**The Artist**

by[FlirtandTease](https://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=5278435&page=submissions)©

**The Artist Pt. 01**

Work at the gallery was fun. She liked meeting creative people and the people that loved art. The rich ones that just wanted to look cool, she could do without, but hey, it paid the bills. All in all, it was an okay job.  
  
There was a new artist bringing work to the gallery today. She hadn't heard of him, but she would let the art speak for itself. The day passed normally and right after lunch her assistant let her know he was there.  
  
"Hi!" He confidently approached her and gave her a kiss on both cheeks. Hmm, European, works out, great eyes, she started doing a mental appraisal on him from the limited clues she had. Awesome suit.  
  
"I'm so glad to see you and I'm happy you chose our gallery." It was unusual that he told her this was the only gallery in town he was considering. Usually artists try to act like everyone in town is clamoring for their work.  
  
While he set up his work, she closed her eyes. She wanted to see them up on the easels in the viewing room so she caught their full effect.  
  
"They are ready."  
  
She looked up and was impressed. Modern, with large streaks of color that blended together to somehow be almost impressionistic, but less hazy, almost cubist.  
  
"The colors are all from natural sources, fruits, berries, bark, roots, etc... You could eat the whole thing if you got hungry enough." He smiled. Wow, nice teeth too.  
  
"The subjects are scenes from nature but the paintings contrast the differences between how man perceives them today and the way they were seen in the past. Today men approach nature with a "What can I take from this" attitude where as before it has always been "Thank you for giving to us."  
  
"I make my own paper and I use my body to apply the colors. Each work is literally my path, my interaction with that bit of nature." Hmm, he said body, not hands. She couldn't help herself as she imagined the streaks of color and how they might have been applied. Broad stripes, vivid patches. No way.  
  
Maybe?  
  
They quickly made an agreement for her to show them for a limited time and see what kind of response they received. He also invited her to his studio to see the process. She was curious how he made the pigments and the paper, so she agreed.  
  
That evening, she went to his studio, and he welcomed her in. His studio was very clean, not at all the spattered mess she saw in most artists studios. His was nicely appointed with elegant furniture in the waiting areas and you could tell a great deal of money had been spent decorating his loft. Hmm, someone must appreciate his art to fund this lifestyle.  
  
He took her into the studio area and she saw a large walk-in refrigerator filled with dozens of clear containers in various sizes. He opened the door and removed a container of blueberries. He removed one and held it to her mouth. Mmm, they were very ripe and sweet. It gave her pussy a tingle to eat from his hand.  
  
He showed her fresh strawberries, kiwi, cantaloupes, and with each of them, fed her a sample. They mashed and strained them and set them out to warm to room temperature. The process was fascinating and she quickly became comfortable with him.  
  
He sat her down at the easel and let her try his "paints". She gingerly traced a few lines with her index finger. She heard and sensed him draw closer behind her. His body lightly brushed her back. He leaned down to speak over her shoulder and she could smell the exotic flavor of his cologne. It was just right, not overwhelming, but enough to pique your interest. Ooh, her interest was piqued, she grinned.  
  
He encouraged her to be bold and reached around to guide her hands. He reached into the slightly warm goo of color and made a stripe with her. His large hands were tanned and contrasted with her paler skin. Of course now, they both were covered in blueberry paint and it felt oddly erotic. She felt his muscled chest press against her back and she leaned back into him unconsciously. Their hands began to work as a duet, dancing across the canvas, plunging into new hues, and blending together into new ones.  
  
The experience overwhelmed her and she turned in his arms and crushed her lips to his. Their hands were covered with "paint" and it quickly spread all over them. Their shared experience in painting had exploded into a desire to share more.  
  
Their clothes were quickly removed and a new canvas was revealed. He made faint pink stripes with a strawberry over her body and down her long legs. Slices of kiwi were squeezed onto her, running in sweet streams down her sides. She painted him in turn. They admired their creations briefly before they blended them together into something new. Their focus was on the creation of the art, not the art.  
  
This was a temporary work of art that she didn't intend to create, but they both knew it was one that would be painted many times in the future.  
  
