

# ESSENCE

‘I want to paint you.’ My lover’s fingers trail over my belly, glide over my bare mound to dip between the lips of my sex.

‘You’ve already painted me.’ I’ve posed for him so many times now. Posed for his artist friends as well. Clothed. Naked. I’ve become well known in the city as a life model.

‘I want to paint the real you, my love.’ His fingers slide lazily into me, and I part my thighs and sigh. He leans down to brush a soft kiss at the juncture of my labia, his tongue probing until it finds the tight bud of my clit. ‘I want to paint this. The source of your beauty, your energy.’

‘You’ve got so many paintings of me already.’ His ministrations are gentle and not yet distracting me from being able to hold a conversation. ‘Your gallery is an embarrassment of pictures of me. You should give your clients some variety.’

‘This will be for me.’ He’s stroking my clit with his thumb now. ‘I’ll show it, but it won’t ever be for sale. This is going to be special.’

I part my legs further as he increases the pressure of the pad of his thumb on my sensitive flesh. I’m always comfortable with him, in the bedroom and in the studio. He knows every inch of my body, and I his, but posing with my legs spread, totally exposed?

Is that artistic or pornographic?

But he’s my lover. My partner. Anything we do together comes from a place of love. Anything.

‘Ok.’ I arch my hips up against his hand, inviting more pressure. ‘But only if you make me cum. Right now.’

A soft growl of laughter rumbles from his throat as he plants himself between my legs. ‘Thank you. It’s going to be amazing. You are amazing.’ And then his tongue gets serious with its strong, steady rhythm and my clit becomes the center of my universe and I want to stay in this place where pleasure consumes me in its flame. Where it erupts from my body in bucking hips and guttural cries. And a gush of wetness.

He rises from between my thighs, his face slick with my juices with a smile filled with love and admiration curving his lips. He lazily caresses my damp cunt lips.

‘This is how I’m going to paint you. Flushed and satiated. Flesh swollen and wet. So beautiful.’

It still amazes me that he finds my cunt beautiful. Despite our adventurous sexuality, I’ve never looked at myself. Or other women. Why he wants to depict it, larger than life, I have no idea. Still, whenever he’s encouraged me to poke my nose out beyond my comfort zone, it’s been a remarkable experience.

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I’ve posed on this chaise many times before. Sitting. Reclining. But always discreetly as befits a life model. Posing for artists is about art, not sex. But not today.

‘Are you comfortable, angel?’ His easel, usually set at a distance, is at the end of the chaise, his small table of materials to the side.

‘Uh huh.’ I lie back on an assortment of plump cushions, feet drawn up and together, knees relaxed and apart. Open to his view.

‘I can’t wait to capture you like this. Let’s get in the mood.’ He looks at me with the love that is always in his eyes, unzips his pants and reaches in for his cock. My unconscious response is to slide my hand between my legs. Seeing him touch himself is such a turn on. We touch ourselves in silence, eyes on cunt and cock, and that amps up the eroticism.

His strokes are long and slow, a dewdrop of pre-cum easing out of the eye of his cock which he smears over the head with his thumb. He wants me to cum, and he’s going about the right way to get what he wants. My forefinger circles my clit and the first drip of moisture trickles from me.

As if in sync, we both increase our pace and quicker than I'd like, I'm at the point where I need to close my eyes and lose myself in the assault of sensations emanating from my clit.

'That's my angel,' his voice comes through the mist of pleasure. 'Bring forth the essence of your power from the place my cock finds solace. Where I find solace. Where I find love.'

My fingers rub frantically and my hips arch off the chaise as I cry out and wetness gushes in rhythmic spurts. I'm vaguely aware of something cool against cunt lips as the world rights itself slowly my breathing calms. I open my eyes to see him sitting on the chaise, holding a crystal glass between my thighs.

He holds the glass up, a smile of satisfaction on his mouth. 'This is what I need to paint you, angel. This will make it truly you.' He stands and moves to his easel. 'Stay Exactly as you are.'

