

I DIDN'T KNOW SHE WAS MARRIED

STORY FOUR

BY SUE

Erica slowly began to wake but kept her eyes closed as she felt a slight tickle at her neck. Knowing instantly what she was feeling, she raised her right hand, a slight smile coming to her lips as her fingers came in contact with Jack's cheek. This had become their morning routine. Jack would wake first and rouse Erica from her slumber by gently kissing or blowing at her neck. Erica's fingers moved slightly back and she grasped the soft blonde hair just beyond Jack's ear. Turning her head to the right, and without opening her eyes, Erica pulled Jack's head towards her, their lips instantly finding each other. Erica moaned softly as she felt Jack's tongue at her lips, attempting to deepen the kiss. Permission was quickly granted as she opened her mouth, while at the same time turning her body so that she now lay on her back. Now able to use her left hand, Erica pulled Jack so that his body lay atop hers as the kiss continued. When the need for air became too great, Jack pushed himself up off of Erica in a sort of push up. He watched as Erica's eyes opened and spoke the first words of their morning.

"Good morning Mrs. Montgomery." Jack's deep voice was so sexy in the morning, and following a passionate kiss like the one he and Erica had just shared, made it even deeper. Erica smiled.

"Good morning Mr. Montgomery." Erica reached up again to bring Jack in for another kiss but frowned when he avoided her hands and rolled off of her. "Jack," she whined, "I want you."

Jack chuckled as he pushed his legs off of the bed and sat up. "You, my dear wife, are insatiable."

Erica moved closer to his side of the bed and kneeled behind him, wrapping her arms around his waist and using her tongue, licked up his back until she was just below his left ear. "Are you complaining?" she whispered sensually. Her hands began to move lower, but were quickly stopped by Jack. Erica groaned.

Jack used every ounce of restraint he had, grabbing her hands and stopping them before they reached their final destination. Wanting nothing more than to turn around and give in to his new bride, Jack cleared his throat, and stood up from the bed. He was going to remain strong. "Of course I'm not complaining sweetheart, but we have reached our destination and I have a big day planned for us, and since we stayed up a little late last night..."

"Again, I ask, are you complaining?" Erica smiled as she interrupted.

Jack smiled back at her. "I will never complain about staying up half the night, making love to the most beautiful woman on the planet, but it is almost noon, and like I said, I have a big day planned for us. So right now, I want you to get up and shower while I take care of some last minute preparations."

"Would you care to join me? It's a wonderful way to conserve water," Erica asked hopefully, winking at him and then making a sad puppy face.

Jack again chuckled as he looked at her silly pouting face. "Nice try, but it is not going to work. I have actually been up for a couple of hours, already showered, and anyway, I don't think what you have in mind would conserve any water." Jack winked at her and then turned to grab his pants from the closet.

"Spoil sport," Erica whispered under her breath as she reluctantly got up from the bed and moved towards the shower. As she reached the door she felt Jack's eyes watching her, knowing how much he liked the short black teddy she was wearing. Raising her eyebrow and smiling to herself, she decided to give Jack a show. Erica reached up and untied the lace straps, letting the material fall past her curves to lay in a puddle at her feet. Seeing her naked backside standing before him, Jack felt the familiar desire rise in him. Just as he had about lost his resolve to stay away from her, Erica stepped into the bathroom, closing the door behind her. This time it was Jack's turn to groan. He then shook his head, as Erica's laughter could be heard coming from behind the door.

"So, where exactly are we Jack?" Erica called out as she applied the finishing touches of her makeup. Not hearing a response, she repeated the question a little louder. "Darling?" Erica opened the bathroom door and peered into the room. Realizing that she was alone, her eyes quickly scanned the room looking for her husband. Her gaze was quickly drawn to the bouquet of flowers on the bed. A smile instantly forming on her lips, Erica moved towards the bed, looking for the note she knew would be amidst the flowers. Reaching down and picking up the small white envelope, Erica brought it to her nose, inhaling the sensational smell of Jack's cologne. Feeling herself going weak in the knees from the scent alone, she quickly tore open the envelope, smiling again as she saw Jack's distinctive handwriting.

"My dearest Erica, for so long I have dreamed of the moment when you and I would return to this place, and now that moment has arrived. Tonight you and I will take a step back in time, but until then you are going to have an afternoon of total relaxation. You will be pampered from head to toe as only the beautiful Erica Kane Montgomery should be. Know that I am thinking about you right now, and am counting the seconds until you are in my arms again, right where you belong. I love you sweetheart. Jackson"

Erica held the letter next to her heart. "I love you too Jack," she whispered.

Thinking back to the moment they had finally been united as husband and wife, Erica felt tears coming to her eyes. In that single moment, she had realized something. Wanting to share that realization with Jack, but knowing that she would not see him until later, Erica took one last whiff of the flowers, grabbed her wrap, and left the room, eager to start the wonderful afternoon that Jack had planned for her.

