



Inspiration

Angela Caperton

The scanning, uploading and distribution of this book via the Internet or via any other means without the permission of the publisher is illegal, and punishable by law. Please purchase only authorized electronic editions, and do not participate in or encourage the electronic piracy of copyrighted materials. Your support of the author's rights is appreciated.

This book is a work of fiction. Names, characters, places, and incidents either are products of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously. Any resemblance to actual events or locales or persons, living or dead, is entirely coincidental.

Inspiration
Copyright © 2006 Angela Caperton
Coverart by Martine Jardin

All rights reserved. Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilization of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, is forbidden without the written permission of the publisher.

Published by eXtasy Books 2006
Look for us online at
www.extasybooks.com

To Adam. . .

Inspiration

By Angela Caperton

Nicco leaned back in the heavy, studded chair, his weight precariously balanced on the two hind legs. His own long limbs stretched before him, the heels of his dusty boots resting on the edge of a long, hardwood workbench. He turned his favorite chisel in his hands, the tool's sharp, straight edge brushing over the thick calluses of his right index finger. One slip, Nicco knew, and he'd have to make his way in life as a nine-fingered master of stone.

Morning light finally outshone the lamp he'd carried into his studio. He blew the flame out, its absence casting a deeper shadow over the block of peach-colored marble that sat upon the workbench, mocking him with cold silence. Rarely had a stone so defied his hand, yet this one seemed to taunt him, defiant, refusing to reveal the form hidden within it.

Beyond the studio, the sounds of an

approaching carriage drew Nicco's attention. Setting the chair back on all four legs, he rose and went to the garden door, curious to see who would call upon him and Lena this early in the day.

"Zeus' prick!" Nicco grumbled as he spied the gaudy crest of the Parnetti household emblazoned on the door of the carriage that had drawn up in the dusty road beside his house and studio. A servant in livery opened the door and the peacock that was Lucio Parnetti emerged.

Near panic spurred Nicco to action. His tongue to his teeth, he whistled, drawing the attention of the pudgy merchant.

"Good morning, my lord!" Nicco called, waving the wealthy merchant toward the studio.

As Lucio turned, his smile as genuine as the over-dyed red of his waistcoat, Nicco turned back into the studio, quickly lifting the block of peach marble and shoving it under the workbench, a dusty cloth covering the rough-cut stone.

"Nicco, lad! Good morning." Lucio's words practically oiled the squeaks out of the wood floor of the studio.

He bowed respectfully, wiping his hands out of habit on what would have been the cloth he kept tucked in his belt, but that now covered the marble under the table. "My lord, to what do I owe this unexpected pleasure?" Nicco stood

again, towering over the stout nobleman.

"I was expecting you yesterday, Nicco, with the piece I commissioned," Lucio looked around the studio, his disdain barely concealed in his slippery smile. "I can't express my disappointment when I was informed by my steward that you had sent your apologies instead of my sculpture."

Nicco hung his head, nodding, his contrite display in complete contradiction to the indignation that threatened to swallow him whole. He understood all too well the professional suicide he was on the verge of committing.

Lucio Parnetti, while shallow and disingenuous as a man could be, was a noble, a cousin to the Medicis, and Lucio was seemingly made of gold. Nicco knew, no matter how much he hated it, that a patron like Lucio Parnetti was a true gift from the gods to an artist. All Nicco need do was deliver the pieces that Lucio commissioned for a few years, and then he could well spend the rest of his life comfortably with Lena on their little estate.

But art wasn't always as simple as finances, and how could an artist explain to a man of ledgers and balances that inspiration did not always pay on time?

"My lord, I know I was supposed to deliver the piece yesterday, but, I could not. I promised my lord the finest piece I had every crafted, and," Nicco trailed his words off, sighing dramatically.

"Upon close inspection, I realized that, while exquisite, it is not my best. It rivals the piece I did for Antonio Frenucci, aye, but, my lord, it is not better." Nicco shook his head. "I packed the piece up to bring it to you, when I was overwhelmed by the realization that I was about to deliver to you, my lord, a piece that was not my best, was not better than Lord Frenucci's. That was when I sent word to your home, my lord. I knew, another day or two and the piece would be..."

Nicco looked off into space, as if envisioning perfection. "...the best."

Lucio followed his gaze, caught in the spell he had cast. "Yes, Nicco, I can see you were right," Lucio blinked, the spell broken. "But understand, I am going to be leaving for Rome the day after tomorrow." The merciless business emerged in an instance, Lucio's gaze as hard as the marble Nicco carved. "Deliver perfection to me tomorrow, Nicco. I want to give it to my wife before I leave. And Nicco, do not disappoint me or you will not see another commission this side of the Mediterranean."

Lucio's smiled returned, slippery and false. He reached up and patted Nicco on the shoulder. "We'll see you tomorrow, genius. And bring Lena with you. I know I'd very much like to see her pretty face again before I'm subjected to the cows of Rome." Lucio winked at Nicco, then headed for

the door of the studio.

"Of course, my lord. I'm sure Lena would be delighted," Nicco called after Lucio as the nobleman shuffled down the garden pass.

"Tomorrow, Nicco," Lucio called one last time before getting in the carriage, the words both an invitation and a threat.

"Tomorrow," Nicco said with a smile as forced as those he pulled from marble.

As the carriage retreated down the dirt road, Nicco fell back into the chair, his head in his hands, still as death for several moments before bending over and taking the block of marble from under the workbench.

Somehow, somehow, he had to find a masterpiece within the unyielding stone, a feat that had defied him for the better part of two weeks. He ran his fingers over the resistant marble. Sighing, he took his chisel up and reached for his hammer. Regardless, Nicco knew his fate was sealed. If he failed Lucio Parnetti and didn't deliver the sculpture the next day, he might as well take up sheep herding, for he knew he'd never get a sniff at another commission as long as Lucio had influence in Italy.

Nicco shook his head, his dark hair falling partially into his face. And if he did manage to finish it in time, Lena was going to have his balls for supper when he told her she was coming with

him to the Parnetti estate.

Resigned, Nicco put the chisel to the marble and resolutely raised the hammer.

* * * *

Lena paused in her work and gazed out the window, transfixed by the late summer morning sun and the beams of dusty light that dotted the ground beneath the trees in the yard. The mornings were becoming chilled again, and even with midday only an hour away, there was little doubt that soon the sun would hardly warm the days at all. Soon, the leaves would begin to turn and, before Lena would know it, the walk to the market where she bought grain and vegetables would be an ordeal of thick shawls and woolen layers beneath her skirt.

