

## BAtB Fanfiction: S2 Deleted Scenes

### Forever...

These images were from the closing moments of Season 2's Finale called 'Déjà Vu' depicting Vincent & Catherine getting very romantic on a park bench in New York, enjoying their triumph over Gabe and the forces of evil and relishing in just being together, seemingly free. Now we know there will be a Season 3 that apparently explores them as a couple with a theme of "Who Are We?", a natural conclusion or extension of their closing kiss might be this 'Deleted Scene' that for content ratings reasons didn't make it to air...



Seated on a bench by the East River, the crazy tumult of New York receding into the background along with the Manhattan Bridge, Vincent drew Catherine closer toward him to share a long lingering kiss, before he pulled back to stare at her intently.

"Catherine, I know you said you don't want to worry about the future and that you want to be with me right now, here, together and it seems like such a long time ago ...but now that one day has finally arrived too," Vincent said softly.

"That one day?" Catherine echoed his words, a thoughtful expression on her face as she leaned in to close the distance, kissing him gently yet again. Their kiss deepened as it always did as the spark between them came to life.

Vincent drew away, shaking his head as if to clear his mind. "Chandler, you are far too good at distracting me. Stop it. I'm a man on a mission, the most important one ever..."

Catherine smiled at him, "Well Vincent you can't exactly curl my toes out here in public...although..." she grinned at him in mischief.

"Is that another challenge? Don't tempt me. You make it impossible to think when you look at me like that. Catherine behave, this is important to me, to us..." Vincent suddenly stilled, his body radiating the seriousness of his words.

Catherine stared at Vincent, a crease of concern furrowing her brow. "What is it Vincent? Is everything ok?"

"It's more than ok. Catherine since my kidnapping we've been to hell and back. We've had our obstacles but we withstood all of them. Everything anybody and Gabe could possibly throw at us and yet here we are. I love you so damned much but I'm still amazed you haven't run. I've hurt you, lied to you in the past, took so long to understand everything you've done for me...what you give up even now to be with me..." the wonder of her was reflected in his eyes.

"Shhh Vincent, I give up *nothing* by being with you. I've told you before that the heart wants what the heart wants and mine wants you, loves you... so much. Yes we lost our path but we found it back to each other and I'm in this, with you, all the way. Loop de loops remember?"

"Yes plus cross species children and a dog. A small one, remember? Big dogs don't like me." Vincent interjected with a small grin before seriousness found its way back into his voice.

"But Catherine, I don't deserve you..." he uttered. Vincent silenced her impending protest with gentle fingers against her lips before continuing. "But even then how can I *not* want to offer you all that I am and all that I will be. Be with you *and* in this all the way...*forever*...and...now that Vincent Keller is out to the world again, and free, I can..."

Catherine's heart lurched wildly as Vincent pulled a small box from his pocket and dropped to one knee in front of her.

"I know you said you just want to live in the now and not have to think about anything beyond being here, with me, but do you remember I said on your birthday when I took you to that private pool<sup>1</sup> that I don't know when and I don't know how, but one day...I was going to ask you to marry me? That day is now."

On bended knee, Vincent took Catherine's left hand into his and kissed the back of it before holding her hand to his heart. "Catherine, I am more in love with you today than I have ever been. I am loved by you, I am grounded by you. You make me want to be the man that you deserve and the man that deserves you. You make me want to save the world but only if that world has you in it. I want to hold you in my arms not only today, but every day. I want to wake up beside you and know I am home, that the world's most wonderful place to me is in your arms."

A devilish grin came over his face as he thought '*and between your legs*,' but Vincent centered himself before he continued. "There is no one else in this world for me so...Catherine Chandler, will you marry me and make me the happiest man alive and in the world...please?"

Vincent presented the ring, watching her face with love, a twinge of fear apparent as his nerves for the first time in a long time were all over the place, his hands shaking slightly. Catherine had borne so much because of him. He would spend the rest of his life making it up to her. "If you need time to think about it..."

