Body Painting

by MSSD ©

It's mid-afternoon on a clear Saturday in August at San Diego's clothing

optional Black's Beach. The teenage girl kneeling in the sand in front of

Matt Sinclair is completely naked. She holds a shock of curly brown hair

back with one hand and thrusts her breasts forward. Her green eyes follow

the movement of the paintbrush in Matt's hand, and then at Matt himself

focused on his work.

In Matt's experience teenage girls show up in groups of two or three, if

they show up at all, and are nervous and twitchy. This girl is different.

She is alone, quiet, and curious. Her small breasts are tipped with hard

red nipples that look like strawberries. Her pubic hair is shaved except

for a light brown oval that sits like an island an inch above her pussy. A

silver loop hangs from her pierced navel. Matt faces her Indian style and

applies the paint slowly around her nipple. He sees the tip stiffen in

response to the pressure of the soft bristles of the brush head. She

breathes in quickly and tries to stifle the sound, but he hears it all the

same. Within a few minutes, a yellow and red starburst spirals out from

the girl's left breast, trailing a vapor trail across her stomach.

Five years ago, Matt graduated with a degree from Art Center in L.A. and

had an exhibit at the Temporary Contemporary. L.A. Magazine thought enough

of him to include him in a survey of emerging local artists. But Matt's

plans have changed since then. In spite of his artistic talent, sex is

what really interests Matt. He has wavy black hair, the sculpted muscles

of a bodybuilder and an all-over tan. Body painting is a way to use his

talent in pursuit of his favorite pass-time. He likes naked women,

painting designs on their hot, sun-soaked flesh, and showing off his big

cock to them. Depending on who he's painting, especially the good-looking

women, he makes sure to give them plenty of opportunities to check out his

body up close. Women play it cool at first. They pretend not to notice or

care. But eventually they betray their curiosity by stealing looks when

they think he's not looking. He plays along with the game, but those looks

are what he's waiting for. Sooner or later their eyes stray down for a

fleeting look at his crotch. And who can blame them? He's ten inches long

when he's hard, and it's all right there in plain view.

The girl's skin is perfectly smooth and unblemished. Matt works the paint

down her stomach, feathering it for a few seconds. Then he repositions so

he is kneeling in front of her, fully exposed. The girl makes no attempt

to hide her curiosity, allowing her gaze to linger for a long time while

he works.

"You have a big cock," she says at last, without a trace of embarrassment

or hesitation.

The boldness of her comment surprises him; he is caught off guard and

can't think of anything to say. He can feel himself harden.

When he doesn't answer right away, she continues. "I guess everybody tells

you that."

"No, actually they don't," he says.

"Well, you do," she says, looking him in the eye to underscore her point.

"Bigger than any other guys I've seen."

"I didn't expect you to be an expert on that kind of thing," he says after

a pause.

"Why not?" she says with a defensive note in her voice.

"Because you seem a little young."

"I just turned eighteen," she says.

"That's young," he says.

"Not really."

"Trust me. It's pretty young."

He paints the design over her navel and works it around her side.

"How old are you?" she says, with a challenge in her voice.

"Old. Twenty-seven."

"It's not that old." She looks at him with a self-satisfied expression on

her face. "Are you married?"

"No."

"Do you have a girlfriend?" she says.

"No."

She thinks about this a second while she watches him brush the paint on

her stomach. "You're not gay, are you?"

"Do I look gay?"

"Half the guys down here are gay."

"Turn around," he says. I'll paint your back.

She turns around. "Does that mean you're straight?"

"Good guess," he says.

"Cool." She seems pleased at this. "It's such a drag when you find out a

hot looking guy is gay. It seems like such a waste. I think to myself,

there's one guy I'll never get."

"It that the way it works?"

"That's what I think. There's this really cute guy I know, and it's kind

of depressing to think that I'm competing with him for the same thing."

"How do you know he's gay?"

"'Cause he talks about guys. He told a girlfriend of mine that he hangs

out in Hillcrest on the weekends and tries to get picked up. I'd say

that's pretty gay."

Matt works quietly for several minutes, continuing the design around and

down the girl's back, tracing the outline of the vapor trail that ends

just above the crack in her ass. She shivers as the brush crosses over her

spine. "That tickles," she says.

