**Body Painting Competition**

by[Racqel](http://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=85873&page=submissions)©

I was flying to spend the weekend in Perth, at a friend, Kate. She is so different to me. She is vivacious, outgoing and has great model like looks. I went to spend the weekend with her and to watch her enter with into a body painting competition.   
  
She is a beautician and her beauty school was entering into a body painting competition run between beauty schools. The beauticians had to do the painting so it was a fun amateur event, but had a formal event for the finals, held in a large hall, with all the lighting and professional staging.  
  
I arrive in Perth at 3pm and went straight to the place where the beauty schools were painting the models. The theme of the year 2001, was twins, so each entry had to have 2 people, who would be painted up in a matching theme. Kate was to be the nighttime with evening stars like the Van Gogh painting and her twin, Sue, also from her beauty school, was to be the daytime with the sun and clouds. Kate was already mostly painted, and Sue was half painted and then started getting a rash and feeling ill. It turned out that Sue was allergic to the paint medium. The even started at 6pm and I arrived amid the chaos as they were calling around to find another model. Kate was almost in tears, as they just couldn't find anyone. I tried to cheer her up but she was devastated as the twin had to be her height and the other girls at the beauty school, were much shorter or taller than she was.   
  
It was 4pm and still nobody was able to take the place of Sue. They all had to be painted and ready by 5:30pm and it normally takes 2 hours to paint someone from top to toe. We were all trying to think up solutions when the one beauty schoolgirl said why didn’t I be the twin. I went red in the face, and said no, no , no not me. I am naturally very shy and not the showy type. I don't go out dressing sexily and have ever gone topless in public, even on the beach. Kate's mood suddenly turned up. "Yes"- she said, "Racqel would be great". I said to her that I would climb a mountain for her but this is just too much for me to do. She knows me and she didn't push. The beauty school principal wouldn't accept my refusal and kept on picking on me. She said that it was dark and when painted nobody would even notice me.  
  
I felt really bad for being the only hope for Kate, being exactly the same height, but my introversion and fear of public nudity got the better of me. I tried to imagine how I would look. I was not a size 32A like Kate. I am a 34C. I have big boobs and they are noticeable. Besides, tramping around in a g-string is also not my style. I only wear bikini swimsuits and don't feel confident with such skimpy clothes on. I said no again, reinforcing my position.  
  
It was getting late and Kate was about to pull out of the competition. I meanwhile started thinking about the whole experience, and deep inside told myself that I need to have more adventure and take more risks in life. I felt bad about being so selfish and so I quietly said, "OK - I will try". Quickly things had to get in motion. Excitement was everywhere. They needed to get me a massage table to get painted on and get me a pair of white g-strings that fitted me. The one girl asked me what size I wore, I answered 34C, and she said no, the panties, you won’t be needing a bra. I replied that I was a size 10, quite a small waist. It sunk in. I was going to be topless in front of a lot of strange people. I started feeling a subtle throbbing deep inside me. It was sexual; I felt the tingly sensation and couldn’t understand where it came from.   
  
I was guided to another room, and asked to remove all my clothes and get into this g-string they found. It was a size 8 as that all that they had left. I removed the jeans I was wearing and the red button shirt and my bra and bikini panties and placed them in this bag for safekeeping. I put on the white g-string. It was a swimsuit bottom so it can be painted on. It was very skimpy and I realised that I needed to shave so that hair didn't show through. I had never shaved so closely before as my panties were bigger and I generally never wore g-strings. I put on a towel and the beautician came in and told me she would give me a bikini wax quickly. It was quite painful, but at the end I only had a small tuft of hair left just above my folds.   
  
The body painting crew arrived in the room and I turned on my back and they whisked paint all over me, painting my legs, my back and my buttocks. It was a daytime scene they were painting so used yellows, white and light blues and green. Kate arrived. She looked stunning. She was the nighttime- painted in blacks, dark browns, yellow stars and mostly dark colours. She was so dark you couldn't notice where her breasts started and finished. I then had to turn around. I was nervous about this, but they had to paint my breasts. It was both a funny feeling and a turn on for me to feel the brushes rub against my breasts and across my nipples lathering paint all over my breasts, which are mountains, compared with the other girls in the competition.   
  
