

BAtB Fanfiction: Deleted Scenes 6 - First Night

This fanfic should be Deleted Scenes 1 chronologically as it is Vincat's first night together between Ep 15 'Any Means Possible' & Ep 16 'Insatiable'. It wasn't my idea to write this - it came from a fan (thanks Elena R.S). I had (mostly) completed the others (in my head) and came back to write this story.

Beasties all wanted to know what caused the mess in Vincent's warehouse when we caught up with our new lovers the morning after their first night. This is what I think happened!

Catherine felt herself drowning in desire as Vincent kissed her, his hand trailing first over her shoulder, then against her throat as he kissed her neck. She arched her back, senses reeling at his touch as he then nuzzled against the sensitive skin under her ear. She felt her own heart beat in time with his against her chest while he moved inside her, his thrusts slowly gaining momentum.

Suddenly he grasped her wrist, stopping his movement as he stared at her wildly, his eyes glowing bright yellow as his beast emerged. He stared helplessly, trapped, understanding what was happening, terrified that his nightmare was coming to life.

She gazed up at him, understanding his turmoil, unafraid for herself but slight concern for him creased her forehead. She refused to give in to his fear. She'd said his fears weren't hers and she meant it. Catherine reached out her hand, caressed the scar on his face and then moved her hand to the back of his head, fingers splayed, pulling him back down before he could protest. She moved her hand to caress his scar again and kissed him open mouthed, watching as his eyes faded to brown as his love for her took over.

He calmed as Catherine's arms bound him to her. He melted into her embrace, finally letting go beginning to believe that it might be ok, loving her so much. She believed in him, he could do no less but believe too. He returned her kiss.



Tangled in the sheets, Vincent felt her arms move around him as she slid her leg possessively over his ass and lower back pushing him deeper into her, her body telling him that she wasn't about to let him go, trusted him implicitly not to hurt her.

He growled his response as her arousal flared, causing him to thrust deep inside her warmth. She felt so good, so right, so perfect as they rocked together slowly, tongues tasting, mating, merging.

As his movements became urgent, Vincent sought to wrap his arms around her, to slide them under her body, but the sheets thwarted his attempts, frustrating him.

"Mmm, need you, have to touch you, damn sheets," he rasped pulling at the fabric. Without losing momentum, Vincent shifted upright with Catherine as he sat up, tugging at the sheet, flinging it away in disgust. Catherine moaned as his position caused him to drive deeper inside her. She was now straddling him, legs locked around his hips as his length filled her completely, feeling the contact of his chest against hers, setting her on fire.

As she rode him, Vincent moved, his hands circling her waist, aiding her erotic slide up and down his length, thrusting into her as she pushed down hard, her sex tightening around him.

"God Catherine, you're so tight and wet and perfect..." he shuddered violently. "I'm not going to last. I'm sorry...it's..."

"Sshhh Vincent, it's ok." Catherine grasped his face in her hands, stared at him, desire and understanding blazing, as she rocked harder against him. "We... we have all night. Oh God..." as Vincent thrust again, his angle hitting every sensitive place inside her, the delicious friction threatening to explode.

Moving together as one, eyes locked together, then widened as mutual release took hold and catapulted them into sweet oblivion.

Catherine fell languidly against Vincent's chest, breathing unsteadily as strong ripples of pleasure continued to pulse throughout her body.

"Vincent, if that was your idea of *not* lasting..." she murmured weakly.

He chuckled, holding her tightly, his labored breathing hot against the curve of her neck as he nuzzled her warmth. "You said something about having all night..."

"Well now that we've, um, broken the ice, we can do that again..." she said breathlessly.

"Are you sure? Catherine, it's risky. I felt the change start to happen..."

"But Vincent you were in control. I told you she wasn't me and we just proved I'm right about that...and if you think I'm letting you run away now, you don't know me very well...I'm not going anywhere and neither are you. We'll just have to keep going until we get it right..." she grinned up at him with a cheeky smile.

Vincent stared at her intently, noticed the very pleased cat just got the cream look on her face and burst out laughing.