Picking up a broad, soft brush, he dips it into the glass and spreads the fluid across the paper in long, gentle strokes. I've seen him prep the paper for watercolors before and am fascinated the way he controls the way the color flows with the moisture, but this isn't water. Instead of just letting it soak into the sheets as usual, he's going to mix it with paint. To paint me. From me.

I'm fascinated and honored and curious.

As he continues to dampen the paper, he looks at me and smiles. I don't need him to explain. I trust his creativity. He switches to a narrow brush and dips it into a color from his paint tray and I stay silent and let him work.

After half an hour he encourages me to get up and move around but I know not to go and look at the easel. I slip on my long, silk robe and stretch. He is very strict about no one seeing a piece before it's completed, so I stroll over to the fridge at the back of the studio and open a bottle of juice. He comes up behind me, sliding his arms around my waist, his lips brushing a kiss on the back of my neck.

'Are you surprised?' he whispers, nibbling my ear lobe.

'Yes. And no. It's a very 'you' thing to do.'

'You inspire me, angel. I want to immortalize this part of who you are as a woman. My woman.'

I turn in his arms, sliding mine around his neck and I kiss him. His mouth opens immediately under mine, his tongue dancing around mine before moving me away. 'You know what you do to me.' He takes my hand, moving it to the hard bulge in his jeans. 'But we have work to do.'

I take my position again and he dips his brush into the crystal glass, wetting the paper again. Wetting it with me.

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Artistic interpretation is a very subjective thing and I'm always interested to see how I've been portrayed by artists. Usually favorably, but sometimes not. I'm not vain enough to expect every picture of me to be flattering. Whether the intent is to be accurate or interpretive, as long as the quality of the execution is strong, it's a good result.

After the first few times he painted me, the intensity of my curiosity to see what he's done lessened, and these days I am happy to wait till he's ready to show me. But I know what my face and body look like, so the images aren't that much of a surprise. This is a whole different story.

After a week of only wearing my silk robe in the studio, today I'm dressed, and standing next to him and the easel. It's draped with a sheet. He's holding my hand, squeezing it reassuringly as he holds the end of the sheet with his other hand.

'Are you ready, angel?'

I nod, and he pulls the sheet away. It pools on the floor, around the legs of the easel and I'm almost reluctant to look up. He's not after praise about his talent. He paints for the love of it, not for recognition or an ego boost.

