

PRT 379- "Futuristic Seduction"

I sat in the guest house waiting...and waiting...and waiting. I knew Jon had to take Dot home and then convince her he needed to work and considering this was Dot she was probably giving him a hard time.

I went to the bedroom and fell back on the bed and stared at the ceiling. Dinner had sucked so bad...I mean it went well enough...but it was so hard to see Dot cuddle Jon and just be his wife. I wanted so bad to reach across the table and slap her away from him. It was so hard.

Now all I wanted was for Jon to walk through that door and take me in his arms. I wanted to feel his touch and have him reassure me he still loved me.

Sigh.

Where was he?

Jon

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"That was...interesting." Dot said as we headed home.

"That's one word for it." I said.

"Michelle sure has grown up."

"Yeah, it happens."

"She's actually a really sweet woman. I never would have guessed that bratty child would grow up to be so nice."

"I thought you hated Mich."

"I hated her when I thought she was sleeping with my husband, but if she's going to be with Rich I need to get to know her. I think she and I could be...civil. I don't know that we'll ever be friends, but she's a nice girl."

"Yeah, she is."

"And she seems to be crazy about Rich. Who would have thought?"

"Yeah, who?" I mumbled.

"I know it has to be weird to see your ex-wife with your best friend, but I think you're handling it really well...then again I guess it helps that you're friends with both of them."

"Maybe so."

"Are you sure you're ok? You're not saying much."

"I'm fine Dot, it was just awkward to see them together."

"I thought it didn't bother you."

I sighed, "It doesn't 'bother' me, but it's a bit weird."

"I guess that makes sense."

Dot and I got home. The boys were asleep and Steph was in her room already. We went up to our room and changed clothes. Dot put on her pajamas and I put on jeans and a t-shirt.

"Why are you getting dressed?" she asked.

"I need to go to work." I said.

"Right now?"

"Yeah. I'm going to Rich's. He wants to work on a song."

"And it can't wait until tomorrow?"

"It could, but we have a lot of business work to do. We have the book coming out soon and there's still work to be done with the folding of our football team. We're very busy. Writing at night allows us to just work with no disruptions to the creative process."

Dot sighed, "Ok, fine. Have fun. Should I wait up?"

"Probably not. Depending when we finish up I may just crash in his guest room."

"Ok, fine. See you in the morning."

"I promise I'll make this up to you. I'll see you tomorrow." I said kissing her as I grabbed my keys and headed out.

I was driving towards Rich's when I saw a figure in the road. It looked like a person on the ground. I pulled off the road and went to check on...whatever it was.

"Are you ok?" I asked as I noticed it was a woman lying in the road.

"Yeah, I think so..." she said looking up at me, "You're Jon Giovanni, right?"

"Yeah..."

"Just the man I was looking for." She said as she stood up quickly.

I took a step back, "Who are you?"

"Someone you're about to know very well." She said as she fired some black and purple lightning at me. It hit me in the stomach and I flew back. I landed hard. It hurt like hell.

"Ugh..." I groaned as I tried to get up, "What do you want?"

"You." The woman said as she grabbed my arm and teleported off with me.

Michelle

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Hours passed with no sign of Jon. I was starting to worry. I called his cell but it kept going straight to voicemail. Finally I couldn't take it anymore. I went to the main house and knocked on Rich's bedroom door. He opened it.

"Hey, what's wrong?" he asked.

"I'm sorry if I woke you, it's just...Jon still isn't here and I'm getting worried." I said.

"Did you try his cell?"

"Yeah, it's going straight to voicemail."

"OK, that's weird. I can call Dot and see if he's left yet."

"Please."

Rich nodded and we went to his office. He turned the speakerphone on so I could hear and dialed Jon's home number.

"Hello?" Dot answered, groggily.

"Dot, hi, it's Rich. I'm sorry to wake you. I was just wondering if Jon left, I'm waiting on him to do some work." Rich said.

"Yeah, he left hours ago. He should have been there long before now." Dot said. She sounded worried now.

