

## Unreadable

Author: CK

Rating: P18 (*very*)

Summary: The results of consumption of alcohol were a curious affair. It made people say things they'd never say, do things they'd never do when they were sober. Or would they? - Callian smuff

Spoilers: Picks up where 3x05 "The Canary's Song" ended.

Disclaimer: If this was my show... no. Don't get me even started on that. I may use this moment to say: SAVE LIE TO ME! ...Okay, so show belongs to Samuel Baum and his team, as well as FOX.

Author's Note: No, I won't say that about two months ago I didn't even want to watch that show, much less become a fan, a shipper, AND write a fanfic. A smut one also, to only make it worse. Usually, my life is very predictable (which isn't such a bad thing, trust me; I hate surprises). Obviously it doesn't apply to my fandom life.

Usually, Cal Lightman found a way out of any problematic situation, or problem in general, he encountered. He dealt with criminals on an almost daily basis; dangerous criminals, the kind that could pull out a weapon and shoot him if only he did one wrong move. It wasn't his job that was this dangerous. No. If he did his job as he was supposed to do it, and then went home like any other normal person, danger wouldn't be anything he would have to concern about. Most times, at least, and excluding politically motivated bombers.

Thing was, when he dealt with those criminals, it was because he liked a good challenge reading them while gambling or doing shady business with them was. Mind you, he usually knew well enough what he was doing, and at least *tried* to not take any unnecessary risks. He had a daughter, after all. And yet he couldn't refrain completely from doing it; he needed the thrill of that slightly unpredictable danger.

Right now, however, he was willing to give it all up for the thrill he felt in that particular moment - if only he could figure out how to deal with it.

He was perfect at reading people. That was a fact; he made this for a living, so he had to be good. Only a handful of people was able to fool him, and then also only for a few moments. Still, there was one person he had always been far from being perfect at reading: his best friend and partner, Gillian Foster. Even now when whatever guards she put up against his abilities should have been down or at least weakened due to the drunken state he'd found her in, he couldn't read much in her face - and that definitely wasn't the fault of the low light on the balcony. Of all people, it was her who was anything but an open book to him.

Life had an interesting sense of humor. He had learned that a long time ago - and he was confronted with it every day. Things happened although they shouldn't happen. People met who shouldn't ever meet. One saw something that rather should have remained unseen.

And Cal unexpectedly found himself reading emotions - truths - in faces of persons he otherwise had serious problems ascertaining. Truths in *Gillian's* face. Like that look, the one single look and nothing else, her eyes showed

now. The one that spoke of want and desire. He neither needed to guess, nor to read what she was about to do, or what she wanted.

Cal knew he should have left the moment he realized that his friend of over seven years was drunk. Whenever Gillian had even a tad too much alcohol in her system, she became very dangerous - for him. Because while the two of them already were close and shared some good measure of bodily contact, when she wasn't sober anymore, Gillian was too *affectionate* for her own, and more so, *his* good.

Like now, when she hugged him, pressed herself against his body and seemingly couldn't stop touching him, and the soft curves of her luscious figure brought him alive in ways he'd rather not, not now at least. He wasn't sure whether he was grateful that she had turned out the light on his helmet; only the faint glow of the moon and the dimmed lights from the hall behind him illuminating her lovely face didn't make things exactly better for him. And by no means did it help his concentration.

It wasn't the first time they kissed. But the last time had only been a cover, a little additional proof that they were indeed the happy couple they pretended to be for that porn producer. And he certainly didn't count all the times they'd kissed each other as friends, always conveniently brushing the corners of each other's mouths while sharing this *friendly* gesture.

Be that as it may - *this* time was completely different. If he had ever been aware of a woman and her touch, it was now. Gillian pecked his lips repeatedly before playfully letting her tongue glide over them. Given that self-restraint had never been his strength when it came to women - and sex - Cal was very proud when he only allowed himself a quick taste of her, a short but very lustful kiss, before pushing her away; reluctantly so, but he needed to keep their encounter from becoming too passionate and reaching a point when he couldn't stop anymore. And didn't want to either. And surely he didn't trust himself to be willing to stop *her*.

"You're drunk, love," he stated, though he wasn't sure if he was telling it her or himself - so he could give his mind a reason to refuse her advances. Gillian, however, only let out a sound that he identified as something between a giggle and a chuckle.

"I... know," she answered, her words still slurred, and an adorable grin that was obviously meant to be seductive on her face.

For the umpteenth time, Cal wondered why he was such a gentleman with her when he wasn't one with any of his other women. Affairs. Well, one night stands.

*Because she is your colleague and friend and it would only complicate things if you slept with her now*, he told himself, very well aware that there would have been a lot to read had he looked at his own face. He was avoiding the truth, *lying* to himself, and he knew it. Some truths were better kept in the dark - especially when they concerned his feelings for certain best friends.