"Catherine, Catherine, Catherine," he shook his head ruefully, but his smile was wider than she'd ever seen and it stole her breath away. His laughter was so rare it thrilled her to know that she was the cause of his happiness.

She snuggled closer to him, breathing in his unique and glorious Vincent scent, her matching joy also apparent as her hands continued to touch and roam over his smooth skin.

Vincent reached out to cup her face in his large hands, gazing at her. "Catherine, what we just did, what you've done...for me...I...no words do justice to how I feel...about you. I love you...so much. After the terrible nightmare the other night, well not exactly terrible in the beginning..." he struggled for the right words to convey the depth of his feelings.

"I know. Vincent. It's ok. No more nightmares. Even you have to know now that you'll never hurt me and neither will your beast. Like I said earlier, as long as we're together we can overcome anything. Now speaking of being together..." Catherine grinned wickedly as she pushed him back down onto the bed. "I think we've talked enough for now. Vincent Keller, I love you and I plan to show you just how much..."

Vincent's eyes flashed. "Really. How much would that be and what did you have in mind?"

"With all that I am Vincent. And I have everything in mind, plus I want to see what happens when you last..." Catherine teased as she leaned down to kiss him.

"Mmm, be careful what you wish for..." he managed to breathe as their lips met.

Catherine's breath hitched in her throat as Vincent invaded her senses with drug inducing kisses. God he could kiss as she felt his tongue plundering hers, surrendering to him completely.

Vincent's lips left hers to travel in mind numbing thoroughness across her neck and shoulders. "Mmm, I could kiss you all night but right now I'm going to taste every inch of you..." Vincent said softly against her skin.

Catherine trembled in response. "Vincent, for a man who says he's out of practice you're doing just fine..." Catherine's breath hitched once more as she felt his eyelashes flutter against her, his lips trailing kisses punctuated with gentle nips of his teeth.

When his mouth found her nipple and suckled she almost launched into the air, his rasping tongue so electric Catherine arched her back allowing him more intimate access. Feeling the intense pleasure of his lips and tongue as he laved first one nipple and then the other, Catherine could only writhe under him as his hands pinned hers to the bed, his lower body anchoring hers, effectively keeping her from wriggling too much.

"Oh God Vincent, feels so good..." Catherine couldn't believe the sensations spiraling through her body as Vincent continued to lavish her breasts with kisses and long rasps of his extraordinary tongue and when he bit the peaks softly, her trembling flared as heat pooled, her sex clenching as he suckled.

Vincent growled as he sensed the spike in her arousal, inhaling her sweet musky scent. The heat of her response combined with her total abandonment, no fear evident, spurred him onwards as he sought to claim every inch of her glorious skin with his mouth. Letting go of her hands, he moved his head further down her body as his lips skimmed across her stomach, at the same time reaching up to cup her soft breasts in his hands. Catherine could only bury her fingers in Vincent's hair, giving herself something to hold onto as his intent became clear.

"Vincent," she breathed. "I...it's been...no one has...in a long time...uh...you don't have to..."

"Sshhh Catherine. You smell intoxicating, I can feel, hear, sense your arousal, your heartbeat, your desire. God I want, *need* to taste you..." he growled softly as his mouth found her softness, his tongue flicking out to lap at her folds, driving all thought out of her head as she fell into such bliss she thought she'd die of it.

What Vincent lacked in practice he more than made up for with his heightened senses, knowing, feeling what was happening in her body before Catherine did and responding accordingly. As he buried his tongue inside her Catherine spun into a kaleidoscope of sensation, starting to buck beneath him. Taking hold of her hips to stop her frantic movements, he delved even deeper as Catherine whimpered, rocketed by the molten heat cascading through her body.

"Oh God...what...it's...I'm...OH MY GOD. Vincent, I can't..." as her body jerked crazily, release spearing through every cell of her body. Vincent was relentless as his mouth closed over her, holding her as he continued to drink from her until she cried out. "Please, now, god right now..."

He moved quickly, watching her face as he plunged his length into her in one stroke, filling her completely.

