

Art Forms

By

Lynn Forest

©2015 by Blushing Books® and Lynn Forest

©2015 by Blushing Books® and Lynn Forest
All rights reserved.

No part of the book may be reproduced or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic or mechanical, including photocopying, recording, or by any information storage and retrieval system, without permission in writing from the publisher.

Published by Blushing Books®,
a subsidiary of

ABCD Graphics and Design
977 Seminole Trail #233
Charlottesville, VA 22901

The trademark Blushing Books®
is registered in the US Patent and Trademark Office.

Forest, Lynn
ABCD Graphics & Design

eBook ISBN: 978-1-61258-181-1
Cover Design by ABCD Graphics & Design

This book is intended for *adults only*. Spanking and other sexual activities represented in this book are fantasies only, intended for adults. Nothing in this book should be interpreted as Blushing Books' or the author's advocating any non-consensual spanking activity or the spanking of minors.

Table of Contents

Chapter One	5
Chapter Two	17
Chapter Three	34
Chapter Four	45
Chapter Five	55
Chapter Six	68
Chapter Seven	79
Chapter Eight	90
Chapter Nine	104
Chapter Ten	113
Chapter Eleven	134
About the Author	136
Ebook Offer	137
Blushing Books Newsletter	138
Blushing Books	139

Chapter One

Slow Dance

Late Friday evening Lucinda Harris stood near the bathroom door and tossed her towel into the clothes hamper. She glanced in the mirror as she removed the shower cap and allowed her long, straight red hair to fall onto her back. She picked up her hairbrush and ran it through her locks several times, satisfied that she was more than presentable and desirable to the man who awaited her in the adjoining bedroom.

She was not a vain young woman, but she could not resist turning down the dimmer switch for the bathroom lights, then turning back and forth so that she could see what her husband Michael was about to see approaching him as he awaited her on the bed. She wondered if the small red streak of oil paint decorating her forehead above her dancing green eyes would look as humorous to him as it did to her.

She had spent nearly the entire day in front of her easel, and at some point that morning, perhaps when brushing some hair aside, the dab of oil paint had ended up in a splotch above her right eye. She decided not to spend any time attempting to scrub the spot or bother with the foul-smelling solvent. She was as eager to crawl into bed with Michael as he was for her to join him. After all, they were newlyweds, married all of four months and as full of urgent passion as any pair of twenty-eight-year-olds could be.

In the bed, Michael scanned the photos stored in his tablet. Waiting for his bride to emerge, he looked back over the pictures that family and friends took at their small wedding, as well as those they had taken by themselves on their honeymoon in Key West.

It had been a courtship of just six months, beginning improbably when a car had failed to stop behind Michael, and pushed him into the small car in front. The three drivers involved got out of their cars to speak with the police officer that had been just forty feet away when the minor accident occurred.

When the driver of the small car he had been pushed into opened the door and got out, Michael found it difficult to concentrate on the apologies being offered by the older man who had run into him and started the chain reaction collision. The police officer was talking to her first, and he could only see her from the back.

That limited view of the innocent victim of the collision was enough to garner his immediate attention. He was drawn by the long red hair that reached well down her back, and the extremely attractive body that was obvious by the short and clinging striped skirt she was wearing, along with a stylish, but snug, tan jacket.

He nodded to the apologetic man, but he was discreetly fixing his gaze on the third driver. She finally turned around, and he felt the sensation of being mesmerized by the young woman he had never before set eyes upon.

He and the stunning redhead exchanged names and phone numbers in case they were needed for insurance purposes. Michael called her two days later, but it was to ask her to meet him for lunch.

He had just ended a casual dating relationship that was going nowhere. She had not had a serious boyfriend in years, having concentrated on education, training and a budding art career as both instructor and artisan. Lucinda knew right away that she had found someone worth changing her plans for. They never looked back after that modest initial date.

Right from the beginning of their brief courtship, they saw each other three or four times per week. They found that they shared a love for wine and pizza, romantic comedy movies and the zoo.

After two months of dating, Michael proposed and Lucinda accepted immediately. That event took place in the afternoon on a sunny Saturday. Michael's uncle was being married in Atlanta, and Michael was eager to show off the beautiful Lucinda to his family and friends.

It had been four years since Lucinda had felt the intimate touch of a man, and Michael had not been deeply involved with a woman for over three years. But that evening at the wedding reception, they seemed to be sharing an edginess, both feeling restless in the company of so many others.

Michael's uncle was in his mid-50s, and most the guests at the reception were older than he and Lucinda. But they were enjoying the music the disc jockey was playing, although most of it was geared toward the older generation.

