

PETE IS MY LIVING ART. I've drawn every one of his twenty-six

tattoos. We started with the green and grey gargoyle on his arm and have progressed naturally from there. I used to create the stencil for our tattooist, Manny, but now I draw freehand on Pete's body. I can follow the curves of his muscles and make everything fit together like the organic puzzle it is.

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Today, I draw the body for Pete's newest tattoo. His thick forearm holds the massive dragon well. Skulls for feet. Five heads. Each head holds a wet, slithering tongue. I get it ready for Manny to do his best with the details of the scales and color. Blues, greens, and purples. My permanent ink ghost-drawing will show him the way.

"When you gonna make up your mind on those wings?" Pete asks.

"Be patient. This is going to be permanent. It has to be perfect." I look at Pete's rough exterior. The tattoos are only part of the effect.

Pete shaves his head. I love how it shows off his perfect skull. I want to draw on that smooth surface, but we haven't decided on art that we can tolerate possibly being covered with hair. He's stocky and solid and beautiful to me. His beauty is in the fearless gaze and intimidating presence. In our tame, quiet community, he can be a frightening figure.

I was terrified of him when he would come into the pub where I tended bar. I would stand behind the bar and watch him down his whiskey and water. One day he caught me staring.

"Boo!"

I about came out of my skin.

“Come on down here and talk to me. I don’t bite.”

That last part was a lie.

We talked every day for a week. Then we fucked every night for a month. Then he moved in. That’s when he saw my art. That’s when I started drawing on him.

Now, I put the last touch on the dragon’s whipping tail and lean back for inspection. Perfect.

I pull Pete’s sleeve over the art and lean in for a kiss. He sucks my bottom lip between his teeth and bites. If timing weren’t everything...
“Let’s go see Manny.”

I twist my long hair into a knot and wrap a bandanna around it. We climb onto our bike and take off across town toward the shit building that houses the best body artist in town. Manny works alone and allows us our idiosyncrasies.

“Sarah. You did a good job. Maybe you should put the first lines in,”
Manny tells me.

“You trust me, baby?”

“All day long,” Pete says. “Have at it.”

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Manny hands me the gun. It’s made for his hand, but its weight excites me. It has that natural heft of a cock filling with blood. I hold it in my hand long enough to feel its heaviness. Then, after a moment, I realize it’s the tool that will do the job. “Pull the skin taut and follow the line. Press smooth and easy.”

I look to Pete, smile, and then dip my head to my work.

The buzz runs through me as I break my lover's skin. The ink and blood pool in little droplets. I run the three-inch stretch of the dragon's thick leg, wipe the fluids, and am done. Manny takes over with swift efficiency.

His artistic talent takes my sketch from theory to reality. The scales and shades make the dragon become real.

I am jealous of Manny. His work inside my lover's skin. Only a touch of mine there. It is my design, but his ink.

I pout as I make my way to the light board. I start sketching and decide I will create a design for my own body that Pete can, with patience and pain, do for me. I pick up a pencil and put it to tracing paper. I start with the great circle and the slit. The lips are in black tribal art around it. A perfect circle of cunt entirely in black to be put on flesh.

But where will it hurt the most? Mean the most? I know immediately.

I watch the men as the dragon takes shape. It will be hours before it will be done. It will give me too much time to plan my own alteration. I need a distraction.

I drop to my knees and crawl across the floor to Pete. Manny's back is to me, but Pete sees my intentions. I loosen the tie in my hair and let it fall to the ground. At a pause in the tattooing, Pete shifts his arm, making room for me. Manny gives a low chuckle.

I wriggle my head into my lover's lap. My home, with the smells of his crotch permeating the rough jeans. I pull at the buttons of his fly. He doesn't wear anything beneath and I see his cock-head with the first button. I know he's hard from the tattooing, but I want to make it mine.

At the last button, his cock springs free for me. I rub my face where his sac meets his cock and breathe deeply. He's sweaty from the day and the bike ride, and it's delicious.

I take his head in my mouth and suck down the rest of his length into my throat. Pete groans but holds still for Manny. Pete would never admit to the pain that comes with tats, but I'm here to alleviate it, just in case.

I stroke my mouth up his length, and he travels from between my lips. I grasp his base and plunge his cock back into my mouth. I work it with my tongue and over-salivated mouth until I know he's ready to blow. I quickly pull him out and stroke him hard until he comes on my face, tattooing patterns across my lips and cheeks.

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I make my way to Manny's bathroom and clean up. I look at myself in the mirror and wonder if I'm bizarre enough for Pete. I have long, red- and blonde-streaked hair, but it's the extent of my outward oddities. I've yet to be tattooed and only have my belly-button pierced. But the last two years and his devotion have proven I'm what he wants. I just need to get it into my head.

Back in the room, I look at the art I designed for myself, and I'm pleased. I have a plan.

I PUSH MY BOTTOM back against Pete's hard cock. He spits on my opening and presses a finger into me. I know what he's doing as he starts to guide his cock into my ass. The bright new inks of the dragon contrast nicely with the pale, unmarked skin of my backside. He's taking it in.

With a nudge, I feel him prepare my body for the long push that comes next. There is no longer pain with the penetration, just a stretched feeling of fullness. My eyes flutter shut and I relish in his deep strokes that cause my clit to pulse and throb. Pete knows how to make me come

with him and reaches under me to abuse my hard knob. His new art is wrapped around my core.