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<sup>1</sup> My fanfic 'Wet Series 5: Oasis'

Catherine couldn't help it. She giggled. "Vincent Keller, you're crazy if you think I could possibly say no or need time to think about it. I remember my birthday surprise from you and that conversation. I said that whenever that day comes my answer would be yes. Vincent of course I'll marry you!" She smiled and the view was breathtaking, her joy threatening to explode from within.

His heart beat as thunderously as hers as she looked on while Vincent slid the perfect diamond solitaire ring on her finger. As soon as it was in place she threw herself straight into his arms as he stood. She rained kisses on his face and neck as she almost crooned with elation. "Yes, yes, yes, yes, you did hear me say yes?"

Giddy joy turned heated within moments as their lips merged and tongues danced together. It was only the chortles and clapping from passers-by muttering "get a room" that bought them back to their senses and to reality.

They looked at each other and burst out laughing. "I do believe I better get you home Mrs. Keller to be." Catherine's grin at the endearment was almost as wide as her face.

"Man, do I like the sound of that." Vincent exclaimed but then stopped suddenly and turned to her, fearful for a split second that this was a dream. "Catherine are you sure?"

"Vincent," she almost growled at him. "If you question my judgment again I'll go beast on you...now take me home stat. I want to have crazy hot, toe curling sex with my future *husband*..... and yes, do I like the sound and feel...of that... and this..." She finished the sentence while placing her hands against his shaft, through the fabric of his jeans, leaving him no doubt as to where her thoughts were.

"Yes Ma'am. Toe curling coming up amongst other things..."

"Other things? Like what?" Catherine responded breathlessly as Vincent all but raced her through the streets towards his version of heaven.

"Oh let me see..." as he pressed his lips against her ear, his voice already hoarse with desire. "We're not gonna make it to the bedroom but just inside the front door against the wall where the coats are hanging...I'm going to pull off all of our clothes ...and whilst naked, get down on my knees and taste your sweet essence with my tongue, then as you come for me I'm going to pick you up, wrap your legs around my waist and as we stand, I will slide inside your hot sex and while the coats rain down all around us Catherine, I'm going to thrust inside you, over and over again until you scream my name..."

"Oh God," Catherine staggered against Vincent, her arousal flaring sharply, invading his senses.

He growled long and low as an arm encircled her, drawing her yet closer, while tipping her face up to his, seeing his desire mirrored in her eyes. "Christ," he rasped. "We're not even gonna make it back. I want you now..." as he looked around wildly, searching with all of his enhanced abilities...and sensed exactly what he was looking for. He all but dragged her very willing body into a nearby secluded alley and barreled her up against a brick wall, his body pressing closely against her, leaving no doubt of his desire.

Hands flew as fingers travelled, seeking warmth and skin, Catherine tugging at Vincent's shirt to run her fingers along his midriff as his fingers slid down the length of her dress to hitch it up teasingly, hands fluttering against her skin in hot caresses that drove all clear thought from her head.

Then with great reluctance, he stilled, shaking his head.

Catherine stared at him, glazed, wanting. "What?"

"Home, have to get you home..."

"No. Now. Here. Don't care. Vincent. Want you right now!" as she tugged him back, her hands skimming the smooth skin of his back, down, down until she slid soft fingers into the waistband of his jeans, under layers of fabric, to cup his ass, pulling him tightly against her.

"You're a witch. Have I told you that? And I'm totally under your spell. If you don't stop, I'll take you here, now..."

"So take me here. Now." Catherine ground herself against him, her arousal reaching new heights as she felt him harden against her. She moved her hands to the front of his jeans, tugging at the button, unzipping his fly in a swift movement. Within seconds she'd freed him from the confines of his pants to take him in her hands, stroking him, driving him crazy with lust. His fingers moved fast to hitch her dress up to her waist as his mouth descended on hers, trying to inhale her sweetness. Almost frantic in his movements he tugged at her briefs but was unusually clumsy in his attempts.

"Vincent," as she tore her lips away to husk hotly against his. "Rip them off. I don't care. Do it! I need you inside me."

He growled, the heat in her body and words cutting through the haze, galvanizing him into assured action, as he ripped the briefs from her, dipping his fingers into her wet heat, feeling how ready she was for him. He growled again, low and deep, his senses reeling at how responsive she was to his every touch, how much she wanted him, needed him.

