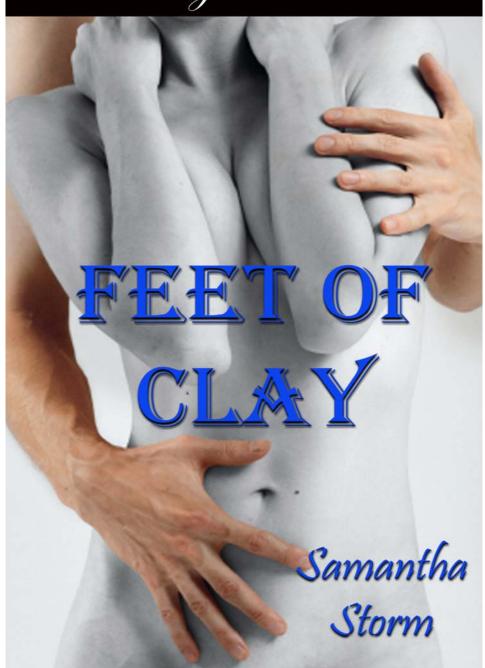
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# FEET OF CLAY

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## SAMANTHA STORM

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I wasn't at all happy about the assignment, but what could I do, the artist was offering three times my going rate. Not something I could easily turn down.

It wasn't as if my going rate would make me rich anytime soon. Working as an art model was only something I did part time, usually at night, and always at the local college art school. Until now,

I never had any hang ups about nudity. Maybe it was the fact both my parents went through a hippie, free-love, flower child period during my younger years. Whatever the reason, sitting in the middle of a room without a stitch of clothing on while surrounded by a dozen students of both sexes working frantically behind their easels, was to me, no big deal.

A friend once asked me if it was a turn on, fulfilling some kind of voyeurism fantasy being naked and surrounded by a crowd. I reminded her that all I did was sit there, trying to keep as still as possible. There was nothing really sexy about spending your time trying to stay awake, while making tiny movements every so often to ensure your muscles, and especially your neck, didn't cramp.

Occasionally I would get some cocky as shole who tried to pick me up after class. I didn't really blame them, men were often very basic and having a young, naked blonde sitting or laying before them for hours might be too tempting for some. Especially for those who were not true artists at heart. But, most of the time, those types were easy enough to brush off with a quick, "not interested." I had been working for the college modeling for about three years and I never felt uncomfortable or afraid. Even the most ardent pursuers seemed smart enough to realize campus security was only a phone call away.

Maybe that's why I was feeling so skittish about this assignment. I was going to be modeling in the artist's private studio. A first for me. I

wasn't at all familiar with the artist's work. All I knew about him was that clay was his medium.

I reminded myself for the hundredth time there was nothing to worry about, yet I found myself standing at the door of his studio, straightening the collar on my blouse for the second time and smoothing down my black skirt.

A knock on the door was answered by a loud voice yelling, "Come in."

I dutifully followed directions. The place was massive, but mostly empty. There was what looked like a living space in the very back. In the middle was a chair, a pedestal and a platform.

Sitting in the chair was the most attractive man I had seen in a long time. Wavy dark hair fell down to rest on extremely broad shoulders. And between a chiseled nose and chin was a very luscious pair of lips. He almost looked like he had been carved out of marble by some great artist. My eyes reluctantly left that face and went back to the room. There was a screen set up in one corner.

"Hi, I'm Bethan. I'm here to model for you."

His face broke into a smile. "Terrific. Friends call me, Mitch. There's a robe behind the screen you can change into. If you need something to drink the fridge is stocked with water and soda. I have some wine if you would prefer."

"Thanks, I'm fine. I'll just go change. Be right back."

Behind the screen was a chair and draped on the back of it was a white silk robe. I undressed and slid the robe on, enjoying the feel of the silk against my skin.

I made my way back into the studio.

He stood next to a black pedestal that now held, at its center, a large slab of reddish clay.

