

Episode 4- "The Next Step"

Ever since my last battle with Empress I had been in beast mode. I was furious at her for messing with Hunter and I needed to end this. I had so much pent up anger that I didn't even know how I was functioning. Any fear I had about coming out of retirement was gone and I was ready for the next battle.

I had come to Rocky's dojo to train and was beating the crap out of a punching bag. I was so completely lost in thought that I didn't hear Rocky come out of his office.

"Are you ok?" Rocky said snapping me from my thoughts.

I snapped my head towards him. "What? Oh yeah. Just training."

He picked up a towel and tossed it to me. "I see that. You just seem pretty intense."

I wiped my forehead. "I am."

"Because of Hunter." he said sourly.

"Because she's pretending to be me to manipulate people." I said.

"And that person was Hunter."

"Who else would it be? She couldn't have tried that with you. We're together too much. Billy is on Aquatar and RJ wouldn't have cared enough to be manipulated. Hunter was the obvious choice and it pisses me off she messed with him. If you expect me to pretend I never loved him and don't care at all what happens to him then that's incredibly unfair." I snapped.

"Unfair? To expect you to be devoted to our marriage?" Rocky asked.

"I am devoted to our marriage! That doesn't negate my past! Part of me will always love Hunter just like part of me will always love Billy, Jon, Jase, RJ...I have a past Rock. It's not a secret. It also doesn't take anything away from our marriage. I think the real issue here is you're NOT pissed enough. Like him or not Hunter is a veteran Ranger. He's one of us. It doesn't bother you all that Empress nearly turned him against us?"

Rocky paused. "You're right. I'm sorry. I know I get jealous where Hunter and Jon are concerned. You've done nothing to make me doubt your devotion to us. I know Hunter is your past. And you're right...he is one of us. What can I do to help?"

I took a breath and hugged him. "Thank you. And I'm not sure. At least when she was with Hunter we knew where she was. Now...I don't even know how to track her."

"If she's you then she has an amethyst too right? Can we track her using that?" Rocky asked.

I shook my head. "Amy tried that. If she has an amethyst it radiates at a different frequency than mine."

"Damn...so you're a sitting duck until she strikes again?" Rocky asked.

I hit the punching bag again. "Pretty much and that is why I'm training. I have to do something. Sitting around and waiting for her to attack again is driving me insane."

Rocky nodded. "OK then. I'll train with you. You've been out of battle for awhile. We should refresh your staff technique."

I nodded and grabbed a staff and tossed him one. "Thank you."

Rocky nodded. "For you, anything."

Empress

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OK, so my plan to turn Hunter didn't go exactly like I hoped but in the end it drove my counterpart crazy and that was really the goal. Toying with her was gleeful and it was only going to get worse. But how? I wanted her to beg for death. I needed to continue to chip away at her emotions.

It was then that a brilliant idea came to me. The key to ruining her life didn't lie in power. It lay in her career. This time the key to her psyche was Jon.

I proceeded to do some more research and found out the Jon in this universe was still a rockstar. A very big rockstar. He was still married to Dot and had even more kids. That also meant this Jon wasn't a slave to Michelle and that she hadn't broken him down. No matter...for what I wanted to do I didn't need him broken...just willing.

I dressed up as Michelle again but this time I went for a little more edge. I wore a purple halter top and gray shimmery leather pants. At least this wasn't AS lame as the last outfit I wore as Michelle. Although, I did still tone down my makeup with some lighter colors and lipgloss.

I managed to track Jon down using my Amethyst. It was nice to have power. He was at his house. I hit the buzzer on the gate.

"Yes?" a voice asked. It sounded like Jon to me.

"Jon? It's Mich. We need to talk." I said.

"Mich? Ok, come on in." he said as he buzzed the gates open.

I walked up the driveway to his front door. He was waiting for me. I saw his eyes widen when he saw how I was dressed.

"Wow. You look great" he said, appreciatively.