They painted sunshine over my one breast and clouds over the other. I realised that wit the light colours you can make out the breasts quite easily. I was not as lucky as Kate was. They then painted my stomach and over my g strings. I have never had someone touch my vagina lips before, let alone a group of women. At first it was quite ticklish, but as each stroke of paint was rubbed in it felt more and more exciting. I knew I was wet inside and was hoping it wouldn't show on the white g-string. They didn't miss a spot and my clit was being massaged, even though through the material, it was still stimulating. My nipples were erect and long, but I noticed the other girls also had erect nipples.  
  
I was told that I could stand up and look in the mirror- all was complete. I looked and was stunned. I did look good as a painting. The paint did cover up ones nakedness, but you could still see ones breasts and nipples and with me the tight g-string pulled right into my folds so you could see that too. The others told me how great I looked and that Kate and I will be definite winners. I hoped not. I didn't want anymore attention than I had to have.  
  
The competition was remarkable. We had to walk together on a stage and camera took pictures from every direction. I felt like a film star. While walking up the stage Kate’s' dad shouted hi. I felt like I better cover up, it is Kate’s Dad there, but I couldn't, I knew he was looking straight at my naked breasts and my ass. I felt so tingly doing something I would never ever do. The sexual excitement was mixed with sheer terror. For sure I was wet and excited, stimulated to frenzy. The competition ended - judges gave us a second place. This mad things worse, I was now going to be photographed and in the newspaper. We had an after party. I wanted to put on covers but nobody else did. It was strange talking to the crowd and Kate's friends while almost nude. The guys all staring at my breasts because they are voluptuous and not flat like the other girls.  
  
After the party, I went back to the room to get the paint removed. I told the beautician that I needed the toilet and I went in and touched myself to orgasm. I was soaked. I even rubbed paint off my nipples as I caressed them between my fingers. This is another whole story. But this frightening situation did strange things to me, which I still do not understand. I have the pics of me from the night and may post them if I can get them scanned.

**Body Painting Competition Ch. 2**

Well Kate and I won bronze in the body painting competition. I described in my last story the mixture of nerves, anxiety, apprehension, embarrassment and the inner build up of sexual tension al entwined in one as I went through this daring and first time experience. I spent the rest of the weekend a bit in shock that I ever did it, wondering if the experience has opened up new boundaries or if I would stay the same shy conservative me. On the Sunday night I was back on he plane and soon home and back into my rut of everyday life.   
  
A few months passed by and I received an email from Kate telling me that Persona Beauty school had made the National body painting finals because of our bronze. The Beauty school were planning on selecting others but were told that the original qualifying winners had to be part of the new team of 4 and now the team had to include 3 girls and one guy, and the same group had to do the painting as well as being painted on. I didn't think much of the email and just put it in the back of my mind and went back to my work.  
  
A week later I got a call from Yvonne, the MD of the beauty school, offering to finance me coming back to Perth for the finals. She went on to say that she had already inquired about replacing me with one of her beauty consultants and the competition committee refused on the basis of the rules. She then told me how good I was in the last competition and that it meant a lot for her company and they would give me $1000 worth of beauty products if I participated and cover all my other costs for the weekend, including a beauty make over.   
  
I didn't commit and said I would speak to Kate. Sure enough , Kate called and told me that she was in, and Linda, one of the other contestants was in and Kate's boyfriend Steven was going to be the guy and then I was needed else none of the others could even be considered. At least this time I had time to prepare myself. I was not sure if that was good or bad. Maybe with more time to consider I would get too afraid to do it again. Kate pushed and said she was going to submit my name with theirs as they needed to register our entry. I just kept quiet. She told me to look at the competition information set up on the internet and gave me a password to get in. I finished the call and went into the internet site. There were pictures from the last year competition and the entrants looked quite good. I was sure that some of them were professional artists.   
  
That night went I got home I opened up my clothes box I keep under my bed, with all the bits and pieces I never wear, but keep just in case, and searched for that white thong from the last competition. I put it on and took off everything else and just stood there in it looking at myself in the mirror. I looked at my breasts and then turned and looked at the little triangle pulling into my butt. So much showed. It looked funny against my summer bikini tan, which showed a lot of white against my tanned body. I got cold feat and pulled it off and put it into my sports bag by mistake.  
  
The next day I was off work and it was hot and humid outside. I decided to go and lie at the beach and finish the novel I was reading. I put on my purple bikini bottoms and a tube top and pulled on a pair of beige loose shorts and a tightish orange t shirt and went for a walk to the beach nearby. It was empty and I lay my towel on the soft white sand at the back of the beach and then took off my shorts and t shirt and lay down and read my book. After a few minutes a few others set up on the beach but closer to the water than I was. My mind drifted back to the bodypainting and I thought about the beauty products and the prize for winning the overall competition of $200K for the winning team.   
  