"He never showed up."

"Oh god. You don't think he went to see Michelle do you?"

"No, I dropped her off at her apartment but I doubt he went over there. He has no reason too. Besides, he told me he'd be here."

"That's true. He wouldn't lie to you. There's no need. I have no idea where he is. Did you try his cell?"

"Yeah, it's going straight to voicemail."

"OK, that's unusual. Should I call the police?"

"No, not yet. I'll make some calls and see if I can find him. Just hang tight."

"OK, call me back."

"I will, I promise." Rich said as he hung up.

"OK, this is bad. Where could he be?" I asked. I was very worried now.

"I have no idea. I'll call the other guys and see if they know."

"OK...I have to do something. If he left then he's out there somewhere. I'm gonna go see if I can find him."

"OK. I'll call you if I find out anything." Rich said.

I ran out of the house. When I was sure I was out of view of anyone I flew up and headed the reverse direction Jon would have taken to get to Rich's. I was hoping he was just having car trouble or something and was in a dead cell zone. It wasn't a long way between Jon's and Rich's so I didn't have far to fly. It didn't take long before I found Jon's car sitting on the side of the road. I landed and looked around. Jon was nowhere to be found and the car was still running. Jon wouldn't have just taken off and left his car running...not by choice anyway...something happened. I looked around a little more. I noticed a dent on the side of the car and a char mark. I knew that char mark. It was lightning. It looked like someone flew into the side of the car after being hit with lightning. Since there hadn't been any thunderstorms tonight and I knew I hadn't fired off any odd lightning at anyone...that left one conclusion. Harley had taken off with Jon!

Jon

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I had blacked out for a bit. When I came to I was chained against a wall. I pulled but there was no way I was getting free. I saw a blonde woman sitting near by. For a psycho kidnapper she was pretty...she looked kind of familiar too. She looked up and saw I was awake.

“Good, you’re awake. I hoped you wouldn’t be out too long. I hope the accommodations are to your liking.” She said with a smirk.

“Oh, just wonderful.” I said rolling my eyes.

“Glad to hear it.”

“Who are you?”

“You can call me Dark Lady.”

“Dark Lady? Oh boy. What do you want?”

“Well, considering you’re Mom’s prized boy toy of the moment, hurting you hurts her.”

“Mom? Who’s your Mom?”

She smirked, “I’m Michelle’s future daughter.”

I felt my eyes widen, “Michelle’s future daughter?”

“You heard me.”

“Who is your father?”

“Not you, that’s all you need to know.”

I realized that’s why this girl looked familiar. She had a lot of Michelle’s features. That also explained the odd attraction I felt towards her. She had the same beautiful blonde hair, blue eyes, soft skin, and even the shape of her face resembled Michelle. “If you’re Michelle’s daughter you can’t be evil. Michelle doesn’t have an evil bone in her body.”

“And here I thought you knew her. Michelle is not the innocent angel you seem to think she is...but I think you knew that.”

“Michelle is good.”

“Michelle is a self-serving liar!”

I sighed, “What do you want from me Da...I’m not calling you Dark Lady. Do you have a name?”

She rolled her eyes, “Fine. My name is Harley.”

“Nice name...are you sure you’re not my daughter?”

“Positive.”

“OK Harley, what do you want from me? You’re using me as bait for Michelle? What?”

“You’ll know when you need to know. You’re my prisoner. You’re not in a position to demand information.”

I sighed. I thought I had her. She had seemed to be weakening and opening up. I decided if I wanted to get out of here and keep Michelle from falling into a trap I had to charm this girl. If she really was Michelle’s daughter then perhaps I could get to her the way I got to Michelle. I just needed to try to press the same buttons I could press with Michelle.

“Harley, come here.” I said, beaconing her to come closer.

“What?” she asked.

“I just wanted to see you up close. You’re so beautiful. You look so much like your mother, but yet so different. You have your own exotic beauty. I needed to see it up close.”

