

## A Duet

I parked the car and glanced guiltily around me, but the street was empty. There was still a long line of terraced house right alongside me, with countless dark windows that could be hiding a watching face, but I wasn't going to disobey instructions. I'd learned that lesson. Shimmying my skirt up my hips, I tugged my panties down and off, then stuffed them in the glove compartment. A moment later, my bra followed suit.

Feeling naked, even though I was wearing a perfectly respectable skirt and blouse, I slipped out of the car and hurried up the three steps to his front door. The bounce of my unsupported breast gave me a thrill, my pussy already feeling hot and swollen in anticipation. Still, my hand was shaking as I reached up and pressed the doorbell.

He took long enough to answer that nerves started to creep in, my arm sliding up to cover the sight of my nipples, hardening in the cool September air. I snapped it back down when the door swung wide, though, straightening my spine and lifting my chin, knowing I was about to be inspected.

My reaction made him smirk. Wickedly amused eyes looked me up and down, then he stepped back without comment, giving me space to enter. I tried to keep my exhale of relief inaudible. Last time, he'd made me take off my underwear at the door. *Outside*, where anyone and everyone could see.

Like I said, lesson learned.

I moved through the hallway with familiarity, bypassing the stairs and heading to the room at back of the house. Large, bright windows looked out onto the garden. There were thick, brocade curtains pulled back and tied with golden rope. I'd also learned my lesson about asking for them to be closed. I could still feel the chill all down the length of my body from being pressed up tight against the glass.

"Have you been practising this week?"

No.

It had been a busy week, and I couldn't get the damn thing right. I hadn't sat down at the keys for at least four days.

“Yes?” I tried.

I turned to look at him when there was no response, took in the folded arms and the one raised eyebrow.

“A little bit?” I amended.

The eyebrow didn’t go down.

“Less than I should have?”

Third time lucky, maybe?

“Hmmm.” I swallowed nervously at the unimpressed tone in his voice. “Well, we’ll see how you do.”

*Shit.*

Following the unspoken instruction he gave me with his eyes, I moved over to the piano and sat down. The piece I’d neglected to properly practise sat waiting on the stand. I laid my hands down on the gleaming keys, waiting for him to come and sit beside me. He didn’t, choosing to stay where he was, standing, looming over me.

*Double shit.*

Taking a deep breath, I began playing. The first few bars were okay, the music flowing as my fingers danced their way across the keys, but all too soon I came to the tricky section, the one that had made me storm away from the piano in a huff more than once, then give up altogether. I crashed to a halt in an ugly screech of sound.

“Hmmm.”

I hunched my shoulders against the clear censure in his voice.

The floorboards creaked as he made his way over to me. I stared straight ahead, gaze burning into the long, complicated line of notes that I couldn’t wrap my mind or my fingers around. There was plenty of room on the bench beside me, but instead I felt his warmth along my back, long legs sliding down the outside of my thighs as he wrapped himself around me. His chin was heavy on my shoulder, two hands resting lightly on my hips.

“Again,” he said.

I was feeling both electrified and anxious, and this time I didn't even make it to the tricky segment, fluffing a simple run up the scale that I could normally have done in my sleep.

"Did you practise *at all*?" he asked, not bothering to hide his impatience.

"Yes," I replied, my voice small. "I kept getting stuck."

"And then what did you do?"

Gave up. But I wasn't about to admit that. It didn't matter, he was a perceptive bastard. He'd know.

"I don't like my time being wasted," he said.

I'd have slunk off the stool and hidden beneath the piano if he hadn't been holding onto me.

"I'm sorry," I offered.

"Try again," he insisted. "I suggest you be more careful this time."

As he spoke, his hands slid up and cupped both of my breasts. He squeezed them gently, then his fingers unerringly found both my nipples, jutting out from the thin cotton of my blouse. He didn't squeeze or roll or rub, just held them.

My clit pulsed at the same time as I swallowed. I knew what was coming.

Taking a deep breath and trying to still the quiver in my hands, I began again. My focus wasn't on the music, though, it was on those hands, and as soon as I fluffed a note, just three bars in, he hit me with a vicious little pinch. I gasped, jerking, the noise coming out of the piano an abomination, but I was tight against his chest, his chin firm against my shoulder, pinning me in place.

"Keep going."

I started playing again, but my concentration was shot. I earned three more pinches, harder each time, before I'd even got to the bit I couldn't play. When I got there, though, he eased off, rubbing lightly across the tips. That was worse, my hips moving involuntarily as I attempted to grind back against him. I made it through, but not without a handful of mistakes, and as the music flowed back into the softer, slower section, his fingers returned their cruel punishment for every mistimed note, every off key. By the time I got to the end, the last note

ringing off into silence, I was breathing in shallow little gasps and my nipples were throbbing painfully.

I was also soaked between my legs.

“An improvement,” he murmured. “But I think you can do better.”

He widened his stance then slid his hands along the inside of both my thighs and eased them apart. He held them a moment to make sure I knew to stay just like that, then took hold of the hem of my skirt, easing it up and up until all of me was exposed.

“Now,” he said, one hand going to my pussy and gently playing in the wetness there, the other rising back up to resume his hold on my left breast, “we try again. See how you do with punishment-,” A sharp pinch, “and reward.” His finger delved a little deeper and rubbed alongside my clit. I was so turned on that pleasure flared, making my hips jerk spasmodically. His hand stilled then, and when I tried to shift into it, he moved with me, denying me pressure.

