

Jumping to Conclusions

by sunny33

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“Good evening, ladies!” Jett Jackson stood before his six o’clock Latin class, watching the girls in the group as they jostled for position before him.

“Good evening, Mr Jackson,” the class replied as one. A short giggle was quickly stifled in the second row as heads turned to investigate.

“Now, tonight, we will concentrate on the new step I taught you last week for the samba. I hope you’ve all been practising?”

“I’d practise with you any night, Jett,” murmured Nadia, a short, bouncy redhead, admiring the instructor’s muscles as he demonstrated the step.

“Nadia! Behave!” whispered her friend, Kelly, the more reserved of the pair. They were dancing together due to the shortage of men in the class.

“Why? You were thinking it too.”

“Because he might hear you, that’s why!” Kelly replied as she practised the tricky move.

“And maybe he might take me up on the offer.”

“Chance would be a fine thing. I’ll bet he has women lining up in droves with an arse that fine.”

Nadia giggled again as she tripped herself up. “Oops. I think I missed out a bit.”

“Do you need assistance, Nadia?” Jett glided up behind the girls and took her hands. “Now, the right foot across on one, then bring... Nadia, please concentrate!”

“Oh, yes, sorry, Mr Jackson.” She dragged her eyes up to his face and smiled. “Ready when you are.”

After a few minutes, the instructor moved on to help the next student. Nadia sighed and clasped her hands together.

“I’m never washing them again,” she declared.

“Idiot!” Her friend shook her head and grinned as the class continued.

An hour later, the girls stood outside the studio and watched through the glass doors as Jett tidied up after the class and packed away the music. Trying to act naturally as they lurked around waiting for him to leave, they pretended to read a dance magazine together.

As he locked the door, Jett turned to the two girls and frowned slightly. "Is there a problem? Shouldn't you two be heading home; it's getting late."

"We're just leaving," replied Kelly. "I just wanted to show Nadia this magazine." She held out the latest copy of *Danceworld*.

"There's a photo of you in there, dancing the Paso Doble," added Nadia. "Would you show us how it's done some time, Mr Jackson?"

The dark-haired man smirked inwardly, fully aware of the way the girls in his class watched him. He was certain to get lucky at the party he always held at his home after the last class of the year. He usually did.

"Certainly, Nadia. I'll demonstrate the dance at the last class next week. I'll just need to check my partner is available."

The girls' faces dropped.

"Your partner?" Kelly managed to get out. The unwelcome reminder of his glamorous dance partner had left her friend's expression glum.

"Yes. Cheryl is my usual dance partner, but I'll have to ask her husband whether he can spare her next Thursday night."

"Cool. We'll look forward to it. See you later, then. Come *on*, Nadia!"

"Oh, right. Bye!"

Jett nodded and, with his usual grace, strode off down the street.

"Did you hear that? The gorgeous woman he dances with is married to someone else! I have a chance after all!" Nadia squealed.

Kelly rolled her eyes. "You have about ten others in our class alone for competition, love. Don't get your hopes up."

"But he likes me. You saw how he took the chance to dance with me tonight."

"He was *teaching*, Nadia. That's what he does. If you'd paid more attention, you'd have seen him helping Susie, Amy, and Rebecca as well." Kelly grinned. "Or perhaps you think he'd be into orgies?"

"Oh, no way. I'm *not* sharing!"

Laughing, the two headed across the road to Kelly's car.

Thursday night's class finally arrived. Nadia was dressed in her best – and lowest cut – wrap top with a flirty short skirt to match. Kelly's eyes widened as her friend twirled before her.

"Don't you think you're being a bit obvious?" she asked.

"Well, I wouldn't want him to miss his opportunity, would I?"

"You're hopeless! Let's go in; class is about to start."

After forty minutes of normal practice and going over the samba steps yet again, Jett excused himself from the class to prepare for his demonstration. The noise level in the studio gradually increased as a dozen excited young women discussed their instructor.

"I hope he's brought those tight black pants he was wearing in the magazine photo," said Amy, blushing at her own temerity.

"They always wear those pants to dance Latin, silly." Rebecca thought she was a cut above the rest of the class, as she had started six months before them.

"I want to see him in one of those shirts that show off the guy's chest," offered Susie. "I wonder whether he waxes?" A chorus of giggles greeted her words.

The males in the class had gathered together in a group of their own at the other end of the room, as if the giggling of the girls was somehow contagious. Standing with arms folded and feet planted squarely on the ground, they discussed groundbreaking topics such as how much paperwork they'd had to do that day, and whether the latest *Top Gear* series was better than the last.

"Are you coming to the party at his house after this?" Amy asked Kelly and Nadia as they waited impatiently for Jett to return.

"Yeah. We'll be there. You?"

"Wouldn't miss it for the world," she replied.

Suddenly, the lights dimmed, and a pair of spotlights lit up the centre of the dance floor. Jett Jackson, the epitome of sexy male, strutted out to the centre of the floor. He was wearing a deeply slashed black shirt with silver spangles scattered down the left front and sleeve and the signature tightly fitted black pants showing off his sculpted arse and thighs to perfection. He had definitely waxed. Several lustful sighs were heard from the girls watching his every move.

As the music's insistent beat started, his partner stalked out from the shadows, clad in a fiery red dress with a full skirt swirling at her every move. Pacing around in a circle, their eyes fixed upon one other, the two joined into dance hold and began moving together as one.

"Ooh! He looks so... macho!" purred Nadia, as the pair's turns and changes of direction became quicker and more complex.

"Ab-so-lutely!" agreed Kelly. "I love the way he holds himself – so arrogant and sure."

"That's the whole point. He's the bullfighter, and she's the bull... or the cape... or whatever. Who cares what she is! Watch, they are coming to the finale. Should be something amazing."

With that, the music crescendoed, and Jett spun Cheryl away, taking several steps, and then leaping through the air, arms elegantly posed and triumphant smile on his face. He landed gracefully as the music ended, and bowed.

Polite applause broke the silence as the twelve girls tried hard to look impressed. Jett, failing to notice the disappointment in his audience, bowed, thanked Cheryl, and announced, "All right, everyone, party at my house; see you there in half an hour!"

Nadia turned to Kelly, mouth agape. "No!"

"Surely not!"

"He can't be."

"But we saw it. That leap..."

"What a bloody waste!"

"To hell with it. Let's go home."

Together, they gathered their bags and coats and left.

Months later, Jett still wondered why only three students had arrived at his party. All male. And all far too friendly for comfort.

A/N: This piece of silliness was written in response to a challenge from one of my dancing friends, who we tease mercilessly about the gay leap he does in his Paso routine. The fact that we have not reached a level where we do the Paso ourselves is completely irrelevant!

Kindly betaed by lyn_f.