

Awakening

by Jacks

This fictional story is based on The Practice character Alan Shore – the initial story in a post season serial. Rating: R for sexual situations; Style: Season N



As she stormed through the courthouse hallway, Carolina Jacks imagined the pleasing number of ways that she could kill Alan Shore. She was walking fast, red hair flying, heels clicking a staccato tempo on the marble floors. Mentally having made it as far as dismemberment with a very sharp ax, she became aware of the sound of footsteps trying to keep pace with her. They were heavier, definitely male, and she had no intention of stopping. Crossbow...through what passes for his heart. Big smile, despite her fury. That upturning of her lush lips only made the appearance of the furious redhead more dangerous to the casual observer. Even the armed deputy at the front door stepped aside slightly to give her a wide berth, as she stormed through.

One person watching her hurried blasting through the door was the man behind her, attempting to catch her. Of course, that did not keep him from admiring her lovely behind and legs in her tight black skirt, or her red hair blowing about her shoulders. It would be a brave or foolhardy man who would attempt to catch a hurricane of such velocity. Since Alan never thought of himself as particularly brave, he assumed that he was the latter. He set his mouth in a determined frown as he watched her shove open the heavy oak and glass doors leading to the front steps of the courthouse.

Carolina was fully aware of Alan walking quickly about 30 feet behind her as she opened the door, then threw it back with as much force as she could muster. It would have been nice for it to slam on his face, but no matter, it was enough to give her a few additional seconds head start as he opened the door, and then held it for a woman with a child. She was fully down the long steps, and halfway to the parking lot when he finally made it to the top of the steps.



“Carolina...wait.”

She raised an eyebrow as she kept walking. Right, Shore, that was going to work. Moron. She pulled her car keys out as she walked, intending to get in her car and take off. Carolina saw her new 57 T-Bird Roadster, red and shiny, waiting to whisk her off, away from the man semi-running behind her. You really need to get more exercise, Alan; she smirked, as she placed her key into the lock. Quickly, but gracefully, she opened the car door and slid into the seat of her convertible. She turned her head, but did not see Alan behind her. Too bad, she thought, running him over would have been fun. Maybe he collapsed from exertion. With that pleasant image in her head, she did not see him open the passenger door and get into her car. Until, that is, he was already there.

“Get the hell out of my car, Shore.” Carolina glared at him.

“Not until you talk to me.” Alan leaned back comfortably against the leather upholstery. Nice car, he thought. It suits her.

“I have nothing left to say to you. I am going home and you are getting out of my car before I call a cop and say that you are trying to kidnap me.” Carolina reached into her purse and pulled out her sunglasses, sliding them on. She turned on the car, and waited expectantly for him to get out, staring straight ahead. After a few minutes of strained silence, she looked over at him.

The arrogant pig, she thought. He was sitting there, his head leaning back against the seat, as if he were napping. His eyes were closed, a small smile playing on his lips. She studied his profile. He is so damn handsome, she thought. She remembered the time that she had impulsively kissed him on his cheek, the night he had come to her rescue. It was with great effort that she took her gaze away from his soft lips. Bastard, creep, louse, pig, evil playmate of Satan...that is what he is. She took one more look at his seemingly innocent face in repose and whacked him hard in the shoulder.

“GET OUT OF MY CAR! NOW!”

She saw his lashes flutter open, as if she had rudely awakened him. He turned to look down at his offended shoulder, encased in his expensive and tailored grey suit. Then, with careful and deliberate calm, he turned his face back up and closed his eyes again. This was too much, she thought. Carolina considered a scene, calling a cop and having Shore removed, but she decided against it. Fine, she thought, looking over at Alan’s car in the lot, you want a ride?

Carolina threw the car into gear and backed out of the space.

Alan never moved.

She put the car in drive and squealed out of the lot, narrowly missing two attorneys arguing on the sidewalk. One of them gave her the finger.

Alan never moved.

Carolina Jacks drove through the downtown area and got on the freeway towards her house. She got off at her exit, drove through the expensive homes, pulled into her long and curved drive, parked her car and got out.

Alan never moved.

It was times like these that she wished she had a Doberman. She let that image play for a few steps as she neared her front door. Glancing back, she saw that he was still sitting there with his eyes closed, in her car parked near the azalea bushes. Maybe he was asleep. Unlocking the front door, she looked over and noticed the metal rod to turn on the... *perfect*.

With a slight twist, she turned on the sprinklers and walked into the front door of her large home.

The first blast of cold water hit Alan squarely in the nose. He bolted straight up and opened the car door. Getting out of the car, he found himself encircled by sprinklers of all kinds. There were small and misty ones, soaking his expensive black shoes. There was also the familiar *tap..tap..tap* sound of the oscillating type, who's steady stream of water just made it back in time to dump a large amount of cold water over his head, as well as his favorite suit. It moved away, as he stood there completely drenched.

