

Chapter 4

"Oh my freaking gosh!" Raven nearly yells when you tell her. She is ecstatic. "What are you going to do? You have to go! YOU HAVE TO!"

"Hell yeah, I'm going!" You are both walking over to the bar to get another drink before the show. There is no way you can sit through their mind-blowing performance, after what just happened, without another drink. Or a cigarette for that matter. You pull them out of your purse and light one as you make your way through the growing crowd. You are both laughing. "Un-freaking-believable!" Raven nearly yells again. You make plans for her to drop you off after the show.

You arrive at the hotel around 11:30. You announce yourself to the man behind the front desk. "Ah, yes, Mr. Knight has been expecting you," he says and pulls the key card from behind the counter. Yours tomcat is in knots as you make your way to the elevator.

Jordan answers immediately after the first knock. He looks relieved as he runs his hand through his hair. "Hi," he grins.

Hi," you grin in return.

Your 'date' turns out to be just that. Jordan orders up room service and they set up a table complete with candles and a single red rose in the center. You talk and laugh and share stories about your parents, your childhood, your children. The chemistry between you is obvious. You avoid the topic of spouses; it is noticeable, but not uncomfortably so.

No, the uncomfortable conversation comes after dessert.

"That day, the one you mentioned on Twitter, what happened? Why were you scared to meet me?" Jordan's face is dark. He looks as if it actually hurts him, knowing he hurt someone else.

You briefly explain the events of the day with as little detail as possible. Even after all this time, even after what you can only describe as the most wonderful night of your life, it still pains you talk about.

"You broke my heart that day," your head is down and your voice is barely above a whisper.

Jordan is looking down as well, trying to look at you, into your eyes, searching your face. He is silent for a long moment. He clears his throat, and when he finally speaks, his voice is thick with emotion. "If I knew then... I don't want to hurt you. I want to make you feel good."

He lifts your chin and your eyes lock. You see the pain and passion smoldering in his eyes. Your heart beats faster and your pulse quickens. He leans forward, his fingers still under your chin. You are now only inches apart. He is resolute yet tender when he says, "Tell me what to do to make you feel good."

You search for the right thing to say, but nothing seems good enough. You doubt you can speak anyway; you are mesmerized by him.

His nearness does things to you. You are very aware of him. The lock of hair that's fallen over his forehead; his eyes, so dark with intensity, they look black as they bore into you; his chest- muscular and smooth- pulling his shirt taut across his body, rising and falling, faster with each breath he takes; his hands, so strong, yet trembling with anticipation; and his smell, cologne and sweat and pheromones.

You are intoxicated by his presence, captivated by his stare. Neither of you can look away. The room begins to spin around you, a dizzying bliss, and the only thing you see is him. The two of you are breathing in synch with one another. You feel a pulling inside of you, drawing you closer still. You are hot, your skin flushed. You feel the desire building, burring inside you and you see the same happening to Jordan. The heat between you is scintillating. The electricity you felt earlier is now a raging fire. Your lungs can't seem to find air.

"Jordan..."

The instant you speak, Jordan moans. As if a dam has broken, the heat floods the room, consuming both of you.

He crushes you to him, pressing his mouth to yours. His kiss is fierce, full of hunger, yet you still feel him holding back. His lips are soft and full yet rough on your mouth. He opens his mouth and you feel his breath, hot and wanting, on your face. You feel his tongue against your lips, between them, pushing them open. You quickly surrender, and you are kissing him back. Your tongues dance against each other, fervent and eager. Your body feels weak and powerful at the same time. It is a strange and wonderful sensation.

His hands are exploring you now, your neck, your breasts, your waist, your buttocks, so quickly and simultaneously, you can barely process where he is before he moves to

another spot. You slowly become aware of where your hands are. They, too, are exploring; but you are still so focused on the kiss. Your mouths are pressed hard together, pushing to taste more. Caught up in the moment, you part your lips wider, at the same time he closes his mouth around your bottom lip. His teeth pinch your lip just right- you feel a sharp sting and in the same split second the warm metallic taste of blood touches your tongue. There is a sharp intake of breath and you realize it is you. Jordan's eyes snap open. Your lip hurts. You like it.

