

The Picture of Daria - Part 3

By TheSpiralledEye

Charlie is an artist in a slump; when he is suddenly inspired to draw a beautiful woman from his dreams he finds himself slowly transforming into her.

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Slipping into a stylish evening gown came more easily than it probably should have; but I didn't care. As I walked the streets of Paris for the first time in a long while I could appreciate its splendour. I didn't see the filth or poverty that normally drew my eye; for the first time I saw the city of romance the way the tourists did. The lights, the glamour, the shining skyline. It was a place of sophistication and beauty and Daria fit right in.

My heels clicked on the streets and my ruby red lips smiled at handsome men as they walked past me in the evening light. Their gaze only egged me on. I felt like a work of art as I sat myself and my easel down by the waterfront and began to paint.

Unlike many people, I'd never found the city particularly inspiring, at least until now. It had only been a week since I painted my new life into being and yet I felt more at home than I ever had before. I painted the river, smiling to myself as I added threads of roses along the railing and watched as they bloomed into existence. My paintings didn't always change reality, I had to be careful, but when they did I made sure to only improve the world I saw. I painted a cup full of coins for the local busker, a warm ray of sunshine to wipe away the grey clouds when they rolled in.

I was beautiful now, I deserved a beautiful world to live in. Didn't I?

I had finished all my portraits for Clive's show with ease, adding extra details here and there so that now they were all masterpieces in their own right. I had never felt such inspiration, being Daria had gifted me with a fountain of drive and creativity. I used colours in a way I never had before, making them somehow richer, the shadows more crisp and light almost lifelike. Every single one of my portraits looked like they could jump to life at any moment; my success was almost guaranteed.

I finished up my art and signed it before packing up my things and moving toward a local bar. It was the sort of place I would never have come before; with slick black and red decor and drinks with names barely anybody could pronounce that sold for twice as much as

they should. I ordered a cocktail that cost as much as a full meal should and smiled at the young bartender trying not to look flustered. I'd sold a handful of paintings with ease at local markets to fund myself while I counted down the last few days till the show. I could afford a treat.

Before now I'd drunk cheap liquor out of paper bags like the stereotype I was but Daria was far too refined for that. I no longer looked out of place sitting at a fancy bar drinking expensive cocktails. That was the life people imagined when I told them I was an artist in Paris; it was the life I'd imagined for myself all those years ago. Granted, being a woman wasn't in the picture but I wasn't about to look a gift horse in the mouth.

Another fancy cocktail appeared before me and the bartender blushed.

"From the gentleman in the corner." He muttered and I turned to see an olive skinned man with dark eyes smiling at me.

He had European charm oozing out of every pore and I felt my body respond despite myself. I'd gotten off a few times in this body so far but only ever with my fingers. The temptation to do something...more was suddenly overwhelming. I was still discovering myself and apparently, Daria was the sort of woman to have flings with handsome strangers in bars after a day of work.

Why the hell not? It had been years since I got laid and something told me that the barrier keeping me high, dry and unsatisfied would not be so hard to overcome in this new body. I took the drink and sauntered over to him, adding a little extra sway to my hips as I sat myself down next to him in the tight booth.

"Maybe I am being presumptuous." I smiled, "but you bought me a drink, so I didn't think you'd mind the company."

"Not even a little." He purred.

His voice was thick with a southern European accent; Spanish perhaps or Portuguese. I could already read him like a book; foreign, here on business and looking for something fun and memorable but without any strings. We were perfect for each other.

I sat back and enjoyed watching my companion try to charm me. He bought me drinks, spoke of his achievements; it was cute really. It was so different to be on the other side of this conversation for once; I was the one who he was trying to impress, not the other way around. AT the end of the night, it was I who held all the power here.

It was nice, being desired. It made warmth bloom between my legs so despite the fact that I should have been feeling embarrassed about it I took the man's hand without hesitation when he offered to accompany me home. I was curious, who wouldn't be?

So when we reached my studio I didn't fight back when he slammed me against the wall and began to kiss my neck. I relaxed into his touch, running my hands over his skin and feeling all those masculine traits I had lost. His face was slightly rough with stubble, his shoulders broad and easy to cling to as he sucked at the sensitive skin near the hollow of my throat.

