

MATCHING TATS



MATCHING TATS

...Laying back against the pillows, Matt pulled down the bed sheets to expose his hip. “Here?” he asked, pointing to a flat spot low on his belly. His stomach fluttered when Vic touched it. “How does it stick to the skin?”

“Read the directions,” Vic said again.

Matt frowned at the booklet, trying to read the fine print typed on the back cover. “Apply to clean, damp skin—”

A warm tongue licked the spot Matt chose. The sensation, so sudden and unexpected, ignited his blood and tented the sheet covering his crotch. If *that* was how they were going to play, Matt could think of a dozen *other* places to put that tattoo. With a shaky laugh, he pulled the sheets over an inch closer to his groin and pointed again. “Maybe here instead.”

Vic’s tongue darted out to lick that place, too. Dropping the book of temporary tattoos, Matt gripped his hard cock through the sheets and gasped. As he watched, Vic nosed the sheet aside, his tongue licking beneath the fabric to wet down kinked curls. He found the root of Matt’s shaft, licked beneath it to taste his fuzzy nuts, then leaned in to close his mouth around the base of Matt’s erection. “God,” Matt sighed.

Vic’s breath tickled Matt’s saliva slicked skin. “Well?” he asked. “What next?”

Matt fumbled for the booklet. “Um...” The words swam before him, unreadable. His nerves buzzed, his mind a blur—Vic’s body was a familiar weight against his legs, and Matt

couldn't concentrate on the fine print with his lover's tongue lapping his hip like a grooming cat. He wanted that tongue beneath the sheet again, around his dick. Could they put the tattoo there?

ALSO BY J. M. SNYDER

Beneath A Yankee Sky
Crushed

Persistence of Memory

The Powers Of Love

Under A Confederate Moon

MATCHING TATS

BY

J. M. SNYDER

AMBER QUILL PRESS, LLC

<http://www.AmberQuill.com>

MATCHING TATS
AN AMBER QUILL PRESS BOOK

This book is a work of fiction.
All names, characters, locations, and incidents are products of
the author's imagination, or have been used fictitiously.
Any resemblance to actual persons living or dead, locales,
or events is entirely coincidental.

Amber Quill Press, LLC
<http://www.AmberQuill.com>

All rights reserved.
No portion of this book may be transmitted or
reproduced in any form, or by any means, without permission
in writing from the publisher, with the exception of brief
excerpts used for the purposes of review.

Copyright © 2007 by J. M. Snyder
ISBN 978-1-60272-094-7
Cover Art © 2007 Trace Edward Zaber

Layout and Formatting provided by: Elemental Alchemy

PUBLISHED IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

MATCHING TATS

Vic Braunson had a plethora of tattoos inked over much of his muscled bulk—barbed wire wrapped one beefy thigh, a colorful Oriental dragon snaked up one arm. A smattering of Chinese characters peeked out from odd spots: the small of his back, inside his left ankle, behind his right knee, at the base of his neck. Celtic knots crisscrossed his pale skin. His latest piece of art was a black tribal tattoo that curved around his right temple to frame his face. It enhanced his shaved scalp, accentuated his eyebrow piercing, and lent an air of meanness to him that was so incongruous with the man his lover Matt diLorenzo knew. He loved Vic's tattoos. They made him look fierce and cruel, and nothing could've been farther from the

MATCHING TATS

truth.

Though Vic had discussed the facial tattoo with Matt before he had it done, seeing it still came as a bit of a shock. It was the first tattoo Vic had gotten in the year and a half since they'd been together, so it was the first tattoo Matt ever saw up close while healing. The glossy black design on his lover's face was the first thing he noticed when he entered the small apartment they shared after a day at the gym, where he worked as a swim instructor. Vic had had the day off from his job as a bus driver for the city and had decided to get the tattoo. He sat at one end of the couch, flipping through television channels in search of something to watch. The tattoo stood out like thick paint, the pale skin around it ruddy with pain. Matt stared at the inked design, fascinated, as he leaned down to plant a quick kiss on Vic's forehead. "So that's it?" he asked.

Vic caught his waist before he could stand and pulled Matt into his lap. With a faint smile, he stared into Matt's dark green eyes and countered, "What do you think?"

