

## Chapter 6 The Mix Up

"Are you okay hon? I know there are a lot of photographers here. Just walk and smile, and stop if I do," he says sweetly.

I nod and we start walking toward the entrance. We stop only two times for pictures. Jon feels and notices my grip on his arm getting tighter and decides to get inside as fast as possible. We get in and I slightly relax still having a firm grip on Jon's arm.

"Hon, are you sure you're okay? You still have a death grip on my arm angel," he begins, "If I haven't said it all ready, you look radiant...and stunningly beautiful."

I look at Jon, in his eyes, and smile. "Yeah, I'm fine. Sorry about your arm. I'm just nervous sweetie," I say.

He lifts my chin with his finger carefully until my eyes meet his. "Its okay sweetheart. Breathe and relax. You will be fine. Promise," he tells me then gently kisses my lips.

I loosen the grip on his arm leaving my hand softly lay on his arm. Once we get all the way in, we look around to see who is all here. Jon looks over in the direction of the bar then puts his free hand on mine and gently pulls me in the direction of the bar.

When we get there, he orders two glasses of champagne. As soon as the bartender sets the drinks down, Jon hands me one and I quickly drink half of it. Then I look to see Joe standing next to us.

"Hi Joe. How are you?" I ask hugging him.

"Hi Missiey. Jon. How are you?" He asks.

"We're good. Are you okay? You seem tense," I say.

"I'm fine," Joe begins leaning in close. "Before I forget to tell you, you look gorgeous. Too bad you won't be coming home with me **tonight**."

I look at Joe shocked. Then Jon speaks.

"Jealous, Joe? Just remember, she's *my date tonight*," Jon reminds him.

Joe gives him a somewhat evil look. Jon slyly returns the look and we walk off. I turn to look back at Joe.

*'I'll talk to you later. I promise,'* I mouth to Joe.

He nods and smiles. Then we bump into the rest of the guys and their dates.

"Hey. How are you all doing?" We ask.

"Great. How are you two?" Donnie asks.

"We're great, bro," I begin looking at the girls. "Girls, you look great. How are you?" I ask. Jon is talking to the guys.

"We're awesome! You look amazing!" They say.

"So Jon, how's the date going?" Donnie and Jordan ask.

"Great. I surprised her by bringing her in a limo and having a glass of champagne in the limo. I kissed her, too."

"Good for you. All I ask is that you treat my sister good, and with respect," Donnie says.

Jon looks at Donnie sarcastically. "Donnie, you know me. I would *never* disrespect her," Jon begins, "I want to *be* with her."

Donnie's relieved and happy. He knows Jon would never hurt or disrespect me in any way. Donnie hopes, in a way, Jon and I end up together. As the guys talk, I talk with the girls.

"I love your dresses. You look beautiful girls," I say excitedly.

"Thanks. You look amazing!" They say hugging me.

We talk to them for a little longer before going off to talk with others including people over the fundraiser. Everything is going great when we walk up to the person over it all.

"Hey Jon," the man says shaking Jon's hand. "How are you? And who is this beautiful woman on your arm?"

"Hey Travis. I'm good....I mean great. This is Missiey. She's Donnie's best friend. Or as he says *his sister*," Jon says introducing us. "This is Travis. He's over tonights event."

"Hi. Nice meeting you," I say timidly.

"The pleasure is all mine," he says kissing my hand. "Jon, if I were you, I'd snatch her up before someone else does."

Jon smiles but doesn't respond. Then he reaches in his pocket. "Travis, I almost forgot. Here you go. Just a small donation."

Travis opens the check Jon gave him nearly falling on the floor. He can't believe the amount that's on it. "Oh my god! Jon, are you sure you want to donate twenty thousand dollars?"

"I'm positive. I love the support you give these young people and want you to keep it up."

"Thank you. This means so much to all of us at the *Trevor Project*," Travis says.

"You're welcome. We'll see you later. Gotta chit chat. Have a great night." Travis nods and we walk off.

We talk to numerous people. Some people who work at *Trevor Project*, some who volunteer, and some who have been getting help and support from them. It amazes me hearing their stories.

One guy we approach recognizes Jon immediately. He looks up in disbelief and shock. "Oh my god. You're Jonathan Knight. I absolutely love you!" The young man begins. "My name is Ryan. Before I forget to ask, who is this beautiful woman on your arm?"

"Hey Ryan. This is my date....Missiey. She's stunning."

"So nice to meet you...both of you. I'll talk to you soon." We nod, walk off and look at the time.

Its nearly 10 PM and we head back to the bar for one last glass of champagne. When we get back to the bar, Jon orders two glasses of champagne and the bartender quickly puts them on the bar. Jon hands me one and keeps one. As we begin to drink it, he leans in close.

