



Moonlight Rhapsody

by Angie

*Did not the fires within me force a light,
O Love, that fire and darkness should be mixed*

- John Donne

Adagio

They walked slowly down the tunnel passages, hand-in-hand, making their way back to the hub. Neither could think of anything to say. The gloom they felt matched that of their route, lit only by Vincent's lantern, whose light emphasized the darkness beyond, that seemed determined to enclose them, capture them. Vincent was thinking of the "*Moonlight Sonata*". The first movement seemed to match their pace. It had been the piece of music which defined the boy, whose talent allowed him to play it and love it without knowing what it was.

Rolly could not be convinced to return to the tunnel world and his music. His despair and guilt were so great that even Vincent could not penetrate it.

The couple knew that his life would likely end the way of all drug addicts. There was nothing more they

could do, if Rolly himself was unwilling to try. The beautiful tones of the sonata now seemed to resemble a dirge. Vincent could not get it out of his mind.

Catherine had learned that the young Rolly had demonstrated promise, almost musical genius. She wanted to know more, if only to get Vincent to talk to her. She decided to break the heavy silence.

“What was Rolly’s favourite piece of music, Vincent?”

Vincent stopped and looked down at her. His face had a deeply sorrowful expression, his mouth turned down. He looked at the floor of the tunnel.

Catherine immediately apologized. “I’m sorry, Vincent. I didn’t intend to remind you of an unpleasant memory.”

“It is not unpleasant, Catherine, merely ... unbearably sad. Rolly loved ‘*The Moonlight Sonata*’. He had played it from memory after hearing it on a radio, without knowing what it was. Miss Kendrick told him. She was teaching him to read music - to be, as she said, more than a robot.”

The story Catherine had heard on the rooftop had made her heart ache.

“So much has been lost - not just the music and the teacher, but the boy as well,” Catherine said softly.

“Yes. We planned to have an inaugural concert. Rolly had worked so hard, come so far, that we wanted to celebrate. Mouse had found a concert grand piano.”

“Found? A concert grand?!”

Vincent’s mouth twitched. “He said there were two more where he found it. He disassembled it, carried it below and reassembled it in a small music chamber we created for it.”

Catherine played the first movement of the Moonlight Sonata in her head, and thought how appropriate it was to their night. It was sad, nocturnal - but perhaps a prelude to better things. She thought of the piano and suddenly had a great desire to see it, to view this reminder of Rolly’s worth to the tunnel community.

“Vincent, is the piano still there?”

“Yes, though undoubtedly very dusty. No one had the heart to move it again.”

“May I see it?”

“Certainly, Catherine. It isn’t far now.”

They walked in silence for some while, Catherine playing the adagio movement in her head. Then Vincent turned down a wide connecting passage and then around a corner into a broad roughly-carved entrance. He lit a torch in the passage and hung his lantern from a high bracket inside the chamber.

And there it was, covered with fine, light-coloured dust, the lid taped shut. She found the sight both moving and painful. A concert grand - all nine feet of it!

Allegretto

The curved back end of the piano end faced the doorway of the hewn stone chamber. It dominated the space, seeming to stretch almost to infinity, into the darkness beyond it.

Catherine drew her eyes along his length. Its shape was immediately suggestive, phallic. She wanted to be closer to it. She left the doorway and approached the piano, pausing briefly at the rounded end and caressed its curve lightly, her gloves leaving a roundish smudge on the cabinet.

Her core began to heat up and the allegretto movement, that short bright and almost playful segment, played in her head.

She gathered herself and walked slowly down the far side of the piano, lightly dragging her hand around the curves of the cabinet, the large bulge at the front end so suggestive of testicles. Why was she

thinking like this? She sighed.

The piano was so beautiful, even in its current state. It felt alive, as if poised to explode into music. She continued to stroke it and walked around to the front. She looked down its impressive length, its shape even more phallic from this angle. She tried to dampen her arousal by looking down at the piano stool. It had been covered with an old piece of cloth and was as dusty as the piano. The keyboard cover was closed, of course, appropriately hidden, waiting for someone to bring it to life.