Catherine's body pitched wildly, her breath exploding outwards as she arched up to meet him, driving Vincent impossibly, but exquisitely deeper into her. Vincent's eyes flared yellow as his beast felt her submission. Catherine watched Vincent's change unafraid, filled only with wanton desire, needing more as he thrust in and out of her over and over again, hitting her sweet spot with unerring precision. She matched his intensity, rushing them headlong into a craving need and total hunger that only they could assuage.

Catherine pulled his face to hers and as her fingers clasped his head, her legs came up, locked around his upper body driving him further inside her. She ground her hips against him as her mouth latched on to his and soon their impassioned tongue thrusts, coordinating with Vincent's thrusts into her scorching heat, tipped them both over the edge.

No-one but each other existed; time stood still as heat, love, passion, intensity and sensation all collided into a single blinding moment of completeness, total unity and an earth shattering release.

"God, Catherine, I'm..." Vincent lost the ability to articulate another word as tremors assailed them both and all they could do was hold on to each other.

"Catherine, Catherine, Catherine," was all he could muster as he buried his face in her soft curves, rocking back and forth, his erratic breathing calming as she moaned at her body's trembling, pleasure still coursing through her.

Moments later Vincent lifted his head to look at her as he felt more trembling take hold of Catherine and realized that she was laughing silently. When she returned his gaze, that laughter spilled out of her - happy, joyous and carefree.

"Uh, Catherine..."

"Vincent I'm not laughing *at* you, but if that's you still out of practice then the more we practice, the more I'm going to think I've died and gone to heaven. That was better than *any* fantasy I've ever had..."

"You've had fantasies? About sex in general or me specifically...?" he grinned at her hoping for the latter.

"Oh definitely about you *specifically*..." Catherine trailed off.

"And what was I *specifically* doing in your fantasies?" Vincent teased.

Catherine blushed. "Er, pretty much everything we just did Vincent."

"So what else have we done in your fantasies? I only ask because I'd like to know what pleases you. I *am* out of practice..." Vincent dead-panned.

"Vincent, considering what we just did and how I reacted, I don't believe you need to worry about pleasing me..."

"I want to make sure I get it right. I don't want to let you down Catherine," he said with some earnestness.

She giggled. "No chance of that. Just in case you couldn't tell, I really enjoyed myself...what we did, what you did..."

"I noticed. I'm still concerned though...I felt him try to assert control again..."

"Vincent it's ok. You didn't hurt me and I like when your eyes glow all yellow. It means that you're right here, *with* me, in every sense. You have the advantage of heightened senses, I don't, but your eyes tell me how you're feeling. I...love seeing that."

"I never thought of it that way..."

"Well it's not like you've actually gone this far before, well not since..."

"Since enlisting, I know and I was 'normal' then. I'm hardly 'normal' now though..."

"You don't need to be Vincent, I accept all of who you are remember? Now, well, now that we can...do this, I definitely want to keep doing this." Catherine teased as her arms tightened around him, her body pressing against his to prove her point.

"Mmm, hopefully we can continue to do this because so far it's been really good but...I'm still afraid 'he' will try to take over. I'm very aware of him Catherine and I don't wish to repeat myself. So far, yes, I can control him but what if...?"

"Vincent. Your beast won't hurt me. I keep telling you that because I believe it. It actually feels like he maybe feels the way you do, that he..." Catherine hesitated.

"...loves you as much as I do. It's ok. I can sense what you're thinking." Vincent's voice softened as he drew closer.

"Well he is part of you Vincent. I *can't* love you this much without accepting him and I do. He *won't* hurt me..."

"You are amazing. With everything that's happened anybody else would have run away...I still can't believe you're here with me, that you took the risk."

"You're worth the risk Vincent. I've told you before. I'm in this. I'm not running anywhere and neither are you. I won't let you..." her eyes sparkled. "Especially now..."

"Is that so? Does this mean Detective Chandler that you only love me because I'm good in bed?" he asked happily, enjoying their light-hearted moment.

