OIL ON CANVAS; A WORK IN PROGRESS

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OIL ON CANVAS; A WORK IN PROGRESS

The boy stood watching us, uninhibited, asAndrea and I attempted tore-arrangeour dishevelled appearances. Only moments before,my friend's face had been buried deliciously between my thighs. Her lips were still damp andglisteningfrom her foray.My shirt was open, my titsexposed, hard little nipples protruding eagerly.How embarrassing! I was aware of a deep, warm blush flooding my cheeks, this seemed to amuse him. His eyes played greedily over my body asI hurriedlyrepaired my shirt. A button was missing; ithad come loose earlierunder the pressure of my friend's eager hands.After a quick appraisal of myself,I realised that Iwas showing more cleavage than I probably should be.

The boy stayed where he was, obviously not planning to leave any time soon. He was supporting his weight on a stack of library shelves which shielded our alcove from the rest of the room. He was also blocking our only exit. I looked at Andrea. At a glance, sheappeared to besurveyingour intrudercoolly but there was a hint of worry in her eyes. Her gaze dropped to the large bulge that protruded from the crotch of his washed-out jeans.

He moved gracefully; his long,lazystride belied the 'jock-like' first impression which I had made. Leaningcloser conspiratorially, he whispered "thing like this get' s spread around, couple of babes like you couldbe in big trouble."

He reached across the table with a muscular arm and cupped one of my friend's perttits, squeezing it roughly.His bulge intensified in size and his eyes darted to my bare legs. I quickly pressed them shut beneath my cotton skirt, I remembered that I wasn't wearing any underwear.

My mind played wildly for a moment, assessing the situation and it's possible outcomes. Erotic images of the guy taking turns at us; his girth stretching my pussywide as he pinned my wrists with one strong hand andrelentlessly hammered my depth. The friction grazing my soft pink walls and his spunk warming my thighs shortly after. Then me, watching in amazement as his huge cock ravaged

Andréa's delicate littlearse.Heatand arousal flooded between my legs and Ichased the thoughts away, ashamed of myself.

"What's it to you anyway?" Andrea pulled away and batted at his outstretched arm, challenging him boldly. I had never known her to be meek, and now her brow quickly knotted in annoyance. "What's your problem, coming in here and acting like that? Jerk like *you* could get in bigtrouble for *that*! It's our word against your's mate."

The jerk held his palms out in supplication. "Hey," he reasoned amicably. "Keep your knickers on!" He laughed at his own joke. "Maybe I'll keep my mouth shut... Maybe."

Nobody spoke. The guy shrugged his shoulders, reached out across the table and flipped my notebook open. He slidit towards himself and scrawled what looked to be an address;upside down on the first page, above a brief bio I had been outlining on Edgar Degas.

"Tomorrow night,9 o'clock," he grinned. "Party. Come, have a laugh and we'll forget about today."

I looked at Andrea inquiringly. She was still frowning but her face looked a little softer, more relaxed.

"It'll be fun," he promised.

"Okay," I agreed, on a whim. Tomorrow was Friday and I didn't have plans yet. I love houseparties, and the guy was really cute when he smiled.

Andrea nodded, "alright, we'll come to your party. But you don't breathe a word to anyone about what you just saw. *And*..." she added, "you keep your hands to yourself until yougет permission. *If* yougет permission." She flashed him one of her amazing smiles and the tension was broken.

"Tomorrow, 9 o'clock," he repeated, grinning. "See you there." With that he backed off and disappeared from view behind the partition.

The mood was suddenly elevated oncemore. I was really looking forward to this party and I could see that Andrea was too.On the way home, wechatted about what clothes we might each wear. Even though Andrea washalf a foot taller than me, we wore roughly the same skirt size so we agreed to get ready together and maybe swap a few outfits. This excited me even more; we would be dressing, and more importantly undressing, in front of each other. This would be sure to result in more of our earlier antics.

The nextmorning, I awoke with a huge grin on my face. I was looking forward to spending the whole

day with sexy Andrea, andafterwards a very promisingeveninglay ahead.

I allowed the dirty thoughts to flood my head as I fingered myself lazily beneath the covers.With my nightie hiked up, I spread my legs wide and pictured Andrea, head down, sucking at my dripping pussy. The image changed and the guy from the library appeared, with his cock bulging eagerly against the strain of his jeans. I grabbed blindly for my vibrator, which I kept hidden in a box under my bed. I turned it on and held it at my clit for a moment. The guy's jeans miraculously disappeared anda huge, thick cock sprung forth; rock hard andwet at the tip.

I inserted the toy between my soakinglips and it slid inside mewith ease. I realised that I didn't know the guy's name but that didn't reallymatter. All that mattered was that his cock stayed hard and continued to pummel my insidesuntil I climaxed. I camehard, naturally lubricatingthe rubber device and I immediately pressed it between the cheeks of my arse.