Catherine moved to the other side of the piano and continued down the straight side, drawing her gloved hand along it lightly. She felt a ... warmth ... from Vincent, along their bond, as she made her way to the back of the piano and stood against the curved back end. She closed her eyes and finished playing the second movement in her head. Then she turned to him.

Vincent regarded her as she walked, so gracefully in her high heels, her short leather jacket reflecting the dim light and emphasizing her narrow waist. Her wide pants shifted seductively around the curves of her hips and bottom with every step.

Closing his eyes briefly, he realized the futility of telling himself that he could ignore Catherine's sexual attraction. He decided abruptly that he could not pretend their love was only spiritual, not to Catherine and not to himself. Here in this cold, dusty, dim cave, he allowed the truth to shine in his heart and soul.

The sonata continued to haunt him. Now he mentally played the second movement as he watched her, lighter, happier with a hint of promise.

He felt an unexpected arousal as he watched her drag her hand along the deep concave curve of the right side of the instrument. Yes, it most definitely reminded him of a woman's waist, flaring to her hips. Catherine's shape was as luscious, and his manhood pulsed at the sudden liberty of allowing that thought. A wave of heat warmed him from his head to his toes. He suspected he was blushing, and was grateful that the light was dim.

He watched as she paused at the front of the piano and looked down at it, then regarded the bench, which was covered with an old towel. No doubt it was as dusty as the piano itself. He could feel her arousal, and that she was trying to distract herself from it.

As Catherine continued her sensual stroking along the long straight length of the piano, his arousal became painful. The fantasy of himself under her hand was undeniable. His wide leather cumberbund hid some of the evidence, but not nearly enough. It was bulging suggestively when he looked down at himself.

He leaned against the wall, feeling its hardness against his buttocks and upper back. A little of the coolness reached him through his cloak, but did nothing to dampen his ardour. He forced himself to remain still. It was all he could do.

Catherine stood against the end of the piano for a moment, obviously deep in thought, her eyes closed. Her serenity travelled along the bond to him and some of his arousal retreated.



Presto Agitato

Catherine could feel Vincent's eyes on her and knew he had been watching her walk around the piano. She turned a little to look at him now, wanting to decipher what she was feeling along their bond. Was he feeling what she was?

She had a burning desire to break the gloom of the night and kiss him, hold him, make love to him - to recognize the hope in music, their lives, their love.

The last movement of the '*Moonlight Sonata*', *presto agitato*, rang in her mind, and heightened her arousal, her need for him.

Vincent felt Catherine's desire. He didn't know if she could sense his arousal, but knew he was not in total control. He felt loose-limbed, sensual, less able to disseminate. He needed Catherine's warmth, her understanding and acceptance of him, as never before. Rolly had shaken his confidence in himself. He had been so sure that he could convince the man to return to them.

Her voice broke into his reverie. She stood before him and he gazed at her beloved face, trying to keep his own expression neutral. Her voice was low, seductive. He knew then that she was aware of his arousal and could not prevent his face from relaxing. He moved away from the wall, closer to her. Her expression belied her conversational tone and he was momentarily nonplussed.

"Can you play, Vincent?"

"No ... my nails are too long," he managed, trying not to keep his voice neutral and himself under control. She nodded without comment. "My parents had me take piano lessons for a while. I had no patience or talent. I think you need both. I've never been this close to a concert grand. It's magnificent, even in this state."

"Yes."

He looked over at it, trying to control his throbbing manhood by thinking of something else. But the shape of the piano now seemed even more suggestive of his organ and its evident state. He looked intently at the ground, trying to regain some equilibrium.

Catherine sensed that Vincent was in some distress and that he couldn't prevent her from feeling some of that along their bond. She could see the evidence of its nature. The piano had affected him as it had her. He must have felt some of her emotions as she walked around it, despite her best intentions.

The sight and feel of the dusty instrument had been strangely sensual, the antithesis of their meeting with Rolly. Perhaps they both needed that comfort and carnal admission now. She certainly needed Vincent as never before ... and that was saying a lot.

They were alone here, in this silent chamber with a dusty concert grand. Could they admit their need this once?

