

SNL Chronicles:

The Missing Scenes

by Cassadiva

~*~*~*~*~

Ice Skaters In The Park

Laura and Lulu swung mittened hands gently as they walked to the park. Stefan remained just a step behind mother and daughter, enjoying the sweetness of the moment.

When they reached the old fence that surrounded the frozen pond, Lulu broke free and began hopping up and down with excitement. "Mommy, can we skate?"

"I'm sorry Lu, I thought we'd just watch today. I didn't bring our skates."

"Oh." Her little face was crestfallen.

Hating to see her smile fade, Stefan bent lower and asked, "LesleyLu, do you know that skating is really a form of dancing?"

"Really?"

"Really and you don't need skates or even ice to dance. Shall we?" Stefan offered out his arms to the little girl, amazing Laura in the bargain.

Lulu didn't even hesitate. She held up her arms and Stefan lifted her up out of the snow. He slowly spun her around in an old-fashioned waltz step as Lulu hugged on to him. Stefan then dipped her slightly and Lulu burst into giggles.

Laura looked on at this man with her little girl. She saw tenderness, playfulness and more importantly, a wonderful father. Stefan was not perfect, but he cared for Lulu. The fact that she was Luke's daughter didn't matter to him and Laura understood in that moment that it never would.

Stepping forward, Laura said, "May I have this dance, Miss Spencer AND Mr. Cassadine?" and before they could answer her, Laura closed in on them. She held Stefan's hand as they supported Lulu between them and danced and spun until they were all a bit dizzy.

Laura began to tickle Lulu and Stefan roared with laughter as Lulu happily shrieked.

"Mommy, enough" said Lulu as she rolled away.

"Okay, baby...Mommy's done torturing you...FOR NOW." Seeing their neighbor approach the fence, Laura notes, "Oh, look Lu, it's Jenny and her mom."

"Can I go play? Please!"

"Alright, but stay clear of the pond and stay with Jenny's mom. We'll be right here, waiting for you." Laura watched through the branches of the sparse pines as her daughter safely reached their friends.

"Laura, you are raising the most delightful little girl. I am completely enamored of her." Stefan admits.

Laura looks into Stefan's face and sees the sincerity in his green eyes. "I am so glad. It means so much to me that you don't hold a prejudice against my other children. Overcoming your feelings for Spencers can't be easy."

"No, I've never been able to overcome my feelings for one Spencer, in particular."

"You mean Luke, I think we'd be better off not discussing him at the moment."

"No, Laura, I meant you."

Laura looked deep into Stefan's handsome face. She reached out to caress his cheek. A slight wind shook the piney branches above and some snow drifted down. A white flake landed right on Stefan's nose. Laura was too tempted, so she leaned forward. Stefan held in his breath and closed his eyes as he waited to see what she would do, hoping to feel her soft lips meet his own. Laura kissed the snowflake off the tip of Stefan's nose. She paused and gazed up at his lidded eyes, then glanced down at his mouth. It looked so seductive, so kissable...Laura tilted her scarfed neck and grazed her parted lips across Stefan's.

She leaned towards his ear and whispered, "Remember how you told me that it is up to me to come to you now. Well, I am here."

Stefan audibly groaned and stroked one fingertip down over her reddened lips. "Kiss me Laura. Come to me."

Laura did not hesitate and ever so sweetly did she place her hands on his shoulders and accept his embrace. She brought her mouth, and herself to Stefan and gave herself up to the taste of his lips beneath hers.

A stirring in the trees startled them enough to part a little. Expecting to see Lulu and fearing having to explain their kiss to her, both Stefan and Laura were relieved to spot a brown doe peeking out at them. They looked at one another and laughed. "I guess that's a sign to stop for now. Let's find Lulu and Jenny."

"Probably a good idea, for now." Stefan acquiesced. He was willing to move slowly at whatever pace and terms Laura set.

"Yes, for now." Laura agreed quietly as Stefan took her hand in his and led her out of the cover of the pines.

You Have A Family

Laura sobs desperately against Stefan's shoulder.

He whispers lightly against her long blonde hair "You have a family." then moves his lips to her ear and adds with deep feeling in his voice "All you have to do is come home." Stefan clutches her tightly to him and supports her body against his.

His voice and his words send the power of his meaning to Laura. Her mouth opens and she yearns to say, "Yes, take me home, Stefan. Take Lulu and I home to Nikolas...and to you." But her mind tells her heart that it's too soon and too easy to let Stefan wipe away all of her pain at losing her family.

Stefan caresses her hair and she is soothed by his gentle touch. All of her tears and Stefan's lulling presence bring a drowsiness to Laura's body.