"Well Vincent, I have to admit it's a rather nice bonus. And I do love all of who you are so...if *that* comes with the package that is Vincent Keller, then I'm not complaining. I'm happy to keep practicing for as long as you like, whenever we can, you know, to help you get your groove back..."

"Oh I'm going to hold you to that." Vincent chuckled as he rolled on the bed pulling Catherine on top of him. He ran his hands over her skin, reveling in her softness. "So, feel up to another ride?" as he stroked the smooth contours of her ass.

"Oh you are really encourage-able and yes always, but first Dr Keller, as good as your hands feel, I need refreshments, you know, to store up my energy reserves for later." Catherine laughed as she sprang from the bed before he could side track her further.

Attempting to grab her clothes Vincent stopped her. "You are *not* getting dressed. Wait..." He launched himself out of bed and went to his closet, pulled out a t-shirt and tossed it to her. "Way sexier. I've always wanted to see you in nothing but one of my t-shirts."

"Really? Always? How long is always?" she asked in delight, enjoying the spicy Vincent smell of the fabric as she pulled it over her head.

"Let's just say for a while. That's better," he growled appreciatively. "Just long enough to cover you but not long enough to stop me from doing this..." as he stepped close behind her, his fingers disappearing underneath the t-shirt, probing her core, gently caressing until she fell back against him, helpless to prevent the heat that ignited immediately at his touch.

"Vincent..." she groaned. "We were..."

"I know. But what you do to me. You're so responsive..." he husked in her ear as his fingers slid along her wet folds, feeling her heat spike dramatically. He snaked an arm around her waist, pinning her against the wall of his chest as his fingers continued to draw out her need for him and for more. Catherine shifted her legs allowing him the intimate access he needed.

Gently inserting one, two and then three fingers Vincent thrust in and out, listening for the clues in her body that told him exactly what she was feeling.

"Catherine..." he crooned hotly in her ear. "I can hear your racing heart, your wild pulse..." his fingers plunged deeper, curling up to rub against her now engorged bud. "I can feel where this part of you quivers..." he touched that spot directly and Catherine mewled with aching need..."and swells..." he pushed again..."and throbs...so hot...so wet...so tight...so perfect. You're perfect. Your scent - it drives me crazy..."

Catherine's body vibrated wildly as Vincent's hot words and magical fingers pushed her right over the edge of reason into a mind numbing climax. "Vincent," she keened. "Oh God."

Boneless, Catherine's legs gave way and she was unable to think as the blissful sensations surged through her body in waves that seemingly went forever. Vincent held her to him until her tremors calmed.

"Mmm I really love the way you feel in my t-shirt. I knew it would look good on you."

"You've obviously thought about this, to quote your words, *for a while* Vincent?"

"Oh yeah - many, many times. You're not the only one who's had fantasies."

Catherine laughed weakly in response, still quivering from her release. "It seems we both have fantasies to live up to...do you have any more I should know about?"

"Well, there is one where you arrest and handcuff me, but seriously Catherine, you've far exceeded mine already. What you've done for me is beyond comprehension..." Vincent turned her around in his arms, tipping her face up to his as one possessive arm slid around her, pulling her close, gazing into her eyes intently. "For the first time in ten years I feel like a man, not a monster. You did that. You Catherine. I love you - so much." He whispered as his lips closed softly over hers, sealing his vow with a kiss that spoke of tenderness and love rather than all consuming passion.



Drawing apart a moment later Catherine's eyes gleamed wetly. "Vincent," she whispered. "As I love you - always." She nodded her head then, smiling. "Now before we raid your fridge you really need to put your jeans on or I won't be answerable for the consequences," she threatened with a leering grin "and handcuffs? Hmmm, I might surprise you one day." Unbeknownst to Vincent that day was coming sooner than he expected as Catherine's mind ticked over with an idea for later.

"Really? Promise? You and handcuffs - oh yeah, looking forward to that..." he beamed at the thought.

"Count on it Vincent," she grinned, leaning into him, then reached down and cupped him in her hands. "I plan to introduce myself properly..."