Patience ran out as he picked her up into the strength and safety of his arms while she wrapped her legs around him, both groaning in unison as he slid all the way inside her waiting core in one achingly glorious thrust.

One arm under her ass, the other hugging her to him as it pressed upwards along her spine, Vincent continued his deep thrusts inside her. Catherine wound her arms tightly around his neck, her hands seeking purchase in his hair as she pushed down onto him, craving more.

"Vincent," she rasped softly against his lips...."harder," then fused her lips to his again as he did just that, needing the completion that only she could provide. She was his every fantasy come to life, every dream fulfilled and time stopped as they rocked together in unison, uncaring of the world around them, lost in each other, in their love, their perfect union.

Thrusting in and out of her wet heat was so easy, as natural as breathing, no atom of her not hot and wanting, no part of her not enveloping his length as if he belonged to her, was a part of her very essence, an extension of her.

Catherine clung to him tightly as Vincent impaled himself inside her, branding himself into her flesh, straining to get closer as if he could merge with her. The arm under her ass moved so that he could touch, dip his fingers inside her along with his shaft and she started to shudder as he found her g-spot, flicking it with unerring precision, driving her wilder.

"Oh God Vincent, yessss," she almost wailed with need as she pushed harder down onto him, her tremors spiraling out of control as his length and fingers worked in unison to bring her to climax as he exploded inside her, his heat colliding with hers, crashing them both into shouting oblivion...

"Catherine, Catherine, Catherine," he uttered heavily, his hot breath caressing the flushed skin of her cheek. "What you do to me...in public no less." He glanced at her and then their surroundings. "I was going to be the gentleman..."

Catherine chuckled weakly, still basking in the glorious feel of Vincent still so intimately entwined with her. "I didn't want *gentleman* Vincent...and it might be public but no-one saw us."

"They should have *heard* us...from miles away. Is this what I can expect from my future wife? Tempting me into wicked trysts in public places?"

"Count on it Keller. Considering how often we get interrupted these days we *have* to grab opportunities whenever they arise..."

"Yes we do get interrupted – *a lot*. It's *very* frustrating. As I recall, sleeping with this fugitive has been few and far between lately..." Vincent muttered darkly.

"Well now that you're no longer a fugitive and have been re-instated as a bona fide war hero we can improvise far more often..."

"Oh we can, can we? Chandler, have I told you lately how much I love you? I can see that being married to you will *never* be boring. Smart, feisty, imaginative, kickass, beautiful *and* sexy? I could get used to this."

"You better Mr. War Hero, you're stuck with me for a very long time...."

"Yes according to your math at least 70 years..."

"You have no problems with your memories anymore it seems Vincent?" Catherine beamed.

"I remember a lot of things past and present. Now I seem to also recall what I was planning to do to you as soon as we walked in your door but I was thwarted by a seductive temptress who couldn't wait and had to have me here and now...not that I'm complaining..."

"You started it Vincent?"

"Really? How did I do that?"

"By telling me your plans. My body reacted. I can't help it if my, um, pheromones set you off. If you had showed me at home instead of telling me out in the street with that husky sexy voice of yours I wouldn't have reacted the way I did, so it's totally your fault."

"I have a husky sexy voice?"

"You have no idea Vincent. If we bottled your speaking voice we'd be billionaires because every woman on the planet would buy it as the soundtrack to their lives..."

"Really?" Vincent had the good grace to blush.

"Yes really. Now take me home. Those plans you have for me..."

"Glutton for punishment?" he grinned at her as he gently placed her on the ground.

"Absolutely. I want to make love to my future *husband* – you know I'm going to say that word a lot don't you? I want to get naked and sexy and..." she glinted at him mischievously as she re-arranged her dress so that she looked respectable even if she was now naked underneath. She chuckled at the torn fabric on the ground, bent to collect it and placed the remnant in the pocket of her jacket, while ensuring that Vincent didn't miss the curve of her ass as she bent forward.

Watching her intently, Vincent groaned as he too put himself back together.

"Catherine, I'd like us to make it out of this alley before nightfall please..."