There were only going to be 5 teams of 4 each so it was a good chance. It was funny as even on a quiet beach I wore a bikini top and a bikini bottom and I was contemplating entering a competition half nude. I reached for my water in my sports bag and as I took it out my white thong fell out. I looked at it and looked around the beach and in the distance and noticed another girl tanning in a thong. I had never considered such open display but I was feeling a bit daring and the idea ruptured through my body as something I wanted to try. I pulled my towel over me and I pulled my purple bikini down my legs and then pulled the white thong up over my hips. It was so much higher cut . I dropped the towel and lay down on my back.   
  
I noticed a guy sitting close by looking at me and I felt charged with sexual energy. I turned over and it felt good to have the sun all over my butt. I noticed the guy was staring at me and I felt strange things from being a point of attention. I lifted the clasp of my bikini top and removed it. I knew that my butt was probably quite visible and with the tiny bit of material barely covering my pubic area I knew a guy would be staring if he could. I opened my legs a bit so that he could enjoy the view and I just lay there while I thought about what he was probably thinking and imagining. I started to get aroused more and was overcome with my feelings. I surprised myself and I turned over letting my breasts come into full view of the public. It felt so good, tensing my body deep within my vagina . I lay down and I knew I was being watched. My nipples hardened as my arousal grew. I let the sun splash over my naked white breasts and it felt so satisfying to be open like this. My breasts are not huge but at least are firm and perky.  
  
Another group of guys sat down only metres away from me and I now felt aching numbness and tension as I realised that I was their focus of attention. I closed my eyes and went with the flow. The sun was too intense and I worried about burning my untanned breasts so I put my bikini top back on. I looked up and I noticed that the other around me had gone in for a swim. It was me alone on my patch of beach so I sat up and placed my right hand fingers near my crotch. I looked up again and it was clear. I let my index finger rub against my thong over my clitoris. It felt good to be touched. I was wet inside my vagina and my clit was swollen. I rubbed it up and down Quickly and my nipples responded pushing through my bikini fabric.   
  
I looked around and nobody was coming, I was sweating from the heat of the sun and sweat from dripping down my forehead and sweat beads were running down my thighs. I lifted my knees upwards and I passed my right hand and left hand under my raised thighs. I looked down at my mound pushing out against the white lycra swimsuit. With my left hand I pulled the white thong away form my pussy and pulled the fabric aside while with my right index finger. My brown pubic hair came into view. I pulled the material further aside and I leaned backwards onto my towel. It felt so strange having my front open to the air and wind. I thought I was utterly crazy revealing myself on a public beach, but nobody was in sight so…I touched my clit and massaged its engorged swollen head around it little circles.   
  
I looked at it. It was pinkish brown around the edges of my labia as it caught the rays of sun and my clit was a deeper purple pink, moist and glistening in the sunlight. My finger pushed the soft edge in and then released and pushed again, then moved an inch and started too cycle, increasing the speed and intensity of touch. My eyes wanted to close as I felt each wave of pleasure cascade with further mounting of tension. I forced them to stay open to keep an eye out for others coming nearby. Sweat was now running down onto my clit as juices were being made within my vagina all mixing together. It felt sticky and I was hot on fire ready to take off. The swimmers started walking back form the shore. I never had time to climax. I quickly released the swimsuit and let it return to cover up my inner sanctum. I felt so frustrated. But I couldn't continue. I stood up as I gathered my things, the guys staring straight at me. I had the towel behind me but they could see the white thong from the front and I felt naughty knowing what I just got up to. I dropped the towel and put my shorts back on and walked back to my car.   
  
When I got back home I checked that my flatmates were not home and I went into the laundry, switched on the washing machine and pulled off my shorts and pushed my pelvis into the machine as it vibrated away through the washing cycle. It send shivers through my thighs and I pushed my vagina closer in until the machine was flush against my clit and I let the cycle take over. The vibrations rubbed me up and down until I came once, twice until I finally felt relieved. I went to have a shower and I pulled my white thong off- now sticky with white glue residue all over the front. I didn't think much about it and through it into my box under the bed.  
  
