

# Becoming Venus

**For Loud Virus**

**By TheSpiralledEye**

*An artist finds himself becoming a work of art after crossing paths with a strange painter.*

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The gallery was silent save for the scratching of my pencil against the sketch paper and the occasional soft footsteps of passersby. The air smelled vaguely of oil paint and polished wood and I breathed in deeply, content, as I worked. The piece before me was of Venus, not the famous painting of course, but Botticelli was hardly the only person to paint her picture. She was the ancient goddess of love and beauty after all. Personally, I thought this one was better.

The artist had captured her with such grace, her flowing golden hair cascading down her back like a waterfall of sunlight. Her skin, pale and flawless, seemed to glow with an ethereal light, and her eyes, deep and inviting, seemed to draw me in, urging me closer to the painting until I was only a few inches away. I felt my heart ache with jealousy; what would it feel like to be so alluring?

In the quiet solitude of the gallery, it felt as though she was looking directly at me, her painted lips hinting at a secret smile meant only for my eyes. There was something intoxicating about her beauty, something that stirred a deep longing within me. I wondered idly if a model had stood for the portrait; did she look this beautiful in real life? The way her hair framed her features, the soft curve of her lips, the subtle arch of her brow—all seemed to convey a silent invitation, a promise of love and mystery.

“You like my painting?”

The voice almost had me jump out of my skin and caused my pencil to scrape across the page, ruining my sketch.

“Damn!” I cursed, looking up to find a thin man with sharp features looking at me expectantly. “You made me ruin my drawing.”

"I apologise." he said sincerely, "But I am flattered you are trying to imitate my art."

"Your...you painted this?" I said in awe, my anger instantly dissipating as the man nodded.

"You have quite the artist's eye, errant line notwithstanding." He said charmingly, looking down at my ruined sketch.

I blushed and cleared my throat.

"It's a beautiful painting, I was wondering...did you have a model for it? Did she really look like that?"

"Oh yes, quite a lady, fine work on my part." He grinned.

"Wow." I breathed.

The jealousy in my chest threatened to turn bitter, to think there really were women that beautiful out there in the real world.

"You wish to be her."

It wasn't a question, the artist in front of me was smiling knowingly and while it was embarrassing to admit, I found myself nodding. For some reason, I felt like I could trust this man.

"Being beautiful enough to inspire art is my dream," I admitted, flushing. "But I'm just a plain guy, so I have to be content with just making the art rather than inspiring it."

"Why?" The artist asked, "I think you could be very inspiring with a few...adjustments. Even more beautiful than the model who inspired this piece even; if you would be willing to let me try?"

My jaw dropped, I could be that beautiful?

"You really think so?"

“Oh yes, come with me, I have a private gallery at the back of the museum and was just about to start a new piece, you’d be perfect for it.”

I followed along behind like a lost puppy, half curious, half suspicious. Was this man going to ask me to pay him or something? Surely, he couldn’t be serious about making me into an art model. We walked through the gallery, past many masterpieces, before we arrived at a nondescript door near the rear of the building. He opened it with a small key and led me into an airy and surprisingly large art studio. Natural light filtered through the floor to ceiling windows, and the sun warmed my skin, making me feel instantly relaxed and at home among the smell of fresh oil paint.

There was a small table covered in paint next to a round podium in the centre of the room. The artist indicated for me to stand on it and suddenly this whole situation felt very strange.

“Where is the canvas?” I asked, “If you’re going to paint me, don’t you need something to paint on?”

The artist just laughed.

“No, silly, I am going to make *you* the work of art. I shall paint you. Now, strip down and we can begin.”

This was weird, but then my mind kept going back to that painting of Venus. If there was even a small chance I could become as beautiful as her, I wanted to take it. Before I could second guess myself, I stripped off and hopped up onto the podium, thankful for that sunlight to keep me warm while naked. I just had to hope those gardens outside weren’t open to the public.

The artist swirled paint on his brush until he had a smooth, pink, peachy colour and walked toward me with focused eyes. As soon as the paint hit my skin, my nerves seemed to disappear; there was something oddly soothing about the feel of paint gliding over my skin, cool but somehow warm and comforting at the same time. He smoothed the large brush down my side and along my hips; the strokes were so flawless that it almost looked like airbrushed skin.

