

Joe Nobel

The Statue

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by Joe Nobel

The white marble figurine stood on the mantle watching her domain. She, no taller than a man's forearm, svelte and taut with hard-bodied muscles rippling her torso and legs. Her breasts: dainty, small, perky, with nipples erect. She had her hair cut short in a bob covered with a petite pill-box hat slightly off to one side. Standing straight ahead, at attention, if it were, with her arms clasped behind her back. No attempt to cover her pubis for modesty.

The statue wore a playful look, but had a serious undercurrent bordering on annoyance, as she looked upon her parlor with a plush fur laid out before the fireplace, and beyond that, a couch in crushed velvet in burgundy. The villa and its trappings would have been better suited in Italy or France rather than looking down from a hill at this tourist town by the sea in America. The master of the house, her Master, sat on that burgundy crushed velvet couch. He was in the process of seducing yet another starry-eyed maiden. Oh, Master, the statue might think, if a figurine chiseled from a slab of marble might have the capacity to think, are you at it again? You'll just end up hurting the poor thing, just like the girl before, and the girl before that.

But, what's this, the statue might note if the statue had the capacity to make note. No potions, no elixirs? You're not using any of your typical seductive trickery on this one. She must be special. That's all the more reason to cast her out before you hurt her. No, with this one you are using your charming self to ensnare her, none of your dark arts. You can really be funny and clever and wonderful if you really wanted to. And witty and winsome and wise and whacky. Play her a ditty on your ukulele. Maybe that'll send her running. Oh, please run, girl. For your own sake, run.

They kiss, her master, Mestopholis, and the maiden. She, of chestnut hair, like silk, woven into a pony tail snaking down her back, past her shoulder blades. She, with a long, thin neck, eager for his kisses. She, with high cheeks, button nose, and pixie face. Pretty, the statue might agree, if a slab of marble were capable of judging esthetics. Yup, she's a keeper.

He, sitting behind her, encircles her with his arms. His first kiss touches her just below her jaw and makes its way slowly down that outstretched neck toward her shoulder. One tender, slow, seductive kiss at a time.

“Oh, Matt,” the unsuspecting maiden gasped.

Matt! The statue might think, again, if it could be angered. You're going by Matt these days? Mesto is too clunky in this tourist town? Say her name. Please, say her name. I want to put a name to the face.

“I'm going to unbutton your blouse,” Matt, Mesto, Mestopholis told the girl. He didn't wait for her by-your-leave. He undid her, one, slow button at a time. He cupped his hand over her lace bra.

She shuddered to his touch.

He then slid his fingers in the front of her shorts and held her sex. The shorts, by the way, the statue thought were much too short, even for this seaside summer town. Ha, fashions change.

The woman/girl reached back and took Master by the neck. She craned her neck back to kiss him.

Then she said, “Matt, I swear that statue is looking at me.”

“What?”

She broke from his embrace. “Weird, but she's changed her expression. She looks angry, maybe jealous.”

“That's ridiculous,” Mestopholis, Mesto, Matt replied.

She stood, walked over to the mantle and took the statue in her hands. She examined it closely.

“I know, but,” she said.

Master took the statue from the girl. Turned it in her hand. Examined her closely also, humoring the girl.

“If this statue moved, I will personally grind it to marble dust,” he said, more as a warning to the statue than to his date.

“It's just, I don't know, it looks so real.”

“I believe that's a testament to the sculptor,” he said. “And, to the model.”

“This isn't a classic, is it?” the woman asked. “She has a modern look about her. Too skinny and hard-bodied. Hair style. And that cute hat.”

“A local girl, about twenty, thirty years back. Pretty, isn't she?” Mestopholis, Master, Matt commented as he replaced the statue on the mantle. He positioned her just so.

“Yeah, she is,” the girl said, still looking. Kind of perplexed, kind of mesmerized.

“Come on,” he said, taking his date by the hand. “Where were we?”

On the couch, the girl took the lead, straddling his lap, planting kisses along his face and head. Leaving Mesto, Matt, Mestopholis no doubt that their desires were mutual.

The old sorcerer would have none of it --- the girl taking charge. After all, that wouldn't be a proper seduction, would it?

He turned the girl around, clasped her two hands in his left, and with the right hand reached under her tee and cupped her breast.

She shuddered. “Oh, Matt,” she moaned, anticipating what was to come tonight.

“Run!” the statue might scream, if the statue had a real flesh and blood mouth, and real lungs to scream with. “Get out of here, while there is still time,” she might implore.

Master, Matt, Mesto took hold of her other breast. The girl shuddered again. She tried to squirm free of his grip on her wrist. He wouldn't allow it. He planted another kiss on her long, slender neck.

Then his free hand found her sex, The girl melted in his arms, as if it were possible for a girl to melt in Mestopholis' arms, or for a statue to look on in bemusement.

As it was, the girl shuddered and cried out vague obscenities. She tried to reach for Matt's, Mesto's, Master's crotch, to cup him, tease him, level the field. As it was, he kept that firm grip over her wrists. She could not move. Might as well have been in handcuffs. Immobilized.

Then he let go. Using both hands he pulled off that unbuttoned blouse, exposing her dainty breasts. Then he pulled down her shorts, what there was of them. It left her not with panties, but a bikini bottom.

She turned and straddled his lap. Eagerly waiting for what to come he unbuttoned Matt's white summer shirt and pulled it off from around his arms. She caressed his chest, his nipples. She kissed them, as her fingers roamed to explore his loins and grab hold of his now engorged member.

“Oh, yes,” the girl cried. “Put it in me, now.”