-Next Day-  
  
She woke to the smells of breakfast. Oh dammit, she had fallen asleep at his place. Now it's going to be all weird.  
  
Her fears were baseless as he was nowhere to be found. The still-warm something was covered in a nice linen and waiting on her in the kitchen. A rose was on her plate and a nicely written note was folded nearby.  
  
"You looked too beautiful to disturb so I let you rest. I look forward to seeing you again." His handwriting was very clear. What a surprise, one more thing he does well.  
  
She took one of the flaky croissants from under the covering and walked around his loft. He had plenty of work in progress and she was doubly excited at his professional possibilities. This was very good. It showed his sensitivity but in such a strong way. That kind of dichotomy was beginning to look like his trademark in everything he did. Memories of last night echoed through her mind. Yes, he was certainly in control of his technique.  
  
One quick look at her watch told her she had tarried long enough. She would have to wear the same clothes to work today. She ran through a very short list of possible explanations. Like any explanation other that "I had sex all night and barely hauled my ass to work" was going to be believed.  
  
Her mind reminisced about their night and the day passed quickly. When lunch approached, she was surprised to find a messenger at the gallery with a beautiful package. All eyes were on her as she opened it and found a container of fresh blueberries. Her blush wasn't understood by anyone there, but they knew it had a meaning to her. When she left their sight, she savored the taste of each one and licked the juice from her fingers.  
  
At the days end, every brain cell was saying "Stay away, be cool." Every emotion was saying "Run to him." She soon found herself on his doorstep.  
  
The door was open. "Expecting someone?" she sarcastically asked.  
  
His deep brown eyes met hers. It was different than how she had looked into them last night. Last night she was a visitor. Tonight she was home. He took her hand and led her to the studio.  
  
The "paints" were ready but there was no canvas. She found out that she was to be the art tonight. Tonight their art would be more deliberate. Sweet, sticky, aromatic juices were everywhere. He slowly undressed her and led her to a prepared area in the middle of his studio. He blindfolded her.  
  
A shudder ran through her body when she felt his first touch. Something warm, traced along her shoulders making wide arcs extending down her side, a hand? Lips?  
  
Something dotted her backbone from top to bottom. Something soft, this must be his lips? She imagined the colors he was using, the intensity of the hues, the saturation. How many layers of color on color would he use? Where would he use them?  
  
Something under her chin- too brief to tell. Something slightly rough, soft, large, oh, how hard it was to tell using only her sense of touch, of being touched. Was it his hair? Their art went on until she thought she could take it no longer.  
  
Something hard and warm. Mmm, this one she knew. Was she getting better at identifying his artistic "tools" or was he making it obvious for her?  
  
She felt the blindfold being lifted gently from her head. He was naked along with her and she saw the harlequin splashes of color on his body and the matching areas on her own. Artistic interest wasn't her first thought. Nor was it her second.  
  
She looked to the side and saw the camera that was pointed at her. On the huge video screen next to it she could see the scene he recorded. She watched herself being led into the studio and the tantalizing process she had enjoyed.  
  
He told her she could have a copy of the tape or destroy it, but he hoped he could keep one. If an artist can create beauty on a blank canvas, how much more so when he begins with such a beautiful canvas as her? After they had watched the whole creation, he began to remove the paint from her body with kisses and licks.  
  
It didn't take much for her to cum when he turned his attention to her clit. She had endured more than enough foreplay to make her ready.  
  
She caught her breath then smiled. It was her turn to be the artist and his to be the canvas.  
  
She began by rubbing her hands along his body. It was hardly an artistic effect, but she longed to feel him. His body was lightly tanned, the kind of tan you get when you enjoy being outside, not the kind you get from sitting in a box. It was one more way he was all about natural coloring.  
  
Darker here, smooth there, a muscle here, a small scar or scratch there. She took inventory of her canvas. She must know it perfectly before she made her art. Turning him around, she explored further.  
  
She knelt down in front of him and traced a line down his thighs with her cheek. The small hairs brushed against her. She planted little kisses on them, breathing deeply. Rubbing her shoulders against his shins, just delighting in the unusual combinations of textures and sensations. Touching her breasts to the tops of his feet.  
  
