

Careful Brushstrokes

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Pussy Noir gently adjusted her easel, making sure that her large white canvas was lit as best as possible by the sunlight. She had already set up a comfortable pile of pillows for her model to lay out on, and she wanted to make sure everything was perfect. Her studio was small, but as she only needed enough space for her canvas and brushes, the coziness was rather refreshing.

Pussy's rich, deep black fur was wrapped up in a light white long-sleeved T-shirt and white overalls, both of which were stained all over with small dabs of paint. She had been painting for several years now, and it provided both an outlet for creativity and a feeling of purpose. Pussy was an artist at heart, and her eyes, gently framed by her large, gold-rimmed spectacles, seemed to be able to find the brushstrokes for almost any surface.

Her model, a big white cat named Tim, came in just a little bit early. He was a large, muscular male who clearly spent a lot of time at the gym, and Pussy knew him from her art classes. His impressive physique made him a very popular model at a number of art schools, and he certainly didn't mind posing in the nude. He had long, flowing white hair and was wearing a nice black sleeveless shirt and jeans. They were tight, skin-clinging garments and Pussy found herself staring at them a bit more intently than she meant to, but if he minded he certainly didn't let on.

"Hey Miss Noir," said Tim. "I didn't know where your place was, exactly, so I left early. I hope you don't mind."

"Not at all!" said Pussy. "And you can call me 'Pussy,' I know it's kind of a scandalous name but it's mine and I like it." Pussy smiled and took Tim's hand, gently guiding him to the middle of her small studio. "Oh wow, your fur is so silky smooth and shiny!"

Tim laid down on the pillows, his fur bathed in the light. "Yeah, I figure since I'm a part-time model I should use the fancy shampoo," he said. "I hear it makes for interesting shading too, what with me being white all over."

Pussy moved behind her easel, pulling up her pencils to do an initial sketch. She looked at him a bit, and then bit her lower lip. "You know, you're right about that shading stuff, and I need lots of practice...Would you mind if this was a nude painting?" Pussy didn't really need all that shading practice, but the more she stared at Tim the more she wanted to see. He had modeled for her nude before, but never to where she could see his most interesting parts. There was no harm in asking, right?

Tim chuckled and stood up, peeling off his shirt and unbuttoning his pants. "You know, a lot of girls ask for that when I volunteer to model for them," he said. Pussy was glad that she was behind her

canvas, she was a bit embarrassed to see how flustered she was getting. She had been so caught up in her studies recently that she hadn't gotten any action in months. And Tim's body was just too good to pass up.

As Tim laid out in the sun, his massive black shaft lazily flopping down over his thighs as he took a reclining pose, Pussy found that she had a hard time keeping her mind on her work. Her pencil gently traced out the lines for her painting, indicating where the brush strokes would go, but by the time she pulled out her brushes she knew that she would need a certain kind of break if she intended to finish this work on time.

"I like to get a feel for my subject before I start painting," said Pussy. "I know it's a little odd, but would you mind if I traced my brushes over you a bit?" Pussy stepped out from behind her easel, adjusting her glasses and smiling while she held up her finest brushes.

Tim chuckled a bit, smiling and remaining still like a model should. "Well, I suppose it won't hurt anything, and if it helps you out..." Tim smiled at Pussy as she moved over him, gently tracing the lines of his arms and shoulders with her brush. She whistled a bit as she watched the bristles of her brush mix with his pure white fur.

"Wow, you must work out a lot, look at all those muscles and veins!" said Pussy. She let her brush drift down Tim's arms a bit more, glancing over his powerful pectorals. She couldn't get enough of his impressive physique, and the more she examined it the more she wanted to feel herself pressed against it.

"Thanks, I do spend a lot of time at the gym," said Tim. "Hey, what are you..." Pussy began to gently trace and move her brush across Tim's nipple, making him gasp and tense up. Pussy chuckled, letting the soft, gentle touch of her brush tease him lightly.

"I'm just considering a change in medium," said Pussy. She moved her brush down to his big black cock teasingly twisting the soft fibers around and around the tip of his shaft. "And a change in subject..." She moved down to Tim's shaft, giving him a firm lick. "How about we do some abstract art with my body as a canvas? I'm sure you can provide the white paint..."

"Well, I don't see why not..." Tim was rapidly getting erect, and Pussy was pleased to see that he was so keen on the idea. Pussy quickly ditched her painting clothes, throwing them off to the side. "Nice clit ring," said Tim, letting out a purr of excitement and flicking his tail. "I hear it really enhances things..."

"Oh you bet it does!" said Pussy. "But it looks like we still need to warm you up a bit first..." Pussy dropped to her knees and, giggling, began teasing Tim's shaft with the brush again. She didn't keep at it long, though, and as soon as he began to firm up she slipped his tip into her mouth, sucking and working on him gently. From the feel of it, Pussy wasn't the only one who had been too busy to get any action lately, and so she took it nice and slow for the start. Granted, her tongue still made slow, firm wraps around his tip

and she did tease his balls lightly with her brush, but she knew better than to start diving in right away.

Once he shifted from a reclining to a sitting position she knew that he was ready to get serious. Tim spread his legs to give her room, and Pussy put her hands on his thighs, working her tongue up and down the sides of his shaft to get him nice and slick. Working and slurping on him eagerly, she began to feed his length into her muzzle, pushing it down further and further. She was a girl with considerable talent, and she chuckled to herself as Tim squirmed inside her. She had mastered the deep throat some time ago, and she intended to show off.