The shift in mood is palpable. There is a carnal instinct awakened in both of you. Now it is Jordan who sees the intense darkness of your eyes, the ravenous gaze, calling for more. You see a devilish expression flash across his face, and you know *this is the moment he lets it all go.*

He slides his arms around you and pulls you tightly against him, taking your mouth again, sucking on your bottom lip. He bends you backward over the table, one hand on your buttocks, the other moving roughly up your back. He thrusts his hips towards you, grinding into your pelvis at the same time his left hand reaches your hair, twining his fingers through its strands. He pulls his mouth from yours, teeth tugging slightly on your bottom lip as he pulls your head back away from him. You cry out and your back arches. He half moans, half laughs, a mixture of pleasure and seduction.

You feel *him*. He is hard against you. You want to reach for him, but the position he has you in won't allow it. You stay arched into him, head back, panting. It is the sweetest torture you ever knew. He leans over you. You are both sweating. You feel a bead run down the side of your face and onto your neck. Jordan is glistening as well. You see the moisture roll off of him and drop onto you. The beads join together, forming a larger droplet and settle in the hollow of your throat. Jordan looks directly into your eyes, purposefully, before he bends down to reach your neck. He slowly licks the droplet away. There is something so arousing, so... *erotic* about this. Your knees give way beneath you. It doesn't matter; you can't fall, he has you pressed to tight against the table...

He is teasing you now. He is in control. He knows this. He likes it; so do you. His hands remain where they are, one in your hair, pulling your head back farther, the other on your buttocks, grinding you to him. His breath is in control now, but not calm. His actions are purposeful, but he is no longer holding back. His lips caress your neck, parting slightly to let his tongue linger where his lips were, he exhales slightly, cooling the places made wet by his tongue, sending chills down your spine. You are paralyzed.

He moves his way up to your ear. You are still breathing heavily. He traces his tongue slowly and gently along the lines of your ear, his lips barely touching you as he whispers, "Does this make you feel good?"

Your cheeks are touching, his ear just out of reach of your mouth. The words have barely passed through Jordan's lips when an overpowering surge of desire washes over you. You grip the edge of the table with both hands, leveraging yourself as you push up against him. Jordan is not ready to relinquish control, and he pulls your hair. You are snapped back into position, but not before your teeth catch his ear lobe. You manage to hold on and as he pulls you back, you pull him with you.

He is now on top of you. His breathing is no longer as calm. With as much as it hurt when he pulled you back, you managed to utter only a moan. Jordan still has the upper hand, but you are no longer locked in place. You love his weight against you, and throw your arms around his back, pulling him tighter, the whole while biting, licking, sucking on his ear.

"Ohh," Jordan moans in your ear. "Are you trying to gain control?" His voice is naughty, playful, alluring.

No, you think. You want him to take over. But you can tell by his voice he wants you to resist. "Maybe," you say aloud. "Are you going to stop me?"

His grin is wicked and the electric thrill is present again. He pulls you into a sitting position and lifts you onto the table, then reaches behind him and grabs your wrists. In one quick motion, he raises your arms above your head and lays you back on the table. He climbs up, as well, straddling you, his eyes never leaving yours. He brings your wrists together and holds them with his left hand, his right hand moving down to unbutton your shirt. You are surprised by his strength, or maybe your weakness, that allows him to hold you down.

He slowly undoes each button, one at a time, his gaze still never leaving yours. He is prolonging the moment, letting the anticipation build, enjoying the effect he has on you. Neither of you speak. When he has undone the last button, he slowly looks away from your face and down to your body as he pulls each side of your shirt open, first the right, then the left. His eyes seem to follow the path his hand is taking, grazing his fingers down your neck, his palm over your breasts, across your stomach. You had been unable to tear your eyes from him, but you close them now, relishing his touch.

His hand slides down your thigh and he reaches under your skirt, finding the waistband of your underwear. You open your eyes to see him watching you again. He gently tugs at your underwear. You nod as you raise your hips. He jerks your underwear down and they slide past your ankles onto the floor. You lower your hips back down to the table.