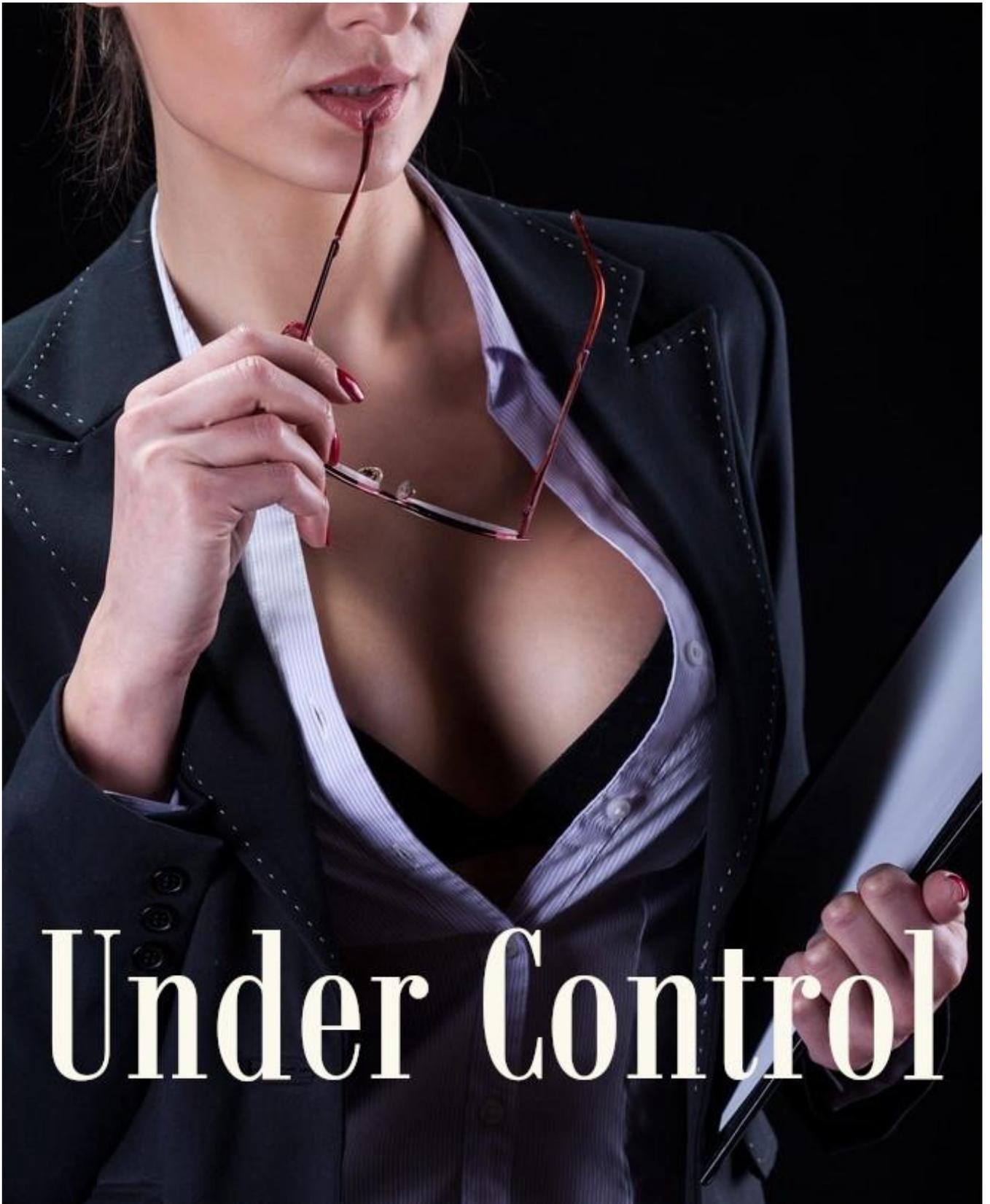
I raise my eyes and reach out to touch the paper. His fingers follow the track of mine.

'Can you feel it? I can feel your essence in the paper, angel. What I've added is secondary.'

My cunt.

In muted soft shades of pinks and reds. Its mesmerizing.

It's me.



Under Control

## Tales From The Toy Box

I'm not so sure this was such a good idea. I cross my legs again, hoping that the pressure of squeezing my thighs together will ease the excruciating pleasure blossoming in my cunt, but it only accentuates it.

My boss is outlining his needs for the day and while I'm trying my hardest to pay attention and take notes, I'm also trying not to cum.

Testing sex toys is a lucrative sideline and usually it's something I do in the privacy of my own home, but my fiancé thought it would be fun to give this one a public outing. A remotely controlled vibrating 'egg' which is snug inside me and intermittently buzzing right on my g-spot.

'Meeting with the Chairman at two-thirty,' the boss continues and my pen skids across the page as the buzz suddenly intensifies and I muffle a gasp. 'Everything ok?' he asks, looking up from his papers.

I manage a nod and meet his eyes as the vibration thankfully stops. One of his eyebrows lifts and the corners of his mouth quirk. There are no more distracting flutters from the egg and I'm able to finish our meeting without that delicious thrumming between my legs.

As tempting as it is to take a detour to the ladies' room and finish what the egg has started, I have a busy schedule that won't allow for any self-indulgence. I have been known to take a few minutes to ease the tension that my fiancé builds up in me when we sext back and forth during the day. But today is too busy to be one of those days.

Back at my desk, just as I'm taking my seat, the egg goes off at full intensity and I grab the edge of the desk, squeeze my eyes shut and my legs together. Thank God I have this space to myself. Anyone watching me would think I was about to have a seizure rather than an orgasm.

Just as quickly as it started up, the vibrations stop, and I sit down. This is going to be a long day. I've promised to give it a proper trial so I could give a full and detailed report. I'm getting down to work when my phone buzzes. Speak of the devil.

