

Chapter 11

Three a.m. had snuck up on Chapin and Skeet. When the benefit concert had been cancelled, Brian had headed back to load the equipment while Skeet and Chapin had gone to grab a bite to eat. Skeet took her to his favorite steak house, Ruth's Chris, and they had a wonderful dinner, followed by a fabulous desert with much talking and flirting thrown in for good measure. Before they knew it, the manager was telling them that the restaurant was closing. Skeet still had the limousine that had been carting him to and from the charity gig and had slipped the driver some extra cash to keep him for the evening.

After the meal, they thought about going to an afterhours club and taking in some atmosphere, but ultimately decided to just have the driver take them around the city. It was really just an excuse to be alone. They talked about music, journalism, their childhoods and even Skeet's soon to be released new solo album. Skeet had offered to let her hear it which really excited her. She felt flattered that he would want to allow her in on something that was still, technically, a secret.

They asked the driver to drop them off at Skeet's place but on the drive, they flirted, kissed some more and even began getting a little more physical. Ultimately, they put the brakes on because they weren't sure exactly how far this was going to go and, after all, there was a guy sitting just 8 feet away.

They had really only been together for about 12 hours in a day that was completely filled with drama. With Chapin's conflict with Jack, playing piano with Patti LaBelle, Skeet's odd phone call about the solo album, the whole show getting shut down and apparently Jack being the cause, it was astounding that they truly felt that they were in a much deeper relationship than 12 hours would allow.

They arrived at Skeet's place and headed straight for the studio. He opened the door to the basement studio and turned on the light. It wasn't really much of a light. He really liked the whole place pretty dark. He entered in the room and Chapin followed close behind. "Well, here it is." Skeet said with a big sigh

"It's amazing!" Chapin said as she looked around the room in awe. The dull glow of the ambient lighting was offset by the three tiny bright led lights that sat low over the mixing board and the various green, yellow and red LEDs on equipment bolted in to racks on either side. A dim light shown through a large glass window behind the board. Various guitars, basses, and keyboards, as well as a full set of drums were visible through the glass. A large computer screen was seated on the right side of the console.

"Well, let me get it cued up for you," he said, as he began flipping switches and turning knobs. "No reporting on it, k?" he said, smiling at her.

"Nope. No reports tonight except to my diary," she said.

“Now I don’t know if it’s diary worthy.”

“This whole day is diary worthy, especially you.”

He smiled shyly then pressed the play button on the console. Music began to fill the studio. It was a jazzy groove featuring the piano taking point on the song.

“Glass of wine?” Skeet asked.

“Wine, huh? I thought you were more a ‘beer and whiskey’ kinda guy,” she said.

He reached behind the little bar in the corner of the room and produced two crystal wine glasses. He reached into the wine cooler by the bar and pulled out a bottle, popped the cork and poured. He re-corked the bottle and headed for the couch where Chapin had already made herself comfortable. He handed Chapin a glass and then sat down in the middle of the couch. He felt he should keep a ‘respectful’ distance but Chapin immediately slid in next to him, took his arm and placed it around her shoulders and leaned in with her head on his chest. She looked up at him and he offered his glass for a toast. He pondered for a minute.

“To the potential of new beginnings.” They clinked glasses and each sipped. She stared deep into his eyes and raised her glass.

“To the immediacy of new beginnings,” she said and they clinked glasses. Before Skeet could take a drink, Chapin had pressed her lips against his, her tongue exploring his mouth. Slowly the positions reversed and his tongue was doing the exploring. When their lips parted, she moved on to his neck slowly kissing him and noticing the goose bumps that were rising all over his arms. Considering where she was sitting, it was clear to her how excited he was getting.

Suddenly he stopped her. “Can we talk about this for a minute before we get carried away, please?” Chapin was caught completely off guard. She was here in this man’s home and was trying, quite obviously to seduce him. And judging by his reactions, it was working. So what had she done wrong? Could she have completely misread the situation?

“Look, it’s been a long day for you. You’ve had quite the ordeal, 3 times, with your ex boyfriend. You’ve done things you’ve never done in your life and now you’re here. I just don’t want you doing anything you aren’t real sure you want to do.”

“Skeet I am sure I want to do what I want to do. I have been thinking about you ever since we met. I know it seems like we are moving a bit fast, but nothing about it feels wrong, so yea, I am right where I want to be, doing exactly what I want to do. And I really hope you feel the same way.” She said.

“I have gotten very serious about this very quickly. I just didn’t want to jeopardize any of this long term for something short term, if you know what I mean.”

“I know what you mean. I definitely want the long term...and I want the short term too.” A grin crossed her lips. “I’m greedy that way!”

“Greed is good,” he said. She was sitting across his lap and he pulled her close, leaned her back slightly and continued where they left off.