

Chapter 3:

You ride to the theatre in silence, Jordan keeping his gaze on the road, you keeping yours on the activities and people passing in a blur outside. You can feel the tension easing, and you remain quiet, hoping it will disperse completely upon your arrival.

You are about a block away when you see the flashing lights of the marquee; the men and women dressed in suits and cocktail attire. A smile breaks out on your face and you sit forward in your seat, eager to be inside already. Jordan glances at you and smiles, placing his hand on your knee. Your smile grows wider and you turn to face him as he comes to a halt in the valet line. Jordan turns to face you, as well. His eyes were serious, his tone loving.

"I'm sorry." Your heart melts a little and he continues. "Just... seeing you with that other man..."

Your hand comes up and you silence him by placing your fingertips on his lips, lightly shaking your head. You lean in towards him and kiss him gently. "Not now," you say, shaking your head again. He smiles gently, his eyes looking over your face, yours eyes, your lips. He leans in for another kiss.

The car behind you taps on their horn and you giggle slightly as Jordan waves on acknowledgement and pulls the Escalade forward in line.

Inside the theatre, you take your time. Jordan checks in your wrap and his coat as you make your way to the washroom. Everything is so fancy and beautiful. You feel like a kid on Christmas. You have always wanted to see West Side Story live. God, Jordan is the most amazing man, Thank you! You finish up your business and touch up your make-up before returning to Jordan. You make your way to your seats among the slight hustle and bustle. He even picked the best seats, as far as your concerned. Center-stage, mid-way back, allowing you to see the entire stage without straining your neck or giving you whiplash. You are not seated long when the lights dim and a hush falls upon the audience. The curtain raises, and you immediately find yourself entranced in the magic of the evening once more.

Outside after the show, you are glowing again, earlier events nearly forgotten completely. Jordan has just handed the ticket to the valet and you put your arms around his neck. "Thank you. Tonight was amazing."

His arms around your waist, he raises his eyebrows. "Was? Who said the night was over?"

"But it's after 10:30." You say, somewhat surprised. You know Jordan is supposed to be in the studio early the next morning.

"Still early," he says with a wave of his hand. "Unless... you're trying to end the night early." He playfully scowls at you, his eyes twinkling.

You laugh, tilting your head back to look up at him, your fingers playing with the hair at the nape of his neck. "Baby, the only reason I would want to go home early is to get you into bed early." You press your chest up against his.

He lets out a low moan and brings his mouth to yours briefly but lustfully. One hand raises to caress your cheek with his thumb as his lips leave yours. He brushes back a stray lock of hair that has come loose from your chignon. "As much as I would love that right now, we have one more stop. I don't know when we'll get another chance for a night like this, and I don't want to cut it short." He frowns slightly, thoughts going to the busy months ahead.

In the same gentle manner he had, you bring your thumb up to his face and smooth the wrinkles from his forehead. He relaxes. "It's okay, baby. You're right. We'll have plenty of time later for us to enjoy one another." You smile crookedly, slight emphasis on 'enjoy'.

The valet pulls up in the Escalade and you part from Jordan as the valet walks around to open your door for you.

Much as before, you get in and watch Jordan tip the valet before sliding in beside you. Your mood is now the same as it was before you left the apartment- sexy, confident, and teasing. You smile at Jordan somewhat devilishly.

Jordan recognizes the look in your eyes and immediately feels a stirring in his pants and a knot in his belly. Damn, he thinks as he shifts in his seat.

You smirk, watching him out of the corner of your eye. You take your right leg and cross it over your left, exaggerating the movement, your dress riding up higher on your thighs. You shift your body towards him, leaning on the arm rest with your left arm and placing your right hand just above his knee. You feel his body stiffen.

"You okay, baby?" you ask rather innocently as your hand moves up his leg, your fingers gently squeezing his inner thigh.

He swallows hard and glances away from the road at you. It was only a second, but was long enough. Leaning on your left arm has your breasts pushed up, showing an ample amount of cleavage. He can feel his pants grow tighter as he imagines his tongue moving between your breasts, maybe even his dick... He jumps slightly when he feels your hand now on his hardening cock.

"Mmm," you say, as you begin to stroke him through the thin fabric of his pants. "You sure you don't want to go back to the apartment? It sure feels like you do..."

You let your hand travel down and up his balls lightly, then begin stroking and rubbing again. "God, woman! Do you want us to make it there alive? You're making it very difficult to concentrate on driving."

"Well, you could always let me drive for awhile," you purr, adjusting yourself to lean farther over the armrest. Jordan snorts at your double meaning, then sucks in a sharp breath as he feels your warm mouth come down on him through his pants.

