**Little Flippy Skirt**

by[**humminbean**](https://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=982598&page=submissions)©

I'm glad I was drinking only water -- it came out my nose. At first, I thought she was almost naked. All I saw was a little flippy skirt and a back bare from the hips up.  
  
Then someone called "Katie." The girl turned, and I saw that she actually wore a halter dress. Seen from the front, the bright blue-green halter really did cover her, in an attention-getting kind of way, but her hair had hidden the strap around her neck. Once I recovered, I took another look at this gorgeous woman leaning to cheek-kiss her friend. Other than that dress, she wore sandals with a little heel and laces around the ankles, and some bangles the same color as the dress. Light brown hair with barely-there highlights just came to her shoulders, leaving her ears exposed. Her profile showed a deep, athletic hip and slim bust. I like that kind of figure, but never found a complimentary way to describe it. Broad-shouldered and broad-hipped but lean, there wasn't a pound where it shouldn't be. On a guy, you might say "built like a Jeep." I decided just to keep my mouth shut, partly to keep myself from gaping at that strong, smooth, and well-exposed shape.  
  
Anyway, it wasn't getting my job done, watching Katie's skirt flip up under her thigh, cupping her butt as she walked. The usual arts reporter had just gone into labor, so the editor assigned me to cover the gallery opening for Teresa Downs's show of paintings. I tried to beg off, pleading ignorance about art, but he waved my argument away. "Just listen to what everyone else is saying, write that down, and get a statement from the artist. Oh, and ask permission before you take any pictures. Some artists get pissy about that."   
  
The gallery had filled with people covering the whole range of looks. Some wore jeans, often with conspicuous paint splatters, or else wild and colorful getups -- clearly, Teresa's friends from the art circle. A few in neat black-on-black looked like critics or gallery types (not that I'd know one). Others seemed to have wandered in out of curiosity. Then there was me, my slightly scruffy jacket and tie making me over-dressed and under-dressed at the same time. Teresa was in there somewhere, and I had an assignment.  
  
The girl in green bounced around the room like a kid on a sugar buzz. Her sparkling laugh seemed to come from everywhere, at one moment or another. Based on the number of times I heard someone call "Katie," she seemed to know almost everyone in the room. I decided to ask her where to find Teresa, since she'd know if anyone would. That excuse would let me introduce myself for my own reasons, as well.  
  
Katie was effervescing in a well-lit spot near the door, where a large sign announced the opening. I worked my way over toward her, and a moment opened up. In my most professional manner, I extended my hand and introduced myself. "Hi, Katie?" She turned at the sound of her name and flashed a bright smile. "I'm Jake Carson from the Post-Record. I'd like to interview Teresa for my paper. Could you point her out?"  
  
Katie gave me a blank, open-jawed look, took a step back, then nearly killed herself with that bright, bubbly laugh. That's not what I expected. Then I looked up at the sign behind her: "K. Teresa Downs: The City Reconsidered." A head-shot on the sign showed the artist's face -- it was the girl in green. That wasn't Katie, that was K.T.   
  
I felt myself blush hotly, but I still needed my story. It took a bit to make myself laugh along with her, but it was pretty easy once I got started. I tried again. "OK, that was dumb. Sorry about that. You're Ms Downs, right? K. T. Downs?" I enunciated the letters separately.  
  
Still laughing too hard to talk, she held a napkin to her mouth and nodded. She set her glass and napkin on a nearby table, apparently the place where unwanted drinks went to die. "Yes, I'm Teresa." The name seemed a little stiff the way she spoke it. "KT works, though. Jake, you said? What can I do for the Post-Record?"  
  
"I hoped you could say something about your art, give our readers some understanding of the statement you make in your work."   
  
She took my arm in hers and guided me across the room. "You mean, an 'artist's statement.' Gawd I hate those pretentious little blurbs, but I guess it's part of the game."  
  
Her easy physicality, the way she held that arm had me somewhat off-guard, so I wasn't sure how to respond. "Well, maybe you could just tell me a little about this show. I mean, I like your work." I hoped that came across as sincere, because I really did. "I usually cover politics for my paper, though. Writing about art is new for me."  
  
