Jonas - Part Two

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The saga of a man with an unusual gift.

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It took Jonas half an hour to deal with the phone messages that had come in during the morning. By the time he returned, Hannah was sleeping peacefully. Jonas smiled and closed the door softly.

"Miss Maxwell?" Hannah awoke with a start, then flushed and straightened in her chair. "Please, excuse my absence," Jonas said quietly, and Hannah got awkwardly to her feet.

"I'm sorry, I was just -"

"No need to apologise. I like this room primarily because it is so restful."

"I was just thinking about your story," Hannah said hesitantly, sitting down again. "And then, I suppose, dreaming about it to. You know, *Lady Jane: Virgin Hunter* was one of the first porn films I ever saw."

"Indeed?" Jonas asked with a warm smile. "My installment, or one of the others?"

"No, I didn't see your film until I started research for this interview. I hope you don't mind me saying so, but it was wonderful!" she flushed a little, and leaned over to fuss with her recorder to cover her embarrassment. "No, the first one I saw was the one with - God, I can't remember his name, the black kid with the shaved head."

Jonas nodded. "Taylor Brown. Pleasant fellow. He worked for a while in the US under the name Big Bad Brown."

"Oh, I remember him," Hannah said in surprise. "I didn't know he was English. Lady Jane was responsible for giving the world more than a few porn super-stars, then?"

Jonas looked to the window. "Oh, more than a few, yes." He sat down opposite Hannah, and rubbed

his hands together. "Well, where did we get to?"

Hannah smiled and clicked the record button, and settled back to listen.

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Now, where were we?

I told you earlier about my first meeting with Lady Jane, and my first sexual experience. How I made it home from school that day, I have no idea. My next memory is waking up in the early evening, on my own bed, still fully clothed, clutching the Vixen Productions business card that Jane had given me. It all seemed like a dream - or more than a dream, a fantasy.

It took me about two seconds to decide that I wanted to see her again, and as soon as possible. I wandered down to the kitchen and made myself a cup of coffee, eschewing my usual coke in favour of a drink more suited to a man who had been balls-deep inside a beautiful porn-star just a few hours earlier. I was so ridiculously proud of myself, I'm embarrassed to even think of it now. In any case, after an hour of procrastination, I steeled myself and called the number of the card. It rang four or five times, then she picked up. "This is Jane."

"Hi," I said nervously. "It's Jonas."

"Jonas?" came the reply. There was the sound of movement in the background. "Sorry, Jonas who?"

"Um, Randall," I said, my insides turning to ice. How could she have forgotten about me? "From the - um, from the school?"

"Oh, Jonas!" she said excitedly, and everything was fine again. "Sorry, darling, I'm in the middle of something and my mind was somewhere else. How are you?"

"I'm fine," I replied, grinning idiotically. "I was wondering if maybe you'd like to go out with me. If you want to."

"You mean like a date?" she asked in an amused tone.

"Sort of. I mean - "

"You're just so adorable, I can't bear it! Listen, darling, I have to go right now, but maybe you could stop by my place for a drink this evening. Do you have a pen?"

I quickly scribbled down the address she gave me on the back of an envelope and, after promising to be there at eight, hung up. Then, still grinning stupidly and excited like a kid on Christmas morning, I went for a long shower to prepare myself for my woman.

The address was for a modern apartment building in the former bohemian quarter of the city, where you could now find sex shops right next up to sophisticated boutiques; strippers sharing the streets with artists, porn actresses sharing a croissant in a secluded cafe with an advertising copywriter. I caught the bus across the city, then wandered around the streets until I found the building: a diversion that was an education in itself, believe me.

I was dark by the time I jogged up the stairs to the main door, and my stomach felt like it was stuffed with butterflies. I flashed a hesitant grin at the doorman, an older man in a immaculate blue overcoat. "Can I help you, sir?" he asked genially.

"Hi, yeah, I'm here to see - " Then it struck me. I didn't know her real name. Lady Jane was obviously a pseudonym - who should I ask for? "Um," I faltered, "Jane?"

"I see, sir," said the doorman, quirking an eyebrow. "Jane."

