

Chapter 4

Once we get to Jon's the next day, after getting off the plane, and situated, we head to Donnie's to get my stuff. He's just arrived home five minutes before we get there. We knock on the door and he answers shortly after.

"Hey guys. Come on in," says Donnie tired.

"Hey Donnie. We're tired, too, man. Are you going to be ready for tomorrow?" asks Jon friendlier now.

"Yeah. I'll be ready. Thanks for the help, and not holding the situation over me anymore, Jon. It means a lot, bro."

"You're welcome. It was what you said to me. You told me if Missiey could forgive you, then I should be able to. I memorized it, and realized you were right. I wasn't a part of anything, until she came to me in tears. You know I hate to see her cry."

"I know man. I'm just glad we're still friends and can be civil. Missiey, I'm glad we can still hang out, even though it will never be one on one again. That's OK. I wouldn't be able to keep my hands off of you. Its better I say it in front of Jon. This way he knows not to leave me alone with you," he tells us. We get my things and take it all to Jon's.

We start to get it situated because starting the next morning, and for the next month, Donnie comes to the house for lessons.

It takes a couple weeks, but Donnie finally starts to get the hang of it. He starts to catch on faster and before we know it, the month is up. "OK. There's only one thing left. Your test. Be here at 6:30 tomorrow evening. Pass the test, pass the class. I'll cook dinner, and the test starts when she opens the door. One little mess up, and you'll get more training. We know you can pass. Study and run it through your head constantly, and we will see you tomorrow," Jon tells him. Donnie nods and goes home to study.

After he leaves, I turn to Jon wrapping my arms around his waist. "What should I wear for the test? Don't be mean with it. How are you picturing it babe?" I ask innocently.

"Wear something you would wear for a romantic dinner. He has to be tested hard core," Jon informs me. I agree and see go up to bed.

The next morning at breakfast, Jon plans the menu for that evening. He decides to make lemon pepper chicken with brown rice and mashed sweet potatoes. Then for dessert, he decides on a chocolate cheesecake. After we finish eating, Jon goes to the store and I go take a bath.

He gets home as I get out. I look at the time realizing I have to start getting ready. Wearing only a robe, I head down to the kitchen to find Jon. He's just put the chicken in a marinade and set it in the fridge and looks around. His eyes get big and he hurries over to me wrapping his arms around my waist pulling me to him.

"What's under the robe baby?" he asks deviously curious.

I smile then with a somewhat sexually teasing tone say, "I'm not wearing anything at the moment." As I begin to walk off, he grabs my wrist spinning me around into him, holding me tight to his chest. I can hear *and* feel Jon's heart beat as he begins to speak.

"You know, sweetie...you really shouldn't tease me like that. I may just have to take you on the counter." He starts kissing my neck, then my collar bone, a moan escaping me slightly.

"Jon, sweetheart...stop for now. I have to get ready for Donnie's test," I remind him somewhat breathless. I reluctantly break free of his tight, yet strong, grip and begin to walk out of the kitchen. I glance back, blowing Jon a kiss and head to our bedroom to get ready.

He stares after me for a moment, unable to control his thoughts. '*God I want her on the counter,*' he thinks not wanting to wait, yet forcing himself to.

As I'm finishing up, I hear the bedroom door open. I don't say anything since I'm attempting to finish my make up. I look up to see Jon watching and staring at me a little intensely. When I get done, I stand and look at Jon. I have on a little black spaghetti strapped dress and two inch heels. "What do you think sexy?"

He looks me up and down unable to help himself. It takes him a minute to be able to speak. Then he finally says, "You look beautiful. He's going to regret losing you now. All I can say is he better pass this test because I intend to have my way with you when he leaves," he deviously tells me smiling. He pulls me tightly to him then softly kisses my lips.

I look at the time and realize Donnie will be at the house any minute. "We have to get downstairs baby. Donnie will be here any time," I begin then whisper in his ear, "You can have me when he's gone." I walk out when there's a knock at the door.

I start down, Jon right behind me. I get to the door, take a deep breath, and open the door. "Hi Donnie. Come in." He smiles as he walks in.

"Good evening. How are you?" he starts, grabbing my hand and kissing it. "You look gorgeous tonight. But then, you always have. I know I've said this to you....I'm sorry I was such a jerk. I didn't deserve you."

"Donnie, its not that you didn't deserve me. It was that I didn't deserve to be treated the way you treated me. I have seen major improvement in you, though. You could get someone like me again...as long as you pass the test."

He nods and we head for the kitchen. When we walk in, Jon has set up a candlelight dinner. We walk over to the table and Donnie pulls out my chair for me, and I sit down as he pushes the chair in. So far he's off to a good start. Before we know it, its time to eat.

Jon walks over a couple minutes later with two plates of food. "Dinner is served. Enjoy," he says and eats at the counter. Jon closely watches Donnie testing his etiquette, conversation and anything else we went over with him that could be tested. '*Wow. He's really doing good,*' Jon thinks.

"Excuse me a minute, Donnie," I say sweetly then walk over to Jon. I lean in and whisper to Jon. "He's doing great. What about drinks, hon?"

"Damn. Sorry. I'll bring them right over," he says sweetly. I nod kissing him lightly on the cheek. I go back to the table to sit down; Donnie immediately getting up to pull my chair out for me.

Jon gets the wine glasses, filling them about half full and setting them down in front of us.

"Thank you," Donnie and I tell Jon. He nods and smiles. "You're welcome."

The rest of dinner goes great. While talking, I stop abruptly and look in Donnie's eyes putting my hand on his. "Donnie, you've done a great job, but the final decision is Jon's and not mine."