Carolina grabbed Amanda from the kitchen, pulling her into the front study, where they watched Alan get his sprinkler punishment. They both laughed uproariously, until Carolina noticed that he was stomping toward the front door. She raced to lock it, but did not make it in time. The door flew open, and a very wet, very angry Alan entered. Carolina backed up towards the great room, with the indoor pool, as Amanda walked over and handed Alan a thick towel, which he ignored as he continued to advance on the nervous Carolina.

"Alan...calm down...dry off." Amanda tried to use her most placating voice, worried at the murderous look in the man's hazel eyes.

Alan turned and smiled at the sweetly pretty blonde. He took the towel and carefully dried his face and neck. He ran it over his hair, then smoothed the hair down with his hands. He then methodically dried his hands. He handed the towel back to Amanda, giving her one of his most charming smiles.

Then, with careful and calm deliberation, he walked over to Carolina, picked her up easily and plopped her without a word into the deep end of the pool.

The fully dressed redhead came up sputtering and splashing, which led Alan to back up a bit. He then walked over to the stunned Amanda, who stood in disbelief with the towel in her hand.

"Amanda, would you happen to have any items of male clothing lying around anywhere?"

Amanda nodded silently, as she watched Carolina swim over to the pool steps.

"Might I trouble you to borrow them, so that I might get out of this wet suit and not catch pneumonia?" Alan put his hand on the girl's chin, turning her to face him. He grinned at her open mouthed expression, and ignored the dripping Carolina, now out of the pool and standing in a puddle staring at him.

Amanda grinned back at him, thinking that he must surely be the funniest man she knew. She had never seen anyone ever get the best of Carolina, and it was great fun to see how this was going to go. She walked down the hall towards her room, beckoning him to follow. When she got in the room, she searched through her closet until she found a black pair of soft athletic pants that Max had left, along with a black Metallica t-shirt. The pants should fit, she thought, but they might be long. Oh, well.

She silently handed him the clothes. He raised one eyebrow at the shirt, but shrugged and went into the bathroom to change. Amanda walked out to the great room, finding Carolina still standing there wet and dripping. "You asked for that." Amanda said boldly.

"Shut up, Amanda."

Carolina walked down the opposite hall to her own room, her soaked shoes making squishing noise all of the way. She slammed her door with enough force to rattle the walls and make the dog yelp in fear.

Bastard. She was pulling off her clothes furiously, throwing them randomly across the room. I could just kill him. She stepped into the shower, rinsing and soaping absently, still thinking of gruesome ways to kill him. After drying off and putting on underwear and bra, she pulled on her flannel pajama pants and a pink t-shirt that asked "*Who Pissed In Your Cornflakes?*". She fixed her hair and face and went out. She hoped that Alan had the good sense to call a taxi and go home.

When she walked into the kitchen, he was ensconced at the table, eating hot soup that Amanda had heated up for him. It took considerable effort of her part not to laugh at the incongruous picture he made in the too long pants and heavy metal t-shirt. She looked up and noticed him staring intently at her breasts.

"What the hell are you staring at?"

"I was reading your shirt"

"Well...knock it off."

Carolina grabbed a bottle of water out of the fridge and went back to her room. She decided to stay in there until he left. Absently, she began picking up her clothes and trying to dry out her Italian leather pumps.

"I'm sorry, Carolina."

He was standing in the doorway, leaning against it casually.

"Why did you do that?" Carolina asked him, looking down at his bare feet with the pants bunched up around them.

"You soaked me first." Alan grinned at her.

"I don't mean that, I mean in court. Why did you use everything you knew about me to discredit me on the stand?" Carolina glared at him, causing his grin to fade to a frown.

"Carolina, you were testifying as an expert witness against my client. It is my job to make you look bad, or at least to question your qualifications. I thought you knew that."

Carolina stood and walked over to him. She reached out and put a hand on his shoulder, pulling him into the room so that she could shut the door.

“Alan, you used information about me, personal information, that you knew from me telling you things in confidence, as a friend. How could you betray my trust and my friendship in that way?” She looked up at him, aware of how much taller he seemed when she was barefoot.

“I was doing my job.” Alan shrugged.

“No, you were not. You did not have to use that stuff to do your job. You were trying to humiliate me. I would like to know why.”

Shore looked down at the writing on her shirt, this time staring at her breasts as they moved when she breathed.

“I don’t know.”

She understood then that he really did not understand why he did that, why he humiliated her. But she did, she knew, and she knew that he would never confess the reason to her. It was about Micheal. It was about the insanity of the last few months and how time after time they had found themselves so close and yet so far apart. It was about how he had to exert some kind of control over feelings that he could not begin to express or understand. She longed to kiss him, more than anything. She wanted to just press her lips against his. They had never really kissed.