Mesto, Matt, Mestopholis threw the girl on her back and pulled that bikini bottom off. He threw that and her shorts to the corner on the floor. He pulled off his own light-cotton summer trousers and underpants. He lifted her legs high in the air, spread apart, and then he was in her.

The girl grabbed a piece of cushion and raised her hips to meet him. He in her, moving rhythmically, then pounding furiously. Then changing position and tempo more times than the statue could keep score.

“Oh, Mesto,” the statue might think, if statues could think. “Were we like that? That passionate. That furious? What can she give you that I never could?”

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The next morning he called her name. He made a batch of coffee and put waffle batter in the waffle iron. He said simply, “Piper, coffee's on. Come out sleepy head. I know you're awake.”

“Yes!” the statue might exclaim in happiness, if a statue could. “Her name. She's Piper. Master leans towards classics like Mary or Emma or Penelope. What a 'modern' name, Piper. Okay, perhaps it's

a suitable name for a woman on the arm of a man who keeps re-inventing himself for the times. Oh, Mestopholis, Mesto, Matt, what are you doing seducing that innocent thing?

“And, you girl, Piper, hear me even if I can't speak. Run! Get away from him! Don't think of an excuse, just run!”

“Ah,” Piper said taking her first sip of coffee. “What's that, waffles? Home made, no less.”

“That's right,” Matt, Master, Mestopholis said. “But first you've got to earn them.”

“What!” Piper shouted, laughing. “Is this some kind of sexual shakedown?”

“Only holding you to the promise you made in the throes of orgasm last night.”

“Oh, you remembered me shouting that! Well that was ---”

Mestopholis, with his hypnotic serene way, silenced her, by simply ushering Piper to come over to him.

She did.

He put a hand on her head, and gently pushed, or guided, her to her knees.

She knew what was expected.

Piper undid the tie holding his robe around his waist. His member was long and engorged but not yet erect. Holding him in her hand and planting gentle wet kisses along his shaft had the desired effect. Once hard, she spent little time contemplating her next step. She took his swollen man head between her lips and circled him with her tongue. She pursed her lips, tightening around him, and then took him in deeper.

“You're a keeper,” Mesto said.

Piper mumbled a vague, “umm hmmm.”

“Oh, what a crock!” the statue might say. “You, Master, you can do better than that. And you, Piper, you babe among wolves, I can't believe you're swallowing that line. You'll be swallowing much

more than that before the waffles are ready.”

Up and down she bobbed her head, taking him in deep, then pulling out almost to the tip. Sometimes slow, but very hard. Other times bobbing fast, like a piston engine, but still hard.

Piper was determined to beat him in some way, last night he had almost supernatural staying power, satisfying her time and time again with no sign of he, himself, ready to release his load. Ten, Twenty, Thirty times, she lost count, but her orgasms became excruciating. After all, how much pleasure can one girl endure in one night. He told her, if she didn't make him come, he'd spank her. So she tried her best, every twist, every gyration, she could think of, but after another fifteen minutes and another orgasm, he pulled out of her and gave her a cheek that reddening spanking he'd threatened. A spanking like she'd never received. She thought he'd be spent after that, but then he entered her, doggy style and continued for another hour, giving her a dozen more unwelcome orgasms before he took his own release.

Somewhere in there, she promised him a blow job in the morning. Well, this was the morning. And she wanted to turn the tables on him. She wanted to make him come fast, have him explode in her mouth, she didn't care if he did. She was just afraid he'd turn the tables on her again, and she'd wind up on her knees until noon with a sore jaw to show for it.

In and out. Up and down. She moaned as if she had an erogenous zone in the back of her throat. She played with her nipples and breasts, putting on the best enticing show she could. She played with her own sex, noticing how quickly she had gotten herself wet and aroused.

She grasped the base of his shaft tight in one hand, forcing it all the harder, longer, and thicker. She played with herself with her other hand, bringing on her own orgasm. Her muffled moans of pleasure, emanating from her stuffed mouth should surely send him wild in orgasm.

Piper came with a feral intensity she hadn't expected. She stopped her bobbing while she came,

just holding him deep in her mouth, lips sucking on his shaft. Moaning and crying in pleasure.

That's when he came, most unexpectedly, shooting his load in the back of her throat, leaving no where to go but down. Eyes wide in surprise, she managed to regain her composure and dispatched his bounty without spilling a single drop.

He guided her head in and out a few more slow times, fearing that he'd stiffen again and demand a second go-around. But, as it was, he slowly pulled out, and let her kiss his tip, then helped her to her feet. They kissed.

The first batch of waffles out of the iron were slightly over-done, but they still split them as the next pair cooked. They ate them with fresh strawberries and whipped cream.

“You're lost to him,” the statue on the mantle might comment with an imperceptible yet disappointed looking downward curl on the right end of her lips.

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Mestopholis took Piper on a drive up the coast in his 1963 Jaguar convertible, two-seater, top down, sun and wind toasting their faces... They didn't go far, stopping at the popular picturesque towns, maybe for a bite, sometimes for a drink, or sometimes to just soak in the local color and look out over the ocean.

By four, her nose and cheeks were red. She was drained, dried, and tired as a day full of sun is wont to do. She was sure her shoulders and the back of her neck were going to get sunburned the next day. He stopped at a chain pharmacy to get some spf which he gently rubbed a palmful on her neck, and her shoulders, and her arms. He offered to do the tip of her button nose. Piper told him she'd do that on her own.