Taking Tim's length deep into her muzzle, she worked it hard with the back of her throat, her tongue still working and shifting along the underside of his shaft. She was loving the taste, and so she took her time to enjoy it, dragging in big gulps of air and twisting her tongue this way and that so as to pull in the maximum amount of flavor. Pussy couldn't see Tim's face very well from where she was, but the noises he was making let her know that he hadn't had it like this in a long time, if indeed he ever had. One of her hands moved off his thigh to his balls, caressing and cradling them gently. He was tensing up now, and she'd have to be careful to avoid setting him off too early.

Sliding back, she grinned, a small dribble of precum and spittle running from her lower lip to Tim's shaft. Tim's mighty chest was heaving and panting, and Pussy grinned as she looked up at him, licking her lips. "Damn, if I'd known this is what you call modeling, I'd have come over sooner!" he said, his hand gently running through Pussy's bobbed black hair.

"Just don't spill all that paint yet, I want everything to be perfect..." said Pussy, going over to the corner and pulling out a pair of thigh-high rainbow-colored socks, and fingerless arm warmers to match. Tim chuckled, and Pussy struck a few poses. "I thought that we needed some color to go with the black and white parts, don't you agree?" she said.

"I agree wholeheartedly!" said Tim, helping her back onto the pile of pillows, where she sprawled out. She spread her legs as wide as she could manage and Tim immediately went to work, giving her sex a long, firm slurp. Pussy moaned as bolts of pleasure raced up from her clit to the rest of her body, the warm tingle dancing around in her excitedly. It appeared that she wasn't the only one with a talented tongue, and she gasped as he dug into her folds.

Pussy found herself grabbing at the pillows and arching her back as Tim continued to work her over. He was getting his cold nose into it as well, gently pressing it against Pussy's clit from time to time when he was digging it deep. His tongue seemed to be everywhere at once, and Pussy's head was spinning from all the pleasure coming at her. "Take it easy!" she pleaded, grinning down at Tim as her breasts heaved up and down. "We don't wanna start spilling paint just yet!"

"You're right, here, let me dip my brush," said Tim. "Careful, it's kind of big..." Tim wasn't exaggerating in the least, indeed, he was understating himself a bit. Tim was enormous, and Pussy cooed as she felt his long, thick length caressing her slit, his big black length gently caressing her equally black folds. They were both very slick, but the going was still a bit rough so Tim took it slowly. Pussy preferred it this way, and she moaned as he slowly slid into her. He was so filling, so satisfying, Pussy's body was filled with pleasure and contentment as he worked his length into her. She wrapped her arms and legs around him, pulling him close and panting.

Tim moved slowly at first, but he quickly gained momentum, and soon they were both grinding and thrusting against one another. Pussy moaned as she felt him pistoning inside her, the little gold ring in her clit tracing up and down his length as he thrust it forward again and again and again. She rolled around on the pillows, her tail whipping about as she was caught in the throws of ecstasy. It had been way too long, and it felt so, so good.

When Pussy finally hit her orgasm it was like her mind exploded with color and vision. Her tail and toes curled as she dug her fingers into Tim's back making him growl as he brought his shaft in deep and held it. Pussy whimpered a bit, and then sighed, relaxing her grip as her orgasm began to fade. Tim pulled back and out a bit, panting hard and looking a bit relieved.

"I was worried you might not let me whip out my paint," said Tim. "But I think we timed it just right..." Tim groaned, gripping his shaft and rubbing on it furiously. It wasn't long before big, white jets came blasting out of his length, and he panted as he shot out over her. He was well backed up, and as he laid down long, messy lines on Pussy's chest, she giggled and began to rub the mess around.

"I can't remember the last time I tried finger paints," said Pussy, drawing small circles in the mess on her chest and then eagerly licking her fingers clean. The taste was certainly pleasant, and she was pleased that he had so much to share with her. She stretched herself out a bit, twitching her fingers and toes as she pulled on her arms and legs. All of that action had tired her out a bit, and her cat instincts were making her want to just lay out in the sunlight, which she did. Tim chuckled, moving towards some of Pussy's camera gear in the corner.

"Hold on, I wanna preserve this for posterity," said Tim. He picked up one of her cameras and began examining it closely, whistling as he looked it over.

"Careful with that, it's a very expensive camera that uses real film!" said Pussy, leaning up a bit and letting the cum dribble down her chest.

"I know exactly what it is, it's an Nikon F6 35mm SLR camera," said Tim. "You think someone with a body like mine doesn't spend a lot of time surrounded by camera guys?" Pussy rolled her eyes a bit at Tim as he played with the camera, but she struck a few poses on the pillows as he took snapshots. She was just glad she had her own

dark room, seeing as she couldn't take these anywhere. Plus she'd need to make copies for Tim.

"Can you lean forward a bit? Mmm, that's hot," said Tim. Pussy was surprised that Tim knew his way around a camera, but she giggled and moved into positions as he told her to, letting his years of experience modeling take charge. He adjusted her a bit in the light to catch the glinting sun off of the goo on her chest and then snapped rapidly, reaching for the sexiest picture he could. "Now THAT is a pretty picture, lean into the light some more...Do you have any black and white film? I'd love to capture the contrast a bit more."

"Maybe next time, all that's in there now is color," said Pussy. She got up, stretching a bit and looking around at the mess she made, and her unfinished canvas. "Well I don't think I got a lot of painting done," said Pussy. "So that means you'll need to come back again so we can continue this later."

"Oh you bet I will." Said Tim. "But as for now, you don't happen to have a place where we could wash up, do you?" Pussy grinned.

"I have a hot, steamy shower where we could both get a second helping," said Pussy. She walked up to Tim and gently caressed his neck and shoulders, pressing her taut rear against his crotch.

"Sounds like an excellent plan," said Tim.