Alan looked at the woman in front of him. He felt shame for having been so cruel to her on the stand. She was right, and he had gone too far. He remembered how her eyes had widened and filled with tears when he had used her recent rape as a reason that she could not be objective about a client. He felt terrible. He looked at her soft green eyes now, and tried not to think about how she had looked soaking wet, with her silk clinging to her breasts. Impossibly complicated woman. Alan did not know much about women, but he knew that if he did not leave right now, he was going to do something that he might live to regret...or rejoice. Just tell her you are sorry and get out, Shore, he thought to himself. His lips parted to speak.

He never got the chance. Carolina raised her face up to his, with her arms at her side, and kissed him, softly, on his parted lips. Alan was taken by surprise, and he did not even close his eyes. He looked at her, with her eyes closed and her soft cheek, as she held the kiss for a few seconds before pulling away from him and opening her eyes to look at him. He stared at her for a long and quiet moment, then turned and opened the door to the bedroom, walking quickly down the hallway to the phone on the entry stand. He started to dial for a taxi, but stopped when he saw the door to Carolina’s bedroom slowly close.

“Leaving, Alan?” Amanda stood in the opposite hall, watching him with great amusement.

Alan sighed and set the phone down.

“I could give you a ride.” Amanda made the offer out of good manners, and because she knew that he really did not want to take her up on it.

Alan nodded, and turned to look at Carolina's bedroom door.

"She is a pain in the ass." Amanda grinned.

"Yes."

"Stubborn, impulsive, hot tempered and completely impossible at times."

Alan nods.

"So why are you standing here talking to me?" Amanda arched an eyebrow.

Alan walked over and kissed the blonde on the lips, then spun on his heel and walked down the hall to Carolina's bedroom door. He knocked once and opened the door.

Carolina was sitting up in her bed, with a sheet held up to her chest. She was completely nude, and not at all surprised. But Alan was. He stood and looked at the vision she made in the glow of the small lamp on the nightstand. Her red hair was wild over her golden bare shoulders, and her green eyes glowed with flecks of amber. She said nothing, silently offering all that she was to him.

Alan absently pulled off the borrowed clothing and climbed into her large bed, feeling the electric charge when his leg brushed hers. He pulled the sheet over his lap, and turned to look at her. They gazed at each other for a long while, finally smiling when Alan reached up to brush a stray lock of hair out of her eyes.

Carolina dropped the sheet she had held over her breasts, and reached up to take his hand from her forehead, guiding it down to cup her left breast softly. He ran his thumb over her nipple, feeling it harden under his touch. He placed his other hand on her back, easing her back onto the pillows. He moved towards her, capturing her mouth with his own.

He moved on top of her, his gaze never unlocking from hers. He felt her silky skin on his and smelled the soft scent of her perfume. They lay together for a few moments, both looking at the other in wonderment and disbelief. It had taken the so long to get here, and neither one was ignorant of the fact that this was a stunning turn in the events of their lives. He began to kiss her, softly and carefully at first. His lips became more demanding, and she met his growing passion, gently nibbling his lip and caressing his tongue with her own. Her fingers ran through his hair, down the side of his face and neck, his chest, then lower, becoming teasing and fluttering in a way that made him groan.

He was exploring her lush body as well, with his hands and then his mouth. His first touch of his tongue to her breast caused a sharp intake of breath from her, and she wriggled as his hand reached between her legs. His fingers stroked her as his tongue, teeth and lips teased her nipples.

He could not believe how incredibly erotic she was.

The anticipation they both had felt made them impatient. Alan decided that later would be time enough for extended exploration, but right now he had to possess her, drown in her. He glanced in her eyes as he slid over her, and she nodded, as eager for him as he was for her. With one move, he was inside her, gasping at the hot tightness.

As he entered her, a low, guttural moan escaped her. She pulled her legs up, giving him deeper access to her, and began to move in rhythm with him. He stroked her leg, behind her knee, and this secretly sensitive spot pushed her over the edge of reason. Her climax came strong, and she was arched to his view. A slight shift on his part caused her to scream in ecstasy. Her breathing was rapid and she trembled beneath him.

The beauty of her in her abandon caused Alan to reach his own peak. She pulled him to her as he moaned, shuddering with his face in her shoulder. He lay on top of her a few minutes, reluctantly pulling off of her and gathering her into his arms.

“Alan...”

“Shhhhh. Not now.”

She chuckled. “ I was going to say that you are laying on my hair.”

“Sorry.” He moved. “Better?”

“The best.”

They both grinned at each other, knowing that tomorrow there would be much to discuss and dissect. But not tonight. Tonight was for sleeping, until one or the other awoke with ideas of something else to do.