As Erica stepped outside, she was immediately met with a warm, gentle breeze. She looked up and saw the white, fluffy clouds that dotted the sky, and quickly put on her sunglasses when she saw the brilliant sun directly overhead. Glancing around her, she saw the bright blue water, with the ripples from the breeze, lapping at the boat's edge. In the distance, she could see the glowing white sand beaches, with the many tall, green palm trees in the background. Looking the other way, Erica could see the line of cruise ships, and instantly knew where Jack had brought her. She had been here once before. It had been so long ago. Her mind wandered back to that time. They had spent a glorious day together, and the night had been truly romantic. She had never wanted it to end. But it had ended, and not in the way either Jack or Erica had wanted it to. "Mrs. Montgomery?" A man who looked to be a chauffeur interrupted her thoughts. "I am here to take you to your first destination, and I was instructed to give you these," he said, handing her a bouquet of yellow roses. The man then reached for her hand as he helped her step off the yacht, and escorted her to the long white limousine waiting for her.

As soon as he closed the door behind her, Erica looked again for the envelope amidst the yellow roses. Finding it quickly, her heart again raced, as she smelled Jack's familiar scent. Opening the envelope she read:

"My darling Erica. These roses are yellow. They are the symbol of friendship. You are my best friend. Even throughout the many years that we were apart, one thing never changed. You were, are, and always will be my very best friend. I love you, Jackson."

"Oh Jackson," Erica sighed. Holding the card next to her heart, Erica closed her eyes and leaned her head back against the leather seat, anxious to get to wherever she was going, anxious to get to Jack.

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The afternoon had quickly turned to evening. After a facial, Erica had had a full body massage, and then a mud bath. A relaxing warm water bath complete with rose petals and several candles, all of different sizes, followed this. It was exactly what Erica would have asked for, if she had planned the day herself. "Jack knows me so well," she thought as she watched the woman putting the finishing touches on her newly painted French manicured nails. So lost in her thoughts of Jack, Erica didn't notice the man standing over near the door, who had been

staring at her for the length of her manicure. As he saw Erica get up, he quickly moved out of the doorway and ducked into the flower shop next door. Buying a dozen red roses, he made his way back to the spa, and grabbed the first employee he saw, handed him some money and whispered into his ear. Shortly after, the employee approached Erica.

Erica smiled as she saw the dozen red roses in the man's arms. "A gentleman asked me to give you these roses. He said that from the first moment he laid eyes on you, he knew that you were the one for him. He would very much like for you to meet him at the Moon Gate at sunset. He will send a limo for you." Erica quickly looked around, hoping to catch Jack, but instead saw a tall dark haired man looking her way. Erica smiled at the man and then turned back to the employee. "You may tell the gentleman that you spoke with that of course I will meet him at sunset. You may also tell him that I feel exactly the same way." The employee smiled and moved away as Erica was whisked away by two women that were to help her prepare for the evening.

"The woman said that she feels the same way about you and will happily meet you tonight at sunset." The man smiled. He had never believed in love at first sight, until this evening. He left to get ready. "Tonight, I meet the woman of my dreams!"

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An hour later, there was a knock on the door. Erica opened the door and found that there was no one there. Shrugging her shoulders, she glanced down as she turned to go back into the room. At her feet lay the most gorgeous red roses she had ever seen in her life. Reaching down and picking them up, she brought them into the room. "There's more than a dozen here," she said out loud as she began counting. "Seventeen? That's an odd number for roses." Noticing the white envelope, Erica quickly pulled out the card.

"My darling wife, I have chosen red roses this time as they are the symbol of love. By now you have noticed that there are seventeen of them. Seventeen red roses, each one representing a year that I have spent loving you. I have always loved you Erica. You are my heart. It's almost time sweetheart. The limo will be arriving shortly and soon you will be back in my arms. Until then, Jackson."

"Ma'am, your car is here whenever you are ready." Erica took one last glance into the mirror and then followed the boy out to the car. The chauffeur was waiting for her. As he opened the door for her, he held out a black silk blindfold. "I was told to give this to you. Your host would appreciate you wearing it, as he has several surprises for you tonight." Smiling, Erica took the blindfold from him. "Anything for Jack," she said as she got into the car and put the blindfold on. As

the chauffeur shut the door, he shook his head. "I thought the man said his name was Rick," he muttered to himself, "I should really pay more attention."

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Jack was dressed in an oversized white shirt, tight black pants, and a pair of black sandals. He looked at his watch; 7:35p.m. He quickly did the math in his head. It had been exactly eleven hours and thirty- two minutes since they had last made love. This was the longest time they had gone without making love since the minister had pronounced them husband and wife. Jack chuckled as he thought back to the morning, and how Erica had woken him up because she "was cold and wanted him to warm her up." Jack had, of course, happily obliged. Feeling the desire within him, Jack again glanced at his watch. "She should be here any second," he happily stated as he heard his cell phone ring. "Jack Montgomery," he said as he answered, seeing the limousine service number on his caller ID.

"Good evening sir. Before I leave for the night, I am sorry for the obvious misunderstanding. Do you require my services any more this evening?"

"Misunderstanding? Shouldn't you be on your way here to the restaurant with my wife?" Jack asked, suddenly feeling a bit anxious.

"Of course, that was what I thought but when I arrived to pick your wife up, the man at the desk said that Mrs. Montgomery had left fifteen minutes before in another limousine. I figured that there must have been a misunderstanding. I'm sorry for any inconvenience. Sir? Sir?"

Jack quickly shut his phone, threw some money onto the table, and sped towards the door, desperate to find his wife.

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