She moved close to him and he automatically put his arms around her. She felt his arousal, but did not allow herself to react, just yet. As always, she loved the warmth of him along her length and didn't try to hide that enjoyment. She sighed softly.

"How sad that Rolly gave this up for a dissolute brother."

Vincent was grateful that she continued to talk, forcing him to think of something, anything but what he wanted right now, here. He kept his voice low, conversational, with difficulty.

"Brothers are powerful attractants, Catherine, no matter what their character."

"Like Devin?"

“Yes. He drew me into adventures, and I could not refuse him. He was older, irreverent - even to Father. When he left, he took part of my heart with him. Rolly, knew the dangers of his brother’s lifestyle, but wanted to be near him just the same.”

Catherine moved closer and hugged him tight, signalling that she understood. She felt his arousal pulse against her stomach and heard him catch his breath. She fought her own heat, as powerful as his, and knew he would feel it. She decided, abruptly, that there could be no denial now.

She whispered softly, “It’s all right, Vincent. We’ve had a rough night and this chamber represents the opposite of the world Rolly inhabits.”

Vincent did not respond for several long moments. Catherine was right. This quiet place, with the dust of years, was foreign to the man they had seen. And the piano was magnificent, even in its present state, just as she said.

He wanted to be part of the world represented by the concert grand, but he knew it was impossible.

“It is also far removed from my world, Catherine. I watched you walk around it. You seemed to belong to it. Far more than I ever could.”

“It’s a beautiful instrument, Vincent, but ultimately just a piece of furniture, lifeless, silent. It represents potential, possibilities.”

She didn’t say, *‘like us’*, but she thought it. How could she make him understand?

“Vincent, you have far more potential, potency, than this piano. I can feel you against me, an affirmation of life, of desire. I feel it too. Please don’t deny it.”

“I cannot deny it,” he whispered back, kissing the top of her head and crushing her to him. “It would be denying you, and you are my life, Catherine.”

Catherine felt her heat spread and moved slowly against his arousal, felt him relax into her, endorsing it, while his arms tightened slightly around her, bringing her closer yet. He was pulsing against her. When she moved one hand between them to cup that urgent bulge, she heard him take a sharp intake of breath.

“Please,” she whispered, looking into his beloved face and losing herself in his eyes, now dark with passion.

He looked into her eyes, and was lost. He knew what she wanted and moved one hand behind her to press between her legs. He felt the heat of her womanhood, and a sudden shiver in reaction to his touch.

He moved his hand lightly back and forth, and was rewarded with her groan. She began to massage his manhood through his pants and all doubts dissolved into the passion of the third movement, now resonating in his head.

There was nothing he could deny her. Her arousal met his along the bond and sent fiery waves of need through both of them. There was only one thing to do.

He moved his hands to lift Catherine higher, until her legs left the floor and her heat and his arousal could touch. She wrapped her legs around him and reached under his cloak to grab a handful of his thick vest.

He leaned his shoulders and upper back against the wall again, bracing his legs. Then he pulled her hard against him. His head tilted back and he took great breaths, needing oxygen desperately. When he looked down at Catherine, he caught her eagerness and read passion plainly in her stormy green eyes.

She moved a little against his arms, driving herself against his manhood, easing one hand between them again to cup the source of his heat, urging him onwards. In response, he shifted his fingers again so he could stroke between her legs from the back and she melted into him.

They couldn't make love on the floor here, they both realized that, but Catherine was not deterred.

The powerful third movement of the Moonlight Sonata flared again in her brain.

She felt her arousal become urgent, all encompassing, and knew that her orgasm was very close. He felt it too and abruptly prodded her with his finger while she tightened her hold on him.

The storm was building and she embraced it. Even so, the explosion along their bond was so powerful, it almost unseated her and she felt Vincent's legs wobble just a little. Stars and comets seemed to flare across her field of vision and she felt Vincent heaving against his jeans.

There was a growl, deep and low, like the rumble of an earthquake, or a summer storm far away. It filled the little chamber. Belatedly, Catherine realized that the sound had come from both of them, a melding of their voices in the throes of passion.

She held onto him, her face against his vest, riding the hot tidal waves which pulsed along their bond. Gradually the forces lessened.

