

A full-page portrait of a woman with long brown hair, wearing a white lace dress and a long necklace, standing in a rustic wooden room. She is holding a small object in her hands. To her left is a window with a wooden sill and a vase of dried flowers. To her right is a bed with white linens and pillows. The walls are made of horizontal wooden planks. The text 'A PORTRAIT OF APRIL' is in the top right, and 'KAMILLA MURPHY' is in the bottom left.

**A
PORTRAIT
OF
APRIL**

**KAMILLA
MURPHY**

A Portrait of April

By

Kamilla Murphy

Copyright 2011, 2014

All rights reserved

I'd always been drawn to them, and that was no pun. Eric and I strolled along the boardwalk, trying to avoid the hawkers and street artists, though the latter was hard for me to do. One sidewalk artist in particular couldn't be avoided. I looked at his work and instantly fell in love. His portraits breathed life into every subject. If the drawing was of the ocean, I smelled the seaweed and heard the gulls.

“Oh Eric, I want him to draw me,” I said, pulling my boyfriend toward the artist.

“Look at what he wants for some of those. You shouldn't waste your money.” That was him: practical, penny-pinching Eric.

I tuned him out. Approaching the man who was rearranging some of his artwork, I blurted out, “Will you draw me?” Embarrassed, knowing I was blushing, I added “Please?”

He looked at me and smiled. His light brown hair was long and a bit shaggy. There was nothing really amazing about his face. He simply appeared open and friendly. His lanky physique defined the ‘starving artist’ stereotype.

“Why don’t you sit here and I’ll get to work,” he said while pointing to a camp chair he had set up near an easel.

“How much will it cost?” Eric asked.

The artist didn’t look at Eric, but faced me when he answered, “I’ll let you decide how much to pay me after it’s done. Do we have a deal?”

I stammered, “Yes, I guess so,” and sat down.

As he studied me, he said, “By the way, my name is Seth.”

“I’m...I’m April.”

He picked up a small piece of what looked like charcoal from his equipment and began drawing on the thick paper attached to his easel. “Ah, April, a month of so much promise; spring blossoms under rainy skies,” he said. “Which are you April, the blossom or the rain?”

I laughed, but Eric answered for me. “With her moods she’s the rain, dude.”

Seth never looked at Eric. He looked at me—only me—and maybe he looked into me, through me. His gaze stirred something deep within me. I thought, *blossom, definitely a spring bloom*. He went back to drawing.

Working through his kit of pastels and crayons, he drew. He studied me for a few moments, and then returned to the easel, saying nothing except an occasional “Mmm,” as if contemplating

his work. I had no idea of his progress, as minutes that seemed like hours passed by.

He stared at me again for several seconds and then said, “It’s finished, April.”

I didn’t want to break eye contact with him, but I needed to look at his portrait. He turned the easel toward me and I gasped. The girl in the picture was me, though not me. Seth had captured something my subconscious knew to be true even if I hardly saw it in my mirror’s reflection.

Eric, looking over my shoulder, whistled, and then said “Wow, you look hot!”

He was right. Seth had drawn me wearing what looked like a robe that was slightly open, showing a hint of a breast. It took me a few heartbeats to recognize the facial expression. He’d drawn my mouth slightly open, a wet light in my eyes—eyes looking ever so slightly upward. I couldn’t believe it; the picture made me look as if I was having an orgasm.

“Did I capture the real you? Blossom *AND* rain?”

I was speechless. I pulled out my wallet and practically threw bills at him. Eric said, “Whoa, that’s too much, hon.”

No, I thought, *it’s not enough*.

Seth signed the portrait with a flourish before rolling it carefully and sliding it into a cardboard tube for safe transport.

“I’m glad you like it, April,” Seth said. “Look at it always, enjoy it...forever.” His smile was enigmatic.

All the way to my apartment, Eric alternated between complaining about how much I paid for the portrait and how hot I looked in it. Along the way, I tuned him out. I couldn’t wait to frame it and hang it, and as Seth told me, look at it always.

After Eric left, I walked to a local art supply house and had them frame the picture. The clerk made a comment about Seth after seeing his signature, though I suspected she recognized his style anyway. “What did you think of him?” she asked. She took another look at the artwork and added before I could answer, “Oh, he *got* you.”

I didn’t really understand what she meant, so I kept silent.

