

LAWRENCE THOMAS

the NUDE



an erotic tale

The Nude

by Lawrence Thomas

I look up from my sketch pad to see her standing in the stucco archway. My eyes are so enchanted by her tall, slender, silhouette as she enters the café, that I scorch my tongue taking an overzealous swallow of my Latte. I am absorbed by every curve of exposed skin, from the small of her neck, to the arch of her feet.

Her long, tanned legs glimmer in this sultry summer heat. She wears a tight fitting tube top, and a wrap-around skirt. Sandals with a slightly raised heel show off the camber of her well-defined calves as she stands before me in three-quarter view. Her undulating hair, a silky brown, is gathered in back around a red pencil.

The Nude

I turn to a fresh page, and begin to draw her as she takes a seat in front of the open window. She slides off her sandals, and removes the pencil, allowing chestnut waves to cascade just past her bare shoulders. Her legs crossed at the ankles. I begin my sketch at the near perfect arch of her lightly tanned feet. The sun shines in through the empty window frame and casts shadows over her that I could never attain in the forced light of my small studio.

I sense that she feels me drawing her. Perhaps she thinks of me gliding my Conté, my charcoal drawing stick, up her leg, around her round, firm buttocks, and ascending the arch of her naked back. Carefully capturing every curve, every crevice. Does she take pleasure in the touch of my fingers softly shaping her features?

She lifts her left foot, and runs it slowly up and down her right leg. My eyes take in every inch of her body. For a moment, my Conté stick lost in her art. She has yet to overtly acknowledge my presence, yet she seems to enjoy this game.

She looks up, grins and draws her head back, leaving those soft, silky strands of brown to dangle behind her. She reaches around and pulls her hair above her shoulders, twists it with a practised gesture and replaces the red pencil. Then she takes her writing pad from the table, slips her sandals back on, and makes her way through the café archway, out to the village streets. Still, she has evaded eye contact.

With haste, I take one last sip of my now tepid latte, grab my things, and follow. She saunters the cobblestone sidewalk. She pauses for a moment before disappearing between buildings. When I catch up at the end of the alleyway, I find her standing in the middle of a courtyard with a magnificent garden. It is as if she is waiting for me. The court is surrounded by small flats rising above street-level bakeries and other shops, all shimmering in a rich perfume of newly-bloomed flowers and fresh-baked bread.

She leads me up a long, steel staircase to her third floor pad, leaving the door open behind her. I follow into her living room. She draws the curtains closed, turns on a lamp to the right of an old leather couch. She places her notebook on a stand next to the sofa, lights several candles, and a cigarette for herself. Without a word, she places the open pack of tobacco on the end table facing me. I reach in to take one, lighting it as she had with the wick of a lavender candle.

Once again she removes her sandals, and with a light pull of two strings, both her top and skirt fall swiftly to the floor. As she settles on the couch, naked except for the red pencil in her hair, the light exposes the sinuous contours of her out-stretched body. I suddenly notice her sapphire eyes. She smiles and exhales smoke from her cigarette.

I remove my shoes, position myself cross-legged on the floor, and begin again to shape her well-placed curves. I discover my focus is immediately

The Nude

drawn to the top of her right knee, bent higher than the rest of her long, slender form. She stares intently into my eyes, almost as if she is manipulating my fingers, guiding them around the shape of her bronzed body.

Gently she pulls my Conté down her raised thigh, to her hip, slowly directing me up her body, around her naval, over her muscular stomach, and gently grazing her breasts. I carefully define every detail, using my index finger of my free hand to render her shadows. We move on to tickle under her arms, down her relaxed limbs to the tips of her fingers.

Eagerly, we move up her neck, around her delicate ears, the light dangle of her lobes, and then slide down the line of her jaw bone to her lips. I pause to suggest a softness, using my index finger once more to add depth. I move on to sketch her perfect nose and the waves of her auburn hair. Finally, I work my way down her back, over her hips - winding through those never-ending legs to her sexy toes.

Now, I concede to her persuasive eyes. I have managed to resist their invitation thus far, but they have become hypnotic. Immersing myself in those passionate blues, I lose my sense of time and inhibition, moving forward to lie beside her, as I remove the last of my clothing.

I slide down her warm body, running my charcoal-dusted fingers over the canvas of her skin. She tilts her head back, her hands on her stomach. I

Lawrence Thomas

blow on her softly, taking her hands in mine. She arches her back well off the couch, head tilted, eyes closed.

I continue to run both my hands up and down her glistening body, leaving traces of Conté as I map my fingers around her smooth canvas.

She begins to shake uncontrollably. I kiss my way up to her neck, nibbling on her earlobes, before finally kissing her soft, subtle lips. Still trembling, she places her hands on my back, and draws me closer.

With my thumbs, I brush her temples, beneath her eyes, along her cheeks and around her parted lips. She brings her hands around my neck. Her feet intertwine with mine. She pulls me tightly to her, our hearts pounding into one another. Her breath scorches my ear. Her fingernails scrape down my spine.

Both our bodies shiver as a warm breeze pushes the curtains open, revealing a red summer sunset. She smiles. I return her pleasure.

She rolls, and I curl in behind her, my arms wrapped around her waist. I kiss the back of her neck as she reaches for a cigarette. "It's beautiful," she says softly, squeezing my hand as she stares down at the drawing on the floor.

It's the first time I have heard her speak.

The Nude

“It is the passion that is in a kiss that gives to it its sweetness; it is the affection in a kiss that sanctifies it.” ~ Christian Nevell Bovee

Many thanks to my fellow writers at McMaster University in Hamilton, ON Canada who helped me workshop this story, including our teacher who inspired this project.

Front and back cover designs by Lawrence Thomas

For copies of this story, email lawrencethomas@shakingthetree.ca, or contact me via the web at www.shakingthetree.ca.

First published October 2005

Second Release November 15th, 2009

© Copyright 2005-2009 Lawrence Thomas All rights reserved.

"It is the passion that is in a kiss that gives to it its sweetness; it is the affection in a kiss that sanctifies it." ~ Christian Nevell Bovee