My body felt like it was on fire and it was glorious. My new bed, a large king with silk sheets, was the perfect place to lose my virginity for a second time; because I essentially was a virgin all over again.

Sex had always been stressful on some level, worrying about if my partner was having a good time. I lived in constant fear of finishing only to look up and see a dissatisfied woman sighing in disappointment. Now, I didn't need to worry about that, I laid back and let my new beau undress me, revelling in the feeling of his fingers tracing down my smooth skin.

He'd done this many times, I could tell. His fingers traced my inner thighs almost lovingly before slowly slipping between my folds to spread out the wetness and prepare me.

“Ohhh...”

It felt so much nicer than my own fingers; I would be doing this again that was for sure. Slowly the man crawled up my body until I could feel his cock pressing against my entrance. His hands pinned down my wrists and I groaned, bucking my hips upwards so that he finally slipped inside me. That was all the encouragement he needed; he pushed inside and I felt my mind go blank. I had been so focused on all the new sensations I was momentarily overwhelmed.

To feel somebody moving inside you was a level of intimacy I had never experienced, not to mention pure ecstasy. I opened my mouth and wailed in pleasure as he began to press against a bundle of nerves deep inside me. As good as it felt though, there was something missing.

With a grin I braced myself against those shoulders, wrapped my legs around his waist and turned us. My companion let out a surprised huff which turned to a grin when he saw me sitting atop him. I began to ride, letting my breasts hang low enough for him to kiss and lick at my nipples as I did.

The pleasure was intoxicating and I didn't hold back, the orgasm washed over me seconds later and I didn't dare slow down. Instead I rode harder, milking every last possible

drop of pleasure from the man before he too fell over the edge. I took in his face as he came, memorising the ecstasy on his features and revelling in the fact that *I did that to him*.

Once he'd finished his charm went out the window and before I had even fully pulled him out he was asleep. I giggled; I really had tired him out. I was the opposite of tired though, on the contrary I felt invigorated. I slid off the bed and walked through my new and improved studio, letting the cool evening air cool my naked skin. My life was unrecognisable from the one I had been living weeks ago and tomorrow was my grand debut at Clive's new gallery.

I didn't need to worry about whether or not I would be successful anymore, or if I would feel out of place at such a glamorous venue. Both things were guaranteed. I didn't care that I'd lost my masculinity, or care to find out how I'd developed this power. All that mattered was that for once, my career was on track as was my life.

I sat down at my easel and turned on one of the spotlights. I swirled paint on a brush and began to paint myself the perfect outfit for my art show the next night.

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The gallery was chic; all white walls and polished wooden floors that made the clinking of champagne glasses echo slightly under the quiet conversations happening around the room. The walls adorned with my creations, each face unique and captivating in its own way. Some male, some female, yet all somehow clearly me. My heart swelled with pride as I moved through the crowd, the hems of my one-of-a-kind gown sweeping the polished floor.

The dress, a masterpiece in itself, it was almost a shame I couldn't take credit for its creation; but that might raise questions and I didn't want anybody knowing my special power. It clung to my curves perfectly accentuating my breasts and ass without seeming overt. Eyes couldn't help but be drawn there. Its deep sapphire silk shimmered in the gallery lights, accentuating the delicate embroidery that traced the edges, reminiscent of stars in the night sky. The neckline plunged just enough to draw the eye without revealing too much, leaving an air of mystery that suited the occasion perfectly.

My hair, a cascade of glossy black waves, framed my pale face. A subtle smokey eye and dark lips added a touch of drama to my otherwise porcelain features. As I glided through the room, the attendees couldn't help but turn in awe. Their gazes lingered on the gown, the art, and the woman who effortlessly tied them together.

"Is this your latest masterpiece?" a voice purred from behind me, and I turned to find a local businessman smiling at me hungrily. He indicated the image of myself as an angel, female and resplendent in white and gold.

