Across the Courtyard

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An impromptu musical duet ends with strangers revealing everything across a Paris courtyard

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The thing about Paris at 3AM is that there's no place to go where the sidewalks haven't been rolled up for hours. So I count sheep and try practicing scales on my flute. But nothing brings sleep.

Then, from the building across the courtyard, comes the faint sound of a cello playing the lush melody of Duke Ellington's "Satin Doll:"

Cigarette holder which wigs me
Over her shoulder,
she digs me.
Out cattin' that satin doll.

Lifting my flute, I join in on the second verse.

The cello hesitates at the unexpected intrusion, but I rush ahead, filling the silence. After a few beats, the cello resumes. When our duet is done, I scan the dark windows for my unseen partner.

As if reading my mind, a dim light appears, just bright enough to reveal the slender silhouette of girl who holds an upright cello in an impossibly sensual embrace. Where the glow spills over her shoulder, I can make out a naked breast pressed into the cello's amber belly.

Is it possible to be jealous of cello? Somehow I restrain myself from shouting, 'please play me instead,' or something equally dumb. Instead, I slip off my sweat pants and throw on my reading light, so she sees me in silhouette as well.

Her bow dances across the cello strings and we begin trading jazz improvisations back and forth across the courtyard. Her tone is by turns confident, defiant and toward the end suffused with melancholy. As the first rays of dawn pierce the inky black sky above us, we fall silent.

Setting the cello aside, she turns to face me. Her breasts and taut pink nipples glow in the diffuse

morning light. In the gap between her legs, the narrow V of a white cotton thong is clearly visible.

Her face is nordic with high cheek bones, widely set eyes, and full, sensual lips. I step onto my little balcony so she could view me as well.

Her eyebrows lift in appraisal, followed by a shy but growing smile. Only then do I realize that my cock is not only erect, but standing straight out from my body with a slight upward curve that aims the tip skyward. For an instant I feel exposed and even embarrassed. But as her look fixes on my cock, she leans back in her chair, lifts her hips, and slides her thong down her legs in one easy motion--revealing a neatly trimmed patch of pale yellow hair. Below, her labia are as swollen as her nipples, and shiny droplets of moisture belie her excitment.

I want to transport myself across the open space between us, kneel between her open legs and draw my tongue along the full length of her moist cleft. Again, she seems to read my mind. Her left hand drops to her breast where her fingers encircle a waiting nipple as her right hand wanders slowly down her stomach.

I mimic her movements, squeezing my own nipple while stroking my stomach and abs before wrapping my thumb and forefinger around my cock. She smiles in approval and leans back, never taking her eyes off my swollen cock.

Again, we improvise. She slips her middle finger between her pussy lips and pumps herself for several measures. Then pauses and watches while I stroked myself at a matching pace for an equal number of beats.

Her fingers glistens with moisture while a bead of clear liquid forms at the tip of my cock. After all the musical foreplay, it's just a matter of minutes before we are approaching climax. He eyes lose focus, and I know mine are doing the same. I'm the one who could take no more of our routine and I break the pattern, stroking myself while she masturbates, rather than waiting my turn.

She smiles and the pace of her fingers quickens. With her free hand she spreads her pussy lips apart so that I could see her fingertips caressing her stiff clitoris.

I step to the edge of my balcony and into the full glow of dawn, my cock jutting out over the courtyard below. I realize that anyone could be watching from the darkened windows of her dorm. For a moment my eyes wander, searching for movement. When my gaze returns, our eyes lock. Another shy smile lets me know she understands, but then she lowers her gaze and I can almost feel her pleading for me not to retreat back into the shadows.

With her free hand, she reaches behind the curtain and a bright shaft of light stabs into the night, tracing an unsteady path across the courtyard walls. At first, I think she's trying to put a spot light on me, but then I realize her intent is very different. She's training a desk lamp on herself. I had "called" by stepping into the moonlight and this was her improvised "response."

She has fully exposed herself, regardless of who else can see. We become intimate strangers through our shared vulnerability

What I see takes my breath away. In the full light, she is more beautiful than I ever imagined. Her figure is thin as a string, yet perfectly proportioned. Narrow hips with an even narrower waist. Small breasts with puffy aerolas that stand out an inch or more. Despite the cool night, her skin is beaded with perspiration, except along her open inner thighs, a glossy smear of vaginal secretions creates a bright shimmer.

Honey-blonde hair encircles her head in an angelic halo. Her eyes are pale blue--the color of a tropical lagoon--and they flash with mischief and desire.

She cups one breast in her hand and lifts it until she can flutter her tongue over across the nub of her nipple–all without taking her eyes off mine.

It's too much for me. Legs buckle. Heart pounds as if trying to escape the confines of my breast. Balls contract in the final rush to climax, and perhaps she senses it too, because she lowers her gaze from my eyes to my cock.

That's all it takes to hurl me over the edge. Hot semen rises. I arch my back and thrust my hips to meet my hand. Her fingers are a furious blur between legs that are spread open at an impossible angle. I scream into the night as the first white rope ejaculates into the darkness.

At that same instant, her head flies back, and she answers with a primeval cry of her own. Between half closed lids, I see narrow hips lift into the air with fingers now buried inside while her thumb presses mercilessly on her clit.

My first explosion is followed by too many to count. Even when there is nothing left to shoot, my cock keeps pumping. I have to grasp the railing to keep from collapsing.

From somewhere out in the courtyard comes the sound of a window casement groaning open. Above, the new day is being written across the sky. She rises unsteadily to her feet and with one hand blows me kiss as the other hand deftly snaps her curtains closed. An instant later her window goes dark...

It was well past noon when I awake. And for a moment, the it seems as if she was only a fading, erotic dream. I throw open my balcony doors and study the windows across the courtyard. At first I'm not even certain which one is hers. But then I see it, note written in a neat cursive script.

Mon Cherie: 7951/319B Marie

It takes a nanosecond to register: "7-9-5-1" is almost certainly Marie's front door code, and 319B her room number.

The next chapter in the story of Jason and Marie can be found here: