

The Picture of Daria

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.

Prologue

I put my brush down and stared at the canvas with frustration. The image was all wrong, the colour choices lazy, the brush work sloppy. I felt my jaw clench and I grabbed for the white paint in frustration, slapping it over the canvas I'd spent hours working on in frustration. It was a waste of time and paint, I knew that but I couldn't help myself. I had a big break coming up and I couldn't blow it.

With a sigh I looked over the other canvases stacked up around my tiny, shabby studio. It was only two rooms, located above a coffee shop so the air constantly smelt of roasting beans. When I'd started renting it years ago the room had been light and airy, a perfect little art studio with its own private bathroom. Now it was falling apart and it was my home to boot; since keeping up with bills and rent had proven impossible the last few years.

My career had started out so promising ten years ago, now here I was, poster child for the 'starving artist' trope. My father's smug face formed in my mind, how he'd taunted me the day I left. He was sure I'd be back within a year begging for his money but I'd shown him. My first art show had been a massive success. I rode high on sales of my work for years, everything had been going great.

Until it wasn't.

It had started with one poorly attended show three years ago. Only half the pieces sold. Then I started to struggle to get gallery positions at all. Nobody had the money for a hand painted portrait anymore or at least, the ones that did, didn't want mine.

The calendar nailed to the brick wall taunted me, tomorrow's date circled in bold red. Running into Clive Roland had been a godsend. The man owned some of the biggest, most profitable galleries in all of Paris, if I could impress him my worries would be over. Somehow, I had managed to catch his eye when he walked into the coffee shop downstairs two weeks ago.

“Oh, an artist, are you?” He’d drawled, adjusting his glasses, “what are you working on?”

“A series of portraits called Variations of the Self.” I’d replied with confidence I didn’t feel.

“Interesting, I shall see it, two weeks from today. If you impress me, perhaps we can work out a showing at my newest gallery.”

I’d agreed of course, despite the fact that I’d been lying out my ass. I’d literally just pulled the name of the project out of thin air and tried to make it sound as pretentious as possible to try and impress him. Clearly it worked, but now, I had to try and figure out what ‘Variations of the Self’ was and in two weeks I’d barely made any headway.

Around me sat several dozen ‘self’ portraits, each with a different theme; a demon, an angel, a pauper, a prince etcetera, They were all fun, all good in their own way but nothing special. They were just costumes on the canvas, they didn’t speak to any deeper meaning or inward expression; none of the stuff Clive and the high society art people who flocked to his gallery would find interesting.

I needed an idea that was edgy or daring in some way but I’d not given myself the best subject. Once more I dragged myself to the mirror above the tiny sink in my bathroom and stared at my own reflection, begging for inspiration to hit. Only to once again be hit with the harsh reality that I just didn’t have a very inspiring face.

I was neither handsome, nor ugly; both things that could inspire something. I was the worst of both worlds; plain. Scruffy dark hair, a messy beard with bloodshot, dishwater grey eyes and a slightly red nose from too many years of wine for breakfast. None of my portraits looked much different; a change of skin tone with hair that was slightly neater or slightly more unkempt was about the extent of the changes, nothing that showed much variation was possible when you looked this ordinary.

I sighed, hanging my head in shame. Had I burned out already? I was barely in my thirties and yet it seemed I had already used all my creativity up. I ran my hand over my cheek in irritation, feeling the coarse hair there scratch at my skin. I’d tried to stay clean shaven when I was younger but gave up by the time I reached twenty one. I was just one of those men who could grow a beard in a week; something most guys would die for. But it meant it got itchy and scruffy looking easily, especially when I was counting pennies and couldn’t afford a good razor.

“Women have it so much easier.” I sighed, “At least when they don't want to shave they can just put on some stockings...”

The words swirled in my brain for a moment before I felt something slide into place; that was it! A portrait of myself as a woman! I could sell it as digging into my feminine side, argue that men needed to stop fighting it and ramble on about toxic masculinity or something. I remembered Clive, with his platinum blonde, perfectly slicked back hair and tinted eyelashes. He would eat that shit up!

