

“Phoebe” (part 1 & 2 of 4)

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In early 1993 I moved to a small town in southern Indiana to take a job teaching English at a small community college. It wasn't the best job in the world, and certainly didn't pay much, but employment opportunities for English majors were pathetically slim that year. In any case, I found the idea of small town life attractive; I had grown up in a huge, bloated metropolis filled with freeways and strip malls, and the serenity and solitude of small town life was irresistible. Perhaps I would even find female companionship, or even love; certainly I had had no success with the rather brutal singles scene in my home city, and the opportunities to meet women in graduate school were virtually nonexistent.

I had been living in town for several months and had seen the intense Indiana winter dwindle away to a tentative spring. I had a small apartment in the southern part of town; actually it was just a few rooms of an old house that had been crudely partitioned off to create an apartment. I walked to work each day and returned home in the evening; the cold weather precluded any other exploration of my environment. Other than a few other English instructors, I had no friends to speak of; the social interaction I sought was seemingly nowhere to be found. My salary was too sparse to accommodate trips to Indianapolis or Louisville for cultural activity or night life (even if I could face that again), and my meager savings had not recovered from the expenses of moving.

Lack of money was on my mind one sunny Saturday morning as I finished my weekly shopping and pushed my cart of frozen dinners and Spaghetti-O's through the vestibule leading to the parking lot.

There was a bulletin board mounted there which I had never paid any attention to; however, starved for some evidence of human social activity, and vaguely imagining some possibility for moonlighting, I stopped and glanced over the notices and cards posted there. There were the usual things: garage sales, solicitations for babysitters, a poster for a production of "The Music Man" at the local high school. I was about to continue to the parking lot when a small index card at the lower corner of the board caught my eye. "Model (male or female OK) needed by local artist. Call Phoebe, 392-1750."

I mulled over this for a few moments. I didn't really think of myself as a model, per se, but I wasn't completely unfamiliar with the idea. My younger sister had majored in art, and a few times I had posed for her watercolors. There was nothing particularly difficult about it; I had simply slouched in a chair for a couple of hours while she worked. Once I fell asleep; another time I watched a movie on videocassette. The idea of being paid to sit still seemed rather appealing to me in my rather despairing mood; I took out a pen from my pants pocket and wrote the number on one of the paper grocery bags.

I called the number from my apartment that afternoon. "Hi, it's Phoebe," answered a contralto voice that suggested a middle-aged woman.

"I'm . . . calling about your advertisement for a model," I said somewhat haltingly.

The voice immediately brightened. "Oh, wonderful! I've had that silly card up there for weeks now; you're the first person to call. Have you ever done this before?" I started to stammer out something about my sister's watercolors, but she interrupted. "No, don't answer. I'm so desperate for a model that I can't be picky. Can you come over this afternoon? Say about three?"

"Sure. Three is fine. Where do you live?"

She gave me directions to a house about half a mile south of town.

* * *

Shortly before three o'clock, I rolled my bicycle into the gravel driveway of Phoebe's house. It was a big, somewhat shabby two-story frame house; its white paint was peeling in several places and the lawn needed mowing. Huge shade trees surrounded it, and I had a strange feeling of isolation; the nearest neighbor was hundreds of yards down the road. I parked my bike next to one of the trees, ascended the vast front porch and knocked. There was total silence for a few moments, and I listened to the locusts droning in the huge trees that sheltered the house. Then I heard footsteps approaching and the door swung open.

A woman who appeared to be in her mid-forties stood before me, smiling beatifically. She was my height (about five-ten) and was impressively wide; I guessed about 300 pounds, though I've always had trouble estimating quantities like these (I'd be hopeless trying to describe a crime suspect). She had shoulder-length straight dark hair streaked with gray and was wearing an oversized white T-shirt smeared with bright colors of paint in several places; cutoff denim shorts peeked out under the shirt's hem. She wore huge round wire-rimmed glasses and her face was only slightly lined with age.

"The model finally arrives! Come in!" She unhooked the screen door and swung it toward me, holding open with one plump arm. I grabbed the door and attempted to pull it completely open, but some kind of spring door-closer kept it from opening more than about forty-five degrees. I turned sideways and squeezed past Phoebe, and for a moment I brushed against her pliant breasts and abdomen. Much to my surprise I found this sensation appealing; I hadn't considered older, heavier women to be "my type." The momentary titillation subsided as I entered the house.

Phoebe led me into a huge living room that was almost devoid of furniture; drawings and paintings in a quasi-Impressionistic style hung everywhere. Abruptly I noted with some alarm that many of them were nudes, and it dawned on me that I might be asked to pose unclothed. My stomach seemed to drop through the floor as I considered this prospect. Why hadn't I thought about this before calling her? I had visualized the modeling in terms of my sister's watercolors--which, of course, involved no nudity.

"I didn't even ask you your name! What's wrong with me?" Phoebe said as she led me through a short hallway toward the back of the house.

"Scott," I answered.

"Scott! A beautiful name . . . here's the studio." We were in another large room devoid of decoration; it contained only an easel, a small table covered with art supplies (oil paints, palettes, pencils, charcoal), what appeared to be a stack of wooden crates partially covered with a sheet, an old wingback chair with fraying upholstery, and a Chinese screen standing in the corner. A row of windows along the back wall provided natural light; sheer white curtains moved slightly in the fresh spring breeze.

She turned to me and smiled nervously. "Is ten dollars an hour okay? That's what I paid my last model . . . admittedly that was over a year ago, so if that's not okay . . ."

"Oh, that's . . . that's great," I said.

"Would you like to rest for a few moments before we start? Some tea, perhaps?"

"No, that's okay. I'm fine." Actually I wasn't fine; I was almost fainting from nervousness, but that's all I could manage to say.

"Okay, then." She picked up the sheet from the stack of crates. "I'd like you to undress and drape the sheet over your shoulder, and sit in the chair. You can undress behind the screen." She handed me the sheet, then turned to the table and began opening tubes of paint. I stood rooted to the floor for a few moments.

Phoebe realized I hadn't moved. "Is something wrong?" she asked, frowning with concern.

"N-no," I said. "Just a little nervous." Before she could respond I quickly walked behind the screen.

I stood motionless for a short time, listening to the quiet sounds of Phoebe getting her materials ready, while I wondered what to do.

I was marginally relieved that I would at least have the protection of the sheet, but still . . . I suppressed a momentary impulse to run out the door. It occurred to me to simply explain to Phoebe that I didn't realize that nudity was required; but the thought of her disappointed expression . . . no, I couldn't do that. I answered the advertisement; I was here. I had to go through with this. I began undressing, placing my clothes on the wooden chair I found behind the screen.

"Ready, Scott?" Phoebe called out.

I draped the sheet over my right shoulder, taking care to insure that it covered most of my body, and warily stepped out from behind the screen. Phoebe was standing near the wingback chair. She directed me to sit lazily in the chair with my left leg over the arm. I managed to do so while keeping the sheet over me. Phoebe then adjusted the sheet so it covered only my right hip and the left side of my torso; I was momentarily terrified that she might expose me, but she didn't. She stepped back and instructed me to lean my head against the wing of the chair and look down at the left leg of the easel.

She stepped back and surveyed the arrangement. "Okay, fine," she said in a businesslike tone, and moved behind the easel.

The strangeness of sitting partially naked in front of a woman I had only known for ten minutes quickly passed. Phoebe worked in silence, examining me dispassionately, as if I were simply a conglomeration of light and shadow. The only sound was the soft, sibilant noise of her brush against the canvas.

The minutes crawled by. Out of sheer tedium I allowed my eyes to stray from the spot where Phoebe had told me to look. My gaze slowly moved up Phoebe's thick, achingly smooth legs to her torso. As she worked I could see her breasts, which appeared to be almost football-sized, swaying gently under the T-shirt. At one point she stepped back from the canvas a moment, and in the slanting light of the late afternoon it looked as if she wore no bra.

I stared at Phoebe's breasts as if hypnotized. Then she turned slightly to work on a spot near the top of the canvas, and as she lifted her arm I could see down her sleeve for a moment. It was true; she wore nothing under the T-shirt. I saw the fold of skin where her breast intersected the area under her arm. For a few seconds I felt dizzy.

I felt a slight stretching sensation in my groin and panic raced through my body. I was getting an erection. I swallowed, gritted my teeth and resumed staring at the leg of the easel, but my penis refused to shrink. I silently hoped that it would at least stay at a size that would keep it from poking up into the sheet, but my anxiety seemed to have the opposite effect. In a depressingly short time my penis was fully erect and almost perpendicular to my body, creating a noticeable peak in the cloth.

Phoebe concentrated on her canvas for a time, oblivious to me. Then she turned back to me to reestablish her mental image. She glanced briefly below my waist and continued to work without pause or comment.

I felt a small shred of relief as I realized that, though she undoubtedly noticed my protruding penis, Phoebe did not intend to make an issue of it. Still, my face burned with shame. The minutes continued to crawl by, but my erection refused to subside.

Finally, after what seemed an eternity (but was probably only an hour), Phoebe put down her brush as the sun's rays through the window began to dim and turn orange. "All right, I think that's enough for today."

I practically ran behind the screen, dropped the sheet, and grabbed my pants. Then Phoebe's voice floated toward me. "Scott, how about staying for some tea? I feel a bit guilty that I can only pay you ten an hour . . . I can't just let you run out like this."

I paused, momentarily confused.

"Scott?"

"Sure, thanks. I'd like that," I said, standing there with my underwear in my hands.

"Great! While you're dressing I'll clean up."

I stood stupidly, wondering what I had gotten myself into, as her footsteps receded down the hall.

I noted sardonically that my penis finally, slowly began returning to its normal size. "Jeez," I murmured to myself, shaking my head.

What a day.

I was about to resume dressing when I heard the sound of a shower running; it was faint, as if muffled by a closed door. Idly curious, I leaned around the screen. At the end of a short hallway, I could see what was evidently the bathroom door; it seemed to be slightly ajar, and light was visible around its edges.

I thought nothing of this; I had lived in old houses and knew that their doors often obstinately refused to fit into their age-distorted frames.

I heard the gentle swish of the trees in the yard moving in a gust of wind. The curtains billowed inward and I felt air moving around my naked body. Suddenly, the sound of the shower became inordinately loud. I peeked around the edge of the screen and my jaw dropped in shock.

The draft had blown open the bathroom door; I had an unobstructed view of the tiled shower stall, which seemed enormous. Phoebe, seemingly oblivious to the open door, was standing in front of the stall and undressing. She pulled the paint-stained T-shirt over her head, revealing gratifyingly large, pendulous breasts with huge brown nipples. Then she unfastened the cutoffs, and wiggled out of them slowly; they seemed a bit too small for her. Her hips and buttocks were vast, but in perfect proportion to the rest of her body. Her pubic hair, under the roll of her ample belly, was gray and extended quite a bit to each side, but not very far up her abdomen. She stood for a few moments, holding her hand in the shower to test the water temperature; then she stepped into the stall.

My penis, which had begun to return to a flaccid state after I had stepped behind the screen, abruptly became erect again. I stood silently watching as Phoebe luxuriated under the shower, turning slowly to allow the water to flow over her voluptuous body. Her eyes were closed.

I stood there, utterly baffled. Was this intentional? Did she open the door herself? Does she mean for me to see her, as a response to my arousal during the modeling? Perhaps the door had, in fact, simply blown open . . . yet how could she have not felt the breeze on her body?

Why was the shower curtain open? Abruptly I realized that there was no curtain; I could see either end of the curtain rod and nothing hung there, not even a stray curtain ring. Did she expect me to join her in the shower? I shook my head to clear it; no, I couldn't do that. If I was wrong about this . . . I imagined her terrified screams as I appeared before her, naked and lustful. That was enough to keep me rooted behind the screen.

Phoebe continued to move about under the shower. She vigorously soaped her entire body with a loofah; then, to my astonishment, she began caressing herself with one hand, stroking her huge breasts and tummy. Momentarily forgetting where I was, I moved slightly out from behind the screen and stood there, staring raptly. Without fully realizing what I was doing, I took my erect penis in my hand and began massaging it gently.

Phoebe took hold of the small porcelain washcloth hanger to steady herself as she gently tickled her soapy nipples into a firm state; then, her hand slowly moved down her abdomen toward her pubic hair, stopping only momentarily to swirl foamily around her navel. By this time I had stepped completely out from behind the screen. Obviously, if Phoebe opened her eyes she would see me as easily as I saw her, but I did not care; my arousal had overcome my reason.

My breathing grew ragged as Phoebe momentarily moved her hand between her legs. A few drops of pre-come emerged from my glans, and I quickly stroked them down over the underside of my penis and increased my pace. Phoebe, standing with her back to the flow of water, continued to move her soap-covered hands over her naked body. She threw her head back and water cascaded down over her shoulders and breasts.

In a matter of seconds, I reached the point of no return. As I watched the sudsy water cascade over Phoebe's breasts and run down over her abdomen, I was overcome with a shuddering climax. I took hold of the edge of the screen for balance and struggled to stop myself from crying out as my white semen spurted over the wooden floor of the studio.

I stood gasping for air for a few moments as the throbbing in my penis slowly subsided. When my vision cleared, I saw Phoebe still standing in the shower, her eyes still closed, as she rinsed the last of the soap from her body. Suddenly I was seized with panic as I realized how close I had come to discovery, and I quickly retreated behind the screen. I hurriedly pulled on my pants and shirt as I heard the shower water stop. A hinge creaked, and I risked a peek around the screen; the bathroom door had been pulled almost closed, though I could still see a hint of flesh as Phoebe dried herself.

