

# Innings and Kissing- Chapter 6

By CALI\_storm

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Brett's thigh was jumping as fast as it possibly could in the taxi's backseat. He cursed at himself for not driving there and looked over to see Stacey smiling and giving him a sultry look. His jeans tightened that much more.

He saw the Woodhill building in the line of buildings and nearly groaned at the distance it was from their position in traffic. It was like an oasis just out of arm's length.

When they finally reached the entrance, Brett nearly jumped out of the cab and handed the driver an amount that could've been twice the actual price of the ride. He had so much energy he wanted to run up the stairs and into her apartment, Stacey seemed to have chosen a slower course and took the elevators. The elevator doors opened to a couple in a passionate embrace and they quickly parted.

Brett stepped in after Stacey and the ride was filled with awkward glances and half-hearted giggles. The bell rung and he almost doubled over with excitement as the door opened to level twenty-seven. He took Stacey's hand without warning and hauled ass to her door.

He might've heard her giggle, but all he was focusing on was her ass in those jeans as she unlocked her door.

Stacey hadn't said a word to him, and he was starting to get a bit worried.

Stacey had finally managed to open the door and she walked in, leaving the lights off. She dropped her keys in the bowl beside the door and hung her purse on a barstool. She turned around and pinned him against the wall with all her force.

Her skin was hot against his cold arms, her hips were pressing into his and he smelled the watermelon flavor of her lip gloss. Her hands had traveled up his chest, to his hair and slipped his beanie off. He reached up to pull the band-aid off, feeling a sting, before returning his hands to her narrow waist.

"Make me forget," she breathed, "Please, Breatt."

“Forget what Stacey,” he whispered.

“Everything.”

He growled and lowered his lips to hers, kissing, licking, tasting. It wasn't a gentle kiss, it was laced with a passion that was growing too great for just his body. Her soft supple lips were unfamiliar and he loved the feel of them.

Stacey felt the muscles of her lower abdomen tighten and a shiver run through her body. Brett's tongue was forcing his way through the seam of her lips, one of his hands was holding her body against his, and the other was in her hair, holding her face in place. His legs were between hers, separating them. She felt the iron clad length of his erection against her core. The stitching of her jeans bit into her clit and she rubbed herself against him.

She separated them and he made a sound of protest, causing her to smile. She stepped out of his embrace, saw his confused look and took a chair from the dining table.

“Follow me,” she said, leading him to the living room.

She set the chair in the middle of the room and patted the seat, gesturing for him to smile. He sat and she went over to the cupboard in her kitchen where she held her candles and matches. Stacey felt her nerves tingle and she felt a spark inside her body come to life. She lit a few candles, enough to illuminate the room, but not so that it would flood with light. She walked over the stereo system and turned on Sail by Awolnation.

Brett was in a momentary trance, and his attention was held by a small siren in black. The beats of song went with the sway of her hips as she made her way between his parted legs.

“Let me put on a show for you, Tiger,” she said, looking beneath hooded lids.

His heart skipped a beat, his cock strained against his jeans and his mouth watered. May the Lord give him strength to keep his mind in line tonight.

She turned around and undid her hair, working her hair loose from the braid she had worn for the night and gave him a great view of her ass. Her hair was thick and shiny, and it fell to her waist in soft, dark waves. His palm twitched to wrap it around his fist and fuck her right then and there. Instead he took deep breaths and fought to regain self control.

She turned to face him and held out her hands in front of his face. He placed his hands in hers and she placed them on her gently moving hips. Instead of keeping them there, he reached behind her and got to the place he's been dreaming of her the past few months. Kneading her ass, he smiled and appreciated the softness, but the firmness of it as well. He couldn't help the stupid grin that appeared on his face. As the last beats of the song played out, he stood up and pulled her body against his.

"You're killing me Stacey," he said into her hair, inhaling the apple scent.

She looked up at him with big brown eyes and he smiled down at her. Taking his hand she led him into her bedroom.