Feeling the burn of creativity for the first time in forever I raced back to my easel and grabbed a fresh canvas; an idea this good deserved a good start, not a leftover board covered in white paint. I got to work immediately, carving out a smooth curve of porcelain skin with oil paint.

Within moments I felt time slip away as I painted, my palette grew messy and I swirled the paint together finding just the right hues and shades for each part of the piece. Slowly, a beautiful woman's face formed before me; with almond shaped eyes, heavy lidded and sparkling with mischief. Her ruby red lips raised ever so slightly at the corners as if she were smiling or smirking, it was hard to tell.

It was only when the sun came up and I put the last touches on her pearl earrings that I realised so many hours had passed. I sat back, exhausted but the picture took my breath away.

She was...stunning. The epitome of the French beauty and yet, still recognizably me. My scruffy hair had formed into long silken tresses, her hard edges smoothed and covered in a thick layer of glamorous make up and her outfit a beautiful dress that showed off an ample bosom. She was...enchanted.

I reached out and lightly touched the dry paint that coated those red lips, I was almost tempted to kiss them before I shook my head and snapped out of it. Being attracted to a woman was one thing but a woman who was me? That was something else. Weird feelings aside, I couldn't help but smile; this was a masterpiece. The best thing I had ever painted and it was sure to impress Clive. Even if the other paintings in the collection weren't up to scratch this could carry them, I was sure.

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Part 1

I woke to the sound of a fist pounding on my door; groggily I rubbed sleep from my eyes as I rose from my mattress and realised the sun was blaring through the window. Once again, the banging at my door and I realised just how late it was; not surprising really when you consider I'd gone to bed as the sun was rising. Unfortunately, the clock told me it was time for my meeting with Clive and I was instantly wide awake.

In a mad panic I stuffed my bed into the corner and hid it behind my biggest canvas while running my fingers through my hair in a vain attempt to neaten it before booking it to the door. I swung it open quickly, panting with the effort and was met with Clive cold, calculating stare.

His icy blue eyes seemed to bore into me and standing there in my paint stained clothes, wrinkled from sleep with my morning breath and messy hair I felt wholly out of my depth. Clive was in a dark suit with a pink cravat, his white blonde hair perfectly combed and his glasses glinting like the diamonds that studded their sides in the sunlight.

"I do hope I am not disturbing you Mr. Mulner." He said with thinly hidden irritation. "But our meeting was set for twelve was it not? I do hope your breathlessness is due to you tidying your humble little studio for my arrival."

He didn't wait for me to welcome him inside, instead brushing past me and wrinkling his nose. I hadn't cleaned up in weeks, and last night's palette and brushes stood next to my easel still waiting to be washed.

"Charlie, Mr. Mulner was my father, heh. A-actually I slept late." I admitted, "I was up all night finishing up the centre piece for the show."

"The centre piece for these?" Clive ran his eyes over the other self portraits with mild interest. "They are interesting, but lack a certain something."

The words were like a knife in my heart but I did my best to smile through it; he wasn't saying anything I didn't know really. Besides, I had the perfect way to impress him.

"This is the main self portrait, I wanted to bend reality and see my feminine side." I said as dramatically as possible, pulling away the sheet to reveal last night's work."

I watched Clive's face go from unenthused to raptured in an instant. He said nothing, but stepped closer and I felt hope begin to well in my chest; perhaps my hard times were finally over. If I could impress Clive Roland I was sure to make a payday!

"Enchanting," Clive said after a moment, "such attention to detail, I like that she is not overtly feminine, reflecting your own feminine traits as masculine was a bold choice. It speaks to me."

"Thank you?"

My own feminine traits? I peered down at the painting and felt my jaw drop. It had...changed. The perfectly smooth jawline had a hardness to it now, those ever soft lips were slightly less pouty and more thin. I blinked in confusion, had I been so tired last night that I hadn't realised? That had to be it.

"It is bold to look in the mirror and see the other gender's traits already upon your face and reverse them. Inspired even." Clive smiled. "Yes, I do believe I will have a place for you and your works in my summer gallery in three weeks time."

