**Bodypainting Competition**

by racqelhunter

*Although inhibited and naturally shy, I helped a friend out by joining in bodypainting competition*

**Part 1**

I flew to Perth to spend the weekend with my friend Kate, who lives there. Although she is so different from me, we have managed to stay close friends for years. She is vivacious, outgoing and has great model-like looks.  
  
I had gone to watch her take part in an annual bodypainting competition. She recently qualified as a beautician, and her beauty school takes part in a national inter-beauty-school bodypainting competition.  
  
The beauticians are selected to be either amateur artists or amateur bodypainting models, which is like a human body being airbrushed like a canvas. The semi-finals were run as casual events, but the final event was run formally with a professional stage and lighting, and celebrity judges. The artists and models participating could invite a single guest each.  
  
I arrived in Perth at 4pm and went straight to the venue. The theme for this year’s event was ‘twins,’ so each entry had to have two people who would be painted and airbrushed in a matching theme.  
  
Kate, my friend, was selected to be a model and was to be painted as the nighttime with evening stars, something like the Van Gogh painting, and her twin, Sue, also from her beauty school, was to be painted as the daytime with the sun, blue sky and white puffy clouds.  
  
When I arrived, Kate’s bodypainting was almost competed but the twin, Sue, was only half done. Her skin had reacted to the paint and she had broken out in a bad allergic rash and was feeling ill.  
  
The event was scheduled to start at 6pm and I arrived amid the chaos, just as they were calling around to find a replacement model for Sue. Kate was almost in tears, as they just couldn't find anyone at such late notice after calling all the local beauticians, including other beauty schools.  
  
I tried to cheer Kate up, but she was devastated, as without the twin she would have to stand out of the competition. All the models had to be fully painted and ready by 5:30pm, and it usually takes two hours to paint a body from top to toe.  
  
We were all trying to think up solutions when the one beautician suggested, “I know the answer. Kate, your friend, she can be your twin model.”  
  
I went red in the face and rebounded with, “No, no, no, not me. I am naturally very shy and not the showy type. I can’t do it!”  
  
Kate's mood suddenly turned upbeat, "Yes, Racqel, you would be really great! Thank you, thank you, thank you - you are a lifesaver!”  
  
“Kate, I would climb a mountain for you, but this is just too much of a stretch for me. You know me; I’m introverted, quiet, shy and very conservative in the way I dress and what I do.”  
  
“I know this is not your thing. I should just be appreciative you travelled so far to be here just for me,” Kate said.  
  
Kate had known me for a long time, so she didn't push any further. The beauty school principal, though, wouldn't accept my refusal and kept on picking at me.  
  
“It’s dark in the room and when painted nobody will even notice you. Please help your friend Kate! Either you can step in or she has to step out.” She went on and on.  
  
I felt really bad for being the only hope for Kate to participate, but my introversion and fear of publicly showing my body in just skimpy undies got the better of me. I tried for a moment to imagine how I would look.  
  
I didn’t have a breast size of 32A like Kate, but rather more voluptuous at 34C. My boobs were rather noticeable. Kate had a thin athletic toned body; I was not fat but had curves. Besides, tramping around in public wearing a G-string was not my style. I only ever wore bikini swimsuits and even they didn't make me feel confident, especially in front of people. These thoughts and fears confirmed my position.  
  
I repeated, more assertively, “No, I won’t do it and can’t do it. So sorry, I just can’t.”  
  
It was getting late and Kate was about to pull out of the competition. I meanwhile started thinking about it more deeply, I should be less selfish, get out of my head and conquer my stupid fears which I probably created in my brain. This was about Kate and not me. Everyone was amateur and so I wouldn’t be amongst professional models.  
  
I knew I had been struggling to break out of my shell during my teen years, but fear and cowardice always sent me back in. My new year’s resolution was to become more adventurous, have courage and take more risks. It was December and I didn’t think that I had done much towards this goal. Maybe I could still change, try something scary and new.  
  