"'Writing about art is like dancing about architecture.' I forget who said that -- no matter, let's go look at some pictures." I never quite got used to the warm hands on my arm, tugging me from one picture to the next. Katie (I couldn't call her anything else) had an overtly physical manner that I found unsettling. She was that way with everyone who came up to her, though, cheek-kisses, hugs hello, holding someone's hand when she talked to them. I had trouble believing that these huge, complex, thoughtful paintings came from this chatty girl with the little flippy skirt.  
  
She practically wrote my story for me, for which I was silently grateful. She seemed good-natured about it when I used my cell phone as voice recorder and asked her to repeat something. "It's OK. Better that than being misquoted."   
  
Finally, I got my little camera out. Her smile stiffened when she saw it -- I remembered my editor's words about 'pissy.' I asked if I could take some pictures to go with the story.  
  
"Not the paintings, please. The light in here is terrible. The gallery has taken some very good photos of the paintings. They're intended as publicity photos. I'd be happy to give them to you."  
  
"That sounds great!" I answered, "You know, you're making this easy for me."  
  
"You're making publicity for me. Making it easy is the least I can do."  
  
"So, how do you want to get the pictures to me? I need them by tomorrow afternoon."  
  
She pulled a card out of -- well, I'm not sure where it could have been, on that dress, and imagining where got too distracting. She pointed to a line of small print near the bottom of the card. "That's my studio address. Do you know where that is?"  
  
I nodded. It was an old industrial part of the city that had bottomed out, but was starting to recover.  
  
"Can you come tomorrow? Stop by, and bring a thumb drive."  
  
"Thanks! What time?"  
  
"I'll be there from about ten on. No, make that twelve -- I have a feeling I won't be up early tomorrow."  
  
I laughed. It was getting late and the gallery had officially closed, but the opening reception was morphing into a serious party. No wonder the usual arts reporter was so enthusiastic about her job. I almost stayed, until I looked around and realized that I was the oldest one left, probably by a good few years.  
  
"I'll see you tomorrow then, about noon." I shook her hand in a business-like way, and was surprised by a firm response -- not the limp girly grip I almost expected from a hand as small as hers. ---- The next day, I found the address easily enough. I just couldn't find the door, though. Former factories and warehouses lined the street -- not a very inviting sight, but the kind of place where rents would be low enough for starving artists to afford. After looking around aimlessly for a while, I pulled out Katie's card again and called the number on it.  
  
"Jake, hi!" She answered after a few rings. "You're where? Fine. I have to open the door for you, I'll be down in a moment."   
  
I didn't wait long before an unassuming, unmarked door opened and Katie stuck her head out. I joined her inside, then followed her up the stairs. She wore paint-spattered work clothes: sneakers, cut-off shorts, and an over-sized white shirt that buttoned on the 'man's side', shirt-tails tied in front. The sleeves had been torn off the shirt, leaving gaping arm holes. I tried not to stare at the side of a plain, white bra that showed through the hole, and tried not to stare at the lovely wide hips leading me up the stairs.  
  
Funky old buildings like that have a spirit about them that I really like. Bare brick walls, concrete stairs, worn plank floors -- not 'House Beautiful' stuff, but a real personality. We turned out into the hall on the third floor. About halfway down the hall, we came to a door where a small sign displayed her name. She unlocked it and welcomed me in.   
  
I'm not sure what I expected a studio to look like, but that wasn't it. About a third was taken up with a framework of two by fours and plywood, storage racks for a staggering number of unframed paintings. A couch, carpet, and bookshelves defined a little "living room" in another third, with a small fridge, microwave, and CD player as amenities. The rest of the room, the largest part, was clearly the work area. Photos, notes, and sketches covered the wall in this area, including one black and white photo that really caught my eye.   
  
A powerful female figure stood in that picture, arms crossed under her breasts, feet shoulder-width apart, facing straight into the camera. Broad, womanly curves somehow conveyed an impression of immovable strength. Her confrontation with the camera seemed to challenge the viewer to test that strength. It took me a moment to realize that it was Katie.   
  
I must have gawked at it for longer than I thought. Katie saw where I was looking, and asked, "You like that picture? A friend of mine is a photographer, and I pose for him some times. I think this is one of his best."  
  