"I'm so tired, Stefan. So tired."

"Maybe you should lie down upstairs and try to sleep. You need to let your dreams take you away from all of this guilt and this pain. I hate seeing you suffer Laura. I want to help you. Please let me help you."

"You can help. Just keep holding me in your arms and don't let me go."

Stefan pulled her head against his throat and kissed the top of her bangs. "I won't."

I can't' Stefan thought "I can't ever let you go again."

Laura nuzzled against the comfort of Stefan's embrace. She yawned deeply.

Stefan pulled back a bit and looked into her face. Without another word he bent and lifted her up into his arms and carried her to the couch.

She looked up at him, wondering what he intended to do. Stefan tucked Laura against his body and sat down. He shrugged off his coat, scarf and gloves, while Laura rested with her hands clasped around his waist. When he was finished, he wrapped his arms back around her and softly asked, "Is this alright? Are you comfortable?"

"Mm, yes." Laura murmured from the protective cocoon of his embrace.

They rested in a natural silence that brought Laura peace.

Finally Stefan spoke, "Do you want to tell me anything? I'll listen to you like I did back on the island, back at the cove. With no judgments and no recriminations."

Laura paused, then answered, "No. I can't talk about it yet. It's too fresh and too painful. But when I do let it all go, it will be to you. I remember our friendship Stefan and I've never had another one like it. You were my confidante and I was yours. There wasn't anything that we couldn't share."

Stefan could not stop himself from thinking, "Only that we loved one another. That, we never could share."

Laura answered him aloud, "We shared love, Stefan. A love too deep for words...."

"...but strong enough to feel." Stefan finished for her.

Stefan longed to kiss her, but knew it wasn't what she needed right now. So, he waited for her to act. Laura leaned against him, placing her hands on his chest and easing him into lying down. She placed her ear over his heart and listened to it's strong beating rhythm. Laura closed her eyes and let sleep wash over her.

Stefan stayed awake, enjoying having the love of his life in his arms once again. He listened to her soft breathing and stroked her back as the hours slipped away. The light of first daybreak crept in through the windows and Stefan realized he should depart before Leslie Lu awoke. Ever so delicately, he turned Laura until she rested against the pillows on the sofa. He spied a thick quilt folded over a chair and retrieved it to cover up to her shoulders. Whispering "Good morning", he lightly kissed her cheek and turned towards the door. Laura stirred briefly at his kiss and returned to sleep with a small curve to her lips.

Evening At Wyndemere

Stefan found himself grinning at Laura's acceptance of his invitation to the opera gala. He quickly slid his grin into a suave visage. He held his crystal glass up to Laura's. "A toast, then. To the anticipation of an evening out in eachother's company."

Laura gently clinked her glass against Stefan's upraised one. They both took sips of the fine brandy. "Let's not forget the evening that lies before us tonight," Laura teasingly reminded Stefan.

"I don't think that's possible. I can hardly forget that you are here, in near proximity." Stefan changed tact to keep

things light, "Would you care for some music?"

Laura replied "That would be nice."

Stefan rose and headed to the antique cabinet that stored the sound system. "Actually," said Laura, "it's been so long since you've played the piano for me. Would you mind?"

Stefan paused in surprise that she had remembered. "Well, I'm still no concert pianist, but I cannot refuse you anything."

Stefan crossed the room to the baby grand and seated himself on the wooden bench. He flexed his long fingers for a moment and then settled them on the ivory keys. He began to play a solemn, but sweeping piece.

Laura enjoyed the music and wandered closer to the piano. She brushed her fingertips over the lace draping the top of the piano. Stefan was clearly enraptured with the music, but his green eyes opened, sensing her presence. Laura rested her elbows lightly on the piano and watched Stefan finish the arrangement. "Encore, encore." she clapped softly. "That was just beautiful, Stefan. I wish I had your talent."

"I don't recall you playing at all on the island, Laura. Have you since learned?"

"Not exactly."

"Come now. I'm sure you're being modest. I would enjoy listening to you play." Stefan moved slightly over and patted next to him.

Laura smiled slyly and said "Well, you asked for it!", as she slipped onto the bench next to Stefan.

Laura flexed her fingers in a mock imitation of Stefan before. She launched into a rousing version of "Chopsticks". Stefan threw back his head and laughed heartily. Laura finished and smiled broadly, "I've outdone myself, haven't I?"