Mr Grant, my college art teacher had awoken something in me the previous day and I was eager to find out what it felt like to be fucked inmy arse. As if by magic, the guy disappeared as quickly as he had came and Mr Grant's voice spoke from behind me. 'Now it's time foryour next lesson,' he said inside my head as Iimagined the sound of his zip being released. But no matter how much I pressed and pushed, I couldn't manage to getthe thingto sink deeper than an inch. I gave up after a few minutes and decided that I would need to find someone to do it for me. Perhaps Andrea would oblige, I smiled to myself. I showered and dressed hurriedly, thenthrew some dresses in tomy rucksack totry onwith herlater.

Thehourscrept by,I spent the morning stealing subtle glances at my friend.She kept teasing me by bending over to adjust her shoe straps and occasionally licking thewooden tip of her paintbrush. I noticed thather actionshadn't been lost on our teacher when he asked Andrea to stay behind at lunch time for a chat.

"It's okay," she said to me, with a little grin on her face. "I'll meet you in the cafeteria later." She dropped her voice to a whisper. "I could be a while." She winked conspiratorially at mebeforedisappearing in to his office.

I wanted desperately to hang around and maybeget a look atwhat they were doing in there, but Mr Grant dismissed me with a nod and closed the door.There was nothing I could do, the door was a plain wood affair with no window. I couldn't very well burst in at a crucial moment either, I wasn't that brave. After a few minutes, I gave it up and headed for the cafeteria; annoyed and frustrated.

After a quick lunch, I went for a walk around the campus. It was a warm day andI didn't feel like being cooped up indoors. If Andrea arrivedand couldn't findme, she could send a text message. I wandered

away from the main buildings andcrossedamanicured lawn towards the outskirts of the land which the college occupied. I found a bench under a knot of trees and took a seat, enjoying the summer air.

"Hello again," a voice greeted me. I turned abruptly and looked up in to a facewhich I recognised. The guy from the library.

"Hi," I acknowledged him with a smile and a little wave.

He looked embarrassed for a moment, but recovered quickly andtook a seat beside me. "I'm looking forward to seeing you and your... um, friend tonight." He said. "I hope you're still up for it."

"Sure," I nodded. "It'll be fun."

Nothing was said for a while andI felta bitawkward as he adjusted position to look at me. His eyes drank me in, head to toe. "I know I'm not supposed tomention it, but the other day, in the library... what you two were up to really got me going. I can't stop thinking about it."

I offered a shy smile and thought aboutwhat his cock had done, both real and imagined.

"So doyou onlyfuck girls?" He asked suddenly. "Or..."

I cut him off, "no I like guys too."I pictured his cock, swelling and pressing in to my mouth. Definitely guystoo, I thought.

Without hesitation, his mouth covered mine in a hot, delicious kiss. His tongue probed my mouth and I responded by pressing my own in to his. He sucked onmy tongue and my lips,as his heavy hands groped under my top. My own hand strayed to his groin andI massagedhis swelling bulge with a vigour I didn't know I possessed.I was then lifted bodily like I weighed nothing at all, I gasped and struggled for a moment, not surewhat was about to happen. He lay me unceremoniously on the grass behind the bench, the trees loomed above withbright shards of sunlight dancing through. It mademe think ofthe Wilmshurst painting I had seen at an exhibition; if that piece could come alive, this is just how it would look, I mused.

His hands were everywhere; tearing at my top and forcing it up, thenunder my skirt and between my legs. He wedged a knee between them and forced my thighs apart. A warm tongue teased my nipplesbefore he sucked on them and nibbled the sensitive skin. I felt the lace of my knickers tear as he fumbled inside them and two long fingers entered me.

"Wait," I said, "I don't think we should..."

But his mouth covered mine and drowned my words as his jeans were opened and a thick, wet helmet pressed urgently againstthe entrance to my pussy. I was so turned on at that moment, but I felt uncomfortable and exposed;about to be roughlytaken outdoors by a guy I barely knew. I got the palms of my hands flat against his hard chest, trying to push him off of me. His weight pinned me against the ground and I felt my tight muscles release as the enormouscock slowly entered me. I stopped fightingat that point and succumbed to the delicious sensations that enveloped me as his shaft travelled deeper, inch by inch. My hole simultaneously stretched invitingly and clenched in protest and I suddenlyrealised; I still don't know his name.My own voice inside my head came back to me 'That doesn't matter. All that matters is that his cock stays hard and continues to pummel my insidesuntil I climax.'

The guy was really building up a rhythm now, his bottom flexed and clenched as he pounded his pelvis against me, my legs and arms splayed out on the soft ground. Irealised that I was panting and moaning, savouring the sensations that his cock was creating inside me. He grabbed at my thighs for purchase and his motions became rougher and more pronounced. His cock ventured deeper with the new movement and I could feel it hammering against the very depths of me, both pleasuring and punishing my inexperienced hole. I was in heaven, just moments away from climax with this sexy muscle bound guy grinding my arse harder in to the ground with each thrust.