"Wow. I'm impressed." Not just the picture and pose, but Katie herself. I had been trying in a professional way not to imagine what she looked like under her clothes, and here she was.   
  
"He does good work. Do you want to see more of it?"  
  
"In a bit," I answered. "I came by for the publicity photos of your paintings -- let's do that first." I handed her a flash drive. She plugged it into her Mac and started flipping through galleries.   
  
"These are the ones in the current show." She pointed them out. "Which ones do you want?"  
  
"You tell me. I have room for only one or two. They're going to print in black and white, and about this big." I showed her with my hands. "What do you think will work best?" We picked four that had big shapes and bold contrasts, the kind that would still be legible despite what newspaper printing would do to them. As we picked, I learned more about how she works.  
  
The Mac had lots of folders of paintings at different stages of progress. The earliest sketches fascinated me -- in nearly every case, she worked from photos of nude models, then abstracted the figures, cut out detail until only the structure and balance remained, sometimes as a bare framework for other elements. I hadn't seen the figures in her abstract, urban paintings. Now, no matter where I looked, I saw them everywhere.   
  
Rather than ask a question that sounded too stupid, I asked "Who are the models?"   
  
"Some are friends, but most of them model on a regular basis." She had opened a folder of a male figure and was clicking through the photos. At that, she looked over at me and looked me up and down, then looked straight at me for a moment. She had clearly undressed me with her eyes -- it's happened before, but her purely professional interest (or disinterest) left me a little uncomfortable. "Have you ever modeled?"  
  
"Me? I'm nothing special. You have those great looking figures to work with."   
  
"I don't know how that idea ever got started, that an artist's model has to be especially beautiful. These pumped up guys," she pointed to an obvious body builder, "aren't real. You, you're real, a person that a viewer might know. To model, you just have to not mind being looked at."  
  
This was all new to me. I mean, everyone in art circles probably knows all this about models, but I had never heard it before. Right then, the newshound in me realized that if I hadn't heard of it, lots of other people probably hadn't either. Maybe there was a second, human interest kind of story here.  
  
"Suppose I were a model. What would I do?" I asked.  
  
She looked at me, not quite sure where this was going. Well, I wasn't sure either. "My job is to start with some concept -- and I have a bunch right now that I need to get going. When that happens, I'll work up a few loose sketches of the general kind of pose I want, and go over them with the model." She grabbed a pad of cheap paper, sketched a half-dozen thumbnail drawings in a minute or two, and handed it to me. I wasn't sure what I was looking at.   
  
"The model tells me what poses he feels most comfortable with, or she does, and what might be awkward. A good model will take an idea and run with it, and show me things I hadn't thought of. That's the exciting part. Then we'll start on the modeling session proper."  
  
"Can I try?"  
  
"Well, OK. These poses," she pointed to some seated ones, "should be pretty easy. Why don't you sit over there, leaning against the wall."  
  
I sat where she pointed. "Stretch your legs out more." She adjusted the drop light overhead. "Now look up. There, that's great."   
  
Katie picked up her pad again and started sketching furiously, looking alternately at me and at the pad. She moved around to the side, and did another couple of fast sketches. She looked at me again, frowning.  
  
"Should I change position or something?" I tried to hold still while I talked.  
  
"No, you're fine, it's just that I'm not seeing the flow of your muscles. The whole figure has to tie together, and I'm just not seeing it all." She thought for a moment.   
  
"Uh, Jake? Could I ask you to do something? You're free to say no, I mean you didn't come here to be my model."  
  
"Go ahead and ask. I won't bite."  
  
"Would you mind taking your shirt off? My models usually work nude. It's a lot easier for me to understand how the figure works, then paint in over that later."  
  
The hairs stood up on the back of my neck. "Do you want me nude for this?"  
  
"Well, I wasn't going to ask that much. The models are used to it, but ..." her voice trailed off.  
  
The prospect of stripping down made me a little nervous. What the hell, I figured, war correspondents do lots worse for a story. I could live with someone seeing my pot belly. I answered, "I want to know how this modeling business works. If that's what it takes -- "  
  
She cut me off nervously, "Just your shirt. That will help me get the shoulder right."  
  