"She gave me a card, and asked me to stop by," I explained, fumbling clumsily in my pocket for the Vixen card. "She wrote her number on the back. It's here somewhere -" The doorman smiled softly and raised a hand.

"I'll just check, sir," he said in an amused tone, the stepped into a little booth by the door and picked up the telephone. "Your name, sir?" he asked me as he dialed the number.

"Jonas Randall," I said with a rush of relief. Jane would tell him it was okay. I hadn't blown it. "J-O-N-"

"Jonas, yes sir, I'm familiar with the spelling." He turned away from me and spoke a few quiet words into the telephone, then glanced back at me. "Yes. Very good, Ma'am," he said, and hung up. He brushed down his overcoat and emerged from the booth, then flashed me a grin and opened the door. "Eighth floor, sir. Your lady friend is waiting for you."

It took every scrap of self-control I possessed not to run across the lobby. The lift opened as I approached, and I waited patiently for a pair of middle-aged women to maneuver themselves out of the way, then stabbed my thumb at the button for the eighth floor. I rubbed my hands together, I paced backwards and forwards, I exhaled slowly and tried to calm my pounding heart, but it was no use. I was as nervous as I had ever been, and as excited.

Finally, the lift doors swished open, and I emerged into a small hallway. In a doorway opposite the lift stood Jane. My eyes widened - she was wearing an elegant black evening gown, slashed to the thigh, with a modest neckline that still managed to emphasise her wonderful breasts. She held a champagne flute in her right hand, with the left behind her back, her ankles crossed in manner that suggested a curtsy. "Hello," she said softly. "I'm glad you could make it."

"You - you look beautiful," I said in an awed whisper.

"You're sweet. Come in, Jonas. Let's get to know each other better."

I followed her into the apartment, my gaze fixed on the way her fantastic body moved under the thin dress. "You can hang up you coat by the door, darling," she said over her shoulder, moving ahead of me, and my heart sang. *Darling!* I scrambled out of my jacket, and hung it on a hook next to what looked like a raincoat made of a tough, shiny plastic.

The lounge was dominated by large plate-glass windows that gave a breathtaking view of the city, constellations of lit windows and streetlights laid out in the inky blackness. A hidden sound system was playing soft jazz: in any other circumstance, it would have seemed banal and trite, but in my aroused state I thought I could make out a sinuously erotic harmony in the sweeping scales and syncopated rhythm.

Jane was pouring a second glass of champagne, and I took the opportunity to gaze with ill-concealed longing at her lush, magnificent body. She looked up and caught my eye. "See anything you like?"

"I - uh, this is a great place," I stammered, as she handed me the champagne flute.

"Thanks. I don't get to spend much time here, these days, but it's always nice to come home."

I opened my mouth to reply, but the words stuck in my throat as Jane reached out and took my hand. She stepped forward, our bodies pressing together, and, so slowly I thought I was dreaming, our lips touched. "Come with me," she said softly, and I nodded mutely, knowing that I would follow this woman anywhere on Earth.

Leading me by the hand, she crossed the lounge to a deep, comfortable couch. She sat down and elegantly crossed her legs, and I bit back a groan of desire - this woman, so refined and yet so wonderfully slutty, was a goddess. Jane sipped her champagne, then rubbed the seat next to her. "Sit," she said. "I won't bite unless you ask me to."

I sank onto the couch gratefully, my knees trembling, then steeled myself and put my arm around her slender shoulders. She sighed happily at the contact and turned to face me. The kiss, when it came, was as gentle as before, but seemed to carry with it a promise of a deeper hunger, a rising passion that would soon demand fulfillment.

We kissed gently, then she giggled. "This is so naughty," she whispered. "I really shouldn't be fucking you, Jonas, you're so young."

"I'm old enough -" I started, but she kissed me again.

"You're not," she told me sincerely, then grinned impishly. "You're really not. But I couldn't forget about that magical dick you've got, darling." Her fingers alighted on the large bulge in my trousers, and she nipped my bottom lip with her perfect, white teeth. "Would you like to play with my breasts, darling?"