They ate at a popular clam place on a popular beach for dinner. They sat inside, overlooking the sea from a floor-to-ceiling window. After the respite of the relentlessly, and overly pleasant sun, it was

back into the convertible, top down again, for the slow cruise back to Matt's place. His villa, as he called it. Piper had to smile at his word choice.

Once home, Piper hurried to his bathroom for a shower, stumbling over a carpet edge in her hurry. Once there, she discovered she wasn't alone.

“Matt, who is this woman in your shower?”

“Oh, hi!” the naked woman said. Water ran down her soapy face. “I'm Jane. You must be Petunia, no, wait, Peggy, no, that's not it, Penny. No, no, again, Piper. It's Piper, right? Funny name, Piper. Haven't heard it before. You look like you could be a Petunia. Or a Peggy. It doesn't matter. It's Piper, so Piper it is.”

“Who the ---” Piper stammer. “What the ---”

Matt, Mesto, Mestopholis was quickly there, standing beside Piper. “Jane, I wasn't expecting you.”

“Of course you were, darling,” Jane, the naked woman, said, rinsing herself off with cascading water as she soaped herself up at the same time. “After, eh hem, what you've been at lately, how could you not be expecting me? Here, be a sweetheart and wash my back.” She held out the bar of soap. He declined to take it. “I thought you'd be more of a gentleman than that. Watch out for him, dear. He can be charming when he wants, and then when you least expect it, he'll make you wash your own back.”

The woman in the shower contorted her arm to wash her own back, then, without much contortion needed, her private parts, not showing a moment's modesty.

“You should have let me know you'd stop for a visit,” Mestopholis said coldly.

“My mistake,” Jane said, turning off the water, then hunting for a towel on the peg. “After all, how many years has it been? And to think, before that, I had the freedom to come and go as I please with you. Never mind, how many years, darling. I'm here for that visit now. Oh, don't let me be in the

way. I'll take the sofa, you two take the bed. Won't bother me at all, after all, we're all grownups."

Jane dabbed herself with the hand towel, the only towel out in the bathroom. Mestopholis threw her a plushy bath towel from an overhead cabinet at her.

"Ooh, thanks, maybe you are a gentleman, after all."

"Listen, Matt," Piper said. "I should go. I had a lovely day. It looks like the two of you have some unfinished business."

"Oh, no, no, no, no, no!" Jane cried. She quickly patted herself dry and wrapped the towel around her hair, rest of her body still naked. "No, no, no. I don't want to come between anything you two lovebirds have going on. Me and Mestopholis, we go back a long way. We used to be 'you know' together, but that ended. When? many decades ago."

Piper cast a suspicious eye upon Matt, then upon Jane. This Jane, she wondered, she couldn't be decades old, surely this girl must still be in her early twenties, if that. And what's more, why is this young woman standing in Matt's house, butt naked, with such a casual demeanor?

"Some other time, Matt," Piper said.

"Don't go!" Jane grabbed Piper by the wrist and held on even as the other woman tried to pull away. "Can I speak to you alone?" she said to Piper, then shot an evil look to Matt, Master, Mestopholis, to leave them be.

He complied, momentarily humoring her old flame, and backed out of the bathroom into the kitchen.

"See, this is how it is," Jane said. "He's nice and all; really, really terrific. But he has this thing about him. He doesn't like surprises. Like, this was a major, major surprise, me showing up, 'n all. I dig it. He's gonna get super creative if you leave me alone with him. But, if you're here, he'll be really, really nice. A gentleman, in fact."

“What do you mean 'creative'?” Piper asked. “Is he going to beat you? I can get you out of here.”

“No, no, no. Nothing like that,” Jane whispered back. “He won’t hurt me. Not like that. Not ever. But, still, no telling what he might do. When we were together, and I displeased him, he'd do stuff like put clothes pins all over me. Including, you know, the, um, sensitive parts. Another time, he made me sit on his bedpost. The big round wooden one. All evening. It gets to be numbing after a few hours. And he wouldn't allow me to touch the floor with my toes. And ---”.

“Why did you let him do that?”

“Oh, he can be persuasive. When he looks you in the eye, standing really close --- those dark, mysterious eyes --- it's like he's got you in his sights, and you're frozen like a deer in his headlights. You end up doing what he tells you, even if you kind-of sort-of don't really want to do that.”

“And, you want me to spend the night knowing what you just said?”

“Um, yes. Please, please, pleeeeeease.”

“What are you two whispering about?” Master, Mesto, Mestopholis said, leaning on the bathroom door.

“She's telling me all about you,” Piper said. “The poor thing.”

“Did she tell you the part that she planted herself on the bedpost and refused to budge? All over a silly tiff.”

“What about the clothespins?” Piper asked.

“I can be creative,” he replied with a shrug. “I recall she enjoyed them immensely.”

Jane, still naked, grinned. Then she stretched out her arms and clasped over her head, as if she were celebrating, acknowledging, driving home her nakedness.

“Hey,” she said to her master. “How about some clothes for me? Did you save my things at

least?”

“Yes,” master, Mesto, Matt said, letting his feelings of being put out by her request show. “Up in the attic, I'll bring down your trunk.”

“Would you? You're such a peach.”

Mestopholis, the ancient master of the dark arts, went off to hunt for Jane's trunk in the crawl space above the ceiling he calls the attic.

“Jane,” Piper asked, when Matt was out of earshot, “don't you at least have the clothes you came in?”

Jane stumbled for an answer, “I kinda lost my clothes a while back.”

“You arrived naked?” Piper gave her a puzzled look. “How did you get here? I don't see your car.”