*How's it going, darlin'? Keeping it together?*

Bastard. He knows he's driving me to the edge but leaving me dangling on that delicious precipice. Usually, he does it with his tongue, working his magic on my clit or pounding me to orgasmic bliss with his cock, but right now I'm not in a position to beg for my orgasm.

*Doing just fine, I lie. Sure works!*

A responding buzz teases my g-spot back to life.

I've got this under control. Hell, I meditate and know how to keep my mind where it needs to be. My body doesn't rule me.

Buzz.

My body doesn't rule me.

Damn. For now, this man does, though.

I squirm in my seat, hoping the dampness in my panties doesn't soak through my skirt. Somehow, I manage to breathe through the regular short bursts of buzzing, each one leaving residual arousal that almost settles, and then he hits me with another burst. I amaze myself with my ability to carry on with business without giving myself away.

I'm given a reprieve on my lunch hour and as I share a coffee and couscous salad with the other Executive Assistant, I'm almost missing being in a constant state of arousal and actually cut my lunch hour short so I can get back to my desk.

As if on cue, the moment my ass hits the chair, the thrum in my cunt starts up again and I take a moment to just shut my eyes and enjoy. This time it's not stopping, the pleasure is rapidly getting to the point of no return and I'm looking around to make sure that if I have to sit through an orgasm, that no one will see me.

The intercom lights up. The boss summoning me into the inner sanctum. With precision timing, the vibrating stops. I gather my notepad, his diary, and a stack of file and head to his office.

‘Shut the door, please,’ he says as I walk in, his attention is on stuff on his desk, as usual.

I take my usual spot in the high-backed chair in front of his desk, deposit the files and cross my legs, ready to take notes.

A few minutes later he graces me with his attention, looking up at me with those all-knowing eyes and a half-smile.

‘Poised for action?’ He indicates my notebook and ready pen.

I nod.

‘Just relax for a bit. You look a touch frazzled.’ He cocks his head to the side and the full smile blossoms.

I put down the pad and pen and uncross my legs, settling back into the chair.

‘That’s more like it.’ He reaches for a matchbox-sized remote control on his desk and hovers his finger over a button. ‘Spread your legs, darlin’.’

My pencil skirt is tight so I wriggle it up until I can part my knees wide.

‘Your panties are wet. Something making your horny?’ He presses the button and grins as I gasp. The vibration gives an instant hit of physical pleasure, but sitting here, exposed to his gaze and his control of that pleasure is a high of a totally different kind.

I nod, arching my back as he turns the intensity up another notch.

‘We need to make sure you can write a glowing report. And that I get to see that ‘I’ve just cum’ glow’ that I love so much.’

We hold eye contact for a moment, as some sort of magic ricochets through my body and I have to shut my eyes. My cunt has become the center of my universe. The source of all pleasure and I’m staying here as long as I can.

It’s the weirdest thing, having my body invaded by overwhelming sensations and no one is touching me. I know he’s watching me, my legs spread, eyes closed, hips undulating to the invisible orchestra that’s racing me to a crescendo.

‘Come on, darlin’. Let it take you. You look so hot.’

His voice. His words. The way he doesn’t need to be physically involved. So intimate.

And I’m consumed. Over the brink and at the point of no return when I can’t even think, and I might just die from the intensity of a million fingers of pleasure probing every inch of my body. The waves crash over me, and my cunt tightens around the egg. I grab the arms of the chair as I cry out. Again and again.

I finally surface. Open my eyes to his smile, and a puddle on my seat.

‘So beautiful.’ He gets up and comes around the desk, holding out his hand to help me up. He pulls me into his arms, my skirt still rucked up around my waist, my thighs damp from my orgasm. ‘You’re always so beautiful when you come,’ he murmurs against my lips.

I’m just opening my mouth to him when the shrill call of his phone on the desk kills the moment. He pecks me on the cheek, and I push my skirt back down to business length as he takes his call.

As I turn to shut the door, he’s deep in conversation, but his hand hovers over the remote control.