Once home, I pulled an old landscape from my wall and hung the portrait in its place. I stood there seemingly forever, strangely mesmerized by it. Had Seth seen something in me no one else did? How had this image of me originated in his mind? As I gazed at it and pondered the unanswerable questions, something kept gnawing at me, something almost subliminal.

It wasn’t until bedtime (and my last admiration of the day) that I saw it. Amongst some squiggly lines he used as fill near the base of my neck, I saw letters and numbers. Fishing around for a magnifying glass, I eventually made out what he’d

surreptitiously added to my portrait. It said “APRIL” followed by seven digits I knew had to be his telephone number. Had my subconscious mind’s eye already seen this? How had he drawn such a thing so small I needed a magnifier to read it?

My dreams were of dancing paint brushes that tried to violate me, succeeding only in tickling my clitoris. I awoke wet, itchy and aroused. I should have been ashamed of the dirty dreams but I wasn’t. Instead, I resolved to call the number. It took me a while to build up the nerve. When he answered I couldn’t speak.

“Who is this?” After a few seconds of silence he said, “April?”

How did he know?

“Y...Yes...it’s me,” I finally said.

“I’m happy you called. I haven’t had a model as beautiful as you in quite a while. What can I do for you?”

“I...I...want you...to draw me...again,” I said, even while disbelieving I was actually saying it.

“I’d love to do that, April,” he said. “What about now?” He gave me directions to his studio. It was close by, so I nearly ran there.

I arrived at his door out of breath, and wondered how I appeared to him. He invited me in and asked again what I

wanted. “Please draw me again, like you did on the boardwalk. It...it...it did something to me.”

“I take it the ‘something’ was good?” he replied with a chuckle. He directed me to sit on a small stool at the center of his cluttered little studio. He said something about acrylics but by that time my rushing blood turned my hearing into a dull roar and I never heard him.

He set to work, silently and earnestly concentrating on his subject—me. Brushes flew, color splashed. Occasionally he’d punctuate his work with an “Mmm” or an “Ah-ha,” but otherwise he kept silent. There was a blurring in my peripheral vision. Only straight ahead was clear; straight ahead to his easel—and him.

With every brush stroke I felt as if the brush was stroking my clit instead of the canvas. I felt my orgasm coming and was powerless to stop it. When he looked at me and declared the painting finished, I climaxed with a moan and a shudder. The moisture worked its way through my panties to soak the crotch of my jeans. If he'd noticed any of it, he didn't let on as he beckoned me over to look at the finished product.

I gasped when I looked. He'd captured me (how ironic the use of that word is—captured, as in trapped) in repose on a bed. I had on a robe that lay partially open, though nothing was fully

exposed except for the cleft between my breasts. The expression I wore was one of complete abandonment following some superb lovemaking. Somehow I knew that my expression, sitting on his stool as I came moments ago, was the same as that on the canvas. Yes, he'd captured me. Now I understood the notion I'd seen in old movies; of native people afraid to have their picture taken lest the camera would steal their souls.

"I take it you like it," he said. It wasn't a question. "I've never had a model like you, April. When you are before me, I see things, I feel things I've never experienced before, ever."

I couldn't stop admiring the portrait. With each glance I noticed a nuance unseen before. In my heart I knew that these nuances he captured in bright acrylics were parts of myself I never noticed in the mirror, though I was certain if I looked again with fresh eyes I'd see them. How long did I stand before the easel, struck dumb by Seth's portrayal? He cleared his throat to regain my attention.

"What I'm asking, is for you to model for me," he said. "I can't really pay you but I'll share a percentage of what I get when I sell them."

"Okay," I answered. Seth looked at me quizzically, as if he questioned my lack of negotiation. His expression slowly changed to something else entirely.

He gathered up some charcoal pieces and said, “A vision of you just popped into my head. Do you mind if I draw another, or do you have to leave?”

“I...no...I don’t have to go right now.”

“Excellent!” he said with apparent glee. He guided me to a small, threadbare sofa that was along a far wall of the studio, and had me recline upon it. He began to walk back to the easel, but after a quick glance he returned to me, unbuttoned two buttons on my shirt and tilted my head back slightly. I didn’t mind his touch; feeling the flush as he did so.

He set to work, the movement of the charcoal in his hand a blur. I lay there, growing warm, as if every stroke of charcoal on canvas was a stroke over my body. I thought, *he isn’t drawing me, he’s making love to me on that easel.*

My hand unconsciously went to my crotch and rubbed the itch that couldn’t be scratched through my still wet jeans.