Swaying a little bit, Gillian leaned in and aimed for his lips once again, but this time he caught her before she was able to make contact. If she kissed him only one more time...

He needed to get away from here. From *her*. He didn't know how long he was still able to resist her. He wanted that woman - had wanted her for years. If there had ever been a real challenge in his life, turning Gillian down while she was willing to give him what he was longing for definitely was one.



Which brought him to the point of thinking about her actions and what they-

Oh.

"Blimey, Gill, you're killin' me," he uttered, his voice low and thick with arousal.

"I rather take you alive, Cal," she responded suggestively, and when her lips sought his this time, he let her. Gillian Foster, the woman he'd wanted, hell, even been in love with for longer than he dared to admit, kissed him. Not as a friend, not for cover, but because she wanted it. *Him*. And he responded with so much pent up passion and longing and love that this time it were her who became weak in the knees. She completely forgot to breath, they both did, with their lips clinging to each other just like their bodies did, and their tongues dancing an incredibly erotic dance. When they finally parted, their breathing was so fast and shallow that Cal feared for a moment they'd pass out.

"You're not drunk?" he wanted her to confirm one last time when they both had back enough oxygen in their lungs, blood - and brains. If he did this, he wanted to be sure of two things - one, that she really wanted this, which meant *she*, and not some brain stimulating substance in her system, and two, that she would remember it.

"No, I'm not. Now, I'm probably not completely sober either, but," she made a pause and looked at him with unmistakable determination before continuing, "one thing I'm for sure - tired of waiting and pretending." Cal allowed himself a second of complete calm, closing his eyes when her words sank in.

They were all the reassurance he needed.

Grabbing her butt and lifting her up, he urged her to wind her legs around him, causing her skirt to slide upwards and her to open up to him. He pulled her into his body so she would feel how happy and relieved he was about those words, and Gillian gasped at the feeling of his semi-hardness pressing against her intimately, the strained jeans over his crotch only increasing the size of the area that was pushing into her.

He staggered and stumbled with her in his arms as he carried her through the room, kissing her frantically and feeling her fingers claw into his shirt. He had every intention of reaching her bedroom and making this slow and unforgettable, but something told him that neither she nor he would be able to come up with the patience. And her next words confirmed him in that thought.

"Cal. Couch. *Now*." There was some restrained moan in her voice that just then surely had to have killed even the last remains of his brain cells. He could have taken her on the spot, ravishing her wildly in the middle of her living room floor. Still, he managed to find his way over to the sofa like she had demanded, and let them both fall rather unceremoniously onto it. Lifting himself up a bit on his arms again, he looked down at the woman beneath him, and found her eyes and the expression in them unguarded - telling whole tales of need, want, love. *Love*.

Enthusiastic about what he saw in those emerald orbs of hers, he leaned down and met her lips; but it wasn't frantic and searing this time. Instead he took his time to gently caress her lips with his, and she responded equally gentle after her initial attempt to make it passionate as well. They imprinted this feeling into their minds and memories, and Gillian felt the tingling in her lower stomach grow stronger as Cal's hands never once stopped in their wandering along her curves.

Having her cardigan already brushed from her shoulders, his hands now found their way under the hem of her top, meeting the bare skin of her belly with his fingertips and causing Gillian to end their kiss with a gasp. Touching each

other in any way, on the job or as friends, was normal for them - but this was different, so *amazingly* different. Every single nerve of her body had become hypersensitive by now, and as aroused and thirsty for his touch as she was, even this light contact was already too much for her. Impatiently she began to pull at his tee shirt; luckily he had left his jacket in the car, so there was one piece of clothing less she would have to get off him.

Cal gave a short laugh at her impatience and stole another kiss from her invitingly red and swollen lips, before sitting back and pulling the tee shirt over his head, letting it carelessly fall onto the floor between couch and coffee table. He never gave Gillian the chance to explore that newly-exposed skin, though, as he also wanted to see those clothes she was wearing anywhere - just not *on* her. He reached for her top and pushed it up, and she immediately took the folded-up material and freed her body of it, moaning when she felt his hands follow the cloth's way, only to stop at her breasts.

Her bra was brushed aside so quickly she didn't even realize how and when it had happened. She was, however, fully aware of his hands deftly massaging her full, soft mounds as soon as they were freed from their constriction, and his mouth finding the rosy peaks that stood hard and begging for attention - attention he was more than keen to give them. Gillian found herself unable to do anything else than bury her hands in his hair when he attacked her breasts with hands and tongue and all the while managed to reach around her lying form to open the clasp of the light red lace and remove it. Having her upper body finally completely naked, he kissed and licked his way down to her belly button, not leaving out a single inch of skin he could reach on the way, and up again to give her neck some well-deserved indulging treatment, nipping and biting now and then - because he loved hearing her gasp so much.