“No, I didn't drive. Yes, I got here naked. Yes, naked like the day I was born. Now it would be groovy if you'd drop it. I'm not in the mood to talk about how I came to be in your beloved Matt's bath. Or, more to the point (your curiosity shows), what happened to my clothes. I'm hungry, I'm going to see what master Mestopholis is keeping in his fridge lately. I'm guessing you two ate out on your lovely day trip.”

Piper rolled her eyes at this girl's referring to Matt as her master. And who is she to call him Mestopholis?

Jane raided Matt's refrigerator like she hadn't eaten in forty years: a chicken breast, sliced thick between two pieces of rustic bread, tomato, lettuce, onion, pickle, with mustard, ketchup, mayo, and relish. Topped with that, almost as an afterthought, came a thick slice of ham, five slices of salami, a roasted red pepper from a jar in the back of the fridge. She poured herself a tall glass of milk to wash it all down with.

“My God,” Piper said, “How long has it been since you've eaten?”

With a full mouth, Jane replied, “You've no idea.”

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The night was less amorous than Mestopholis would have preferred. Piper lay on her side facing away from him, intending only to sleep in his bed that night. When he made an advance, cupping her breast, she ribbed him with her elbow.

“Not with her in the other room,” she whispered.

“Sure, okay,” Matt replied quietly. This one was a keeper, he told himself. Perfect just the way she is. No dark arts to seduce this one. Nothing to cloud her head. Nothing to mar her perfection.

Morning came, and Mesto, Master, Matt created one of his epic breakfasts. This time it was an omelet stuffed with three cheeses, slices from that baked ham in the fridge, sausages fried up then sliced into chunks, sautéed peppers and onions, and mushrooms, lots of mushrooms. With it, he served rustic, homemade bread, toasted over an open fire. Yes, he had that in his kitchen, too, as a part of his gas cooktop. And butter, melted into the crags and crevices of the bread.

Again, Jane ate like she hadn't eaten in fifty years.

Piper just watched, incredulous, again.

“What do you want to do today?” Mestopholis asked his two ladies. But there was a hidden, but no-so-veiled, subtext, saying ‘Jane, what do you want to do on your own so I can be with Piper alone.’

“How 'bout we all go down to the amusement park on the beach. We can all have a groovy time,” Jane said, mouth full.

“Amusement park?” Piper asked. “What amusement park?”

“There isn't one,” Mestopholis answered, annoyed.

“What happened to it?” Jane asked.

“Torn down,” he answered curtly.

“When?” Jane wouldn't let go.

“Don't know,” Mesto said, eyes bearing down on Jane, voice a decibel higher. “Drop it.”

“K,” Jane said, rolling her eyes. “Don't be so square.”

“1985,” Piper said, showing Jane the web page on her phone.

“Far out,” Jane said, more interested in the phone than the article. “What is it?”

“What, my phone?”

“That's a phone? Where's the dial?”

“The what?” Piper asked. “Matt, is she teasing me?”

“Yes, the silly thing thinks she's being funny, aren't you, Jane? “Mestopholis said, no patience in his voice this time. “But, you're not. So cut it out.”

“Okay, sorry,” Jane said. “Nice phone, Piper.”

“Thanks,” Piper said. “It's two years old by now. Time to get a new one, I just can't get around to it.”

“Wow, two years n' it's old, huh?” Jane said.

“Why don't we stroll down on the boardwalk,” Matt suggested. “That's where the amusement park used to be. I know a few of the shopkeepers, they won't take you for a ride if I'm with you.”

They strolled down the hill to the old town, and then on to the beach, and the boardwalk. Matt treated them both to trinkets that caught their eyes. He bought Jane a tee shirt and shorts. The one she had chosen from her trunk that morning was rife with tie-dye.

By noon, they had seen everything the boardwalk had to offer. Matt proposed lunch. He was tired of beach fare of greasy clams and fries. He'd take them to the next town inland to an Italian place that was a degree more upscale.

Again, it was a cruise on the old roads in his 1963 Jaguar convertible. He made Jane sit on the folded-down rag-top while Piper took the passenger seat. It was clearly punishment for annoying him, apparently for just existing. She held on to the shoulders of the seatbacks with wind blowing in her face. Even at thirty-five miles per hour, the wind in her face was too drastic. She tried to scrunch herself behind the seats.

The restaurant was bright and airy, with Italian-looking frescos on the wall. Jane had expected a dark, somber place with proper white tablecloths and burgundy carpets on the walls. She had trouble with the menu, not familiar with most of the selections. She tried to hide her confusion and just ordered pizza, her safest bet.

After ordering, she said “Looks like I had a fight with one of those fancy new blow driers, after that car ride.” She excused herself for a trip to the girl's room.

“Matt, what's up with her?” Piper asked when Jane was out of earshot.

“Well, granted, she is a bit odd,” he said.

“A *bit* odd?” Piper said. “That girl had never seen an iPhone. Did you dig her up from some backwards town in Appalachia? No, she doesn't have that kind of accent. But she doesn't know squat about what's in the news. Doesn't even know who's president. And, about her fashion sense, it looks like she literally stepped out of Woodstock. She's too young for that, way too young. She must be in her early twenties.”

“Yeah, well,” he shrugged. “Mid twenties, last time I checked.”

“She asked me if men ever did land on the moon.”

“Like I said, odd.”

“Cut the crap,” Piper said. “She came to your house naked. She hasn't a clue about,” she paused, looking for the right word, “anything. What's with her? Did she escape from a mental

institution?"