The next time he looked my way he saw what I was doing, and instead of any expression of shock or surprise, he smiled a knowing smile while he studied me. His eyes! I moved my hand to inside my jeans and rubbed my well-lubricated pussy. I didn’t care if he saw me doing it. I needed to cum.

Whether the timing was coincidental or not, when he lifted the small canvas from the easel and showed me, my orgasm hit

hard. I was amazed by how he made some gray-black lines convey utter arousal and release. “Ohhhhh, Goddddddddddddddddddddddd! I screamed as my hips bucked and my legs kicked.

“I told you that you are the perfect model for my work,” Seth said. “We make a great team.”

I couldn’t speak. As I came down from my orgasmic high, I looked with renewed vision at what he’d created. As abstract as it was, it was me. He’d captured me again, this time as a reclining nude on a bed of roses. How could I tell they were roses when they were drawn with charcoal? I just did, that was all. In the drawing I wasn’t simply reclining either, as my legs were parted, not obscenely so, but as if in anticipation or maybe invitation.

He knelt down near the sofa and kissed me lightly on the cheek as if they were not his lips at all, but butterfly wings. “Which one would you like for your own? I’m sure I’ll sell whichever one you don’t choose for a pretty penny.” He laughed as he thought of what he said. “What else would a portrait of a pretty girl fetch but a pretty penny?”

I thought for a moment, though distracted by his kiss, on which one I wanted, or more honestly which one I didn’t want someone else to purchase and own. He waited patiently for my

answer, as if time had no meaning. Finally, I said, “I’d like the other one.”

“Ah, the one in acrylics. A good choice. Be careful, it may still be wet. I got your coloring right, didn’t I?”

I stared at the portrait after he handed it to me. The paint wasn’t the only thing still wet. “H...H...How...do you...do it?” I stammered. The painting wasn’t of me, it *WAS* me. Every thought, every emotion, every memory that made me who I am, was laid bare on that canvas.

He answered, “I don’t know. It’s not me. It’s you. Like I said before, when you’re modeling for me I see things; like I’m not seeing them with my eyes but another part of me.”

I looked from him back to the portrait, and every part of *ME*—every nerve, every muscle, every organ—wanted to rip his clothes off and fuck him silly. Instead, I made a promise to sit for him the following weekend, and walked from his place as if a zombie.

I made excuse after excuse not to see Eric. Instead, every evening before bed I gazed up at the portrait hanging on my bedroom wall, and masturbated to a stunningly quick orgasm, sure that my face looked like the one on the wall. I tried to work, to function, but I was pretty much useless all around. I couldn’t wait for the weekend—and Seth.

At the agreed-upon time, I arrived at his door with no memory of the journey. He welcomed me into his studio and posed me for his first effort. “I want to do a little abstract sketch first,” he said, “and if we like it, I may complete it with oils, okay?” He had me stand near one of the windows, moving me to and fro until he got the light to his liking. Then he set to work. As it seemed to be his custom, he’d look at me occasionally before returning to the easel. Each of these looks may have felt like a dissection if done by someone else, but with Seth it was different.

One last “Mmmm” and he beckoned me to the easel for a viewing. I shouldn’t have been surprised anymore, but the picture blew me away nonetheless. Like a fish on a hook, I’d been caught again. No way should lines and shading on a page expose so much raw feeling.

“Take me, Seth. Fuck me,” I whimpered. I didn’t wait for an answer. I began removing my clothes.

He looked at me without amusement, but also without the wolf-like leer most men would’ve given me, though he wasn’t emotionless either. “Are you sure, April? Is it what you really want?”

I nodded vigorously, and by the time my wet panties slid to my ankles he began to undress. I went for his cock the moment it

was free, practically swallowing the whole thing. He made one of his patented “Mmmm” sounds though this time it wasn’t while painting. I lost myself in the blow-job until he grew stiff enough to choke me.

He held me as we walked to the small adjacent room that looked to be his sometime bedroom. The bed was neat and clean, though not for long. On my back I pulled him atop me and guided him inside my super-lubricated vagina. He held himself up as he began to thrust into me, using long, slow strokes. This pace wasn’t going to do it for me. I wrapped my legs around his narrow hips and urged him faster. It took a lot of urging but eventually he was pounding into me, making my hips and ass jump on each thrust. I tried to match every blessed thrust with one of my own.