I quietly and coyly said, "Okay, guys, I will be brave, and I will give it a go."  
  
Quickly things had to get in motion. It was 4:45pm and there was not much time. The whole room suddenly got noisy as they all cheered me for saving the day.  
  
The beauty school manager, Emma was shouting instructions in every direction.  
  
“We need to get Racqel into the painting room ASAP. Which room is set up with the airbrush gun?”  
  
“Racqel, what size underwear are you? I need to source you one of the white G-strings quickly,” Emma asked me.  
  
“For panties, I’m a size ten and bra a 34C,” I yelled back at Emma, as the co-ordinating beautician was directing me through to the empty room to get started.  
  
“Only panty size, you won’t be needing a bra.”  
  
It sank in. I was going to be painted topless and then have to parade like this in front of a lot of strange people. I started to get a panic attack and could feel butterflies in my stomach accompanied by a throbbing deep inside me. It was sexual. I felt the tingly sensation and couldn’t understand where it came from.  
  
I entered the room, which had a massage table and equipment which I assumed was for the bodypainting.  
  
Emma came into the room and this time more softly said, “You will need to get out of your clothes. Hang your jeans and blouse on the hanger and put these on.”  
  
She handed me a plastic bag.  
  
“Sorry about the size, but it will have to do. It was the very last one left,” she muttered as she left the room.  
  
I removed all my clothes but left on my bra. I put on the white G-string. It was very skimpy. I looked in the mirror. I was not used to the G-string feel. I turned my head to look at the back, which was not much more than a narrow band of white lycra material. I pulled at it, not being used to how G-strings pull into the middle of the butt cheeks.  
  
The front was triangular in shape but cut low over my mound and cut in way too high. You could see the white untanned skin from under my bikini line. It showed how much smaller this was than the style I usually wore. It cut right up against my pubes, and I had pubic hair, which now had curls outside the skimpy bottoms. I did cut it back a few days before, but I still had a healthy woman’s triangular-shaped region covered in short brown pubic hair.  
  
The beautician arrived at the door. I was feeling self-conscious and immediately wanted to cover up but had nothing to do so with.  
“Hi, Emm told me to check in on you and get you ready.”  
  
She walked around me and said, “I am going to have to give you a really quick wax to get rid of those hairs. Lie down with your back on the massage table. I will be back in two seconds."  
  
She left and returned with wax and wooden sticks to apply the wax.  
  
“Most models go with full Brazilian, but we don’t have a lot of time, so are you okay for me to wax the sides and make sure there is no hair outside the bottoms?” she asked me.  
  
I, unlike most modern women, had never tried a Brazilian so was quite happy at what she had offered.  
  
She pulled the G-string down and I felt the hot wax as she wiped it along my inner thighs and over my pubes. It was quite painful. She got rid of the hair peeking from on top by my mound and then told me to turn around on all fours and open my legs.  
  
She waxed in between my butt cheeks to ensure no hair appeared by the sides of the thin strap of material. This was a new experience for me. I only ever shaved down there, and never in some of these regions.  
  
“Okay, you are now ready for the artist. He only has thirty minutes to complete it, so good luck!”  
  
“So, the artist, body painter, whatever, is a guy and not a female?” I asked in shock.  
  
“Yes, Steve is a guy,” she answered.  
  
“But are there not women artists from the beauty school?” I asked as the butterflies in my stomach now took flight and I was anxious to the point of almost shaking.  
  
“Well, yes, most of the body paint artists are from the beauty school, but they are all busy with their models, so Steve has come in to help.”  
  
She cleaned up the wipes and wooden sticks and left the room.  
  
I looked in the mirror and saw my inner thighs and abdomen were a bit red from the waxing.  
  
“Hi, Steve here, can I come in?”  
  
The bodypainting artist walked in. I was standing still in the little skimpy white G-string with my skin-coloured lacey bra on and nothing else. I instinctively wanted to grab a towel or any material and cover myself, but I knew that was not appropriate in this case.  
  