On my hands and knees, I'm at his mercy. At the mercy of how hard and deep he will pound into me and when he'll bring me to orgasm. This time he works me into a frenzy of need, and I howl as he releases my first come. I press my eyes closed tighter and see the colors swirling around us. They've taken flight from his body and fill the room. The blues are the brightest and settle between my legs as Pete rubs me to an orgasm to match his own. He pushes deep into me and comes in spurts I imagine are orange and purple.

As we separate, the colors fade and return to his torso and back, his thighs and arms. But the orange and purple are mine for now.

We breathe deeply and let the cool of the room dry our sweat. I roll over and begin tracing the intricate designs on Pete's chest.

"I think I'm going to get something to fill in this spot on my ribs," Pete tells me.

"No. It's my turn."

"Your turn for what, babe?"

"I'm going to get a tattoo." And before he can react, I say, "I've designed it and I want you to help put it on me."

Pete cocks his head and squints his eyes, trying to picture it. "Where?"

"On my foot. My right foot."

"That's gonna hurt like hell, you know."

I slide closer to him and give him my best "Com'on, baby" look.

“Yeah. But you will be there to help me through it.” I slide closer to him and give him my best “Com’on, baby” look. “Besides, I want you to do a bit of it. Just like I did a bit of your dragon.”

“You want me to tattoo you?”

“If you want to get your ribs done, I do.”

“Deal.”

INSTEAD OF BEING propped up in the tattoo chair, I’m lying back on Manny’s old, red sofa. He’s already transferred the stencil to my foot. The blue ink excites me. Soon it will be replaced by the black permanent ink.

The design has a line on each side that Pete, with a steady hand, can do. I watch him with Manny as the tattooist shows him how to make the gun work. This could go horribly wrong, but I choose not to think about it. I purposely picked lines that Manny could later doctor, if need be.

Instead, my head swirls with the thought of Pete piercing my skin with the needle. My pussy clenches. I lick my lips and start to fidget as the men come towards me.

“This is going to sting,” says Manny. He winks.

Both men kneel by my foot. Manny gives Pete a few last minute pointers and sets him loose.

Pete grasps my heel in his hand and focuses. The buzz creates a tremor in me far different from when I was on the other side of the gun.

The needle makes contact, penetrates, and Pete coaxes it along the line. Slowly. It certainly does sting. *Fuck*. It bloody freaking hurts.

He finishes the line and Manny prepares to take over. Pete comes up to sit behind me on the sofa. I lean back between his spread legs and feel his erection press into my back.

“Like that, did you?” I ask. Instead of answering he pulls my hair aside and bites my neck several times. I close my eyes to the sensation and am jerked back by Manny making contact with the needle.

I want to yank my foot away and scream that I’ve changed my mind about the same time Pete slides his hand in the side of my halter top and pinches my nipple. He massages my breast as he goes back to biting the back of my neck.

I am caught between pain and pleasure and find myself giving in to the pleasure to erase the pain. “Hold up, Manny,” I say and press my backside harder against Pete’s hard-on. “Ok, go on.”

The needle cuts through my skin and seems to suffer the same areas over and over again.

The needle cuts through my skin and seems to suffer the same areas over and over again. Pete begins to slowly move his hips against my ass as he torments my nipple. My breathing becomes labored just as Manny says, “All done.”

I look at my foot. It’s red and angry and beautifully tattooed.

“Bud, can we have some privacy?” Pete asks Manny.

“Hell, sure. I need to get some coffee anyway.”

Pete slips out from behind me and kneels by my feet. “It’s hot, babe. Really nice.” He kisses around the irritated area and begins kissing up my leg. “Spread your legs.”

I do as I'm told and Pete sets my tortured foot aside and slips between my legs. "You did great." He runs his hands up my legs and lifts my gypsy skirt to reveal my uncovered pussy.

I lie back on the battered sofa and contemplate the irritation in my foot versus the growing heat in my cunt. As Pete's mouth makes contact with the skin of my thigh, I decide it was well worth it. He licks and sucks his way to my nest of curls, uses two fingers to separate me, and buries his mouth.

That is all I need. The pain forgotten. The pleasure, the only thing.

I reach down and pull Pete's shirt off over his head. I need to see the colors. Ignoring the minor disruption, he goes back to his work.

A suck and a flick later and my back arches and I'm clawing at the ragged material of the sofa. Pete works circles around my clit. The colors start to spread behind my eyes. My own orange and purple leaks out onto his tongue. He works a deep come from inside me, and it sits me straight up. I reach for his belt and fumble.

My potent lover takes the clue and works his pants down around his thighs. His cock is purplish too with a red head, aiming for my orange and purple.

Pete thrusts into me, hard. I wrap my legs around his ribs—the ribs that need color next. I look into his fierce face and give in to his desperate pumping as his dragon arm pulls my hips into him.

"Oh, God." He hits my G-spot repetitively and I know I'll come with him.

We come together in washes of orange and purple.

I press my eyes closed even tighter and the colors come again. A swatch of red wraps around us and the brightest blue shows itself again. We come together in washes of orange and purple.

And this time ... a touch of black swims through.

END