

Fucked by an Artist

By : PearAmongstApples

Adria is a up-and-coming sculpter who is a beautiful tan brunette, but in order to get famous, she catches the eye of her favourite artist. Little does she know, Vazille's eyes are imagining her naked, and they're going to get to see her naked, sweaty, and making love.



Published on
Booksie

booksie.com/PearAmongstApples

Copyright © PearAmongstApples, 2015
Publish your writing on Booksie.com.

Fucked by an Artist

Adria's name is all over arts magazines and she is always busy with her schedule of artistry. Her works of art are most stunning and as is her fame. However, when she was about 25 years old, Adria made a deal that was going to define her career.

Adria and her classmates had all gone to a trip to a tropical location where there were some of the best sculptors in the world. She had a small, beautiful feminine face with chocolate-tanned, smooth skin. She had this nose-piercing; shining as she took a trip to the beach with her bikini top's cups stuck only covering the centres of her breasts.

A lot of big artists would take younger artists under their wing, so when Adria heard Vazille was in town and her class was going to have dinner with them, she was very excited. She put on a black nightgown and lots of golden jewellery, and sat at the same table as the great artist, himself.

Indeed, she had caught the 44 year old famous artist's eyes, and he asked her about her sculptures. She told him all about it as they walked out, and she got a call the very next day asking to meet up with him. The 2 of them hit it off in the local restaurant as they discussed how he became successful. Her nose piercing shone in the lights of the chandeliers, and her wristbands were very colourful in contrast to the one, thin, dark anklet that she had on her left ankle. She had a beige top that was strapless on her shoulders, but had several straps on her back, squeezing at her otherwise bare, tan back and also revealing her navel. She had on a pair of flip-flops and a denim-skirt, and her hair was curly and jet black.

It became darker outside, and he said he wanted to show her his artwork. She smiled, as she had many times, and she went out into his car, and they drove over as they talked. She entered the huge apartment where he had many sculptures of nude women. She always wondered how he could get these shapes so well.

She then felt Vazille grab her from the back gently. She let out a little feminine squeal as he put one arm around both her arms and torso, restraining her arms a little, and another hand on her soft navel. "You're going to be big, like I've been telling you, but I will need you to work on another project with me in order for me to see your talents." He put his fingers into her clit, and she let out a moan. She was pulling at his arms, she knew it wasn't something she would like to do, but something stopped her from yelling out or struggling at her full strength. Her moans let him know she didn't feel like this was right, but in truth she often talked about doing it with such a famous man.

He fingered her around as her legs shifted and her hands clasped his arms. Then, he drew back his hands, making her sigh in relief that she wouldn't have to make this decision, and she felt a tug. Vazille pulled at her strings on her back, and it all loosened like a shoelace, with his hands pulling the two ends of the top apart to reveal the sides of her back and even let him peek at her side-boobs. Her palms held the shirt up as all the rows of the strings were pulled-off. The two long strings were attached to the shirt, so Vazille pulled at it, squeezing her breasts back, and letting her back slap into his bare beer-belly. She wondered when he had taken off his shirt.

She wiggles a little, her backbones and the back of her belly feeling all the hairy skin of his front. He pulled the shirt off of her front and tossed it to the side, making her cross her arms to hide her breasts. He grabbed her by under the armpits turned her around, her arms let go and she found herself with her arms around him while her breasts and navel were pushed tightly against his belly. "That feels good!" Vazille said. She struggled a little, still, trying to slip down, but he had hold of her back with his hands. "Stop struggling!" and she did. "What do you say? We got a deal?" she said nothing.

Fucked by an Artist

Wiggle a little. He said, and she did, rubbing up her breasts against his chest, left and right. He rubbed her back up and down, making eye-contact with her expressionless face. She looked into his eyes, her eyelashes in a shiny circle. He put his hands down her denim skirt, and she came in closer. Her smooth ass-cheeks were caressed by his warm hands. He reached with the other hand and unbuttoned her skirt, and pulled it down as she rested her face against his chest and got her legs closer together.

The skirt slid off, and he said Step out! He directed her body with his hands, each tugging at one of her ass-cheeks. She stepped out of her flip flops and the skirt, and her naked, smooth, toned body was lifted and placed onto the white bed in front of them. Haven't you made up your mind yet, Girlie? asked Vazille as he took off his shoes, pants and underwear. Say it! What do you want me to do right now?

Adria said her sentence in a yell, *I want you to fuck me real hard!*

He got onto the bed and laid on top of her tan body as she threw her arms back over her shoulder, and fucked her. She put her legs around him, grasping him softly. He pulled her legs up over his shoulder, and sat up to fuck her with her legs pointing straight up. Her feet danced as she was fucked and her moans filled the whole room as she was caressed all over her soft body. He got her on all fours too, and he fucked her, with her yelling Yes, fuck me! FUCK me hard, Vazille! Her necklace, wristbands and bracelets were soaked in her sweat and her body glew in the blue light from the outside.

After a while, she laid on her back and said, in a quiet voice, I'm done. I came.

Oh no, you don't! Vazille said as he pulled her by the thigh closer to her, and made her sit up on the bed, with her face right in front of his erect crotch. Suck it! Adria sucked it. She put the warm erection in her mouth and suck to and fro. Vazille let out a sign, but then he gently slapped her breast twice and said, Come on! Suck it well! Adria put it out of her mouth, and nibbled at the sides of the shaft, and grasped around his testicles. She finally made it cum while it was in her mouth, and Vazille said in a gasp Drink it! Adria drank the warm semen in two gulps.

They would fuck a lot in the next 3 days that Adria was on that resort, and he did offer her a lot of gigs. She, however, did not accept them but became an artist by another approach. Last time she heard, Vazille got arrested after he groped some other women inappropriately.

Fucked by an Artist

Fucked by an Artist

Created from Booksie.com

Generated: 2015-01-29 00:11:16