Body Painting

It all started with one of those kids colouring kits that were used at

parties to paint children's as tigers, princesses etc. I don't even know

any more when or why the idea occurred to me, but once I had got it into

my head, I couldn't get rid of it. I wanted to paint my wife's naked body

with colour and then have her pose for me while I filmed her. I kept

thinking about how to organise it and gradually filled in the details. I

was going to paint a very brief bikini and then have Sandy go outside into

our garden and carry out various tasks and poses as if she were wearing

the real thing.

Not too much of a thrill you might think, but our back garden is

overlooked by a pathway where all of the locals go out for walks with

their dogs. It was probably only about 70m away and given how busy the

path was, the chances of Sandy being seen were nearing 100%!

When the day came, I was pretty nervous of Sandy's reaction. I had made

sure that the video camera was charged and loaded with a new film and

looked out of the window to see that it promised to be a glorious hot

summers day - clear blue skies and already quite warm, even though it was

only 10am.

I took Sandy by the hand and led her upstairs to the bathroom.

'What's going on? What are you doing?'

'Just relax, you'll soon see.'

On entering the bathroom, Sandy's eyes flicked to the shaving foam and

razor lying on the edge of the bath together with a couple of towels and

then turned to the video camera mounted on its tripod an pointing down at

the towel spread in the middle of the floor. She looked at me with a gleam

in her eye.

'Feeling horny are we?'

'Certainly are! Why don't you get undressed for me? Leave your knickers on

for now.'

Sandy had shaved her pussy for me a couple of times in the past but she

wasn't that keen on it - she always compained that it itched afterwards

when the hair started growing back. However, it looked like she was going

to let me shave her today - so that was hurdle number 1 completed!

I switched the camera on and focussed on Sandy as she shimmied out of a

navy blue T-shirt and unbuttoned her jeans to leave her wearing a plain

white bra and a pair of blue and white striped cotton knickers.

Reaching behind her back, she unclipped her bra and slipped it off her

shoulders. A thrill of excitement rushed down to my groin. It was strange,

even after 10 years of being married to her, seeing Sandy getting

undressed still turned me on almost as much as the first time I saw her

strip. Her bra dropped onto the nearby chair and I took in the shape of

her petite breasts with their small coffee-coloured nipples. Despite two

children, she still had the slim firm figure of a much younger women.

'Like what you see?' Sandy grinned.

'Very much! So lie down and let me get to work!'

Sandy lay down on the towel in front of me. I set the camera to point at

her, making sure I had her flat tummy and groin fully in focus. Through

the camera I could clearly see her thin cotton knickers and took in the way

that the blue and white striped material hugged her pussy. Even through

the camera, I could clearly see the darker shadow of her pubic hair

beneath the white stripes. Leaving the camera running, I moved over and

crouched down next to Sandy.

'You don't look very comfortable in those jeans - why don't you strip off

too?'

'OK,'

Standing up, I pulled off my T-shirt and undid my jeans. Pushing them down

my legs, I stepped out of them and threw them to one side, leaving me

dressed in just a pair of charcoal-grey bikini-style briefs.

I knelt down beside Sandy - making sure that I wasn't blocking the view of

the camera and then tugged her knickers down. As I did so, Sandy raised

her bum a little to help me and in doing so, caused the sleek muscles of

her flat stomach to tighten nicely.

Pulling the knickers off her feet, I picked up the nail-scissors and

started gently snipping away at the mouse-brown pubic hair. After a few

seconds, I took hold of one of her legs and pulled it to one side so that

I was now kneeling between her shins. In this position, her pussy was

fully exposed to me... and to the ever-watchful camera.

With the nail-scissors, I trimmed away the longest of the pubic hairs and

then wipe her pussy off with a damp flannel soaked in warm water. Her

pussy was now sparsely covered in fine hair that were not even long enough

to curl - looking just like a pubescent pubic mound.

Sandy lifted her head and looked down at her partially-shaved pussy.

'Isn't that short enough?'

'No. Not for what I have planned.'

'What are you planning?'

'You'll see.'

Taking a little warm water in one hand, I moistened the skin of her pubic

mound, well aware of the slightly swollen pussy lips and the dampness of

her inviting valley as I did so. Sandy seemed to be getting turned on. If

so, she wasn't the only one. My cock was stiffening by the second and

threatening to become painful in the tight constraint of my briefs.

Picking up the can of shaving foam, I squirted a little of the gel into

the palm of one hand and then smeared it over Sandy's pubis. As I did so,

it turned to a thick white foam - one of those wonders of science that I

had never really understood. Once her pubis was completely covered, I

rinsed off my hands and dried them off before picking up the Bic razor.

'Keep still now.'

'Count on it!'

I drew the razor blade calmly and slowly from inside her left thigh down

towards her pubic mound and along the smooth curved skin between her

thighs, leaving a clear smooth trail of skin behind it. Repeating the

action, I slowly but surely exposed more and more smoothly-shaved skin

until only a small strip of foam was left running down the length of her

pussy lips.

'Isn't that enough?'

'No! I want you to be perfectly smooth!'