I nodded again, the promise of Jane's wonderful body robbing me of speech. Slowly, obviously relishing my excitement, she pulled the thin straps of her dress off her shoulders, and let them fall. Then, with a single finger hooked wickedly into her cleavage, she pulled the front of her dress down until her breasts were almost bursting free of the thin material - and then, with a joyous bounce, they were revealed in all their glory. Jane clasped my hand in hers and brushed my fingertips over the soft flesh, and I moaned in pleasure, then began to stroke and massage them enthusiastically. "Gently," she whispered. "You're stronger than you think, and that's good, but there's a time for strength and a time for softness."

"Sorry," I replied, the colour rising in my cheeks. "I mean, I didn't mean to... Sorry," I repeated.

"You really were a virgin, weren't you? When we met at your school, I mean."

"Yes," I confessed. "I was waiting for the right girl."

"And did you find her?" Jane asked, leaning forward so that her breasts pressed against me, and kissing my warmly on the lips.

"I did," I replied, my voice cracking, my senses filled with her taste, her scent, and the touch of her body.

We kissed for a long time, and slowly, we each explored the other's body. Jane's dress hit the floor, followed a moment later by her black satin thong. She took her time stripping off my shirt, undoing one button at a time and teasing the newly-exposed skin with her lips and tongue, then moving further

down my body. My trousers were removed somewhat clumsily, and my shorts too. Then, naked, we kissed and stroked and embraced, delighting in the presence of the other, and in the promise of what lay ahead.

Finally, it seemed that Jane was ready for me. Breaking our kiss, she stroked my stiff cock one last time, then smiled at me. "I rode you," she whispered, leaning right back on the couch and spreading her legs wide. The air was heavy with the scent of her arousal. "This time, you ride me." I slid backwards awkwardly, and knelt on the floor between her legs. Her pussy was hairless save for a small tuft of jet-black pubes, and her lips were glistening with her moisture. I had no thought of teasing her, or of delaying our gratification - I shuffled forward on my knees until the blunt head of my cock split her sex in two, then thrust forward - two inches vanished into her, then four, then six, and her eyes rolled back in her head. "Slowly!" she gasped. "God, slowly!" I moaned at the warm embrace of her tight, wet hole - and, with the next thrust, eight inches slid into her smoothly. "Are you in? Darling, Jonas, are you all the way in?"

"No," I grunted, thrusting again, stretching my self-control to the limits. "Not yet."

"I - ah, sweet Jesus *fuck*! Give me more, then, baby, but slowly - you're so big, so deliciously big!" Trying to obey her instructions, I pushed a little deeper with each thrust, every deep lunge stuffing another half-inch of hot cock-meat into her hole until she trembled and cried out in desire - then, greed overwhelmed me, and with a vicious thrust that seemed to come from the soles of my feet, I gave her all of it, the last unfucked inch finally slipping between her wet lips. I stayed there for a heartbeat, my foot-long cock buried so deeply inside her that I thought she must be able to taste it, then withdrew. She exhaled with a shudder as her pussy clutched at the departing cock. "God, Jonas, you're going to ruin me for any other man. I'm so fucking *full*!" She licked her lips and ran her hands over her breasts and stomach. "Now fuck me - fuck me like you mean it."

And so began the first true fuck of my life - I held Jane by the hips, by the thighs, hooked my arms behind her knees, anything to pull her harder onto my giant dick as I pounded into her body. I was like an animal, unstoppable and merciless, all of my youthful energy and enthusiasm dedicated to the task in hand. Jane, in turn, responded eagerly to my inelegant conquest of her body, my inexperience only underlining the illicit nature of our coupling. "Fuck me, you beautiful boy! Stuff your giant man-cock into me and make me - ah! - make me fucking cum - ah! - all over your - ah! - all over your dick!" I fucked harder, sweat pouring into my eyes, my thighs slippery with the juices that were dripping from Jane's wonderful pussy. Her tits were bouncing beautifully on her chest, the skin bright and glistening with sweat that ran in droplets between her perfect breasts, her half-inch nipples erect and pointing straight at me.