They had never danced before, and when the opening notes of Van Morrison's "Moondance" filled the large room, Michael stood, took the reluctant Lucinda by the hand and pulled her out onto the dance floor.

In her shimmering, light blue low-cut dress, she was an enchanting vision as she swayed and spun to the music, surprised at her own enjoyment of doing so in front of so many strangers. But the special moment came when the slow, romantic Lettermen ballad “The Way You Look Tonight” drifted across the room before they had returned to their seats.

They looked at each other and smiled, then walked back out on the dance floor and wrapped their arms around each other for the slow dance. As they nuzzled together, they came to an agreement that neither would be able to actually put into words. They left the reception and went to Michael’s condominium, which was just a few miles away.

They made love for the first time that evening, and did so once again in the middle of the night. Although they had already reached the point that neither would have wanted to spend their lives with anyone else, the magic of that night was more than either would have expected.

Their pre-marital lives had little else in common. Michael Harris, Ph.D. in engineering was already earning a substantial salary in a high-pressure, high-skill setting. When his gleaming Jaguar was bumped into the back bumper of the new, but tiny, compact Ford, he met an enchanting woman who was living in an apartment over a noted suburban art gallery. She was making a comfortable living giving lessons and preparing her own breakout portfolio after having continued her education and training, patiently forestalling a grander lifestyle.

Lucinda Harris still gave lessons at the same prestigious gallery, but she now resided in a tony two-story stone house with her husband, and painted in a den she had claimed as her personal studio. The oversized spare bedroom did contain an old four-poster bed that was a Harris family heirloom. That bed had been relegated to be a spare due to the fact that the young couple wanted a king-sized bed for their own. However, it was yet to be used by any visitors, and was usually buried beneath boxes of paints, brushes and other art supplies.

There was also an old, large oak desk in a corner next to the bed. They had purchased it at a garage sale with the intention of refinishing it someday, but in the meantime Lucinda used it for her own business purposes. The combination artist den, spare bedroom and office had become an integral part of their life in their brief time together.

For Lucinda, it was if she had a second studio, one that she could devote to her own personal artistic ambitions. The enthusiasm with which Michael had encouraged her to use the room for that purpose only endeared her more to the man to whom she was about to provide pleasure to, and receive pleasure from.

As soon as she walked through the bathroom door into the bedroom, Michael smiled warmly, then reached over to the bedside stand and turned off the reading lamp. For his part, as entranced and aroused as he was by the vision of his bare and beautiful wife sliding into bed next to him, Michael provided Lucinda with a not at all unpleasant view in his own right.

He was a muscular and athletic man, just barely six feet tall with deep set blue eyes and dark brown hair that fell slightly over his ears and would just reach the collar of his shirt. And while Lucinda told herself that she probably would have fallen in love with this kind, considerate and humorous man in any case, the fact that she found him so doggoned hot in the appearance category was certainly to her liking.

Lucinda had slept with two previous lovers, but she and Michael had not made love until two months before their rather impromptu marriage. But to her delight, Lucinda was to discover that she had fallen for a man who was as fulfilling and ravenous in bed as he was a superb companion and outstanding in his looks and demeanor.

Their lives had been different in very many ways. Michael, in his youth, had been an Eagle Scout, science fair winner and the champion of many spelling competitions. He had been a typical boy in his childhood, but even in adolescence had a sense of self-discipline that had served him well on through college, graduate studies, and as the boy wonder of the robotics firm that employed him.

After having been held back in the first grade so that she could more fully develop her social skills, Lucinda had also gone on to become an excellent student and talented artist in school, but her impetuous manner and sometimes acidic demeanor had too often been her calling card in those younger days. The night she graduated from high school, and walked up to the principal to receive her diploma, he leaned down and whispered to her with a relieved smile that she had been the only valedictorian he had ever paddled.

That was the former Lucinda. She had gone on to develop into a usually mild mannered, very considerate and sensitive young woman. That was who was now crawling under the covers, sliding next to the naked man whose flesh was still warm and slightly damp from the shower. Lucinda felt her own arousal begin to build in anticipation and curiosity of what was to come. When they embraced, and she felt his strong, warm hands caress her flesh, she felt as if she were being carried off into another realm.