"Darling, the art on the walls is just a reflection of the masterpiece in the room," I replied, taking a playful sip of my own champagne. His laughter rippled through the crowd, and I continued my journey through the sea of admirers.

I didn't like to linger too long with any one individual; I was enjoying the air of mystery I was building up. Besides, I hadn't decided which one I wanted to take to bed yet.

I stopped before the portrait that had started this all; the tired, male artist with the dead dreams in his eyes. A well-dressed woman approached, admiration evident in her eyes.

"Your work is absolutely breathtaking. How do you capture such raw emotion?" she inquired, genuinely curious.

"It's all about knowing how to unveil the soul on canvas," I replied with a twinkle in my eye. "And a dash of magic, of course."

A thrill went through me, she thought I was joking, if only she knew the truth. My eyes met Clive as he walked through the gallery, his face flushed with pride and excitement as he placed yet another stick next to a canvas. Another painting sold. I could hear a bidding war happening over by another, it was only a matter of time before the entire collection was sold.

I wandered over to the register to look at the names of those who'd purchased and raised an eyebrow, it seemed Clive was quite taken with the collection, he'd purchased three of the pieces himself. All female portraits too; a coy smile formed on my lips and I finished my flute of champagne before sauntering over to him.

"A fan?" I smiled, "I see you've purchased a few of my works yourself."

"Well," Clive blushed for an entirely different reason. "I just found them so enchanting and of course, to have a piece of an artist as beautiful as yourself on my wall...the temptation was too much to resist."

How the tables had turned; now it was Clive's turn to be the flustered one. His pale hair looked almost white as his face got redder and I grinned; I wondered just how red I could make him go.

“Actually, I was wondering if you might be up for a bit of collaboration.” I said, “A painting done together, tonight.”

“T-tonight?”

“Yes, I have an idea, to capture the raw essence of sex on a canvas.”

Clive looked like he was trying very hard not to chomp at the bit. Feigning ignorance, I asked him.

“Would you be interested?”

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It’s funny, Clive was such an enigma to me before. A savant of the art world; so worldly and avant garde that I would have thought an idea like that wouldn’t phase him. Yet here he was, pale skin red with nerves as I slowly traced paint over his naked skin. We took turns finger painting one another’s bodies, his hands shaking with nerves as he swirled pink and purple over my breasts, centring on the nipple before repeating the process on the other.

I shivered a little, making his lines wonky but he didn’t complain. It felt so nice having those soft hands, slick with paint gliding all over my body. I’d laid down a canvas, ready to capture our love making. It wasn’t even an original idea, I’d seen these sex paint kits online for years but either Clive didn’t know or he was too flustered to care. He thought the idea was unique.

I slowly painted metallic gold down his thighs, daring to get close to his cock before slipping away. I’d chosen bold colours for myself, metals for him, that way we would know exactly who was where. All this teasing was getting me wet and I was almost sad when we were fully covered, save what was between our legs. It was almost a stop but my hole was burning and I couldn’t wait any longer.

With a dramatic moan I laid myself down in the centre of the canvas and reached up for him, pulling Clive down atop me so that the outline of my hair would be framed by two metallic hand prints.

Clive had no words, not that I could blame him; he was about to make love to a living piece of art after all. I wrapped my legs around him, pulling his hips toward me and his cock inside my hole. He wasn’t as big as my previous lover, but he was longer. He brushed my G spot with ease and I moaned, rolling my hips against him eagerly as we began to move together.

Our bodies crushed together and I rolled us, spreading paint and juices across the paper as we continued to rut. Our paints melted together, adding metallic shimmers to my bright colours as they spread across the paper. I could feel orgasm building already but I didn't want to finish too quickly.

I switched positions, getting up on my hands and knees so that he could take me from behind and I could admire the art we'd made together. To most people it probably just looked like a mismatch of colours but I could see past that, I could see the passion and pleasure in every stroke.

Clive pushed in hard and slammed his cock against my G spot one final time; the pleasure mingled with my self satisfaction and I came. It almost took me by surprise and I practically howled. The sound was beautiful; everything I did was beautiful now. I was more than just a woman;

I was a piece of art.