

# Jonty

By Pat Cresswell

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“Oh god it’s so hot,” she said out loud, rolled off the bed and walked to French door onto the balcony. It was open but the lace curtains hung limply, there was not a breath of breeze. She looked out into the night, over the jumble of roman tiled roofs of the Old Town. From her sixth floor apartment she could see down across the port and out to sea. Far out lightning gave a light show of vivid blues. In the flashes she could see the heavy clouds blanketing the town, holding in the oppressive heat from the afternoon. She picked up her silk wrap, slid it over her bare shoulders and stepped out.

It was just a little cooler and the feeling of being near naked outside pleased her so she went right to the edge of the balcony, next to the iron railings and lent forward against the corner, using one hand to steady herself. A heavy roll of thunder surprised her and she glanced up at the sky and as she did her hand slid from her side, across the moist skin, low on her stomach, then lower, to the small arrow head of hair left from her waxing that afternoon. It was a comforting action, touch had always soothed her since she was a small child. Her forefinger seemed to disobey her and explored lower. She thought of the waxing. What a shame Marco was gay, and loud and proud of it, what a waste, she thought. But he had said she had the cutest pussy he’d seen that day, such a flatterer. She looked down to the street. It was deserted, the cobbles lit by a single lamp on the corner of the building opposite. Her hand movement had made her wrap open a little but she made no attempt to correct it. Bare in the night pleased her. The storm seemed to be coming closer, the thunder less distant, and the comforting hand began soft, slow and deliciously long strokes.

Her eyes came back up from the street, gazing into the balconies of the next house in the terrace, but she could only see detail when the distant lightning flashed its blue, penetrating light. Nothing but geranium pots, but then she thought she saw a figure, seated. She waited for the next flash, and waited and waited. When it came it was closer, much closer, and she gave a little gasp, but just managed to see a figure reclined in a deck chair on the balcony one floor down. She re-ran the image in her mind. Male, definitely and he was naked, but his head was just out of her view and he was positioned across the balcony, looking her way. A more distant flash allowed her to confirm the image and added a young and fit looking torso to the description. Her hand that had instinctively drawn away when she first made the discovery returned to its stroking as she looked into the darkness below, fascinated, but not sure why.

Could he see her, was he looking? He couldn’t be asleep with the storm, surely? Her wrap was now just on her shoulders, fully open to the front. A slight, mischievous breeze came from nowhere and teased round her body. She liked the way it felt and the slight cool perked her nipples. Another flash and she saw the figure was gone from the chair, but she just made out he was now standing at the end of his balcony nearest to her, just a few metres below, looking up. The thunder died away and she strained to make out a shape.

“Hello, can’t sleep with storm either?”

Her eyes adjusted and she could now see the shape, even make out features on the face. He was so close. Her hand had drawn the wrap closed. Was he still naked she wondered?

“Who’s that?”

“I’m Jonty, I guess I’m your neighbour.” His accent wasn’t English, but he spoke English well. “Your new here I think. May I ask your name?” Her hand released the wrap and it opened a little.

“Melissa, I’m ...” her voice was drowned by a heavy roll of thunder that immediately followed two brilliant flashes of lightning. The strength of the thunder vibrated the very building and a loose piece of tile slid down the roof, clipped her left shoulder before spinning off and tumbling to the street below. It was more shock than hurt. She cried out and slumped to the balcony floor.

“Are you OK? Did that tile hit you?”

She didn’t respond, deliberately. ‘What will he do?’ ran through the naughty channels of her mind. She heard scrabbling and saw a hand on the lower rail of the balcony, then a body move up and over the railing. He was next to her, kneeling, his left hand on her right shoulder, the other hovering near her injured shoulder. She pulled the wrap off her shoulder and it fell to her waist. She liked it that way.

“We need light, let me take you inside.” And he did, picking her up, taking her through the doors, laying her on the bed then finding the bedside light. She made a small effort to arrange wrap and sat up. He sat on the edge of the bed and looked at her bare, injured shoulder.