"Yes and no," Mestopholis eyes lit up as he picked up on her line and quickly concocted a story.

"True she was institutionalized, but no she didn't escape, she was released. But, I had no idea she'd make a bee line to my place."

"Is she ready to be released?"

"Actually, this is what she needs the most, to be out and about with other people, to absorb some of the social fabric she missed out on."

"Oh, I didn't think of it that way," Piper said. "Okay, I think I understand."

"Thanks, just don't tell her I told you."

"I won't," she said. "Just one question: it's you two were obviously intimate at one time. How serious was it? And, did you actually break it off?"

"Sorry, that's two questions," Matt said. He broke off a corner of his bread and dipped it in the flavored oil.

"Come on, I deserve to know," she pressed her question, leaning forward over the table.

"Yes, we were intimate for a while. No, it never officially ended. I just moved on. I always made sure she knew what I was up to, including my time-to-time romances. She never said a word about them."

"I take it you are a bit of a lady's man." Piper looked on with a half smile.

"That's because I hadn't found the right one until now."

"What a load of crock. We only just met. How do you know I'm the right one?"

"Oh, not you, I was referring to the bar maid over there."

Piper stuck out her tongue.

Jane returned just then, ending the sparring before it had a chance to start.

Lunch went remarkably well, Jane's drink order for a Pink Squirrel made with crème de noyaux notwithstanding.

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Jane," Master Mestopholis said. "Stand in the corner."

"What?" Piper asked, surprised, looking up from her seat on the divan in the corner of the bedroom.

"Yes, Master," Jane said, solemnly. She swallowed hard, but complied.

"Jane, you don't have to," Piper said.

"No, it's okay," the other girl replied once she took her place in the far corner, eyes cast down, hands clasped behind her back. She had been taught well.

"What the —" Piper started to say, but Matt took her by the cheeks and planted a kiss on her forehead. "Matt, this is too weird."

"You could have left, but you chose to stay," he said. "Now, come." He led her to the bed. Then, standing at the foot of the bed, he undressed her slowly.

Jane said nothing. Jane betrayed no movement despite Piper looking up at her trying to gauge her reaction. She could have been that statue on the mantle.

Piper's sun dress slipped off over her top; her brazier slowly, but expertly, unclasped; then her panties slowly lowered down along her hips, thighs, ankles. She stepped out of them without knowing what she was doing. She was lost to him, too, Jane's Master, now her Master. So soon? She protested when he laid her on the bed, but those protests were half-hearted and ineffectual.

He took her. Matt was firm, but slow and gentle; in command the whole time. He played the instrument of her body like a classic guitar, bringing her one slow, drawn-out note at a time.

Piper, for her part, resisted his pleasures. At first, refusing to allow her body the indulgence. Not

with Jane in the corner watching, albeit with eyes cast down.

Master kept his rhythm: in, out, slowly, methodically. He kissed her neck. Piper couldn't help but shudder in delight.

She smelled his visceral scent, felt him on her body with every pore, every nerve ending. She glanced again at Jane in the corner: stoic, solemn. Then something clicked, something perverse, something naughty.

Let this daffy kid look on. Then she grew hot at the thought of Jane being putty in her “Master's” hands. A wave of heat cascaded through her body. She rose to the first of many orgasms that night. As she came, Piper kept her eyes on Jane: the girl with her hands clasped behind her back, frozen. *Where was that statue anyway?*

How he has her under his control. How did she let him do that to her? Whatever he did, that kind of sweet talk will never work on me.

Having sated Piper for the moment, Master Mestopholis rolled off her, and lay beside her.

“Jane, come here,” he said, propping himself up on an elbow.

Jane looked up, surprised. She glanced at Piper before making a move, trying to read the other woman's face for visual clues.

“It's all right,” Piper said.

Jane took slow, tentative steps toward the bed.

Jane sat on the edge, closer to the foot than the head.

“Lie here,” Mestopholis said, directing her with a wave of his hand next to Piper.

“No, the other side, next to Matt,” Piper said, a timbre higher. She felt very much sandwiched between the two. A bit too much attention from both sides.

Master shook his head almost imperceptibly “no” as he looked Piper in the eye. “It's okay,” he

then told Jane quietly. "Do as I command."

Piper shifted over, giving Jane a few inches more room. In the process, snuggling closer to Matt's body. She craned her neck, looking behind her, to him. Her eyes pleaded, "no, not this." But, still, she felt the caress of Jane's body slide next to hers.

Jane gave her a kiss. A peck on the forehead, that's all it was. "It's okay," she told Piper. "Master's order."

"Master? What the —" Matt, no," she asked, voice trembling.

"When you stayed, you knew this would eventually happen."

"Yes, no," she said, confused. "Maybe. I don't know. But, so soon?" *That kind of control will never work on me*, the word came echoing back into her mind.

"It pleases me," Mestopholis, Master, Matt answered in a firm, yet calming voice. "I'll be here holding you."

Then, with a nod he simply said, "Jane." Thus commanding the young woman to proceed.

That was all the direction Jane needed. She knew her lot. She kissed Piper, slowly, this time on the lips.

With a quivering heart, Piper tentatively accepted, then returned the kiss. It was what Master wanted. How could she not comply. She closed her eyes. Now, her world was only the sensation. Soft lips upon soft lips. How tender, how different.

The sensation then changed: stone-cold and hard. She opened her eyes. Yes, it was the same Jane as always. But for a moment, for just a blink of an eye, it was a statue of Jane, white, marble, chiseled, sculpted: like a life-size statue from the mantle place.

Piper jerked away.

