



Forbidden Publications

*Marina  
de Luca*

*Jonathan*

JONATHAN

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*Marina de Luca*

Jonathan  
By  
Marina de Luca

I don't remember when I noticed him, whether it was at the bar or later. I only remember when he approached me on the dance floor. I saw him pushing through the crowd toward me, and it was as though there was no one but the two of us on the floor.

I hadn't come to the club intending to pick up someone, that's really not my style. I'm a bit of a tease, probably. But he was exactly the someone I'd want to pick up if I were of a mind to. Just taller than me, so I'd have to reach up to kiss him. Sleek yet muscular body. He wore leather pants and a silk shirt, untucked, that immediately made me want to run my hands under it. His hair was dark blonde and needed to be cut.

He didn't ask permission, just met my eyes and began to move in time with me. The next song started, a faster grind, and I turned and leaned against him, shaking my hips. He kept his hands on my side lightly, letting me move as I would. I knew what a man liked, and pushed myself into him and away, teasing us both. I have no shame in my ample curves. I could tell from his tight pants that he liked what he was feeling.

He knew what I liked without any instruction at all. I like a man's hands, a man's mouth on my neck, little nips and kisses, and I like a man who moves his body to music. I turned to face him when the song downshifted. "What's your name?"

"Jonathan," he whispered to me, hands moving to my waist.

I was feeling daring. "Do you like what you see, Jonathan?"

"Very much." His eyes were hazel, I think, but it was hard to tell in the darkness of the club.

We danced a while longer, and I gave him my name when he asked. "Claire."

His hand rose to touch my hair, fingers teasingly close to my cheek. "Beautiful Claire." I wanted him to touch me, to run his hand down the vee of my top and explore.

I put my arms around his neck, and we slow-danced through the next several songs. Voices and bodies curled around us as the music ebbed and flowed, but I paid no attention. This man holding me made me want to stay on the dance floor forever,

moving to a beat no one else in the club was feeling. Ours was a slow pulse that kept building with no end in sight.

Finally, Jonathan whispered, "I want to see more of you, Claire."

I turned and fitted my ass into his groin, picking up the current song's beat, daring him to keep up with me. "Do you?"

He matched my motion, holding my hands out and away, making me feel exposed and naked, visible to anyone that wanted to know. I wanted this man. My nipples were hard under my top.

"I want to take you, Claire," Jonathan whispered in my ear. "I want to feel you tremble against me. I want to taste you."

It only took a moment to find a taxi. Once inside, I gave my address and we rode in silence for a moment. Then, Jonathan put a hand on my skirt, caressing the outside of my thigh through it, and murmured, "You should wear stockings". His palm ran down my leg to my heel, then back up again. Fingers toyed with the hem of my skirt. "Silk, if they still make them. And a black lace garter belt." His thumb skimmed just above my knee and I shuddered, struggling to put words together. "Stockings make you so open. So inviting." He dipped to kiss my neck. "Such tender flesh, waiting to be touched."

"Not when I'm in work clothes." I whispered into his hair, wanting his hand between my legs.

He punctuated the next remark with kisses, sliding his fingers under my skirt for a moment that made me dizzy. "You should wear them to work, too."

"Too sexy." I breathed, our lips just barely touching. "I'd be distracted." His lips pursed in amusement.

"Too sexy?" We kissed —a long one that nearly made me forget what I'd just said. "No, a ripe woman like you can never be too sexy."

Jonathan's hand stroked my legs up and down, his arm brushing against my nipple, but we didn't do anything to embarrass the driver, I think. I wished we had by the time the cab stopped.

Jonathan paid the driver as I unlocked the door to my building, then followed me in. I was on the top floor. Normally, I walk the 5 flights, but he pressed the elevator button and gestured me in.

As soon as the door was shut, Jonathan kneeled and ran his hands up under my skirt, hooking his fingers on the waist of my nylons. He looked up at me and then peeled them down, refitting my foot into my shoe afterward. The pantyhose got tucked somewhere.

"Much better." Then he was up and I was in his arms, the two of us climbing into each other.

It took a moment to disengage when the elevator pinged and opened its doors.

Once we got inside my apartment, Jonathan was on his knees again in front of me. I leaned back against the door as he nuzzled me through my skirt, then lifted it and assaulted me with his tongue. My nipples felt even harder than at the club, if that were possible.

He knew without asking what I liked. "Put your hands behind your head." That combination of touch and exposure always worked to drive me mad with desire.

My body shook but I didn't let my hands leave their station. Jonathan roamed across me, undoing my top and bra to nip at my breasts with his teeth, sending little shocks of pain and pleasure down my body. I found myself literally dripping, and moaned his name.

"Precious Claire." He pushed two fingers into me, and I saw stars.

I felt, more than saw, as he completely removed my clothing, then nestled under my breast, sucking at my nipples and biting at their heavy flesh. One half-gentle, half-rough bite in particular sent shockwaves through my body, and I arched in something not quite like any other orgasm, that left me gasping.

I drifted as he carried me to the bed and caressed me over and over saying my name. He slowly parted my legs and lowered his head for that taste he said he craved.

An hour or so after Jonathan left, I woke again, drank a glass of water, and lay back down, pillowing my head on my hands, as he had made me. *Oh my god, what a*

*man. Had he even come once?* I wasn't sure. But I stretched in the bedclothes. Every last muscle was relaxed. I certainly had. Again and again. No man had ever done that to me.

My body was sated for now, but I definitely wanted more.

\* \* \* \*

I didn't have a full-length mirror, getting one had been on my to-do list ever since I'd taken this apartment, so getting dressed involved a little instinct and, sometimes, hopping up on a stepstool in front of the mirror over the bathroom sink to see how a pair of shoes looked.

That next morning, I was sore from my night with Jonathan, so I showered slowly, lingering with soapy hands over the areas he had praised with his mouth so thoroughly. He'd bit the underside of my right breast hard enough to leave a bruise. I smiled at the memory and a little zing of pleasure and pain ran through me when I touched the mark. *His mark.*

I got dressed, aware of various tender parts, and headed off to work.

It was sometime after lunch, while I was trying not to think about him and failing, when my phone rang.

That liquid voice was in my ear, sending a shock down my spine. "I must see you again, Claire."

"Jonathan." Just saying his name out loud made me yearn for him.

"Beautiful Claire. I want to dance with you again." His voice alone was enough to make me squirm in my seat. "There's a club some of my friends used to go to, downtown. A goth club." I recognized the name when he said it. I'd been to it, a couple of years ago, when it first opened. "Will you meet me there tonight?"

"I..."

"I want you to come for me there, Claire."

"Yes." I had to swallow hard to find my voice. "I'll be there."

"Wear red. I want you to stand out," came the final instruction.

\* \* \* \*

The club was hot and dark, the scent of clove cigarettes from the smokers outside wafting through the place. I pressed through to the dance floor and moved with the music, letting it take me like Jonathan had taken me last night. Time didn't matter.

I had no idea how long I'd been there when a change rolled through the crowd. A different scent, a new passion, approaching me.

"There you are," came the voice I'd been waiting for —hoping for, half-fearing. Surely the magic we'd shared last night was a once-in-a-lifetime experience. How could the second date live up to it? If what we even qualified as dating. It felt like destiny. Hands gripped me from behind, at shoulder and hip, and we moved together, swaying to the music.

His mouth touched one side of my neck and I couldn't help but shudder. He pulled aside my hair and tongued the base of my neck, tracing the bones there and ending with a nip on the other side.

I was wet through and through already with wanting him, almost gasping just to be near him again, but Jonathan held me to him with one arm across my chest. I could feel he wanted me and pressed myself into his groin to torture him as he tortured me.

"You're glorious. Like a flame leaping up out of shadow." Around us, the other dancers, in black and white and the occasional purple, were like shadows. I could scarcely see them. My eyes shut. All I needed was Jonathan's voice to dance to, anymore.

My breasts were heavy with want. I needed Jonathan to touch me all over. I threw back my head against his shoulder and felt his fingers caress my clavicle, dipping briefly toward my breasts. I wasn't wearing a bra, and he knew it. One finger stroked my skin, and it felt like he'd tugged on a line that went straight down my body.

"I need you, Claire. I need you so badly," came the whisper in my ear, punctuated with little kisses and the scrape of teeth against my skin.

"Jonathan." I was almost dizzy. "Jonathan, take me."

I felt him stiffen even more under his clothes, and writhed against him, egging us both on. His hand at my hip crept around so that his fingers rested just above where I desperately wanted him to be. I was sure my dress would be wet, but it didn't matter. "Quietly, now," came the murmur in my ear.

We moved together, body to body, his cock pressed into the crack of my ass, fingers touching me in time with the music, letting the pulse of it move through us. My want was an ache that only he could satisfy.

The music changed and Jonathan changed with it, body thrusting more aggressively against me. We mimed the act our bodies wanted until it wasn't an act any more. His hand on my waist dipped a little lower, still too far away to grant me the release I craved. And yet, I nearly climaxed when his mouth touched my neck again.

"Quietly, my love," Jonathan whispered again. "Save your screams for our bed."

"Take me to our bed, then, Jonathan." I begged. "I can't stand it any longer."