A few weeks passed and Kate called to let me know the details of the flight that was booked for me. I realised now that I couldn't cancel and would have to go through with it. She told me that the theme was not "twins" as before, but was "the occult" so we would be painted with strange hells, devils and heavens, angels etc She told me to bring along my thong from before. She told me that Steven, would have to be waxed so that the paint sticks and that he was getting nervous at the idea of being painted full body. The competition was set for the Sunday and we would have a quick lesson in techniques of painting on the Saturday. It was an amateur competition after all so we were not expected to be professional artists.  
  
The day arrived. I was fetched from the airport and memories of this were still in my mind. This time however, we were going to be preparing in a modern studio normally used for photography.

**Body Painting Competition Ch. Finals**

The day of the body painting competition arrived. I had always planned to pull out and not go ahead with it. In the last competition I was compelled to participate and I was sort of caught in the motion, but there was not a chance I would actually plan to be in such a competition, parading almost nude in public!   
  
My friend Kate didn't listen to me when I refused to be involved and just went ahead and booked my air ticket to Perth regardless. I had meant to call her and tell her straight out that if she doesn't cancel the ticket her beauty school would just lose its money, as I was not coming. I kept on putting it off until two days before when I finally made the call.   
  
"Hi, Kate, its Rach here, I hope you found someone else to be part of your body painting team as I am not going to use the ticket you sent me. I have thought about this and I cannot do it again." I was adamant.  
  
Kate replied sounding quite unhappy "Rach, we are counting on you! You cannot let us down now. You know that our team can only go ahead in the nationals if you are part of the team. It's the rules of the competition. What is worrying you?"  
  
"I don't know – nerves. I feel this nagging feeling in my stomach when I think about this. I think I am just too shy for this type of thing. You know me. I am really old fashioned and conservative. I never dress like you do or flirt the way you do with guys. I never even go topless at the beach, and here I have to parade topless and in those g-strings." I replied to Kate's persistent nagging.  
  
"Look Rachel, the ticket is paid for. Just arrive on Saturday morning. I will fetch you from the airport at 11AM. Please don't let me down. If we win you can have my prize too and I will have some wine ready to get you tipsy and take away any nerves or shyness before the competition. Ok! And bring the thong from the last competition. We are using them again" Kate assertively ended the call.  
  
My sense of duty plagued me as I thought to and fro for ways out.   
  
I packed my bags, threw on a pair of jeans and a top and went to the airport.  
  
The plane arrived at midday - 2 hours late and I was scheduled to be painted at 2pm. Kate fetched me from the airport with her boyfriend Steve and the other member of the team Linda.   
  
They were anxious about running late so we raced to the competition venue. We arrived at this field which had a stage with lighting set up at the far end of the field and a few white tents besides the stage.   
  
"Isn't this competition supposed to be at a proper venue?" I asked them.   
  
"It changed as the planned venue couldn't accommodate two thousand people" Steve answered.  
  
We entered the tent and this bid red headed lady, named Sharon, organising the art schedule approached us. "You are all so late! There will have to be a change of plan. Rachel, Linda and you were going to paint each other, and Steve and Kate were going to paint each other, but the only ones ready to go now are Kate and Linda so Rachel you are going to have to go with Steve. I hope you don't mind! We have no other option, as we won't be ready if I don't start Linda and Kate immediately and Steve first needs to see the beautician and get waxed.   
  
"Steve you must go straight away to Felicity the beautician in tent 2, and Kate, Linda you two go get started with the body painting in tent 1. Rachel, sorry you will have to wait for Steve, but you should go and get ready in the meanwhile", Sharon shouted.  
  
I went with Kate and Linda and I watched them as they started painting. Kate was getting painted first by Linda. She took her shirt and pants off and stood on a stand by the airbrush gun and paints. Kate had such tiny boobs, I thought to myself.   
  
"You recognise the thong from last time" Kate asked me, as I looked at her tanned butt contrasting with the white triangle piece connected with a thin strip to the front piece.  
  
Shit! I just remembered the instruction to pack mine. I opened my overnight bag, hoping I would find it. It was not there. Shit!  
  
"Kate, I think I forgot mine back in Sydney" I rambled away in a panic.   
  
"Go and tell Sharon, and see if she has a spare" Kate recommended.  
  
Anxiously I went to the main organiser's tent to find Sharon.  
  
" What size are you?" Sharon asked me.  
  
"I am a size 12" I replied.  
  