"You have a great back," he says.

She turns around and smiles at his compliment. "Thanks."

He works for several minutes more, focusing his attention on her narrow

waist and tight ass. She sighs as he works the brush down her lower back.

When he is done she stands up, turns, and pivots. The design on her body

looks just as he imagined it – like star exploding. Several feet away, a

group of naked men watch her with appreciative stares. She smiles at the

attention she receives. Matt hands her a mirror.

She looks at herself, then smiles at him. "What do you think?"

"You look great," he says.

Her eyes search his for a second. "What's your name?" she says.

"Matt," he says.

"I'm Ashley." She holds out her hand and he shakes it. "Thanks," she says

with a smile. "I'll see you around."

He watches her for a few seconds as she walks away.

A half hour latter, Matt paints the first of two young high school

teachers from Montreal who tell Matt how much they are enjoying their trip

to California.

"So many nice looking men," one of them says. She is gawky and thin, with

frizzy black hair. The other is short and petite, with cropped blonde

hair. In Matt's mind, he imagines lifting her up by the waist and fucking

her standing up. The women make small talk while he paints and invite him

over to their hotel that night. He writes down their phone number and

hotel and tells them that he'll see them later.

After the women leave, Matt puts his paints in his backpack and walks down

to the water. He dives in and surfaces after a wave passes overhead. For

the next few minutes he swims in the waves, catching them as they break,

riding them to the shore where they turn into foamy ripples. He climbs out

of the water, smoothes his hair, and walks back up the beach toward his

backpack.

The girl he painted earlier that afternoon sits on the sand next to his

backpack as he approaches.

"Hi," she says, shading her eyes with her hand. "You're really good out

there."

"Thanks," he says. He reaches down to this backpack and unzips it.

"Everybody liked the design you painted on me," she says.

"Cool."

She watches him dig through his bag. "These two guys asked me to take a

picture with them. One of 'em was kind of cute. Then these other guys

started following me around, so I hung out with this older couple that

were nice. I think the old man was kind of getting off on looking at my

tits, which was weird, but his wife didn't seem to mind."

"If you walk around naked in front of a bunch of guys, you're bound to

attract attention."

"Oh, it's okay. I like guys looking at me. It's just a little weird having

someone like your grandfather looking at you like that." She watches him

for a few seconds. "Are you leaving?"

"Yeah," he says. "I'm going home." He finds his shorts and shirt in the

backpack.

"I'm supposed to get a ride home with my friend Stacy."

"Yeah? Where's Stacy?"

She points down the beach. "She's hanging out with a bunch of our friends

down at the pier. They're staying for the sunset, then we're supposed to

go back to her house."

"The sun will be going down in less than an hour. You might miss her."

"I don't care. They're boring." She looks away for a second, then leans

back on her elbows and lets her eyes wander over his shoulders and chest.

"You have a really tight body," she says. "You must work out a lot."

He can feel himself thicken under her watchful eye. "I take care of

myself."

"So, what do you do?" she asks.

"What do you mean?"

"You know, like, for work?"

"I paint surfboards and skateboards."

"And naked girls," she says with an ironic grin.

"You asked me what I do for work. Body painting is a hobby. I don't make

any money off of it."

"You probably hit on all the girls that come along. Not that you'd have to

try very hard," she says, staring at his cock again.

He turns and looks at toward the ocean.

"You know," she says, "you could give me a ride home."

He starts to slide his shorts on.

"You're cuter with no clothes on," she says.

He pulls his shorts up and buttons them. "I thought you were going with

your friends," he says.

"I told you they were boring."

"So you dumped them and came up here?"

"Yeah," she says. "Besides, the scenery is better.

He squats down and starts rummaging through his backpack.

She sifts sand through her fingers and watches it fall. "After you painted

me I started walking around and it was totally amazing. It was like being

high, you know, but not like a drug thing, just totally natural. I felt

totally free, like I had all this energy because of the design you painted

on me."

He finds his car keys, zips up the backpack and stands.

"When you were painting me it felt like electricity going through my body.