"So getting me home fast would be good for me too Vincent. Maybe you could..." She lifted her arms up to him and Vincent's eyes widened as he understood her intent. "Your, um, superpowers can be very handy sometimes. Go the back way so no-one sees us and I'll just close my eyes and hold on..."

Vincent didn't require clarification as he picked Catherine up and blurred them both towards her apartment, no-one the wiser that anything beyond a gust of wind had suddenly swept through lanes and quiet alleyways. Beastly DNA did have some advantages.

Moments later Catherine was whisked upstairs to her apartment and true to his word, she got no further than just inside the front door before Vincent claimed her mouth in a long passionate kiss that sent her senses reeling.

As his mouth devoured hers, his hands were busy peeling off her clothes – first the jacket was thrown across the room and then her dress unfastened and slipped off her shoulders to land on the floor at her feet. When she was left standing in only her bra and high heel shoes, Vincent drew away to stare down at her near nakedness with smoldering heat.

"Mmm, gonna have to rip your briefs off more often. You look so sexy Catherine," his lips moving from her jaw line to her throat, as his fingers feathered the softness of her skin.

"But Vincent, no fair. You still have your clothes on....again what do I get out of it?" she teased.

"Oh seriously? What do you get out of it? Other than me being that kickass boyfriend, no – fiancé, slash bodyguard plus of course how could I forget Sex God? Your words I believe. Now let me see...close your eyes...time for this Sex God to be at your service..."

Catherine giggled at his reference but did as she was instructed, hearing the quick movements, thuds and creaks on the floor as Vincent seemingly peeled off his own clothes in seconds and before she knew it, his hot breath fanned the skin through Catherine's bra before he took one of her nipples into his mouth through the lacy fabric. Her body almost launched at the contact, an electric shock arcing through her as he combined that with cupping her ass cheeks in his large hands, his fingers dipping between her legs to touch her intimately.

"Uh, Vincent, you win...again. Oh, oh, yes, that feels so good...please don't stop..." as she felt her bra slipping away from her body, his deftness at unfastening it really quite impressive. Then his lips found the bare skin of her breasts and as he lavished them with his full attention she found herself lost in the touch of his lips. His hands moved to her sex and were now driving her insane as he dipped them in and out of her, re-acquainting themselves with her soft velvet folds, her hot center weeping in readiness for him, her scent filling the air around them, calling him.

Drawn to her scent, Vincent dropped to his knees in front of Catherine and cupping her ass in his hands once more, he moved her forward towards his waiting mouth. "Open your eyes Catherine. Look at me! Watch me!"

She looked down to see his gaze scorch her with his heat. "I need to drink you. Feel your satin skin with my tongue..." his tongue flicked out at her soft folds. Needing more, his hands moved to separate the folds at her sex, giving himself the space to envelope her with his mouth, his tongue lapping deep inside her, spearing her. He gently guided her backwards until her back was up against the coats hanging on the wall behind her.

Catherine needed the support of the wall as she felt herself spin into a kaleidoscope of sensations as Vincent deconstructed her with his mouth, his tongue feasting on her engorged bud. Sensing her imminent orgasm, he held her tightly to him as she clutched first at the wall, then his shoulders, his head; shaking, shuddering, finally, releasing her nectar as he drank, relishing her sweetness. Her cries of release and their locked gaze while she called out his name over and over caused Vincent's shaft to lengthen, turn to steel as he devoured her wanton and wild response to him.

Vincent, sensing the moment Catherine's orgasm began to peak, stood upright, effortlessly picking her up into his arms and wrapping her legs around his torso. Catherine held on to Vincent by clasping her hands behind his neck, which drew him to her like a vice as she sought to drive his throbbing and steel like shaft deep inside her. Naked skin on naked skin they came together, eyes glazed with fevered desire, lips seeking each other as if by an invisible force; tongues merging, tasting and loving each other to the point of worship as he thrust easily upwards into her wet, scalding heat.