Stefan chuckled in reply. An idea leapt into Laura's mind and she suggested, "Let me teach you a duet. It's called 'Heart and Soul'"

Laura led Stefan through the right keys for his part. He was a quick study and they were soon cracking up as they tried to play their parts in sync. Laura leaned against Stefan as she tried to stop laughing. Stefan grew serious in an instant as he watched Laura's wide smile and heard her happy laughter. He reached out his hand to cup her cheek and Laura's giggles subsided quickly as he drew his thumb across her red lips. "I love to see you joyous, Laura. I'm relieved to see light dancing in your eyes again. Dare I hope that I've inspired some of that glow?" Stefan rasped.

Laura parted her lips slightly and gazed deeply into Stefan's eyes. "Yes, you have," she answered simply, not afraid of encouraging him.

Stefan stared at Laura's mouth and she leaned in to meet his lips with her own. Stefan reeled as her soft lips grazed his and then parted to form deeper kisses and allow his tongue to caress hers. Laura brought her arms around Stefan's body and she pulled him closely to her. Stefan dropped his lips to Laura's neck as she tilted her head, inviting him to suck on her bare skin. Laura allowed a lusty moan to escape her. Stefan pulled his head up from her bared collarbone and stared at her with naked eyes. Laura looked down the length of his body and whispered, "There's no need to dress so formally in your own house. Let me loosen you up, Stefan Cassadine." Laura lifted her painted nails to Stefan's collar and began to unbutton the top of his shirt. Stefan's black pupils dilated as he felt Laura's hands on his chest. "Oh, Laura," he murmured. He grabbed her wrists lightly in his grasp and pulled her against his bared torso. He bent his head and brushed his open mouth across Laura's cleavage, as his hands stroked her silky legs. He moved his hands over her knees and slid them higher, nearing the velvet hem of her dress.

"Stefan....Stefan, wait. We won't be able to stop in a moment." Laura's reasoning finally overpowered her desires and she pulled her hem down a bit. Stefan looked up into her face with a wounded look.

"I'm sorry. I shouldn't have started what we agreed not to finish, for now," Laura admitted.

Stefan recovered. "No need to apologize, Laura. I halted our lovemaking the last time. You didn't throw any priceless bibelots at me then, so I'll be respectful of your wish to wait now." Stefan took Laura's hands in his warm palms. "I want us both to be free of any doubt before we make love. I want us to come together when the time is right. That will make the fires of our coupling burn more intensely and burn true."

Laura's longing for Stefan rose again with his sensual words. She kissed him passionately, then quickly stood up. "I really should go now."

Stefan brought his fingers to his lips feeling the memory of her imprint there. "Yes, I think it's for the best that we don't stay in this romantic setting for much longer. I'll see you home."

New Year's Eve 1999

Cautiously peering into his study, Laura took a deep breath and moved forward.

L: Stefan?

S: (looking weary) You came.

L: I always will.

S: I admit I doubted it.

L: (she winced, but then an idea struck her) Stefan, my watch says it's midnight.

S: (deadpanning) Is it now?

L: (fed up with him for making this hard on her) Damn you and your loquacious tongue, shut up and let's put it to better use.

Laura practically grabbed the lapels of his jacket and forced her lips on his, dancing her tongue against his reluctantly opening mouth.

S (eventually pulling back from her intoxicating kisses): Laura, you said you didn't know me. I tried not to let those words hurt me, but they did.

L: I never meant that I didn't know you. I only meant that I'm upset and ashamed that I haven't spent enough time asking about you and focusing on us in the present. Stefan, somehow I found myself back in love with you. I have these feelings for you and they aren't going away. I want to spend more of our time on YOU. Making you happy and listening to to what you need.

S: Laura, I appreciate the offer, but this does not have to be a male-dominant relationship. We are equals. When we made love, we met as equals.

L: Yes, we did. I'm not a young, naïve girl anymore and equality is what I want from a relationship; but Stefan, you can't honestly say that things have been equal so far between us. This whole year has been dedicated to me and helping with my problems. My New Year's resolution is to balance things out and to make you just as important to us. I want you to know that I'm not doing this out of gratitude, I'm doing this because I love you and I miss knowing about you. Nothing would make me happier.

Stefan kissed her hair and pulled her close to his beating heart.

S: You are a woman worthy of kings.

L: No, I'm a woman worthy of a Count.

S: What did I ever do to win your heart?

L: You became my friend and my lover, but most of all you were you. Someone that I've always found it impossible to resist, despite marriage vows, warring families, and plain old popular opinion. A Spencer and a Cassadine falling in love. It was unheard of and it still is shocking the world, but I don't care! The world melts away to nothingness when I look into your eyes.

S: Oh Laura, the only peace and the only home I have ever known is reflected in your glowing smile. I love you.

L: I love you, too, but do you accept my love? Will you really let me in this time?