His attention was directed towards the clay as he asked, "Ready?" "Sure, where do you want me?"

"Right here." He didn't look up, but instead pointed to his right.

Normally I didn't work in such close proximity to the artist, but I knew the artistic tended to have odd quirks especially when it came to their work.

I made my way to the raised wooden platform, filled with a few colored pillows.

"How do you want me? Standing, sitting or laying?"

"Standing."

"Right." I slid the robe over my shoulders and onto the floor, positioning myself on the platform.

He stood and moved in front of me.

I tried to get my body comfortable. I would be here for a few hours.

His hands suddenly reached up and touched my stomach. I was so shocked I almost fell off the platform.

"What are you doing?" I demanded.

"I thought you understood..."

It was then I realized there was something odd about his eyes. For one they were not tracking my movements and up close I could see at their very edges, faint crisscrossed scars.

I had no idea what to do next. I was beyond embarrassed. I had automatically attempted to cover myself, one arm was now pressed against both breasts and my other hand covered my pubic hair. I felt like an idiot.

"I didn't realize you're..."

"Blind." He shook his head, muttered a few curse words. "They didn't tell you?"

"No."

At my answer he smiled and I felt the panic subsiding. This was not a man on the make. This was an artist, I reminded myself. And from what I could see of his work scattered around the room, a very talented one at that.

"I take it you've never done anything like this before?" He asked. "Never."

"I promise to make my touch as impersonal as possible. That is, if you want to give it a try."

I prided myself on not being the type to run and hide in any situation. Even one as odd as this one.

"I am willing to try."

He smiled again. "Good." He raised his hands slowly. "If it's okay with you, I'm going to touch you now."

I took a deep breath. "Sure."

"Great." He reached out and his fingers made contact with my hip.

It didn't take me long to realize this was a huge mistake. I was getting incredibly turned on. A totally hunky man was standing before me fully dressed and running his hands across my naked skin. Except for his hands his body didn't touch mine. Those strong fingers trailed across my body. The heat of his skin against mine, the feel of clay from his fingers as it rolled over me was filling my head with the most erotic thoughts.

I know he told me he was trying to keep it impersonal, but every time he removed his hands and went back to working with the clay I had to force myself not to sigh out loud with disappointment.

I tried to remind myself that he was only doing what any artist would in his circumstance, trying to get an idea for the female shape. There was no difference really between what he was doing and an art student eyeing me from across the room. But I knew it was all bullshit.

This man was driving me insane, and as his fingers moved up my ribcage and slowly made their way towards my breasts I couldn't help myself. I moaned out loud. It wasn't really loud in volume, but apparently it was loud enough because his hands stilled.

God, I had done it now, the guy was going to think I was a sexed-crazed moron.

"Am I making you uncomfortable?" He asked.

The tip of his finger was now poised, just inches from my nipple. I wanted to answer—Yes! God yes, just grab me, touch me, do me and all will be better. But instead I closed my eyes and took a deep breath and tried to sound casual when I said, "No. I'm fine."

"If this is something you don't want to do..."

I swear I could feel the heat from the tip of his finger radiating across the space between us and with the very thought my nipple hardened and there was suddenly a wet heat between my legs. I was mortified he had made me wet. He had no idea what he was doing to me, and yet I was so turned on I was having a hard time focusing. I swallowed hard. "There's no problem, really."

His palm grazed the soft, ripe swell of my breast and then moved on, across my throat, then back down until it made—by accident—contact with the side of one hardened rosy nipple.

There was no mistaking the loud hiss that forced its way between my lips, but he must not have heard me this time, for his fingers moved down my body and began to methodically study each curve and valley.

I closed my eyes thoroughly enjoying the sensation, hoping he would by accident touch me again somewhere he shouldn't. My mind was filled with the image of our naked bodies undulating wildly against each other on the floor and then the fantasy was gone as he broke all contact and went back to working on the mound of clay. My own fantasies, and the sensation of his hands against my skin was too much—if this went on much longer I might not be able to stop the orgasm that was building inside me.