The paint brush felt like a tongue licking me." She can see the outline of

his cock stiffen and press against the fabric of his shorts. "And the

whole time it was happening I was staring at your dick and there was

nothing I could do." She leans back again, and plows trenches in the sand

with her heels. "I thought you were going to make me come. It's making me

wet thinking about it right now."

He looks down at her. She teases him by spreading her legs wide enough so

that he can see the wet lips of her pussy glistening in the sunlight. "You

could make me come right now if you wanted to."

A middle-aged couple walks by on the beach and looks at them. Other

beachgoers have started packing up, but clusters of naked sunbathers still

scatter the beach. A naked couple bounces in the surf.

"Here? I'll get arrested."

"No, you won't"

"Yes I will. There are laws."

"Not if you do it the way I want."

Matt stares at her lying naked in the sand. "How?"

"Paint me again."

The sun angles toward the horizon as she leans back on her elbows watching

him pull his brushes out of the backpack.

"What are you going to do this time?" she says.

He says nothing as he opens up a bottle of red paint and dips the brush

in. He leans over and touches her bare nipple with the brush.

She closes her eyes, catching her breath. "Is it going to be another

meteor?"

"Something better," he says. He works the brush around the hard tip of her

nipple, caressing it with the brush and paint.

"That's making me horny," she says, looking at him through half opened

eyes. She closes them as he smiles at her. He circles her nipple again and

again with the paint, listening to the little catches in her breath as her

nipple hardens. After a few minutes, he starts to extend the streak of

read down the slope of her breast, widening it as it descends.

Two naked couples come up the beach and stop to watch Matt as he leans

over the young girl lying in the sand. Ashley opens her eyes and sees the

couple standing several feet away. "There are people watching," she

whispers, breathing in quick rushes as he trails the brush down her

stomach.

The red streak grows bigger and wider, curling now, bypassing her belly

button and the soft patch of public hair. Two older men join the crowd,

watching as Matt works the paint down to her hip bone, veering out onto

her upper thigh, plunging back now to her inner thigh.

He stops for a moment. "Spread your legs," he says to her.

She breathes in quickly and opens her legs, exposing her pussy to him and

the small group of people watching. "Ohhh...." she moans, as he works the

paint down the inside of her leg.

Matt turns his attention back toward her upper body, filling in details

now with darker paint. Delicate scales begin to emerge on the thin tail of

a serpent, wrapped around her nipple. The streak of flat red paint

transforms before the crowd's eyes. The thick body of the monster starts

to appear across her chest and stomach. Clawed feet grasp her hip and

stomach.

Ashley looks down, her chest heaving, then closes her eyes, and leans her

head back.

The serpent's head begins to appear on her upper thigh, craning its neck

inward. It's reptilian gaze focuses on the wet folds of her pussy, eyeing

it with hunger.

Ashley shudders and moans as Matt fills in the details of the serpent's

head with the tip of the brush. She breathes in short, sharp gasps. The

inside of her leg is moist and shiny from the juices streaming out of her.

A long slender tongue now extends from the serpent's mouth, traveling over

the smooth valley between her leg and thigh. An inch above her pussy, the

monster's tongue breaks into two speared halves. Matt extends the points

down to either side of her hooded clit. She shudders as Matt dabs the

point on either side of the throbbing knob. She arches her back as he

touches her again and again on either side with the brush tip. All at

once, she convulses and cries out.

"My God," one of the women says. The crowd shifts nervously.

Matt continues to apply dabs of paint, leaving off when her body stiffens

and spasms again.

"Ahhh," she cries, digging her hands and heels in to the sand. The juices

pour from her unabated. She shudders and convulses again. After a few

seconds, she opens her eyes and looks at the crowd watching her.

They begin to disperse, sensing the end of the show.

Matt leans over her as she watches the people leave. She looks up at him.

"That was unbelievable," she says. "I want to see what you painted."

Matt reaches into the backpack and pulls out the mirror. He wipes the

brushes and recaps the paint as she studies the design up and down her

body, focusing at last on the split halves of the serpent's tongue

touching the edges of her clit.

"You're amazing," she says. "It's so beautiful." She hands the mirror back

to him, and he zips up the backpack.

"Where are your clothes?" he says.

She points to a bag sitting up against the hillside.

"Come on," he says. "Let's get your stuff and I'll take you home."