When he reached my hips, he brushed a hand over my naked flesh before giving it a tug. He massaged the skin like clay before painting over it, sending warm tingles through my skin as he did so. It was odd, I could feel my hips getting wider, almost as if he were

stretching them out. I had to resist the urge to groan in pleasure as he continued to work, smoothing over them and painting across my ass.

That was changing shape too and I realised with a shock that he had been telling the truth; he really was turning me into a piece of art!

“Stay still now.” He cooed, “We don’t want to make you too big here, we want natural beauty, after all.”

I squeaked and did my best to stay still as my ass turned round, he painted a stripe between my cheeks and this time, I couldn’t help but moan, feeling that cool paint drying, forming each cleft into the perfect shape.

His brush continued down my thighs, removing the air from my legs and making them smooth and delicate before returning to work on my upper body. The artist had a look of intense focus in his eyes as he cinched in my waist and dragged his brush over my chest. He painted delicate swirls over my chest. The circular motion repeated around and around as two warm breasts formed beneath the touch. The skin here grew more and more sensitive, and he painted my tits into existence.

“Shhh, you must breathe slowly, otherwise, my work will be uneven.”

It was so hard, though; the tingling pleasure of his touch was making it impossible to breathe calmly. I could feel the soft bristles of the paintbrush against my nipples, and it elicited such a wonderful feeling. I swallowed and did my best to stay calm, something that was easier said than done when I was watching my cleavage grow in real time.

His brush added a delicate curve to my neck, then smoothed over the contours of my face. I watched as he dipped the brush into a dollop of red paint before smoothing it over my lips. It tasted like cherries. Black for my eyelashes, pink for my eyeshadow; he was literally painting my features in. The brush painted golden waves down my shoulders, somehow magically configuring hair into existences that cascaded over my shoulders and down my back. God, I wanted a mirror so badly.

Finally, he stepped back to admire me; I’d never felt more beautiful in my entire life; my figure was willowy but with large curves that somehow seemed to compliment my slight frame rather than juxtapose it. If only there weren’t still a cock between my legs, I would look perfect.

“Almost done.” He smiled, and I trembled in anticipation, watching him mix more of the peachy paint.

The brush approached and despite my best efforts to keep my mouth shut, I groaned as it touched the sensitive skin of my length. The brush slowly smoothed over every part of my sex, reshaping it into a beautiful pussy. He added touches of dark pink to the inner folds, slowly moving his brush back and forth along them until they were glistening with more than just paint. I could feel the paint seeping into me, becoming part of my body. A pleasure gasp escaped me as he began to circle, creating a warm wet hole to complete my pussy.

“What a beautiful expression you are making...” He murmured, continuing to stroke back and forth with his paintbrush. “Please don’t hold anything back.”

The brush swirled around my new clit and I shuddered, moaning in delight as he teased me. The pleasure grew and just as I was on the cusp of cumming, the artist stepped back, leaving me right on the edge.

“Just wait,” He whispered with a teasing smile, “You need to experience yourself.”

“W-what do you mean?” I felt lightheaded, talking and thinking were hard when my pussy was burning like this.

He moved across the room to where a sheet was hanging over what I assumed were canvas; but when he flung the fabric off, he revealed a grand mirror instead. I gasped in shock and pleasure seeing my reflection for the first time. Pale skin tinged pink across the shoulders, breasts and hips and a face comparable to the Goddess herself. I looked just as incredible as I felt; and there was a thin dribble of juice working its way down my smooth inner thigh.

“A masterwork.” The artist said reverently, “Now, let me see that face of ecstasy once more.”

I gasped as that paintbrush was suddenly thrust back between my legs, this time the artist knelt before me as he thrust it up into my waiting hole. I watched in the mirror as my face turned red and my mouth hung open in pleasure. I was already so close, it wasn’t going to take long.

“Ooooooh..ooooh...”

“That’s it, Venus, cum for me now.”

I gripped his shoulders and wailed, the sound was almost musical, as I came. The pleasure overwhelmed me in the moment and when my eyes rolled back they came face to face with the artist who was looking at me in rapture. His smooth hands cupped my face and he smiled widely.

“Beautiful, my dear! Now, strike a pose, I must put you on the canvas.”

I shivered in delight as he pulled away, posing my new body in the way that felt most natural with my chest out and head raised proudly. The artist pulled out a canvas and immediately got to work; I couldn’t keep the smile off my face. Soon, my perfect likeness would be captured on canvas and admired by thousands as they toured the museum. More importantly, I had become a walking piece of art. Not even Venus could compare.