

Savage Beauty

Sadie was addicted to painters. Artistically sensitive men were also drawn to her because as a model, she possessed the rare ability to sit motionless for hours. And in turn, Sadie became transfixed in the moment of her portrait being created. Each time she agreed to sit for a painter, old memories flooded into her soul, taking her back to the late 1900's when she was the preferred lover of an unknown Spanish painter named Ruiz-Picasso. He was the only man she ever loved. Sadie gladly offered to become his patron, helping to support him in order that he could devote his time exclusively to painting. However, his male machismo would not allow him to accept financial aid from a woman. Sadie became his model and full-time lover instead. Her love for him was profound.

"Re-position your leg, so that your right leg is spread further apart. I want your sweet, gathering bud to be open like an avocado split in half." Carlos ordered Sadie to obey his command as he added red onto his pallet and began to apply paint. He was young, with a boxer's body and a keen mind. Carlos realized the potential of his talent early in life, yet was unsuccessful in landing a gallery, until Sadie came along. She had a mysterious air. She cared not about what others thought of her and was never intimidated by his serious demeanor. One night Carlos dropped by unannounced. He thought he heard screaming coming through the door. Several minutes went by before Sadie answered. There was a small drop of blood in the corner of her mouth. When he kissed her hard, and pinched her between the legs, the way he always greeted her, he tasted the blood from her lips. "Did you bite your tongue?" asked Carlos. Sadie threw back her head and scoffed. She pressed his hand harder so that he could feel the pulse between her legs. "I was absolutely starved for sustenance," she said casually. "I

couldn't wait for you to arrive. I grabbed a quick bite off the street." Carlos failed to see the body that had been pulled behind the screen, the life-blood desiccated.

Sadie arched her back and her breasts protruded upward. Her arms were erect and straight, cutting a sharp image for his paintbrush. Carlos added pink, to blend the white and yellow into a softer brown. He wanted to create flesh-tone for her body with bright colors. Carlos was so lost in his painting he failed to notice Sadie's hand playing with her flesh. Her fingers were moving rhythmically, stroking her clitoris. She inserted one finger into her anus and continued to stroke herself with her thumb. He finally tore his gaze away from the canvas to look at her. He stopped and put down his brush. He walked toward her.

The brightness of the overhead lights illuminated her body, now glistening with sweat and white flecks, sparkling against her silky skin. She continued to move her fingers, slowly increasing in speed. Carlos removed his overalls. He wore nothing underneath. He detested clothing while he worked and the overalls allowed him to concentrate, without feeling constricted. As he walked toward her, his erect cock rose higher with every step. His body was almost hairless, except for a mop of dark curls falling over his eyes. The site of his dark hair under his arms excited Sadie. Her knees were brought together, dosing herself in front of him. She wanted him to spread her open again.

Wet paint covered his fingers and hands. He drew a heart on her chest with his index finger and planted a kiss in the middle. With his tongue, he traced a line from the painted heart to her pubic bone, only the tip of his tongue barely touching her skin. Sadie was aroused. He reached her pubic hair and both of his hands groomed her course hair with his fingers. Sadie rested back on her elbows. Carlos was an artful lover, circling his tongue on the outside to tease her into submission.

He loved it when she begged. "Why do you torture me?" she asked. "Because your suffering releases you before I ram myself into you." Carlos never looked up. He didn't need to look at the expression on her face to know she was enjoying herself. His confidence in his abilities extended beyond his brilliance in painting.

Within seconds, Sadie's body let out a spasm as the pleasure took over her body. Carlos never entered a woman immediately. He laughed at any man who would penetrate without bringing a woman to climax beforehand. They're all amateurs, he thought. Her fluid flowed into his mouth. "You have to stop. Now! Stop! I can't feel any more," she pleaded. He ignored her. He inserted four fingers and eased inside his thumb. Sadie knew what was coming. His entire hand was going to be inside her. The notion of a painter's hand inside her body sent shivers down her spine with electric excitement. Carlos moved gently, inch by inch the width of his hand was accepted by her lips stretching outward, making room for the foreign object. His left hand was completely submerged. He began speaking to her. "Red oyster, slick and sumptuous. I taste you through the pores of my skin. I taste you with my eyes. I taste your body scent with my hand. Your sweetness is felt through me, inside you, buried between your sighs." Sadie was entranced by his baritone voice. Carlos knew how to please a woman. His completed canvasses were the epitome of pleasure, splashed with vibrant colors and bold images. He slept with every model. In fact, he was incapable of painting a woman unless he experienced love making with her.

"You remind me of Picasso," Sadie commented. "My work is far superior to his in many ways," Carlos arrogantly corrected her. "Picasso's work was dull and boring by the time he aged passed 70." Sadie hid her anger from his comment. She had known many men in her life, none of which could compare to his brilliance or charm in soothing women. "He was a force of change. All those people whose

lives he touched was never the same. His girlfriend, wife and grandson all committed suicide after his death. I wonder how many women you will inspire to death." Sadie challenged him. He wrapped his arms under her legs and hoisted her hips onto his bent legs. As he entered her, the tightness of his shaft caused her to groan with approval. Like Picasso, he was endowed with an unusually large cock. Sadie continued speaking to him, to rile his temper, to insight him to hurt her. "Picasso is the greatest Modern painter of all time, and the only living painter who earned millions while alive. His name is known throughout the world." Carlos thrust harder upon hearing her words. He liked her games. He knew Sadie well, appreciated her aesthetic of life.