He bends at the waist, leaning over you, left hand still holding your wrists, right hand on your left shoulder, fingertips under the edge of your open shirt.

"Don't move," he commands gently into your ear. He releases your wrists as he rises up and tugs your shirt up behind you, tossing it onto the floor. You begin to tremble with the effort it takes not to move. You feel the blood rush to your loins and you begin to ache.

With both hands, he unhooks the front snap of your bra. He is trusting you not to move yet tempting you with his fiery gaze. One side of his mouth curls up in that same wicked grin as he bends toward your chest.

His free hand is already cupping your breast when his mouth comes down to the other. As you feel his warm tongue dart over your nipples, your body quivers and you reach up toward him. A sound of pleasure escapes your lips.

Just as quickly, Jordan has you pinned again at the wrists, pushing you hard against the table. He places his right index finger over your lips.

"Shh."

You are stunned. Your eyes are wide, your breathing labored. Does he realize what he is asking of you? The look in his eyes tells you he does.

His grip tightens over your wrists. His finger trails off your lips, down your throat, between your breasts. He picks up where he left off.

You try to be ready, to brace yourself. You think you know how he will continue. But nothing can prepare you.

Jordan takes the entire nipple in his mouth, drawing hard on it, sucking and biting. Oh, he is so good. You are barely conscious of your actions. You are not sure you are trying to free yourself, but you know you have to move. You pull your arms, but Jordan only squeezes your wrists together. He bites you harder, pinching the other nipple as he does.

You bite your lip to keep from crying out. You don't know how you manage. Just when you think you can't control yourself, he begins to kiss his way down your stomach.

You are in agony. Pleasure-filled agony.

Jordan slides his hand up your skirt, keeping his hold firm around your wrists. He is still straddling you and you cannot even spread your legs for him. You want to. You are ready. Eager to show him how ready you are. He sees the pleading look in your eyes, the agonizing expression on your face. He parts his legs wider and yours follow.

He presses his hand between your legs and watches your face as his fingers part, then

begin to explore.

Jordan lets out a moan. It is of pure desire and satisfaction. You do not mistake this for a sound of weakness. you know he is still very much in control.

"Mmm," he says. He is leaning over you again, his mouth at your ear. "You are so wet. Do I make you wet?"

His weight is crushing you. You crave more. You tremble beneath him. "Yes," you breathe.

"Again," he says.

"Yes!" Your voice is shaky.

He enters you, just his fingertips, and stops. "Ohh," you moan.

"Oh, you're so soft," he breathes into your ear. He slides his fingers in deeper, making you gasp. He withdraws them slowly, then thrusts them inside you. You buck underneath him. He continues at a steady paces, in and out, while whispering in your ear. "Yeah, baby. Shh. You like that?" He brings you closer to the edge. You are writhing beneath him. Just when you think you can't handle it anymore...

Jordan stops. Your eyes widen in mild shock and frustration and you raise your head to look at him. He has been watching you. He says, "You smell so good. I wonder how you would taste?" He looks intently at you as he eases his fingers out of you and brings them to his lips. He slowly licks them from base to tip, then puts them in his mouth. He closes his eyes, savoring your flavor.

"I want more," he says.

He slides off the table and kneels in front of you. Placing one hand on each of your knees, he spreads your legs wide. He runs his hands up the inside of your thighs, pushing your skirt up as he does so. He kisses his way up your right thigh, then your left. He uses his hands to spread your lips wide.

"Beautiful," he whispers, and delves deep into you. He wants to devour you, and he does. Your body begins to spasm and you close your legs tighter against him. Jordan pushes your thighs open with his elbows. He grips your hips when you begin thrashing on the table, and nothing is enough to pull him away. You are on the brink of ecstasy when you feel his tongue taste you harder and deeper. Your body spasms as he takes you over the edge. You reach down, at first to pull him away, but then to hold him there. He grips your hips tighter, pushing you down against the table as the last tremor passes

through your body.

You are weak. You prop yourself up on your arms; they are shaky at best. You wear a subdued expression on your face and your eyes are glazed.

Jordan stands to undress.

He does not do this as slowly as he had with you. Neither is he in a hurry. Still in control.