“I’mmmmmmm cummmmmmingggggg!” I yelled out, my insides flip-flopping like an earthquake in progress, and in many ways it was.

He pulled out of me and came all over my pussy and belly. “Noooooo condommm,” he muttered.

I couldn’t speak right away, letting subsequent orgasmic waves have their way with me, eventually saying, “It would’ve been okay.”

“No it isn’t...okay. I should’ve worn protection...for you.” We lay in each other’s arms for a while before he said, “It’s what you do to me that gets me so I don’t think straight. It happens when I draw or paint you; like I’m not me.”

What I do to HIM? I thought.

I lounged on the bed as he went back to the easel and began to work oils into what he had previously drawn. I could see the easel from the bed, so I watched him work. It happened again. Every brush stroke was like he was stroking my clit. My hand went to my pussy and I once more aped his movements with my own until I was convulsing, making the wet bed even wetter.

It would be superfluous to explain how I reacted to the painting once he finished it. I wanted to fuck him again, but he urged me to get dressed and rushed me out the door with a promise to pose for him the following Saturday.

I spent another week a wreck, only thinking of one thing. When I showed up at his door on Saturday, he met me with a check. “This is your percentage, as I promised. Like I predicted, you’re a quick sale.”

“So, you made some money off me? Is that it?”

“No, April, that’s not it, though the two are connected. You’re the special model, one that some artists never find. I’ll

give you more if that's what you want, but you must continue to pose for me. Please."

"It's not the money I want...I...I—"

He put his finger to my lips and said, "Hush, I understand," and then he held me close. After he kissed me he told me of his plan. He wanted to paint me on a rock by the ocean, saying he knew the perfect spot. He packed up all his equipment and we went back to my place so I could put on my bikini. While he drove to the spot he'd pre-chosen ("I thought of you, and I guess I saw it in my mind, where I wanted to paint you.") he matter-of-factly said he wanted to paint me in the nude but the spot wasn't secluded enough. I helped him with his things as we climbed over rocks, the ocean crashing close to us. This was no beach, so I questioned his comment about the place's lack of seclusion.

He blushed before saying, "Yeah, not many people come here, but I didn't want to scare you away."

"You wouldn't have scared me," I said, taking off my jeans and t-shirt, revealing my bikini.

As he set up his easel and squirted oils onto a palette, I casually untied my top, freeing my breasts.

He glanced over at me and sighed.

I cupped my breasts, kneading them as the bracing ocean breeze stiffened my nipples.

Seth went to work. He would occasionally study me in between paint applications. Each time he looked, it was as if an electric shock went through me, going to ground through my aching cunt and into the rock below. Whether the electricity was real or imagined, my pussy grew hot along with the rock's surface. I hate to be repetitive but it happened just like before. I slid my hand into my bottoms and mimicked each of his brush strokes with a stroke of my own. He watched me cum, then he went back to the painting as if all of it was simple posing.

I brought myself to orgasm once more before he finished. When I finally got to look at the painting, I found myself looking at Aphrodite. or maybe Venus. Certainly the naked form on the canvas wasn't me. The rock had become my clamshell. Whatever he had done before was now surpassed.

“Seth...this is...magnificent!”

“You're magnificent,” he said. “Without you, I couldn't do this.”

I kissed him and before long his shorts were down around his ankles and the crotch of my bikini bottoms had been yanked aside. Within seconds we were both cumming, thankful that the nearby ocean's roar masked our moans and cries.

The following weekend when he told me how much he got for the painting (and gave me my share) I almost fainted. “The

lady who bought it runs a local art gallery,” he said. “She told me she’s gonna display it and try not to sell it. Can you believe that?”

What I couldn’t believe was that “I” was going to be displayed in a gallery rather than on someone’s private wall. I had to see it, and I begged Seth to take me there.

By this time I’d dumped Eric, and thought only of modeling for Seth. As he had captured me with that first portrait, I was his. Captured. He took me to the art gallery, and there I was. The light around “Girl on the Rock” was brighter somehow, or maybe it was simply my imagination. It was me! But why didn’t anyone else recognize the fact? The place was more crowded than I expected, and yet no one pointed at me, saying “Look, it’s her!” When I looked at the naked girl, sitting as a goddess upon her throne, I began to cream my panties. I had to get out of there before everyone saw the wetness in my crotch, and the smell of musk overwhelmed the air. I could smell it.

