far as his knees.

"We're keeping our clothes on?" he husked. "Oh my Catherine, you never fail to surprise..." he groaned as she took him in both of her hands, sliding up and down his shaft, pushing and pulling him insistently.

"I would hate to be predictable...and although your clothes are staying on, I never said anything about mine," as Catherine let him go to pull off her long t-shirt, revealing her nakedness.

Vincent's reaction scorched her as his erection stood rigid and his eyes started to glow. Lord she would never get tired of how much he loved and wanted her. Just seeing him respond so completely to her was all she needed to be ready for him, her sex flooding wetly with desire.

Catherine moved to straddle Vincent, slowly sinking down over him, engulfing him one maddening inch at a time, sliding him deep inside her.

"God you're so wet already," he growled.

"You do that to me. I want you, so much," she moaned as she eased herself all the way down his length, meeting him skin on skin, loving the way he filled her completely, perfectly. Then leaning forward, Catherine pulled up Vincent's top to slide her hands onto the smooth skin of his bare chest as she rocked backwards and forwards, slowly at first, teasing him, driving him crazy with need.

He reached out to cup her breasts, tweaking her nipples as she rocked forward, lifting her body up at the same time to then push down hard as she leaned back again, repeating her movements over and over and as she gained momentum, friction increased, driving him deeper as she rocked. Vincent's hands moved over her body, one settling on her lower back to push forward while his other hand moved to her sex so he could press and circle his thumb against her bud in time with his upward thrusts inside her.

"Vincent...I can't hold it...I'm going to...oh God...I want to scream," as wild shudders took hold and spun her into orbit. Catherine bucked hard against his thumb as he brought her to orgasm, revelling in the sensations spiralling through her body.

Vincent let Catherine go to sit upright, while still buried deep inside her, tangled his fingers in her hair, pulling her against him as his lips claimed hers completely. As their kiss deepened, his hands went to her hips, picking her up to drive her back down again, hard and fast as he thrust upwards. She laced her fingers behind his neck to hold his mouth to hers as she matched him, move for move, demanding more as she tightened her muscles around his shaft, grinding hard against him. His tongue ravaged hers, latching on, fusing her to him, stopping her cries as well as his own as wave after wave of climax drenched them in earth shattering intensity.

Moments later as their trembling subsided...

"To think we could have missed that..." Catherine purred, shaking her head. "I really liked that Vincent."

"Mmm 'liked'. You use that word way too often for my 'liking' Catherine," Vincent said amusedly. "You really need to replace it with a more appropriate word."

"What did you have in mind?" she teased as she snuggled into him, her warm breath at his throat.

"Love is a good place to start," he tightened his arms around her.

"Oh Vincent, not even 'love' begins to cover what we just did but yes you're right, it's a good place to start considering how much I love you." Catherine kissed the skin at the curve of his neck.

A warm tremor rippled through Vincent at her kiss. "Mmm, see, keep that up and we'll never leave. Catherine Chandler I love you far too much for my own good sometimes. I get talked into doing things way too easily by you."

"Yes Vincent, I really had to twist your arm on this occasion. Let's face it – you're easy..."

"When it comes to you, absolutely, but I'm the innocent here remember?" he grinned. "So I guess I'll just have to get used to the fact that you're probably going to ambush me time and time again."

"Oh yes Vincent, count on it. You're the only man who can do me for a *very* long time so don't even think of going anywhere without me..."

"I wouldn't dare. You're stuck with me for life," he kissed her softly. "But Detective Chandler, now that we've celebrated us it's time to go and say hi to your Mom."

"Ok Vincent. I'm happy to get out of this bed...but only for now." Catherine grinned at him wickedly. "Until next time and as I recall you now owe me..."

---

© Karin Witnish 2013

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 'Deleted Scenes 4 - Awake'  
My next story 'Deleted Scenes 5 - Starlights' will be available soon.

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

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

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

Twitter: <https://twitter.com/BATBPassion> (Links are listed in my Twitter Favorites)

#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.

It's a very steamy romance novel (partly biographical) about love and second chances between an author and a private investigator, called 'Indefinite Secondment'.

Buy the eBook of Rina & Dean's scorching story at: <http://www.raunchify.com/is>