

Chapter 1

"I love you, too, girl! Ok, talk to ya later." You hang up from Raven and place the cordless phone back in its cradle. Taking a step to your right, you open one of the floor-to-ceiling glass doors and lock it in place. The days have become cooler and you stand by the door a moment to inhale the crisp autumn air. A breeze ruffles your hair as it blows through to the living room. Gazing out, past the back porch to the trees that line the lake, your thoughts linger on your friends and family back home. *Back in Indy*, you correct yourself. Boston is your home now.

The past three months have been the best of your life. It didn't seem quite real at first--rehearsals and sound checks every day; shows every night; waking up next to Jordan on the bus every morning; then starting your day all over again, just in a different city. It was one endless road trip, a non-stop party. You found you would periodically pinch yourself just to make sure you weren't dreaming. How could you not be? But reality is almost never the same as dreaming- and this was much better than any dream your subconscious could have put together.

You walk slowly across the hardwood floor and smile as you sit down on the plush over-stuffed sofa, the one you and Jordan picked out together. He insisted on getting all new furniture- and new appliances, new linens- nearly new everything- for your new apartment, beginning your new life together. He also insisted on you not looking at any prices. You about had a coronary the first store you browsed in alone. \$225 for a lamp?! \$875 for a chair?! You walked out of the store wide-eyed and shaking. From then on, Jordan went with you, diverting your attention every time you would ask about price or attempt to look at a tag. You didn't mind the distraction, though- usually a kiss.

You smile again as you run your hand along the arm of the sofa, the material so soft and thick, it feels like petting a stuffed animal. No wonder Jason refused to go to his bedroom to sleep the first few nights he was here. He would curl up into a little ball each night, his three-year-old body sinking deep into the cushions, until finally Jordan brought home a blanket in the exact fabric and color. Even Little Jamey had looked sullen until Jordan surprised him with a blanket of his own.

No, not "Little" Jamey, you quickly correct yourself a second time. Just Jamey. He is the only Jamey in your life now. And while you don't want him to forget his dad, at nine years old, you want him to begin asserting his independence, his own identity.

You are still so grateful the guys had a couple of days break after the Indy show. It seemed like such a short amount of time to get everything and everyone in order, but it turned out to be all

the time you needed. To your surprise and relief, "Big" Jamey was very calm and reasonable when you told him you were leaving- that same night- to join Jordan on the rest of his tour. Of course, Jordan standing back looking dark and serious and, well, *intimidating*, probably had more than a little to do with it.

You only packed your essentials. You were not really surprised when you realized what was essential for you there you would no longer need once you left; you managed to fit everything into just three bags. One thing you couldn't bear to leave behind- your wall of NKOTB memorabilia. You packed that first, putting it in the bottom of one of your bags; you would have been embarrassed if Jordan had seen it.

You stayed with Jordan at his hotel the next two nights. The day after you left, you spent all day with Jason, Jamey and your mom. You got in as much family time as possible and made plans for the boys to join you out in Boston once the tour was over and before school started.

Raven and Missiey came to the hotel that day, as well, offering any help they could possibly give. You knew that Missiey would be more than able to handle, even long distance, any tantrums "Big" Jamey decided to throw, and Raven would step up for any immediate care involving your mom and the boys.

The morning you left to continue the tour, you stopped at the house once more, Jordan never leaving your side. He quickly installed- and showed everyone how to use- Skype, where you would be able to see and hear your family everyday. Jamey and Jason stood by silently, in wide-eyed wonder, taking in every word Jordan said and watching every move. They put up only a minimal fuss as you left, seeming to instinctively know something big was about to happen...

You hear the front door click softly shut and your eyes open slowly, your mind somewhat hazy.

You stifle a yawn as you sit up just as Jordan steps into the room.

"Did I wake you? I'm sorry, baby." he says as he leans over the arm of the couch to kiss you gently on your lips, smoothing your hair away as he does.

You smile sleepily up at him, your arms reaching around his neck when he starts to pull away. He smiles down at you, too, and leans in for another kiss.

"I wasn't really sleeping," you say. "I must have dozed off, though..." You let your voice trail off as you yawn again. Jordan chuckles slightly and ruffles your hair as he straightens. He comes around the front of the sofa to stand in front of you and reaches for your hands. He pulls you up and into his arms and you lean heavily into him, laying your head on his chest. You inhale deeply and exhale with a sigh. You are reminded of the first night spent together and you snuggle deeper against him.

He pulls you tighter and kisses the top of your head. "How do you feel about going out tonight?" He asks, almost wistfully, as he pulls you back just far enough to gaze into your eyes. His own eyes sparkle with love for you and you are once again taken aback by the depth and sincerity they hold.

"Where are we going?"

"It's a surprise," he winks. He pulls you by one hand towards the staircase and swats you on the butt, an incentive to get you moving up the stairs. You giggle and he follows up and into the bedroom.

"Well, can you at least tell me what time we're leaving so I'll have time to pick up the boys and get them ready?"

He looks at you with a gleam in his eyes and shakes his head. "Already taken care of. My mom has the boys. It's just me and you tonight." He steps toward you, his expression serious, and he runs his fingers through your hair, locking them in place at the nape of your neck. He bends forward, speaking just before your lips touch. "All night." When they meet, a surge of electricity courses through you both. When you finally pull away, you are both breathing heavily.

"We're going to be late..." Jordan speaks reluctantly, trailing off again to take your breath away once more. It is obvious he doesn't want this to end.

"So we are on a time limit?" you pout. You don't want this to end, either.

Jordan smiles. It amazes you how he can manage to look both seductive and like a little boy who has just been praised, at the same time.