I stood up and peeled off the polo shirt I was wearing. I still felt a little nervous, but sat back down. Katie walked around me, looking. "That really helps." She started sketching again.   
  
"You know," she said, "you have a great body."  
  
"Oh, come on. You don't have to worry about my ego."   
  
"No, really." She kept scrawling as she talked. "That body builder I showed you before? He could never give me a pose like this, the way those creases form across your stomach. When someone sees you, they see the kind of figure they recognize and understand, not some 'ideal' that they'd never see in real life."  
  
She showed me the sketches. I was impressed. The drawings were really good -- and didn't make me look like an out of shape middle-aged guy. The sketches didn't have enough detail to show facial features, so no one would recognize me anyway. As she flipped through them, she asked, "Do you want to continue?"  
  
"Sure. What do you want next?"  
  
"How about in this chair over here. Right, now bring your leg up under you." I stopped for a moment to kick off my sneakers, then tried to do as she asked. "That's great. Now, can you bring your other leg up like this?" She scribbled, little more than a stick figure, and showed me the pose she wanted.  
  
"Oof. I'll try." The position was a little scrunched up, but I managed something like it. Katie walked back and forth, moving lights and scrutinizing me. It felt odd to be stared at so closely, but she didn't seem to be looking at me, Jake, just at the pose. I was starting to see how models detached themselves.  
  
Katie frowned again. "Uhh ..." she started.  
  
"Mm? Is this what you wanted?"  
  
"Oh, never mind. This will work." She started sketching again, but without that intense look she had before.  
  
I spoke as I held the pose. "You were going to   
  
"Well, yes." The answer seemed tentative, incomplete.  
  
"Would it work better if I was nude?"  
  
"I couldn't ask that, I mean ..."  
  
"You're not asking, I'm offering. Will that make it easier for you?"  
  
"Well, yes, but you really don't have to. I mean -- "  
  
I tried to ignore the stirrings of an erection, hoping it would just go away. "If that's the way models work, I'll give it a try. As long as you don't laugh."  
  
"NO!" She seemed startled. "I mean, if you really want to, that would be great. And no, I would never laugh. It's good of you to do this for me." She pulled a folding screen from a corner. "You can change behind this."  
  
Why undressing in front of her was any different from being undressed, I'll never know -- it just is. She busied herself at the other end of the room while I stripped down behind the screen. My mother's warning about clean underwear came to mind, but my briefs were presentable enough. I skinned them off too, and hung them under the pants on a hook I found on the wall. I was really nervous at that point, but determined to go through with it. I walked back to the chair and got back into that pose, then called "I'm ready when you are."  
  
Katie came back over with her pad and looked me over carefully. I felt like a horse being examined at the state fair. "This is great. This makes it a lot easier to get all those muscles around the hip and knee. Could you open the pose up a little more, let some more light in?" She spread her arms a little to demonstrate. "And let me know if you get cold."  
  
I hadn't realized how hunched over I was, with some useless modest reflex trying to cover up. I convinced myself that she had seen it all before, even if I hadn't shown it all. I straightened up and let my knee fall to the side.   
  
"That's a lot better." For her maybe. I felt an unwelcome erection starting under her examination, and tried my hardest to ignore it. She had come over and was looking me over in detail. I don't know whether I was comforted or disappointed that she paid the same attention to my half-hard penis as to anything else; both, probably. "Could you tilt your head back? You have a great chin, I really want the shadows to bring out the form. More to the side." She reached a hand toward my face. "May I?"  
  
"Go ahead." I didn't know then that touching the model was usually off limits.  
  
She tilted my chin up a little. As soon as I felt her firm, cool fingers on my chin, I felt my erection continue inflating. The 'ignoring' strategy wasn't working, but it was all I had. Satisfied, Katie stepped back and lifted her pad again. I could still feel where her fingers had held my chin; that little bit of touch on my face was enough to raise my erection to its full height.  
  
Trying to move as little as possible, I said, "Sorry about this. Just ignore it and it will go away."  
  
"What?" Katie looked up. My erection bobbed when she did. "Oh. Well, it happens. Don't worry about it."   
  
She'd sketch for a few minutes, change my pose a little, and do another sketch. She conspicuously ignored my erection throughout, keeping it perfectly business-like, although I did notice it in the sketches she showed me. After about twenty minutes, she asked, "Do you want a ten minute break?"   
  