S: I am not an easy study, but I will attempt to lay open ALL the portals to my soul for you. Peruse me, as you wish. If I throw barricades up, I grant you permission to protest.

L: (teasingly) Oh, trust me, you'll hear about it!

S: (half-smiling) I have no doubt of that.

(Later, Stefan had left the room briefly)

Stefan re-entered, with two crystal flutes of champagne. Laura took the one he extended to her, and felt a shiver of anticipated pleasure run through her body as Stefan seductively grazed his flute against the side of hers. He was staring at her with those heavy-lidded green eyes of his. Laura raised her glass, intending to sip. Somehow, her throat opened up and her sip became a swallow. Stefan's lips grinned, but his pupils dilated at the sight. He quickly emptied his own flute, plucked up Laura's and tossed them both carelessly into the fireplace.

"Greek tradition?" Laura inquired in amusement.

"They were in our way," he growled sexily.

Stefan pulled her closer and wrapped his arms around her. Looking into her eyes with deep intent, he kissed her deeply. Laura lost herself to the feel and taste of his lips. It was she who ran her tongue over his lips, demanding entrance and it was she whose wandering hands slipped up into his hair, slid down his strong back, and then fluttered over his taut buttocks.

L: Mmm, champagne kisses.

Stefan stepped back and uncovered a small silver dish on a nearby tray. Popping something round and delectable into Laura's mouth, he then covered her lips with his own once again and they shared the tart and the sweet mingling with their own delicious tastes.

S: Champagne and blueberry kisses.

L: Better and better.

Stefan sat down on the divan and patted the area right next to him. Laura took a look, then playfully chose to sit in his lap instead. Surprised only for a second, Stefan then draped his arms around her waist to pull her towards him. They sat cheek to cheek and enjoyed the beauty of the roaring fire and the decorated tree.

L (breaking the silence): You know you haven't told me your New Year's resolution yet.

S: There's no need to confess it. As the night progresses, you will discover what I have resolved.

L: I'm intrigued.

The sound of the door opening barely reached them in their reverie at being once again united. Nikolas came in the room, expecting to find Stefan alone and pouring over financial reports. Seeing his mother so comfortably seated on his father's lap, he couldn't suppress a wide grin. It never ceased to amaze him that his parents (for Stefan would always be a parent to him, even more so than his mother) were "dating". Recalling the years of bitterness and Timoria between the two of them, it seemed impossible that they had reached the openly romantic state that he now found them in. He would also never forget the day he came to confront Stefan about being the son of Stavros once again. His parents had entered the room so wantonly disheveled and Laura had admitted so bluntly to having spent the day, "upstairs with his father". It gave him a glimpse of what their private life must be like. Though the thought thrilled him, it never failed to stain his olive skin with a deep blush.

Nikolas feigned a polite cough, and Stefan and Laura turned at the sound. "I'm sorry, you said you would be alone tonight, Father."

Laura smiled at him, and said, "Your father looks way too handsome to usher the millenium in alone, as do you Nikolas." Laura rose off of Stefan's lap, and the two came forward to embrace him and wish him a Happy New Year. The family that they had become enjoyed another toast, to Nikolas's health, happiness and future, as Stefan beamed at his good fortune. He reluctantly left the study to take a call, but silently hoped that Laura would spend the time addressing Nikolas' troublesome feelings for Miss Webber.

When Stefan returned, apologizing for the length of the call, Nikolas was already gone. Laura, too, seemed concerned about Nikolas and Elizabeth. Laura was clutching something to her breast and appeared to be misty-eyed. She held the picture out to him. Oh, how he loved that photograph! His newborn son and Laura, so newly acquainted. Staring at that picture over the years, he could almost imagine a life where they were truly his. That the dream had become a reality after so long a time never ceased to amaze him. Yet, here was his Laura, walking around the desk, taking his face in her hands and forgiving him with a sincere love shining in her moist blue eyes. She kissed him and then shared a warm smile with him, before pulling him into a passionate embrace. She felt his arms tighten around her and his hand stroke her hair. She was loving him, loving the feel of his kiss and his touch. In a hoarse voice, barely audible, she murmured against his lips, "I want..."

"Wooooooooooooo," Helena caterwauled at the sight of their embrace. Stefan heard her entry first, and protectively yanked his head away from the pleasure of Laura's warm lips. His lips, full and slightly bruised, remained parted, but his eyes glared dragons at his mother. Laura was still poised for more delicious kisses, when she realized Stefan's hot mouth was not returning to hers. Fluttering her lids, she was angered by the interruption. Seeing Helena, she openly glared, but tightened her hold on Stefan's arms. Stefan instinctively pulled her closer and buried his nose into her soft hair. Smelling her sweet fragrance, he found the reassurance he needed that Laura was indeed his, and not his brother's or any other man's. Laura wanted to hide in the strength of the man who held her, she turned from the intruding witch and buried her face into Stefan's neck.