She pulled the blankets from the sill of the window, and finished making the bed. A smile twitched on her lips as she remembered Nicco's hands upon her breasts, his rough thumbs plying the nipples until they ached so sweetly that Lena hoped they might never soften again. How she loved his hands! It amused her to remember how some of the noble ladies dared to comment on how rough those hands were. Lena giggled. Those noble ladies obviously had never been touched by Nicco, not on their breasts nor buried deep in the

folds of their sex, pulling at that precious bud, toying with it until they screamed in bliss.

Lena shivered with delight. They had no idea what they were missing in those rough hands.

The crash of stone on stone reached Lena through the window. Alarmed, she leaned out and looked toward the small building that was Niccolo's studio.

"Nicco? Niccolo, are you all right?" Lena called out through the quiet morning. Her only reply was another sound of stone on stone and a muffled curse that echoed across the garden.

She took the stairs two at a time, then raced through the small house to the back door, barely opening it and darting through, the hem of her skirt tearing on the rough wooden frame.

Lena didn't know what she might find. In the year she had been Nicco's model and his lover, she had never heard such sounds emanate from his studio.

Through the door she burst, her heart pounding with exertion and concern. "Nicco?" Another crash filled the air, sending up clouds of chalky dust that hung in the air like smoke.

"Careful, Madelena! You startled me!" Nicco bent over and carefully lifted a block of veined marble as thick as his chest.

Lena watched the muscles of his bare arms bunch and strain against his smooth skin. She

lingered at his hands, gray with marble dust, the strong, rough fingers holding the stone in a firm grip. Strong, yes, and rough, but Lena knew just how sensitive they could be.

The sunlight colored Niccolo, bare to the waist, holding the block of marble in his smooth, powerful arms, so that he looked like a painting by one of the masters, his skin golden and his hair black as midnight, streaked with gray lines of dust. He had stripped off his shirt and stood, sweating and grimy from wrestling the stones. He worked upon a block of peach-colored marble as thick as his forearm and tall as his knees, raised up on a crude platform of wood. Niccolo's carving had mostly emerged from the stone before he had stopped working.

Lena saw the neat piles of marble in the corner, and the marble chips and dust swept to the side, and she knew her lover had been cleaning. She ached for Nicco. He never cleaned his studio unless his frustration had surpassed his passion for his art.

He placed the marble in a corner, and turned back to Madelena. She studied his face, concerned by the lines of concentration that furrowed his brow and the shadow that clouded his doe-brown eyes. To Lena, Nicco was every bit like one of the ancient heroes he'd told her about. She had delighted in the stories he recited as they lay in

bed, satiated, drowsy and content. He had learned so much from his readings at the Medici library, and Lena thrilled that he liked to share the stories with her. He was every bit as glorious as Hercules or Perseus.

Nicco's strong, thick arms and cut chest were the products of his work. He looked as if he were carved from the very stone he shaped into gods and devils. His long, raven-black hair often looked gray from the marble dust, but Lena knew its true color. She had lovingly worn it across her own bare chest on many occasions, and how she loved the silky sensation of it pressed between him and the back of her neck or across her cheek as he fucked her from behind. His smile could melt the sun, his lips full and firm, often quirked into a smile of promise and mischief.

But now he barely spoke and did not smile even in greeting. He'd been like this for days. He was not quite sullen, but definitely preoccupied. Even his lovemaking was more urgent, more possessed, as if by riding her, he might reach some goal even beyond the sublime pleasure they both enjoyed.

"Nicco," Lena moved near him as he stepped away from the marble. She put her hand lightly on his arm, her fingertips thrilling at the warm, hard muscles beneath his skin. "What's wrong? Can I help?"

* * * *

Madelena always helped him, Niccolo thought, in every way. He watched her as she emerged from a of a band of sunlight and he reached for her, pulling her to him. She smelled good, like the late summer roses that bloomed in the garden, and she tasted sweet when he kissed her, his tongue probing between her lips to drink more deeply.

“My nymph,” he said, releasing his hug and looking at her, his goddess of the morning. Her dark mane fell wild over bare shoulders, like ivory, like marble, and teased the swell of her breasts caught and barely held by the low, tight bodice of her dress. He followed her form from the promising rise and fall of her chest, down the cascade of the blue cotton dress she wore, all the way to her perfect ankles, and delicate bare feet. The sunlight behind her shone through the blue dress like dawn’s rays at a waterfall, and Niccolo could see that she wore nothing beneath the thin garment.

Madelena was the best model Niccolo had ever known, and the best lover. Since he’d met her, his fortunes had risen like his prick, though not nearly so often or he would already be a duke. She brought him good fortune in a time when many men were fearful for the future, and Nicco knew

his future rested on the inspiration she gave him.

In one corner of the studio, he saw the morning sun fall upon a half-finished sculpture, a water nymph rising from a frozen, swirling pool. Madelena had been his model and the curves of those divine breasts were hers. He remembered the day he had carved those delicious orbs. They had been alone in the studio that day, so she had cast aside her clothing entirely, foregoing the drape she might have worn had his workers been present. He had wanted the nymph's breasts to show desire and often, between strokes of the chisel, he had gone to Madelena and taken each of her nipples between his teeth, making her gasp and moan, then he had stepped back to capture the curve and the rigid bud of her arousal. Every bump, every shadow on each of the marble nipples was perfect, cut with a lust as pure as spirit itself.

What she gave him was nothing less than transcendence, in an age where art was valued almost beyond salvation.

Lorenzo de Medici, who had ruled Florence for over twenty years, was dead, and some men said the end of the world was near, while others said, no, the world was a place of new beginnings. Whatever the future held, Lorenzo's death was good for the stone carvers, and Niccolo had made many mementoes. A broken face of Lorenzo still

lay on the floor of the studio. The work Niccolo did to honor the fallen noble had not gone unnoticed and he had gained patrons from among the Medici cousins and other families of Florence, Lucio Parnetti not the least among them.

The work they wanted most did not take so long as the figures Niccolo wanted to carve, but he took the nobles' florins and earned enough to live well. Ambitious, unfinished statues and studies in clay stood about the room, figures from myth and Nicco's imagination, half-freed from stone, waiting for time and the smooth stroke of his chisel to bring them fully to life. Niccolo had four assistants now, young men who wanted to learn from him and who worked cheap, but they did not come every day, and Niccolo's current commission, for the wife of one of the Parnettis, should have required no help.

But some days, the hammer would not strike a true blow, the chisels and points had minds of their own, and even a simple piece, like the one for Lucio that Niccolo worked on this morning, proved troublesome.

Madelena put her warm hand on his arm and examined his work. "It is nice," she said.

"It is garbage," Niccolo snapped. "See? There and there? The line is not right . . ."

She smiled at him, her dark eyes dancing with mischief. He saw her breasts straining against the

stiff fabric of her bodice and his irritation began to turn into another feeling entirely.