Could he tell what she was doing? She thought back to her own blindfolded experience and the titillation she had received at the mysterious touches.  
  
"I'll be right back." she said to him.  
  
She took the remainder of several of the purees they had prepared and microwaved a couple until they were very warm. A few she put in the freezer to rapidly cool.  
  
She delighted at the way his body tensed when he felt the first drops of hot juice hitting his skin. She had tested it with her finger and it was right at the limit of what would be bearable. The vivid color of the pomegranate juice stained his back. She knew how it tickled when it ran like that. Each millimeter of movement set the nerves of her body to jingling. She saw his toes curl and knew that he was feeling that same thing.  
  
Dipping both hands in another container, she thickly coated his chest. The sticky juice clumped to his hairs and they stood up stiffly. Her fingernails traced patterns in it. Tiny detailed patterns started to show. She would wipe areas clean, lick other areas, blend juices.  
  
This time she was more deliberate in the art she created but again she enjoyed the creating much more than the creation. She swallowed every drop of his hot cum when it was time for the cleanup. She liked to think it painted her throat.  
  
It had been a long four days. He had left town for a business trip and had not called. She tried not to be jealous as it was insane to imagine ownership of him, but their time together had been so intense, it magnified the duration in her mind.  
  
Lately she found herself powerfully aroused at the fruity smell of a drink or a fragrant whiff of a flower. He had added a whole new dimension to her repertoire of sensory stimuli. She laughed as she wondered who else got rock hard nipples when they drank a smoothie? The guys at the drink store really seemed to appreciate her new experience as well. Her tongue sought out the straw and she gave it another sip, Hell, let 'em watch. It only made her nipples harder.  
  
Her eyes closed and a shiver ran through her. Much more than a cold chill, this was bone deep. She longed to touch herself and give some peace to her sensation-riddled body. As her body shifted, the slide of the fabric across her breasts set her teeth on edge. He needs to get home fast!  
  
-A few days later-  
  
"Come by my house tonight and bring something dark to wear to work tomorrow. Better bring a jacket to wear also."  
  
Was he taking her somewhere cold? She didn't even address the way he had just told her what to do, assuming his wish was her command or something, she was too excited at hearing from him. The hours seemed to drag along until she could finally close the gallery and run home for a change of clothes.  
  
When she arrived, the door was open, as was his habit. She loved the mystery of walking silently into his loft awaiting her discovery. What would she find tonight?  
  
Tonight, she found a large inflatable swimming pool filled 6 inches deep with raspberries. He stood behind it in a white terry cloth robe. He was glad to see her, she could tell.  
  
She ran to him and they kissed deeply. Her hands tried to tear the robe from him but he gently parried her. "To the berries."  
  
He eased behind her and began to undress her. She leaned her head back against him and felt him take charge. She could undressed in 10 seconds the way she was feeling but he was in no hurry.  
  
When she was completely naked, he turned her to face him. Her hands went into the folds of his robe and separated it. She saw his athletic body just as it had been in her dreams the last few days. Hard, tanned, and quivering erect.  
  
He picked her up and stepped into the pool. His steps liberated the scent from the berries and it began to fill the room. He gently lowered her into the soft cool berries and she felt them squish underneath her. Some rolled aside, but most squirted their juices onto her. It was a fruit bukkake as they coated her in wetness.  
  
As he lay beside her, she rolled over to kiss him again. The room was warm and the smell of the fruit was heady. Her breasts crushed against him and she wrapped a leg over him. Everywhere was the sound and smell of raspberries.  
  
"Don't touch our necks or faces."  
  
It was a simple enough rule. One she didn't question.  
  
When he touched her, it was with a purple raspberry-stained hand that left a trail everywhere it went. Gone was the artistic rendering from before, this was passion. She grasped him and loved the feel of her slick, sweet, juice-coated body against his hardness. Her hand slipped and slided with just the right amount of control.  
  
They rolled and writhed until they were purple from head to toe. Their lovemaking was hard and demanding the first time. The second time was lingering and slow. Raspberries oozed between her toes as she curled them into tight balls.  
  
Dessert was exquisite.  
  