My heart leapt; who cares if I'd made a mistake and missed a few feminine details in my haze; Clive liked it! I was saved! The next few minutes were a blur, I shook hands and exchanged details with Clive about the exhibit and how many works were needed. Plus dates and times to drop things off ready for the grand opening in three weeks time.

By the time I closed the door the sun was setting again and my hands were shaking. I've done it! I'd actually done it! I lifted the portrait off the easel and spun it around in glee.

"We did it!" I grinned, "You and me!"

The woman in the painting smiled at me with that half cocked expression and I beamed. I was almost tempted to kiss her.

"Oh what the hell?"

I laid my lips gently against the canvas and bubbled with laughter as

I placed it back; I hadn't felt this level of excitement since my first show back in my twenties. Looking at the picture with fresh eyes I didn't even care that her jaw was a bit too square for a woman. She was perfect.

My stomach growled and it was then I realised I hadn't eaten all day. With a sheepish smile I moved to the bathroom to brush my teeth and comb my hair; I could justify buying something that wasn't instant noodles for dinner tonight, perhaps a pizza from the place down the street.

I reached for my toothbrush and froze, blinking at my reflection with confusion. My lips looked...wrong. Swollen almost and slightly too pink. I ran my fingers over them and felt shocked at just how smooth and voluptuous they felt. Almost like a lady's. Is that what Clive meant about some of my traits already being feminine? It wasn't unheard of to see a guy with pouty lips now and again but I wasn't one of them; at least not until now.

What's more, I recognised them; these were the lips I painted last night, the ones now gone from the portrait. It was one thing to misremember how I'd painted something but I knew my own face and those lips were not the ones I'd had last night.

It couldn't be a coincidence...right? I shook my head, I was getting hyped up, I was probably half delirious from lack of sleep and stress. I'd go out, get some food and then everything would feel right in the morning.

I cleaned myself up as best I could and stepped out onto the streets to make the short walk to the pizza shop. There was a spring in my step and a smile on my lips for the first time in months; it was all I could do to stop from humming a little tune from happiness. I was so happy in fact I didn't realise the spring in my step was more of a sway in my hips until I walked past a slightly tipsy looking man whose wolf whistled at me.

The sound gave me whiplash; I would have assumed it was for somebody else but the street was empty save me and the red faced man who threw back his face and laughed as I turned to face him.

"Nice sashay lady!" He chuckled, "You one of them pansy types I guess."

My blood boiled.

"I'd say you're the pansy if you're getting turned on watching another man walk!" I yelled, "get lost!"

"Whatever sister." He grumbled, turning and walking away.

I snorted; okay, I could have handled that in a less offensive way but at least nobody else was around. I wasn't about to let one drunk homophobe ruin this good mood. I continued walking and grit my teeth; I could see what he was on about though. No matter how hard I

tried, my hips just wouldn't stay still. They rose and fell, making my ass stick out as I walked to the point that I swore I could feel the cheeks jiggle.

Each time I stopped concentrating on it my legs started to move of their own volition. One foot in front of the other in a straight line like I was on a runway. I tried to get my gait back to normal but the second my concentration slipped I was right back to my hips swaying. By the time I reached the pizza place I was red in the face from embarrassment and was almost tempted to just go home empty handed.

Then my stomach growled and I figured I may as well get something out of the humiliation. Small cheese pizza in hand I rushed home, doing my best to ignore the jiggle in my pants as I went. I couldn't dismiss this, something weird was definitely going on.

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I tried to focus on painting more portraits for the exhibit but my focus kept slipping, along with my eyes. Somehow they always found their way back to the female portrait of myself. While she had the same eyes as me in theory there was something almost hypnotic about the ones on the canvas.

Where my own eyes were dishwater grey and dull somehow hers looked like the sea after a storm. There was passion and fire in them that had burned out of me long ago and those dark lashes, each painstakingly painted one by one, framed them perfectly.