"I like." Kneeling on either side of Vic's thick legs, Matt laughed as he sat down on an uncompromising bulge at his lover's crotch. He wriggled his hips a bit, settling himself comfortably on the budding erection. "What's this? Thinking of me, I hope?"

Vic's hands laced together in the small of Matt's back to keep him close. "Getting inked always turns me on," he admitted. Then, pulling Matt to him, Vic sat up to bury his face behind his lover's ear, his breath tickling Matt's skin just below the thick black curls that crowned his head. Silently, he

MATCHING TATS

added, *::I was waiting for you before I did anything about it.::*

The thought passed between them easily—to Matt, Vic's mind lay open like a well-read book, the pages curling from overuse, the covers lovingly worn. Every thought Vic had, Matt could read in his mind as if it were his own.

And the mental connection worked both ways; Vic knew everything Matt felt, everything he experienced, everything he thought and saw and did. Yes, they could keep things hidden from each other, but Matt was persistent and hated secrets. Sooner or later, every part of Vic lay bare beneath him, mind and body and soul. Nothing kept them apart.

* * *

For Matt, the telepathy ended there. But for Vic, it stretched out to encompass other minds, picking up random thoughts like signals sent from radio stations miles away. Some days it fuzzed out, the connection cloudy; other days it threatened to drive him insane, a million different voices inside his head and none of them his own. The first time he discovered that he had the ability to read others' minds, he thought he *was* going crazy, until he discovered where the power came from.

From Matt. From loving him.

Matt had no special abilities of his own, nothing beyond the psychic meld that spanned between his mind and Vic's, but something in *him* gave Vic a variety of superhuman powers. They passed from one man to the other during sex. Despite his butch appearance, Vic preferred being a

MATCHING TATS

submissive bottom in bed, eager to feel Matt move deep within him. Soon after climax, Matt's seed sparked strange super powers in him.

The telepathy had started the first time they'd ever made love, as did the unparalleled super strength that ran through Vic's veins. But the powers didn't end there. Vic had a whole arsenal of comic book antics at his disposal—their positions during sex dictated what power he drew afterward. On his stomach, with Matt driving into him from behind, gave Vic a surplus of kinetic energy that sent sparks flying from his fingertips whenever he touched something electric. A good old blow job, swallowing Matt down, left him with heightened senses that sharpened the world around him, bringing it into vivid, Technicolor detail. And lying on his back on the edge of the bed, with Matt between his legs, holding his knees apart as they fucked, made Vic's skin turn a delicate shade of blue that matched his eyes and kept him confined to the house until the power wore off. *That* was one position they never used again.

The effects of their lovemaking never lingered for long, and a new position quickly replaced one power with the next. Vic never knew what to expect when they tried something new. The powers scared Matt—they put the man he loved in constant danger, giving Vic the ability to help others while putting himself at risk. Every man Matt had ever known intimately had changed once they discovered the powers his semen held for them, and some small part of Matt's mind feared Vic would be the same. Now that he'd finally found a man worth loving, he feared the powers would eventually

MATCHING TATS

drive him away.

Patiently Vic had explained that it was *Matt* he loved, not the strange gifts he bestowed; Vic would gladly give them up but didn't want to lose Matt in the process. "I love *you*," he reassured Matt, over and over again. From the moment they met, there'd been a spark between them, something neither could deny. And the fact that Vic had waited patiently for *months* before they moved from friends to lovers said more about the staying power of their relationship than either man could put into words.

Still, Matt rummaged through Vic's mind from time to time, looking through his lover's emotions and feelings as if leafing through a magazine, afraid of what he might find. But Vic stood aside and let him look however long he needed to until he was satisfied that, yes, Vic loved *him*.

Only him. The powers be damned.

* * *

In the living room, on Vic's lap, Matt reached out to touch the new facial tattoo but his lover caught his hand. "Don't," he cautioned, pulling away. "It's healing."

"Why's it all shiny?" Matt wanted to know. He raised his other hand, unconsciously reaching for it a second time, but Vic caught that one, too, and lowered Matt's wrists until he held them against his chest. "Let me feel it."

"Not yet."

"Why's it wet?" Matt asked.

Vic nodded at the end table, where a large jar of petroleum

MATCHING TATS

jelly sat, its rectangular lid not quite closed properly. With a laugh, Matt admitted, “And here I thought you just came prepared. That helps it heal?”