"You can withstand anything." He bit my neck, and my climax rolled soundlessly through me on the dance floor, burning us both with its heat.

"Good girl." Jonathan kissed the spot he'd just bitten and I shivered a little, breathing heavy. My legs didn't want to hold me up. He turned me in his arms and I saw Jonathan's face for the first time that evening. Hazel eyes dark in the shadows of the club, and I knew, in those arms, I could dance forever if he wanted me to.

We kissed softly, swaying to the music, and I rested my head against Jonathan's shoulder for a time, letting him hold me up until my body and mind came back together. My fingers toyed with the lapel of his jacket. He was wearing old-fashioned gentlemen's attire, in black and white, with a cravat. He made it look natural, not like a costume.

A new song started. "Jonathan, did I really just ...?"

"Mmmm." One long-fingered hand gripped my ass for a moment, then returned to my back. "You were magnificent."

"Kiss me," I told him.

"Yes, my lady."

His tongue plunged against mine, and I felt the desire in me begin again that had been so sweetly satisfied moments ago. I pushed my breasts against him, trying to provoke his need. He was still hard as rock against me. "Take me to that bed, Jonathan. I want to scream in your arms."

"As my lady commands." But he took his time before we left the dance floor, drawing the desire in me all the way back up, tormenting me with deep kisses and shallow ones, all in time with the music. Feather-light touches of his lips wandered all over my face and neck, until once again I was the one writhing and desperate for more. "Oh, Jonathan, please, I need you. I need to feel you inside me."

He fitted us together, all of me pulled tight against him, controlling us both. He nipped at my neck, drawing out the torture until my knees buckled, and he was the only thing keeping me from falling. I would have spread my legs for him on the dance floor if he'd wanted it. I half-wanted him to demand it, to claim me thoroughly in front of an audience of velvet and lace-clad shadows. "You will, my love. I'll take you so hard you'll scream my name. You won't remember the world. Only me."

"Please," Our joint torture was destroying any sense I had left. I planted little kisses all over his chin and jaw, under his ear, nostrils filled with his masculine scent. "Only you, Jonathan. Nothing but you."

"Come with me now."

We stumbled off the dance floor and out the door into the cool night air. It was misty and wet, the streets a little slick. Jonathan pulled me somewhere to the right, up an alley and around another corner, and then opened a door. I hadn't even seen a key in his hand.

I didn't see the apartment at all, just a riot of voluptuous colors assaulting my senses. Jonathan scooped me up into his arms and carried me down a set of stairs and

through another door. Then we were kissing again and the world fled. He set me down in front of a bed.

My red dress was unzipped in one confident motion, and I stepped out of it, still in my heels, wearing only garter belt, stockings, and silk panties. My skin yearned for his touch. Jonathan shocked me with the chill feel of a blade, cutting my panties away. He put the wadded-up silk to his nose and breathed deep before letting them drop, eyes glittering. "I'll buy you new ones," he murmured in my ear, circling behind me, where I already knew he loved to be, baring my flesh to the air and his wandering hands. "When I let you wear panties at all." The thought made me quiver.

One hand caressed my breast and he brought my own up to touch the other, then sent his fingers between my legs. The pleasure was nearly more than I could bear. Jonathan pressed me to him, the buttons and fabric of his clothing rough on my skin. "My Claire."

I tried to turn and undress him, but he wouldn't let me. I felt and heard his jacket come off, then the cravat, waistcoat and shirt. Jonathan touched me as he undressed, one hand reaching to pull up mine so that I held both my breasts up for him, waiting. I could feel the tender spot under my right breast where he'd nipped at me so hard that first night, and the memory of pleasure swept through me. More undressing sounds and I moaned, wet and wanting.

"Patience, my love."

I was beyond speech. This man had consumed me from the inside out. All I could think of was him, loving him, being penetrated by him. He hummed a snatch of something from the club, and I remembered coming in his arms from music and his touch. The thought of more of him between my legs was almost too much.

A bare chest pressed against my back, arms wrapped around me, hands covering mine on my breasts, mouth working at my neck. Finally, blessedly, I felt the firm, tender flesh of his cock slide between my thighs, scraping a little but not hitting my clitoris. I moaned and writhed against him, trying to get more sensation, but he

withdrew and repeated the movement, tantalizing us both. I felt him pulse against my thighs.

"Jonathan."

"Yes, my sweet." His lips never left my neck, hands wandering all over my body, stroking and petting, returning only to encourage me to keep holding my own breasts up for him. They ached for his touch. Every part of me ached for his touch, inside and out. "You are so beautiful like this; I could caress you forever and never have enough."

"Jonathan..." My voice didn't sound like my own.