Stefan and Helena exchanged a few barbs and Laura could sense the intimate mood of the evening was about to be spoiled. Halting the verbal warfare, she begged out of it. Turning her back on Helena, she kissed Stefan goodnight. She gave him a sexy half-smile, as she looked his body up and down and added, "I meant what I was about to say." Reluctantly, she tore her eyes away and left the room.

Stefan spent a few moments pondering Helena's visit. He assumed whatever was in the cream envelope was doctored. Nevertheless, his curiosity and sense of alarm were peaked despite what he told Mother. Picking up his phone, he dialed for John. After a few moments of instructions, Stefan replaced the receiver and diminished the lights in his study, leaving only the Christmas tree lit.

Covering the rest of the house, Stefan locked up for the evening because he had graciously granted Mrs. Lansbury and the staff the night off after Laura had arrived. What a lovely surprise her visit had been, he ruminated. As he slowly climbed the main stairs, he cursed Helena under his breath for causing Laura to desert him and ruining what might have been for tonight.

Throwing open the door to his suite, he strode across the room in the dark to light a stained glass lamp on his bureau. The air in the room was not still, there was some velvety essence to it that caressed the fair hairs at the

back of his neck. He turned and there she was, lounging on his sitting chair by the window. She was wearing his navy silk robe. Unsashed, it fell open, slicing an ivory line of her figure, bared for his view. She gracefully swung her legs up over one arm of the antiquated chair and her head dipped backwards, fanning her long blonde hair over the opposite arm. She was on display and for him alone.

Stefan reached her side in no time. Laura plucked his glass and lifted it to her lips, lightly sipping the burgandy liquid. Feeling his gaze burn her skin, Laura dipped her finger in the glass and brought her long wet finger up for a suggestive suckle. Oh, how Stefan's eyes glowed, but he made no move towards her. Desiring even more response, Laura stared right at him as she raised the glass to her chest. Feigning an accident in her motion to sit up, she poured the warm dark liquid over her breasts and in the sexy 'v' between.

L: Oh dear, I've gone and spilled your brandy all over myself. However shall I clean this up?

A sheer burgandy trail gleamed down her naked flesh. Her hardening nipples glistened and the dark blond curls between her shapely legs trickled with wetness.

There was no more hesitation. Stefan closed the short distance between them in seconds, lapping down between her breasts and over her smooth belly, as he sunk to his knees before her.

Burying his mouth between her legs, he murmured against her thighs, "Oh G-d Laura, what you do to me." Biting her lower lip at the power of her success, Laura parted her legs and savored the deep laps of Stefan's hot tongue. The intimacy of the act thrilled her and she moaned, pulling at Stefan's hair, as he feasted on her damp sweetness.

Laura had planned a long, leisurely session with Stefan, but her orgasm was mounting and she knew she must have him inside her, now. Pushing his shoulders away from her quaking thighs, she demanded that he unzip. Out sprang his thick, rampant cock. She took one blissful look and sunk to her own knees, impaling herself on him as she dropped. Stefan almost screamed at the sensation of being wrapped so tightly in her moist heat. Grabbing fistfuls of her luscious hair, he pulled her open mouth to his, as she dug in her nails and rode up and down his length. Stefan freed a hand to palm her weighty breast and guide the nipple to his awaiting mouth. "Mmm, Oh G-d, oh Stefan" Laura breathed over and over. Leaving her nipples flushed and damp, he sought solace from the intensity of the coupling by burying his lips and his teeth into the curve of her throat. Brushing her locks away from his view, he glanced up and was greeted with the most arousing sight. Nakedly lush Laura bouncing on his cock, as reflected in the beveled heirloom mirror. As she rode up to the top of his length and then sunk her pink opening back down onto his glistening cock, Stefan watched her rounded, bare ass shimmy up and down. Up and down, up and down, up and "Laura!!!!", savagely grabbing her hips, he rammed her down hard onto his entire length. He came powerfully and so deeply inside her heat, rasping her name. Feeling and hearing his desperation, Laura couldn't take any more and her orgasm shook her as her cries of "Stefan, yes, STEFAN!!!" resounded in his ear. She clutched his neck as he laid back onto the rug, pulling her on top of his chest. The sweet moisture between them tingled their exhausted bodies and neither one moved for several minutes. Finally, Stefan gently roused a drowsy Laura with kisses to her brow. Helping her to the large bed, he pulled back the covers, lay them both down and never let go.

The End.