“Keeps infection out,” Vic explained. He turned his head as Matt leaned closer so he could get a better look.

It was hard to believe the dark ink was now a permanent design etched into the side of his lover’s face, but at the same time, Matt found it difficult to remember what Vic’s smooth skin had looked like *before* the tattoo. He tried to recall sitting at the dining room table earlier that morning, eating breakfast, just a few hours ago really...but in his memory Vic’s face was in profile as his lover mulled over the newspaper. Sitting back, Matt announced, “I want a tattoo.”

“What?” Vic laughed. “No, you don’t. It hurts like a bitch.”

“Can’t be *that* bad,” Matt reasoned, but Vic laughed again. “You have so many. If it hurts that much, why do you keep getting more?”

Vic shook his head. “They’re addicting. If you get one, you’ll want another, and another.”

With a childish pout, Matt assured him, “I just want one. A little one, even.” An idea occurred to him that made his lips spread out in a grin and his eyes widen impishly. “Your name. That’s what I want.”

The expression on Vic’s face was unreadable. He simply stared, and when Matt mentally nudged Vic’s mind, he found nothing to indicate what his lover thought of the idea. “Just a small tattoo,” Matt tried. He fisted his fingers into the front of

MATCHING TATS

Vic's T-shirt, wrists still cuffed by his lover's large hands. "What do you think—"

Vic's gruff voice interrupted him. "Where are you going to put it?"

Matt shrugged. "I don't know."

"Let's find a place," Vic suggested. Then he growled, a playful sound that ignited Matt's blood and, without warning, he wrestled Matt down beside him on the couch.

That lusty rumble in the back of his throat elicited Matt's laughter. Vic crawled on top of him, snarling and snapping like an angry bear. Beneath him, Matt shrieked in delight as strong hands eased up under the hem of his T-shirt and plucked at the waistband of his shorts. "Vic!" he cried out, laughing as he twisted in his lover's arms.

Warm lips kissed the trembling skin around his navel; inch by inch his shorts slid lower on his hips. When he tried to sit up, blunt teeth nipped at his stomach, tickling him. Unable to catch his breath, Matt giggled soundlessly as Vic ravished him. One image filled both their minds: Vic pinning Matt to the sofa, mouth on any exposed flesh he could find, hands eager as they roamed Matt's body. The erection in Vic's pants now rubbed against the hard cock that tented the front of Matt's swim trunks. Another tug or two on his shorts and his dick would swing free, pointing up at Vic like an accusation. As his lover licked down the faint hairs that led into his shorts, Matt reached out, one hand closing over Vic's ear. The other glanced across the smear of jelly on his fresh tattoo.

They both froze. The jelly felt hot and sticky on Matt's

MATCHING TATS

hand. "Oh shit," he murmured. He reached out as if to rub what stuck to his fingers back over the tattoo, but stopped short of touching the spot again. "I'm sorry, Vic. I didn't mean..."

Brushing Matt's hand away, Vic felt his temple. "It's alright." At the worry on Matt's face, he smiled. "Really. I think I'll live."

"I didn't mean to," Matt said again. He tried to touch the tattoo a second time, tentative, but Vic winced and swatted him away. "Does it hurt?"

"Of course it hurts." Vic gave him an incredulous look. "Don't touch it."

"I wasn't going to." But even as he said the words, his hand drifted to the side of Vic's face, unable to stay away.

"Matty," Vic warned. "Stop touching it."

With a wicked grin, Matt reached for the front of Vic's jeans. As he picked at the zipper that hid his lover's erection, the jelly on his hand darkened the denim at Vic's crotch. "Give me something else to play with, then."

"How about keeping your hands to yourself?" Vic countered.

Before Matt could ask what he meant by that, Vic pulled the bottom of Matt's T-shirt up, exposing the smooth skin of his belly and chest. Matt raised his arms as Vic rucked up his shirt, but when it reached his shoulders, Vic stopped. Matt waited, arms draped over his head, blinded by his own shirt. He felt the couch move as Vic stood, but when nothing else happened, he ventured, "Vic?"