Lucinda accepted and relished that she enjoyed being guided when it came to lovemaking. Having her husband initiate most of the action provided her with extra tingles of excitement and anticipation. She had confided to her lifelong best friend Catherine, that while she certainly enjoyed doing the things that her husband found so arousing, she could not deny that she found great pleasure in feeling that she most enjoyed the action in bed when something was being done to her, as if every session with Michael was an experience in finding out what pleasurable fate awaited her. She felt liberated and equal in the marriage and all other matters. But in bed, she wanted to be subjected to Michael's imaginative delights, almost commanded. She never really knew how he was going to begin it and end it. And that was much of the element of excitement for Lucinda.

In their embrace, Michael slowly brought Lucinda to be on top of him, and she giggled as she felt his own arousal seeming to grow firmer by the moment below her. Then he began to nibble and lick at her right ear lobe, and she shuddered and giggled from the wonderful chills those actions always produced. Then, as she had hoped, he reached down and clasped her bottom cheeks and slid her forward a couple of inches.

He then began a slow and tantalizing process of kissing her neck, each kiss and tender bite infinitesimally lower on her throat than the previous one. All the while, his hands were softly stroking her bottom, his fingertips at times softly traveling down the crack between her cheeks, then sliding over to her hips and teasingly reaching slightly beneath her. She had learned that certain actions had special meanings. She knew this was going to be an extensive, and in all likelihood, quite satisfying experience for both of them.

She scooted up slightly more when she felt Michael's mouth beginning to make mischief at the top of her chest. A fraction of an inch at a time, Michael's lips and tongue were working their way down her significant breasts, his hands continuing their provocative work on her equally well-endowed backside. She found stimulation of her nipples and precise attention to her bottom to be great elements of excitement, and as Michael seemed to be intent on providing her with both simultaneously, her own level of arousal began to climb and she shuddered as she felt the sensation of butterflies throughout the middle of her body.

As Michael's skilled fingertips continued their caresses across, between and below her bottom cheeks, Lucinda raised herself up on her elbows as his lips and tongue drew maddeningly close to her now firm and erect nipples. Then, at the exact same moment that his caressing of her

bottom became more probing and intimate, he took her right nipple into his mouth and began subjecting it to the suckling and tickling of his tongue that always drove Lucinda out of her mind. While doing so, while still caressing her bottom with his left hand he brought his right hand up to fondle her left nipple.

He leisurely alternated his actions: always one hand wreaking soft and sensuous havoc on her bottom, the other providing much-needed attention to one nipple while the other was being kissed, tickled and suckled. From the pace of his actions, it was evident to Lucinda that Michael was going to treat her to these simultaneous sensations for as long as necessary.

Lucinda lost track of time when he first took a nipple into his mouth. She did not know if the stimulations had gone on for five minutes or for fifteen. All that mattered to her was that her arousal from having the two most sensitive external parts of her body subjected to such skillful and concurrent attention finally boiled over. She cried out in pleasure, as she pressed down upon her husband while her toes curled and her body spasmed and contracted inside, additional waves of pleasure allowing her to continue to revel in her climax.

Once she had become still, Michael pulled the disheveled and displaced covers back over them to keep her warm as she remained in place on top of him. He continued to softly stroke her as they kissed and exchanged whispered expressions of love to each other.

Michael found it amusing how Lucinda always got so drowsy after having a climax, and would often actually snooze for a few minutes. And when she scooted slightly lower and giggled and wiggled against her husband's obvious evidence of his own arousal, she caressed his forehead and murmured: "Seems that you have a problem I need to fix."

He patted Lucinda on the bottom and nodded. "All in good time. But I don't think we're done with you just yet. I think you need something more."

Lucinda tilted her head mischievously and fluttered her green eyes. "My, my... what more could I have coming?"

Michael drew her closer in another kiss. The kiss was interrupted when she yawned, and both began to laugh. "Mike, I'm so sorry that happens."

He drew her head down to rest on his shoulder, while his hands continued to softly caress her bottom and her back, intermittently playing with her long red hair and curling it around his fingers. "I find that rather cute and sexy for some reason. I guess I like to think that I work you over so well it's more than you can take."

Lucinda snuggled her head against his neck and giggled. “Actually, that’s exactly what happens.”

Michael once again patted her bottom. “Well, when you recover from the effects of my skills, we can play some more, then you can tell me about the painting you’re working on.”

Lucinda slumbered for several minutes, and when Michael heard her soft snores he felt that he was falling even more deeply in love with his wife, if that were possible. He loved it so when she fell asleep on his shoulder, knowing that she felt that safe and protected in his company. At the same time, he was anxious for her to wake, for when she did so she usually came back to consciousness ready for more, and he was anxious to provide her with more, and receive the satisfaction her sexy personality and physical charms never failed to provide to him.