At the loss of contact I had to put my own fingers against my lips to keep from moaning louder this time.

I waited patiently for him to come back to me and when he did, it was more heavenly than before. The minutes ticked by and my delicious torture continued. He had to know what he was doing to me. My body was now aquiver with each touch. Each breath was now a gasp or a shivering inhalation.

Another moan escaped my lips and suddenly his fingers rose up and brushed deliberately against my nipples. This time there was no hesitation as he rubbed and rolled his way across one throbbing tip to the other. I cried out in pleasure. He didn't say a word. Instead he began to explore every inch of my naked body, his body still not touching mine. Only his fingers trailed over me and in the wake of his touch my body trembled uncontrollably.

I was lost in my own fantasies and it took me a minute to realize those fingers of his were suddenly at my thighs. His fingers slowly skimmed up my thighs until they rested at the very lips of my pussy.

Would he dare touch me there? The breath caught in the back of my throat as I waited, not sure what to do, my arms hung at the sides of my body. I started to reach for his face, but then stopped. I realized I was afraid to touch him, to break the magic spell he was weaving over me.

The heat of his fingers brushed the golden curls between my legs and I gasped, throwing my head back prepared to feel him enter me. God, I wanted to feel his fingers inside me so badly, but then the contact was gone, again.

I raised my head and tried to calm my pounding heart, I was so sure he would go back to the clay, and abandoned my body again. I stood and tried to compose myself, but those strong fingers were on me again. Back and forth those clever fingers went, always coming back to tug and knead the throbbing tips of my nipples, then trail down to the delicate opening between my legs with butterfly touches against the very hub of my pussy sending each tortured breath of mine shallow and fast.

He tortured me over and over. Just when I thought I could no longer stand it, ever so slowly, first one clay covered finger, then another moved in and out of my pussy, now slick with the wetness of my excitement.

One, two, now three fingers were stretching the walls of my body as he pumped in and out. With each movement my hips undulated back and forth, matching the rhythm of his fingers. I could feel the pleasure building inside me, small explosions sent my mind reeling and forced hard, uneven breaths from my lungs. I felt like I was running a race and I was desperately anxious now to get across the finish line.

But he seemed to be taking his time as his fingers explored, going first deep then shallower, forever searching until they rolled across my g-spot, forcing all breath from my lungs. I was held immobile while inside a wild frenzy crashed over me. My head was forced back, a scream suddenly ripped from me in a moment of pure pleasure.

I sucked in one sharp hard breath and then another as finally the release I had been waiting for came in a glorious explosion that ripped through me, making my body shudder hard as I fell forward.

He caught me and I was pulled hard against him. Each one of my muscles felt limp and spent. It had never been like that with anyone. I had never felt such abandonment. I didn't know this man yet I had allowed him to explore every inch of me, allowed him to pleasure me in ways that still had the muscles between my legs trembling.

I pushed myself away from him and realized I was suddenly unable to meet his gaze. I shook my head, reminding myself that he was blind. He couldn't see the blush that raced across my face.

"I think that went well," he said, turning away and focusing his attention back onto his clay.

"Yeah." What else could I say? I picked up the robe and walked back behind the screen. I put my clothes on and stood, uncertain if I should say something more. Explain to him how incredible an experience this had been for me.

But instead I didn't say a word. I started towards the front door.

"Are you available next week?" he asked, his voice soft and seductive.

"Most definitely." I answered. I turned and made my way quickly out the door and back to my car.

Inside the car I raised my hands to my face. I could still smell the clay. The earthly smell of it still clung to my body. My hands trembled at the thought of being with him again, having those hands exploring me, giving me unbelievable pleasure.

I turned the key in the ignition and smiled at the thought of *next* week.

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