I couldn't help but notice the cut of her shoulders had changed; going from a gentle slope to more square. I reached for my paints, feeling my own shoulders subtly shift and with shaking fingers I placed down my brush and reached up to my own shoulders. I ran my fingers along what used to be solid shapes and found a gentle curve there; yet another aspect of the painting and I had switched.

I felt like I should do something to stop it but I had no idea how this was even happening, let alone how to put an end to it. I bit my lip, ignoring how full it felt compared to normal and walked over to the picture, staring the woman down.

"I don't know how you're doing this...but quit it." I hissed, "You're my masterpiece I can't have you keep changing! Clive loved you just as you were!"

Of course the painting didn't reply and I felt a blush of embarrassment coat my cheeks. Maybe I had finally snapped? I was standing here talking to a painting after all. Maybe all the stress and failures had finally gotten to me and I was going insane. Honestly, it was the only option that made sense except this all felt far too real.

I covered the painting in a sheet and turned back to my current project, trying my best to ignore it as I painted into the night. Somehow though, despite the fact that those piercing eyes were covered up I felt them boring into my back until the early hours of the morning.

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“I have got to stop pulling all nighters.” I groaned, rolling over and rubbing at my sore chest.

Midday sun was blinding me through the cracks in my blinds and with a wince I dragged myself to the bathroom to try and freshen up and shower. Still half asleep I set about brushing my teeth, feeling my sensitive lips tingle as the bristles brushed against them. I ran a hand through my unkempt hair and sighed; what was I going to do about the opening night? I'd need something to wear and I'd long since sold all my nicest clothes just to make rent on this place.

I looked at my reflection, ready to bemoan all the work it would take to make myself presentable and froze. The toothbrush fell from my lips and my eyes went wide. Except they weren't my eyes; they were the portraits. Beautiful, striking and framed with long dark lashes that fluttered in shock as I blinked.

All at once I was awake and hyper aware of how my body felt. That soreness in my chest...it couldn't be...

I looked down and felt my breathing stutter. Upon my chest were two round, smooth shapes that had certainly not been there the night before. Smaller than the bust I had given the portrait but something told me it was only a matter of time before I had taken on its full, curvaceous size.

I grit my teeth, this had to stop.

Perhaps it was silly to be so angry at a painting but it didn't matter, my blood was boiling as I stormed back into the main room and ripped the sheet off the canvas. Once again I could see my old features in the paint, now mixed so much that the figure looked almost like a Picasso, horribly mismatched just like me.

“Alright, you want to play hardball you stupid picture, let’s play hard ball.”

I grabbed for my paints and began swirling them on my palette before taking them straight to the finished painting. I painted back in those red lips, the soulful eyes, the curved shoulders and added to her shrinking bust. I took away that smug smirk that had started to form on her lips and put every hair back in place exactly as it had been originally.

I stood back and smiled triumphantly; the portrait was fully feminine again but when I looked down at my body the changes remained. Maybe I just had to wait a little longer? I glanced up and took a few steps back, watching as the paint on the canvas moved before my eyes, sliding back to the half male, half female version of myself that had existed before.

“That’s it, I’m definitely going crazy.” I whispered to myself.

Part 2

I did the only thing I could think of. I painted more portraits. Myself as an Adonis like man, myself as I used to be, myself as various different races and ethnicities; all male. In the vain hopes that perhaps whatever magic seemed to be afoot would strike twice and I would start changing into one of them instead.

It didn't work and all I managed to accomplish was spilling what little paint I had left all over my budding chest while I tried to get used to it. How did women get anything done? Perhaps it was just because I wasn't used to them, or perhaps I had simply painted them too big but my new tits were seriously getting...well, on my tits.

They were in the way when I looked down, in the way when I was reaching up and every time I tried to lay down to rest I would roll over, squash them and wake up. Putting on my tightest shirt in an effort to stem their growth had also resulted in my chest being even more sore and my favourite shirt being stretched beyond recognition.

I was now more feminine than masculine; my body had taken on a fuller, hourglass shape. Not that stick thin, fake titted kind that runway models had but the neutral figure, with full hips and a round ass to boot. My legs had lost their hair, as had my face and no matter how many times I ran my now soft fingers over the skin there I couldn't get used to the smoothness. I was used to stubble and rough pores, now I looked and felt like those models in skin care ads that had been airbrushed to perfection.