“Hello, I am Steve, and I will do the airbrush painting,” he introduced himself.  
  
Steve was maybe in his early thirties, had on jeans and a blue t-shirt. He had short dark hair and smiled in a friendly way.  
  
“We don’t have a lot of time, so we best get going,” he said. “I hear this is your first time, so this all may be very strange to you. I want you to feel comfortable, so just let me know if you’re unhappy with anything,” he continued.  
  
“I’m not sure if you’ve been told, but you are to be painted to be a daytime setting, so I will first paint the sky, sun and clouds before I add in finer details. Your twin for this competition is your friend Kate. She has been painted as the nighttime.  
  
“You will need to stand up if that’s okay. Also, I do cover your breasts in paint, so you best take the bra off.”  
  
It felt so strange and awkward for me to be dressed in only a tiny G-string in front of a guy. I had never even been topless at the beach so was not used to being so exposed, and my arse was up for

display with the tiny skimpy G-string, which was now also pulling up and into my pubes, making the horrible camel-toe people talk about.  
  
I felt like a table dancer and just wanted to cover up or have the ground open up and suck me in. This was so not me; I was the shy conservative modest girl who hid quietly in the corner, but I had gone too far to pull out now, so I took in a deep breath and told myself to calm down and just not think about it.  
  
Be brave! Have courage. Don’t shy away again as I usually do, my inner voice started telling me.  
  
I stood up with conviction. I unclipped my bra and put it on the shelf next to my jeans and then stood there with my naked bosoms as Steve pulled his chair in close to me with the airbrush gun all ready to fire.  
  
I had goosebumps all over and I was feeling a mixture of nervousness and tension. I recognised that some of this was sexual. I was starting to get horny.  
  
I stood upright as Steve started to use the airbrush along my back. I looked in the mirror. He was covering my back in baby blue colour. He continued spraying paint up and down my legs, all around my calves, knees and thighs.  
  
“This is the base colour; I will paint on clouds and sun and flowers afterwards,” Steve commented. “I will paint a large sunshine around your belly with its rays extending down your torso and across your stomach, and sunflowers on your breasts.”  
  
Steve then sat on a stool right in front of me and sprayed the yellow sunshine around my stomach. The air blowing made me ticklish. He then painted the sun’s rays extending outwards in orange paint.  
  
“While we wait for this to dry, I will use a paintbrush to do finer details,” Steve said, as he reached to get a paintbrush and palette of paint colours.  
  
He pulled his stool higher and then put the paintbrush into the yellow paint and started to brush paint onto my breasts and around my areolae. They swelled up with excitement and the strokes sent shivers of arousal coursing through my body in little spasms. He painted spokes outward across my breasts. I felt as if I was being teased sexually, but each stroke of paint raised the intensity of the spasms and contractions I was feeling. My pelvic floor was on fire and I had the urge to gyrate my hips with the waves flowing through me, but I knew I had to keep still. I would die if Steve knew I was getting horny.  
  
My breasts now had yellow intertwined with orange spokes radiating out from my areolae. He then took a brown colour and painted a circle across my areola, the centre of the flower. A sunflower was emerging over my breasts.  
  
Little bumps around the fringe of my areola had appeared. I was sucking in my pelvic muscle to contain my sexual appetite. Steve then dipped the paintbrush in black and painted right onto my nipples. As I felt the bristles brush across my nipple, I felt a sudden huge surge of arousal.  
  
My nipples hardened and grew erect, pointing up almost half a centimetre, like an aerial. I felt my breath get short and I quickly clenched inwards in response. A pang of excitement deep inside my pelvic area was burning and my legs went rubbery.  
  
I had to concentrate to keep standing upright. Each stroke of the brush across my nipple sent spasms throughout my body with my nipples getting more erect and highly stimulated.  
  
I was starting to well up inside my pussy. I wanted to widen my stance and open my hips. My mind was racing. I felt that need when you’re horny and sexual frustration is at its wits' end, when you find some privacy and masturbate to get release, but in this circumstance, I couldn’t.  
  