"We really should get ready..." he kisses you again, this time walking you backward towards the bathroom. You are nearly in full make-out mode now, eager and fumbling as you pull at one

another's clothes. When you are naked and Jordan is stripped down to his boxers, he reaches in the shower and turns on the water.

"Why don't you go ahead and get started?" He begins moving toward the door, smiling and stopping briefly to kiss his forefinger and place it gently on your lower lip, which juts out in a pout once more. "Don't worry," he says, amusement touching his voice. "I will join you shortly."

You sigh as he exits the bathroom, closing the door behind him. You hope he does join you, soon. You are still thinking about his lips, his chest, his hands... You step into the shower and let your mind wander. The hot water drums against your skin, washing away the last remnants of sleep and leaving you completely relaxed. You step farther under the shower head, tilting your head back, letting the water run down your neck and find its way to the rest of your body. Your hand follows its path down your neck, across your breasts, your stomach... you think of the way Jordan's body would feel against you now- hard and wet and steamy... instinct takes over and before you realize, you are pleasuring yourself. One hand below, the other trailing across your body...

It doesn't take long for you to finish and you find yourself pulling your own hair, then pushing against the wall to steady yourself. You throw your head back as you feel the first waves of ecstasy begin to roll over you. You pull your own hair again and your head goes back farther. Wait... it takes you a moment to realize your free hand is still grasping the wall. You open your eyes, your gaze steady on Jordan as he steps into the shower next to you. He quickly and smoothly pushes you up against the wall of the shower and pulls your fingers from inside you. In the same instant, he quickly replaces them with his manhood, throbbing with the intensity of his want for you. He is pressed hard against you, constricting your breathing further, the sweat from your bodies mingling with the steam. You climax immediately and then again just a few seconds later, Jordan joining you this time. It is so quick and so intense, you both just keep moving, pumping your bodies against each other, shorter, faster thrusts, until you climax a third time and Jordan a second. He remains inside you, both hands in your hair, pulling your face towards his. He kisses you softly and slowly, leaning against you until both of your breathing slows and your heart rates return to normal. He smiles as he pulls out slowly and you both moan. He kisses you again, harder this time and you each feel your hearts accelerate. You both smile, then giggle as he pulls away again.

"We'll never get anything done if we keep this up," he says.

"Is that so bad?" Your voice is husky and he swallows hard before responding.

"Not at all, but..."

"I know, I know." You smile teasingly and reach for your loofah and shower gel. As you begin to suds up, Jordan takes the loofah from you gently and begins to wash you himself, his eyes never leaving yours. You take turns washing each other, fairly slowly- enough to tease, not enough to be late for whatever he has planned.

You dry each other off, wrap the towels around one another, and step back out into the bedroom.

On the bed lay two boxes, both gift-wrapped, one smaller than the other. You look up at Jordan questioningly. "What's this?"

Jordan sits on the edge of the bed. "Open them." He picks up the larger box. "This one first."

You sit next to him and take the box. "Jordan..." you say admonishingly, but you can't keep the smile from your face. You remove the paper and lift the lid. "Oh, Jordan!" you gasp.

Inside lies the most gorgeous dress you have ever seen.

Red in color, the fabric feels like a cool liquid between your fingers. You can tell it is silk- you are growing used to Jordan's exquisite taste- but it is still unlike anything you have felt before. Lifting it -carefully- by its shoulder fabric, you eagerly remove it from the box. Jordan takes the box from your lap and you stand up, holding the dress at arms length in front of you.

It is a simple design, but no one could say it is a simple dress. Knee-length and form-fitting, it could be strapless except for the two pieces of silk that make up the "shoulders." Beginning as slivers of fabric above the breasts and about an inch from the under-arms, and growing wider as it comes up and over the balls of the shoulders, only to return to slivers before attaching in the back. There are no beads, no sequins, no patterns. The color and style is the focal point, and it is definitely attention-getting in itself.

"Jordan..." you say again, but are rendered speechless.

"Do you like it?" He asks, eagerly, his eyes sparkling with excitement.

"I love it!" You exclaim. "But when will I ever wear it?" You ask, with a touch of disappointment. Jordan just looks at you as if you have missed something completely obvious. "Tonight?" you say as it dawns on you.

Your mind quickly runs through your list of undergarments. You don't own a strapless bra and the dress's neckline won't be forgiving of anything else. Hmm, definitely needs a thong...and just how unforgiving will that fabric be on other areas of your body?

The smile returns to Jordan's face. He picks up the smaller box and hands it to you. You lay the dress across the bed, smoothing the fabric out carefully so as not to wrinkle it. You remain standing and work to open the second box. You lift the lid and your eyes grow wide. You raise them to meet Jordan, lifting one eyebrow.

His smile is knowing and mischevious as he nods once towards the dress. "For underneath." You let him hold the box as you pull the garments from the tissue paper.

You find in your hands a red and black silk bustier, matching thong, black garter belt, and black stockings. "I know you can't wear the stockings with the dress," Jordan pipes in quickly.

"But I was thinking maybe later..."

You smile devilishly, dropping the items back in the box. Jordan tosses it quickly beside him on the bed. "Oh, I think that can be arranged," you say softly, your arms around his neck, your lips coming down to meet his. Jordan has his hands on each side of your waist. "Mmm," he breaks off the kiss, not pushing you back, but his hands preventing you from moving forward again. "We need to leave soon."

"Ok," you shrug. You turn from Jordan and begin to slowly make your way across the room. You unhook your towel, letting it fall to the floor at your feet. Jordan groans behind you. You smile teasingly. You know he wants you, and you have never felt sexier.