Call Me Picasso

by SapphireLotus11

Summary

Tonight was not just any other Friday night in August.

Notes

So this was originally for SasuHina month 2018 and I'm bringing it over here for your viewing pleasure.
This is nsfw so keep that in mind.

Hinata had been dating Sasuke Uchiha for a good 2 years now, so it was safe to assume she knew a great deal about him:

She knew his strengths and his weaknesses. His joys and his fears. What things made smile and what pissed him off. She knew he was a sucker for a good tomato dish. Not to mention, that he was a foster mother to shelter cats who couldn't or are not yet ready for a home. Oh yes, she knew.

However, tonight on a Friday night in August. There were a few things about Sasuke Uchiha, that Hinata did not know.

For starters, she did not know that he was a painter.

He called their usual make-out session to a pause, said he wanted to "Show you something brand
new." She was fine with that, they were well versed in experimentation while love-making. It was all trial-and-error after all. So while he left, Hinata's mind couldn't help but wonder about what exactly he was going to get:

Could it be a collar or some kind of toy a sub would have? Oh god she hoped that wasn't the case, it would mean Sakura and Ino won the bet that Sasuke was into BDSM.

If not that what could it be? A new type of massaging oil? Or a vibrator that glowed in the dark? It seemed very far fetched but, maybe it was one of those sex games for couples to play…

Sasuke can be such a puzzle sometimes, but he returned with the answers to her burning question. Not with a toy or sexual board game, but with 4 vials of paint.

Paint.

"Uchiha Sasuke, you have stumped me once again…"

He didn't do much talking, all that he asked of her was strip naked and lay on the bed. Instead of providing a simple answer, he only rewarded her with more curiosities. The neck-and-neck between them, she particularly enjoyed about their relationship. She did as he wanted either way. He cut on the black and red lava lamp on the nightstand so there could be some light in the room, and went to work.

Hinata knew he used the lava lamp on purpose to distort the colors. But that only made it more fun to try and guess what colors he brought for the occasion. The first of his palette was the darkest of all 4, so it was easy to assume the color was black. He dipped the brush and paved her her stomach with light detailed strokes. She could help but flinch at first, it was cold. Hinata was both confused and mesmerized by what he was doing to her body. He was quite literally, painting on her. She could feel every brittle of the soft brush he was using against her skin, it almost felt relaxing.

Once her stomach was now decorated, both horizontal and vertical strokes on her body... It was on to the next color. This one was a little harder to pinpoint, but the two best guesses were either a dark blue or purple. For all she knew it could have been a combination of the two, but that was only for the new artistic Uchiha to know. He took the second color and lined her torso with swirls and curved lines. It was truly a wonder to watch him at work, he treated her body like it was the most delicate canvas in the world:

No swivel was crooked, no curve was out of place. Hinata felt the goosebumps appear as he started to pain on her breast. They were very delighted by his craft, and he showed them a lovely service. Moaning felt like an embarrassment, but she had to let at least 3 escape. What else should a girl do, when her boyfriend is painting her stiff nipple and dotting her areolas with paint? And she did know that he was a tease…

After he finished with her chests, he painted her shoulder blades and collar bone. This was the halfway point, and the third color had to be red. It was one of his favorite colors after all. He always had a different shade of it in his wardrobe somewhere. He used the red paint to fill in any "gaps" he left on purpose. If a horizontal line went north, he counted it by painting the same line but now going south. One spiral went clockwise, the other was now going counterclockwise.

Who knew Sasuke- of all people cared and practiced art? She figured by the tattoos he had, that it was something he wanted for himself.

It almost felt scary to move, for fear of ruining his work. By this point she wanted to see his finished product for herself. He was moving on the last of the vials of paint, this one had glitter in it.
"You're just full of surprises tonight aren't you."

Sasuke finalized his work, washing the glittery paint on her hips and her thighs. If Hinata was not moaning before, she was moaning now. He went painstakingly slow with his strokes;

**Back and forth.**

**Back and forth.**

He did not waste a single drop of that paint. He coated and then re-coated her lower body. Making sure her thighs, and hips were treated with his utmost care. Hinata was now **fully aware** of Sasuke's preferred body part.

"Finished."

Hinata blinked a couple of times to make sure she heard him. He said he was finished painting, but there was a lingering feeling of something more. The first clue to tip her off was the obvious. He was starting to undress. Did he want her to try and paint on him now? Oh that would be just like him too! He did such a magnificent job and now he's taunting her with his talent by making her try to do the same! He was such a bully.

The hidden painter tackled Hinata back onto the bed with one of his sloppy kisses. He smeared the colors from her body to his as he pulled her close to embrace her. Now she was caught dueling tongues as the paint and glitter meshed onto her boyfriend.

"S-Sasuke…" She pleaded "What about your art?" She whined.

A grunt followed by a bite on the neck came from the Uchiha. "**You-** are my art."

**Well, So much for her original idea…**

Now she was caught dueling tongues as the paint and glitter meshed onto her boyfriend. Hinata was to the moon with that comment. To think: this, was the same Uchiha Sasuke she had been dating for 2 years now. At that same time, Sasuke had her womanhood clenching around his erection. He also had her thighs firmly in his hands, and his attention fully on her.

**He was feeling very good tonight.**

He took the same level of ease and care he had while painting to his thrusts as he moved with her.

**Back and forth...**

**Back and forth...**

For someone who was impatient, Sasuke was exhibiting patience like a saint.

It was a win-win in Hinata's favor, she got to watch and savor this moment down to its' last drop. Pulling him down to her level, she let their bodies smear and slather the paint with every thrust. It almost felt like they were painting a new picture together. Their bodies were the canvas, and sex was the muse. Missionary was only one of four positions they used that night. The Aquarius, The Lotus, and The Eagle were all used in tandem with one another.

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It was actually Saturday at 4am when Hinata checked her phone. By the disheveled states of both Sasuke and herself, they both had a good night. The only side effect from it all, was that now they're
covered in paint and glitter. The sheets weren't clean after all that they've been through in the slightest either.

"You liked it?" Asked a familiar but now filled with bass voice.

Hinata nodded. "I did, I learned so many new things about you too."

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