Breaking their kiss to stare deeply at each other they watched as Vincent's thrusts intensified, Catherine bearing down on him, needing him in her very bones. She clenched her sex around his hardness, clamping him from within, her muscles constricting and pulsing around him, enveloping him deep inside her. He felt himself letting go, the veins in his body fluttering insane spasms of blue under his skin, signaling his change to beast. His eyes glowed amber as he felt her hold him tighter still, watching his change, welcoming it, his beast - completely.

"Christ Catherine, you're perfect. So hot, wet, tight, oh god. What you do...to me. I, I can't hold on much longer..."

"Then don't Vincent," she responded hoarsely. "Give me all of you. Now, against this wall, yes, now... oh god, don't stop, yes, yes, yes, oh, oh, more, harder, harder... harder... ah yesssss!!!" she moaned deeply as he barreled her up against the wall while emitting a deep throaty growl that pierced her with its carnal intensity. At the same time, he lengthened inside her, thrusting upwards, almost in a frenzy as she matched him move for move, addicted to his intensity, the complete utter feeling of being one whole with him, the knowledge that she was his chosen mate. He was a very powerful aphrodisiac and one she unashamedly abandoned herself to as the coats did indeed rain down around them as they climaxed together and not very quietly...

Long moments later Vincent carried a very satisfied Catherine into her bedroom and collected her into the warmth of his arms as they lay down. He watched as she nuzzled into him, her face against his chest, her arms automatically entwining themselves around him, pulling him close. She tilted her head back to look up at him.

"You know Vincent, it's still the middle of the day...It's nice to play hooky every once in a while..."

"Yes, this impromptu day off is having benefits I never anticipated..." he said with a cheeky grin.

"Liar," she giggled. "You were so expecting to do this..."

"Well I'd hoped of course...so what are we going to do for the rest of the day *my* future *wife* Mrs. Keller...?"

Catherine smiled at him broadly at the reference and his question. "I can think of all kinds of things *my* future *husband* Mr. Keller..."

"Do they involve getting out of this bed because if so I am *not* interested...?" he chuckled.

"Really? Not even into the shower...with me?"

"Well ok. I like having showers with you as I recall...I'll make an exception for that."

"Then of course there's a chair in the kitchen..."

"Yes, another exception I'm prepared to concede...especially if strawberries or whipped cream are involved."

"The couch..."

Vincent laughed out loud. "OK, OK. You've made your point. We won't leave your apartment then. Deal?"

"Deal." Catherine agreed, snuggling closer. "I plan on having my wicked way with my very own personal Sex God slash kickass boyfriend..." she giggled at Vincent's pained expression...

"Ok, fiancé. Are you happy now?"



"Yes I am. Fiancé has a much better ring to it. But I like the term *husband* way more so you better not keep me waiting long Miss Chandler. I'm already looking forward to our honeymoon night..."

"Anything specific in mind?"

"That's my secret and my surprise to you. It may involve handcuffs and feasting on your glorious body. As I recall..."

Not only did Catherine flush at *that* memory...her body responded in kind.

"Catherine," Vincent growled.

"Yes Vincent," she answered sweetly.

"Stop doing that."

"Again, your fault."

"My husky sexy voice again?" he shook his head ruefully.

"Your husky sexy voice...amongst other things," as she cupped his shaft in her hands.

"Chandler I swear you will kill me yet."

"I could stop..."

"Don't even think about it. You may frustrate me no end but I wouldn't change a thing about you. You may be too seductive for my own good and stubborn and pig headed and take too many risks but you're all mine and don't you ever forget it."

"Works both ways Vincent...you belong to me. Beast and all."

"Yes I noticed that too. You are one rare woman...."

"Not that rare. I learned from Rebecca so it's in my DNA. Just like you are. Destined love I think you called it. Can't fight Destiny Vincent."

"Wouldn't dream of it."

"Good. Now speaking of Destiny..."

"Yesssss?" Vincent answered hesitatingly.

"Oh don't worry Vincent. I was just referring to the fact that we're destined to have toe curling sex again very soon."

"Now that kind of Destiny I can get on board with. How soon did you have in mind?"

"Well I was thinking you and I should go to the kitchen...raid the fridge and take it from there..."

The look of delight on Vincent' face said it all. "Mrs. Keller to be. You're evil. Don't you ever, ever change..."

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

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