"Oh fuck, *fuck,*" I exclaimed as I writhed beneath him and bathed his entire penis with my cum, whilst my cuntclenched around him uncontrollably. I felt my stomach and arsetighten and spasm with the intensity of my orgasm. "Want tofeel your hot spunk in me," I begged him.He let out two short moans in quick succession andhis momentum suddenlychanged; he pulled out fast and a stream of warm, white cum hit my face. His hand moved towards my lips as he collapsed on top of me, breathing hard.His fingers parted my lips and guided pools of salty spunk on to my tongue.

"Tonight will be even better," he promised, kneeling up and tucking himself back in to his jeans.

I just nodded. I lay inert on the grass, my legs like jelly and my skirt hitched up to my waist. He buttoned his fly and a moment later his hot mouth covered my ravaged pussy. He sucked at my clit for a few moments, making me jerk and writhe. I felt rivulets of warm juice flow out from my stretched hole and dribble on to my arsehole. His eyes followed it's course and his hands roughly parted my cheeks. He stared at it for a minute before he spoke.

"That thing looks so tight." It was a statement, not a question, so I didn't reply, just lay back and tried to get my breathing back to normal. "Tonight," he reiterated, before standing up abruptly. I sorted my skirt out and fixed my top before I sat up and looked around. There was a faint bleeping sound coming from the bench in front of meand it took me a minute to realise that my mobile was ringing,

inside my bag.

"Where the fuck *are* you?" Andréa's voice implored. "I've been looking all over, I need to tell you something."

"I was taking a walk,I'm behind the South building. Just heading back now," I said, "got stuff to tell you too, but you first," Ioffered, as I gathered my things andmade my wayback towards the group of buildings.

"I don't know where to start..." her tinny voice mumbled excitedly over the cell network. "And it's completely up to you, if you don't want to I'll understand."

"What the hell are you on about?"

"I don't know where to start," she said again. Her breath was coming fast, as if she was jogging.

"The beginning is probably the best place," I reasoned.

I approached theSouth building and Andrea came hurtling around the corner towards me. I cut the connection and stared at her.

"Mr..." she breathed hard and caught my hands in hers. She looked at me imploringly, "I'm sorry, but I told Mr Grant about our... Well about oursecret."

I frowned.

"I'm sorry, but hebrought it up. He saidheknew anyway. He wants us to do a special project."

"A project? Like for the class?"

"No, not like for the class... For him."

"For him?" I asked stupidly.

"Will you do it with me? We have to go now."

We went.

"It's this art movement he said he'sbeen privately working on... He called it life in motion,"she

explained as we headed for the staff parking lot.

Andrea and I sat in the back of MrGrant's car as he drove away from the college. "You'll like this," he assured us.

At that time of day, it didn't take long for Mr Grant to reach the motorway and soon we were cruising along at a modest 60 miles per hour.We had cut our afternoon class to go to our teacher's house. I was both excited and worried about it andwhat this new project had in store.

Mr Grant's house wasn't exactly what I had expected. For some reason I had pictured him living in a sprawling oldcountry cottage, with a gorgeous mature garden and painted shutters at the windows. There would be art everywhere, some of it his own, some of it a collection of his favourite works. He lived in a newly built semi with a redbrick driveway and Ikea blinds at the windows.

Andrea and I followed him inside. He led us straight through the lounge toa white tiled conservatory where more Ikea adorned the mock French windows. The room was sparsely furnished with wicker bits and pieces, a large cream rugon the floor and an easel, whichoccupied one corner. "This is whereI paint," he confirmed.

"You have a lovely house," Andrea told him.

"Silly girl, you're not here to see my house. Now both of you, undress and I'll tell you about this project." It was said with such assurance that I didn't question it. We did as we were asked.I stepped out of my skirt and knickers, then pulled my top over my head. I scooped up my bundle ofclothes and depositedit on one of the wicker chairs. I looked at Andréa's naked form and admired her as our teacher fussed over a box ofart equipment. "Make yourselves comfortable," he offered.

Andrealooked atmy first sketchas Mr Grant set up for the next scene.The sketchshowed Andrea kneeling in front of our teacher. One side of her face could be seen, haircovering her eyes and her lips were parted wide. Her hands roamed her own naked flesh as Mr Grant's cock sank in to her open mouth. There was urgency and lustin the curve of his bottom although I knew he had held back from his orgasm. "You made me look really good," she complimented.