I started to get distracted; my paintings were unable to hold my attention as I caught glimpses of my own reflection in the glass of my studio. The fact that they reflected anything at all was a miracle and for the first time in months I felt compelled to clean. I polished the glass, swept up the dust and organised everything until the place actually resembled a proper studio again and most importantly; I could see my reflection clearly in the windows and didn't feel the need to keep going to the bathroom to check for more changes.

After a while though, it stopped being about looking for new things that had changed and started to be about vanity. My portrait was truly beautiful, or had been at least now *I* was the beautiful one. I'd never been beautiful before it was...novel.

And as I became the beautiful woman from my masterpiece the masterpiece in turn became my old self. A shabby, tired looking man with blue circles around his eyes and a wistful expression on his face. One that showed he'd been a man with dreams once, dreams and hopes that had long since been abandoned. It was sorrowful and tragic; simply put it was *art*. At first I had been worried that with the changed painting Clive would cancel my show but I wasn't concerned about that anymore; this picture was different but no less a masterpiece.

Maybe it was strange to be so calm but at this point what else could I do but accept what was happening? Still, that didn't mean I necessarily liked it. After three days alone I was beginning to notice the smell of my own skin. I had to shower, but the idea of stripping off and seeing the true extent of the changes was...daunting to say the least. But I couldn't stay this way, something about this beautiful body not being clean and luscious felt wrong.

So I turned the taps on my dinky little shower with barely any water pressure and slowly stripped off while waiting for the water to heat. Removing my stretched shirt was easy, the fabric was barely holding on; with a sigh I tossed it on the floor and looked down to fully behold my new chest.

My breasts were full, teardrop shaped with rosy pink nipples. Like my figure they were full without looking fake and one had a small black beauty spot on the right side that I hadn't noticed before. Had I painted that? I hadn't even noticed. The tiny black spot was pretty in a way, it's position meant that it would display on my cleavage and draw the eye even more.

I blushed at the thought; not that I was planning on showing off my cleavage. Doing that would be stupid. Obviously. Slowly I shimmied out of my boxers, sighing once more at the stretched state of my boxers. I knew my hips had been thin before but I'd never realised just how thin. They were anything but now.

Still, there was one familiar thing left; my cock and balls were still there looking distinctly odd between my now feminine thighs. It looked almost like a bad photoshop job; this body was so obviously female and yet there was the proof I was not. I felt an odd sense of relief at the familiarity and irritation that the perfect body had been spoiled by its presence.

Steam filled the room and tinged my pale skin a light pink as I stepped under the spray and sighed in relief, feeling the water slowly flow down my curves, sneaking into nooks and crannies I didn't even know a body could possess. I could feel the stream running down my spine and between my ass cheeks and I shivered. It felt oddly sensual, as did the water soaking into my now long and silky hair. I could feel the hair slowly becoming heavier as it clung to my shoulders and back, each time I ran my fingers through the locks the strands would stroke along my shoulders and chest almost like a lover's fingers. Now I was turning pink for entirely different reasons.

My cock twitched and I realised it had been weeks since I got myself off and an embarrassingly long time since anybody had done it for me. I hummed in relaxation as I arched my back, letting the water cascade down my front and swirl over my nipples, turning them hard despite the heat. I expected my cock to follow suit but instead something altogether different happened.

There was another twitch followed by what I could only describe as a suction deep inside me. The force of it had me doubled over, hand on my crotch just in time to feel it

changing. My eyes bulged in shock but I didn't dare look down, instead focusing on the grey shower tile in front of my face and the strange sensation under my palm.

I could feel my cock shrinking; sliding up inside my body leaving nothing but a hole behind and an aching emptiness. A second later a different kind of wetness bloomed beneath my fingers and a wave of sensation washed over me as the area seemed to double in sensitivity.