"Are you enjoying yourself?" Jon asks nervously.

"Yes I am," I begin, "What do you really want to ask me, Jon?"

He smiles anxiously looking at the floor. *'Here goes nothing,'* he thinks.

He looks back up at me then asks, "Missiey, would you like to stay with me [tonight](#)? We can hang out and see where things go."

I smile sweetly at Jon leaning my body on his a little seductively. "I thought you'd never ask. I'm ready to go when you are," I say.

Jon's face lights up. We decide to quickly find our friends to let them know we will see them later. Its not remotely difficult since they just walked up to the bar.

"Hey sis. Hey Jon. How are you?" Donnie asks hugging me.

"We're good, bro. We'll see you all later. We're gonna head out," I say.

"Make sure she gets home safe, and we'll see you later," Donnie tells Jon.

"Okay, but she's not going home. She's staying with me [tonight](#). I promise I'll take care of her," Jon says.

Donnie looks at Jon smiling after a minute. "Okay. I trust you with her. Be careful with her," Donnie says.

"I will. You know I'd never hurt her, man," Jon reminds him.

"Hey girls. I'll see you later. Jon and I are leaving," I say.

"Don't let him leave immediately," Jolanda tells me.

"That won't be an issue. I'm staying with him **tonight**," I say hugging the girls. What I don't realize is that Joe just heard everything.

He gives Jon an extremely mad, yet threatening, glare. He hates that Jon is getting so much alone time with me. Joe walks over to me putting his hand on my shoulder. I turn to face him.

\*\*\*\*\*

### Joe

She turns to face me as I lay my hand on her shoulder. I lean in close to plead with her. "Don't do this. Don't leave with Jon. Please baby. Go home with me," I beg her.

"What the hell, Joe?! I'm leaving with Jon whether you like it or not. I *am* his date. Call me in a couple days and we can hang out if you want, but **tonight** I'm going home with Jon," she tells me firmly and pulls away.

I see Jon walking towards us and glare at him. *'I'm so pissed. Why does he get her for the night? Because she's his date? So what. She could have and should have been mine. He better not fucking sleep with her,'* I think severely irritated.

"Joe. How are you?" Jon asks.

Before I speak, I take down my drink and get my temper in check. I watch him slide his arm around her waist then kiss her cheek.

"Fine. And you?" I say a little harshly.

"Great. We'll see you later. We're going to leave," Jon tells me.

I lean in close to her so I can whisper something while hugging her. "I'll see you in two days princess," I whisper then kiss her cheek lightly

"Okay. I'll see and talk to you later," she says kissing my cheek back.

I watch as she intertwines her arm, so delicate, with Jon's arm. My mind begins to race a million miles a minute. I think about all the possible things that could happen between her and Jon. It enrages me. I can't stand the thought of him hooking up with her. I decide to talk to Donnie.

"Hey D. Can I ask you a question?"

"Sure. What's up?" Donnie asks.

"Is your sister really staying with Jon **tonight**?"

"Yes she is, Joe. Just let it go man."

I give Donnie a crooked smile and walk away. I sit and have one more drink deciding its time to go home.

\*\*\*\*\*

### Jon

The driver opens the door as we get to the limo. I help Missiey in first, then get in behind her. The driver shuts our door, gets in and takes off heading towards my house.

I look deep in her sparkling caramel eyes placing my hand on the side of her face caressing it. Her eyes close and her smile softens.

*'I love the feel of her soft skin. I bet the rest of her body is just as soft,'* I think.

A sudden urge overcomes me and I lean in kissing her on the lips. Her lips, so gentle, seem to caress and massage mine. I kiss her more passionately. She's driving me wild all ready. I start to lay her down on the seat to make her more comfortable, and she quickly makes it known her thoughts are the same as mine. She pulls me on top of her kissing me a little more forcefully than what I've been kissing her.

As I start to kiss her back with the same force, I quickly decide to kiss her on the neck slowly moving down to her collar bone. As I move my lips lower, I hear a moan escape her. My mind begins to race with thoughts of us being naked, our bodies pressed to one another, and making love all night.

*'Damn, I can't wait to get her home....and out of the dress,'* I think. Just then a slight moans escapes me. Next thing I know, she's taking over.

\*\*\*\*\*

### Missiey

As we get to the limo, the driver has the door open waiting. I climb in first, Jon following right behind me. The driver shuts the door but doesn't take off right away. He situates a couple things then drives away a couple minutes later.

As Jon sits by me, I look in his beautiful hypnotizing hazel eyes. I'm completely entranced. Before I know it, his hand is tenderly caressing the side of my face.

*'I love his soft touch,'* I think as I look up, my eyes opening.