"You just need to relax," she purred, her hands on his waist now, twin sisters of promise and fire, her fingertips tracing his pectoral muscles before coming to rest on his thick leather belt.

Niccolo pulled the ribbon of the bodice, his fingers expertly unbinding what never should be bound. As the stiff outer garment fell away, he glanced at the statue of the nymph, his eyes feasting for a split second on the white, stone breasts, forever suspended in a state of arousal. He looked back at Lena, his hunger evident in a quiet, low growl. He wanted nothing of stone now. Here before him, in his hands, was warmth and life, pleasure for the taking. He cupped her breasts, letting his thumbs roll her nipples, feeling them grow stiff and full. With a growl of impatience, he pulled her dress down her shoulders, baring the glorious beauty of her bosom. Without hesitation, he buried his face there, licking and biting.

Madelena giggled and gently pushed him away. "No, my passionate one," she said, her voice husky with lust. "That may come later, but now you must let me..."

One of her hands pulled at his belt while the other slid inside the waistband of his coarse linen trousers. Her fingertips passed like lines of molten metal through the tangle of black hair and traced

the length of his rapidly growing erection. As if by sorcery, the belt was undone and he felt the cool morning air embrace him as Madelena rolled his pants down over his bottom.

Her gaze met his, the lovely black pools of her eyes promising much. Then she looked down, her palm under his hard cock, and she whispered, "Oh my sweet Nicco. So beautiful."

With the gentlest stroke from a single finger, she traced his length from hilt to head, as if she signed her very soul away. She glanced back up at him again as she slowly settled to her knees. Nicco's breath held as he stared into her eyes, eyes filled with such a powerful mix of lust and playfulness that Nicco wondered if it were not his soul she had placed on the market with a single burning touch.

* * * *

She settled on the folds of her skirt, her height cut in half by her kneeling position. This was worship Lena understood. From here, her lips mere inches from the swollen head of Nicco's cock, divinity was tangible. She still cradled the purple head in her hand, the gorged and veined length twitching as she caressed him with her quickening breath. How she loved this most amazing part of Nicco's body, this visible, delicious sage that could not lie

to Lena, not about Nicco's desires, at least. Even flaccid, his length was admirable, but as it was now, Lena was ever impressed. Hilt to head, his cock easily filled Lena's hand from fingertips to well past her wrist. The first time she had seen Nicco's swollen member, Lena briefly questioned her sanity, wondering how he'd ever fit, but before she could think more on the mystery, he was filling her, every precious, delicious inch wrapped tight within her flesh. Lena shivered at the memory, blood rushing to her core, wetness quickly slicking her sex, readying herself for him to fill her again. Not yet, Lena thought. Later. Anticipation would make that first delicious thrust of his all that much more exciting.

She closed her eyes, the smile on her lips one of wicked playfulness. She loved this. She loved the power he inspired in her; that of being a woman, of holding a man literally in the palm of her hand. She leaned into Nicco, the soft skin of her cheek barely caressing the satin cover of his rock-hard cock. The coarse black curls that covered his groin tickled her chin as she pressed her lips to the soft skin just above the line of hair, just above the thick base. She glanced up and saw Nicco looking down at her, his body so still he could pass for one of his statues if not for the pounding pulse she kissed at the corner of his groin.

"You see, Nicco, how beautiful you are? How

can I resist you?" Dangerous wickedness filled her belly as she turned back to his fully erect cock. The slightest turn of her head and Lena's lips helped Nicco find breath again as she kissed through the curls at the base of his throbbing length. His sharp inhalation sent another bolt of energy through Lena, the lips of her sex fairly dripping with desire.

"God's teeth, Lena," Nicco growled, one hand settling lightly on her head, as if he were afraid to touch her for fear she'd vanish.

Lena smiled, more determined then ever to make Nicco remember this day not for his truncated art, but for the ecstasy she had every intention of giving him.

Her tongue guided her, flickering softly between her lips as she placed kisses like stepping stones down the center path of his prick, from the top of the hilt to just below the ridge of the head. Nicco's other hand caressed her cheek, his rough fingers warm and promising. Lena did not take her eyes off Nicco's pulsing member, the veins now bulging beneath the smooth skin. Her lips parted into a devilish smile and her tongue found another chord to Nicco's groans as she traced a smooth line from the pronounced ridge to the tip, hungrily lapping up the clear pearl that formed at the head, smearing the remnants over her lips.

Nicco's hand fell from Lena's cheek to her

shoulder, the grip tight and seemingly insistent that she rise from her knees. Lena knew Nicco wanted to take her, hard and fast, that soon they'd be covered in marble dust and sweat and, while Lena longed for that, she was not ready to relinquish the exquisite thrill of power her play sparked within her soul. Before Nicco's strength could lift her, Lena barely parted her lips and pressed against the head. The swollen crown of his manhood slid into her tight mouth as her tongue fluttered over it, bathing it in darting caresses. Lena did not stop there. She continued her press, her sweet lips tight against his flesh as she pushed her way on, his pulsing cock soon filling her mouth. She pressed further still, the head soon meeting the back of her throat. Lena pulled back just a little, her lips forming a tight sheath around half of Nicco's manhood, then she pressed forward one more time; careful to cushion her teeth, and, with infinite care, she closed her jaws, holding Nicco in a velvet vice as her tongue slid deliciously along the most sensitive flesh on his body.

"Lena! What are you doing?" Nicco growled lustfully, his hand going from her shoulder to the edge of the table as he braced himself against her onslaught.

Lena chuckled, the vibrations of her amusement drawing another oath from Nicco's lips. His

fingers tangled in her hair, his hips eager to join in the rhythm of the moment, and Lena, content with her exploits, released her grip and boldly slid down Nicco's length, relaxing the muscles in her throat to accept his whole cock in the heated channel of her mouth.

Ravenous and wild, the rhythm they built between them set the stone on the table to rocking, and the marble dust to flying. Lena suckled as she pulled away, each inch of the retreat another opportunity for her tongue to fly over the tender flesh of Nicco's shaft. She pulled almost completely away, then pushed back, burying her nose in the black curls at the base, enthralled by the earthy musk of his lust, and the salty promise of his pre-come. Her tongue cradled and ravished in equal turns as she devoured his cock, and as she worked her mouth and throat over the throbbing flesh, Lena slid her arms around Nicco's muscled thighs until her hands were beneath his engorged, busy member. Light as a feather, she began to caress Nicco's balls as she continued her relentless assault with lips and tongue.

Nicco growled, his thrust into her velvety mouth direct and purposeful. Lena set the rhythm, but did not fight his increase in tempo. Her tongue flew crazily over his flesh as it lavished his shaft with soft whips of pleasure, and her lips became the perfect ring that was the silken portal to his

pleasure. She felt him approaching the threshold, and knew now was the time.