He couldn't see much, in the darkness, but he was able to make out the bed in the middle of the room.

He lifted her into his arms and she instinctively wrapped her arms around his waist. He felt her heat through his shirt and slightly shivered. He placed her on the bed and took her heels off, kissing the instep of her foot.

Stacey's need for Brett was growing so quickly and he was moving so slowly. She decided to take matters into her own hands. Her breathing was labored, and her body was hyper sensitive to his touch. She wrapped her legs around his chest, brought his body to hers and rolled over.

She straddled his chest and leaned over to whisper in his ear, "You are just taking too damn long."

She sat up and looked into his eyes, nearly gasping. The normally pale blue pools had turned into a stormy midnight color. She saw the want, the need, and pure lust in his eyes, making her toes curl slightly.

"Are you tempting me Stacey?" His voice darkened and his hands tightened on her ass.

She whimpered and swooned at the sound of his heavy accent. All rational thought left her mind and she just nodded. He could propose anything to her and she would just agree if that meant getting her way with him.

He switched their bodies and stood at the edge of bed, his figure becoming a shadow in the darkness. He bent at the waist and kissed her forehead, her temple and then the sensitive spot behind her ear, making her hips buck slightly.

"I'm going to explore your body like a map, Stacey," he whispered.

Her eyes rolled to the back of her head and her lips parted.

"We have all night baby," he said kissing her neck. His kisses were like a narcotic to her, going to her head, driving her insane with lust.

He moved to kiss her mouth feverishly and he gave her jaw a small love bite. His large hands slid up the material of her corset and tried to pry the small buttons apart, but his fingers were too big and he was shaking uncontrollably. She smiled up at him and replaced his hands with hers and unfastened the little beads. The flimsy material slipped from her body, and left her naked from the waist up. She looked up to see the glitter in his eyes, right before he shut them for a moment.

Within seconds he had a hard nipple in his mouth, suckling, rolling and nibbling. While one hand expertly undid the zipper on her jeans and pulled them down her thighs to her knees. She watched Brett turn from gentle person with caresses as soft as feathers, to a testosterone driven man with carnal needs.

Brett could feel his erection straining against his jeans, and while he was still fully dressed, he knew if he took off his pants, everything would be over before he had even gotten started. He relieved her of his weight and set himself on his forearms, and tried to buy himself some time.

He gently kissed her, tugging and nipping at her bottom lip. His restraint started to slip again when she started to rub herself against the coarse material of his jeans. He pinned her hips down with his and kissed his way to her collarbone, down the valley of her breasts, and down to her navel.

He relaxed on his knees and pulled her towards the edge of the bed to accommodate himself to his newest task. He looked up at the most erotic scene he's ever encountered. She had rested on her elbows, making her breasts push together, her hair was disheveled around her face, her lips parted and eyes hooded. He groaned and continued to kiss her stomach, being rewarded with a loud moan.

He opened his eyes to a flash of light in the moonlight and a small jingle as he tugged on the jewel in her belly button.

He rested the jewel in the pad of his index finger and swallowed hard. The gold jewel was linked to a small, flat heart. Looking closer he ran his finger on the engraved number 5 on it.

"My jersey number?" he said, a bit hesitant and looked up to see her looking down at him.

She nodded.

“Look at the jewel,” she commanded, a bit breathless.

“There’s an Aquamarine in it.”

“Do you know why?”

“It’s the birthstone for March.”

She gave him a sincere smile and her expression changed to a sheepish one.

“And?”

His thoughts were in a whirlwind, “My birthday is in March.”

She batted her long eyelashes down at him, “Do you like it?”

Like it? Loved sucker punched him.

Suddenly remembering why he was making his way down, he inched her black panties down her smooth legs and placed them in his pocket. She noticed what he had done and raised her eyebrows.

“You’ll get those back later,” he said in between kisses on her hips. Maybe. But most likely not.

Sticking out his tongue, and drew a vertical line down until he smelled the scent of her arousal.