His soft face turns serious as he leans in to kiss my lips. Jon's being so gentle, and passionate, for the time being, as he carefully lays me on the seat of the limo. I begin to kiss him somewhat fiercely to let him know where my thoughts are for the night. It works! I feel his tongue start manipulating my lips to open wider. I cave and allow it wrapping my legs around him pulling him on top of me.

*'Oh god, just take me here and now,'* I think a slight moan escaping me.

He moves to my collar bone kissing it lightly not going lower at the moment. All I think is how bad I want him. How bad I want, and need to feel his body, without the clothes, pressed to mine. Its time to change things up.

I sit up swiftly straddling his lap. I wrap my hands around his neck quickly initiating kisses along his jaw line down his neck and unbuttoning his shirt with my teeth. After three or four buttons are undone, I kiss him on the chest turning him on even more.

Before things get too much further, we pull up in front of his house. We quickly straighten our clothes...and just in time...as the limo door opens. We get out practically running to the front door. He unlocks the door as fast as he can letting us in.

As soon as we are both in, he locks the door pinning me up against the wall. Jon grabs my left thigh pulling it up around his waist as he deeply kisses me. I feel an urgency throughout his body. It makes me want him even more.

I tilt my head back slightly, a moan escaping me as Jon delicately kisses the hollow of my throat. His lips feel like silky velvet on my damp skin. Then I feel Jim squeeze my thigh; my fingers starting to dig into his arms.

"Wrap your other leg around my waist baby. I'm moving this to another room," he says breathless. I obey instantly.

"Where are we going?" I ask smiling and breathless.

"You will find out soon enough...you sexy devil," Jon says deviously. He immediately goes back to kissing me when we stop in front of a black door.

*'I wonder what's behind the door,'* I think looking at the door.

At first all I see is a black door then I notice it has etching on it in red with twelve silver mini spikes. I start to really look at what's etched on the door. I see the words *MY SEX CHAMBER*, and instantly become intrigued as to what is behind it. The more I check it out, I also notice there are whips, restraints, and a couple other things etched on it I'm unable to depict. He opens the door walking in and momentarily setting me down.

"So what do you intend to use on me, Jon?" I ask intrigued.

"That depends," he begins leaning in closer whispering, "Is there anything you won't let me use on you?"

I step closer pressing my body to his wrapping my arms around his neck. "Baby, you can use whatever...you...want," I say ending with a sexual whispered tone.

Jon gives me a look of intense sexual desire. He turns to look at the "toys" he has hanging on the wall. Jon looks back at me. His tan, muscular arms around my waist. His hand carefully slides up my back til it reaches my zipper. I feel a slight tug as he pulls it down.

"Why don't you make yourself comfortable on the bed? I'm just going to grab some things and I'll be over shortly," he says cupping my face kissing me. He takes a step back, and my dress falls to the floor. "Mmm.....such a beautiful sight. I can't wait to render you helpless and ravish your body."

Jon kissed my neck, a slight moan escaping me. I walk over to the bed kicking my shoes off as he turns to get a few things. When I see him walking towards me, I slowly begin crawling across the king sized canopy bed.

The sheets are red satin. The comforter is black, two corners of the sheer netting are red and two are black, and the pillow cases are a mix of black and red satin. On top of the regular pillows lay two heart shaped pillows for a touch of romance. I look in his eyes then down his tan, muscular, chiseled body. Then I catch sight of his hands.

"What's in your hands baby?" I ask curiously intrigued.

"Well, I have restraints, a whip, blindfold and whip cream. What to use first," he says tauntingly.

As he stands in front of the bed watching me crawl to him, I teasingly lick my lips. I get up on my knees when I get to him. "Hmm...what are we going to do about this? You're still dressed," I say sexually.

Jon's smile deepens becoming more serious. "I guess you need to strip me baby," he whispers.

I kiss him fiercely undoing the button and zipper with my hands. Next, I start undoing the buttons on his shirt with my teeth kissing his chest as I go. His pants fall to the floor. As I get to Jon's stomach, he lifts my head to look in my eyes.

"No, no baby girl. Since you didn't ask permission to kiss that low on me, I'm using the restraints first. Lay back on the bed and put your hands up by the wrought iron headboard," he begins, "You see beautiful, there are a few *rules* in my chamber."

"Really? Why don't you...tell me what they are sexy," I say seductively.

He smiles slyly as he goes over the rules. "Rule one, in the chamber you only refer to me as Master or Mr. Knight, depending on my mood. Rule two, *never* kiss lower than my chest without my permission. Rule three, the most important... you only wear what I say you can in here. Do I make myself clear?" He asks seductively climbing on top of me.