A single finger found the most sensitive skin at the base of Nicco's balls and began to massage.

Nicco roared as his muscles constricted and his cock throbbed with life. Lena barely tasted his come as it filled her throat on her final relentless push, but as she pulled away, the salty nectar of his release filled her mouth, rewarding her for her efforts. He continued to thrust into her mouth and Lena sucked hard and fast, milking every precious drop of his pleasure, savoring the taste, the very essence of him.

Panting, Nicco pulled free from her mouth, leaning heavily against the table. Lena sat back on her heels and looked up at him, her lips swollen from her assault and wet from his come. Nicco shook his head, his satiated smile quirking into a grin of promise. Only their shared, ragged breathing filled the studio for several moments before Nicco reluctantly pulled Lena's dress up onto her shoulders again.

"All right, pretty muse," he said, stroking her hair, touching the wetness on her lips before he leaned over and kissed her deeply. "Go on now, or I'll not get any work done. This afternoon, I will show you what you have inspired."

* * * *

Nicco watched Madelena depart, her hips swaying, the bodice in her hand, swinging beside her thigh. Sunlight turned the blue dress to mist, and he felt himself stirring again, though she had surely satisfied his appetite. She cast one glance over her shoulder, black eyes filled with love and desire, and she made a bow of her mouth, kissed at him, and winked before she turned the corner and disappeared behind the house.

Nicco stood, his pants still around his ankles, his drained cock exposed to the morning air, and he stared at the place he'd last seen Lena. Momentarily he wondered if some mischievous muse, ethereal and mysterious, had not honestly visited him in Lena's guise. Alone in the workshop, peace filled his soul, a sense of the most profound love and adoration for Lena, and an understanding, beyond words, of the union that Eros begets between a man and a woman.

He pulled up his pants and buckled them, then picked up his hammer and his finest pointed chisel and returned to the stone.

Where the marble had defied him before, now the gods and goddesses guided his hand, and every stroke fell true, the peach marble flaking away in chips and powder, form emerging from stone, the long hours of anatomical study and practice bearing fruit.

This work was a trifle, hardly worthy of his skills, but it would be a masterpiece, one he could confidently give to Lucio Parnetti knowing he'd kept his word to the powerful merchant.

The chisel was alive in his hand, the hammer an extension of his pulse. Lena's lingering scent reminded him of the sweet inspiration she had bestowed upon him again, and his eyes were half-lidded with the memory of the pleasure of her mouth. The marble slowly gave birth to the spirit in the stone, a manifestation perhaps of the god Apollo, or more likely Dionysus.

Nicco thought often of the old days of the pagans, and he sometimes wished he had lived then. In his studies, he had heard many learned men talk about the myths of ancient times, teaching both the stories and their meaning, in the eyes of priests, of philosophers, and of artists, but all the dry talk in the world had not turned him from daydreams of what it must have been like when gods walked the earth as bulls or fell in the naked lap of a maiden like a shower of gold.

He imagined himself as a satyr, wild in the fields, springtime turning his blood to fire, chasing the nymphs as they scattered before him, bare, bouncing, and beautiful, fair as Germanic girls or dark as Moors, each of them a delight when he caught them, no guilt in their coupling, only divine pleasure. He smelled the scent of bent

grass, heated by the twining of bodies; he imagined the divine crush of a nymph's cunt as he entered her, filling her to capacity, his hairy flanks against her perfect, smooth butt as he thrust deep into her until her musical screams filled the wood and he filled her cunt with his hot seed.

It seemed to him that the world must have grown grayer, that colors then must have been rich and wild as a master's painting. Nicco had been shown galleries in certain of the Florentine homes, where paintings were hung that could not be displayed in the villas' common rooms. Ethereal and bold, the masterpieces sharply contrasted to the somber portraits and endless Pietas and Flights Into Egypt that adorned the common rooms of the nobles' homes.

He thought of Artemis at her bath, her beauty unparalleled, dark hair and tanned skin illumined by morning sunlight, her breasts perfect and brown-tipped, the dark tangle of hair at the base of her belly, the droplets of river water caressing her as they ran down her long, firm legs. He imagined the hunter Acteaon, in the brush, watching the goddess and her maidens bathing, his prick growing hard as he wondered what it would be like to fuck a goddess, knowing that some men had been granted that pleasure, he worshipped her with his eyes and wanted her with his flesh.

Nicco expected the flash of anger in the goddess' eyes when she saw the hunter spying on her, the curve of her breast as she raised her arm in imperious, magical command, changing Acteaon, bringing the stag out of his soul, antlers twining above his head, dropping to all fours, hands become hooves. Nicco saw the dripping jaws of the hounds.

He prayed to God that he would someday have time and the patronage to carve the death of Acteaon in marble, for the work would be his masterpiece, the depiction of a man who had died for desire, consumed by his own passions. He would make Artemis the most beautiful woman who had ever been birthed from stone.

Lena would be his model.

Whenever Madelena posed for Nicco, he felt the pagan days alive again. The space between him, where he carved, and Lena, where she posed, became the heart of a sacred grove. The pulse of the old gods, steady, like a drumbeat in his ears, magic guiding his mind and his hand. She was his nymph, his muse, and his lover, and the magic she gave him flowed into the stone and gave it shape.

Time fell away like the chips of marble that had revealed the true shape of the sculpture. Nicco had reached a point in his day's work where he no longer had to think, his hands seemingly guided by the gods. He was shaping the base of the

figure, cutting lines that he would smooth later in a vise. For now, he smoothed and spiraled, regular as a snail's shell but easy for his practiced hands. His mind wandered and his gaze fell on the half-finished statue of the nymph emerging from the marble water.

That one was a commission for a fountain that would adorn the courtyard of Bono Deltesta, and, when it was finished, it would be the finest piece Nicco had carved. Now, the work of *this* moment was not art at all, merely skilled craft, the finishing touches to a minor piece. He worked rhythmically and steadily and the spell of monotony crept up on him. His mind flew away from the tap, tap of his chisel to the Mysian coast, at the mouth of the river Kios. It was there that his imagination had taken him on the day when he had first visualized the nymph, when he had first conceived the sculpture.

The *Argo* lay at anchor not far from the shore, and a small port crowded the land some distance away. The Greeks and their leader Jason made camp upon the strand, the heroes erecting their tents, building fires, some of them pressing grapes for wine. Hills rose above the shore, forested and wild and Nicco looked out through the eyes of Hylas, whom he had become in his imagination, friend and companion of the demigod Hercules.