I hadn't realized how stiff I was getting, and was happy to stand up. My erection wasn't going away, so I faced away from her while I stretched.  
  
"Jake, you've got kind of a problem there, don't you."  
  
"Sorry about that. The thing has a mind of its own."  
  
"No, it's OK really. But, well, there's this one project I've had in the back of my mind for a while. Your -- ahh, condition would actually help me with it. I've never been able to ask my regular models to help. Would you turn around?"

Gritting my teeth, I turned to face her, erection pointing straight up towards her. I could feel myself blushing. Katie came and looked me over again, focusing on the center of my embarrassment. When she got beside me, she knelt down so her eye level was right at my crotch. "You're beautiful, you know that? Will it be OK? Are you OK with this?"  
  
In for a penny, I thought. "Sure. I mean, you don't have one of your own to work with, and mine's right here."  
  
I got to hear her bright laugh again. "You're right about that. As long as you're OK with it." She walked over to the couch. "Would you mind lying down here?"  
  
I did as she asked. Katie adjusted the lights again, pulled a chair up close, and started drawing my penis in its most upright state. She chattered, perhaps a little nervously, as she drew. I never thought of my genitals as a high point of male beauty, but Katie concentrated on them completely. I didn't hear much of what she said, but she seemed to appreciate the sight a lot more than I would ever have imagined. By this point, I was past embarrassment. It seemed almost surreal, to have this gorgeous young woman examining my erection in such detail, and just look. A small, clear droplet formed at the tip.  
  
"My god," she gasped, "that it so beautiful, a little jewel." Her hand reached out, but pulled back without touching. She just stared at it for a moment. The droplet started to fall; a long, clear strand guided it from my penis down to my stomach. It held her attention as if it were the first one on earth.   
  
After a moment, she moved to the far end of the couch, looking directly up between my legs. I knew in only a rough way what she was looking at. It's not a view I ever had of myself. "Could you open up a little more? Here, put one leg up here." She patted the back of the couch. All the attention my erection had gotten a few minutes ago, my balls now received -- looking but not touching. "Wow. Thank you so much. I really never realized how beautiful a guy's," she hesitated, deciding what word to use, "scrotum could be." The medical Latin helped keep it impersonal.  
  
A half hour and half-dozen sketches later, Katie closed her pad. She came over knelt down next to where I lay on the couch, and said "Thanks! That's something I would never have been comfortable bringing up with my regular models. You've given me a lot to work with."   
  
Then she leaned over and gave me a peck on the cheek. She sat back on her heels with a different look on her face, still staring intently at me. She set the pad down, then leaned toward me more slowly. It was a real kiss this time, slow and soft. I brought my hand up behind her head and held it while our lips brushed, and she laid a cool hand on my chest.   
  
She pulled back after a long moment and spoke quietly. "You know, when I draw something, when I pay that kind of attention, I really get involved with what I'm looking at." The hand on my chest moved down to my erection. "You're beautiful, you know that? This is beautiful. And holding it up for me all this time must have been uncomfortable. May I?"  
  
I was too stunned to answer coherently, so I just made some inarticulate noise deep in my throat. Her hand wrapped around my streaming erection, and I pulled her face towards mine again. Her kiss moved across my mouth, lips nibbling lips, touches of tongue-tip here and there. At the same time, her grip on my penis tightened and started long strokes along its length. Loose skin slid easily over the rigid core of my erection.  
  
Katie's attention moved down my throat to my chest, my hand still stroking the back of her neck. Her soft nibbles found one of my nipples, then tightened around a tiny peak. Looking down at her, I saw that a bra strap had slid off her shoulder, down her arm. I moved my hand down her back, then into the open armhole of the sleeveless shirt. When I felt a light scraping of teeth on my chest, I stiffened and my hips bucked upward under her grip.  
  
My body's innate rhythm started taking over, with my hips pumping upward as her hand pumped down. She sat back again, so that I had to withdraw my exploring touch, and her gaze locked with mine. Then I saw that another button or two had opened up on her shirt, showing the low rise of her breast leading up to the cup of a plain white bra. I reached into that opening and stroked high on her chest. My hand moved down, tracing the curve of her upper breast, then through the bra. I cupped it, awkwardly because of the angle, and felt a nub of nipple standing forward.  
  