When she finally roused after a few minutes, her eyes fluttered several times and a mischievous smile emerged. They embraced in a long deep kiss, and Lucinda began to press down firmly upon her husband.

Michael maneuvered them onto their sides, and then guided Lucinda onto her back. This was part of the lovemaking between them that Lucinda found so exciting, not knowing what Michael had in store for her next.

He slid on top of her, then lowered his head and began to subject her breasts and nipples to another round of mischief. Once again, Lucinda found herself becoming highly turned on, but that was when Michael slowly and gently reached to her arms, and slid his hands along them until their fingers were intertwined.

He then outstretched her arms, all the while continuing his attention to her nipples while she moaned in response and arousal. Then he raised her hands above her head until they were resting against the headboard, and as she was now being treated to something she had not experienced before, Lucinda began to feel her excitement and anticipation reach another level.

After he had provided sufficient attention to her nipples to cause Lucinda to begin to writhe and squirm beneath him, to her delight, his lips and tongue slowly began to descend from her breasts to her stomach. Understanding what was happening to her next, her excitement was becoming wildly enhanced by the restriction of her movements, and Lucinda began to moan and utter encouraging although unintelligible sounds.

As his mouth continued its descent down her abdomen and arrived at her waist, she felt that she was going to explode in excitement. His hands had, by necessity, slid down to her wrists,

but her arms were now still being held firmly to her sides on the bed, but away from her, immobilized in a way that made her feel vulnerable, helpless, and turned on beyond her imagination.

Finally she felt the warmth of his rapid breath on her vagina, and a second later his tongue was inside her and committing mayhem on her senses. Michael felt her feet come to rest on his lower back, and then press down upon him as he felt her toes begin to curl once again. She nearly went mad in pleasure as his tongue continued its work after she had cried out in her orgasm, bringing even more heightened sensations to each pulsing wave that came in its wake.

Michael could restrain himself no longer, and he moved upward like a predator pouncing on its prey, and entered her. Lucinda giggled upon hearing his grunt of satisfaction as he slid inside her, then began to stroke his back and backside as she began to slowly undulate beneath him, bringing about more grunts and groans of pleasure.

“Hey, big guy. I think you like that.” Still catching her breath and feeling somewhat lightheaded from her extended climax, she treated him to another series of rocking undulations. “I think you need some more of that.” And she provided him with more, much, much more, grasping his buttocks and pressing him to her as if to deepen his frantic downward thrusts meeting her receptive rocking upward to meet them until he emitted a loud guttural growl as he pressed down into her and against her in the culmination of his own passion.

Both had drifted off, intertwined in each other’s arms. Upon waking, Michael carefully unwrapped himself from the slumbering Lucinda, grabbed his robe and went downstairs to the kitchen area in the large stone house. He opened a closet door and clicked on the light so that he could better see the selections they had on hand in their modest wine rack.

He picked out a bottle, and took two glasses from the cupboard over the counter. It was an expensive wine, the kind one sets aside for special occasions. And Michael decided that if what he and his bride had just experienced was not a special occasion, then there was no such thing.

It was not as if they could not afford such vintage wine. In spite of being less than thirty years old, he had for some years earned a substantial salary from his position as a robotics engineer. His decision to stay in school until he had received his Ph.D. was paying off.

In addition, Lucinda was doing well in selling her art, her educational background and reputation allowing her to command hefty fees for the art lessons she gave several days per

week. Now she was on the verge of having her first gallery showing at one of the main art venues in the South, the Manchester Gallery in nearby downtown Atlanta. Although her works were already being sold for good prices at entry-level dealers and art stores, the gallery exhibition would likely be the breakout event she so badly wanted.

As Michael poured the two glasses of wine he would carry back upstairs, he decided that they had much to celebrate. And when he walked into the bedroom, he found his wife awake and waiting for him.

Seeing that he was bringing them wine, she propped pillows up against the large oak headboard, then took a glass from him as they touched them together to celebrate the good time they had just experienced, then each took a sip.

For a moment, they just sat and smiled at each other, reflecting on what had happened on that bed. Then both began to laugh, as they leaned forward and kissed before each took another sip of wine.

Lucinda leaned back and closed her eyes and smiled while shaking her head. “Oh, Mike, I feel... so... laid. That was pretty hot.”

“Cindy, my redheaded hottie.”

Lucinda blew out a deep breath. “Wow. That was so... wow.”

Michael reached over and took her by the hand. “You are so lucky to have such a talented husband.”

Lucinda turned to him and smiled while shaking her head. “Your sexual talent is rivaled by your humble personality.”

