

Innings and Kissing- Chapter 4

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Stacey felt cold November air run up her bare legs. She was wearing a navy blue bandage dress and her nude colored pumps.

She smiled. They were Brett's favorite shoes on her.

"Ah, the shoe with the bleeding soles," he said once, "Those are my favorite."

The clicks of her heels echoed through her mind as she pondered the events of earlier that day.

"Stacey, I love you, but you're young and you need to have fun," Mary said as Stacey was stepping out of the hospital room, "I will see you in a few days when you pick me up, and not a day earlier."

Fun? She could have fun, and who better to have fun with, than Macy Cunningham.

Her childhood friend had moved to Seattle in hopes of leaving her step-fathers brooding behavior, after her mother remarried to the senator, not long after her husband passed away. Luckily, Macy had been at the wedding and stuck around longer than expected.

Although she lived across the country, Macy was a notorious party girl in New York, but more importantly, one of Stacey's closest friends. Stacey had met Macy when they were still playing with dolls and wishing they were old enough for makeup.

As Stacey reached Macy's hotel in Tribeca, the doorman let her in with a friendly smile.

Stacey smiled as she saw the back of Macy's head in a chair of the lobby. She was waving her hands around as if she was trying to get her point across to the old man that was speaking to her. Her brown hair was curled and long, and avidly bouncing around. She wished she had the ability to become friends with anyone.

Stacey neared Macy and tapped her shoulder before smiling.

“Hey girl,” she said looking Stacey over.

“Hi Mace,” Stacey replied.

The girls glanced over each others outfits. Macy was wearing an off the shoulder dress in black, and cheetah print pumps.

Macy was also the step daughter of New York’s mayor. Although her mother and ‘father’ had tried to tighten the reigns on her unbridled attitude, Macy refused to change her so called, “free spritiness.”

“Later Rick, give the wife a kiss for me, will ya?” Macy called out as she stood and pulled on her coat.

Stacey hailed a cab and several immediatly stopped.

“Phantom, please,” Stacey told the young taxi driver. Stacey smiled and relaxed against the seat as the car started towards the high end nightclub. It’s going to be a good night, she thought to herself.

“This is a shit night, you guys,” Brett called over the blaring notes of a techno song about finding pleasure.

Brett looked over at the array of women in a line waiting for a picture with Caleb, the catcher for his team. Standing at 6’7” and 265 lbs., he let out a chuckle.

He thought they might’ve had a relapse and confused baseball for basketball.

“Dude, it’s not like we had a choice,” replied Caleb, the catcher for the Yankees, “You know how ‘he’ gets about shit like this.”

Caleb was referring to men's boss, the owner of the Yankee’s, and Thalia’s uncle. He and Caleb were set to make an appearance at Phantom, a high end nightclub in Tribeca. Then he frowned at a sudden realization, Caleb would be traded to the Seahawks in a few months. Walking over to the burly man, Brett put an arm around his friends’ shoulder, “You’re leaving soon, man.”

Caleb gave him a wry smile. “You know this will always be home for me.”

Brett smiled at his words. Caleb was the quiet one, never getting close to anyone, but over the years, he, Nick and Caleb had grown close, Brett considered them his brothers and he was sad that they were letting one of their own get away.

After a few beats had passed, his thoughts followed. He was surprised Thalia hadn't made an 'accidental' appearance yet.

"Hey there hot stuff," said a small voice behind him.

He had spoken too soon.

Brett turned and saw Thalia's body in the strobe lights above them. She was wearing a red dress and gold strappy sandals. Her short blonde hair was straight as a board. She was cute, but she didn't belong in a place like this.

"Hey, Thalia," he said as she wrapped her arms around his chest.

"Funny running into you here," she said.

"Yep, sure is."

"Let's dance?" she asked behind lowered eye lashes.

He contemplated the upbeat song and noticed the other couples 'dancing'. If you could call it that. It was more like the closest two people could get with their clothing on. "Why not?" he said and downed his drink.