My pre-come slickness spread over her hand, then her hand spread it back across my erection. I could feel my body build toward an orgasm; my head and shoulders already arched up off the couch. Katie cooed encouragement as my body tightened under her touch, and I caressed the soft curve of covered breast. Then, a moment before I registered what was happening, a smile of happy surprise spread over her face. She gripped with extra strength, just short of what could have been painful. I erupted in her grasp; a jet of semen shot up to my chest. Wave after wave of orgasm pulsed through me. Each one launched a new animal growl from deep in my chest, and a new strand of seed across my stomach. The waves slowly receded. I had nothing more to ejaculate, but my erection still pulsed in her grip. Eventually, even that quieted and I started to soften in her hand. I lay back, panting, too ecstatic to talk.  
  
Katie got up and came back with a roll of paper towels. She wiped up most of the white blobs, leaving only a sheen that I'd have to wash off later. Then she just sat there, one hand on my thigh and looking at me, apparently unsure what to say.  
  
I sat up against the arm of the sofa, one leg against the back of the couch and my other foot on the floor. Still naked, I patted the couch between my legs. "You come here," I invited. "I just want to hold you for a moment." The only way it worked was for her to lean back against me. I scooted her up so her head was almost in front of mine and wrapped my arms around her. She crossed her arms over mine and relaxed into me.  
  
One of my arms lay across the open midriff where her shirt was tied off, and I luxuriated in the feel of her skin against mine. I leaned down and nibbled an ear with its fringe of hair. She purred and stretched in my arms, like a cat being petted. I let my lips work along the rim of her ear, down to the lobe, then across her shoulder. One of my hands moved up to cup her breast, outside the shirt. Her hand over mine gave permission. I found the gumdrop nipple again, and clasped it in the 'V' between my thumb and hand.   
  
Katie continued her happy purring. I released soft curve, then toyed with the edge of her shirt, where open buttons exposed nearly half of each breast. Her hand still covered mine, and welcomed my exploration under her shirt. At the same time, fingertips of my other hand traced the waist of her cutoff shorts. I found a loose spot or two, where my fingers could reach in a little, but the shorts were too snug to allow my hand entry. Instead, I caressed her through the soft denim, and ran my touch along a smooth expanse of thigh. Her legs parted a little more, letting me know that this was OK, too.  
  
My other hand shifted again, high on her chest, and under the narrow shoulder strap. I slid my hand along the incredible softness of her breast, and under the edge of her bra. Katie gave a happy moan when I did, and rubbed the side of her face against mine.  
  
As I worked my hand deeper under the cup of her bra, I had a flashback. It must have been twenty years ago, when I was a clumsy teenager fondling the first girl who let me touch her breast. That was the first time I felt that, the stiffness of bra cup against the back of my hand and softness of breast against my palm. The clumsiness was gone, most of it, but the wonder of a woman allowing this first, discovering touch was just as fresh now as it was then.   
  
At the same time, my other hand played around the edges of her shorts and across the zipper. I massaged the curve of her mons through the heavy denim. I was kissing Katie's shoulder and looking down at the warm swell of her bust, when I saw her hand go to her shorts. She opened the button at the top of the fly, and I heard the zzt sound of the zipper. Then her hand went back on top of mine, usually following but occasionally nudging me toward the feeling she wanted most.  
  
My heart nearly stopped -- the moment had arrived for her, the one where she chose to go on wherever we were going. She had decided I was worth taking the chance, that she could trust me with her body. My fingers entered the open denim flaps, across the smooth skin of her belly. I massaged the pressure mark that tight clothing had left in her softness. Soon, I encountered the band of her underwear and ran my finger along it. Katie seemed not to be in any rush, so ran my hand across her mons, outside of the clean white cotton.  
  
The curves low on a woman's belly fascinate me. I traced the bulge of her mons with the flat of my hand, then found that tiny arch where the labia part. I pressed gently with the ball of my finger, feeling the perfect match of that roundness to her body's inward curve. Farther down my finger followed the split between her labia, held closed by the snug panty. Katie opened her legs to me and I reached farther down. The private spot low between her legs remained hidden from sight, under the shorts, but accessible to my touch. A warm, womanly scent rose from her opened shorts, clouding my mind almost like a whiff of opium. I let my hand continue mapping out the landscape between her thighs.  
  