Sharon responded "I can't promise what I will find as everyone is using the original piece from the first competition, but let me see. I will come find you by Kate and Linda.  
  
Sharon went away to some of the other tents where our competing teams where located and I returned to watch Linda painting a devil in red across Linda's back and butt.   
  
Kate was joking around with me and said "Rachel, you will be painting Steve. No funny business ok!".   
  
Kate loved to tease people.   
  
Sharon entered the tent holding a plastic bag. "Rachel, you are one lucky lady, this is the only pair that is spare, you will have to make it fit", Sharon said, handing me the bag.  
  
I tore the plastic open and took out a white g-string. It looked totally different to the one I had before and the ones Kate and Linda were wearing. It was a small – size 8, 2 sizes smaller than my size and it had no triangular back. It only had 2 thin strings literally that connected via a ring to a third string. The piece that went across the butt was a thin string. The front piece was much skimpier than the others and was very high cut, like a V, rather than the flatter bikini front the others had.  
  
"Let me see that" Linda asked.   
  
I handed it to her. I was in for another shock, and the butterflies were now all over my stomach.   
  
"This is called a T-string" Linda said, and continued "you better try it on as it so high cut you may need to get a trim, if you know what I mean".   
  
I took my jeans off and I took my blue thong panties off and put the T-string on quickly. It felt like there was nothing there, as there really was nothing over my butt and the front was skimpy and small. I had specially shaved my pubic hair into a neat triangle before leaving for Perth, but the t-string was much higher cut and exposed the trimmed pubic hair on the sides of the triangle I had left behind.   
  
Kate and Linda almost simultaneously said "Shit there is not much material there, you better go to the beautician and get waxed a bit more"  
  
I pulled my jeans back over the skimpy t-string and went across to the beautician's tent.  
  
Steve had just finished being waxed. I explained why I was there and the beautician told me to lie down on her table in the t-string.   
  
I was a bit afraid of stripping in front of Steve. I knew it was stupid, as we were about to paint each other while half nude.   
  
Steve had just put his white gown on.  
  
"Rachel, we have been given tent 5. I will go wait there for you to come over. We can throw a coin for who paints first." Steve said as he left the tent. "Well, are you ready or not? I don't have all day you know" the beautician questioned me.  
  
I quickly pulled my jeans off and lay on the massage table.  
  
She took some hot wax but before putting it on me she mumbled something to me. I thought she said, "be resilient" and I answered "I need to be".   
  
She pulled the t-string down off my hips and she waxed me. I felt this intense pain I nearly screamed. When I looked up I had no pubic hair left. She had taken off all my hair. I was bald. My vulva and clitoris stood out. It looked so strange and exposed.   
  
She looked at my expression and asked, " you did want a Brazilian. You said so"   
  
I realised what had happened. She handed me some cream and told me to cover myself with it so I don't get sensitive and sore and she left me alone in the tent. I rubbed a whole lot of this cream over my mound and down along the sides of my pubes. They were raw from the heat of the wax. I felt how smooth it felt. I had not been like this since I was a teenager. I applied the cream and some of the burning sensation went away.   
  
The beautician left the tent. I quickly stood up and took the opportunity of being alone to look at myself in the mirror and see what I looked like. The thin skimpy white material was skin tight against my body and with no pubic hair the lycra material pulled right into my vulva shaping out my two halves and sticking in up the middle. I turned around. My ass pretty much looked naked. The strings were so thin you couldn't see them. I wanted to quickly glance over and see what I look liked with no hair. I pulled the strings aside and exposed my pussy. It was amazing, so pink and my clit stuck out so much. I was aching to touch it, just quickly, and feel some relief from the mounting tension building up inside my core. I had no time. I quickly put on my gown and went across to tent 5 to find Steve.  
  
"Ok. Are you heads or tails- loser gets painted first?" Steve asked me to choose.  
  
I chose tails and it was heads, so I had to get painted first.  
  
I took off my robe and stood on the platform in my bra and the t-string.  
  
The professional artist would guide Steve through the painting.   
  
"Lie down facing frontwards, and take that bra off, we can't paint over it" the artist commanded me.  
  
I unclipped the bra and put it down and feeling shy and awkward I quickly lay on the table.  
  
For the next 30 minutes I felt the cold paint all over back and butt. I just lay there thinking of last date that I had, while the paint was applied in big amounts to cover skin. I was then told to turn over.  
  