Michael laughed and placed his hand on her knee. “Speaking of talent, you haven’t let me see your newest painting yet.”

Lucinda leaned over and kissed him. “Let me go get it right now.” Michael watched in appreciation as the gorgeous redhead slid out from under the covers, put on the robe that had been at the ready at the foot of the bed, and nearly ran to the door and down the stairs in her eagerness to retrieve her latest work.

Her returning footsteps were not nearly as rapid. Michael knew that she used a combination of oil and acrylic paints, and some portions of the panel would not yet have dried. With a wry grin, she reentered the room with the back of the panel toward Michael. Carefully, she lowered herself onto the bed and turned the panel around.

Michael turned on the bedside lamp, and was greeted with an image that surprised him by its sensual theme. The painting was of a fortysomething couple standing in an elegantly landscaped garden. The woman was leaning against the corner of a brick house, her hands on the shoulders of the man who had reached his hands around her waist. He was wearing a sport coat and jeans, and she was in a short black dress, the left shoulder strap having fallen down onto her arm nearly displaying her breast.

Michael looked the painting over and gave out a low whistle. "My goodness. What have you titled it?"

Even in the low light, Michael could see that Lucinda was blushing. "I call it 'Decision'."

Michael laughed. "No question about what she's trying to decide."

Lucinda glanced at him with a look of trepidation. "Do you like it?"

Michael nodded slowly. "I think it's great. It's like I can feel the heat, the emotions." He smiled as he continued to look at the painting. "It makes me want to toss a little black dress on you and go to our backyard and make out in the garden. You know I've always loved your work. But this theme is kind of a departure for you."

Lucinda took a deep breath and squinted her eyes. "I know. I've always enjoyed capturing the characters in moments of emotion... happiness... grief. But I have to ask you. I mean, I know that what each of us does reflects on the other, but I would kind of like to take some of my work even a little further out there. You know, more sensuality... eroticism even."

Michael nodded approvingly. "Well, you certainly have a talent for the erotic." He chuckled. "And not just when you and I are in bed together. This painting is really good. And I think you should go for it. If your work is a little out there, no one's going to give me any grief for it. Nothing you are going to paint is going to complicate my career as an engineer. Who knows, maybe... maybe I can design some sexual robot for you to include in one of your scenes."

Lucinda put her fingers to her lips as she giggled, her face once again turning pink. "If you want to see some sexual machinery, all you have to do is look in the mirror."

Michael bowed in appreciation. "Always at your service, my Cindy."

Lucinda let out a sigh of relief. "I'm warning you, if you're really okay with it, I won't feel as much restraint in my subject matter in the future."

A smile widened on Michael's face. "I don't want you to censor yourself. But now you have me intrigued. Have I been missing your signals of some unspoken desires?"

Lucinda's face turned dark red. "Well, I was thinking that maybe I would make some of the scenes I paint in the future a little more, I don't know, kinky perhaps."

Michael laughed. "You still haven't answered my question. Have I missed some signals? Is there something that you yearn for that you've never expressed to me?"

Lucinda chuckled nervously. "Perhaps I'm just beginning to realize that I'm not as demure as I've always wanted to consider myself to be. I think I need to let go in my paintings, and maybe that will stir something in me."

Michael nodded his head up and down slowly. "This is starting to sound good. I volunteer right now to be your test subject."

Lucinda leaned forward and kissed him. "You already are. And after what you did to me tonight..."

Michael laughed. "You'll need to be more specific. I recall doing a lot of things to you tonight."

Lucinda giggled. "Yes, you did. But what really got to me..."

Michael motioned with his hands for her to continue. "Go on."

Lucinda sighed and squeezed her eyes shut as she began to speak. "Well, um, I um, I just about went out of my mind when you were holding my hands over my head and doing all of those ornery and wonderful things to me. I guess I liked the restraint. It just... yikes. I don't know how else to say it. It was so kinky, so hot."

Michael laughed softly. "Cindy, you know how much I love you. I certainly don't mind doing some, I guess you call it S&M, bondage. All you have to do is let me know what you want to try."

Lucinda kissed him again, then took a healthy sip of her wine. "Well, I guess that there are just some things I'm still a little shy about talking about, even to you. I know that makes no sense, being that we're married. But there are things I've always been curious about."

Michael reached over to massage her shoulder. "I don't want you to ever be hesitant to bring up anything you would like for us to do. I mean, anything you want to try. If you liked that tonight, maybe we can try using something to tie your wrists to the bed. Then I can really go to work on you. And there won't be one single thing you'll be able to do about it."

Lucinda began to giggle again. “That does sound good.”