

Pianist Fingers

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None of the following are true events! Pure fantasy! :)

It was a typical autumn day. The temperature was still warm but the smell of leaves wafted through the air. It was my favorite smell. I was 17, a senior in high school. I walked into my choir room, yes I considered it mine, as I was there for class twice a day. Not only that, but I was there before school, after school and whenever I could talk another teacher into letting me cut out early.

The room was large and spacious. The risers took up a lot of the room, as did that piano. I loved that grand piano. I always wanted to take it home with me.

That day was a great day. My choir teacher left early to go on a field trip with her son. She left the class in our accompanist's more than capable hands. What fine hands they were too; large and strong.

Mr. Tait was a big man, standing at six foot four inches. As he told me once, he was the "runt" of the family. He had dark, curly hair that he kept at his eyes. How I always wanted to play with those curls as I stood singing my high soprano notes, flirting with my eyes, making him blush.

I loved looking deep into his chocolate brown eyes during conversation, trying to captivate him with my large green eyes. Mr. Tait wasn't married, nor did he have a girlfriend. He played every kind of music, though he was amazing with jazz.

That day, after going through all the sections, he let as relax as he always did. He stood up and I walked down to him, leaning against the piano.

"Well that was pure torture, don't you think?" He asked me.

"Ah, are you talking about the second sopranos or the basses?" I replied, laughingly.

"I'm not sure. I think they were equally terrible." I always wanted alone time with Mr. Tait, but he was a popular person and we were always being interrupted by others.

“So, I have first lunch today. Want to stick around and eat in here?” I asked sweetly, batting my eyelashes and squeezing my breasts together to make my cleavage a bit more announced.

“Well, I think I could do that. It would be nice to be able to talk with limited distractions,” he replied, smiling.

The bell rang and I went to the lunch room. I stood in line, waiting for minutes, hoping he would be waiting, but also curious about what to do or say. I walked down the hallway, slowly, trying to gather all my courage to make my move.

The door was closed, but the lights were on, so I let myself in.

“Hey there,” he said to me as I walked into the room. He had taken his black jacket off and had on just his deep green button down shirt I had told him I liked. He wore that shirt at least once a week.

“I just love that shirt. It’s my favorite color and you always look so handsome in it,” I say sweetly.

“That’s part of the reason I wear it so often... Just to hear you talk about it.” I giggled and appreciated his light, worn blue jeans. I did love Fridays, if only to see him wear those jeans.

I sat down at the stool by the piano and say my tray down. He walked over and sat at the piano, striking a chord. He looked at me and asked, “What would you like to hear?”

I sat and thought for a moment. “Play me some Beatles... I Want To Hold Your Hand.” He smiled and opened it with a long introduction. I popped a grape into my mouth and closed my eyes.

“Sing with it,” he instructed me.

“Oh yeah, I’ll tell you something I think you’ll understand. When I say that something. I wanna hold your hand...” I looked at him as I sang and walked around to him. He scooted over on the bench and I sat down next to him. “And when I touch you, I feel happy inside.” I ran my hand lightly down his arm, my face flushing. “It’s just a feeling that, my love, I can’t hide. I can’t hide. I can’t hide!”

Abruptly the music stopped and he started straight into my dark green eyes. He leaned down and kissed my lips softy and I put my hand on his face. I ran my fingers down his strong jaw and felt the rough stubble that was there. He pulled back and looked at me and said, “We shouldn’t do this. We can’t.”

"Shouldn't and can't are two very different terms, Mr. Tait," and I kissed him, letting my tongue slide into his mouth. He didn't resist. I had been blushing out of shyness. Now I felt hot all over. One of his hands went to my waist and the other went through my long, dark brown hair.

Then he stood, pulling me with him and picked me up, my legs wrapping around his waist, sitting on top of the piano. I pulled myself away and said, "What if someone comes in?" He walked across the room and locked the door, shutting off half of the lights as well. I unzipped my pink jacket and tossed it to the floor, opening my arms for him. He took ahold of my lower back and passionately kissed me, his other hand slowly made its way up my thigh.