This was the first time I was openly exposed to the artists seeing them moving with the paintbrushes around me. Steve painted my legs and arms and then the artist painted my breasts and stomach. I was aware that most the girls had no more than size breasts and here I was with voluptuous breasts.  
  
In a crazy way my mind started racing. It felt quite sensual being painted over my large size C breasts. I knew that the guys were staring at their size. Maybe I was just being overly self-conscious.   
  
With each stroke of the brush against my nipple my hand involuntarily jumped. My hips were shifting trying to open my legs wider. I realised this was happening and I went rigid and held my hips back from moving.   
  
Being painted on ones breasts like a canvas is amazingly erotic. I can't explain why but it is. If alone, my fingers would have find their way to my swollen clitoris to stroke it softly up and down its hood curling the flesh into little circles until the nerve endings were sore with pleasure. Then I would with my other hand insert a finger into the depths of my wet hot opening, and move it in and out pushing them into my innards until it was rubbing against my g-spot. My hands would be working in unison, one ramping up the waves of excitement from within and the other rubbing furiously away at my swollen clitoris until it was tightly tense and ready to explode. My mind would drift and I would dream of a big cock ramming into me, fucking me hard and fast. I would feel each time this cock ploughed into me and I would feel the tight, big balls knocking against my butt crack, getting soaked in my dripping juices flowing down from my cunt. I closed my eyes as I was turned on and I knew my eyes would give it away.   
  
I was feeling quite frustrated from getting turned on so much and just letting the feeling fester untreated. It felt like I had this hot, steamy well bubbling inside my pussy and it wanted to explode but couldn't. My mind was starting to think stranger things and I got lost in my fantasy again but this time I don't know why but I was imagining that this guy holding my butt cheeks with my legs wrapped around their back and hips while we fucked like crazy was Steve.  
  
"Rachel, stop thinking this. Its not good, not now" I said to myself.  
  
I opened my eyes to try and stop my thoughts; Steve was painting my stomach. He had his gown on, but as he leaned over me it opened up and I could see his thong tightly pressed against his cock, It pressed against the material. I should not be looking. What is wrong with me? I needed to pause and get some air.   
  
I was just about to have my front skimpy white triangle and hips covered with black paint when the artist took over from Steve and in a few big stroked spilt paint all over me and and told me that It would have to dry before doing the detailed artwork. Steve would go next while we waited.  
  
I got up but I couldn't cover myself, as the paint was very wet. I felt very naked but I had to just go with it.   
  
"Ok, I have done a wonderful job, go look at yourself in the mirror" Steve said.   
  
All tents shared the artist so he had gone on his merry way. I was alone with Steve. I looked in the mirror. A painting of all stranger symbols possessed my body. I still noticed my breasts and nipples. The t-string had gone invisible under the art.  
  
"Rachel, you need to paint me now," Steve said.  
  
The artist arrived back and showed me what to do. I had to paint horizontal stripes all down the front of Steve's body and vertical lines down the front of his body.  
  
Steve lay facing upward. He was wearing a tight speedo type swimsuit but it had a triangle g-string at the back. I looked at him properly for the first time. He had no hair. He was shaved from top to toe.   
  
I started painting the stripes. It was going fine. We stopped chatting and I got on with the job. I noticed he was staring at my exposed breasts, which were pretty, much hanging into his face. I kept on painting. I got to his stomach and I stared at his package under his speedo. It started my dirty thoughts again. I was anxious about how I would paint around his pubic region, and it was now that time.  
  
I dipped the brush in paint and painted right across the top of the speedos. I took the other brush and painted the next stripe down. As I painted this I noticed his cock starting to stand out. He was getting hard. The speedo was straining upwards like a tent. I painted the next stripe and I felt the ridge as I brushed a line right across it. It felt like a hard tube. He was looking sidewards. I was not sure if I should stop or go on. I just ignored it and went on. I started firing up again and I felt my pussy get wet inside. My nipples had got hard. I couldn't cover them up so I just ignored everything and tried to speed things up. As the paint was laid his cock started showing through as the speedo went transparent against the light orange and green stripes I was painting across it. He had a huge erection and a mean cock, probably 8 inches or so. When I was half way painting over his balls he suddenly spoke.   
  
"Rachel, You think I can go to the toilet quickly. I need it bad" he asked. "Sure", I replied.   
  
He got up and as he was walking away I could not help stare at that sexy tight bum covered with only a g-string.   
  