He pulls his shirt off over his head, tossing it aside. Then his belt. You can't keep your eyes from him. Feeling him against you with his clothes on was difficult enough; you will not last much longer if he continues this way, naked. Oh, but he is a wonderful sight. Broad shoulders; just enough muscle in his arms; chiseled chest; six-pack abs... your eyes reach his waist just as his hands do and he begins unbuttoning his jeans, unzipping, pulling them down, boxers, too.

If you were not still so dazed, you are sure you would be surprised. As it is, you can only smile.

He is big. You feel the moisture between your legs again and you begin to burn.

You sit up. He is standing in front of you and your eyes are level with his chest. You gaze up at him. His expression is hard; not angry, but serious and you are under his spell once more. You almost expect the wicked half-smile before you see it play across his lips, the devilish flash in his eyes. He stares deep into yours and his voice is deep and commanding when he speaks.

"On your knees."

You obey. You slide off of the table and onto the floor in one fluid motion. Your heart is racing. Although he issued the command, you know he wants this to be his time.

You start by kissing the tip, your lips gentle. You move to the base and slowly lick up to the tip. "Mmm," Jordan seems to be entranced already. His eyes are closed, his head tilted slightly back. This encourages you.

You are still not touching him except for your tongue and you lick him again, first the right side, then the left, and the middle once more. You lean over gently to take the tip in your mouth and you let your hair fall forward, grazing him, tickling him. He is hot and throbbing in your mouth as you begin to suck on the head, your tongue playing against the tip. He moans softly, calling your name. His fingers are absent-mindedly in your hair, rubbing the back of your neck.

You work your way to the base, taking in a little moor each time. He is wide and pulsating and you open wider to accommodate. you didn't know it was possible, but you feel him grow harder, larger as your mouth moves up and down on his shaft.

His fingers are kneading your neck now, urgently, and you begin to move faster, your tongue circling him as he moves in and out. You reach up with your right hand and form a ring with your thumb and index finger around the base, squeezing gently. He lets out a moan, louder now, and your left hand cups his right butt-cheek to steady his movement. You are mounding now, too- he tastes so good!- and the vibration against his manhood nearly drives him wild. You pull him closer to you, make the ring tighter, and take him deep into your mouth, your throat, fully , quickly, in and out, over and over.

He says your name, louder and louder. You are squirming, your moisture running down your legs. He practically screams your name and pulls you off of him.

"Now!" he growls fiercely. He drops to his knees in front of you and pushes you down onto the floor, climbing on top of you, between your legs. There is no pause as he pushes into you, groaning, sweating, moaning. You scream.

He is laying heavy on you, and you rise up to meet him. Your hands move up and down his body- his shoulders, his back, his buttocks- anywhere to bring him closer, deeper. You wrap your legs around his, holding him inside you. His hands are on your face, smoothing your damp hair from your neck; his lips are at your throat, and he is kissing, licking, biting, calling your name.

You are both dripping with sweat, sliding against each other, his chest against your breasts, as he continues thrusting in and out of you.

You cling to one another as your bodies quake into climax. Crying aloud, you explode into each other. Jordan continues to move, and you come again before he collapses against you.

As your breathing slows and the pounding of your hears subsides, Jordan gently extricates himself from you. He lays next to you, leaning on one arm, his other hand stroking the side of your face. You can only stare at him. His eyes are tender; his expression, satisfied and wistful. His smile is soft and genuine as he looks deep into your eyes. His voice sounds full of wonder. "You are amazing."

Your heart flutters. You smile and press his hand against your cheek before turning your head and kissing his palm. "So are you."

You gaze at one another for a long moment. Jordan sigs and reluctantly moves away from you. He stands and reaches out to you. You take his hands and he pulls you up

and into his arms. His embrace is warm, his arms strong around you. You lean into him, laying your head on his chest. You marvel at how only earlier that day you were hardly aware of placing your hand there. He rests his chin on the top of your head, inhales deeply, and exhales with a sigh. "Oh, girl. What do I do now?"

You are unsure of his meaning, so you say nothing. Instead you sigh, as well. He slowly pulls away.