

As Jason reached for the check, I saw the edge of his sleeve peek out from his rolled-up cuffs. The bright colors of the ink caught my eye and I felt my pussy clench at the sight. There's nothing sexier to me than a well-done work of body art, and Jason was a pretty attractive canvas.

On our first date he'd shown me his arms—each covered in a three-quarter sleeve that stopped just past his elbow—and told me that there were other tattoos, too, but I'd have to wait to see them. "They're hidden," he said, and I smiled. I didn't tell him that night that I had tattoos of my own, also hidden. He'd just have to wait and find out for himself.

I've always been drawn to inked men, and started getting my own tattoos when I was 21. But while I appreciate the artistry, I don't like to show off. Every tattoo I have can be hidden under my normal clothing, and it isn't until I know someone well that I show them my ink. Maybe it's because my mother used to call my best friend Sideshow Barbie because of her abundance of body art, or maybe it's due to the fact that a date once called tattooed girls "major sluts," but I like to keep my own ink to myself. There's also something extremely personal about each of my works, and I don't always want to share. So until my date gets me naked, I look like your average girl next door. Even Jason, the self-proclaimed tattoo fetishist, had no idea what lay beneath my black cardigan.

By date three I was ready to show him, but he was too well-mannered to expect anything. While his tattoos screamed of his rebellious nature, his behavior was anything but. He held doors, pulled out chairs, picked up the tab, said "please" and "thank you," and even called when he said he would. He wasn't the type to rush things, and firmly

believed in old-fashioned courting. Just my luck. So by date five, I was dying to find his hidden tattoos—and to show him mine.

He paid the bill—and left a generous tip—and then walked me to his car to take me home. But I decided to take matters into my own hands, and when he reached around me to open my door, I pushed him up against the side of the car and attacked his mouth with my own.

The drive to my house went by in a flash, and I honestly don't remember the ride. Maybe he sped all the way there, or maybe it just felt that way, but one minute I was sliding into the cramped seat of the small black coupe and in what felt like seconds his hand was reaching into the open door to pull me back out. For the first time, I got the key into the lock and swung the door wide without fumbling, and the stairs to my second-floor apartment went by in a flash. We weren't running; Jason was politely taking his time, looking around and saying ridiculously mundane things about my decorating. Then he turned back to me, standing in the doorway to the living room, pushed me back against the doorframe, and started to ravage me. He took control of this kiss the way I had our earlier lip-lock against his car, and I moaned into his mouth, loving his sudden show of sexual aggression.

Hands and lips wandered as we kissed, and I waited for the inevitable clothing removal. It took longer than expected—such a gentleman, he was—but eventually fingers were under my cardigan, my skin tingling with the first gentle touches.

Jason pushed my sweater off my shoulders, leaving me in only a tank top—and baring my arms for the first time. He didn't notice my tattoos at first, my three-quarter sleeves hard to make out in the dim light. It wasn't until he moved to kiss the now-bare

skin at the base of my neck that he caught sight of the ink inching up my shoulder. He stilled, his lips pausing only millimeters above my skin, his warm breath tickling me. He lifted the hand that was gripping my forearm and lightly trailed his fingertips along the designs decorating my flesh.

“Beautiful,” he mumbled, his lips brushing my shoulder. “Absolutely beautiful.”

No one had ever reacted so positively. Men had shown interest, fascination, distaste, indifference. But Jason showed, well, it was almost reverence. He kissed my shoulder, where the ink was artfully faded, his lips burning me and sending flames down my arm all the way through to my fingertips. He kissed down my arm, following the path the flames had burned, and then back up. His mouth crossed my clavicle and moved down my other arm, covering the drawn-on lines with his lips and making me shiver in anticipation. If a few simple kisses on my arms could set me on fire, I couldn't begin to imagine what the rest of the night would bring.

When he reached my shoulder again, his lips lingering for a moment on the faded ink, I felt his fingers tug at the hem of my shirt. I raised my arms and let him pull the shirt up over my head. He tossed the shirt aside, then leaned in and recaptured my lips with his own. His kiss was full of passion, stronger than anything I'd felt from him previously. I had a sneaking suspicion that our shared appreciation of the arts was the cause, and that only made it hotter for me. My fingers danced up his chest until they reached the knot in his tie—so formal, so old-fashioned—and worked it loose, breaking our kiss long enough to pull the silk loop over his head and add it to the small but growing pile of clothing on the floor. Next my fingers found the buttons on his shirt and started to work the small white plastic rounds through their holes. Two inches of material parted as the first button

came undone, then two more, and again and again as I moved down his chest. I parted the material and pushed it off his shoulders, finally revealing his own sleeves in their entirety, and copied his earlier actions, tracing his artwork with my lips.

I was on fire, and each time I made contact with his flesh, I felt my body flush and my pussy clench. I wanted him, needed him, but there was still more I wanted to share before we crossed that line. I pushed him back and turned him around, moving forward and guiding him to my bedroom from behind. He tried to turn back, to follow, but I wouldn't allow it. I wasn't ready to be so bare in front of him.

In the bedroom, I took charge, and Jason let me. I pushed him down on the bed and leaned over him to unbuckle his belt and get him out of his jeans. I pushed my fingers into the waistband and gripped the elastic of his underwear, pulling his boxer briefs down with his jeans. I crouched low on as I slid his pants off his legs, stopping at his knees when I realized I had yet to take off his shoes and socks. Those items discarded, I continued removing Jason's pants, revealing still more ink.