Gently, holding the skin tight with the fingers of one hand, I carefully

shaved away the remaining foam and hair from her now fully swollen lips.

Picking up the flannel, I washed away the last remaining traces of foam

and looked at the result - perfect! Not a hair was to been seen and her

smooth, freshly-shaved skin gleamed in the light from the window. I took a

small amount of Body Shop coconut body-cream and gently rubbed it into

her, causing her to moan quietly as I ran my fingers over her pussy lips.

My plan was working - I needed her to be turned on in order to get her to

agree to the rest of my plan.

'OK. So what now?'

'I am not quite finished. I want to shave your bum too - turn over and

kneel down on your shins and then bend forwards for me.'

'Christian, I er...'

'Just do as you are told - please.'

Sandy did exactly what I had asked and I repeated the previous exercise,

gently shaving away the hair from between the cheeks of her peach-like

bum. Once I had finished and rubbed more of the cream into her sensitive

skin, I sat back and relaxed.

'So. Now for stage two.'

I pulled the body paint out from under the chair and opened it up.

'What is that for?'

'Well, now that I have got you well and truly naked, now I am going to

give you a bikini!'

'Of paint?'

'Yes.'

'And then?'

'You'll see. Lie back down on your back like you were before. What colour

bikini would you like?'

'Red.'

'OK.'

Taking some red colour from the pot, I drew the outline of two bikini

straps running over both of her shoulders and down towards the top of her

breasts.

'Ooh, that tickles!'

'We all have to suffer in the name of art!'

'It seems to me like I am the only one who's suffering here!'

'Then you obviously haven't seen the state of my cock - I'm fit to burst.

So, how riskée should your bikini be?'

'Very - no risk, no fun as they say.'

Little does she know, I thought. Taking some more paint, I draw the

outline of two small bikini triangles on her breasts, the upper line

curving just above her now erect nipples. Joining the two triangles with a

thin 'string', I then continued the 'string' across both sides of her ribs

towards her back.

Taking more colour on a thicker brush, I start filling in the triangles

that I have just drawn. As I reach Sandy's nipples she drew a sharp breath

and muttered something under her breath about it being cold. As I coated

her nipples, they puckered up tight and stood out proudly under the light

brush strokes.

'Hmm, that's nice.'

'Wait until I do your bikini bottom!'

Sandy looked at me and flushed slightly but said nothing. Having finished

her bikini top, I stepped back to admire the result - not bad. Although

there were slight variations in colour, the final result did look quite

realistic. I corrected a few places to make the outline sharper and then

moved back into position.

'So, now for the bikini bottoms. I'll make these just as skimpy as your

top shall I?'

'Yes - and take your time - that is fun.'

'Fun?'

'Yes. Fun. A sexy sort of fun.'

'Does it turn you on?'

'Of course - wouldn't you be turned on too if your naked, recently shaved

body was being painted in all the most intimate places?'

'Unfortunately I don't know...'

'I can soon change that!'

'Maybe another time. Let me get started here...'

Taking more paint on a thin brush, I sketched the outline of tiny bikini

knickers stretching across the bottom half of Sandy's hip bones before

arching down in a smooth curve between her thighs to end either side of

her pussy. The end result was a mini-bikini-bottom with a thin stretch of

'material' covering her pussy and string-like 'straps' over her hips. Now

all I had to do was to fill in the colour.

'Before you start, I assume that this colour comes off again?!'

'Yes, of course. It has a slight oil-base so that it won't crack off, but

it washes off with soap and water.'

Taking a large dab of colour on the paintbrush, I made the first stroke

from her 'waistband' down over the gentle curve of her smoothly shaven

pubis and down in a single smooth stroke parallel to her cleft. Taking

another blob of paint, I made another stroke of paint parallel to the

first and filling in the gap between the edge of her bikini knickers and

the one red half of her pubis. Having repeated the process on the other

side, I carefully filled in the small gaps between the edging of her

'knickers' and the solid red colour I had applied, leaving only her swollen

cleft untouched.

Before completing the job, I ran my middle finger down the length of her

pussy causing Sandy to squirm with pleasure.

'Oh, yes. That is nice!'

Just as I had hoped, she was hot and her pussy was soaking wet with

excitement.I bent forwards and let my tongue run backwards and forwards

over her clit, causing her to moan with pleasure.

'Oh, yes - that's it baby - keep going!'

At this, I pulled back and picked up the paintbrush once more.

'More of that later - first you have to do a few things for me. But before

that, I want to finish this off.'

Dipping the paintbrush in the bright red colour, I placed the brush just

underneath the waistline of her almost complete knickers and slowly drew

the paint down over her shaven mound and along her swollen slit, running

it backwards and forwards gently over her clit and then down between her

thighs until the front 'panel' of her knickers were complete.

'OK. You'll have to stand up so that I can finish the job.'

'OK, but first I want to see what it looks like.'

Standing up, she went over to the full length mirror in the adjacent

bedroom and admired herself in the mirror.

'Cool - it looks almost real!'

Returning to me in the bathroom, she stood patiently as I drew the lines

of her shoulder 'straps' and then the strap across her back. With the

thinner brush, I then sketched the waistband of the bikini bottoms and

joined it to the narrow bands across her hips.

'So, do you want proper bikini knickers or a thong?'

'Definitely a thong!'

'Fine by me!'

From the middle of the waistband, I quickly sketched a concave triangle

leading down towards her bum cleft and filled it in with colour.

'OK, now bend forwards a little.'

She leant over and placed her hands on her hips, causing her bum cheeks to

separate slightly. I quickly drew a line down from the triangle to

complete her 'thong'.

'OK. That's the painting done.'

'What now? What dirty scheme have you got planned?' Sandy grinned.

'Just come with me.'

Taking the video camera off the tripod, I took Sandy's hand and led her

out of the bathroom and downstairs to the sitting room. Opening the

sliding doors, I motioned for her to step through onto the back terrace.

Sandy looked at me.

'You don't mean...?'

'Yes!' I grinned.

'But there are people out at the back - they'll see me - and what about

the neighbours?'

'You said yourself that your bikini looks real.'

'Yes, but...'

'But what? No-one will notice a thing. Trust me.'

'But I am stark naked - more - I am stark naked and shaven!'

'And that is exactly what I wanted! Come on - you've come this far.'

'OK, but if anyone comes, I'm going to run back inside!'

'Then people will look - just act completely normally - you often go out

in your real bikini - there is no difference.. at least for other people.

Only we will know that you are absolutely naked.'

'Maybe you're right - OK, I'll do it. I must be mad... or just bloody

horny!'

'I'll take the horny. Come on, let's go.'

'So what do I have to do?'

'Why don't you first just wander through the garden and let me film you?'

'OK.'

Sandy took the first tentative steps into the garden, checking the all was

clear and then stood in the middle of the garden, looking at me. I

focussed the camera in closely and scanned her firm, hard, body from top

to bottom. With the camera, I could get close enough to see her stiff

nipples and could easily make out the lack of hair under her red 'bikini

knickers'.

I pulled back the focus slightly and noticed her stiffen and look towards

the path at the back. Some people were out walking their dog. On seeing

Sandy they waved and Sandy waved back before turning to me with a grin on

her face.

'If they only knew!'

'See, there is nothing to worry about!'

'I'll tell you one thing though - I still feel very exposed like this -

the warm breeze is a constant reminder that I am naked.'

'Just enjoy it.'

'Who said I wasn't enjoying it?'

With that, she pulled a sun-lounger out and lay back on it, her legs

spread slightly, giving me a perfect view of her slim thighs and smooth

pussy. Just as she was relaxing, a voice called out.

'Hey, Sandy - enjoying the sunshine?!'

'Hello.'

Oh, shit. That was Dave - the rave - our neighbour. I had always been

convinced that he had the hots for Sandy and his timing appeared to be

perfect this time. I peeked around the corner and saw him hanging over the

fence, grinning at Sandy. He couldn't have been more than 10m away and I

wondered how much he would be able to see. It was clear from the shadow

that crossed Sandy's face that she too, was thinking the same thing. Dave

wasn't going to let himself be put off by a cool response from Sandy

though.

'I love your bikini by the way - is it new?'

'Er, yes. This is the first time I've worn it!'

I grinned to myself. No kidding!

'You should wear more bikini's like that - they suit you.'

'Thank you.'

'Yeah, especially that thong - you have the perfect figure for it.'

Fucking horn dog.

'Thanks. Do you really think so?'

'Definitely. You have a really peachy ass - small tight buns - absolutely

perfect for a thong!'

I couldn't believe how this guy was hitting on Sandy. She blushed.

'Er, thanks.'

'Do me a favour - stand up and let me see you again.'

Sandy glanced briefly in my direction and then stood up, turning away from

Dave so that he could see her from behind.

'Wow! As I said - perfect. Isn't it uncomfortable with just a string

between your bum cheeks?'

'No. In fact, I can hardly feel it - it's as if there was no string at

all!'

Sandy grinned silently, her face hidden from Dave's view.

'Let me see you from the front.'

Sandy obliged and stood facing him, her arms crossed over her breasts.

'I love those knickers - they cover hardly anything. Nice and tight too.'

'That's true - that's why I wouldn't wear them anywear public.'

These double-entendre's were causing me to chuckle silently to myself. He

really did have no idea at all!

'Hey, I'm happy if you wear them here. Can I see your top too?'

Sandy dropped her arms and exposed her red-painted breasts to him.

'Cute. Do you ever go topless?'

'No. I have done, but...'

'But what? You could certainly go topless here - no-one would see you.

Apart from me that is! Why don't you take your top off?'

'No. I can't.'

Many a true word spoken in jest.

'Maybe next time?'

'We'll see. Anyway, I have got to go in now. Bye.'

'Bye! I look forward to seeing you again!'

Sandy headed in towards me, grabbed my hand in passing and pulled me into

the house behind her.

'Hurry up. Let's get this paint off me - I need a damn good fuck...'

And THAT is another story...