When their lusts were sated, they stepped from the pool and left their marks on a few canvasses. She couldn't wait to hang these in the gallery and see strangers look at them wondering at the technique. How could the artist make these thick long brush strokes or these large round patches? Oh, they were going to enjoy their secret techniques!  
  
After the art, she went toward the shower. He called to her and she turned. "It's already stained pretty deeply. You'd have to scrub yourself raw to get it off in a hurry." She wondered what he was suggesting.  
  
"Wear it to work under your clothes."  
  
Now she knew why he had suggested she bring the dark clothes- so people wouldn't see purple cleavage showing under her white blouse tomorrow. She would take his dare and be a secret Smurf tomorrow. After all, he was going to be purple tomorrow also.  
  
"The good news is you won't need any perfume either." She smiled.  
  
Their days had been filled with experimentation and variations on these themes. He was wonderfully creative and sensitive. He could spend 30 minutes licking her breasts. First long slow licks, then overlapping circles, tiny little dots, his repertoire of techniques was amazing. He took note of which ones she particularly liked and would come back to them. She loved him for caring about her when he was lost so deeply in his experiences with her. She wasn't just art to him, she was the reason for his art.  
  
He asked her to keep the next three nights available but didn't bother to tell her why. He wasn't inconsiderate, he just loved surprising and delighting her. She hoped her enthusiastic response and creativity had been appreciated by him as well.  
  
She had not only kept her copy of the recording he did, but she had encouraged him to make more. She enjoyed the amazing sex they had, but she also felt like he might truly be one of America's new great artists, and anything he painted needed to be preserved. If it was an hour long film of him slowly dropping warm caramel on her breasts, then so be it. That had been an especially erotic night for her. He took a tantalizingly long time adding drop upon drop of the sweet sticky caramel to her boobs and was delighted when he lifted the hardened mass off in one piece.  
  
She had been expecting sex but when she saw the perfect cast of her breasts, she was fascinated and watched as he inverted them into beautiful bowls that he filled with ice cream and topped with cherries. They looked like tanned boobs on one side and pale white boobs on the other. "Do you want to taste your nipples?" he asked her.  
  
Her face lowered down to them and her lips parted. She gently picked the cherry up with only her lips and squeezed it. She was rewarded by a little dribble of the bright red juice that ran down her full lips. He licked it up for her. They shared her nipples that way.  
  
It was so interesting to see the exact size and shape of her breasts. They made nice little cups. I'm going to have to make a hot dog plate, she thought wickedly. I wonder what I could use?  
  
She replayed all these thoughts and was very warm when she got to his studio. Her time with him was precious to her. He was a very thorough lover.  
  
Tonight she saw he had buckets of an unfamiliar grey substance arranged in a semi-circle. She tried to visually identify them, then leaned low for a sniff. Nothing, now she felt it. Very thick and gritty. Hmm, now a taste. Nothing. Puzzled, she finally turned to him for an explanation.  
  
As usual, his explanation consisted of removing her clothes and kissing her. Oh well, she could live with that answer.  
  
"Stay very still." She took his command to heart and stayed motionless. She had modeled for art classes and a few artists before, so it wasn't that unusual a request. He reached into the bucket and filled his hand with the grey paste and spread it across her buttocks. That was a particularly sensitive spot for her and he knew that.  
  
Her eyes glanced around and she was rewarded to see the familiar cameras recording their every move. Another handful went across the small of her back, then to her sides. She felt it clinging heavily to her body. He was applying a very thick layer of it. He worked on her back and then circled around her to begin the front.  
  
As he knelt in front of her, he kissed her gently between the legs. The temptation to change her position or spread her legs evenly slightly was overwhelming. He smiled up at her and saw her determination. She didn't mind, she knew her patience would be rewarded. One thing she never had to worry about with him was being left wanting.  
  
It tickled in some places- between her toes, behind her knees, under her arms, and others. She was surprised at the weight of it on her. Looking into the mirror, she could see he was making a statue of her, a living statue.  
  
He was very careful with her face applying the thick coating evenly and with a purpose. He cleared two little nose holes for her to breath through and left.  
  