Mr Grantdisappeared through the door to the kitchen, but came back a moment later with a carrier bag in his hand. "Props," he gestured.Heasked me to lie down on the rug and spread my legs, which I promptly did. I was nervous but excited and intrigued over what was to come next. He looked aroundand smiled at a vasebrimming withmixed flowers, reached over and shook them out. He began to arrange them around my body. When he finished, it appeared as if I were laying in the midst ofa flowerbed growing oddly from the middle of his conservatory floor.

"The pleasure of still life," he named the drawing he was about to attempt. From the grocery bag, he extracted several items. From my position on the floor I saw a large green cucumber; a bottle of wine, a small plastic bottle of something I didn't recognise and a cellophane wrapped pack of something yellow. He popped the cork on the wine and sipped straight from the bottle before passing it around. "Be creative, Andrea," he instructed. "Use the props with imagination please."

I couldn't see what she was doing, but it felt so nice. Something smooth and cool was stroking overthe damp entrance of my pussy. I could tell that it was firm and long. The cucumber, I decided. I wondered what that thing was going to feel like inside me, and it wasn't long before I found out. It was cold at first; as it slid neatly between my lips and I gasped a little. Andréa's free hand came up to stroke my stomach and tits, and I relaxed and allowed her to insert the fruit in to me. It was so big and hard, I hadn't felt anything quite like this before. I dripped my juices on to it as it slid in and out.

Mr Grant watched and drew, his erection apparent and a smile on his face. "Good, now try the corn," he advised."

So that was what the yellow things were. I didn't normally like corn on the cob but I definitely liked this one. It was shorter than the cucumber, but it was a little bit thicker and it had little ridgeswhich caused amazing sensations inside me asAndrea fucked me with it. Herthumb massaged my clit and she picked up her rhythm. Iarched my back and made some appreciative sounds. She handed me the cucumber which wasnow warm and damp from being inside me. "Take it," she said, "suck it."

I tookit in my hand and raised it to my lips, it tasted like my pussy. I took it in to my mouth and sucked it as if it were a cock and it muffled my moans as Andreabrought me to climax with her fingers and the corn.

The oil felt lovely as Mr Grant poured it over my body. He rubbed it over my tits with gentle strokes, and when his body pressed against mine,it feltslippery between us. Andrea sketchedhappily as she watched Mr Grantpin my arms above my head with one strong hand and my body beneath his own. I moaned softly as I felt the tip of his cock enter me for the first time.

The pencil scratched away busily as hesank in tome slowly. His cock wasn't quite as large as the one I had felt earlier that day but Mr Granthad obviously had a lot of experience. He moved inside me expertly and it wasn't long beforehe was pounding away at the right spot.My whole body tensed as I came on him and he quickly lifted my legs to rest them on his shoulders. I felt some oil being dribbled over my cunt and it ran down between my cheeks. Then I feltthe tip of hisdripping cock move lower and press in to my arse.

I was scared that it was going to hurt but I was also desperate to experience this for the first time. I felt my hole stretch wide and I cried out athis sudden thrust. Andrea was sketching with one hand and rubbing her pussy with the other. I wanted to help her cum while my arse was being ravaged.I whimpered as Mr Grant fucked me, fast andhard. I feltas if I was being torn in two, but as soon as his fingerstarted rubbing my clit I felt my orgasm build sweetly, and I came harder that I have ever done before. Hegripped my thighs and ejaculated soon after. His cock pulsed inside my arse as he filled itwith his hot spunk.
Andrea and I obediently got in to position as our teacher instructed us. We knelt on all fours facing away from each other.As I struggled to work out whatcould possiblyhappen in this position, Mr Grant leant down andplaced the cucumber betweenus. One end entered me and my dripping cunt accepted it. The other end must havebeen inserted in toAndrea because the next thing I felt wasthe lips of her pussy meet my own, as he guidedus together. It took a moment to get the correct rhythm, but when we did, it felt amazing. Her arse and pussy smacked against mineas the cucumberpressed in to each of us. This sketch will look great, I thought as Andrea cried out and her cum merged with my own.

"You were like a fresh canvas," he explained, "new and fresh, just waiting to be made in to a work of art." The charcoal in his hand stroked and shaded the paper. He paused to consider his work as hepoured oil over Andrea and I. We were tipsy from the wine we had drank and the empty bottle stood on the floor next to the rug. With sudden inspiration, I reached for it. I pressed the neck of the bottle between Andréa's swollen lips and she groaned with pleasure as I pushed it inside her. As the bottle reached it's wider point I watched as her pussy stretched to accommodate it. Her lips opened upand her clit glistened wet and hard. Ileant down and took it between my teeth as I held the bottle in her pussy. I sucked her clit in to my mouth and she writhed and moaned beneath me as she came. The oil was slick on our bodies andmade our skin slide deliciously against each other.

Mr Grantemptied the last of the oil over us. "Oil on canvas," he smiled to himself asAndrea and I lay spent, our hair everywhere and our legs entwined.

TO BE CONTINUED.....