When Carlos was a young boy in Barcelona, he longed to escape Spain, to travel abroad and make his mark in New York. There, a man could spread his wings and experience the rush of a city that never slept. Barcelona was overrun with tourists each summer, the heat suffocating during the day. His arrival in New York was difficult at first, barely earning enough of money to scratch out a living. A shared apartment allowed him to survive and he painted on the building's rooftop, away from the tenants. One night, Sadie stood in front of the window of her penthouse apartment, gazing into the night with binoculars. Her view scoped out the image of a man painting. The human eye would not have been able to discern his features but Sadie lived in a realm of extraordinary ability. Her eyesight magnified his canvas of a woman being ravaged by two men simultaneously. Her instincts had been honed over hundreds of years. She recognized another prize awaited her. Sadie found the building immediately. New York held little mystery for her. Only the comings and goings of new arrivals caught her attention.

She waited across the street for him to appear in the lobby of the apartment building. Before he opened the front door, Sadie was miraculously in front of him

with cat-like speed. "I saw your canvas from my penthouse. Come to my gallery at once. I will market your work. Where do you live?" Sadie was direct. Her eyes locked with Carlos' stare. He never blinked. He smiled gently and handed her a kitten. "I found this kitten in the rain," as he placed the crying feline in her palms, he elaborated his philosophy. "A woman is most like a cat when a man makes her body purr." He looked over her form. "Your body is unique, tall and slim with large shoulders and sculpted arms." Carlos was equally as forthcoming with Sadie. He grabbed her arm and brought her up to the roof of the building. There he pinned her against the wall and unbuttoned her clothes. "Remain as a mannequin." His English was surprisingly articulate. Sadie detected the Spanish accent that had been softened by his stay in New York. Her hope was once more renewed, having met Carlos that night.

"A painter's value only increases after their death. Surely you realize this," remarked Sadie. They finished making love. He ordered her to return to her position with her legs spread apart. He wanted to capture her moisture, leaking out onto the hardwood floor. Carlos threw himself into his canvas. As he picked up his brush, Sadie's hunger began to build. She only fed every alternate week. In the years since meeting Carlos, she spared him her fangs in favor of devouring innocents off the streets. Sadie chose young boys under the age of eighteen. Any size would do. She longed to transport herself back to the 1900's where her life truly began with Picasso. Carlos allowed her to flourish in this fantasy because his skill was comparable to Picasso's and his personality similar. After one year she realized his fame would grow but never to the level of Picasso's. "The new Millennium only has room for one Picasso," she spoke aloud to Carlos as she rose from her position. His anger surfaced, having become perturbed by her movement. Sadie sauntered over to his canvas. She touched the wet paint, passing her fingers lightly over the red color. "Carlos", she said, speaking his name

deliberately. He demanded that she lay back down or he would destroy the painting. Sadie was resolute. She wanted to avoid making this decision. The time had arrived when Carlos would perish in her love, his last painting of her a remnant of their time together. "I cannot wait any longer. I believe in reincarnation because I have seen many things, none are explainable, all are understandable. Some day a great man will be born in a young baby, and this young baby will grow up to be my Picasso. He will come back to me." Carlos stepped back, away from Sadie. The color of her eyes changed. Her breathing became quick and hard. He stood in front of her immobilized, with his paintbrush in hand. His instinct told him something was terribly wrong. Sadie stopped smiling. She began to cry. "Your death will break my heart. I had such high hopes for you."

Sadie lunged at Carlos. He held in front of him the paintbrush like a ready spike. It pierced her chest. The speed with which Sadie moved toward him did not allow her time to compensate for his reaction. The force of her body drove the paintbrush deeply into her heart. Sadie reeled back in horror. She looked at the wood object now lodged in her heart and was unable to remove it. For the first time in Centuries, the strength in her arms weakened. Her knees buckled and she fell to the floor. Carlos didn't move. He was paralyzed in watching the vibration of Sadie's body. She twisted in pain, writhing on the floor like a snake whose head had been decapitated. She did not bleed. Her eyes turned the color of gray, becoming lifeless. Her hair exploded into flames. Her fingernails dropped to the floor, having fallen off her fingertips. Minutes passed and Carlos stood glued to the floor, his feet unable to lift. His eyes became mesmerized by the image of Sadie's body evaporating before him, quickly disintegrated into nothing. The scent of her burnt flesh was almost too strong but it was soon replaced with a sweet aroma of lilacs and lavender. The room was silent. Carlos finally breathed. An impression

of light soot was left on the floor where Sadie stood. The paintbrush had fallen. He looked around to reassure himself that she was no longer present in the room.

Carlos bent over and picked up the brush. He felt the bristles with his thumb. They were still wet. He dabbed the tip of the brush in white paint and began to paint over the image of Sadie. In his mind, a new image of her had formed of a night creature with silver eyes and fangs. He squeezed out black, blue, white and bold red onto the pallet. The colors were vibrantly alive with the intrinsic nature of Sadie. He never stopped to eat or drink. Nine hours passed and Carlos did not rest. The cigarette butts overflowed from the ashtray and he continued to work. It was early in the morning now, the sun had risen and his canvas was complete. Carlos stood back and smiled for the first time upon looking at his own work. He realized at that moment his life would inexorably change because of Sadie. And the juxtaposition of life and art became one, his understanding of his power blossomed. Women inspired great art and only a great man could inspire such women to death.