I smirked. "Thanks. It's really good to see you...are you here alone?"

He nodded. "Yeah, Dot took the kids Christmas shopping. They'll be gone all week. You know, New York...L.A... They go all out".

I put my hand on his wrist. "Good...because I've really missed you" I said softly.

Jon smiled. "I've missed you too. Come on in". He opened the door for me.

I followed him inside and tried to not show how impressed I was by his grand house. It truly was very extravagant but I also figured Michelle had been here many times and none of this would be new to her. I thought for a moment about my next move. I guess I had to explain why I was cheating on Rocky. This Michelle seemed like such a good-girl. I doubt she'd ever cheat. "Rocky and I had a fight" I finally said trying to sound upset.

Jon turned to me, looking me up and down. "What kind of fight?", he asked, "Did he hurt you?"

"Not physically, no. He just..." I paused as I tried to think of something that would sell this, "...he...told me I'm not the

woman he married anymore. He's not in love with me. I think there's someone else." I finished, hoping that was believable.

Jon raised an eyebrow and scoffed. "Yeah right. That guy is head over heels for you. You don't have to lie to me, Michelle. If you want to fuck, just say so".

I raised an eyebrow in return. This was certainly not my Jon. He had balls. He called Michelle out. It was kinda hot. At the same time I couldn't forget I was pretending to be her. "I do...but I'm also not lying. Jon, he threatened to take Harley away from me. I'm serious."

Jon sighed. "Why are you telling me all this? I can't do anything about it. You know I can't. Dot would kill me if I did anything to help you. You can come here when she's gone and we can do whatever, but that's where it ends. I don't need to know everything that's going on in your life. If you need some stress relief or to get away from your life or whatever, that's fine. Whatever you gotta tell yourself. But, let's just skip the back story, ok?"

I fought the urge to smirk. I liked this guy's style. I had to think like Michelle. Think like a pussy little bitch. "Jon, I thought you loved me. I thought we were still friends. If I can't turn to you that's fine...I guess I had it wrong." I said. It nauseated me how lame I sounded but from what I had learned about Michelle it also sounded exactly like her.

"We are friends, Mich. And you know I'll always love you. I just don't like that I can't go kick the guy's ass for you. Anyway, do you want a drink?" he asked.

"You know I can take care of myself...but it feels good to vent. Actually a drink sounds great. Maybe we can have it up in your room?" I asked.

Jon nodded and smirked. "Of course we can" he said. He turned to go upstairs and I followed.

We made it up to his room and I sat on the edge of the bed. "How about that drink?" I asked softly.

"What would you like?" he asked, walking over to his liquor cabinet.

I thought for a second. I needed to get him out of the room for just a minute. "How about we celebrate us? Do you have anything special in your wine cellar?" I asked.

Jon smiled. "You bet. I have a great bottle of merlot that I picked up this one time in Paris. Good year too. I'll go grab it. Make yourself at home" he said, walking out the door.

"Sounds perfect." I smiled as he left. Once he was gone I pulled out a small video recording device I had with me and hid it to the side of his TV. He couldn't see it but it could certainly see the bed. I hit the button to make it live stream to the device I had set up before I came over. Everything was going perfectly. Once I had the camera set up I returned to the bed and leaned back on one elbow, laying on my side, trying to look innocent, yet seductive.

Jon returned with a bottle of wine, a corkscrew, and two glasses. I watched as he poured and brought two half full glasses to the bed. He handed one to me, then he sat on the edge and sipped his. "Mmmmm....that's good", he said "you can taste the sun and the oak in it". He closed his eyes, savoring the wine for a moment, then looked back at me. "What do you think?" he asked.

I sniffed the wine gently before taking a sip. I was actually a fan of a good wine so I intended to enjoy this. I took a second to analyze the flavors. "It's wonderful. I detect notes of apricot...and the oak certainly comes through nicely. This is delicious." I said as I continued to sip.

