

Three steps later and back in the tattoo parlour, anxiety crept into darkness over her sanity. Experiencing a quiet orgasm in the toilet at work wasn't much of a challenge, but the thought of the sharp needle penetrating her dermis sent daggers of pleasure to her groin. "Here's your can. I'm gonna take a seat and calm my nerves."

Dozens of tattoo magazines lay in a neat pile to her right. She picked up an old issue of Bizarre and flicked through the tattooed beauties adorned in lace lingerie.

Thirty minutes flew by like three as the tattoo gun took a rest and the client walked out with pride. "You ready Leanne. I have your peacock feathers already sketched. Take off your top and let's get started."

*Thank God I don't have to take off my trousers or else I would be in trouble.*

She placed her coat and top on the side table and waited patiently wearing only her sexy black bra and loose combats. Drops of sweat ran off her palms onto the floor. "Are you nervous?" joked Dean.

"I guess," hesitated Leanne. "It's been over six months."

He sprayed her lower back with alcohol, wiped it away, and secured the sheet on her tribal design. "Does that look good? Are you ready to start?" a tense Leanne asked.

"Shortly," whispered Dean.

She craved the prick like her favourite chocolate. After toying with the needle and applying the foot peddle, the needle pierced her skin and the heated build up hardened her nipples and swept down south. The slight pain creamed her thighs, and the urge to masturbate teased her senses further. The pleasure, the pain, the impending orgasm, and being unable to slip her clear sticky web over her clit played tricks on her mind.

Wiping away the blood and reinserting the needle touched the deepest pleasures of her soul. Every time the pain reappeared, her sated pussy choked for a tool to soak up the slimy pool in her trousers. A slight moan and half closed eyes made her fuck the chair slightly.

"Don't move," snapped Dean.

"Sorry got a slight itch," she lied.

"This design is looking good."

"I can't wait to see it. The pain is not that bad. I find it quite enjoyable."

Dean laughed. "Did I hear right, you enjoy getting tattooed?"

*Fuck. I wish the ground would eat me up. This is so embarrassing letting a complete stranger learn of my favourite fetish.*

"Damn right."

"Whatever turns you on. So I guess you'll be getting more done in the future?"

"Oh yeah. Tattoos are so sexy." *If only I could confess my fetish to Danny.* "I'm definitely ready to book another tattoo, but I'm not sure what to get next. What do

most women like tattoo wise?

“A lot of girls want big pieces on their arms or their back. The smaller girly tattoos are out and bigger tattoos are in. The bigger the sexier I say. Black and grey designs are always classic.”

Goose pimples exploded over her entire body as the needle pulled on her skin. “I wouldn’t mind a big piece, but I’d have to start saving up.”

“That’s no problem, just book in for an hour at a time and I’ll get started. There are no guarantees as to how long a piece will take, but it’s an easier way to afford your design. Longer sessions can be painful. Tattoos can become a bit of an obsession, I mean look at mine.”

“Yeah but I guess you can tattoo yourself.”

“Well only some parts, but my mate does the rest.”

*I bet tattoos don’t make you spew pre-cum though.*

The conversation soon turned to work as Dean filled in the outline with vibrant colours. *An hour to go and I’ve slowly mellowed. Thank God for that.*

Every time another word evaporated and Leanne tensed her pussy, the pleasure returned vigorously. Every surge of pleasure made her feel like a dominatrix out to treat her client. She thought of pouncing on Danny taking out her frustration on his tasty cock.

Her face frowned when his foot stepped off the peddle and silence embraced them. “I’m finished Leanne. Do you mind if I take a picture for my portfolio?”

“Oh no, click away all you want. Does it look good?”

“It looks great.”

The excitement of viewing her new tattoo stole her incensed lust for pain. “Can I see it?”

“You can now. Stand up and take a look in the mirror.”

“Wow it looks so real.”

“The redness will subside in about 24-hours. Sit down for a second and I’ll wrap it.”

“Take no baths for two weeks and only quick showers. If it gets itchy, cover it in Bepanthen.”

“I will look after this one. I love it Dean. And I’ll think about a future design and let you get started.”

“I’m glad you like it. I love positive feedback.”

There is a strange moment after having a tattoo. She felt invincible and able to conquer any experience. Danny was parked around the corner and she stepped in carefully. “Where the fuck have you been. I’ve been waiting here for almost an hour.”

“Sorry baby, Dean started half an hour late.”

“And didn’t you think to phone me as this has put a cloud on my day.”

She drove onto his lips and left him bewildered. “It’s time you stopped letting the world get to you. I’ve missed you, especially since you left me in a horny state,” whispered a flirtatious Leanne, now seducing him with a slow lick of the lips.

“What are you playing at Lee? We can’t make love with all these cars parked around.”

“I’ve been horny all afternoon. I can’t wait another twenty minutes. I want you now.” Her cheeky hand crept down his crotch and he threw back his head.