"Fuck! My! Cunt!" she screamed, and I redoubled me efforts, grasping her womanly hips and fucking

her so hard and so quickly that I thought I would fuck her right through the couch to the floor. Watching the foot-long length of my thick, veined cock pounding this goddess' hot slit was the most erotic thing I had ever seen - and there's nothing I've seen since that matches it. She trembled, and her manicured fingernails clawed at the couch; she gasped and swore and met me thrusts with passionate lunges of her own hips - she was cumming, I realised, I was making a woman cum! The thought was enough to make me increase my efforts to a new peak, my heavy balls slapping soundly against Jane's bottom -

But then, just as my cum was starting to rise, Jane gasped sharply and touched the palm of her hand against my chest. "Ah! Fuck - steady, darling," she gasped, then swallowed. "Slow down, lover, or you'll rip a girl apart."

"I - I'm sorry," I stammered.

"Don't be sorry," she replied, lifting her hips and sliding off of my swollen dick. "Not many men have a cock like you, and not many women will be able to take it - not for long, anyway." She pushed her fingers through her hair and sighed happily, a broad smile settling on her full lips. "Oh, but you are *so* fucking good..."

"You are, too," I said gallantly, balling my fists by my side to stop myself from stroking my cock and covering this Earth-bound angel with long sticky jets of my cum. I needn't have worried: Jane was as sensitive to the needs of her lovers as any woman I've met since. She slid onto the floor beside me and, without hesitation, grasped my cock and sucked the head into her mouth.

It does me little credit, but the truth is that the first touch of her tongue was enough - electrical surges raised through my body, and before I could warn her or offer any defense, the first explosive jets of my cum had coated her tongue. I threw back my head and cried at the skies in anguish as my balls emptied themselves into her soft, warm mouth - then, as she let the tip of my cock slip from between her lips, I oozed thick rivers of cum over her lips and chin, where large wet drops dribbled onto her heaving tits.

I couldn't breath. I couldn't think. I barely managed to control my collapse onto the couch, the sound of my heartbeat loud in my ears, my hands reaching, instinctively, to cradle and comfort the woman I loved.

"Better?" she asked in a gentle whisper, leaning her head against my chest.

"I love you," I moaned, taking her hand in mine. "Jane, I love you so much."

"I know, darling," she whispered, and stretched happily. "You're amazing. I'm going to have a shower."

And she was gone. In my exhausted state, it was all I could do to turn my head and watch her naked body run lightly across the lounge - then she turned and asked asked me if I wanted to join her and suddenly I wasn't so tired after all.

Over the next month or so, we fucked each other in every conceivable way. I would go over to her apartment every evening, on the pretense of studying at the library, and we would spend three or four hours delighting each other in the most imaginative way - Jane particularly liked role-playing, and wold often meet me at the door in some innocent guise, and then tease me until I filled her body with my cock while she protested her innocence. Schoolgirls were a favourite, her lush womanly body constrained by a crisp white shirt and pleated skirt, but she also favoured police women, secretaries, and, on a handful of memorable occasions, she dressed in a sexy version of a nun's habit and whispered prayers before slurping on my cock lasciviously. These adventures were punctuated by countless other encounters - Jane taught me how to give oral sex, as well as how to receive it with a measure of self-control; she taught me how to vary the length and depth of my strokes to keep a woman on the brink of orgasm for long, hot, wet minutes, before finally satisfying her; she taught me everything I know today, and I never for a moment forget what I owe her.

At that time, of course, I was exactly stupid enough to think that things could continue this way for ever. As much as it pains me to say it now, I was blinded by my love for her; I refused to consider what it was that she did every day, how she made her living. I didn't want to think about it, so I didn't.

It couldn't last, of course. And it didn't.

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"But that," Jonas concluded, "is a tale best reserved for after lunch. I instructed the chef to prepare something light. Would you care to join me?"

"I'd love to," Hannah said, trying to hide her disappointment at the break in the story. She watched him hungrily as he got to his feet and offered her his elbow, and had to suppress a growl of desire as she stood and slipped her arm through his. "So what happened next?" she asked curiously.

"A great many things," he replied with a grin. "Don't worry. I'll tell you all of them, in good time."

And with that, he escorted her from the room.