"Shit!" He grips the steering wheel tight and you notice the Escalade jerk to a near stop, then speed up considerably.

Your teeth are moving up and down his shaft and you break long enough to say teasingly, "You okay, baby? You want me to stop?"

"Yes. No! Don't stop," he stutters.

You smile while planting kisses on him. "I think you need to focus a little more on the road, then."

"Uh, huh," he manages. He barely hears you. He groans loudly as your mouth covers his tip. You bite him gently through his pants. He has to fight his eyes from closing. The friction is driving him crazy.

You look up at him as he lays his right hand on your back. The car comes to a stop, and he looks down at you, his eyes meeting yours. The lights outside hit you both just right. He marvels at how beautiful you are, and you see his eyes change from intensity to love. "God, I love you," he breathes, gently brushing his hand across your bare shoulders.

Emotion threatens to overwhelm you both, and Jordan quickly clears his throat and looks out the

window. "We're here," he smiles.

You sit up, realizing you don't even know where "here" is. You let out a small laugh. You're sitting at a stoplight with the Charles River and the Doubletree Suites on your right. Jordan turns into the parking garage attached to the hotel, but you know he didn't bring you here to spend the night. Instead, he is taking you to Sculler's Jazz Club, located inside the hotel. You have been wanting to come here since you moved to Boston. You heard about it when Michael Buble came to town, but the show was already sold out. You've kept your eye on it ever since. There were no artists you were familiar with performing any time soon, but you didn't really care about that. You've always wanted to experience a "real" jazz club and can't picture yourself going to New Orleans anytime soon- you've heard Sculler's is the next best thing in Boston.

"Damn, Jordan," you say, as you grip his leg just above the knee.

Jordan lets out a slight groan. "Keep that up, woman, and I'm turning this car around."

"Not a chance, mister," you respond, squeezing his thigh this time. God, you want him so badly.

"As you wish," he grins at you, putting the Escalade in park and opening his door. He walks around to the passenger side and helps you down, closing your door for you, as well. Each sound is amplified in the garage, your heels clicking loudly on the cement as you make your way to Sculler's.

You know they welcome a variety of jazz musicians, so you are not surprised when you hear Latin jazz, muted by the double doors, yet echoing slightly in the garage, as you near the entrance. Jordan holds his arm out to you and you place your hand in the crook of his elbow. You lean your head over on his arm as you walk.

'Could tonight be any more perfect? Actually, yes' you think as you feel his arm flex slightly under your cheek. You imagine him flexing his muscles fully against you.

The usher opens the door for you both and you step through, beaming instantly. It's better than you imagined. 'The pictures on the internet don't do it justice', you think, as you are escorted through the dimly lit room by the hostess. to a table off to the left side, facing the stage. Your table is next to the window, overlooking the river, and you can see the ivy creeping along the bottom and up the side of the window, trying to make it's way inside. You reach out, as if to touch it- for the second time tonight, you feel like you're in a movie. Your heart swells inside of you, and you gaze across the table at Jordan, stars in your eyes. Jordan reaches across the table

and caresses your cheek. He sees the love in your eyes, and he wonders what he's ever done to be deserving of you, of your love.

The waitress comes over then to take your order. She informs you the kitchen is closed, but they do still have dessert. You both opt for drinks, instead- Jordan, a classic martini; you deciding to try the mojito martini. The band is now taking a small intermission and the music emanating now from the speakers is a soft jazz. Jane Monheit's version of "Lucky To Be Me" fills the air and the words resonate with you as if you are hearing them for the first time:

What a day

Fortune smiled and came my way

Bringing love I'd never thought I'd see

I'm so lucky to be me

What a night

Suddenly you came in sight

Looking just the way I'd hoped you'd be

I'm so lucky to be me

It's as if the lyrics were written solely for you, the way you feel when you're with Jordan. You are looking out the window, staring at nothing, a far away look in your eyes, just listening to the music.

I am simply thunderstruck

At this change in my luck

Knew at once I wanted you

Never dreamed you'd want me, too

I'm so proud

You chose me from all the crowd

There's no other girl I'd rather be

I'm so lucky to be me

You reach out and grasp his hand, eyes still on the window. Jordan focuses on your reflection, and he knows you are thinking of him. "Come on, let's dance," he says softly, pulling you out of your chair and leading you to the middle of the floor. There isn't an actual dance floor, but the tables have been adjusted slightly by the patrons just enough for there to be room for two or three couples. He pulls you close to him, holding your hand on his chest.