There were many spots he would have to explore thoroughly and memorize later; there obviously was a lot that, touched in the right way, would make her surrender to him completely at an instant. And he couldn't let *that* chance pass. Only both their impatience and desire kept him from taking his exploration any further. He had a hard time already anyways focusing on giving her at least a bit of what she deserved and not to lose his mind when her hands left his hair and wandered, nails lightly scratching his skin, over his chest and stomach to find his pants' button and zipper, which she opened with expert fingers.

Cal was quick at pulling her hands back up and over her head, holding them fast with one of his. He only grinned when she protested, and placed sappy kiss on her half-open mouth. His free hand once again found its way under her body, searching for and, with a little help from her who thankfully lifted her hips, unfastening the zipper of her skirt. Letting go of her wrists, he sat back once more, and pulled the piece of clothing down her long legs, taking off her panties in the same movement, as well as her heels that fell to the floor with a rumble. To avoid any more interruptions, he got rid of his remaining clothes also, before he kneeed on the sofa, allowing himself an admiring look at her irresistible exquisiteness that was all his to possess now.

It sounded clichéd and old, even to his own ears and though he knew how honest it was meant, but he couldn't stop the words, "You're so beautiful, love," coming out of his mouth with awe. Only then his hands found her calves and slowly glided up her legs, and reaching her thighs, he gently pushed them apart, to which she willingly complied.

Just for a moment, he forgot how aroused and therefore hurried he was, and slowly dipped his head towards the juncture of her thighs, pressing a longing kiss to her sex. Gillian bucked her hips at the contact, but Cal immediately held her down with his hands, and reassured that sudden movements wouldn't be possible. He glanced upwards along her body and to her face, where he found her lids half closed, her mouth open, and the tip of her tongue unconsciously wetting her lips.

Speaking of memorizing things - this picture was without any doubt one that he would never again forget. And this was only the beginning in a long series of memories, of that he was sure. As he was sure to start making them from this very moment on.

Bringing out his tongue, he gave her clit a lick. And then another one. And another one. Each contact with her pleasure nub had her pressing her hips more against his hands and her head more into the cushions of the sofa, much to Cal's delight. He had her where he wanted her - at his mercy under his touch.

Torturing slow, he let his tongue wander down from her clit to her opening, tasting the wetness of her, the sweetness of this woman he adored so much. He tickled her nether lips with a ghosting touch, and for the second time this evening her hands found their way into his hair, demandingly pressing his head down, wanting more, needing more of his ministrations.

And he wasn't the kind of person who had to be asked twice in a situation like this one.

With his mouth returning to her clit, one of his hands let go of her hips and its fingers took over the task of teasing her opening, before finding a way inside her soaking core with one digit. Within seconds, her hips were meeting his hand and lips and tongue greedily, and he added a second to the lonely finger inside her, feeling for that one special spot on her inner walls that would make her puddle of lust, if she wasn't one yet.

"Yes! God, Cal, there!" Gillian managed to voice while fisting her hands into the cushions of the couch when his digits found their aim, brushing it strongly, and Cal immediately focused his attention there, his mouth still spoiling the outside part of her sex. He felt - and heard - her nearing her climax, and carefully pushed a third digit into her heat. That was her undoing. With a throaty scream, she came and pressed herself against his hand. The contraction of her muscles around his fingers and under his hand lying on her stomach had his member ache even more than it already did anyways, and it took him a lot of patience to wait until she came down from her heights a bit.

"I need you, Gill," he whispered between hot kisses he planted along her body until he finally came up to meet her lips, claiming them and letting her taste herself on them. As answer, she reached down his body, eyes still closed and mouth moving against his, to take his smooth hardness into her hand and rub him tightly. She tested his self-control with her skilled movements, and Cal found himself begging her to stop - what brought her to open her eyes and look at him with a playful gleam in them. And then her hand suddenly stilled.

"Stop?" she asked, in her voice again that purring note he didn't hear for the first time this evening, the one that went straight to his groin.

"Some things are more fun when done together," he said, his voice husky. He leaned in and nipped at the skin just below her ear, making her breath hitch.

"Cal," she breathed, and wound her legs around his, lifting her hips up, desperately longing for him. This time, he had no reason to wait any longer. Taking his erection she'd just released into his hand, he guided himself to her entrance, teasing her with his tip and wetting his shaft with her juices.