"Yes...Master," I respond obediently.

He gets to my chest straddling it. Jon takes a restraint putting it on my left wrist attaching it to the headboard. He does the same to the right wrist. Then he moves to my ankles. He has a pair of fuzzy cuffs for each ankle, attaching one end to me and the other end to the footboard.

"Perfect. Now, what to do with you next," he says debating cutting my panties off.

It doesn't take Jon long to figure it out. He takes the whip cream putting it first on my breasts, then from the center of my cleavage down my stomach and on down to my mound. Jon takes a moment to look at his creation. He has an intriguing hunger expression on his face with a smile to match.

"I only have one more thing to put on you before I start working on my treasure." He gets right up by my head with the blindfold in hand. "I love that you can't escape, and that you can't see, only feel, what I'll be doing to you. Oh god. I can't wait to start in." He gets the blindfold on in a matter of seconds, kisses my lips hard, then starts in.

\*\*\*\*\*

### Missiey

I feel Jon kiss my neck directly on the jugular. I flinch slightly as he moves lower. He kisses my collar bone down to my chest then abruptly stops. I feel his finger moving the whip cream around on my breast then switching to the other one doing the same thing.

"Let the *real* teasing begin," he starts, "Just remember, I'll know if you're enjoying it." Jon's tone is sexual. I nod.

Next thing I know I feel his tongue and mouth on my breast, teasing, licking, and sucking firmly. It feels as if he's trying to take my entire breast in his mouth and succeeding. I moan.

'*Damn he feels good,*' I think as he switches breasts.

Jon's driving me crazy and he knows it. He does the same thing to the other side. The moans continue as Jon briefly changes positions. It feels like he's straddling my head beginning to lean over. Then I hear him speak.

"Open up baby. Don't stop until I say," he commands.

"Yes Master. As you wish," I reply opening up as he lowers his dick in my mouth. He's bigger than I expect.

Jon places his tongue in the whip cream between my cleavage and moves lower his tongue licking up all the whip cream. His tongue is so soft he makes me moan which turns him on even more. He moans as well.

"Oh god baby!" He moans out.

He continues licking the whip cream off my stomach then briefly stops. Jon rubs my mound then kisses it. I hum and moan at the same time. He lightly thrusts a couple times.

"Mmm. I know you like that baby. And you have such a beautiful mound. I can't wait to kiss on and taste it....and you," he says then kisses my mound massaging it.

I attempt to scream but can't. He's getting bigger as I work my tongue on his shaft and tip. He moans somewhat loudly sounding like a deep growl. Hearing him makes me go faster.

"Damn baby. *Now* you're gonna get it," he tells me.

As he kisses my mound again, he separates my lips teasing my clit with his tongue. Jon licks it massaging it with his tongue. He feels so good doing this. I scream, even though it's muffled, bucking wildly under Jon. He pins down my hips then dives deep inside me. He stops briefly.

"Baby stop," he says but I don't hear him. He gains control of himself quickly. "Stop and take your mouth off of me!" He tells me with a slightly fierce tone. I do, obeying his command.

"Master, what's wrong?" I ask.

"You feel amazing on me. I just have one small problem," he begins, "I can't hear you scream or moan if I'm in your mouth."

Before I can respond, he shoves his tongue back in me fast twisting his tongue inserting two fingers sliding them in and out quickly.

"Oh god Jon!" I scream in pure pleasure. He stops changing his position to look at me removing the blindfold.

"I think someone forgot the first rule in the chamber," he starts, "*Never* call me Jon. *Only* Mr. Knight...or Master...in the chamber. You need taught a lesson baby."

Jon slams into me fast and hard causing me to moan and scream out. He never slows down or eases up. Even though he's being rough, he feels amazing.

"Oh...Master," I moan moving my body with his. I rub my breasts against him and he moans.

"Oh fuck yes baby!" He yells out.

It doesn't take long for our bodies to climax together. When we erupt, its beyond amazing...and the best I've ever felt. He stares into my eyes smiling then kisses my neck, cheek and lips. Jon collapses next to me laying his head on my chest. We calm down after a couple minutes and he speaks.

He props himself up on his elbow, his cheek resting on his hand. "Are you ready to have the restraints and cuffs off angel?" He asks then says, "You don't need to call me Master now."

"Yes. I'm ready to be free Master," I begin, "I had one more in me...and its hot...like you." I smile, lightly laughing, as Jon undoes the restraints and cuffs.

"Let's grab our clothes and go up to the bedroom. I'm not done with you yet." His expression is intriguing and sexual.

"Let's go babe. I'm not done with you either," I reply picking up my dress and panties.

When we get to his bedroom, he throws our clothes on the floor and our night continues making love the rest of the night.