“Damn sweet tooth,” he muttered against her thigh.

He kissed his way to the apex of her thighs to find a silky, smooth mound.

He chuckled, “That answers my question.”

He trailed his tongue down her open wet slit and received a loud moan and hair tug. He lapped at her moisture as if he was in need for water and she was the only thing capable of quenching his thirst. He nibbled on the swollen flesh and eased a finger inside her, curling it upward.

“Oh, Brett,” she breathed into the darkness.

She writhed underneath him and moved his finger out of her, then adding another. Feeling her muscles tighten, he made quicker motions.

“Just let it go, baby,” he instructed.

He lowered his mouth and took her throbbing clit into his mouth before closing in on it. With a few move flicks of his tongue, Stacey pulled on his hair, closed her legs around his face and screamed out something, that could've have been his name.

Stacey didn't have a clue on earth how long she had ridden her orgasm to oblivion, but once her erratic breaths had somewhat subsided, she saw Brett's wet face etched with sadness. And anger?

“What's wrong,” she asked in a squeaky voice.

“I don't have anything to protect you with,” he trailed off.

She smiled, “Then you're not a real boy scout.”

“Guess not.”

His face almost seemed pained and she couldn't help but chuckle.

“Give me two minutes,” he said in a frantic voice, “I swear, I'll be back by then.”

She sat up and placed her hands under his shirt and rested them on his chiseled stomach. Warm, and soft, but so hard at the same time.

“It doesn't matter,” she said, placing a kiss on on a muscle.

“You're on the pill?”

“No.”

“I'll be back before you know it,” he said, buckling his belt.

“We don't need them,” she said, with more somber in her voice than she intended.

His eyebrows creased and she reached up to trace away the worry line that formed on his forehead.

“I’m sterile,” she let out, in one breath.

Brett’s heart pounded against his chest and broke into a million tiny pieces. He dropped to his knees in front of her and smashed her body against his. Desperate to absorb all of the pent up emotions she had inside her, desperate to take the years of emotional torture she had rested on her shoulders.

Lost in thought, he hadn’t realized how hard his jaw was clenched in an attempt to keep himself from crying, until she reached out to run her fingers along it.

He had never known how strong a simple touch could be, and it scared the living daylights out him. Her fingers ignited a fire deep inside him, and he had no intentions of ever putting it out.

Stacey saw the rush of emotions flash in his eyes, and she almost regretted telling him. She was scared of him pitying her, looking at her as if she were any less of a person, but when she searched his eyes, all she found was compassion.

His actions immediately became gentle, but she had no intentions of keeping them gentle. In a desperate attempt to keep their attraction physical, she ripped his shirt from his body, and he stood, kissing her as he went.

She draped her legs across his hips and fastened them around the small of his back, holding him hostage until they were both equally satisfied. He understood and had his clothes and boxer briefs off faster than they both had known was possible.

The sight of his incredibly long length had made her mouth salivate. He tucked a piece of hair behind her ear and ran his thumb across her jaw.

He lined himself with her entrance and slowly deposited himself into her, inch by inch. Once he had slowly sunken into her, he threw his head back and resembled a wolf howling to the moon. Instead of following through with a howl, he groaned. His groan was the most erotic sound she’d ever heard and her muscles tightened viciously around his long member.

Brett felt Stacey’s heels dig into his ass and thrust her hips up.

“Damn it, Stacey,” he exclaimed and shut his eyes, “Do. Not. Move.”

When he opened his eyes and saw she had the audacity to smile, and roll her hips, he lost it. He gripped her wrists and shoved them above her head.

“Little wench,” he said into her ear.

She clamped her legs and he eased himself out before thrusting slowly into her once again.

Her body held in an incredibly tight and hot vise, making him question if she was a virgin.

“Stacey,” he whispered.

“What,” she responded.

“Are you a virgin?”

Silence met him and he looked into her eyes, “Huh?”

She shook her head, “But.”

“But what?”

“I’ve never had an orgasm.”