I pulled a handkerchief from my pocket and swiftly wiped up the spatters of my semen on the floor; then I grabbed my shoes and socks and stole silently into the living room. As I was tying my shoes I heard Phoebe's footsteps receding a bit further down the hall, perhaps to a bedroom.

I sat perfectly still in the living room trying to get my breathing under control. I had finally returned to a semblance of calm when Phoebe appeared smilingly before me, wearing a blue work shirt and jeans. She was still barefoot.

"What do you take in your tea, Scott?" she asked. Her face showed no sign of guile; I was beginning to think that she really was unaware of my voyeurism.

"Just some sugar," I croaked.

Phoebe brought in a tea tray a few minutes later, and we sat across from each other sipping tea among her many paintings and drawings. We conversed normally, without a sign of strain, and the orgasm I had experienced just minutes earlier began to seem like some kind of waking dream. Phoebe asked me about my job and my life here in town, and smiled knowingly as I described the snowbound loneliness of the past months. She spoke of the long, quiet years here at the outskirts of town--she had actually sought the isolation in order to concentrate on her work. She didn't mention any ex-husbands or other attachments, and I didn't ask. I found myself opening up to Phoebe; she seemed so warm and empathic towards me that wondered how I had survived in this town until now.

The landscape around the house began to grow dim, and I reluctantly got up to leave; I didn't want to ride back to town in complete darkness. As I stood on the porch, I remembered that we had not scheduled another posing session. "Do you need me again soon?" I asked.

"Tomorrow's Sunday . . . how about three o'clock again?"

"Okay, I'll see you at three." I took a few steps, then turned and hesitantly suggested, "Maybe we could have some dinner afterward, or something?" I smiled hopefully.

"That would be nice," Phoebe said. She leaned against the doorjamb and smiled. "Very nice."

"Phoebe on Sunday" (part 2 of 4)

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I pedaled my bicycle slowly along the road leading south from town, steering carefully to avoid the potholes remaining from the town's battle with the Indiana winter. The spring sunlight, somehow kinder and friendlier than the occasional joyless glare of the colder months, sparkled through green-gold leaves newly unfurled from the trees lining the streets. Around me, children shrieked happily in yards and adults pattered in gardens; the sense of renewal, of relief at the turn of seasons, was almost palpable. I relished the sensation of warm air moving around me as I left the houses behind and emerged into the quieter, sparsely populated area to the south. I was on my way to my second session as artist's model for Phoebe.

I glimpsed Phoebe's house in the distance, and the visions and sensations of the previous day became suddenly more vivid, as if reawakened by the sight. Phoebe had occupied most of my waking moments since my visit yesterday; the image of her naked in the shower--the water cascading over her enormous breasts and vast hips--had seared itself into my memory and circled there endlessly, haunting me without respite. The house grew closer as I pedaled, and the sheer reality of the structure gave renewed force to what was had begun to seem like a dream.

I had not decided if Phoebe had meant for me to see her in the shower; it seemed inconceivable that a woman I had just met would willfully place her naked body on display. Yet, coming on the heels of my rather obvious arousal during the session--in which I hid my erection rather unsuccessfully as Phoebe painted--her nakedness could be interpreted as a gesture...a signal of potential intimacy. This, and her warmth toward me as we conversed later, convinced me that "something" was possible...but I could not know what that "something" would be.

My attraction to Phoebe had not diminished with the return home yesterday or the passage of hours. Last night, as I lay in bed, the novel that I held before me became a meaningless blur as Phoebe's image floated before me; in the silence of my tiny bedroom I found myself overwhelmed with desire once again. I put the book aside, pulled the sheets down and brought myself to orgasm as I softly whispered Phoebe's name. I awoke the next morning to find my passion undimmed...though filtered through a haze of unreality, the residue of my tortured dreams.

Now, as I walked my bicycle into Phoebe's yard, seeing once again the slightly unkempt yard and the peeling paint, I wondered if perhaps I was allowing my imagination to construct relationships that simply did not exist. I was a model, employed to sit perfectly still while Phoebe pursued her art, just as she had for years before meeting me. I had seen her naked; this was merely an accident. Perhaps the only significance of this, for me, was that I discovered my attraction to the beauty of larger women. Phoebe had momentarily become central to my personal fantasy world, but I could not necessarily impose that role onto our working relationship.

Then Phoebe emerged from the door, waving happily, and my resolve vanished.

"Scott! I'm thrilled to see you again," she called, as I leaned my bicycle against one of the huge trees. She was wearing essentially the same thing as yesterday: an oversize man's white shirt, denim cutoff shorts, and sneakers. Today, her short, gray-streaked hair was pulled back into a short ponytail, emphasizing the roundness of her face.