We went back to his place and fucked for well over an hour. I completely lost track of my orgasms.

Then he painted me.

I couldn’t look at it after he finished, thinking of the eyes of a purchaser admiring it and therefore possessing a piece of me. He asked me to move in with him. I said yes.

Each portrait peeled back a layer, revealing secrets, laying me bare in more ways than physically. I should have felt raped, but I didn't. I should have felt enslaved, but I didn't. I acquiesced, surrendering body, mind and soul, not to Seth but to the portraits themselves. Ironically, my submission was liberating. Somehow, psychological chains were broken and I was now a new woman. Sex was a river, and I was white-water rafting, floating faster after every portrait.

Seth and I settled into a rhythm. I posed nude. He painted. I masturbated. He showed me the finished work. We'd fuck the rest of the day until we were both sore. He'd sell it for some exorbitant amount. We'd go out on the town, eating and drinking lavishly, then go back to his—our—place, spread money all over the bed, and fuck all night, moistening the bills with our sweat and other bodily fluids.

One hot weekend afternoon, on a lark I wore my skimpiest bikini and posed for him at his usual spot on the boardwalk. As people walked by, I saw their faces light up when they looked at “me” on his canvas. Of course, he was painting me nude, and that caused many an eye to glance my way, virtually undressing me to match the image Seth was creating. That made me hot. In essence, I was naked in public, and my cunt responded accordingly.

While I was trying to be as furtive as possible, Seth still saw me rubbing my ass against the hard seat of the stool upon which I was seated. He gave his head an imperceptible shake, admonishing me, yet knowing I couldn't help myself. He stopped painting and got close enough to whisper in my ear, "Don't be loud."

I stifled my orgasm so only one astonished man saw me and realized what had transpired. He blew me a kiss and walked away, a smile on his face and a bulge in his shorts.

As the portrait neared completion a crowd gathered around Seth, keeping at the proper distance as they admired his work. One guy looked at the portrait then looked at me and said, "I don't know how much you want for the picture, dude, but I'll be glad to take *her* home," pointing at me.

Seth smiled and answered, "Sorry, she's mine."

"That's cool...lucky man." The guy wanted to high-five Seth, but whether by design or inattention, Seth ignored him. He went back to finishing the painting.

When he signed it with a flourish, the onlookers cheered. I stood, looked at the finished product then turned to Seth and said, "You *ARE* a lucky man."

He took his eyes off the portrait long enough to say, "I know."

The art gallery later sold this one too. His commission was staggering.

I posed many more times on the boardwalk. He effortlessly dashed off several smaller works which were gobbled up quickly by the masses that congregated around his easel. I felt like I was a pin-up in a bygone era; the facial expressions of the purchasers conveying pure lust as if Seth's little masterpieces were the ultimate porn to jerk off to. I kept waiting for the police to show up and shut us down.

The more portraits Seth painted the more insatiable I became, until I needed sex 24/7. If Seth begged off, I went in search of old boyfriends and fucked their brains out. Eric was surprised to see me the first time, and maybe a little angry, but the anger soon dissipated with my soaking wet pussy in his face.

Up to that point in time, Seth's portraits of me exuded subtlety even as they exuded raw sexuality. The admirer's first, gut reaction may have been that the girl in the portrait was in the throes of orgasm. Yet there was way more to them than a cumming model. Everything changed the day he painted me on my hands and knees, my face in the painting suggesting "I" was about to be nailed by the biggest cock in the world, one just a bit out of frame. His marvelous use of color and shading had "my"

pussy exceedingly wet, as wet as the real one had been as I watched him paint.

My subsequent orgasm was not to be measured in discrete terms—I did not cum two or three times—it was a single, long, continual, throbbing convulsion that never ended. Of course it ended but by that time, time held no meaning for me.

As I slowly descended into my own version of erotic hell, Seth was quickly becoming a sensation on the art scene. His paintings were being sold for astronomical sums. True to his word, he kept giving me my share. I had more money now than I knew what to do with, but you know how they say money can't buy happiness, right? All the money in the world couldn't quench the fire between my legs now that it had been ignited.