"I know. Thank you for everything. I could not have done this without you and Jon. You're an amazing woman, and Jon is the luckiest man alive. I still love you, and am very thankful you decided and wanted to help me. Especially you for letting yourself be the test subject. My only question is why?"

I smile sweetly at him then answer. "I did it because I knew you had it in you to treat women better. I knew you were capable of change. Now, you have to keep it up. I'm the *last* person that should have helped you, because I *was* seriously irate with you; I still care and, to a point, love you. I didn't want you to get hurt, in any way, by some random girl. As hard as it was for you to hear, its better it came from me. I'm proud of you and the progress you've made."

"Thanks. You're right...it was hard to hear, but I needed to hear it. I didn't know Jon could cook like this. Dinner was wonderful. This evening has been great. Thank you. In case I didn't tell you all ready, you look amazing." Donnie smiles at me genuinely. I smile softly back.

"Thank you. Jon's a great cook. We do this together all the time. This definitely has been a great evening. Thank you for doing this, and allowing Jon and I to test you."

We talk a little while longer before the test is over. He did a great job and stayed completely calm. Jon's impressed at how well he's done. It's time to end the test.

"Well, I guess this is the end of the night. I had a wonderful time. I'll see you soon. Thank you, Missiey. Thank you, too, Jon."

"You're welcome... and thank you, Donnie. Could you wait in the living room, please? We'll be there in a minute," Jon informs him.

"Of course," responds Donnie standing up. He pulls my chair out for me, pushes it back in and heads to the living room. I walk over to Jon to discuss the test results.

"What did you think sweetie? From my perspective, he did really well. Its up to you for his final grade, though."

Jon thinks it over before saying a word. He's deep in thought as he considers every aspect of the test date. "Only one question remains. Do you think he can keep it up and not slide back?" Jon asks me slightly anxious.

"Honestly baby...I do. As long as he has our support, I know he can keep it up. Tell him if he slides back to his old ways, we will revoke his grad certificate and he'll have to repeat the class. Its fair." Jon agrees and we go to deliver the news.

We walk in the living room and Donnie is patiently waiting for his results. He's so nervous and it shows on his face. *I hope I pass,* he thinks. Just then, Jon clears his throat and startles him.

"Donnie, we've come to a decision. I'm,*we*, are going to pass you on one condition. If you slip back to your old ways, we will revoke your certificate *and* you will have to taken our class again. Also, you will have our full support. Congratulations."

Donnie is relieved. "Thank you. I totally agree to your condition. Just know your support means everything to me."

"You're welcome. We'll even double date if you want or need us to," I say sweetly. He nods hugging Jon and I. Jon's got his certificate and hands it to Donnie. He's so excited. He thanks us and promises not to let us down, then leaves.

After Donnie goes home, I decide to clean up in the kitchen. Jon walks in, a devious look in his soft hazel eyes. The smile on his beautifully tan face widens. He walks over wrapping his chiseled arms around my waist putting his chin on my shoulder. After a minute I hear Jon say, "Turn around and sit up on the counter baby." I do as he says quickly.

"What are you going to do to or with me sexy?" I ask, a curious smile on my face. He looks in my eyes with a piercing stare. "You are about to find out," he whispers.

We smile deviously at each other as I wrap my legs around his waist pulling him closer to me. A slight moan escapes him as he presses against me. Jon starts to fiercely kiss me when I feel his hand go up under my dress. He behind to play with the top of my panties. He pulls back slightly looking in my eyes. "Why don't you raise up baby? I need to get these off," he starts then whispers, "They're in my way." I smile seductively and fully comply with Jon.

He begins kissing on me again and I start for the button and zipper on his jeans. While he's kissing on my neck, he notices my hand going for the button. "What are you doing baby?" he asks, his lips against my neck, his breathing labored.

My head tilts back as I answer him. "Your jeans are in *my* way sexy." I hurry to unfasten them and start taking them off. Jon unzips my dress fast pulling the front of it down. It doesn't take long for his mouth and tongue to find my breasts.

I lean over and begin kissing his neck. A moan escapes through his soft, sensual lips turning me on even more. Just when my mind begins to wonder, I feel two of Kong's fingers push into me and I instantly moan out. "Damn baby," I say breathless. He looks up at my face. "Does it feel good baby?" he asks smiling deviously.

"Yes," I barely manage to get out.

He quickly pulls my dress off, while his jeans and boxers fall to the floor. Before I know it, he enters me fast. I scream out instantly in complete pleasure. "Damn Jon. You feel so amazing," I tell him just above a whisper.

"Oh baby. You feel better than amazing," he tells me at a whisper.

The fire and passion become so intense neither one of us can barely handle it. Means escape both of us, and after thirty minutes, our bodies quake into climax together. Right after we erupt (it feels like an explosion), Jon falls on the floor completely breathless. Once my breathing slows, I get down from the counter to check on Jon. His breathing still extremely labored. I begin rubbing his back and softly talking to him.

"Relax and calm down baby. You need to try to get your breathing in control cause you're starting to scare me," I say gently. "Deep breaths for me sweetie." He does and eventually his breathing starts to slow. "Are you OK?" I ask thoughtfully.

He finally glances up to meet my eyes. "Yeah. I'm fine baby. Are you Omg? I know I got pretty rough."

"I'm fine tiger. You did but damn. I loved it. If we go again tonight, you take it easy and I'll do the riding."

He smiles, gets back up and grabs my waist. As soon as Jon looks in my eyes no words are necessary. He takes my hand leading me upstairs. He runs a bath for us and we get in sitting across from each other. We stare in each others eyes knowing exactly what the other wants.