"Hi, Phoebe," I called back. I climbed the steps to the porch as Phoebe leaned against the doorjamb, beaming at me. I heard piano music wafting from the open door--something by Debussy, I thought; the gently shifting harmonies suggested moonlight reflected on water.

"How about some tea before we start, Scott?" Phoebe asked. "You look a bit winded from your ride."

I smiled gratefully. "That sounds terrific."

Phoebe turned and disappeared into the dimness of the house. I sat in one of the two wicker chairs on the porch and watched the trees swaying gently in the breeze; I could faintly hear Phoebe running water in the kitchen.

I smiled slightly, recalling my lustful dreams of the previous night. Now that I was here, quietly waiting on a cool, shaded porch for Phoebe to serve tea, rationality returned to me. Phoebe was as beautiful as I had remembered; my newfound appreciation for large women was not some temporary aberration of the preceding day.

Yet, at that moment, it was difficult to imagine flinging myself into a passionate physical relationship with Phoebe; friendship, perhaps a long friendship, would likely come first. I welcomed the prospect of having this radiant, creative woman as my first real friend in the community.

Phoebe reappeared, carrying a silver tray with a white ceramic teapot and two cups. "Just sugar, right?" she asked as she poured.

"Right," I said, ruefully recalling the circumstances in which Phoebe had learned of my tea preference. I ruefully recalled that, the last time she asked me that, I had been recovering from a stunning climax.

Phoebe handed me the cup and sat in the other wicker chair. She smiled warmly at me, and once again I felt the wave of empathy I had sensed from her yesterday.

"So, are you up for this? Ready to sit perfectly still for hours and hours?" Phoebe asked.

"Sure," I said, shrugging. "It's fun."

Phoebe laughed at this; it was a gentle, knowing laugh, and its warmth and affection sent tingles through me. "It's work...I've never heard it described as 'fun.' But I'm glad you're helping me out, Scott...I've been without a model for a long time now. A long time..." Her voice drifted into silence, and her eyes became distant. I wondered what memory I had inadvertently glimpsing, but decided not to pursue it. I sipped my tea in silence as Phoebe momentarily lost herself in some reverie.

Phoebe focused on me again and smiled apologetically. "Sorry, Scott. I get distracted sometimes. The absent-minded artist, I guess."

"Is something bothering you?" I asked hesitantly.

Phoebe looked out at the landscape. "I've been here for a longtime, Scott. Too long. I need the solitude...the sense of isolation for my work; I was never able to paint in some loft in a city, with traffic and sirens and gray buildings surrounding me. But I'm beginning to think that perhaps the price is too high...I realized yesterday, as we were talking, that I've got virtually no friends in this

town. Acquaintances, certainly...but no friends." She shook her head sadly. "And certainly nothing beyond friends, either."

"You do have a friend here," I offered.

Phoebe's face brightened with affection. "Yes. You're absolutely right, Scott; I do have a friend here. And so do you."

I wanted to tell her that I could be more than her friend, much more; but there was no way to say it without sounding foolish. I sipped the last of my tea as the Debussy faded into silence, and said nothing. I hoped that I would, someday, have the opportunity to go "beyond friends" with this beautiful, voluptuous woman.

* * *

The posing proceeded without incident that day; I undressed and draped the sheet over me once more, sat in the wingback chair and managed to duplicate the slouched position that Phoebe had required. I watched Phoebe surreptitiously as she painted; again I was able to see her substantial breasts moving against the paint-stained shirt as she worked, and although I found this sight gratifying, I didn't suffer the obvious arousal that had plagued me before.

At least at first I didn't.

The rays of the afternoon sun continued their slow traversal of the floor, and the long minutes of enforced idleness began to work their inevitable alchemy on my imagination. As I watched Phoebe paint, my imagination superimposed her naked body on my retinas. I wondered if I would ever see her that way again; I suddenly felt that this was unlikely, and a profound sadness fell over me. I replayed the image of Phoebe in the shower again and again, treasuring the memory of how she ran her soapy hands over her breasts, her body...and once again I found myself becoming erect.

Phoebe continued with her work, but she could not have failed to notice this. The peak in the sheet was, if anything, even larger than yesterday. I realized that, unlike yesterday, I wasn't embarrassed this time; I wanted Phoebe to notice my arousal.

Then, as if my desire was being telepathically transmitted, Phoebe's concentration appeared to waver. She glanced at me--probably just to check a line or shadow--and stopped painting for a moment, the brush pausing in midair. She was, unmistakably, looking at the tentlike shape in the sheet over my lap. The expression on her face became distracted, confused; I wondered if she was offended. She took a deep breath, as if to calm herself, and returned her attention to the canvas.