His hand proceeded up my shirt too feel my large breasts. Mr. Tait pulled back from me and pushed my shirt up over my head and threw it to the floor. He leaned down and kissed the top of each bra-clad breast, both hands gently rubbing me through my bra. I ran my hands up his chest and started to unbutton each button of his shirt. He moved his lips to my neck, kissing and sucking softly. He reached behind me and unclasped my bra, my breasts tumbling out. Mr. Tai pulled me to him again, kissing me and pulling his unbuttoned shirt off and behind him.

My breasts pushed against his bare chest as he picked me up again, laying me down on the floor. His lips traced down my neck and then licked across my breasts, pulling a nipple into his mouth and gently sucking. "Do you know how much I've wanted to see these? Kiss them and suck your nipples into my mouth. Every time you wore one of those damn low cut tops and leaned across my piano, begging for it. I wanted to pull you to me and fuck you with not caring who saw?"

I moaned in response, "So it worked?"

"You know damn well it did. Every time you would brush your hand on my shoulder. Or looked at me from across the room," he growled back.

His hands started to unbutton my tight jeans, pulling them down to my ankles until I kicked them off. His hands trailed back up my legs until they touched the edge of my pink panties. Mr. Tait's finger brushed along my wet panties. "Do you honestly want this?" He asked me, his fingers grazing gently up and down.

"Yes," I whisper back. I watched Mr. Tait slide my panties down and off. I could feel my swollen lips and my clip was throbbing. He spread my legs and went between them, his face so close to my wet and throbbing pussy. I could feel his breath across my slit, making me moan and grab his curly brown hair.

His tongue lazily licked up one of my lips then down the other. I moaned and thrust my hips up

against him, crazy with the need of his touch. Mr. Tait slowly licked from the bottom of my wet pussy up to my clit, flicking it a few times before sliding it back down and thrusting his tongue inside my tight, virgin cunt. His voice startled me when he spoke.

“I knew having lunch with you would be fun. You taste delicious.” His tongue tickled my clit and one of his long pianist fingers pushed into my tight, virgin pussy. He pushed another in and slowly thrust his fingers in and out of my squeezing hole.

“Oh, Mr. Tait! Yes, it feels so good!” I moaned and writhed on top of the piano. My hips pushed up and with the other hand he wasn’t using, he pushed my hips down. He sucked my clit harder and jammed his fingers in and out. I started to squeal and moan, my hips thrusting against his tongue and fingers. “Oh! Yes! Mr. Tait, I’m cumming!”

As I came down from my orgasm, his fingers slowed and he slipped them out. He presented his fingers to me and I slowly licked them, one by one, staring straight into his eyes. He moaned slightly and said, “You’re a dirty little slut.”

I grinned and replied, “I guess I am.” He unbuttoned his pants and pulled out the biggest cock I’d ever seen. Of course, I had only seen two up to that point and only sucked on one. “Mr. Tait, I don’t know if I can take all that. My toy isn’t near that long or thick...”

He replied, “Trust me, I’ll get it to fit. You’re plenty wet enough.” He kissed my lips again as I slide down to the floor onto my feet.

“Will you do me on Ms. June’s desk, Mr. Tait?” I asked with a mischievous smile playing on my lips. He didn’t answer me, but his hand pulled me along behind him as he walked me over to her desk. He firmly pushed me down, his hands running down my chest to my pussy. I felt him rub his cock up and down, bumping my clit each time.

He pushed the head in slowly and said, “Look at me as I give you the first cock of your life.” I looked straight into his eyes as he slide two inches inside of me.

I gasped and whispered, “You’re so thick.” He didn’t reply; he only pushed in deeper. “Oh, yes Mr. Tait!” Finally he slid all the way inside of me and just rested. His hand stroked my cheek and I felt him throb inside me. He pulled out slowly and pumped it into me just as slow, my clit pulling along the way. “Oh!”

He started to fuck me faster, setting up a pace that left me nearly breathless as I took the first fucking of my life. I felt his thumb find my clit and I nearly screamed. His other hand soon found my mouth as

he fucked me harder and harder, his thumb rubbing my clit slowly. I felt myself building and building until I finally came around his large cock, crying out into his hand and closing my eyes tight.

He moved his hand and placed both on my hips. "I'm going to cum, baby," he moaned out to me. I pushed my hips up to meet his thrusts until I felt him twitch inside of me and the warmth that followed. He moaned and slowed his pumping .

After we had dressed and kissed a little more, he told me some more great news. Ms. June would be gone again the next week! I knew what I'd be doing come lunch time!