He returned soon with a hair drier that she knew by it's sound and of course the familiar heat. He was careful not to let any spot get too hot but soon she could feel her covering hardening. She could feel his touch as he lightly traced areas on her, muttering to himself. "Yes, that's quite nice. Hmm, maybe a little thinner material here." and otherwise critiquing his technique.

She heard the click and whir of a camera as he recorded his work for later study. "Ok, now you can move. It should come off with just a little movement, but it might be a little scratchy."  
  
She balled her fists first thing to remove the stoney covering from them. With just a few crunching movements, they were relatively clean and she ran her hand up and down her body. It felt oddly cold. It's weird to have your body feel like it's stone instead of warm soft flesh. Her breasts had tiny rock nipples that were captured nicely. It wasn't the first time he'd seen her nipples that hard though.  
  
Little by little her body began to shed it's shell. He watched fascinated from her side. "It's like watching a butterfly being born. You're the worlds most beautiful butterfly..." Taking a cue from him, she elaborated on her butterfly-like movements. She stretched her limbs in a way that seemed right. She licked her arms and shoulders in a cleaning way she thought a butterfly would. Then she began to wave her arms in flight. He was delighted with her play and soon joined her.  
  
The male butterfly flew in big circles around her, surveying the scene. Now he swept in closer and began to display his plumage to her. Neither of them had any idea how butterflies mated or courted, but they had the feeling they could get the jist of it. She thought of the magnificent ladies in the Erte paintings who looked like such tall slender butterflies in regal kimonos. Now she was one.  
  
Their lovemaking was unusual as it was wordless this time. The act transcended their physical or emotional needs and included their artistic desire to make something beautiful. They were the two most beautiful butterflies in the world mating in an involved ritual that would produce hundreds of beautiful artistic eggs to carry on their art. Soon the world would be filled with beautiful reminders of the love they shared. It would be a delight to thousands who observed them.  
  
After she was thoroughly loved and cleaned up, he broke the silence. "I'm having a party at the house in two days, and I'd like to have you as my masterpiece. I learned a few things tonight and I'd love to try again tomorrow, and by the next day, we should be able to make a perfect living statue for everyone to see.  
  
The thought of standing naked in front of his friends, even covered with this cement-like stuff, was intimidating. She would never say no to him, but it was going to be hard to stand still that long. When she asked him how long the party would be, he picked up on her concerns. "We'll unveil the statue in the middle of the party and only have you on display for 20 minutes or so. Then, you can crack it off yourself, grab a quick shower and join the party and hear all the comments about how beautiful you looked."  
  
That thought was the clincher. It would be the ultimate in voyeurism. Luckily she was in pretty good shape, she wouldn't want to hear about her big belly all night.  
  
"Sounds fun." she smiled and agreed. He returned her smile. They were both looking forward to tomorrows "practice." They laughed about the impromptu X-rated discovery channel movie they made tonight. He told her he was fascinated by her quick mind and how she had actually become a butterfly for him. He was already thinking of another analogy to use tomorrow and see what she came up with. He decided it was better to wait until the moment and see what was in his mind.  
  
-The next night-  
  
She was on pins and needles watching the clock make snail-like progress. She had a hard time focusing on work that day but luckily traffic was light and she didn't have many people break into her fantasies.  
  
When she walked through his open door, she saw him busily making buckets of the wheat paste. Well, she saw bags of wheat laying around so she assumed that was a big part of it at least. Whatever it was, it smelled earthy and good. He could probably sell this as a spa treatment. Immediately she grew jealous thinking of some rich old ladies getting HER treatment and enjoying the sensual way he layered it on. No, there was no way she would suggest this to him. She wouldn't share him.  
  
He laughed good-naturedly when he turned around and saw her stripping. "Anxious, my love?" If she wasn't so comfortable with him, she would have blushed, but she didn't mind him knowing how much she desired him. "Yes, always."  
  
That would pretty much be her answer to him on everything- always "Yes".  
  
"I'm going to try something a little different to make it easier to remove. Let's try a coat of this cocoa butter first." He had several containers of the golden waxy substance. It melted at body temperature, so it was very very fun to apply. He would scoop out a tablespoon or so, rub it between his hands and watch it instantly turn into a shiny, wonderful-smelling oil.  
  