Her resolve did not last long. After less than a minute of work she stopped again and looked at me; her substantial chest was heaving visibly. She said nothing; time seemed to stop as she stood frozen in place for long moments.

She shook her head, as if to clear it, and put down her brush and palette. "Okay, Scott, I think that's enough for today," she said breathlessly, wiping her hands on a rag.

I stood up, awkwardly wrapping the sheet around me like a toga. I took a step toward the Chinese screen, then stopped.

"Something wrong, Scott?" Phoebe asked as she busied herself with her tools.

"Do you mind if I look at your painting?" I asked hesitantly.

Phoebe stopped and looked at me, nonplused. "Oh...uh...well, of course. Certainly." She nervously pushed a strand of hair back with one hand and stepped back from the canvas.

Clutching the sheet around me, I slowly walked to Phoebe's easel. I gasped slightly when I saw the painting; even in its obviously unfinished state, it was stunning. Phoebe had rendered my seemingly awkward pose with astonishing grace; I appeared to be peacefully drowsing in sometime-suspended world. The image reminded me of an art book I had seen...what was it? A name floated up from my memory: Pearlstein. Phoebe's treatment of my pose was slightly reminiscent of Pearlstein's clinical renditions of slouching nudes, but Phoebe had added softer elements of her own: warmth, gentleness, and a dreamlike quality.

"It's...wonderful," I said, feeling inadequate to the task of describing Phoebe's work.

"Thank you, Scott," Phoebe said, smiling. "I'm really glad you like it. Of course it isn't even close to being finished, but you get the general idea."

"You made me look...I don't know, better than I am. Elegant, I guess."

"Oh, Scott," Phoebe said, "I didn't do that...you're beautiful." She reached up and touched my cheek affectionately.

At the moment her fingers touched my face, I was lost. I took her hand in mine (still holding the sheet around me with the other) and held it there for a moment. Something seemed to be flowing into my body through Phoebe's hand, elevating and changing me.

Phoebe looked at me, her eyes wide; her breathing quickened. Then she moved her hand down from my face and held her palm against my chest. My heart was hammering wildly.

I slid my free hand down Phoebe's arm and held her by the shoulder; then I leaned over and kissed her. She was motionless for a moment; then she began to return my kiss, her lips moving against mine first tentatively, then passionately. I took my other hand away from the sheet and placed it on Phoebe's waist. The sheet fell open in front of my body, but I no longer cared.

Phoebe's hand, still on my chest, slid to my shoulder and pushed the sheet slightly; it fell noiselessly to the floor. I stood naked before Phoebe.

I put my arms around Phoebe and clutched her to my body as we continued kissing. Her huge body was so substantial, so real, that I almost groaned. I could feel her enormous breasts and abdomen pressing pliantly against me; her huge arms enveloped me. I moved my hands down her back to her buttocks; felt through her denim cutoffs, they were like vast, impossibly smooth pillows.

Suddenly Phoebe let go of me and stepped back. She smiled and took my hand, and without a word she led me from the room.

We walked silently down the hallway, passing the bathroom where I had seen her showering yesterday. I wondered if I would tell her of what I had seen; someday, perhaps, but not now.

We entered a bedroom that was a bit darker than the other rooms; it was on the shady side of the house, sheltered by a huge oak tree. The room contained only a brass bed and a small dresser; oddly, there were no paintings or other artwork displayed here. There was a full-length mirror on a closet door, and I caught a glimpse of us: Phoebe in her paint-stained shirt, and me naked, with my erect penis waving comically.

We embraced, standing next to the bed, and as we continued to kiss I began to unbutton Phoebe's shirt. I moved back slightly as I reached the last of the buttons and slid the shirt over her shoulders and arms. Phoebe's breasts were as beautiful as I remembered, vast, round and pendulous with enormous nipples. I leaned over awkwardly and kissed her right breast; Phoebe obliged by placing her hand under it and lifting it slightly. I took the nipple into my mouth; the entire breast pressed against my face, obliterating the world. I heard Phoebe moan softly as I moved my tongue around her erect nipple.

I moved my hands to Phoebe's waist as I continued to lick and suck her nipple. I found the waistband of her cutoffs and fumbled with the fastening for a moment; the cutoffs were a bit too small, and tension of Phoebe's bulging waist against the material made the process difficult. Realizing that I could not do this blindly, I reluctantly took my mouth from Phoebe's breast and knelt in front of her. She stroked my hair as I unfastened her cutoffs and unzipped them.

I pulled the cutoffs to her knees, and they dropped to the floor; Phoebe stepped out of them and kicked them away. She wore white cotton panties, which reached just below the puckered pink markings where the material of the cutoffs had pressed into her waist. I slid the panties down and dropped them, and Phoebe stepped out of them as well.