*Son of a freaking bitch.*

“Well before the one you just gave me,” she quickly added.

Nothing had affected his libido as much as Stacey’s full and pink lips wrapped around the word orgasm.

Looking into the chocolate depths of her soul, he saw lust and worry morphed into her big brown eyes.

“Baby, I’m going to make you scream with orgasm,” he whispered. This was one promise he was going to be happy to fulfill.

In desperate attempt to regain his calm, he took a few deep breaths and just enjoyed the warmth of all that was Stacey.

He loosened his grips on her wrist and grabbed her hips instead, reveling in the feel of his throbbing cock inside her hot wetness. Satisfied with the amount of control he had regained, he began a slow tempo, thrusting in and out of her.

Knowing this slow pace wouldn't please them, his thrusts picked up speed.

"Slow and easy will have to wait," he said into the darkness of the night.

His hips pistoned in and out her, making frantic beats against her body. The sheen of sweat that had covered them, only made the noises echo, and nothing had made him happier.

Stacey was in her new definition of heaven. Brett was reaching into places that had been undiscovered, filling her to the hilt. Euphoria was seeping into her body, a high so great, it melted into her bones. His fingers were tight on her hips, his thigh muscles tense against hers, thrusts fast and hard.

"So tight, so perfect," he murmured out loud, "Like fire and ecstasy."

His words danced across her skin, reached her ears and nearly sent her over the edge. He adjusted himself to be able to kiss her, their tongues intertwining and her hands tunneling through the mass of his golden brown hair. They moved together, a perfect union of two bodies searching for release.

She felt the familiar tightness in her stomach and felt it move lower and lower. It was like a raindrop, that hit the sea, sending ripples of pleasure throughout her body.

He moved his mouth to the crook of her neck, and she screamed out in ecstasy. Her orgasm was so strong, she was afraid it would rip her apart, it was the deepest pleasure she had ever known, feeling it from the tips of her toes to the roots of her hair. She was thankful for not having neighbors, knowing her scream was audible, making her sound like a maniac, but she couldn't have cared less.

A few more thrusts of his hips, and she felt Brett deposit his seed deep into the unknown realms of her body. For a moment after, he lay on top of her, whispering his satisfaction into her ear, showering her neck with kisses. Her arms were wrapped around him, stroking his wet skin, feeling absolute bliss.

He laid on his side and tucked her into the safety of his warmth before covering their bodies with the duvet. She stroked the hard ridges of his stomach, while he twined his fingers into her hair. Her hands made their way up to his chest, where she came across the large scar hidden in the sprinkling of chest hair.

"Brett," she whispered against his skin.

"Yeah, baby?"

She smiled at the tingly sensation in her chest when he used the endearment.

“How’d do get this scar,” she asked softly.

She felt his throat bob against the top of her head, “When I was a kid, my family had lived in a little house, not too far from Carlingford. One day I was headed home from class, when I saw this group of boys kicking the shit out this poor little dog, like a helpless little mutt in some bushes.”

He let out a soft chuckle and kissed her head before continuing, “I had this feeling in my chest, it was horrible. The kids had left after they were satisfied, I suppose, and when I went to go if the dog was okay, I found it dead. I laid on the ground and a shard of glass cut my chest, when I went to pick the body up.”

Absentmindedly Stacey went to run her fingers up and down his chest, “Later I buried the dog in this small hill near a fountain and that’s how I got the big scary scar.”

She marveled in the fact that he didn’t hide that story from her, as if he wasn’t afraid to let her know he wasn’t perfect.

“Why’d you leave Ireland,” she asked softly.

“I didn’t, I was adopted.”

“How did that happen?”

His body tense and he released his fingers from her hair.

“That’s enough pillow talk for one night, don’t you think?”

Stacey felt his barriers rise again as she kissed the scar on his chest. She wanted to know what had happened as a child to him, that made him like this, but exhausted from the previous activities, she closed her eyes and fell asleep to the soft rhythm of Brett’s breathing.