She looked at me hesitantly, “You really think I’m beautiful?”

I nodded, “I do. So beautiful. If I wasn’t chained to this wall I would so touch you. Your skin looks as perfect as porcelain and your hair as soft as silk...your beauty is simply stunning.”

She smiled, “You’re sweet...”

“Do you want me to show you how beautiful you are?”

“You think I’m more beautiful than my mother?”

“Without a doubt.”

“And you want me?”

“So badly it hurts.”

“But I’m married...”

“Lucky man...but the way I see it he’s several years in the future and you need someone to remind you how amazing you are here and now.”

Her expression softened. I was getting to her. “Well, I suppose I could unchain your hands if I kept one of your ankles chained. But don’t try to escape or anything...you’ve felt what my power can do, and I was going easy on you. I can do

worse. I'm still my mother's daughter and equally as powerful."

"Understood. I wouldn't dream of leaving you right now."

She smiled, "OK."

She unchained my hands and one of my feet, as she had said, she did leave one of my ankles chained, but that was fine. I was getting to her. When I had the freedom to move I reached forward and brushed her hair out of her face with my hand and then caressed her face. She tilted her head to lean into my hand. I took my other arm and wrapped it around her, pulling her close to my body. She rested her head on my chest and I wrapped both my arms around her and kissed her head. It was weird for me. She was shorter than Michelle by a couple of inches and the thought that this was her daughter made it all the weirder. It reminded me of holding Michelle when she was a kid, although Harley mentioned she was married so I figured she had to at least be in her 20s. In either case, as weird as this was for me, she was enough like her mother that I had her eating out of my hand. I held her for a bit, which she seemed to enjoy, then I tilted her head up and leaned down to kiss her. I actually really did enjoy kissing her. If I wasn't a hostage this really wouldn't be so bad.

The kiss finally broke and she looked at me with a familiar look. It was the same look Michelle always gave me when we kissed passionately.

"Wow, I get why my mom loves you so much." Harley said, breathlessly.

I smiled, "Thanks, I think."

"I want more. I want you."

"I want you too Harley, so badly."

"You can have me." She said as she kissed me again.

I kissed her passionately. As I did I unlaced her top. She was wearing a skin tight, dark purple sleeveless leather top that was laced up through the front with brown leather straps. I slid her top off and it hit the floor. I looked at her. She was beautiful.

"You like what you see?" she whispered seductively.

I smiled, "I love what I see."

"Good. Now show me what you got." She said as she slid my t-shirt over my head. "Wow." She said as she looked over my upper body.

"Come here." I said as I pulled her back to me. I kissed her again. I savored the feeling of our bare chests touching. As we continued to kiss she started to kiss her way down my body. She broke away for just long enough to take off her boots. Once she had I pulled her back up and started to unbutton her dark purple leather pants. I slid them off so all she had on was her purple thong. She proceeded to slide my jeans off, unchaining me long enough to get them, along with my briefs, completely off and chaining my ankle again. I pulled her to me again and she jumped up and wrapped her legs around my waist. I kissed her neck as she moaned in pleasure. I finally, carefully, lowered myself to the ground, Harley still hanging on me. I sat so that she was straddling me. I lifted her up long enough to get her thong off then I examined the rest of her body. She was absolutely beautiful. Every inch of her body was equally as perfect as Michelle. There was no question that this woman had to be Michelle's daughter. Strange at it all was to me; no other woman could obtain this perfection and not be related to Michelle.

"Jon, I have never wanted anyone as much as I want you." Harley whispered as she looked me in the eyes.

"I want you too Harley. My God, you are so beautiful...just like a perfect goddess." I whispered.

"Make love to me, now."

I put my hands on her waist and turned so she was lying down and I was on top of her then I slid myself into her. The second I did I heard her gasp. This was such a turn on. I started to pump my hips and she matched my motion. It was absolutely amazing. Considering I had started seducing her just to save myself, I was getting VERY into this with her. Like her mother, she had managed to captivate me as much as I had captivated her.