More and more of his works ended up in galleries. One day I went to a local gallery to gaze at myself. That's what it was after all, like looking in a mirror. I stood before one painting, showing me reclining on a silk sheet, my lips and my legs suggestively parted ever so slightly, an arm strategically draped over and covering my breasts. I stood there and stared, oblivious to those around me though I did hear one woman say, "It's her!"

As inexorable as the tide, my hand went into my pants and began to rub. The tsunami grew as my fingers stroked. I imagined people staring at me, but I didn't care.

When it hit me, I fell to my knees and moaned loudly.

The police showed up about ten minutes after that.

They thought I was on drugs or something. I was brought to the station and interrogated by a couple of lady cops. I explained away my masturbation and subsequent orgasm as a seizure. I didn't think they bought it but what could they do? I hadn't exposed myself. Could my outburst be construed as lewd behavior? In the end, I got a stern warning and sent on my way.

I hounded Seth to paint me, and then I hounded him to fuck me. The former was easy. The latter was getting more difficult. He'd say, "Come on, April, can't you give it a rest?"

No, I couldn't.

Seth would paint a new portrait, and then I'd slink off to local bars and get picked up by strangers. Seth's latest was a bold (I thought) attempt to portray me as a half-naked version of the Virgin Mary. When I saw it I knew it might sell for six figures. When I tried to get Seth into bed afterwards, he begged off, so I went off in search of sexual release. This latest painting's aftermath required a double dose of medicine, so instead of one stranger, I enticed two burly muscle men who were visiting the bar after the gym to take me away. Actually, that didn't take much enticing. We went to one of the guy's apartment and they had their way with me.

These guys turned out to be quite a hung, sadistic duo. The strong men spread me wide and took turns nailing me to the bed. When one got impatient waiting for his buddy to finish, he shoved his dick impossibly down my throat. I didn't choke, even when he came, until I had my own orgasm and my scream stung my damaged tonsils. Then I choked and nearly vomited. That's when they stroked themselves back to hardness and nailed me all over again. Two muscle freaks double-penetrating you can leave a mark. I staggered home, ass sore but temporarily satisfied. These two would have quite a story to tell back at the gym.

A week later, Seth told me he had a "Mona Lisa vision" and began painting in earnest. I didn't bother to actually pose. I stripped, sat cross-legged on his crappy sofa, and diddled myself raw. No sooner had one orgasmic wave subsided, I began working at bringing on the next. I'd cum, he'd glance at me and smile, and then he'd paint some more.

The finished painting was a masterwork. Who knew what he saw in his "vision," but the result was spectacular. The girl (me?—to the casual observer, maybe not so clear this time) was lounging in a garden, naked of course, with several animals seemingly worshipping at her feet. She wasn't Mona Lisa, she was Eve. Whether it was really there or simply a trick of color and light I saw a snake, and it looked remarkably phallic. A

small bush nearby looked to have blooms resembling spent condoms. “Eve” had a blush about her. She looked aroused, but with no apparent source or cause, save the suggestive snake. Staring at the portrait, my cunt exploded in warm wetness as every fiber of my being wanted to be fucked by that snake. I was so wet that as I stood there staring at the portrait, I had pussy juice dribbling down my legs.

“You like it?” Seth ridiculously asked me. Couldn’t he see it? Smell it, even?

“Fuck me *NOW!*” I shouted.

His effort was, at best, perfunctory. I swear once I saw him looking at the portrait instead of me as he halfheartedly thrust into me. Since his effort was doomed to failure, I looked at the painting, searching for the elusive Eden-snake. When my eyes focused on it I imagined it, not Seth, between my legs, slithering, slithering.

My orgasmic convulsion was so sudden and magnificent I gasped for the breath my lungs couldn’t draw in. I swear that as I trembled and wailed, I muttered “snake” between clenched teeth. That’s when I passed out.

I awoke later on the floor to find Seth working feverishly at his easel, which he’d perched above me. He said, “Ah, this’ll be the best yet,” though I couldn’t be sure whether he was speaking

to me or to himself. On autopilot, my fingers went straight to my pussy and began rubbing furiously. We didn't need Nostradamus to know that when Seth declared the painting finished I arched my back, kicked my legs and screamed. He didn't even have to show me first.