I put my hands on Phoebe's buttocks and brought my face to her. I kissed her gently on her pubic mound, feeling the gray pubic hairs against my lips, inhaling the scent of her; I wanted to do more, but Phoebe's enormous thighs made this impractical for the moment. I stood up. Phoebe stepped back and sat on the edge of the bed. Her hips and thighs spread out delightfully under her, and the roll of her belly obscured her pubic hair. She was now eye-level with my erect

penis. Phoebe leaned forward a bit and took it in her hand, holding it by the base, and put the head in her mouth. My vision blurred for a moment as I felt Phoebe's lips and tongue on me. She did not suck, as I expected; instead she moved the head of my penis laterally in her mouth, circling her tongue against the underside, just under the head. I put my hands on Phoebe's hair and threw my head back.

I suddenly realized that I was about to climax, and abruptly pulled back; it would be gratifying to come in Phoebe's mouth, but I wanted something more for this first experience of her. I sat on the bed next to her, and we lay back together.

I put my mouth on her right breast and let my left hand roam over her vast, soft body. She took my penis in her hand and massaged it gently. I moved my hand to her crotch, and she lifted her right leg a bit to provide access. I stroked her pubic hair a bit, then ventured further. I parted the lips of her vagina with my fingers; they were thick and full.

As we kissed, our tongues exploring each other's mouths, I slid two fingers into Phoebe's vagina. Her muscles contracted around my fingers as I explored the unimaginable softness within. I withdrew my fingers and moved up to her clitoris; it was fully engorged and swimming in her secretions. I gently circled a finger around it; Phoebe moaned softly. She brought another hand to my crotch; with infinite gentleness she massaged my scrotum while continuing to stroke my penis.

My desire seemed to grow exponentially at that moment; I repositioned myself on my hands and knees and buried my face in Phoebe's ample bosom. Phoebe rolled onto her back, and her breasts, belly and hips flattened and became almost level. She continued to stroke my penis with both hands, but soon had to release me; I moved down her body with deep kisses, allowing my face to sink into the softness of her.

After only a brief stop at her navel, I finally arrived at her pubic hair, which was now unobscured and fully visible. I kissed the hair gently, then began probing with my tongue. Phoebe drew her legs up and spread them slightly; her hips flanked my head like two immense marble columns. Her hands stroked my head gently.

Once my tongue was between her lips, I circled her clitoris once and moved lower. I pushed my tongue as far as I could into Phoebe's vagina and allowed the taste of her to flow into my mouth like honey. I then continued moving down, but the sheer bulk of Phoebe's buttocks was an obstacle. I reached in and spread them slightly with my hands, then circled her anus lightly with my tongue.

I began moving up again, dipping briefly into Phoebe's vagina again, then arrived once more at her clitoris. I began tonguing it with determination, moving first up and down, then in circles. Phoebe's breathing became ragged and she gripped my head tightly.

Suddenly Phoebe gasped and gently pushed my head away from her crotch. "Wait, Scott," she said softly. "Not yet..."

I moved back up parallel to her, and she brought herself to a sitting position and gently nudged me onto my back. Phoebe kissed me, then moved down to my penis and put her breasts around it.

This was unlike anything I had ever experienced; all of my previous sexual experiences were with relatively small-breasted women who would have been incapable of this gesture. Phoebe's breasts were so large that they completely engulfed my penis. I arched my back and moved between them; the head peeked out momentarily and Phoebe gently kissed the tip.

I continued thrusting repeatedly, my eyes drinking in the sight of Phoebe's beautiful breasts surrounding and encompassing me, while I reveled in the friction of my penis against the smoothness of her skin. Phoebe looked into my eyes lovingly, occasionally touching her lips or tongue to my penis as it bobbed up and down.

I knew, then, that I could wait no longer. I stopped and moved down the bed to Phoebe, taking her in my arms and gently moving her into position for penetration. She rolled onto her back and brought her legs up again as I moved over her. Yet I had difficulty entering her; the size of her belly made the angle awkward.

Phoebe, sensing the problem, slid a bit toward the side of the bed so that her crotch was flush with the edge. I stood beside the bed, crouching slightly; my penis was now perfectly angled for entry. I paused for a moment, savoring the sight of her naked, waiting body before me; then I slowly slid myself into her.

A raw cry of ecstasy escaped my lips as I buried myself to the hilt in Phoebe. The sensation was utterly overwhelming. Not only did I have the intense velvet softness surrounding my penis, but there was also the incredible lushness of her thighs and belly, cushioning and absorbing my thrusts.