Vincent growled his response. "Catherine..."

"Yes Vincent?" she answered sweetly, eyes gleaming as she felt him harden against her touch.

"You're playing with fire. I recall you wanted some food. Now if you go and freshen up and quit distracting me I might be able to put my jeans on and organize something to eat. It seems we're going to need it...for later!"

Winking at him, Catherine giggled as she sauntered in the direction of the bathroom, swinging her hips from side to side as Vincent watched.

"I will never be able to wear that t-shirt again..." he muttered as he scooped up his jeans.

"Who said you're getting it back," Catherine's voice sang out from the bathroom. "It just became my new favorite nightgown."

Vincent smiled and shook his head ruefully as he donned his jeans and opened the fridge.

Moments later they were seated at a small table near the foot of the bed. Vincent had organized beer for Catherine, water for himself and bread, cheese, ham, chicken and fruit including fresh plump strawberries.

"Wow, Vincent, nice! All fresh and I love strawberries...when did you get the chance to do this?"

Vincent reddened a little as he responded. "Well remember how I *didn't* hurry away this morning when you came over wanting to, um, 'hang'?"

"Oh yes I remember. You couldn't get out of here fast enough but I get it Vincent. I understand why you ran out. It's always about protecting me - but now you don't have to protect me from you *anymore*..." Catherine's fingers tip toed along his thigh through his jeans.

"It was a hell of a nightmare Catherine..."

"Past tense Vincent. No more nightmares. Just...the fulfillment of fantasies..." she grinned at him as her hand travelled further up his thigh.

"Catherine, I swear I'm going to tie you to that chair..."

"Promise?" she teased him.

Vincent groaned. "I've created a monster."

"Ok, I'll try to keep my hands to myself...for now." she laughed as she reached out for bread. Within no time the food was consumed amidst laughter, lighthearted banter and a tangible sense of sensual awareness that soon saturated the atmosphere.

Catherine reached for a strawberry, biting into the fruit, letting the juice trickle down her chin as Vincent watched intently.

"Mmm I've got a better idea." Vincent stood, reached for Catherine and pulled her onto his lap at the table. He picked up another strawberry and fed it to her, licking away the juice as it slipped down her chin.

"Oh my, I could get used to this..." Catherine giggled as Vincent's tongue drank the juice from her face and then moved to her neck as his hand slid under her t-shirt exploring her back with feather like touches.

Catherine tilted her head back. "More please..."

"My hand?" he grinned as he stroked her skin, "or the strawberries?"

"Can I be greedy and say both?" Catherine locked her eyes with him as his head came up. Desire for him evident in her eyes she continued "I really like strawberries Vincent..."

"Mmm keep looking at me like that and we'll never make it back to the bed..."

"Beds are so overrated..."

Vincent winked at her and smiled. "I like your thinking." He picked up another strawberry and fed it to her. Catherine made a mess of it, allowing the juice to run down her chin, her neck, winding its way into the neckline of the t-shirt she wore.

"You know, you still have my t-shirt on. It's time I remedied that right now." Vincent grabbed the bottom and pulled it off over Catherine's head, flinging it across the room, leaving her naked in his lap. "Now that's much better. I'd much prefer to lick the juice off your skin..." as he fed her another strawberry. Catherine bit down again, letting the liquid slide down her throat as Vincent watched its path with great interest. Then he collected another and gently squeezed it in his fingers, pressing the pulp onto her chest gently, working it across the soft contours of her breasts.

"Waste of a perfectly good strawberry Vincent," she breathed none too steadily as she enjoyed his touch across her skin.

"Not wasted for me..." Leaning forward, Vincent's tongue licked at her chin, her throat, her shoulder, winding his way down to her chest as he licked, nibbled and ate the pulp away slowly, deliberately and very thoroughly. When his mouth latched onto her nipple and sucked, Catherine arched her back, heat lancing through her body sharply.