My mouth was the only part of me that was dry. I don't know why I was surprised; the rest of my body changed. Why not the bit between my legs? I continued to stare at the bathroom tile, bracing myself with one hand so that my back caught the shower spray and my other hand was free to explore. I shuddered as my soft fingers parted my new folds. It was a whole new realm of feeling; so sensitive and smooth, once I'd started there was no stopping that was for sure.

Before I knew it my finger was circling my new clit and my whole body was shivering, threatening to slip over entirely with the force and intensity of the orgasm. A soft, mellow moan escaped my throat and it sent tingles across my skin; not even my voice sounded like me anymore.

The shower had gone cold but my body was practically steaming as I stepped out to towel off. Taking special care to dry all the new nooks and crannies I'd acquired. The entire time staying silent until I approached the mirror and took a deep breath before wiping away the steam. I was fully transformed; now entirely the sophisticated, beautiful woman from the painting.

"Hello." I whispered, "nice to meet you."

My voice sounded almost transatlantic; there was a lilt of something foreign yet unidentifiable there. It made me sound mysterious and worldly; I liked it. I posed before the mirror; examining my naked body from every angle. I probably should have been more concerned with how and why this had happened but I was too busy being fascinated.

I'd never been the biggest alpha male, yes I felt a little robbed but this body was undoubtedly an improvement, it felt odd to complain about it. I returned to the studio and looked at the portrait once more; now my shabby old, tired self. It was evocative, especially juxtaposed against my new self.

Now the only question was; how to explain it? How to explain myself? I grabbed my phone and sat naked in the middle of the studio floor and spent an hour painting a new work while trying to draft an email to Clive. Best to start with him; at least I had the good fortune of being estranged from my family and being a lonely bugger with no friends meant I didn't have a huge list of people to try and explain this too.

As I painted an idea formed; it was insane but what about this situation wasn't? I took out my ID, a faded old drivers licence that had long since lapsed and slowly began to sketch out a copy on a small practice canvas. I took my brush to it, creating an artistic rendering, complete with a miniature picture of my new face in place of my old one. Carefully, I filled out all the information with a tiny, fine tipped brush only pausing when I got to the name.

I couldn't very well stay 'Charlie', sure it was a girl's name as well but something about it didn't sit right. This face needed a new name, a whole new start; something sophisticated or maybe a little obscure. Without thinking I signed it 'Daria Mulner' and sat back to admire my work.

I watched the tiny canvas like a hawk for almost an hour, waiting for any sign of change. I was just starting to feel stupid when I noticed some of the paint bleeding, no, not bleeding, *moving*. The name changed to Charlie, the picture to my old self and with shaking hands I held the old licence in my palm and watched as it changed to my rendering.

Without any hesitation I logged into Facebook, Instagram and all of my other social media. I found my name and profile picture changed, all comments and past interactions changed to 'her' and 'she'. I had painted a new identity into existence; I felt like a God. What else could I create with this power I had somehow acquired?

I picked up a new canvas and began painting my studio, not the one I owned but the one I had always dreamed of. I added a bedroom, a proper kitchen and turned it into a loft. I painted expensive paints and supplies I could never afford, making sure to take the time to get the logos on the bottles exactly right. I painted clear, beautiful windows showing the Parisian skyline and shining floors. In the corner I showed off a closet filled with designer clothing I found on pinterest that I thought would suit my new body and a small box glinting with earrings and necklaces.

By the time I was finished my still naked body was smeared with paint and I giggled; I would need another shower now. I got up and started to head for the bathroom when the world around me began to warp and change; the walls turned to smears of colour as the world rewrote itself around me. The visual would be terrifying if I didn't know what was coming.

By the time I reached the bathroom the grey tiles were no more, replaced with brilliant white and golden faucets. There was a bathtub under the spray and I smiled, laying myself down and stretching out beneath the instantly hot water as I turned on the shower head. I let the water wash away the smears of paint, tinting the bottom of the porcelain tub rainbow.

I was vibrating with power; I didn't even care that I had been changed into a woman. This was a new chance at a new life; a life as Daria. And I intended to make the most of it.

Part 3

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. Thai 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.

~

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?”

~

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.