My hand on her breast, in the mean time, cupped that handful of warmth inside her bra, its firm nub in the palm of my hand. The bra's constriction kept me nervous about pinching that delicate skin each time I shifted my hand. I withdrew, found the lower edge of her bra, and lifted it past her breast. I could never have done that with a heavier bust, but it snagged for only a moment as the seam lifted past her nipple. She shivered when it did, then settled back against my bare chest. Her breast, finally free, sank into its natural curve. I lifted it in my hand, and took her nipple between the tips of my thumb and finger.  
  
Down lower, I had started to trace the edges of her panty with my finger. A loose spot low between her legs allowed a small incursion of my skin against hers. I probed the soft, furry outside of her vulva briefly, then again from the other side. Every other part of that seam pulled too tightly against her to allow easy exploration. Up higher, I stroked her belly again, then started under the elastic waistband. It stretched easily to allow my hand, pressed flat against her mons.  
  
Her labia felt warm and pillowy, thickened by her body's response to my touch. I touched the crevice between them, not to enter but to feel their fullness. Up higher, near the top of her genital fold, I pressed with the flat of my hand. Deep underneath, against the firm bed of her pelvic bone, I felt that magical crease -- her clitoris, thick and high enough to feel even through the padding around it. Katie's breath came ragged as I massaged that softness, feeling the crease shifting under my touch. She writhed sensuously, in slow motion, as commands relayed outward from her clit to every part of her body.  
  
I moved the flat touch of my bunched fingers lower, to that deep softness at the lips that guard her vagina. Her body hadn't opened yet and I wouldn't rush it, but I pressed inward against her labia, drawing small circles of deep pressure around her body's opening. Katie had kept her hand on top of mine, even though hers was outside her shorts now and mine touched her skin. She pressed when I did; perhaps that gave her some deep, feminine sensation that I could only guess at. She didn't resist when my hand returned to the top of her vulva, though. Each special spot seemed hungry for touch of its own, and demanded attention by turns.  
  
Moving upward, I let my finger open her labia just a bit. Barely the first joint of my finger entered, opening without penetrating. My finger circled low, feeling a slickness begin to form, then anointed her inner folds. I returned to that low spot a few times, gathered the dew collecting within her body, and spread it upward. Katie's thighs had parted even more, opening her to me fully.   
  
At last, I rolled my finger in her body's balm, and smoothed it along the tiny shaft of her clitoris. Katie's breath stopped, her eyes fluttered closed, and her whole, strong body trembled around that one touch. This looked like too much, like I had pushed her body past where her excitement had taken her so far. I stopped where I was and pressed firmly, as I would if I accidentally tickled her. She didn't fully relax, but her body found its way back to the healthy tension of arousal. Once her breathing evened out a bit, I shifted my touch.   
  
Only that one finger sank between her labia. Keeping my touch light, I worked up along her clitoris, away from the tingling sensitivity of the tip. I rolled the tiny shaft side to side, and the tension deepened. Her hand on mine made some gesture I couldn't quite read, so I tried a different touch. Up and down the side of the clitoral ridge, one side then the other. This wasn't her either. I tried fast, light flicks at the back of the little crease. Her hand froze over mine, not holding tight but not allowing it to escape, either. Her shoulders pulled together and one leg stretched out straight, toes pointed.   
  
Katie's breathing got ragged as her hips sank deep into the cushions, then let out with a rush as she relaxed. Her hips pressed deep again, as I continued that tiny, fast touch, and worked into a steady, slow rhythm. Her eyes hadn't reopened; only touch mattered in her world now. The tempo of commands from her sex to her rocking hips seemed not to change as her orgasm loomed closer. Instead, each silent command spoke more loudly to her body, and longer, and with less respite between.   
  