“Play,” he instructed.

I did poorly. By the time I got to the end, I’d had just enough light, teasing touches to let me know what I was missing and my breast was stinging so badly tears had clustered in my eyes and I was hoping desperately he’d swap hands for the next run through.

He didn’t.

I couldn’t stand any more of those agonising little pinches, so I did my best to will my breathing to slow and my fingers to stop their trembling and feel like mine again. I did better, but that just meant the light touches turned into slow, delicious circles of my clit, building the pressure so that I could feel the orgasm, just waiting to push forwards. Then I hit that bit – that fucking bit – and I was so close to coming, pushing myself at his magical fingers, that I mangled it, hands flattening out on the keys in failure, gasping as he took his touch away just as I was about to cum. I cried out as he took firm hold of my ravaged nipple and kept up the pressure, refusing to let me pull away when I squirmed from the pain.

“I can’t!” I gasped.

“Yes, you can.” He let go and I panted, the sting radiating through my entire breast. “Keep going.”

I really couldn't take any more pain. It had eclipsed the low pulsing of my clit, reminding me that I still hadn't orgasmed, and was pulsing angrily in rhythm with my heart. Straightening up, I sniffed back lingering traces of tears and played on. I was rigid, my thighs tensed and my shoulders tight, but when I made it through the first few notes without error, he began a gentle massage of my breast, running away the pain, and returned to those slow, intoxicating circles of my clit. My eyes threatened to roll back into my head, but I held it together. If I could make it to the end of the song...

The final few notes sang in the air and I relaxed, waiting for my reward, widening my legs slightly so I was pressing against his. Instead of speeding up, though, and letting me have the orgasm that was ready to come washing over me, he stopped.

I whimpered.

"Oh no no," he chuckled, his breath warm against my cheek. "If you want to cum, you have to make it all the way through. No mistakes. Then I'll give it to you." A pause. "Do you want to try?"

I wanted to cum, badly, but also...

"And if I make mistakes?"

A warning squeeze of my breast.

I looked at the tricky segment, lying in wait there in the middle of the page. Why the fuck didn't I practise? *Learn this lesson for next time!* I told myself.

"Do you want to try?" he asked again, low, sultry and definitely amused at my indecision.

Instead of answering, I started the piece.

He didn't make me wait, sliding a finger down either side of my clit as soon as I made it successfully through the first bar, keeping the pressure light, refusing to allow me to build to anything. I tried my hardest to block the urge to clench my pelvic muscles, to shift my hips hopefully. I stared at the music and my hands, my focus absolute.

I got to the bit I hated and felt his hand flex, just a touch. A reminder. Adrenaline surged through me, preparing my body for the sharp jolt of pain, but to my astonishment, I made it through.

"See?" he murmured. "See what you can do with the proper motivation?"

My reward was a harder rub, pinching my clit between his fingers, making the pleasure surge.

I gasped, my breath expelling in a rush, but I held it together. That gasp turned to a pathetic little moan when I realised he intended to keep going. I wasn't going to be able to hold out to the end of the song.

“Keep going,” he warned, then he increased the pressure and speed, throwing me into orgasm.

The notes wobbled on the page and I could barely feel the keys beneath my fingers as ecstasy flushed through my system, lighting up every nerve, but I somehow kept playing. When I finished the final note, I made to slump forward like a rag doll, my body spent, but strong arms lifted me up until I was bent over the piano top. I heard the sound of a zipper pulling down, a rustling of fabric, and tilted my pelvis in welcome.

He surged home in one powerful thrust. The piano made a jarring chorus of complaint, the notes raking through the air and covering my moan and his low grunt. We created a discordant harmony as he pressed me into the uncomfortable angles of the piano and pounded into me, one strong forearm pressed to the gleaming top alongside my head, the other wrapped around my wrist, holding me down and immobile.

I held on for the ride, revelling in being taken, my pussy still wickedly sensitive from my orgasms and convulsing pleasurably with each thrust forward. The angle wasn't quite right for me to cum again, but this one wasn't for me, anyway. It was for me to take and know I was being taken.

He came with a smashing of keys, the sound loud and visceral as he shoved forwards and held me there, prolonging the note. His breaths came harsh and grating in my ear, the only hint I ever got that he gave up his icy control sometimes.

He pulled free and left me lying there, reeling. Gentle hands slid my skirt down to cover me, but it still took a few moments longer before I could lift myself up, encourage my legs to take my wait. By the time I'd turned around, hands smoothing my wrinkled blouse, he'd sorted his own clothing and that impenetrable mask was back in place.

“You did well,” he said. “You would have done better if you'd practised.”

Right. No lovey-dovey words here. Just music and hopeless arousal.

“I’ll practise this week,” I promised.

“Yes. You will.” He crossed the room and picked up a sheet of paper and a small black cloth bag. “For next time.”

I looked down at the paper, eyes raking over the music printed there. I winced. It looked... complicated. Putting that worry aside for now, I turned my attention to the little bag, aware of his gaze burning into the top of my head. My fingers delved inside and felt cool metal. A moment later, I pulled it out.

A plug, shining metallic in the light, a glass jewel embedded in the end. It wasn’t large but still, when I clenched it in my fist, hiding it from sight, I could feel the solid width of the most bulbous point. I looked up at him uncertainly.

“I suggest you not avoid your homework this week,” he told me, a wealth of meaning in his words.

“I won’t,” I said. I had a feeling that would be another lesson to be learned.