The *Argo* sailed in search of a fleece of gold, so

that Jason might be king of Iolcus. A ship of fifty oars bore the greatest heroes in all the world. Hylas was a young man, strong of limb and beautiful in the lines of his features, the handsomest youth among the Argonauts, with a heart given to wandering and wanton play.

Hylas had been given the task of finding water, and Nicco felt the sand crunch beneath his sandals as he climbed up the beach and into the hills. He entered the tree line, and felt the cool of the shadows, smelled the rank scent of the forest, green and alive, mixed with the undertone of humus and the rich decay of the matted ground. Nicco saw through Hylas' eyes and felt what he felt, but he saw with the eye of the artist too, Hylas painted by the sunlight, broken into patterns by tree limbs high overhead, the branch canopy like a cathedral ceiling, the light golden on the young hero's bare, muscled limbs.

He heard the song of the spring, the ripple and murmur and splash where clear water fell like crystal into a pool, wide and green in the filtered light, its surface dotted with lilies, its waters still as glass.

Nicco absently brushed away the dust from the peach-colored stone, his gaze never leaving the marble nymph, his mind's eye alive with his vision of the past.

Hylas spied her on a rock beside the pool, still

as the waters, and she was watching him. She was the most beautiful woman he had ever seen, naked, and formed like Venus herself, her breasts full and perfectly turned, brown-tipped, her belly just lightly rounded, her hips perfect in their proportion, her legs long and graceful. He saw the rich fall of her hair, black as midnight entwined with flowers, the raven hue echoed in the triangle at the apex of those perfect legs. He drew nearer, under the spell of her beauty; the perfection of her features drew his artist's eye and kindled the fire of passion beneath the loincloth he wore.

Niccolo's prick soon rubbed against the cloth of his trousers again as his cock gorged itself on the fantasy he embraced. His breathing grew more rapid as he tap, tapped the hammer against the chisel, cutting a grip into the carving. Like a flowing river, he channeled his lust into the rhythm of his work, the steady beat of the hammer adding to the fever in his blood.

The nymph beside the fountain regarded Hylas with eyes the color of sable, beneath brows that arched with slender perfection. Her cheeks were high and her mouth full and shaped for love, to kiss or suckle or bite. Her teeth were perfect and white when she smiled.

It was Madelena who sat upon the rock.

Hylas approached reverently, his steps cushioned by the mat of leaves on the forest floor,

his arms already spreading to embrace the wonder he saw before him. His erection almost ached, so hard had he grown, and with an impatient twist of his hand, he untied the cord that circled his waist and he let the cloth fall to the ground, so that he stood before the nymph, almost close enough to touch her, naked and filled with desire.

With a laugh, she slipped from the rock and into the pool, breaking the mirrored surface smoothly. She surfaced, her perfect breasts beaded with water like diamonds, her hair spreading around her like black shadows swirling. She reached up, and, in Nicco's mind's eye, he froze her in stone.

But the fantasy did not end there.

Hylas knelt by the water's edge, his erect cock bold and thrusting from between his legs. He saw the nymph's gaze widen in appreciation as she reached up, one hand stroking his calf, the other caressing the swollen shaft, her fingers dancing over the length, sending thrills of sensation coursing through Hylas. Her touch was like fire and his cock jerked in sharp appreciation of her attention. Her fingertip lingered just under the head, her breath warming his member with promises of sweet delight. Then her fingers brushed him once more as she propelled herself away from the shore toward the center of the pool, beckoning to him to follow her.

Heedless of any peril, he leapt into the water, much more clumsily than she had, splashing, breaking the spell of the still pond. He swam toward her while she backed effortlessly away from him, until she treaded water in the very center of the pool. Hylas saw then that they were not alone. The nymph's sisters had appeared from the depths and from the forest, slender and naked, a buffet of perfection, slipping wet and glistening into the water and circling him as he approached their sister.

He grinned at them and laughed as he dreamed about filling each of them in turn, of the fire of the nymphs taking pleasure in each other as they awaited his hard cock, of the lips of a nymph sucking his prick while he feasted on another's cunt and his hands busily playing in the slippery folds of two others. They laughed with Hylas, their scent like roses and perfumed smoke, their eyes filled with mischief and anticipation of what they would see when he caught their sister. He had never felt so alive, so aroused, every sense alert to the cold caress of the pool, the whisper of breeze in the forest, the laughter like music.

Hylas caught his prey then as the other nymphs circled closer. His arms went around the fair form he had pursued, pulled her to him, skin all wet magic and heat, his legs tangling with hers, his cock already finding purchase between her legs,

riding between the lips, sliding along the lines, brushing her clit until she moaned softly. He did not penetrate her, but opened her to him, ready.

The nymph's hands traced the muscles of his back, down to his waist and cupped his buttocks. Their entwined legs kicked together supporting them in the water, and Hylas felt the hands of the other nymphs on him too, admiring and stroking, fingers sliding into the curls at the base of his shaft, stroking and encouraging, cool hands reaching between his legs, fondling his balls until he groaned, his lust palatable and demanding. He heard their encouraging voices, like breeze and the song of water, entreating him to take their sister.

He felt the gates of passion pressing against his cock, saw the nymph's eyes dilate and her mouth open in a silent, almost whispered scream as she impaled herself on his shaft. Weightless in the water, a spot of molten fire where he was in her amidst the cool cloak of the water, Hylas' thick cock filled the tight hole of the nymph to perfection. She moved against him, with the rhythm of the water's lifting, the hands of her sisters stroking both of them, urging him to take her hard and fast, and laughing with the sound of running brooks.

She ground her hips against his, forcing him ever deeper. Hylas felt the hands of her sisters

between them and knew one of them stroked and teased the nymph's clit. She began to cry out, short gasps as she twined her legs around him, the rhythm almost out of control. Hands pulled him down now, under the water, down into the depths of brilliant darkness, the surface above him like rippling glass, the nymph's white and dark shadows around him, descending.

He breathed water and it filled him like light, like inspiration, as he exploded inside the nymph, coming hard as she came, tight cunt gripping him as waves of pleasure coursed between them. Her cry, like divine music even beneath the water, filled Hylas with a surety beyond all faith. She drew him down to another world, where breath was passion and beauty was reason and there was nothing but love, day in and day out.

Hylas heard the Greeks calling overhead, voices echoing in the forest, but he did not answer. All he needed was there, in the depths of the pool, in the warm arms of the nymph, the perfect circle of her sex, the endless joy of their coupling. Here, Hylas knew, was bliss.

* * * *

Niccolo finished the last of his strokes with a sigh, still gazing upon the marble perfection of Lena's twin. His rock-hard cock ached, the pounding

pulse in his trousers demanding satisfaction. He wanted Lena to come back to the studio soon, so he could show her his work, and then repay her divine inspiration.