*I used to think it might be fun to be
Anyone else but me
I thought it would be a pleasant surprise
To see life through someone else's eyes*

*But now that I've found you
I've changed my point of view
And no I wouldn't give a dime to be
Anyone else but me*

The music plays on, and you continue to dance. Jordan holds you so tenderly. You close your eyes and lay your head in the crook of his shoulder, reveling in the magic that is tonight. As in the first night you were together, you are aware of everything about him: you open your eyes lazily, looking into his neck. You smile, seeing the two moles just under his jawline that you so lovingly kissed last night as he drifted off to sleep; the fresh stubble coming in, adding a certain ruggedness to his appearance; his earlobe where he used to wear his earring.

The song changes to another ballad, and you let out a contented sigh. Your warm breath tickles his neck and you see goosebumps raise up on his skin. You smile and decide to play a little. You tilt your head back a bit further and blow lightly in his ear. His goosebumps multiply and you see him stifle a shiver. A small giggle escapes your lips and you quickly bury your face in his neck.

Jordan smiles as he effortlessly spins you around on the floor. "Oh, think that's funny, do you?" He spins you again and your head falls back in laughter, butterflies in your belly at the quick change of pace.

People are beginning to return to their tables, and they look at the two of you and smile. It is obvious you are both in the throes of new love, and many of them think back to when they first fell in love with their mate.

Jordan deftly moves you in and out between the tables, not caring that nearly everyone is stopping to watch you now. The song ends as you approach the area where you began dancing, and he leans you back in a dip. You let your head fall back, and Jordan stares at your exposed flesh. The tops of your breasts have fallen slightly out of your dress and his heart rate increases for what seems to be the hundredth time tonight.

Everyone around you begins to clap, and Jordan pulls you back up against him. You are a bit

light-headed from the blood rushing to your head and you lean into him, smiling. He hold you tight, and you can feel his slight hard-on against your stomach. Your smile turns wicked.

"Thank you for the dance," he says as you both return to your table. Your drinks are waiting for you and you each take a sip. Your thoughts are on his half hard cock as you wonder what you can do to harden it completely.

He looks at you suspiciously. "What?" He narrows his eyes.

"What?" you answer with the same question.

"Why are you staring at me like that?"

You make your expression go blank, widening your eyes innocently. "Like what?"

"Like you're up to something," he says, eyes still narrowed.

You throw your head back, similar to the way you did while dancing, and laugh. "What could I possibly be up to?"

Jordan smiles. "I don't know, but I know it's trouble."

"Trouble," you repeat before taking another sip of your drink, trying to act non-chalant.

"Yes, trouble," Jordan takes a sip and then removes the toothpick, sliding one of the olives off with his fingers and popping it into his mouth. Before you can think about it, you take his wrist and pull his hand towards you. Holding onto his wrist, you allow him to keep ahold of the toothpick as you take it into your mouth. You let your tongue and teeth graze his fingers before you take the olive in your teeth and slide it off the toothpick before consuming it.

Jordan shifts slightly in his chair, trying to stay focused on the fact that you two are in a public place. The look on your face says you don't really care, and if he's not careful, he's liable to clear the table and take you right here. Let them watch, he thinks with a smirk. But no, that would get you both arrested. *Although, the thought of her in handcuffs...*

The band returns to the stage now and you bring your chair around to the side of the table, getting a better view, and moving closer to Jordan.

"Do you want to switch places," he asks, being a gentleman.

"Oh, no, this is perfect," you say non-chalantly. You cross your legs towards him, much the same as you did in the car. You let your toe brush lightly against his ankle. The lights have dimmed, the band begins to play, and none of the other patrons are paying attention you you now. You slip your shoe completely off and your toe finds its way under the edge of his pants leg. You remain looking at the stage, but watch Jordan out of your peripheral. You begin to slide your foot up his leg, as far as you can under his pants. You reach the top of his sock, and begin to push it down towards his shoe, exposing as much skin as possible. You continue up and down his leg as you scoot your chair closer still, your thigh touching his. Your foot comes out from under his pants leg and you now rub your entire leg up and down against his.

You see Jordan swallow hard. You smile to yourself, taking your left hand and "absent-mindedly" let your fingers play with the hair at his nape, your fingertips grazing the back of his neck. You can actually feel the goosebumps spring up on him, and if it wasn't already, you're now sure something else has sprung up, as well.

You sneak another look at Jordan. He is as still as a statue, as if moving may make him lose control. And you're just getting started. You want more than anything to be back at the apartment doing very naughty things to him; but you are also genuinely enjoying the atmosphere of the club. So you're going to do the only thing you can do under these circumstances- tease him mercilessly, until you can go home and have your way with him.