At some point, there was no respite. The orders that held her body taut never let her go. Each new command came before echoes of the one before had died away, and called even more insistently to her inner ear. At that point, I let my touch turn firm. I gripped her nipple more tightly than I would have dared earlier, and whispered her name over and over, with occasional lovers' nonsense mixed in. She wrapped her arms around my arm, clutching me so tightly my elbow started to warn me about the pressure. As long as her body kept responding, I would be there for her. It kept responding, and responding, and responding. Her orgasm seemed like it would go on forever.  
  
The waves receded after a while, and I lightened my touch again. Aftershocks came at irregular intervals, and I teased each one to extra height. Gradually, they came smaller and less often, until they were lost in the tremors of her body regaining control. I still held, though. Some little core of tension seemed to remain. I pressed her clitoris with firm, even pressure -- not to excite, but not to let excitement end, either.  
  
Katie's eyes opened and blinked, and she unwound herself from around my arm. She looked up, over her shoulder, into my eyes, and pulled me down for a flurry of wet, imprecise kisses. When she could speak again, her husky voice rasped, "That was incredible."  
  
I smiled and asked, "What do you mean, 'was'?" My fingers on her clitoris started again, this time stroking its ringing tip. Katie's smile froze, her breath locked in her throat, and she gripped my arm again. I backed off for a moment, so she could catch her breath, then rubbed her clitoris again. She rode my hand, again and again, to quick, sharp heights. After a while, her breath took on a sound that told me more would be too much. I just held her as the last orgasm unwillingly released her back to the real world. I softened my touch by stages and withdrew. I hugged her close, feeling her bra bunching oddly under my arms.  
  
There was almost an edge of happy tear in her voice when she tried to speak again. "Jake, that was ..." Words failed her. She hugged her arms tight around mine and rocked between my bare legs.  
  
"I saw what it was. I held it in my arms. Katie, I have never seen a woman come like that before. Don't even try to say it. It was -- you were the hottest thing I could ever imagine, if I could imagine that much."  
  
"Jake, thanks."  
  
"No, thank you Katie, for letting me be a part of that."  
  
There was a little post-coital awkwardness as we put ourselves back together. I didn't bother with the screen as I got my clothes on; Katie didn't bother to hide the adjustments that put her clothes back in order. I stopped her, once, to kiss her nipple goodbye before her bra concealed it again. She laughed that sparkling laugh again, and indulged me. ---- Writing my review of the gallery opening took four times longer than a piece that length ought to. Memories of her shattering series of orgasms kept coming back to me, and I kept having to push them away from the keyboard. Katie emailed a grateful message when my enthusiastic review came out. We exchanged a few more messages, but busy schedules made it impossible to get together again.  
  
Then she sent another email, a week later, inviting me down to the studio to see a new painting. She met me at the studio building door, wearing that dress with the flippy little skirt and those sandals with complex laces again. I discovered a matching panty under the short skirt as she led me up the stairs (a built-in panty, I later found out), and just managed to keep myself from grabbing her right there. Her working easel stood in the center of the room, holding a large canvas with cover apparently made from an old sheet.  
  
She stood next to the covered canvas, as bubbly and eager as she had been at the opening. "I though about what you told me, 'Don't even try to say it'. You're right, you know. I'm not a words person. I'm a visual person. Here's how I had to say it."  
  
Katie tugged the cover down, and the painting stood revealed. The dense imagery took me a moment, but I made out a ghostly figure of a seated woman, head thrown back, seemingly illuminated from within by a brilliant flame low in her belly. As I looked closer, the taut muscles in her abdomen suggested an orgasm about to burst within her. Behind her, shifting figures filled a twilit background. None of the background figures ever became clear enough to identify clearly. The seemed to twine together, though, in a complex and continuing chain of bodies intimately coupled. Nothing in it was clear enough to be explicitly sexual, but my erection was already out of control.  
  
Katie stood next to me while I took it all in. After a while, I realized that her hand had settled lightly on my erection. "You like it?" she asked, like a little girl looking for approval.  
  
"My god, it's perfect. You said it perfectly."   
  
She turned me toward her, threw her arms around my neck, and gave me a huge, sloppy kiss. Then she hopped up and wrapped her legs around my waist, still hanging from my neck. I cupped her beautiful bottom to support her weight, staggered over to the couch, and almost fell on top of her when I set her down.   
  
And you know what? It's amazing how easily that dress with the little flippy skirt comes off.