

PRACTICE MAKES PERFECT

by Sidney Sitravon

An erotic short.

Practice Makes Perfect

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Practice Makes Perfect

The elegant sound of Chopin's Nocturne Opus 9. No.2 wafted through the quiet morning, rising her from her slumber. The mesmerizing nineteenth century melody drew her into the vast ornate living room. It was one of her favorite pieces growing up—she would recognize it anywhere. But why was it playing now? Everyone had left.

She approached the baby grand, surprised to find her gorgeous lover from the night before seated shirtless behind the piano.

“You play Chopin?”

He smiled, but didn't say anything.

She took a step closer and the music suddenly stopped. He stared at her. She paused, then let the white sheet she had quickly pulled from the bed and wrapped around her naked body fall to the floor. His eyes lowered and roamed over her body, taking in the soft curve of her hips and her full, taut breasts. She felt her nipples harden under his ardent gaze. She reached her arm out and gently caressed his forearm.

“Care to practice on me instead, maestro?”

He grinned as he took her hand and pulled her down onto his lap.

First Movement. Adagio sostenuto.

There was something peculiar about the charming smile that remained on his face, but her mind was immediately filled with other concerns. He wrapped his arms around her slender waist and dipped his hand between her legs. His fingers danced lightly across her skin, finding her most pleasurable areas as easily as if finding middle C on the piano. She gasped, remembering the exquisite sensations his hands on her body had caused the previous evening. Her new lover had effortlessly brought her to orgasm repeated times under his skilled touch. She now understood how he had been so good with his hands... he was a pianist.

Truthfully, she hadn't asked what instrument he played—it simply hadn't come up. They had met at the cocktail party for some of world's most talented musicians in this elegant estate the night before. They spent the evening eyeing each other across the room while celebrated virtuosos from across the globe performed for the intimate audience of benefactors. She was a violinist, and selected a Tchaikovsky concerto for her own performance, which was met with high regard. It was a pleasant evening, and she might've gone home as planned had it not been for his continued glances from across the room that seemed to penetrate right through to her soul.

After nearly all the guests departed the two found each other on opposite sides of the vast drawing room... the very room where they were now

seated at the piano, her lips pressed against his. She couldn't recall his performance the previous evening, but it was a large mansion and she spent much of the evening out on the balcony discussing the nuances of modern orchestral composition with a glass of wine that never seemed to empty; the wait staff at the party were superb.

It was entirely out of character for her to have a one-night stand, yet she did not object when he silently reached out and took her hand and led her to one of the mansion's many bedrooms where no one would ever find them. They spent the hours until dawn entwined in divine harmonious rapture, two musicians drawn inexplicably to each other's inner cadence.

They had made beautiful music together, and they were about to do so again.

Andante.

She quickly gave into the pleasurable sensations overtaking her as his magical hands roamed her body. His mouth found her pert nipples and his tongue circled her hardened buds, drawing an elicit moan from her lips as he sucked her nipples into his mouth. She stole a glance around the large room, but they were alone. Not even the cleaning staff had returned this early in the morning.

She wrapped her arms around him and pulled him toward her. She leaned forward and kissed him deeply, the passionate memories from the night before flooding her mind.

Yes, she had to have him again.

His nimble fingers continued their playful dance over her skin. Once again he dipped his hand between her legs and she felt him press against her wetness. His talented digits slid through her inner folds, arousing her so completely she could barely think. She gasped as he inserted a finger inside her, then another. He drew impossibly tiny circles around her clit while sliding his fingers in and out of her, expertly teasing her until she felt her orgasm surge through her body. She threw her head back and spread her legs open for him. Her eyes widened as a wave of pleasure exploded inside her, consuming her entire body. She cried out and dug her fingers into his shoulders, her body shaking as he brought her to a delightful climax.

Accelerando.

Pressing her body back against the smooth hard wood of the grand piano she turned to face her lover. Her hand grazed the piano's ivory keys and a few notes escaped into the silence of the morning. She paused as she caught his peculiar smile... was there some sort of secret he was keeping from her?

If so, she didn't care. She only wanted to feel him inside her again.

She pulled him to her, and wrapped her arms around his sinewy body. The sensation of his bare chest press against her excited her nipples. He bent down and began kissing the sides of her neck and the tops of her breasts, lavishing her full, round breasts with long, wet licks of his tongue. She moaned against him, her hands pressing down behind her onto the ivory keys. A tinkling of notes echoed in the room, drowning out her heated cries.

Her heart beat wildly against her chest. She wanted to feel him inside her, yet he continued only to tease her. Once again she found his devilish hand dip between her legs, his long, thin fingers pressed against her inner folds as he slid them into her. She gasped as he twisted his fingers and stroked her insides while massaging her clit with his thumb.

“Oh, God,” she moaned. “Please don't stop—please don't stop my maestro!”

Moderato.

The pleasure building up again inside of her was exquisite. She had never been touched in such a manner. She arched her back against the piano, grasping onto her talented lover's strong shoulders for support. At times it felt almost as if two people were pleasuring her at the same time.

His fingers wouldn't quit.

Oh, the joys of being with a pianist... she was enamored with his touch. Gentle, prodding, demanding, inquisitive... all at the same time. Like the movements of a beautiful sonata, his hands played her body, evoking her innermost passion. Memories from the previous night flooded her brain as he continued to stroke her with his magical hands.

Did he have a name? He must, she thought. Although if he had revealed it, she certainly couldn't remember it.

Chopin, she decided. I will call him Chopin.