Gillian let out a scream of pleasure when he entered her with one sharp thrust and pushed into her as deep as possible. Her hot core and the light contraction of her inner muscles almost made him come at this very second, but he held onto every last straw of self-restraint, the feeling of being inside his Gillian too fantastic to not enjoy it to the full. He pulled out almost completely and plunged back in again, reliving the sensation of burying himself in

her slick tightness, until she began to move her hips impatiently and unrhythmically, needing him to stop what was only a mere teasing for her.

Adjusting their position by nudging her legs around him a bit higher, Cal increased the speed of his thrusts, pumping in and out of her faster and harder. Still, it didn't seem to be enough for her, her nails digging into his shoulders urging her to give her more yet, so he hooked his arm under her right knee and pulled her leg up another bit. He was rewarded with another deep moan by her, and unable to resist that erotic picture she gave, he swept his tongue over the lips of her slightly open mouth, before he began to move deeper, pushing in up to the hilt. By this force and angle, he was brushing her clit now and then with his pelvic bone, coaxing little high-pitched cries out of her throat.

Cal watched her with fascination while he worked her to her second climax he felt and saw was close - if possible, she looked even more beautiful than ever before. Gillian didn't only get better-looking every day - she got more gorgeous, more stunningly beautiful, and this with every *hour*. Though he tended to say minute and not hour at that moment.

Every other time - and stroke - her panting was spiced up by a breathy scream, and then that amazing woman beneath him suddenly started squeezing his cock with her inner muscles, begging him to make her come. He heeded her request with pleasure - in every sense of the word - finding just another new rhythm that sent them to unknown heights, eliciting an unbroken series of screams and moans from her and making him act on pure instinct when she met his hips with a rhythm of her own.

Knowing that he wouldn't last any longer, he managed to shift his weight to one hand and let his other find their joining, and that little nub of hers that made her finally explode with a panted scream as soon as he applied just the right amount of pressure with his thumb. Her whole body convulsed, almost shaking uncontrolled due to the force of her climax, and lifted itself up towards him, which he took as opportunity to let his head fall between her breasts, placing a wet, open-mouthed kiss and sucking at the skin there, before he let her orgasm push him over the edge as well. Her name was the only understandable word in between incoherent muttering as he emptied himself into her hot depths.

Cal was barely able to hold himself up, much less move so he wouldn't crush her. Their bodies were practically glued together by the heat and sweat their wild love-making had resulted in, and their chests heaved quickly against the other as they sucked in air hungrily.

"I don't think I will be able to walk for the next few hours... or days... or so," Gillian groaned, clinging to him with arms and legs still wrapped around him, and drew light lines with her nails on his back and arms.

"Mission accomplished," he chuckled, and pecked her cheek. She failed in her attempt to send him a life-threatening glare, still recovering and recollecting her strength. When he moved to pull away, however, she found some of that strength to hold him to her.

"No, Cal," she stopped him, "stay just a moment longer. I like that feeling of you inside me." Cal was sure that as of this second, his brain was officially dead. Was this really his Gillian talking? He didn't realize he was gaping at her until she rolled her eyes and her lips formed a smirk. "What? Can't I be a little bit...," she tried to think of the right word, and smiled at him meaningfully when she came up with one, "naughty from time to time?"

"Darlin', you can be naughty anytime you want," he replied, emphasizing his words with a deep kiss, before breaking into a grin and adding, "as you can have that feelin' of me inside you anytime you-- Ouch."

"Naughty moment is over," she deadpanned while he rubbed the earlobe she had just bitten into. He only huffed at that, let himself fall beside her, pulling from her body and making her groan. He wrapped his arms around her and held her close to him, never getting enough of her body, her naked skin, touching him.

"Got a question, Gill - why aren't you drunk?"

"Why should I be?"

"Well, ya know, drinking that awful lot of *my expensive scotch* and all makes me think you shouldn't be clear in the head anymore," he answered, and couldn't help but tease again a bit by reminding her of what had been his property.

"Who says that I am?" she quipped and gave that happy, adorable giggle of hers that made him fall in love with her a little bit more every time. Then she stated, matter-of-factly and with a smile on her lips, "It's *you* who thinks I can't put away a fair bit. *I* never said that," and kissed him. He grinned at her cheekily when they parted.

"Someone's got some practice?"

"Someone just knows when to stop. I only drink as much to be able to let go - if I want. Or stay clear-headed enough to not make any unwise decisions." She stretched to bring her mouth close to his ear to add, "Would have been a shame, wouldn't it?", and let her hands wander down his back.

"Never losin' control, are you, love?"

"Only sometimes," she whispered, and squeezed his ass, making him get up quickly and lift her into his arms, which had her squeal slightly with surprise.

"Can think of better places to cuddle," he answered the question she never got the chance to ask, and carried her to her bedroom.

"Cuddle, huh?" He wiggled his eyebrows at her.

"Oh yes."

And then, he kicked her bedroom door shut.

FIN