The rubbing warmed his hands up so the cocoa butter was very sensual to apply. When he coated her back and started on her buttocks, it was all she could do not to turn around and attack him. She spread her legs slightly giving him access to her entirely.  
  
He paused. The powerful erotic nature of the application was working on him too. She could imagine him debating with himself. "If I continue, it's going to be at least a couple of hours until I can make love to her. If I stop now, it's going to be at least a couple of hours until I can start again."  
  
She saved him from his torment by softly saying, "Keep going, we have all night."  
  
Nodding to himself, he continued. Slipping a greased finger between her butt cheeks, he applied a line of the warm oil there. He reached lightly between her legs and took extra care there. It was nearly the end for both of them. He continued on with her legs and turned to face her.  
  
Now that she could watch him do the work, and he could watch her reaction, they both shared their heightened expectations. Desire was plainly written on both their faces. She knew when this was finished, he would have another coat of the heavier thick paste to apply. When they finally removed this all at the end of the night, she was going to be desperate.  
  
Her breath caught as he began working up the front of her legs. The practical purpose was long lost on them and this was completely foreplay. The oil coated his hands and they slid so smoothly upward. She was fighting little tremors that threatened to shake her body in lusty anticipation. Now, with his hands on her thighs, she exhaled. It wouldn't be long now.  
  
His first swipes went above and around her pubic hair. He was delaying her most sensitive spot. Instead, his hands went upward underneath her breasts. They slid so smoothly and the intoxicating aroma of the luxurious and rich cocoa butter was heady in the room. When he lifted her breasts and cupped them in his hands, she was in heaven. As if he knew they both were on the brink of their will power, he did not linger too long there. Upward to her shoulders, neck, and face and they were done. He placed her hair in a shower cap and she was ready.  
  
Oh, was there a spot he missed? He smiled devilishly at her un-asked question. Placing his hands on her knees, he spread her legs apart a little more. No cocoa butter this time, he leaned his face close and kissed her there. Her hands lovingly touched his head and she leaned into him. Oh, she needed this.  
  
He was a magician with his tongue and fingers, capitalizing on her already almost-there state. His face was soon coated with oil from her thighs and was soft against her. She didn't need much before her body thrummed in a wonderful response to his loving. It was a soft, gentle orgasm that he gave to her. A promise. An appetizer.  
  
As he stood, she saw the erection he was enduring. Oh baby, let me take care of that for you, she silently thought. He pulled away from her reach, gently. He knew another one would quickly replace it, even were she to love him with her mouth. Instead, he turned for the first bucket of his statue-making goo.  
  
He mixed it thicker and drier this time, learning from the previous batch and compensating for the slick cocoa butter. It went on well and soon she stood "curing." She wanted to put her hands in the goo and cover him or at least one part of him. She couldn't move but there was no need for it, he was already hard as rock.  
  
They had the mixture and technique perfected. Now, they were ready for tomorrow's live exhibit.

**The Artist Pt. 02**

Their exhibition was finally here. She was so excited about pulling off their hoax. She could just hear them talking. "She's so lifelike. She's so beautiful. Exquisite." It would be hard to keep from grinning.  
  
She took off a little early from work, partly because she thought she might need the extra time and partly because she couldn't stop fidgeting and pacing. She wasn't getting anything done and was bothering the rest of the people.  
  
Oh damn, did we leave enough time for some sex? Fuck, how could I forget about that? It turned out that they both decided it would be better to go ahead and get started on the work, but that afterwards, they would more than make up for it.  
  
He had prepared a lovely base for her to stand on and they soon proceeded to "sculpt" her. The work went smoothly, thanks to their earlier practice, and she looked perfect. Posed on her perch with her eyes looking up, her hands outstretched and legs slightly parted, she was the absolute picture of womanhood. He went about preparing the rest of the work and making sure the caterers and others were done. He didn't have to wait long. There was an early knock at the door.  
  
He hastily pulled the curtains closed around his masterpiece. He would wait until everyone was here and ready for his grand unveiling. People milled around enjoying his other works and networking with the local art scene.  
  
There were now about 15 people in his studio and he was working the room greeting and chatting with everyone. What he didn't know was that there was a 16th person in the studio.  
  
