

The Picture of Daria - Part 2

By TheSpiralledEye

Charlie is an artist in a slump; when he is suddenly inspired to draw a beautiful woman from his dreams he finds himself slowly transforming into her.

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I did the only thing I could think of. I painted more portraits. Myself as an Adonis like man, myself as I used to be, myself as various different races and ethnicities; all male. In the vain hopes that perhaps whatever magic seemed to be afoot would strike twice and I would start changing into one of them instead.

It didn't work and all I managed to accomplish was spilling what little paint I had left all over my budding chest while I tried to get used to it. How did women get anything done? Perhaps it was just because I wasn't used to them, or perhaps I had simply painted them too big but my new tits were seriously getting...well, on my tits.

They were in the way when I looked down, in the way when I was reaching up and every time I tried to lay down to rest I would roll over, squash them and wake up. Putting on my tightest shirt in an effort to stem their growth had also resulted in my chest being even more sore and my favourite shirt being stretched beyond recognition.

I was now more feminine than masculine; my body had taken on a fuller, hourglass shape. Not that stick thin, fake titted kind that runway models had but the neutral figure, with full hips and a round ass to boot. My legs had lost their hair, as had my face and no matter how many times I ran my now soft fingers over the skin there I couldn't get used to the smoothness. I was used to stubble and rough pores, now I looked and felt like those models in skin care ads that had been airbrushed to perfection.

I started to get distracted; my paintings were unable to hold my attention as I caught glimpses of my own reflection in the glass of my studio. The fact that they reflected anything at all was a miracle and for the first time in months I felt compelled to clean. I polished the glass, swept up the dust and organised everything until the place actually resembled a proper studio again and most importantly; I could see my reflection clearly in the windows and didn't feel the need to keep going to the bathroom to check for more changes.

After a while though, it stopped being about looking for new things that had changed and started to be about vanity. My portrait was truly beautiful, or had been at least now / was the beautiful one. I'd never been beautiful before it was...novel.

And as I became the beautiful woman from my masterpiece the masterpiece in turn became my old self. A shabby, tired looking man with blue circles around his eyes and a wistful expression on his face. One that showed he'd been a man with dreams once, dreams and hopes that had long since been abandoned. It was sorrowful and tragic; simply put it was *art*. At first I had been worried that with the changed painting Clive would cancel my show but I wasn't concerned about that anymore; this picture was different but no less a masterpiece.

Maybe it was strange to be so calm but at this point what else could I do but accept what was happening? Still, that didn't mean I necessarily liked it. After three days alone I was beginning to notice the smell of my own skin. I had to shower, but the idea of stripping off and seeing the true extent of the changes was...daunting to say the least. But I couldn't stay this way, something about this beautiful body not being clean and luscious felt wrong.

So I turned the taps on my dinky little shower with barely any water pressure and slowly stripped off while waiting for the water to heat. Removing my stretched shirt was easy, the fabric was barely holding on; with a sigh I tossed it on the floor and looked down to fully behold my new chest.

My breasts were full, teardrop shaped with rosy pink nipples. Like my figure they were full without looking fake and one had a small black beauty spot on the right side that I hadn't noticed before. Had I painted that? I hadn't even noticed. The tiny black spot was pretty in a way, it's position meant that it would display on my cleavage and draw the eye even more.

I blushed at the thought; not that I was planning on showing off my cleavage. Doing that would be stupid. Obviously. Slowly I shimmied out of my boxers, sighing once more at the stretched state of my boxers. I knew my hips had been thin before but I'd never realised just how thin. They were anything but now.

Still, there was one familiar thing left; my cock and balls were still there looking distinctly odd between my now feminine thighs. It looked almost like a bad photoshop job; this body was so obviously female and yet there was the proof I was not. I felt an odd sense of relief at the familiarity and irritation that the perfect body had been spoiled by its presence.

Steam filled the room and tinged my pale skin a light pink as I stepped under the spray and sighed in relief, feeling the water slowly flow down my curves, sneaking into nooks and crannies I didn't even know a body could possess. I could feel the stream running down my spine and between my ass cheeks and I shivered. It felt oddly sensual, as did the water soaking into my now long and silky hair. I could feel the hair slowly becoming heavier as it clung to my shoulders and back, each time I ran my fingers through the locks the strands would stroke along my shoulders and chest almost like a lover's fingers. Now I was turning pink for entirely different reasons.

My cock twitched and I realised it had been weeks since I got myself off and an embarrassingly long time since anybody had done it for me. I hummed in relaxation as I arched my back, letting the water cascade down my front and swirl over my nipples, turning them hard despite the heat. I expected my cock to follow suit but instead something altogether different happened.

