

# Reading between the lines - Chapter 5

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Macy's eyes focused on Caleb's youthful face in the late afternoon light, her fingers gently stroking the hair on his chest. He was wrapped around her like a living blanket. One of his large legs was thrown across both of hers, one hand was between their bodies while the other strewn across her stomach and gently gripping her hip. His head was resting in the crook of her shoulder, his hair tickling her arms and his face inches from hers.

Even in his sleep he was undeniably beautiful. She lay there, listening to the snores from deep inside his throat, feeling his breaths whisper secrets across her skin, watching his eyes move frantically beneath his lids. He whispered something unintelligible.

"Some hell of a dream, huh," she whispered so quietly, she wasn't sure if she had even said it aloud.

His body rolled over. "No, please, Casey."

His whispers continued and although he hadn't opened his eyes, his face was etched with anguish.

Macy gave his cheek a small pat. "Come on, baby, wake up."

*"Please, Casey, come on, stay with me, keep your eyes open."*

He was still turning and tossing, his hands fisting at his sides, his voice a mixture of whispers and yells.

"Caleb, please, wake up," Macy whispered, moving to kneel beside him. She grabbed his broad shoulders and shook them, desperate to wake him.

He fell off the side of the bed, landing on his back; the sound of flesh smacking marble was audibly painful. She scrambled to the edge of the bed and his eyes flew open, darting around and immediately finding hers. They were glossy and wet with tears. His irises were extremely small, not doing anything to hide to his palpable fear. The passion of his clearly tortured soul was cutting through her like the sharpest blade. He was hurting.

Caleb felt the contrast of his heated back and the cold marble, but he made no move to stand, not sure of how she would react. He watched Macy kneeling on the edge of the bed, not moving to cover herself, just watching him. Her face was blank, she didn't seem scared, nor alert, merely observant. He knew she was looking at him through the eyes of a person who went to school for this. She was looking at him like an experiment she had read about in one of her textbooks and he damn well hated it.

After long moments, he made gentle movements and scooted to sit against the wall.

"You can leave, if you'd like." He hung his head. "I know I would."

He closed his eyes, not having the heart to actually face her if she left. When he heard the bed shift under her weight, he heavily sighed, knowing he had scared away the woman who seemed to have wrapped her tiny, French-tipped fingers around his heart. He heard small steps and thought she had left the room, until he felt her straddle his legs, feeling her sex's warmth on this thigh.

Her hands cupped his jaw and she looked directly into his eyes. "I'm going to fall in love with you, you don't have to do anything about it, and that's okay, just know I'm giving you my heart."

He felt the air leave him. "No, Macy."

Her arms encircled his neck and her lips trailed to his temple. "Why not?"

"Loving me is a suicide and I'm not sure I could handle letting you do that to yourself." His hands went to her waist, his eyes stinging.

Her hips started to gently rock and her lips kissed their way to his ear. "Lucky for you, I always liked doing bad things with bad boys."

He felt his cock nudge against her bottom, throbbing with rushing blood. His eyes found hers and she nodded to his silent question. He pushed his hand under her bottom and lifted her.

"Ride me." He easily slid up into her then pulled her down, making her lips form a perfect circle. "Hard."

\* \* \*

Macy picked at her fried rice with her fork. "Yeah, but the Jets didn't have a chance this year anyway."

She looked up and saw Caleb's fork disappear into his mouth. "Honestly, when it comes down to it, it's between Dallas and Pittsburgh."

She opened her mouth to say something, but decided against it since he was probably right. She was on the end of the couch, with her legs stretched out in front of her and tucked into Caleb's lap. He was facing her, with his legs crossed and eating straight out of the take out box.

She had never felt more content in life than with this man, right now, eating cheap Chinese food with reality TV playing in the background. When reality dawned on her, she felt her heart constrict.

With a spurt of insane courage, she voiced her curiosity, "Who is Casey?"

His fork stopped moving in his box and he looked up, his eyes blank. "How do you know about Casey?"

She immediately found herself insecure under his disappointed expression. "You were calling out to her, or him, in your sleep."

He dropped his fork and set his box on the coffee table beside the couch. "Casey is no one of much importance to me anymore."

Macy felt winded, confused at the understatement of the year. "If it's affecting you this much, in such an evident way, it's obviously important."

His eyes shined, bright with emotion. Burning with lust, but cold his fury. Only he could make that combination delectable.

Caleb felt his body become alive under the narrowed eyes of a siren. She didn't need to know who Casey was, hell, he was trying to forget who Casey was. Macy insisted and it infuriated him that she didn't trust his answer. But he enjoyed it. He liked the fact that she hadn't backed down from this, or the fact she wasn't afraid to say whatever came to mind. She offered a game and he was more than willing to play.

"Macy, you're being very bad," he said, cracking his knuckles.

Her lips parted slightly. "Are you making me fun of me?"

He was going to offer more of an argument when the doorbell rang. His eyebrows shot up and her

eyes narrowed at him before she stood to answer it. He watched her backside in pink lace play peek-a-boo from beneath his sweater, that she was wearing.

When she opened the door, a tall, leggy blonde threw her arms around Macy and studied her at arms' length.

"Oh, thank God." The blonde hugged her again. "If you were dead, I wouldn't be as mad, but you're not, so I'm mad."

Caleb rolled his eyes from behind the couch. Women worried over a time span of hours, when he and his team had disappeared for days and no one gave a shit.

Macy giggled and stepped aside for the blonde. "Jesus, relax Leighton, I've been, uh, busy."

The blonde, whose name was apparently Leighton, stopped in her tracks and made eye contact with Caleb.

"Oh." Leighton looked from Caleb to Macy, then smiled. "Ooooooh."

Caleb stood and smiled, extending his hand. "Caleb Walker, the tenant."

Leighton took his hand and smiled back. "Leighton Thatcher, the over protective best-friend."

Caleb awkwardly laughed. "Well, if you'd like, I could leave you two."

He saw Macy's mouth turn into a small pout, but Leighton didn't see it.

"No, it's fine." Leighton chuckled and produced an envelope from her coat pocket. "I just came to drop this off."

Macy's eyebrows creased. "What is it?"

"Four tickets to the Pittsburgh game, one for me, and three for whoever." She sighed. "Robby, from Maine, gave them to me after the shoot because he lost the bet."

Macy burst out laughing. "He didn't believe you?"

Leighton laughed nervously. "When you first met me, you didn't believe me either."

Caleb coughed silently and both girls turned to look at him.

"Well, that's my cue to leave." She turned towards the door. "Nice meeting you, Caleb and hopefully you guys find someone else for the ticket."

Macy walked her to the front door and Caleb flopped on the couch. Macy returned and jumped into his lap like a little school girl. "Know anybody that would want to go?"

He rolled his eyes. "The entire male species."

She kissed his nose. "Seriously, Caleb."

He chuckled with the thought of a certain FBI agent in mind with a weakness for blondes. "My friend Pierce, is a Dallas fan," he said, resting his hands on her thighs.

"Is he cute?"

"Macy..."

She giggled. "Kidding, but I don't want to set her up with someone ugly."

"You'll see soon enough." He kissed her. "What bet were you talking about?"

She smiled and winked. "A wise man once said, 'You'll see soon enough.'"