"Relax," Jane, in human form, said with a reassuring smile.

Jane continued the kiss. Soft, warm lips. Then she moved her attention to Piper's neck. Then down her body: collar bone, breast, nipples, belly, loins, and on to her delta. There, she pleased Piper as only her lips could.

Piper rose to the fugue of pleasure, one unlike she had experienced in all her twenty-seven years.

- - -

The following morning was grilled trout, poached eggs, and home fries. Piper got another kiss from Jane. This time it was not a peck on the forehead. It was a full mouth-on-mouth kiss, as Piper was stirring the fired potatoes in a cast iron skillet. She turned her head, and before she could react, Jane was there, lips to lips, cupping her face in two hands.

"No, wow," Piper cried in surprise.

"No what?" Jane said in retort. "You had no problem last night."

"What happened last night stays in last night," Piper said. "I'm not sure if I was ready for that. I'm still not."

"Well, last night was Master's orders," Jane said. "This morning, I kissed you on my own. Cuz you're groovy."

"Do drop that Haight Ashbury stuff," Piper said. "That bothers me more than the girl-on-girl stuff."

"Don't be so uptight."

"Matt, talk to her," Piper said. "Jane, this isn't 1968. You couldn't have been born until the late 90's, but I bet the early 2000's is more like it."

"She's trying," Matt, Mesto, Mestopholis said as he tended to the trout in another skillet. He added a sprig of rosemary. He kept quiet otherwise, just tending his culinary masterpiece. He glanced

up but on occasional, his commanding eye was all he needed to keep their sparring from getting out of hand.

Then, when the trout, potatoes, and eggs were ready, he served the three of them another killer breakfast.

‘I’m going to start ballooning around the hips,’ Piper said, as they sat around the breakfast table. ‘Jane, I don’t know how you keep so skinny when you eat like a horse.’

‘Huh?’ Jane said, surprised at the question, mouth full. ‘I don’t usually eat.’ Then added, ‘Much.’

‘I bet I’m five pounds heavier since your Master started feeding me,’ Piper told her.

‘We can’t have that,’ Matt interjected. ‘It would be unconscionable of me to ruin your perfect figure. From tomorrow on, it will be fruit and yogurt.’

‘Perfect?’ Piper said. ‘Me? Hardly.’

‘Ah, but you are,’ he said. ‘The very ideal of feminine perfection. I wouldn’t want to do anything to ruin that.’

‘Cut it out,’ Piper said as she tried his morning creation.

‘I disagree,’ he persisted. ‘Your complexion, your cute button nose, the line of your neck, the way your collar bone lies; it’s all perfection. Don’t you change one bit.’

‘We all eventually age,’ Piper said shrugging.

Jane’s fork slipped out from between her fingers and fell to the floor.

With nervous fingers, she reached down to retrieve it from the terra cotta.

‘Sorry,’ she said. ‘I just... It slipped.’ She jumped out of her chair and ran off, out of the kitchen.

Matt ran after Jane. Piper swallowed the mouthful she had going and followed them, not quite

sure what landmine of hers she just stepped on with the words *we all eventually age*.

- - -

Mestopholis, the ancient being of unfathomable powers, sat helplessly at the bathroom door pleading with Jane to unlock and come out.

“Leave me alone, creepy vampire!” Jane finally yelled after what seemed like an hour of silence.

“I am not a vampire,” Matt, Mesto, Mestopholis answered. “You know better than that!” He then turned to Piper and rolled his eyes.

“Yet you sucked everything out of me,” Jane said, between sobs. “You marooned me in time. What will I do? Who can I turn to?”

“You know Piper already. You two can become the best of friends.” He looked at Piper, standing beside him, and shrugged.

“Let me try,” Piper said. “Jane, sweetie, listen, it’s me, okay?”

Silence, again. Then Jane said, “Piper, you gotta run away.”

“What? I’m not going anywhere without you.”

Silence, again. Then, “I, I can’t leave Mestopholis. I just can’t.”

“Can we talk about it?” Piper said. Then turning to Jane’s master, she said, “Privately.”

The great-and-ancient stepped outside to sweep the back deck or do the dishes, or something.

“He’s gone,” Piper said. “Unlock the door.”

Jane complied. As she unlatched the bathroom door and opened it slowly, tentatively. Piper could see her eyes red from crying.

“Crying’s good,” Piper said. “There’s nothing like a good cry to let it all out.”

Jane nodded. She tried to smile.

“Piper, hon. Listen to me. He’s dangerous. He owns me. You gotta go. Run while you have a chance.”

“I’m not leaving you,” Piper said adamantly. “My two week vacation is almost over. I’ll be leaving in two days. I’ve got a charming condo in SoHo. Come and stay with me until you can figure out what you want to do next. Maybe we can find your family, you know, your mom ‘n dad.

“My mom, dad?” Jane said. “Oh, my god! They must be so old by now, even if they’re still alive. Worried about me all these years.” Then Jane opened up again and the tears started pouring one more time.

Piper had to hold her.

And Jane nuzzled into the crook of her neck. She smelled strangely sweet to Piper, yet a little musky at the same time. Somehow, the girl smelled like a hippy-chick, star-child of the 60’s is supposed to smell like. Piper touched her, stroked her hair, trying to remain sisterly

“I love you. Don’t leave me,” Jane said. “Stay”

“First you wanted me to run, now stay?”

“I don’t know what I want,” Jane said.

“Okay, crazy girl,” Piper said. “What you need is some air. Come on, let’s walk to the beach town together. I feel like rummaging for overpriced driftwood.”