He smiled at the fantasy he had entertained himself with while he worked. His teachers had used the tale of Hylas as a cautionary story, of how one could be seduced from duty by a siren's song, by the promise of pleasure and unwise dalliance, but Nicco had his own interpretation.

The story of Hylas was the story of true art, the realization of beauty and pleasure so total that the artist was spellbound by it forever. The *Argo* was not duty; she was Lucio and his demands, the realities of patronage, the things one endured so that one might make love and drink wine, so that he might carve marble to honor the old gods and reveal Lena's beauty to the ages.

The *Argo* was shadows, and the nymph, and art, and love, were illumination.

* * * *

Madelena returned in the afternoon, when the room had begun to fill with creeping grayness. Niccolo did not need the light for this stage of his work. He had long since freed the carving from the block and now worked upon it in a vise, the marble wrapped with burlap to preserve the

perfectly smooth stone from scratches. The last touches were to the base of the form, smoothing ridges that would cradle fingers, like one hand shaking another, long enough to fit two smaller hands but equally suited to one large one. He looked up at Lena as she entered, and he smiled in anticipation.

Madelena still wore the blue dress and she had not replaced the bodice. Her full breasts hung perfectly behind the blue film, each glorious nipple already teased erect by the fabric's kiss, and, Nicco suspected, her own expectation of what would soon follow. She walked beside him and put her warm hand on his bare chest, fingertips savoring the touch of the dusty sweat on his skin. She kissed him, lips parted, eyes sparking, and asked in a purr, "How is the work going, Nicco?"

Nicco grinned, his mind and cock already primed by sweet fantasy. He eagerly wanted to engage in new dreams he'd fostered since before he'd wrapped the sculpture in burlap. Nicco chuckled, his ideas of how he would spend the rest of the afternoon adding to the stiffness of his swollen shaft. "All but finished, dear Lena. Would you like to see it?"

She nodded, her hand running down over his pectoral muscles and lingering at his waist. Her touch lit fire to his groin and he gave a throaty

growl, his pulse racing unchecked.

Niccolo turned the handle of the vice, releasing the pressure on the burlap-wrapped marble and he lifted out the sculpture by its gracefully turned handle. A little more smoothing later and he would be finished, but the piece was certainly ready for Madelena's close examination. The thing was a little heavy, but weighted so that he held it easily with one hand as he removed the protective covering with his other.

Madelena's eyes grew wide in appreciation as the marble form was revealed and her mouth made an o of delight. From the peach-colored stone, radiant even in the fading light, Niccolo had sculpted a phallus suitable for Dionysus himself. Two-thirds as long as Lena's forearm, superbly detailed, the marble's veins made the stone look warm and alive. Every ridge, every line was perfect, more than perfect because Nicco had designed this carving to provide total pleasure to the wife of Lucio Parnetti, based on his own discussions with Lucio of what drove Joanna, his beautiful mate, wild.

"It's fantastic, Nicco," Lena whispered as she reached out tentatively to touch the cold stone. "It's the best one you have ever made!" Shyness melted away and Lena wrapped her fingers around the phallus, stroking the marble with a sure hand. Nicco's cock hardened as his mind

reeled with a maelstrom of memory. How he loved Lena's touch. "It looks as though it should move," she said as she stared at the marble sculpture almost entranced.

"Unlike Lucio's, this staff will never falter," Nicco grinned, "And Joanna can use it when Lucio is away with his mistress or his merchants. He is a wise man who knows how to keep a beautiful, rich wife contented."

"Yes," Lena replied, the spell of the phallus still holding her rapt. Her fingers continued to play over the formidable head of the marble cock, and Nicco shifted, his erection beginning to rub uncomfortably against his trousers.

"It seems right," said Nicco with a sly grin, "but I cannot deliver it to the Parnettis without testing it first. After all, I have a reputation to protect, and Lucio will pay me a bag of florins for this prize, if it works properly. Shall we see if it does?"

Lena blinked, the spell temporarily broken. She looked up at Nicco, her grin growing as quickly as his. "That would be prudent, my artisan," Lena said, her breathing quickening as she gave the phallus one final stroke.

Niccolo guided her to a corner of the studio where a straw mat lay. Lena had posed on this mat many times and they had made love there often. He had changed the straw only the day before and it smelled fresh and clean as they knelt

there. Lena was pliant in his hands, surrendering herself to his will as he had surrendered to hers in the morning. Nicco laid the phallus nearby, where it waited far more patiently than any human lover would have. He wanted to take Lena himself, but relished the excitement of this novel exploration with his mate. Gratification would come, Nicco had no doubt, but for now, it was time to thank his muse for her inspiration.

Lena raised her hands and he lifted the blue dress from the hem, over her hips, gathering beneath her buttocks, where he held it a moment, his hands drinking in the warm miracle of her flesh, his fingers giving the crease of her ass a promising caress. His touch roamed slowly and he explored the plane of her stomach, then spread over her hip, his thumb tracing a path in the tangle of black hair at the base of her belly, to touch the sweet cleft of Venus.

Lena was already quite wet, and he fought the impulse to dip his fingers into the succulent pool of her sex and take her with his hand. The phallus must be tested properly, he thought with a fevered grin. Time enough for other pleasures later.

Nicco returned to the delightful task of removing her dress, bringing the bunched fabric over her glorious breasts, letting his hands feast there for a moment, rubbing the nipples lightly, bringing them to full, pointed perfection, then he

lifted the dress over her raised arms and tossed it aside, where it lay like a blue pool.

Madelena knelt before him, entirely naked, a perfect nymph, the round swell of her hips irresistible to his hands, her breasts large and firm, dark-nippled and ripe for the tasting. Nicco indulged himself. One hand slid back into the nest of pleasure, his fingers soon coated in the sweet honey of her sex. Lena drew a sharp breath and Nicco's smile widened. He'd never known a woman as responsive as Lena, and he found her honest reactions to him as arousing as her bare beauty.

Nicco busied his mouth working at her right breast, savoring the sensation of her nipple grown hard beneath his assault. Another gasp escaped Lena as Nicco gently guided her backwards and down, lowering her to the mat.

His hand was slick with her essence, but he knew the stone was dry and would need all the help he could give it to slide pleasurably into his lover. In the boudoir of the Parnettis, Joanna would use scented oil or an unguent on the shaft, designed to ease its entry and perhaps even enhance her pleasure through herbal magic, but he had nothing of the sort in the studio.

Nicco would have to improvise.

He kissed Lena's belly, letting his tongue trace the tight flesh there, play for a moment in her

navel, then he began to bite her softly, his teeth pulling at her skin, his tongue flicking at the taut flesh. She made little gasping sounds with each bite as he worked his way to the silken black triangle and buried his face there, letting the tip of his tongue tease the hair and find the valley's edge, but he delayed the journey to the peak of her pleasure.