After licking the fruit away, lavishing extra attention on both nipples, he reached out for another. Catherine stopped him. "Oh no you don't. Why should you have all the fun? It's my turn and Vincent, really? Jeans? Fair is fair," as she reached for his fly, unzipping him swiftly to slide her hand into his jeans, cupping his length with warm insistent fingers.

Vincent growled long and low.

"Oh you *like* that? Well if you were to take off those jeans..."

Vincent stood and Catherine laughed as he held her against him with one arm, the other tugging his jeans awkwardly to his ankles then kicking them away. He sat once more with Catherine across his lap. "Happy now?" he asked in good humor.

"Not as happy as you'll be...". Much to Vincent's surprise, she reached for a couple of strawberries and mashed them against his chest.

"What? Aren't I getting any? I like strawberries too you know..."

Vincent's protests died when Catherine's lips found the smooth skin of his chest and started to lick away the fruit pulp. "Mmmm..."

Catherine took it up a notch when her lips latched onto one of his nipples, while pinching the other between her fingers. Vincent rumbled low in his chest as he felt her hot mouth and fingers but when her other hand closed around his shaft and tugged, the combination set him off.

"Oh God!" his voice hoarse, breathing erratic as she turned up the heat further by sliding both hands up and down his shaft, continuing to graze first one then the other nipple with her teeth.

Catherine delighted in the feel of the velvet steel of his length as he grew and hardened in her hands. Feeling his hot response, her own body responded as his hands flew over her skin, touching, caressing wherever he could reach as he throbbed in her hands.

"Vincent, please put another strawberry in my mouth." Catherine asked softly, not wanting to let him go, enjoying the dramatic effect she was having on his body. Vincent did as she asked while her actions almost bought him undone.

Catherine squashed the fruit against his throat with her lips and then gently grazed his skin with her teeth, biting and sucking him. His wonderful smell combined with his increasingly heated growls of desire excited her. Knowing she was the reason for his loss of control thrilled her as her movements on his shaft became insistent and hurried.

"Catherine, enough. I can't control it/him for much longer while you do that..." Vincent almost panted.

"Then don't," Catherine gazed fearlessly into his eyes. "Let go Vincent - now."

His eyes flared bright yellow as he spun her around on his lap, pressing his rock hard shaft against her buttocks while his fingers found her sex, exploring her bud with exquisite precision. As he rubbed, his lips went to the curve of her throat. With his heightened senses he knew when Catherine's release was imminent and wasting no time, he lifted her to slide inside her wet warmth, feeling her encase every inch of him as she pushed down until they met skin on skin.

"Oh God Vincent, yessss, that feels so good..."

She felt like liquid satin as he thrust slowly in and out and though straining at the edges of his control, he took his time to fill her completely with every movement. Catherine gasped with intense pleasure as she moved faster, lifting and pushing down in time with his upward thrusts.

It wasn't enough as she moaned with need, craving more. "Harder...let go Vincent. You won't hurt me." She leaned forward, driving him deeper, intensifying the angle of his ascent into her hot sheath. Gripping the edge of the table she mewled loudly as Vincent grabbed her hips and pushed harder into her.

Then in one fluid movement he stood with her still joined to him, holding her as she leaned further forward, holding the edge of the table as Vincent stroked into her time and time again.

"OMG! OMG! OMG! Vincent, yes, harder, god don't stop, ..." Catherine cried out as Vincent slammed into her now as she gripped the table with clenched hands. All she heard were the desperate sounds of her own complete wanton craving for him, for completion; heard his growls - hard, fast and almost savage in intensity.

All else faded, including the sounds of everything on the table crashing to the floor, as they felt, heard, saw nothing other than each other. Vincent's hands on her hips anchored her tightly as Catherine pushed back into his thrusts with matching intensity, feeling complete, filled and beyond turned on as pleasure burst out of every pore in her body. His thrusts brushed against her sweet spot repeatedly until she yelled out in release, consumed by such incredible sensations her body felt as though she was flying apart atom by atom.

With a guttural roar that shook Catherine to her core, Vincent came, falling against her, his face pressed to her back, holding her close as they struggled to breathe, gulping in shards of air. The ongoing tremors shuddered through them for long moments.