The more I saw, the more I wanted to show him what I was hiding. Instead I traced the dragon along his calf, his muscles tensing momentarily under my soft touch. He moaned, almost inaudibly, when I brushed my fingertips along the dragon's scales, and I knew the time was right. I pulled away from Jason's body, stood tall, and waited for him to look up at me. When his hazy, hooded eyes met mine, I turned around so my back was to him. I tried to silence my brain as I unzipped my pants and pushed them down, my underwear following after, but I heard his gasp, and the creak of the bedsprings as he sat up to get a closer look.

The wings tattooed on my back are almost always hidden. There's no telling what people will think when they see a grown woman with giant angel wings covering her back, and the comments are rarely positive. So I keep them covered, hiding them from people even after showing them my sleeves, because while I love my ink, I don't have the patience to defend my body art all the time. Showing them off to new people, especially new lovers, always makes me feel vulnerable, naked. Even when I'm clothed. Because in addition to the when and how and did it hurt questions, everyone wants to know why, and I don't necessarily want to tell that story every time I take off my clothes.

But Jason didn't ask. He reached, he touched, he traced, but he didn't speak. His fingertips were feather-light against my skin; they sent chills through my body—and a wave of heat straight to my pussy. I was readying myself to turn around and face him when his strong arms wrapped around me and twisted my body toward him.

He pulled me in and kissed me, his palms flattening against my back, covering the sketched joints of my wings. It was a simple move, but it conveyed so much to me, and I melted into his arms. I was ready for the next step.

My lips fought his for control of the kiss, but only momentarily; he was in charge. He pulled me in closer and laid back, letting me fall on top of him. I could feel his cock pressing against me, and I shifted closer. While I tried to move so our bodies were tighter together, Jason's hands never stopped running up and down my back, over the wings. His touch made me wet, and I needed him. I needed him to make love to me, to ravage me, to fuck me.

I pushed myself up and properly straddled him, my legs moving to either side of his and my pussy coming to rest directly over his hard cock. From my vantage point, I

could see the vivid colors of his tattoos, even in the dim light, and I felt more at ease than I ever had in bed. Jason's hands pushing firmly against my inked feathers, I guided his cock into me as I sank down onto him.

He filled me completely, or at least it felt that way, as our bodies joined perfectly like matched pieces from a jigsaw puzzle. I sighed as I sank down further, to the hilt, my thighs pressing against him, into him, making his flesh and mine indistinguishable from where I sat. I waited, relishing the fullness and the continuous touch of his fingers on my back. Soon, though, his fingertips were burning my skin, and I couldn't sit still. I had to start moving. I shifted up and down, back and forth, slowly riding him. As I got more and more comfortable, my pace picked up, so I was riding him faster and faster. Jason's fingers never stopped caressing my tattoos, his hands moving with the same speed and force as our thrusting bodies, and I'm still not sure if my first climax was due to our sweaty, skin-slapping endeavors or the unbelievably sensuous feeling of his fingertips tracing the inky lines painted over my body.

The release was earth-shattering, but it didn't stop there. The sensations only inflamed me further, made me crave even more. I kept moving, and now Jason moved with me, his hips thrusting upward to meet mine, his hands, so gentle before, wrapping around my waist to pull me down to him. I was on fire, and I couldn't stop from taking things further, faster, moving at a fever pitch. I closed my eyes, threw my head back, and just moved. I didn't think about what I was doing or how it looked, how I looked, I just moved.

I could feel myself getting closer again, verging on a second climax, and I strove harder to reach it. I wanted it, needed it. But Jason stopped me short.

“Turn around,” he commanded, his hands holding me firmly in place when I tried to thrust.

So lost in the moment, I didn't hear him at first. He repeated himself. “Turn around.” And he started to push at my hips, moving me the way he wanted me.

I didn't understand, but I moved. One leg swung over him, then the other, and then I settled into place again, once more guiding his cock into me. I'd barely gotten into place when Jason started moving inside me. I had to lean forward and grab onto his legs to hold myself steady, but once I had a sense of stability, I began to move with him. And then his hands moved. He gripped my shoulders and stroked his hands up and down my arms, from the faded tops of my sleeves to the vibrant edges halfway down my forearms. As his caresses quickened, so did my thrusts, and I started riding him faster and faster. When his fingers returned to my back, to the outlined layers of feathers, the touch that had set me off initially caused our fucking to become absolutely frenzied.

I couldn't control myself. Jason's hands on my skin, his soft fingertips brushing over my most cherished artwork, set me off again. I'd never felt more vulnerable or more secure with anyone, and I let go completely. My body quaked, and I could feel my climax in every part of me, from the roots of my hair to the tips of my toes. There wasn't a part of me that wasn't on fire. And when I felt Jason's body trembling beneath me, and then felt him coming, one final aftershock went through me, and I shuddered one last time.

Jason's fingers stilled where they were, splayed across my back, and we rested like that a moment, his hands on my wings and one of my hands holding tight to the dragon on his leg, as we caught our breath. When I finally climbed off of him, my body was drenched in sweat and my legs wouldn't stop shaking, but I'd never felt more at

peace. I lay down next to him in the bed, rested my head on one tattooed shoulder and reached across him to wrap his other technicolor arm around me. I fell asleep with his fingers still dancing up and down over my inked feathers. I felt completely naked, and I loved it.