Catherine was warm, satiated, happy. She wondered what making love to him naked would be like, if this was what resulted with layers of clothing between them. Would she be able to survive the joy?

She felt a patch of warm damp between her legs and his hand tight against her bottom. She sighed in pleasure. She was limp, barely able to hold onto his vest.

Vincent, afraid that his legs wouldn't hold, slid slowly down the wall and sat on the ground, keeping her carefully against him, allowing her time to kneel on his cloak, straddle his legs. Then he looked at her and bent down to kiss her upturned lips. It was a confirmation, a recognition of their release. Her lips were soft, warm and welcoming.

She needed to breathe, and moved away slightly to open her mouth, as did he. But the magnetism of their love would not allow them to be parted long. Catherine felt his mouth open and moved her tongue inside. He responded with his own and they danced around teeth and fangs, pressing their lips close to allow full exploration. Their breaths came in gasps, but neither cared.

A small orgasm, an aftershock, pulsed along their bond and they pushed their bodies as close as they could, merging their warmth.

When they parted at last, Vincent rested his forehead against hers and sighed deeply. He wrapped his arms around her completely, forcing her to lay against him.

Words seemed superfluous now. Their relationship had reached a new level, unexpectedly, delightedly.

Vincent knew what they had done was shocking, but could find no condemnation in himself. No one else need know. They had both wanted this badly. There was no shame.

They had opened doors he had thought would be forever closed. His hands had not harmed her, in fact had pleased her, and hers him. And they had kept their clothes on. He regretted the latter, but told himself it had been best in this chilly, dusty place.

The ecstasy of release was beyond anything he could have conceived. And here they sat, on the cold floor of the piano chamber, a new awareness between them.

"Catherine," he rasped at last. He looked down at her, and saw nothing but love and gratitude there.

She replied softly, her voice deep with passion.

"Vincent, there truly are no words. I don't regret it, except for our clothes."

Vincent chuckled softly. It was almost as if she had read his mind. They were very well attuned to each other now, he realized.

"Perhaps the concert grand piano demanded some decorum," he suggested.

"But only a little," she responded with a light giggle. "I have never felt so complete, so satisfied," she confessed. "Just think what it might be like to be in your bed naked, Vincent."

Vincent looked into her eyes and read the passion there, but he could also feel her fatigue, matching his own. It had been a traumatic night, a dramatic night.

“Catherine, we should not rush into this tonight, much as I would like to. It is very late and you have to work tomorrow.”

“I think we will both sleep well, though.”

“Yes indeed,” he agreed.

He rose, lifting Catherine by her waist onto her feet, and shook out his cloak, pulling it round him to deepen the shadows around his crotch and hide any dampness from the sentries they had to pass. Then he took her hand and they left the piano chamber.

They continued onwards to her threshold, which was not far now. Just inside the ragged brick entry, they paused and turned to look at one another.

“Soon, Vincent,” she told him, with her slightly crooked smile.

“Soon, Catherine,” he agreed, pulling her close to him and kissing the top of her head.

She moved away then, walking backwards a few steps, as if wanting to record a picture of him, then turned and walked to the ladder, clambering up it and through the trap door without a backwards glance. They both knew that this detachment was the only way they could keep their poise and return to their separate worlds.

With a heavy sigh, Vincent made his way back to his chamber, undressed and regarded his manhood, as if truly seeing that organ for the first time. It had betrayed him, but instead of shame, he felt as if he had been given a precious gift. It was one he intended to return with interest, one day soon.

He had never felt so relaxed, so exhilarated, so eager for more. He felt matching emotions from Catherine. He was sure his face would reveal everything, should anyone see him now. He was glad it was too early in the morning for Father, or anyone else, to bother him.

He decided he would sleep until someone roused him. He gave himself a quick wash from a pitcher of water so cold it shrivelled his gonads. Then he pulled on his night attire and slid under the blankets. He knew that Catherine was also preparing for sleep.

His last thought was of holding her hand as they went together into the land of dreams, now suddenly become rife with possibilities, real ones - not dashed hopes like that of the piano.

END