Phoebe's fingers dug into my buttocks as I continued to move in and out of her. With each push, a visible wave traveled upward across the flesh of Phoebe's abdomen, quickly reaching her breasts, where it ended in rapid jiggling motions. I watched this, hypnotized, for a time; then, supporting my weight on my palms, I leaned down and put my mouth on Phoebe's right nipple, feeling the vibrations as I sucked avidly.

I felt Phoebe's hand between my legs; she placed her fingers at the juncture of our bodies, feeling my wet, engorged penis moving rapidly in and out. I shifted my weight to my left arm, and my right hand joined Phoebe's; our fingers intertwined amidst our surging bodies. I slid one finger into Phoebe and thrilled at the sensation of my penis moving against the walls of her vagina.

Phoebe's breathing became faster and heavier, and I sensed that she was nearing orgasm. "Scott...Oh, Scott," she cried faintly. I disengaged my mouth from her breast and kissed her; her tongue plunged into my mouth.

Phoebe let out a strangled cry, and I felt her vagina tighten around me. At that moment I could hold back no longer; my body stiffened, and I reached an overwhelming climax. I gasped for air as my semen exploded into Phoebe. It was undoubtedly the most powerful orgasm I could remember; my spasms continued for what seemed like minutes.

Phoebe put her arms around me and her breathing slowed as I felt the last dwindling contractions of her orgasm. As my own climax subsided, I relaxed and lay down beside her; Phoebe turned toward me as I did, enabling me to keep my slowly shrinking penis inside her.

I held Phoebe to me, pressing my body against her warm, ample flesh. She enveloped me in her huge arms; I felt enclosed, protected from the world by her. Suddenly the feelings of warmth and empathy from her, combined with my years of loneliness and the post-orgasmic glow, overwhelmed me; I almost broke down.

Phoebe looked at me in surprise and gently kissed the single tear that had appeared on my cheek. "What is it, Scott? What's wrong?"

"I don't know," I said. "It's just too much, I guess...I've been alone so long, and now...to find you here..." I closed my eyes and rested my head against Phoebe's breasts. "I had...given up. And now...well, it's been too long since something this wonderful has happened to me."

Phoebe stroked my hair. "Oh, Scott, it's been a long time for me too. I'm so glad you found your way here...you're one of the sweetest, gentlest people I've ever met."

I looked at Phoebe and shook my head in wonder. "What are you doing here? How can somebody like you just be waiting here, in this house, in this town, all alone? I just don't understand it..."

Phoebe smiled sadly and touched her hand to my cheek. "Oh, Scott. I hate to be the one to break this to you, but I'm forty-four years old, and I'm fat. I'm hardly a prize."

"But I can't just can't believe that you would be alone here...you're so warm and caring..."

Phoebe's face became ineffably sad. "I haven't always been alone, Scott. There were others, long ago...but it didn't last. They loved me for what I could give them in a bedroom...but I always learned that this was all they wanted. They didn't want to be seen with me; they didn't want to introduce me to their families. They didn't want to have to explain why they had chosen a fat woman."

I took Phoebe's hands in mine. "Not this time, Phoebe...it'll be different. I want the world to see us together...I want--"

Phoebe placed a finger on my lips to silence me. "No, Scott. Please don't make promises now. I want to believe you...I truly do, but I've been hurt too many times before. Let's just see what happens; if it doesn't work out, then I won't be disappointed. If it does, then it will seem so much more wonderful if it's unexpected."

I sighed, wanting to reassure her further, but I did not respond. She was right; neither of us could know what would happen. Nevertheless, I was determined to show her that our relationship would be different; friends, family, colleagues, and strangers would all see and accept my relationship with a fat woman; they would have no choice but to accept it.

"I just have one question, Scott," Phoebe said, smiling. "How am I ever going to finish that painting, if all our sessions end up like this?"

I laughed. "You could switch to still life..."

"You mean paint baskets of fruit?" Phoebe shook her head and held me tighter. "No, Scott. I'm going to continue to paint you...it may just take a bit longer to do it, but your beauty will be immortalized on that canvas...like it or not."

We lay silently together on the brass bed for a long time, neither of us willing to let go of the other. I rested my head on Phoebe's soft, warm breasts and watched through the window as the daylight faded to a purple dusk.

A single star appeared over the trees surrounding Phoebe's house. I realized that it had been many years since I had watched a single star emerge in the evening sky, and I recalled my childhood habit of making wishes on the first star to appear. I had wished for childish, often absurd things: a new bicycle, a career as an astronaut, a million dollars. Now, as I watched this unwavering star, a new wish filled me: the wish to have Phoebe with me always.

"Look, Scott," Phoebe said softly, pointing, and I knew that she could see the star too. "Star light, star bright..."