When I did see it, no way could I put the proper words together to adequately describe such a portrait. The naked girl (yes, me) had been painted in such a way as to be ageless. My first reaction was that she was a virginal nine or ten years old, but upon a second or third look she could've been any age, her breasts at the mercy of color and shadow. Do you see the small cones, or not? It was Seth's magic on display again. The girl was sitting cross-legged amidst a garden of bright flowers, in her hand one she'd picked. Many of the flowers were orchids, including the one she held; their blooms easily looking like open, aroused vulvas, suggestive of the unseen one between the young girl's thighs. Was she about to smell the flower, or would she flit her tongue against its stigma (which stood proudly at the top of the flower like a clitoris) instead? Was it another trick of color and shading that it looked as if the stalk of one flower was at her crotch? *IN* her?

Seth wouldn't fuck me. He said he'd had enough. I found the closest useful thing, a small empty vase, and shoved it deep.

My awkwardly shaped phallic substitute quickly did the trick. I came so intensely that for a split second I panicked, wondering if the compression of my orgasmic vagina walls might break the vase. Yet it was only for that split second; I held onto the half-buried vase and cried out in ecstatic delight.

“See, you don’t need me. Any object will do as long as it fits,” Seth said in disgust.

“Do you need me?” I pleaded my return question.

“Maybe it’s time...time to get away from this...our deal...you.”

I began to dress, noticing for the first time that he’d splashed paint on me. I should’ve showered but I didn’t want to stay there any longer than I had to. “You know, that one...” I said, pointing to the new portrait, “will be your opus, the one everyone will remember long after you’re gone.”

“You’ll get your share, I promise.”

“I don’t want money for this one. All I ask is that you call it ‘April’ and not sell it to some pedophile who’ll keep it for his private pleasure and not the world’s.”

“Pedophile?”

Oh Seth, *look* at it,” I said as I walked out.

I lived with a girlfriend for a while until I found a new apartment. I didn't pose for Seth after that, though I did wander to his boardwalk spot to surreptitiously watch him work. Of course, he wasn't there long since becoming a sensation in the art world. The amount he sold "April" for was kept secret, though rumors flourished. Yes, it was a lot of money I turned down.

I gave up something else, too. From that moment to today I haven't had an orgasm. Actually, I haven't even tried, remaining celibate with no desire for sex. Like a perverse version of "The Picture of Dorian Gray," my sexuality was imbued into Seth's paintings, building and building until it was all there in "April," with nothing left in me, the original. In somewhat of a Faustian bargain, I sold my soul to Seth's art.

Every meteoric rise in popular culture is inevitably followed by a fall. Seth was not immune. In his own way he'd also sold his soul to the Devil when he first recognized my power as his model. Without me, his later works were trashed by the critics. He tried to capture similar themes. It just wasn't the same—without me.

April.

I had been the girl in his paintings, or more precisely I could have been *that* girl. I was the ageless girl, searching for the magic of the flowers. I was Eve, tempted by the serpent that may

or may not have been real. I was that girl, the insatiable one, lusting after what life dangled in front of her, as elusive as the carrot-on-a-stick was to the donkey.

One day about two years and three jobs later, for no discernable reason other than to torture myself, I walked the boardwalk, reminiscing.

“Seth”

He looked up from the brushes he was cleaning. His expression was a mix of melancholy and expectation. “Hi April.”

I glanced at the teen who was posing for her portrait, before moving to look at how he’d done with it. He hadn’t captured her fears and insecurities. He hadn’t intended that. She’d been transformed into a carefree sprite, as if a refugee from a Disney animation. It wasn’t a masterpiece, but it soared way above kitsch nonetheless.

He daubed at his palette with a clean brush, ready to put the finishing touches to the painting. “I’d call this ‘Tinker Bell,’ Beth, but I believe that name’s already been taken,” he said, smiling at the girl.

Beth blushed and said, “I’m sure I’m gonna love it.” Her ass squirmed on the camp chair, and I wagered to myself that she was wet.

I leaned down and whispered in Seth's ear, "Don't think about it. What is she, fourteen or fifteen?" He looked at me sheepishly, in effect admitting that's what he was planning. "*Fucking Tinker Bell!*" I whispered, "You've sunk that low?" The sheepish grin disappeared.

He finished the painting and she walked off with it, a wistful smile on her lips.

"Will you draw me?" I asked, feeling a slight moisture build in my panties.

The End

Kamilla Murphy, author of "Sailing to Ecstasy," "She's Got the Itch" and "Watching January" among other works of erotica for the Amazon Kindle, is a professional, wife, and mother of two great teens.