I tried to control my hormones by breathing deeply and rhythmically. It worked to hold in my contractions and stop me doing something stupid like gyrating my hips, but it didn’t contain my horniness, and my mind started to play games by fantasising all sorts of things with Steve.  
  
He finished painting sunflowers across both my breasts and the sun centred around my belly and its rays extending right across my front and side. He took the airbrush again and started to spray clouds all over my shoulders, back, and on my legs.  
  
“We’ve almost finished. I just need to add in two trees rooted into the ground to add in some natural greenery,” he announced.  
  
He used the paintbrush again and painted leaves and branches up my side and on my back.  
  
“The last thing is the ground and root system and then we’re done!” he said. “Usually I do this when you’re lying down, but we haven’t got enough time to let the paint dry and I don’t want it to smudge, so I will just do this on the floor with you standing as you are now,” he went on.  
  
I was feeling relieved that it was almost over. He took the paintbrush and sat on the floor in between my legs, swung around and started to paint the tree trunk through my ass cheeks. I felt the brush against my pussy from behind.  
  
“Please open your legs wide so I can get paint on. I need to cover the swimsuit, so it doesn’t stand out,” he asked while seated on the floor behind my legs.  
  
I opened my legs wide and he painted more of the trunk, but it ran right over my inner butt cheeks and up across the G-string.  
  
“Okay, the very last bit now,” he said.  
  
He twisted around to my front with my legs still wide open and painted the tree trunk up my G-string to connect with the branches and leaves he had painted before.  
  
As I felt his brush touch my pubes, the eruptions started. I was at the point of arousal so intense that I was ready to climax at any moment. I pulled back my pelvic muscles to stop this from happening. It worked for a moment, but he then started to brush the paint up and down my pubes.  
  
I looked down and I had a huge camel-toe from the wet paint and as the brush stroked up the inside, it rubbed against my clit and I just couldn’t hold it back anymore. Steve finished the strokes and then moved away to pack up the paints.  
  
I tried so hard to swallow my breath, but a moan came out as I felt the rush of sexual waterfall take control of me. I had lost control and my hips gyrated back and forth as I moaned. The orgasm was so intense. I closed my eyes as it washed through me in waves of rippling pleasure.  
  
I was so embarrassed, but when I opened my eyes, Steve was already leaving the room holding the airbrush gun and paints. He turned his head back and said, “All done. You look really great. Best of luck for the competition!” and left the room.  
  
I now turned to regain my composure as the beauticians were coming back to find me. I turned to look in the mirror.  
  
I was stunned. I did look as good as a painting. The paint did cover up my nakedness, but you could still see my breasts and nipples as the paint was a light colour.  
  
Kate arrived. She looked stunning. She was the night-time, painted in blacks, dark browns, yellow stars and mostly dark colours. The paint on her was so dark you couldn't notice where her breasts started and finished.  
  
The others told me how great I looked, and that Kate and I would be definite winners. I hoped not. I didn't want any more attention than I had to have.  
  
The competition was remarkable. We had to walk together on a stage, and cameras took pictures from every direction. I felt like a film star. While we walked up onto the stage, Kate’s dad shouted, “Hi!” I felt I should cover up if Kate’s dad was there, but I couldn't. I knew he was looking straight at my naked breasts and my arse.  
  
It felt so gratifying and liberating doing something I would normally never, ever do, and being brave and conquering my inhibitions. The sexual excitement continued throughout, but the sheer terror of being on stage compensated and took my attention away. The competition ended. The judges gave us a second place.  
  
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 stared 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 and change back into my clothes.  
  
I was allowed to keep the G-string. The paint on the outside had dried and would need to be soaked in a special chemical to remove it, but the inside was still soaked with my creamy white juices from my ejaculation.  
  
This frightening experience with the interplay of fear and sexual pent-up arousal did strange things to me, which I still do not understand.

Part 2