Niccolo paused and indulged himself in one of his favorite pleasures. With precise aim, he put his mouth at the very top of Lena's inner thigh, letting his tongue bathe her there for just a moment, wetting a spot between the circle of his teeth, then he bit down, tenderly but firmly, suckling at the muscle, his tongue furious, a tantalizing promise of what he was about to do.

Lena moaned and thrashed, her hands on his head, pulling him against her, her breath turning to gasps of pleasure. Nicco felt her juices flowing against his cheek, the sweet pulse of her core, richly scented and divine.

He paused again, releasing his bite and licking his lips.

Then he licked hers. The tip of his tongue forcing entry into the portal, flicking against the precious bud, his hands on her thighs now, opening her wide as he became a hungry beast, his tongue probing into her, parting the folds, drinking her. She was sweet, like roses and nectar,

and he could not get enough of her, but he reminded himself that this was only the prelude, that he was only insuring the slippery passage of Dionysus' prick by his eager lapping.

He reached for the phallus and raised himself from his feast, waiting for her to open her eyes. Open them she did, breathless, panting.

"Now, Nicco. Now." She almost screamed.

But he was patient and her wait would be worthwhile. He rose to his knees, holding the phallus like a scepter, letting Lena see it. Nicco rubbed it along her torso, between her breasts. A thin film of sweat covered Lena, their play already heated, and the tip of the marble gleamed with it, as though Dionysus had truly manifested himself in the stone and the bead of anticipation had formed on his cock. Nicco warmed the shaft against his own body for a moment, then placed the swollen, golden head between her legs, resting at the very portal.

With the thumb of his other hand, he traced the lip, opening her slightly. Nicco had a sudden memory of a very special day in one of his anatomy classes, when the old teacher had brought a prostitute into the classroom and had her spread his legs, bringing each boy in turn forward to examine her while he lectured, explaining the source of woman's pleasure in the most specific of terms. That lesson had served

Niccolo very well, many times, in a variety of ways.

Niccolo pushed the stone gently but firmly into Lena, as her gasp threatened again to become a scream of pleasure. He had textured the length of the stone cock with ripples that rode precisely along the bud from which pleasure grows, that sweet, magical morsel of flesh that the gods graced women with. The length and thickness of his art filled her completely and her flowing juices lubricated it perfectly as Nicco slid it into her, slowly and precisely. Deep, as deep as he dared go, Niccolo pushed the shaft and made his hand tremble a little, so the shaft shivered inside her.

Lena groaned and bucked, drawing her legs up to open herself wider, taking in the marble cock greedily, beginning to thrust herself against it so it rode in and out of her tight lips, rubbing herself along the ridged top, her own hand going to Nicco's to guide the thrusts. Niccolo found her rhythm instantly and matched it, pumped the slippery marble in and out of her.

His own prick's hardness matched that of the stone. With his free hand, he unbuckled his trousers and struggled to free himself, though he had no intention of taking her until Dionysus had his way.

Lena thrashed again, her back bowing, her beautiful breasts thrust upward, as she gripped

the phallus with her sex, but Niccolo had no mercy. He continued to work the stone, pumping it in and out of her, twisting it just a little to ensure the fullest contact. He felt a current run through the handle, the hard quivering of her building release, her whole body shaking with it, her breath gone entirely, eyes closed, one with the gods as she came and came and came, and then collapsed, shivering and moaning.

Slowly, with the most tender and precise motion, Nicco slid the phallus out of his beloved as she came one more shuddering time and then lay still. He caressed the slippery marble shaft along the trembling lips of her sex, eliciting a last shuddering moan from Lena, and then he laid it aside. Smiling down at Madelena, Nicco rose from his knees.

“My old master always said, the best art is the art that fulfills you,” he said, rolling his trousers down his hips and rising to step out of them. Then he stood over her, his cock glistening and erect, and he said, “Now we will see how I compare to Dionysus.”

* * * *

Lena looked up at Nicco, his beautiful erection radiant in the late afternoon sun. He did look like a god, strong and virile, and his shining cock

could make any of the ancient deities envious. Her heart still raced from the delicious orgasms Nicco and the marble phallus had just elicited from her, but she was still eager for Nicco to fill her. With a shuddering inhalation, Lena caught her breath. The lips of her sex were slick with her own juices and she ached sweetly from Nicco's testing of the phallus, but while the phallus was a true masterpiece of art and served well at pleasuring her, she wanted Nicco's warm flesh buried in hers. Mischief bubbled as she challenged him. "Yes, my sweet love. Let's see if you can live up to your art."

Nicco's gaze, lust-filled and stormy, raked over Lena as she lay on the mat, her own hands playing with the globes of her breasts. With a feral growl, Nicco dropped to his knees between Lena's spread legs. He pulled her to him almost rough with hunger. His hands, so strong, the rough pads of his fingers adding tiny ripples of pleasure to every touch, kneaded Lena's flesh, stroked the tender skin of her belly and cupped her ribs as if he might squeeze his hands together, dove-tail the two sets into one. Lena rubbed her legs along his sides, her dripping sex so close to his erect, gorged cock that she could feel the heat of him on the wet folds. She wanted him. She wanted him hard inside her, fast and deep.

Nicco gazed at Lena and crooked a smile, an

almost wicked mischief mixing with the maelstrom of lust. His hand slipped under her breast, the thumbs stroking the delicate flesh under the heavy orbs. Ever so lightly the ridged skin of his thumbs caressed the very outside rim of her nipples. Lena groaned, the nipples instantly hardening, the sensitive flesh beginning to ache as Nicco slowly worked his caresses over more of the dark aureoles of her breasts. She panted, her desire for Nicco manifesting in a new flow of wetness in her sex. When finally Nicco closed his hands over the tops of her breasts, taking the nipples between his thumb and forefinger, Lena's body sang with want. Her hips undulated and she whimpered, her fingers sinking into Nicco's thighs, begging in their grip for him to take her.

Nicco leaned over Lena and kissed the hollow at the base of her sternum, his long hair tickling her belly and feathering her sensitized sex with the fall. Lena arched against him again, and as she settled on the mat, the head of Nicco's cock slid just inside the outer lips of her sex, sending a shock of lust straight through Lena's soul. Her fingers gripped Nicco's thighs with the strength of an Amazon.

"Nicco..."