This brought a smile to her face as she raised her leg onto the chair next to the piano to keep her balance. She arched her foot and clung to her lover as he nearly lifted her body off the ground from his rapid fingering of her inner folds. When he bent his head and bit down on her nipple, she lost it. The piano began to shake behind her as another orgasm overtook her. Waves of ecstasy rolled through her body, each more powerful than the last. He continued working his fingers into her, never once relenting in his onslaught of pleasure.

She cried out, fighting to catch her breath.

"Oh, please... please," she begged incoherently. "I can't possibly take any more!"

Yet, she did.

Adagio.

His tempo increased dramatically. His fingers would not stop.

“Slowly, my lover, please... slowly—” It was not to be.

She came repeatedly until she thought that she could simply take no more. Mercifully, he withdrew his fingers from her, only to lean down and replace them with his tongue. She gasped sharply as his tongue darted between her wet folds.

“Please—I can’t...”

Her clit swelled in his mouth. Her juices flowed freely. She bit down on her lip to stifle another cry as she felt her body coming again. His tongue moved nearly as rapidly as his fingers... teasing, licking, sucking... she could do nothing but spread her legs wide, giving all of herself to him until her entire body went limp.

Finally, he paused and stood up, allowing her a moment to rest.

“Did you take lessons for that too, my darling Chopin?” she asked when she finally caught her breath.

He chuckled, but still didn’t say a word.

Second Movement. Allegretto espressivo.

The ornate chair behind the piano was perfect for what she had in mind next. She pushed her lover into the chair then knelt on the floor beside him. She pulled

his pants down to his knees then took his rigid staff in her hand and lowered her head onto him. Slowly she sucked on the tip of his beautiful instrument, watching as he closed his eyes and threw his head back in pleasure.

Oh yes, she would do to him what he had just done to her.

She ran her hand over his chest as she sucked on him, taking the full length of his sizeable manhood inside her mouth. She lifted her head off of him, then sucked him inside her all the way down to the base of his shaft again. Up and down her head moved. She found her rhythm, playing his instrument of pleasure as expertly as he had played hers.

In her mind, she began to hear the sounds of the piano behind her playing, as if by magic. The harmonious notes made by the piano's hammers striking its strings entered her soul, filling her completely as she pleased her lover.

Conmodo. Leisurely.

"My dearest Chopin, I must have you inside me."

She stood as her lover finishing stripped out of his clothes then pushed his naked body against hers. Her arousal grew as she felt his throbbing manhood poking between her legs. She desperately wanted him inside her again. She wanted to feel every inch of him, just as she had the previous evening.

"Please, no more teasing," she begged.

This time, he obliged.

She turned around and grasped hold of the piano. He took hold of her hips and she gasped as he entered her in a single thrust, filling her completely. Within moments she felt another orgasm approaching.

“Oh, my dear Chopin—you are going to make me explode with pleasure!” she cried out.

He let out a little chuckle, but didn't stop.

Vivace. Lively and fast.

Louder and louder the music in her mind played.

Debussy ... Liszt... Mozart.... one after the other.

She leaned forward and gripped the sides of the piano. Her breasts grazed against the hard wood, electrifying her nipples. She pressed her naked body back against her lover as he thrust into her.

“Yes!” she cried out. “Please... yes... don't stop!”

Accelerando.

“Faster, my lover. Faster!”

Rapidamente.

Their final movement was fast approaching.

A moment later she felt his body tense behind her. He thrust into her hard, erupting inside her in a warm explosion as he came with a violent shudder. He

thrust into her one final time, triggering one last wave of pleasure that slowly washed over her entire body and drained her of all thoughts.

The fermata. (A grand pause.)

She was startled by the sound of the piano once again filling the stately room.

“What on earth?” she mused. She hadn’t been imagining it. The music was coming from the baby grand. She looked over, but there was no one there.

She turned back to her spent lover, a look of guilt plastered on his face.

“You weren’t playing when I walked in, were you?”

He shook his head.

“It’s a player piano, isn’t it?”

He nodded sheepishly. She quickly picked up the bed sheet and wrapped it around her, feeling exposed.

“So you’re not a concert pianist?”

He hesitated. “No, I’m a guitar player. I play in a rock band. I take these catering gigs for extra cash on the weekends. I honestly didn’t understand a word you were saying to me. Who is Chopin?”

Her jaw dropped in horror.

She had given herself to a complete stranger. She had believed he was like her—an aficionado of the arts. A true virtuoso of the classical form.

She had slept with a guitar player? It couldn’t be!

The music began playing again. Chopin's Nocturne in E flat major, op. 9, no. 2 filled the room once more. Written by the great composer at the age of only twenty, the piece never failed to soothe her soul, no matter what the discontent.

A smile made its way back onto her face.

“Shhhh... my darling.” She pressed her fingers to her lover’s lips.

“Pianissimo—don’t talk.”

She leaned forward and kissed him tenderly, then gathered her sheet around her and departed the room without looking back. She had experienced a beautiful musical fantasy for one night. She had experienced her pure bliss, and had reached *el fine*... there was no need for *D.S. al coda*, or a repeat back to the end.

She would always have her fond memories of her evening with Chopin, her beautiful handsome pianist, whose song would live in her soul forevermore.

ABOUT

Sidney Sitravon is a lifelong fan of erotic fiction, getting a start in the genre with an erotic fiction entry for Cosmo Magazine while studying on a semester abroad in Australia. Sidney's work has been featured on numerous erotic fiction blogs.

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