A few moments later Thalia's small ass was snug right up against his front side. He smiled inside, she wasn't so bad at this. Brett thought of all the reasons why he never dated Thalia, while her ass was still bumping against his dick. Then he heard a laugh, a loud, but very sultry laugh as the last beats of the song were being played. Every hair on his neck rose, as the sex goddess stepped into his line of vision.

Stacey Daniels was the woman of every mans' dreams and she very well knew it.

He also noticed a curvy brunette next to her. What was she doing with Macy Cunningham? He glanced over her body in a dark blue dress that he just wanted to rip open. Then he smiled as his gazed lowered the curves of her body, she was wearing his favorite heels.

Thalia's body was still grinding against his, oblivious to the fact that Stacey was nearing them. He tried to move out of her way, and towards Stacey, but Thalia just kept backing him up. He finally managed to get away from her and start towards Stacey.

He caught her arm and something flashed in her eyes, something that almost broke his heart. It was as if she had shut herself down and he couldn't stop but feel responsible.

"Stacey, I'm, uh, I-" he stammered, trying to reach out for her.

She put her hand up to silence him, "Don't."

And just like that she walked away from him.

"Shit, Macy," Stacey said as she opened yet another empty bathroom stall.

Now she knew where Macy got her reputation from.

As Stacey made her way to the alcove that had been reserved for the girls, she noticed two slightly attractive guys standing by it.

After watching Brett dry hump Thalia, she had a few too many shots.

"Excuse me," Stacey hiccuped, "boys."

"Well, you can definitely cut me a piece of that cake," said the taller one of the guys.

She giggled, on any other given day she might've slapped him, but her mind wasn't intact and she really didn't give a damn. She looked up to glass railing to see Thalia very snug against Brett, but he was watching Stacey like a hawk watching its prey. "Have a seat boys," she said to the men.

Each of them took a seat, way too close to her, but she didn't mind.

A few moments later, she had a sweet drink in her hand, and someone's hand on her thigh. She wasn't sure whose, but she did know it couldn't compare to Brett's electrifying touch. She shook her head because she knew she had to stop thinking of him. He obviously wasn't interested.

One the two men gave her a sideways glance, "Let's get out of here shortcake."

Blood was roaring in her ears and before she registered what was happening, the two men had grabbed her elbows and hauled her up. "Wait, let me go," she called out. She tried to get out of their hold, but they were reluctant about letting her go. She should've screamed, she wanted to, but nothing was coming out of her mouth. Stacey turned her head back to look at Brett, but he was gone from the railing. Tears started to stream down her face as she was being dragged to a door she knew was the

back exit.

As they neared the door, she tried to make eye contact with anybody, to help her, but everyone they passed seemed oblivious to what was happening.

“Let her go,” shouted a voice from behind her, “Now.”

Brett. His voice was heavy with his accent and if she weren't terrified for her life, she would've done just about anything to hear his voice again. She looked back and saw flashes of him in his wrinkle free gray suit. The top two buttons were undone and she saw a sprinkle of his light chest hair.

“Fuck off buddy, we got her first,” called one of the guys.

“You have three seconds to let her go, and if she isn't over here, by me, in those seconds, I'm going to rearrange your faces.”

The two men tried to force her back, but before they could, Brett reached them in lightning speed.

Stacey saw the heap of men struggling as she was let go of. She backed away and slid against the wall. Her vision was blurred, her head was throbbing. A few restless moments later Brett was in her line of vision. The only sign that he had just participated in a brawl was his disheveled hair.

But, boy did he look sexy.

Control yourself, Stacey, she thought to herself.

Before she had the chance to realize what was happening to her, Brett hauled her into his arms as if she weighed nothing. All she did was sigh and tuck her face in the crook of his neck. For the second time in less than twenty-four hours, he was coming to her rescue. She knew no one would ever take his place in her heart.