Jane laughed. But, she got up with Piper and stumbled out of the bathroom. On the way out, she gave Piper another kiss. It was a quick one, planted on her right cheek, almost on Piper’s mouth. It would have been a full mouth-on-mouth smooch had Piper not been turning the other way at the moment.

“What’s that for?” Piper said. *So much for sisterly.*

“Nothin’” Jane said. “I just wanted to.”

“Piper,” Jane said as the two dressed touristy for exploring, “I’m not crazy. You know that, right? Has he been telling you I am?”

“Um,” was all Piper said. By then she didn’t know what to believe. She wanted to believe that this girl had somehow stepped out of time. It was more authentic an explanation over Matt’s sensible one from that day in the restaurant. Could he have lied all along about Jane, she wondered. That would leave the preposterous as the truth. Yet, why would he lie? Of course he wouldn’t. No one who lived through the 60’s stays this young. “Let’s go,” she said. Then she remembered, *we all eventually age*, the words that sent Jane running.

Mestopholis, Master, Matt was stooped over, washing the left front fender of his 63 Jaguar when the girls marched out of the villa.

“We’re walking down to the beachfront,” Piper declared. Almost daring him to challenge her. Inside she was quaking, wondering if he was as ominous as Jane made him out to be.

“I suppose you’ll be leaving soon after that,” he said, straightening up. “Tomorrow or the day after, yes? I know your vacation is almost over.”

“This afternoon,” Piper said. She had intended to stay a few more days, but now she didn’t want to spend even one more night — not in his bed, and not in this tourist town. Suspicions of Mestopholis gnawed at the loose threads of her mind.

“I’m not surprised,” he said. “You’d like to take poor little Jane with you.” It wasn’t quite a statement and not exactly a question.

Was he listening? “If Jane wants to, she can stay with me.”

“Jane?” Mestopholis said. “What do you want?”

Jane mumbled something vague, not daring to look Master in the eye.

“What was that? Speak up,” he commanded.

“I, I, I,” Jane stammered. She kept her eyes down.

“I see,” Master said. “She just said she’ll do whatever the last person she talks to tells her to do. Isn’t that right, Jane?”

“I don’t know,” Jane said.

“Leave her be,” Piper said. “She’s afraid.”

“I can see she’s afraid,” Mesto said. “Yet she knows she doesn’t need to be. Go to town. Talk to her. If she wants to go with you, I won’t stop her. Just be aware of what you’re getting in to with her.”

“We’ll be back in a while to pack,” Piper said.

“There’s a day spa down there. I know the owner. I’ll call her to expect the two of you. Treat yourselves to some pampering on me. A nice massage, maybe. Get your hairs done. Make sure Jane updates her look to fit in with the rest of the twenty-first century. Manicures. Pedicures. The works. I just want to look upon perfection one last time before you leave.”

Piper didn’t know what to say. She was about to refuse, but then again, he never actually said or did anything threatening to her. And despite his commanding aura, he did send her to the moon last night. “Thanks,” she said cautiously.

Mestopholis, the ancient and all powerful, watched the two walk down the hill and disappear over the curve. He went inside to change his wet clothes, then began the preparations for their return.

- - -

Mestopholis, Matt, Master prepared a light lunch for his girl's return, knowing they didn't have much of his breakfast creation. Delicate finger sandwiches, little puff pastry shells filled with creative cremes. And, there was the ice tea. Specially brewed from his cache of herbs that most have never heard of. To mask the more bitter tastes and aromas, he made a base of black and mint teas. He then placed the pitcher in the fridge to cool before Piper and Jane’s return.

The ancient and all powerful almost ran out of time with his puff pastries, still stuffing the filling when the two returned. He finished the last few shells in time to meet them at the door.

“Let me see what they did for you at the spa,” he said. “Ah, yes. You both look fantastic.”

“Thank you,” Jane said, regaining her voice in the hours they were gone.

“It was nice of you to treat us,” Piper added. “Your friends at the spa were very attentive. I gather you sent more than a few of your summer guests their way.”

“I hope knowing that didn't diminish the effect of the pampering. Come to the parlor, I've prepared some lunch. I hope you haven't eaten while you were out.”

“No, we haven't, but Jane and I really want to pack. She loves you, you know. But, still, she decided to come away with me.”

“Yes, I understand,” Matt said. “Let me admire you two beauties one last time before you go. Surely you have that much time. I bet by now, you're hungry and dried out. You've got to try my tea. Hand brewed from an ancient recipe, you know. Ice cold and refreshing.”

“Piper, we really ought to pack,” Jane said.

“She's right,” Piper then said.

“Surely, you aren't in such a rush that you can't try what I've prepared. You're taking the Acela, yes? You've got a couple of hours before the next train. You've end up waiting at that dingy station if you leave too soon.”

Piper and Jane looked at one another. They were hungry and dried from the sun and from the rummaging they did in the tourist shops after the spa.

“Okay,” Piper finally said. She wasn't sure if she was giving in to anything, or it was simple as having one last of his killer meals.

And tea. There was the tea. Piper took a sip. It was an unusual blend chilled and over ice. Piper

couldn't place all the herbs that went into it. *Interesting*, she thought.

“May I photograph the two of you?” Master Mestopholis asked pulling out his phone.

“Sure, why not?” Piper said. “Something to remember us by?”

“Precisely,” Matt said, with a crooked, demure little smile.

But before he snapped the pic, he said, “Wait, let me do this right.” He pulled a Canon SLR out of the bottom door of the shelf against the far wall. “Get a little closer to each other,” he told them. He snapped the first of his pictures.