Jon nodded. "Yes! Wow, Rocky must be buying you wine or something. You've never had that discerning of a palate" he remarked, "Makes me wonder if you're the real Michelle", he said chuckling.

My eyes widened. Crap. Of course Michelle didn't appreciate wine. She was too much of a loser for that. "Actually it wasn't Rocky. He's not that classy. I have been spending some time in Italy recording some music and the more time I spent there the more I came to appreciate fine wine and what I've been missing out on all these years. It was a cultural awakening of sorts. I truly do feel like a whole new person after the experience." I explained, hoping it was suitable.

Jon nodded, taking a larger gulp of his wine. "Oh, yeah. The Italians definitely know their wine", he said. He finished off his glass and set it aside. "So, are you as tired of the chit chat as I am?" he asked.

I finished my wine and set my glass aside. "I am...I'm also feeling overdressed for a bedroom. How about you?"

He laughed. "Yeah, definitely", he said. He stood up and pulled his shirt off over his head. "Is this better?"

I bit my lip and nodded. He was so fucking sexy. I was going to enjoy this. I stood up. "Much...but now I'm really over dressed." I said as I pulled off my halter top and slid down my pants leaving on only a thong I happened to be wearing. I smiled at him sweetly and batted my eyes. "Is that better?" I echoed.

Jon's eyes widened. "Much..." he said, sliding his own jeans down his thighs. He kicked them off across the room, followed by his boxer briefs. He pushed me onto the bed and pulled my thong off.

"Someone is excited." I giggled as I fell to the bed. I felt his skin on mine and felt my body shudder against his from that alone. Jon was hot in any world, that was a given. This one hadn't been broken down like my Jon had been. This Jon was forceful and had a strong will. It was fucking hot as hell and I couldn't wait to have him.

"Fuck yeah, I'm excited", he said, kissing me forcefully. He pulled away, then grabbed my hips and buried himself deep inside me.

I cried out in pleasure the moment I felt him inside me. "Oh fuck! Jon! Yes!" I cried as I wrapped my arms around him, digging my nails into his back. I wrapped my legs around his waist, pushing him in deeper. I hadn't felt anything quite like this in so long.

He grabbed my hands and held them both by the wrist in one of his big hands, pinning them above my head. He moved to his knees for better leverage, biting into my shoulder as he thrustured roughly over and over again.

When he took charge it was such a turn on. I hadn't been controlled like this in ages and in this situation it felt so good. He was so sexy. I moaned as my wrists strained against his firm grip. "Oh god...baby...yes..." I felt my hips buck toward him as pleasure rushed through my body.

Jon's speed slowed a bit and he closed his eyes. "Oh fuck....I'm about to cum, baby" he groaned.

"Me too baby...oh god..." hearing him say that was all I needed to bring me to the edge. "I'm going to cum too. Fuck baby...cum with me." I moaned.

He thrustured a few more times, agonizingly slow, but hard into me, then his body shuddered and he collapsed onto me, sweaty and spent. "Oh fuck", he whispered, "that was amazing".

I nodded, trying to catch my breath. "Best I've had in ages." I agreed as I ran my hands over his arms.

He smirked. "Best you've had since last time with me" he said, rolling off of me and coming to rest beside me on the bed.

I let out a small laugh, "I can't deny that." I said as I rested my head on his chest. "You are absolutely amazing."

He wrapped his arms around me and kissed my head. "So are you...always."

I smiled. I had to remind myself why I was really here. I was enjoying myself a little too much. "We should take a shower...maybe you'd let me join you?" I asked.

He nodded, "Of course."

I smirked. Perfect. "Go start the water. I'll be there in a second."

He nodded and went to the bathroom. Once he was out of sight I quickly took the camera down and hid it. Once the sex tape of Jon and Michelle hit the media her career would be over and I would be one step closer to ruining her life. For now I intended to go enjoy a nice hot shower with a very hot man.