Pierre was jealous of him. He always had been. His style was a cheap imitation without the underlying connection to the work. It was just paint on a board. He was connected to a couple of well-to-do local collectors who had no idea what good art was. They had fallen for his song and dance about his work and they sung his praises, much to the chagrin of the local scene. When anyone tried to tell them he wasn't good, they just defended him all the more. If they admitted they made a mistake, then they'd look like fools, so they kept buying and had actually driven the price of his work up.  
  
Trace hated the attention this showing was getting. He had to get a look at this "masterpiece" he'd heard so much about. He hung around the edges of the group until he saw his chance and poof, he was behind the curtain.  
  
Ohh. Even as prepared as he was to hate it, he couldn't help but be enamored with this piece. It was beautiful. It was beyond beautiful. What material is this? What was his technique?  
  
Breaking the cardinal rule of art, he stepped closer to touch the sculpture.  
  
Trailing his fingers along the wonderful lines of the stomach, Trace felt the attention to detail under his fingers. Wonderful. Absolutely wonderful. Her buttocks were curved exactly like a young woman's. His hand felt the curves and marveled.  
  
Inside the statue, Kelli was panicked. What should I do? Could he break part of the covering away? Should she say something? Scream?  
  
Trace continued his examination. With a hasty look around to assure that he wasn't being watched, he raised his hand to those perfect breasts. This kind of realism was beyond him, it was beyond anyone that he knew. How could he make a curve like this so natural with no tool marks of any kind? Both hands went to her breasts, he was enjoying more than just artistic curiosity now.  
  
Damn, I'd love to have one of these at the house just to feel. He imagined himself dressing her up and walking confidently past her while he was naked. He reached down and cupped himself. "You want this baby? You know you do." he said in a whisper.  
  
Inside, her terror stepped up a notch, he was talking to her. How had he found out? What does he want her to say or do? Luckily, her indecision played in her favor because he only waited a little while for the answer to his rhetorical question before he went on.  
  
"Yeah, if you were real I'd give you some of this. I'd reach up and play with those titties all day long too." Now he stood behind her and his dirty hands were back on her breasts. If he messes me up, she thought, I'll kick his ass, let alone what her lover might do.  
  
"I'd have to get a flexible model because I'd want you to be able to bend over." His hands gripped her hips and she felt him pressing against her from behind. What a weasel to hump a statue! Luckily, the cement was thick enough she couldn't feel everything he was doing, but she felt enough to know.  
  
He finished his rude examination as she knew he would, a finger between her legs. Oh, she was going to kick his ass when this day was over. She would never forget his rude comments and freaky behavior. She was just glad he hadn't started licking her. He wouldn't waste any time getting to that if he did ever get his own statue, she knew. The idea of a grown man licking a big doll was about as creepy as it got.  
  
Well, the feel-up session was over. He peeked through the curtain and left. She was relieved. Having Chester the Molester feel her up had been gross, but having 30 strangers stare at her was exciting. She thought of the thrill she received when she modeled for artists before, but it was going to be nothing like this. When she modeled, they tried to act like they didn't see her as a human, just a thing they were painting. Here, they were all going to be staring, staring long and hard, right at her. Every eye in the place would boldly examine her breasts.  
  
Whispered voices would say "Look at her nipples, they're perfect. Look at her butt." She couldn't wait for her exhibitionist and voyeuristic fun. How often do you get to watch and be watched with no one knowing?  
  
Well, one man knew and he was gonna get his tonight. He was gonna have a full night ahead of him.  
  
She wondered what kinds of fruits the caterers had brought...  
  
It had to be close to time for her unveiling. It was hard to keep track of time in here, but soon she'd finally be able to hear the comments she had been waiting for. She didn't have to wait long.  
  
She heard the curtains rustle- "Okay, my dear, It's time they saw my newest masterpiece." She couldn't respond, but he knew she was ready. The curtains rustled again and he was gone.  
  
"Okay people, it's time. If you'll all gather here by me, I'd like to show you something I'm extremely proud of. Without any further ado, please enjoy..."Number Four!"  
  