The girls sat on his crushed-velvet, burgundy-red sofa. Piper noticed that the statue from the mantle was still missing.

“Out being cleaned,” Matt said when asked. “Should be back shortly. Okay, give me a few more pictures. How about pursed lips, and cheek-to-cheek.”

“Making presumptions, aren't we?” Piper said. But still she and Jane moved all the closer to each other, and gave Master a set of suggestive photos.

“How about a kiss?” he commanded rather than asked.

“Hey!” Piper said. But Jane turned to her and planted her gloss covered lips on Piper's cheek.

“Hey!” Piper said again. “Jane!”

Click.

“You've been nice to me,” Jane said. “I haven't gotten that a lot. At first I didn't like the idea of you making love to Master Mesto. But then, after we, you know, what we did. And, after your kind words this morning... I love you, um, like you.”

Piper kissed her back. Lips on lips.

Click. Click. Click.

“Beautiful,” Mestopholis said, snapping away.

A hand on a chest, then a hand under a blouse, and soon the tops came off.

Click. Click. The two with tender bodies down to their brassieres. Click.

Then after another sip of tea for each, the panties slid off. All too easily, without hesitation. Hot embrace with arms and legs intertwined. Piper looked into the camera lens. Her eyes said, *what am I doing*. The quiver in her lips said, *I can't help myself*. Her heart said, *your making me do things I never dreamed I would. How do you do this to me?*

Click. Click. Then he abandoned the camera on the coffee table. Embracing the two of them, pressing their bodies closer, if that was even possible. His hands roamed behind, skillfully, silk-like, moving down their backs, teasing playful rumps, then exploring, sliding in so effortlessly.

The two gasped in unison. Each on the verge of rapture, but he, cupping pressing, probing, magnified their inner electric storms a thousand fold.

Jane dug her fingers into Piper's hair, pushing her mouth even tighter upon hers. Piper screamed her muffled cries of ecstasy. Jane came but a moment after. Two quivering bodies, lost in each other, lost in him. They would have collapsed had he not been supporting them both.

It was like they were having the greatest and last ever sex they would ever have. That idea percolated up to the top of Piper's thoughts. By now, she could not remain blind to the preposterous, even though it was ridiculous, incomprehensible. Yet, it was the only answer.

“Where is that statue?” She asked, exhausted, sated, still quivering.

“Told you, out being cleaned,” he told her matter-of-factly.

“Who sends statues out to be cleaned?” Piper asked. “You just dust them off.”

“Stand like this. I want to remember you like this forever.” He posed them, both. Legs between legs, intertwined, and almost touching; bottoms, round and full, pleasing oval curves, breasts aligned just so, on level with nipple against nipple, almost; arms and hands and fingers reaching for hungrily,

eagerly, ready to consume her sister slave in an embrace of passion; mouths open, anticipating locked lips and the electric charge of passion from making love with the whole body.

“Matt, how long do you want us to pose like this?” Piper asked. “My arms are getting heavy.”

“Master,” Jane pleaded. “Don't do this again. Please. I'm begging you.”

“Matt, you're scaring me. Why can't I move?” Piper now had trouble speaking. Her mouth didn't want to move the way it should. It wasn't hers. It now belonged to Master. As did the rest of her body.

Master, Mestopholis, Mesto reached for a brown paper bag he had under the crushed burgundy sofa. He scooped out a few fingers full of white powder.

He sprinkled it over the two frozen, immobile women. One a girl-child, still naïve after fifty years frozen. The other older, hip, modern, sophisticated, and no one's fool, or shouldn't have been. She should have known better from the beginning.

“Marble dust,” Mestopholis offered as an explanation. “Her name was Olivia, a Roman girl. Like yourselves the very definition of youth and beauty. A beauty I preserved forever. But although beautiful for the tastes of Rome for the day, she was much too chubby for even a nineteenth century definition of beauty, not to mention the standards of the twentieth and twenty-first centuries. Even eternal beauty doesn't last forever. Hence marble dust.”

He reached into the bag again and sprinkled more of Olivia dust on the two. He blew a palmful onto them. The dust tickled Piper's nose. She tried to scream but her vocal cords were stone-solid by then. Knowing the history behind the dust sickened her.

Mestopholis, the ancient power, touched them both now that they had been sufficiently covered with his fine powder. With one hand on each of their backs, he reached down under, finding the last

soft, or maybe just semi-soft places. Though all but immobile, he still caressed the two women's nether-spots with dust-covered fingers. One last time, one final sensation, a send-off orgasm, the last thing each would ever feel.

Don't, Piper wanted to say. *I'm turning to stone and you're toying with me*. She hated him, even as her body responded, rose to a last quivering orgasm. But, her body didn't move, she didn't shudder, she couldn't arch her back in pleasure, she couldn't cry out. The indignation. *No, no, no!* She wanted to scream, but stone does not scream.

Would someone break the door down in the last moment and rescue them? But who could? Who possibly would? Could she tear free like Jane had? But how did Jane do that? If it was a mistake on the part of Mestopholis in freezing her, he surely wouldn't make it again. All hope faded as even her eyes hardened, looking straight ahead forever.

- - -

Two statues of white marble no taller than a man's forearm sat on the mantle. They had been well-pose in their forever Sapphic embrace. All for a modern gentleman's pleasure. Holding each other, lips open, a moment before a hungry kiss. They look each other eye to eye. One betrays a look of bewilderment, the other shame.

"I'm sorry," the latter might say to the first. "I didn't want to be alone."

The End

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Be well, Joe

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