He pulled me down him to the edge of the bed, turning me in his lap. His mouth lowered to tease at my nipples as I presented my breasts to him.

"Oh, Jonathan."

He bit and tugged at my breasts with his teeth, sending waves of pleasure through me. His fingers caressed the bite mark under my breast and I cried out, unable to contain what he was making me feel.

"Yes, Claire. I want to hear you. I'll take you so hard you'll scream my name." He drank my next cry of pleasure into his mouth. Pushing me back over his arm, he stroked me from my hair on my head to the hair between my legs, reaching past the garter belt to dig into my damp curls and tug. I spread my legs as best I could, begging him with my body to fill me, moaning and moving as if the music from the club was still directing us.

Jonathan lifted up my leg and tugged me around, so I faced him in his lap, his cock thrusting up between us. "And so flexible," he murmured, smiling. "My darling." We kissed and then he held me up with his hands. We slowly came together, fitting like our bodies were made for each other, his cock spreading me wide open so that I found myself on the edge of climax immediately.

"Yes," I said. Finally, oh, God, finally. "Jonathan."

We rocked and I covered his face in kisses, worshiping the skin I could reach with my mouth. He controlled the movement of our hips, hands gripping that patch of flesh between my stockings and garter belt. Jonathan bit at my nipples, kissing the skin

of my neck, keeping a slow cadence that built up the sensation in me, greater and greater until I felt it had to burst out in some great light.

He felt the orgasm welling up in me and rocked us harder. "Come for me, my sweet Claire. Scream for me, my love."

Sensation rippled through me as he worked me on the spit of his cock, and the light building up in me exploded.

I was barely aware as he turned and pulled us both onto the bed, gently laying me down on the coverlet and withdrawing his still-hard cock from my body. "No," I whimpered. "Jonathan." I couldn't say more. *Don't leave me.*

"Sweet Claire, I am here." Jonathan's hands stroked my body. "I will never leave you. You are mine."

"Yes, Jonathan."

Lips pressed to my forehead. "Rest for a little while."

I obeyed, floating on a sea of the aftermath of ecstasy.

When I came back to myself, Jonathan was removing my garter belt. He worked one stocking down my leg, exploring the folds of my skin, fingers touching between my toes. He repeated the performance on my other leg. His palm cupped my heel once the stocking was removed, then worked back upwards, as if he needed to learn all of me by touch. His cock was a little softened, but I knew it would take just a few kisses to bring him back to full hardness. He touched the back of my bare knee and I twitched, feeling my body returning to wakefulness, wanting him in me again.

"Not quite yet, Claire," he answered, as if I'd spoken aloud.

Jonathan nestled himself between my parted legs and began to lick and caress me with his tongue. As he worked, my legs spread wider and he pushed them up until they dangled over his shoulders. He started with a light tracing of some design only he knew against this most tender part of me. Teasing me, suckling me, Jonathan brought my desire back to full flower. I wanted to come again and again, all night long, so long as it was with him. A finger pushed into me and I clamped down on it, groaning. *More.*

"Yes, Claire. That's it. Soon."

Another finger joined the first, and Jonathan teased at my clitoris. I could feel him smiling against my shuddering body.

When I trembled at a high peak, all words gone save his name, Jonathan stopped and crawled up me, pushing my knees all the way up to my chest. I put my hands against the headboard of the bed and pushed myself up at him, begging him to enter me.

"My sweet Claire."

His hard cock touched me and I moaned. I was so wet even his thickness slid in like I was made to receive him.

He held my hands down against the bed and withdrew, tormenting us both, then fitted back into me. "Claire, you are mine. All of you. Never leave me." Those hazel eyes drilled into me, commanding a response from my very soul. "I must have you with me forever." Jonathan's fingers interlaced with mine and he bucked into me, sparking pleasure in every direction possible. My toes curled as I arched under him, wrapping my legs around him.

I found my voice. "Jonathan. Take me now. Take me always."

Those eyes lightened with our joint pleasure. "Yes, my love."

He thrust into me, harder and faster than he had before, until all of me was singing with joy, with the feeling of Jonathan inside me, where he belonged.

I cried "Jonathan!" as I came again, body whipping against his, driving him on to a greater frenzy as my senses crashed and rose in an unending cycle of pleasure and the sweet pain of his thickness and length plunging into me. I couldn't see, I could only feel him in me. "Jonathan!" I screamed as I crested and crashed again.

"My flame in the night." His teeth dug into my neck as he claimed me fully, his body shuddering as he finally came, making me his forever.

## AUTHOR INFORMATION

Marina de Luca

Marina de Luca loves everything to do with her namesake, the sea, from antique maps to dolphins, scuba diving, and walks on the beach.



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