“There’s no cut but that’s a real bump, you’ll get a bruise.” He gently took her arm and moved it up, down and out. “There’s nothing broken.”

“Are you a doctor?”

“No!” he answered with a slight giggle, a naughty little giggle, she thought. “I’m a paramedic, an ambulance man.”

“Oh, well thank you anyway.” She realised she naked to the waist. And then she realised he was completely naked. She looked at his penis and he suddenly realised the situation, grabbing her pillow.

“Sorry! Sorry, I was in such a rush to see if you were hurt I just didn’t think.”

There was a hint of a blush in his cheeks.

Before she could answer the room was filled with blue and an immediate crash of thunder. She grabbed him, the pillow fell, and she pulled him down, flat on the bed. He managed to pull away, leaning on one elbow beside her. Her hand reached down and slid the wrap off her lower body. She was naked to his gaze. And gaze he did, from her neck, across her breasts, which her arched back was accentuating, on down across her stomach, to the V at the top her legs, and as he watched she relaxed them and set her thighs slightly apart.

"I think my mother's remedy is called for," he said and lent across her, so close to her lips, then kissed the injured shoulder twice. On his return his tongue teased each nipple and then he met her lips. Her hand found his penis, which was hardening quickly. She pushed herself up and at the same time swung him over so he lay face up on the bed, lower legs over the side. Now completely free from the wrap, she sat across his stomach. His hand reached up for her nipple, squeezed it and then enveloped her whole breast and her head went back in delight.

Another flash of lightning was followed by two more and huge crashes of thunder, but this time her only gasp was caused by his finger gliding past her arrowhead of hair and beginning to tease her clitoris. She loved that feeling and took his other hand to her breast.

"Squeeze, firmly," she instructed. He obeyed. She was so wet now. Reaching behind her she took hold of him, rhythmically rubbing up and down. Another flash and as the thunder started to roll she moved down his body and on to him.

"Condom!"

"Fuck me!"

And she started a rising and rocking movement that pressed him hard against the front of her vagina, faster and more demanding, her head going back as the orgasms started. A slight one, just a tremor, then another, then a stream of spasms that stopped her movement and he took over pushing up into her, hands holding her waist so firmly.

The heavens opened and rain lashed down onto the balcony, and on one hard thrust she felt him cum deep inside her. She rolled off him and collapsed onto the bed. He rolled onto his side and kissed her, stroking her nipple at the same time.

"Again as soon as you can," she whispered and he replied with a grin.

"Let see what we can do in the meantime," he said and slipped onto the floor, gently but determinedly parting her legs. He took a quick drink from the water glass while his finger excited her pussy, then a cool tongue engulfed her clitoris and her head arched back in ecstasy. And he kept her there, with tongue and finger, letting her recover then building her again, until she lost track of time.

"I'm ready," he whispered, head resting on her stomach. She started to move aside, aiming to sit across him again.

"No. My turn," he said firmly. He continued her roll until she was faced down on the bed, then pulled her towards him, so her knees went onto the pillow on the floor. He was indeed ready, harder than last time and very forceful, the way she liked it when her man was in charge. His hands cupped her buttocks, fingers teased between her cheeks and all the time the steady, relentless rhythmic pumping. She delighted in being taken. He started deeper, his body slapping into her buttocks. His hands took her waist, holding her firmly, unable to move, not that she would have even dreamt of doing so. Harder, and she started to orgasm, clenching onto him, her stomach wall jerking in time after time. Then the final thrust and a hot surge inside. He slipped out her.

She must have dozed, as she always did when fully satisfied and woke to the sound of steady rain. She had moved fully onto the bed, still lying across it face down. She rolled to see where he was. Not to the left, not to the right, not in the chair by the French door. Had he been a dream?

But there was a note propped by her water glass.

“Need to recover, same again tomorrow? Jonty xx”

“Oh yes.”