"Catherine, that was...I was...are you ok?"

Breathing heavily she responded. "Vincent, you really need to stop worrying about me. I'm more than ok. What we just did, *oh my God!* You should know that already with your senses..."

"I'm still trying to understand why you're not scared..."

"Vincent, I do believe we've established why I'm not scared. What can I say? Your beast loves me too..."

Vincent felt acceptance and love in her voice. He chuckled as he slowly pulled out of her warmth, turning her into his arms, holding her close, just breathing her in.

"Mmm does that mean my rival is *me*? Should I be jealous?"

"Maybe," Catherine teased as she snuggled against his chest. "Between the two of you a girl certainly knows when she's, er, appreciated..."

"Is that what you're calling it? Appreciated? I believe it goes way deeper than that."

"You'll just have to prove it to me Vincent...over and over again."

Vincent threw his head back in laughter. "See? Monster..." He picked her up and carried her to his bed. "I do think it's time we got more comfortable..."

"No arguments from me. I wasn't planning on going anywhere. I'm staying right here..."

"You're a glutton for punishment?" he teased.

"If this is punishment Vincent then I've been a very naughty girl. I need to be punished again..."

"Catherine Chandler..."

"Shut up Vincent. Take me to bed."

So he did.

Curling up against each other they soon fell asleep in a very happy place.

Sometime during the night, Vincent sensed movement and woke to feel his hands in Catherine's as she slid gently up his body. Pretending to be asleep he decided to see what she was up to.

Catherine's face hovered over his. "I know you're awake Vincent. I can feel it. You've gone still all of a sudden..." she whispered against his lips.

He opened his eyes to gaze into hers but remained silent, giving her tacit approval for whatever she was planning.

"Do you trust me Vincent?"

"Always."

"In that case..." Catherine raised his arms and hands over his head and then she kissed his jaw, momentarily distracting him until he heard the click and knew. It was confirmed seconds later by the feel of metal as she cuffed his wrists together above his head.

"So I'm at your mercy now?" he growled, but his voice was already thick with desire.

"Vincent, I suspect if you really wanted to, those handcuffs would be yanked apart in less than two seconds flat...you'll just have to try and avoid the temptation. This isn't about touching me..."

"Well yes there's that. I could. So far I'm surprised my beast doesn't seem to feel threatened..."

"Surprised? I'm not. I would have thought he'd be excited. You obviously are," as she looked from him, down his body to his erection and back to him, grinning wickedly.

He looked at her, shook his head. "There's that monster again. I do believe there will never be a dull moment with you. So who's the beast now?" he grinned happily in anticipation.

"Oh definitely me Vincent. So just relax and enjoy. It's my turn to taste every inch of you now..."

Vincent's reaction to her words was instantaneous as his shaft almost leapt to attention beneath her.

"I'm going to enjoy this, God, you are like, hot and yummy and built..." as she started to kiss him on his neck.

"Really? I don't believe I've ever been described like that before..."

"Then they were blind..." she trailed kisses across his shoulders.

"It's not like I paid attention in the last ten years, present company excepted. You certainly got my attention..." he groaned as she tugged at his nipples with her mouth.

"You have my undivided attention right now so Vincent - ssshhh."

"Yes Maam," words now escaping him as her lips, mouth, hands and fingers trailed all over him, licking and kissing, touching and caressing every part of him. Catherine couldn't get enough of the smooth hard sculpted plains of his body as she paid serious attention to every inch she could, leaving the best until last.

Smiling broadly she honed in, her lips landing in the hollow where his leg met his torso, deliberately keeping away from the now impressive stature of his erection.

"Catherine," he growled ardently. "You're a tease..."

"Vincent..." she breathed against the velvet of his shaft. "Not any longer..." She took his shaft into her mouth, engulfing him with her moist heat. Vincent's control shredded fast.

"Christ..." he choked as she enveloped him, swirling her tongue around his length; licking and sucking, driving him in turn into a state of all consuming lust. His fingers tangled in her hair, pulling her closer. Growling, grunting as his beast pushed for release he almost whimpered, "Catherine...I can't...hold it...oh God..."