She hadn't even discussed what she was going to be called, but "Number Four" was interesting. She imagined all the humorous or artsy connotations it might have. She didn't consider it long though, all her attention soon went to the collective gasp and conversations that soon swarmed over her.  
  
"Oh, she's perfect." "She's beautiful." "Ahhhh" and much quieter "Look at those knockers..." followed by a muted slap. A wife's playful response to an overly appreciative husband, no doubt. That really turned her on.  
  
She wondered if it was anyone she knew. She had no doubt they all had taken a turn staring at her breasts and then down to her perfectly formed labia, and every spot in between. She felt like she was preening for them even while she was immobile like this.  
  
The faint shuffle of feet told her she was being examined from every angle. She hoped her butt looked good. Too late it pull it up now. How many of these men and women were fighting the urge to touch her right now. She felt a tell-tale tingle between her legs. She was getting so wet. Ooh, she had a wicked thought- Next time she's going to have to have him encase her with a remote control vibrator. It would be so awesome to have an orgasm while unable to move and while everyone watched unknowingly. She wasn't sure she could stay quiet for that though. It would be pretty shocking to hear a throaty moan erupt out of the sculpture, heh.  
  
"And now, Ladies and Gentlemen, feel free to touch the work."  
  
This was a shock and a thrill. Yes, everyone come run their hands over me. But quickly, it's going to make me even hotter and then I'm gonna need relief.  
  
The sensations were muted but her heightened imagination made up for the lack. Soft thumps that she knew were hands roamed her body. She imagined warmth coming through the hard coating as their body heat mingled with hers. The daring felt her face, her boobs, her ass. One slipped a finger between her legs. How many more were restrained by some inner propriety that wouldn't allow them to fondle her, but were desperate for a caress?  
  
Her pulse was dizzying. Would it be possible to have an orgasm just by thinking? She felt like she was close. Yes, yes, everyone touch my nipples. Feel the smooth curve of my breasts and imagine them free of this casing and reveling in your touch. Imagine me, not bound in this stony shell, but warm and soft and submissive, letting you freely explore my body as you will.  
  
"And now, we stop." There was another collective sigh as he pronounced the showing over. It was maddening for everyone. It had only been 10 or 15 minutes, and it seemed everyone was working up to a fever pitch. She imagined the number of hard-ons she had caused, the number of wet women. There was going to be some hot sex tonight across town. And all of them thinking of her.  
  
It took another 30 minutes for the sounds to die out and what she imagined was the last person leaving. The curtain opened again and she knew he stood in front of her.  
  
"Isn't she lovely?"  
  
Oh crap, there must be someone still here with him. She had nearly ruined everything and spoken.  
  
"Oh yes, she's wonderful." A female voice answered. "I was the first to reach up and touch her breasts and of course the crowd followed anxiously after that. I really felt like a riot was going to break out when you stopped the viewing."  
  
Male voice: "Whew, it was hot in here, wasn't it? I saw Sylvia slide a finger between her ass cheeks and I knew she was fulfilling a fantasy she's considered a thousand times. She was dying for that to be a real woman in front of her."  
  
Female voice: "Oh I know, she's so uptight. Maybe I'll do a little teasing for her sometime and watch her squirm uncomfortably."  
  
Male voice: "Mmmm, you're such a minx."  
  
Was that the sound of a soft kiss? Had he just kissed the girls neck or cheek, her forehead, just then?  
  
Female voice: "I know, I'm a bad girl, aren't I?"  
  
Male voice: "And that's why I love you."  
  
Love you, LOVE YOU? What the hell was going on?  
  
Female voice: "Mmm, let's finish her up and get naked. I want to watch her movies and give my artist the praise he deserves for his newest creation."  
  
This was too much and she began to scream and try to wriggle free. The coating was much too firm to even crack, but she had to try and escape.  
  
They always did. Why couldn't they just accept their immortality gracefully?  
  
The artist and his female accomplice filled her nostrils with putty and soon the lack of air made struggling impossible. Her brain stayed alive for almost a minute and she sensed movement. Her internal sensors told her she had been tilted and she knew, she was being moved on a dolly.  
  
They rolled her into a hidden room- a hidden room with the other three corpses.  
  
She was number four.