My raw lust for sex was coming over me in waves. I was not thinking straight any more. I should have masturbated before the start of the competition, maybe it would have stopped this from happening. Steve's sexy butt entered my mind again and I recalled the snapshot of it in my mind's eye. I stood there and imagined stroking it while standing behind him and pushing my naked pussy with no hair into it so he could feel its smoothness and feel the heat emanating from it. I would rub it against his smooth butt rubbing the stickiness coming out of my pussy and onto his butt. I would put my hand in front of him while I was standing grinding my hips into his butt and I would take his erect cock out of the speedo and stroked its full length up and down.  
  
Steve had goneto the mobile toiket unit just outside the tent. A few minutes passed and I thought I better also go to the toilet. The mobile unit had the green vacant light on. Steve must have gone elsewhere, I thought, as I opened the door.  
  
There was Steve. His speedo was down by his ankles and he had his palm wrapped around his cock, It was erect and he was masturbating. He had his eyes closed. I stupidly said sorry and quickly was about to move back out, but I find myself transfixed and still. The head of his cock was shiny with pre-cum glistening all over it.   
  
"You horny too? I don't know what made me ask this, but I did.   
  
It was totally out of my character to be so open or forward. I am the quiet shy type who never even talks like this. Even with my girlfriends I mainly listen when they talk about sex or boyfriends.  
  
Steve just looked at me. His face was red with embarrassment. As I turned around to go I slipped down the step in the dark and the t-string snapped and broke. Steve saw this and we both just laughed from the excessive tension in the air.   
  
"Hey come here I will fix that for you" Steve said.   
  
I looked up and glanced at his cock, which was now semis erect. His hand was off it and he was standing up to help me get my balance. I think I had frightened the erection away. My t-string had dropped off me and I leaned down to lift it off the floor, quite aware that I was totally nude now.  
  
As I got up from reaching for the t string on the ground I felt Steve's hands touch my butt.   
  
"Hey I left some skin showing I better paint it quickly" he said, and I felt his hands rubbing paint into the crack of my butt where the string was earlier.  
  
This was too much. I felt my heart race as I took a deep breath. I was too far into it and my body shuddered and trembled. My breathing was deep, I felt my heart racing. I was still standing on the step facing away from the entrance to the toilet when Steve's hands continued exploring my butt and went under between my legs and rubbed the paint into my pussy. I felt this and I opened my legs to grant him better access. He didn't stop and I wanted him to keep going to touch me, to excite me. I felt his finger against my swollen clitoris and I could take it no more. I turned around and was overcome with hormones.   
  
I dropped to my knees in between his legs and I grabbed at his big hard cock with my right hand I put my lips around it and I bobbed up and down. My pussy was flowing with juices now. I wanted to be fucked right there so much. I grabbed his pulsating and full swollen balls with my other hand and I fondled them and massaged his scrotum as I sucked away at the head of his penis. I tasted the salty spit coming out of his engorged cock. I just went on blowing him as I held his butt with my hands. His body started tensing and his legs were stiffening. I came off his cock to catch my breath. I dropped my one hand to the floor to support me as I inserted the index finger of my other hand into his butt hole. I pushed it in and felt the tight muscles around my finger as I twitched it around. Steve's head dropped back. I looked at him. He was about to cum. I took his cock again and I slowly milked him with my left hand as my finger probed deeper in his ass. He groaned and moaned and his cock pulsated in orgasm spurting away a few times. His cum spat into the air and landed on my painted hips. He looked at me with a naughty smile. He was satisfied. I was still aching to be fucked. We swapped places and I sat on the toilet seat. He pulled my legs apart and he ut his tongue onto my clit and sucked it. I closed my eyes and went with the flow. I felt two fingers inside my throbbing pussy and I came instantly. I could not help myself as I screeched in the height of passion.  
  
Suddenly we heard the artist calling for us. We quickly got our balance back. I was wobbly and felt like marshmallow. I stayed behind and Steve went back inside the tent. I rubbed Steve's milky cum into the paint on my legs.  
  
I made a knot on the t-string to hold it back together, waited a few minutes and then went back inside.   
  
In the next episode I will tell you how I had to get painted nude for the competition as the t-string broke completely. The artist told me that nobody would know I was nude with the detailed artwork, but when we won the competition, it was fairly obvious, with all the stage lights. I still can't believe all that I did that night. It's not me, and if you ever knew me you would be shocked that I went through with it.