Nicco grinned, his dark gaze drinking in Lena's sweat-sheened beauty. Without further hesitation he leaned over her right breast and rubbed his lips

along the tip of her erect nipple. She moaned and pulled her hands from his thighs and tangled them in his hair just as his tongue darted out and bathed the stiff peak. She gasped and arched into him, her effort rewarded by his mouth taking the hard nipple into a passionate kiss, his tongue curling around the tip as he suckled softly, his lips sliding over the sensitive flesh of the outer rim. Just as Lena did not think she could take another moment of Nicco's assault, he turned his attention to her left breast, giving it the same arousing attention.

Lena's body screamed for him. Sweat beaded her skin; her juices flowed freely from her sex, sliding down the crack to puddle on the mat. Her limbs tingled and she knew her heart would burst from her chest at any moment. And the ache, the heavy tension in her very core, threatened to drive her insane.

As if sensing her potential break with reality, Nicco rose from his assault. Kneeling between Lena's legs, his cock fully erect, the bulbous red head shining with a mixture of his own pre-come and her juices, he paused for a moment, looking down at her and she knew that soon she would know divinity.

Nicco pulled Lena closer to him, her thighs now riding on his, her wetness just below his impressive cock. With his right hand, he guided

his shaft, rubbing the swollen head long the lines of her sex, teasing the lips and her clit. She arched against him, her fingers finding his thighs again, desperately pulling him to her. He relentlessly continued on his course, expertly circling her clit, rubbing the head of his cock along the edges of the sensitive peak, then stroking the hot knob inside the folds of her sex, teasing the entrance, but always retreating to return to his torturous assault on her senses.

“Nicco, please!” Lena begged loudly.

He grinned, his gaze glazed with lust. “As you wish, my dear.” With a final lap around her clit, Nicco eased down to the entrance, hesitated just as the head began to slide in, then plunged fully into her eager channel.

Lena cried out, the bolt of sensation almost bringing her to orgasm at the moment of entry. Nicco filled her completely, his hard cock riding in and out of her in a rhythm that she barely recognized as one she set. Higher and higher she felt the waves of pleasure building and knew, soon, she’d crest and fall off the edge into ecstasy.

Closer she crept as he pumped into her hot pussy, his own breath panting, his fingers kneading the flesh of her hips as he pulled her to him, thrusting deeply into her. She loved the feel of her flesh closing around Nicco’s cock, loved the jolting shock as he pushed deep, filling her and

then pulling away only to fill her again and again. He slid easily through her flesh, coated by her juices, even as her muscles tightened around him, wanting to hold him inside.

Lena ground against him, panting, her vision beginning to darken as sweet oblivion yawned before her. Nicco pulled away, instead of another thrust that would shatter her into blissful fragments, he pulled completely out of her.

Lena cried out, anguish and shock mixing with panic as her body screamed for release. "Nicco!"

Nicco chuckled, his grin almost diabolical as he caressed Lena and kissed her breasts. She reached for his cock, eager to feed the slick length back into her hungry sex. He grabbed her hands and restrained her, smiling all the while. "Patience, my dear Lena.. Beautiful art is not created without patience."

Lena closed her eyes, whimpering. "Nicco..." She wanted to scream at him to fuck his art and to fuck her, but the words froze in her throat as her body continued to sing with desire.

Nicco rose again on his knees and with a wicked smile playing on his lips, he turned Lena onto her stomach. His hands ran over her back and buttocks, sending thrills of pleasure racing through her body. His fingers slid between her thighs and teased the already tender flesh of her sex. She whimpered and pushed against his hand

as he slid his fingers beyond the lips, one, then two, pumping them into her until his hand was coated.

Lena clawed at the pallet, her lust beginning to turn crazed. Nicco put his hands on her sides and lifted, bringing her up to her knees. Her head still rested on the pallet, smiling into the sweet smelling straw-filled mat. There would be no stopping now.

Nicco spread Lena's legs, opening her soaked sex to the cool air. She rocked back, thrilling at the sensation of his slick cock bouncing against her round buttocks. She was eager for him to fill her again, the cool air a refreshing sensation against her sex, but not what she truly wanted. As she rocked back a second time, her desire was fulfilled.

Sure and true, Nicco slid fast and deep into Lena's waiting flesh. She yelped in pleasure, the canal of wet flesh shocked by the sudden invasion, closing tight around his cock. He groaned loudly and she smiled at the thrill of power that shot through her being. He filled her to capacity, his thick shaft rubbing deliciously as he thrust in and out of her. One hand held her above her left hip, while his other hand rubbed her ass and slowly snaked around her waist.

Ripples of pleasure joined the waves that threatened to send Lena over the edge as Nicco's

fingers found the bud and began a swirling assault that matched perfectly the rhythm of his thrusts.

As if the waves of pleasure from before were the base of the waves that grew within her now, Lena felt herself peaking. Her breath held, her muscles gripping tight to Nicco's cock, her entire being concentrated on the sensations that radiated from the union of his flesh with hers, she shattered.

Waves upon waves of overwhelming pleasure coursed through her body. "Nicco!!" she cried out, screaming, her body convulsing with the powerful orgasm that seemed to have no end.

Nicco pounded into her, faster, relentless, extending the orgasm with his knowing touch on her clit and his powerful thrusts. As Lena's knees trembled, her body near collapse, the orgasm slowly ebbing, he took his own pleasure, his cries joining her whimpers as he came hard, pumping heat into her body until she overflowed with it.

They sank to the pallet, joined, their mixed love juices soaking the pallet beneath Lena. Her limbs trembled, her blood raced and somewhere in the back of her mind she realized the sun had passed behind the trees, turning the shop to a gray gold. No words passed between them, until finally the both could catch their breath.

Nicco kissed Lena's ear, moving one last time against her before pulling his drained cock out of

her. A line of his come trickled from the cleft of her sex. He raised himself on one arm and looked down at her, his eyes filled with admiration and love.

"Your verdict, my dear? Who is the better lover? Me or our friend, Dionysus?" He tapped the stone phallus.

Lena turned lazily to regard the marble shaft, then looked back at Nicco and into the lusty darkness of his gaze. She considered her answer carefully.

"I would not offend the god, Nicco, for his attentions were very satisfying, and I believe Joanna Parnetti will be very pleased with his attentions, but the artist must ever be greater than his creation, and there is no cock on heaven or earth finer than yours, my lover."

Nicco smiled, with a mixture of pride and amusement. "You are too gracious, my love," he said, and lowered himself to kiss her full lips with a lingering press of his before he continued. "But an artist is only as good as his inspiration, and inspiration should be rewarded."

"Oh, Nicco," Lena laughed, reaching up to pull him back down to her. "In this case," she said, "you must trust me. Inspiration is surely its own reward!"

The End

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

When asked “Where are you from?” my answer tends to be, “I’m from all over.” Born in Virginia and later raised on a sailboat, I have traveled extensively and grown up to appreciate the world in all its forms. I am always looking for the next adventure.