There was another twitch followed by what I could only describe as a suction deep inside me. The force of it had me doubled over, hand on my crotch just in time to feel it changing. My eyes bulged in shock but I didn't dare look down, instead focusing on the grey shower tile in front of my face and the strange sensation under my palm.

I could feel my cock shrinking; sliding up inside my body leaving nothing but a hole behind and an aching emptiness. A second later a different kind of wetness bloomed beneath my fingers and a wave of sensation washed over me as the area seemed to double in sensitivity.

My mouth was the only part of me that was dry. I don't know why I was surprised; the rest of my body changed. Why not the bit between my legs? I continued to stare at the bathroom tile, bracing myself with one hand so that my back caught the shower spray and my other hand was free to explore. I shuddered as my soft fingers parted my new folds. It was a whole new realm of feeling; so sensitive and smooth, once I'd started there was no stopping that was for sure.

Before I knew it my finger was circling my new clit and my whole body was shivering, threatening to slip over entirely with the force and intensity of the orgasm. A soft, mellow moan escaped my throat and it sent tingles across my skin; not even my voice sounded like me anymore.

The shower had gone cold but my body was practically steaming as I stepped out to towel off. Taking special care to dry all the new nooks and crannies I'd acquired. The entire time staying silent until I approached the mirror and took a deep breath before wiping away the steam. I was fully transformed; now entirely the sophisticated, beautiful woman from the painting.

"Hello." I whispered, "nice to meet you."

My voice sounded almost transatlantic; there was a lilt of something foreign yet unidentifiable there. It made me sound mysterious and worldly; I liked it. I posed before the mirror; examining my naked body from every angle. I probably should have been more concerned with how and why this had happened but I was too busy being fascinated.

I'd never been the biggest alpha male, yes I felt a little robbed but this body was undoubtedly an improvement, it felt odd to complain about it. I returned to the studio and

looked at the portrait once more; now my shabby old, tired self. It was evocative, especially juxtaposed against my new self.

Now the only question was; how to explain it? How to explain myself? I grabbed my phone and sat naked in the middle of the studio floor and spent an hour painting a new work while trying to draft an email to Clive. Best to start with him; at least I had the good fortune of being estranged from my family and being a lonely bugger with no friends meant I didn't have a huge list of people to try and explain this too.

As I painted an idea formed; it was insane but what about this situation wasn't? I took out my ID, a faded old drivers licence that had long since lapsed and slowly began to sketch out a copy on a small practice canvas. I took my brush to it, creating an artistic rendering, complete with a miniature picture of my new face in place of my old one. Carefully, I filled out all the information with a tiny, fine tipped brush only pausing when I got to the name.

I couldn't very well stay 'Charlie', sure it was a girl's name as well but something about it didn't sit right. This face needed a new name, a whole new start; something sophisticated or maybe a little obscure. Without thinking I signed it 'Daria Mulner' and sat back to admire my work.

I watched the tiny canvas like a hawk for almost an hour, waiting for any sign of change. I was just starting to feel stupid when I noticed some of the paint bleeding, no, not bleeding, *moving*. The name changed to Charlie, the picture to my old self and with shaking hands I held the old licence in my palm and watched as it changed to my rendering.

Without any hesitation I logged into Facebook, Instagram and all of my other social media. I found my name and profile picture changed, all comments and past interactions changed to 'her' and 'she'. I had painted a new identity into existence; I felt like a God. What else could I create with this power I had somehow acquired?

I picked up a new canvas and began painting my studio, not the one I owned but the one I had always dreamed of. I added a bedroom, a proper kitchen and turned it into a loft. I painted expensive paints and supplies I could never afford, making sure to take the time to get the logos on the bottles exactly right. I painted clear, beautiful windows showing the Parisian skyline and shining floors. In the corner I showed off a closet filled with designer clothing I found on pinterest that I thought would suit my new body and a small box glinting with earrings and necklaces.

By the time I was finished my still naked body was smeared with paint and I giggled; I would need another shower now. I got up and started to head for the bathroom when the world around me began to warp and change; the walls turned to smears of colour as the world rewrote itself around me. The visual would be terrifying if I didn't know what was coming.

By the time I reached the bathroom the grey tiles were no more, replaced with brilliant white and golden faucets. There was a bathtub under the spray and I smiled, laying myself down and stretching out beneath the instantly hot water as I turned on the shower head. I let the water wash away the smears of paint, tinting the bottom of the porcelain tub rainbow.

I was vibrating with power; I didn't even care that I had been changed into a woman. This was a new chance at a new life; a life as Daria. And I intended to make the most of it.