Anger and adrenaline were rushing through Brett's bloodstream. He looked down at the woman that was snoozing on his lap in the cab. Stacey had practically wrapped herself around him like a vine. Her arms were wrapped around his chest, but they didn't quite meet. Her firm ass was slightly moving in his lap. Her head on his shoulder and he felt her hot breath beneath his ear.

The arm he had around her tightened when he realized he could've lost her tonight. He wasn't sure why he was so protective over her. Lately he wasn't sure of anything that involved Stacey. Things were happening to him, and although it scared him, he welcomed it.

As the cab was nearing the Woodhill building, he thanked the cab driver and stepped out of the cab with Stacey in his arms. Luckily, Stacey lived a few stories beneath him, but he was headed towards his loft. He smiled at the thought, looking down at her. *Yeah, I'd like to be on top of you.*

He entered through the back exit, not wanting to cause a scene in the lobby, and headed towards the elevators. When he reached his level, he punched in his code in the keypad and opened the door. He looked around his very bland loft. Furniture that hadn't been broken in, empty pale walls. It was all so, sad.

The sex kitten in his arms whimpered and he bounced back to reality.

Kicking off his oxfords, he made his way towards his bedroom. Pulling the sheets back with one arm, he put Stacey in the bed with the other. His heart concaved at the picture before him, the girl of his dreams sleeping the night away in his bed. He bent over and kissed her forehead. At that moment in time, he was sure of one thing.

This one was his.

Brett took off her shoes and tucked her in. Shrugging out of his jacket, he made his way towards the kitchen for a glass of water. When he returned, she was sitting up with a hand on her forehead.

"Hey there, Sunshine," he said sarcastically.

That got him the finger.

She looked at her surroundings and her eyes widened. "Did we, um...", she trailed off.

"You really think I would take advantage of you, like that," he asked, a bit hurt.

"No, I just wanted to make sure." She stood up and bent over to gather her heels, when she wobbled and her ass smacked the marble floors.

"What're you doing?" he asked, somewhat amused.

"Going home."

"Oh, no, you're not." He grabbed a shirt from his drawer and threw it on the bed.

She gave him a puzzled look. He knew she coming up with an argument in her mind, he swore he heard the wheels turning in her brain. Instead she dropped her things and took off her dress. The darkness hid her body, but he caught a glimpse of pink lace.

She got back into bed and he chuckled. Well that was easier than expected, he thought to himself.

Brett heard Stacey's breathing become choppy but he excused it. Setting his water down, he fetched a few blankets from the corridor and made himself a makeshift bed on the floor next to the mattress. He stripped down to his boxers and lay down on the somewhat comfortable bed on the floor. As he started to drift off, he heard Stacey whimper and sniffle.

"You alright, Princess?" he asked.

"What, yeah, uhm, I'm okay," she called back.

Frustrated he closed his eyes again.

"Hey Brett," she called out.

He was worried at the rare use of his name. "Yeah, shortcake?"

She struggled with her words, "Could you, maybe, hold me?"

All the blood in his body seemed to rush one way. South. He stood up and saw her eyes were watching him. "Sure," he said.

She visibly relaxed as he pulled himself into the sheets. Laying on his side, he brought her to his bare skin. She buried her head in his neck and he felt tears on his shoulder. He wrapped an arm around her waist and cursed himself for being so turned on. She brought her knees up, as if she couldn't get close enough to him.

He knew that feeling.

She traced the scar on his chest that he had gotten when he was younger.

"Irish?" she called out, tentatively.

"Hmm?"

“Thank you.”

He brought her back so she was forced to look at him, and a tear escaped her eye. He brushed it back with his thumb and kissed her forehead.

“Anytime,” he said, “But you owe me.”

Feeling her smile against his chest, he closed his eyes and tightened his hold on her. Drifting into the most relaxed slumber he'd had in a few years.