She didn't voice a response, only closed wetly around him, bobbing her head up and down as she took hold of the base of his shaft with both hands and tugged hard. Vincent heaved as his climax blindsided him, tearing through him in deep shudders. Catherine didn't hesitate, accepting his release with fierce love and acceptance.

He'd trusted her and let go, even after his nightmare and she loved him for it. She wanted his first night with her to be as wonderful for him as he'd made it for her. She wanted no less for him.

Catherine slid back up Vincent's slick body, smiling warmly as she gazed into his receding amber eyes. "Hmm, you taste good," she said softly.

His eyes widened. "And you are certainly full of surprises. Talk about fulfilling a fantasy...Any chance of removing these cuffs now?" as he lowered his arms over her, resting them in the small of her back, the metal cool against her skin.

"I'm amazed you didn't snap them off altogether," she grinned.

"Well, actually...the cuffs are still around my wrists but..." Vincent separated his arms. "The link between them on the other hand..." he admitted sheepishly.

She giggled. "I'll requisition new ones at the precinct. Obviously I 'lost' these..."

"Totally," he reddened.

"Vincent it's ok." Laughing, Catherine searched for the key on the floor by the bed and finding it, unshackled his wrists. "They are only handcuffs. We may 'lose' another pair or two before we're done."

Vincent laughed. "Did I mention that you are full of surprises?"

"At least once or twice..."

"It's true. Now come here. You're too far away..." He pulled her back into his arms with his chest pressed against her back.

"I'm right here Vincent. Not going anywhere..." she responded sleepily.

"Good. We're on the same page because I'm not letting you go anytime soon." He spooned against her, sliding an arm under her neck as his other arm came over the top of her so that he could envelop her in his arms, tucking her head under his chin.

Catherine curled into him, feeling his warmth spread around her. Then her eyes snapped open. "Vincent Keller, oh my, you're..."

"Oh yeah..." Smiling, he reached down to caress her sex with gentle fingers, pressing against her bud until he felt her arousal ignite and then he slid slowly until he was buried all the way inside her.

Catherine sighed in bliss. "Oh Vincent...liking that...don't stop."

With finesse and infinite tenderness Vincent rocked inside her, drawing in her love and need as she writhed in his arms, moaning softly.

"Catherine, " he whispered. "I love you, so much."

She melted into him. Even in the tumult that was their lives, she was happier than she could ever remember being and it was because of him, her Vincent. Accepting him into her heart and soul she breathed "I love you too Vincent - completely and utterly," as they drifted into sweet release.

The next morning Vincent woke to find a still slumbering Catherine by his side. Watching her sleep, he smiled as he remembered their first night together. It was everything and more than he could imagine or dream. She had become everything that mattered to him. There was no chance of running away now because life without her didn't bear contemplation and he would fight Muirfield, the NYPD, Joe and the rest of the world to keep her.

Gently he rose, pulled on track pants and a singlet. Deciding on coffee he trod towards the kitchen, pulling up short as he contemplated the mess. Casting his mind back he remembered their meal, strawberries and an incredible outcome. Grinning broadly he understood exactly what caused this mess.

Laughing silently, he headed out the door to grab a broom and waste bin. As he returned to clean, he found Catherine awake in his bed. Her hesitation at finding him gone vanished as soon as she saw him.

"You're here¹..." she exclaimed as he walked towards her. The radiant smile on her face almost stole his breath away.

"Uh, yeah, where else would I be²?" he said out loud while thinking that there was no where else he wanted to be. If he had his way he'd never be apart from her again.

****The End****

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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 6 – First Night'.

My next story may be Part 2 of 'JT&T Tango' or a yet to be determined one depending on inspiration from season two episodes that kick off in the US next week on Oct 7 on the CW. Time will tell.

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

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

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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 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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¹ Actual spoken line from episode 16 'Insatiable'.

² Actual spoken line from episode 16 'Insatiable'.