MATCHING TATS

His lover spoke directly into his mind. *::Just a minute, hon. Don't move.::*

Matt heard the solid *thud* of Vic's belt buckle hitting the floor.

"No fair," he pouted, "undressing when I can't see you."

Vic laughed. "You know what it looks like."

Matt pictured Vic towering over him, stiff cock jutting from his groin, thick and veined. The heavy sac of his balls hung low between his legs. Vic's shaved genitals loomed in Matt's mind, larger than life, and Vic laughed again when he picked up on that image. "It's not *that* big."

"It is when I can't see it." Matt started to lower his arms, eager to get things moving between them. "Get this shirt off me already. I can hardly breathe."

Strong hands grabbed the hem of his shirt and tugged. The neck hole slipped over Matt's chin, then his lips, then his nose; he breathed in fresh air as if it were expensive perfume, tingling his senses. "Better?" Vic asked.

Matt raised his hands above his head to indicate he wanted the shirt off completely. His arms were still trapped in sleeves that held tight just below his elbows, and though he could breathe again, he still couldn't see. "All the way please, sir."

"Sir?" Vic teased. His grip tightened on Matt's shirt as he pulled it back, taking Matt with him.

Suddenly Matt found himself being laid down. He wriggled as he was stretched out along the couch. "I can't see—"

"You can breathe, right?" Vic asked.

MATCHING TATS

As Matt nodded, he felt large hands tuck the hem of his shirt into the cushions of the couch, trapping his hands and arms and head within the shirt and laying the rest of his body bare to his lover. He sensed Vic leaning over him and he raised his chin, lips puckered, hoping for some contact with the naked man above him. *::Please,::* he thought, the word hanging unspoken between them.

An ardent mouth closed over his, claiming him. There was something unfamiliar about the kiss, something exciting, triggered by the fact that Matt kept his eyes open as Vic's tongue licked into him, yet all he saw of his lover was a shadow on the material covering his face. Gentle hands strummed down his arms, tickled over his armpits, rubbed his chest until the tender buds of his nipples hardened beneath the touch. Their kiss deepened as Vic climbed back onto the couch, straddling Matt, his bare buttocks warm against Matt's abdomen, his bent legs cradling Matt's hips. His toes wiggled under Matt's thighs.

Matt could only imagine what a pair they made—himself supine on the couch, Vic above him, kissing him, loving him. Matt felt Vic's hands on his chest but couldn't see them, and the tip of his lover's hard shaft poked at Matt's navel as Vic leaned down for another kiss. All too clearly, Matt could picture Vic's ample ass spread invitingly just inches above the cock that strained the front of Matt's shorts. Thrusting his hips, Matt brushed his crotch against Vic's butt. He whimpered at the momentary touch, the sound lost in Vic's mouth. *::Please,::* Matt begged silently. *::God Vic, please.*

MATCHING TATS

Just scoot down a little bit, is that asking too much?::

Inside his mind, his lover laughed. *::Ask nicely.::*

Matt's imagination conjured up himself as a spoiled kid, close to throwing a tantrum. *::Please? Please please please--::*

::Hush.:: Vic grinned against Matt's mouth, then trailed tiny kisses over his chin and down his throat. Matt gasped at the hot tongue that licked his skin. *::Now let's see where we should stick this tattoo you want to get.::*

Matt whimpered again; this time the sound bubbled from his throat to escape his lips. Vic's kisses left fire in their wake, burning the imprint of his mouth into Matt's heated skin. When Vic caught a hard nipple between his teeth, Matt's cock jerked in the confines of his shorts, the tip already weeping. "Please," Matt sighed. He wanted this moment to last forever but didn't think he could take much more. And Vic hadn't even gone below his waist yet. "Jesus Christ, Vic, *please*."

Maddeningly, Vic stopped. Matt bit back a sob. Crossing his arms over Matt's chest, Vic sat back and pressed his ass against Matt's crotch.

Desire and lust blossomed in his groin to settle into a dull ache behind his balls.

"Please what?" Vic wanted to know.

No words could describe just what Matt wanted, so he sent another mental image between them, this one of Vic impaled on Matt's hard cock, hips thrusting his length into his lover's tight, hot core. Every touch, every kiss, every motion boiled down to just the two of them, moving together. One soul in two bodies, seeking release, seeking completion. Made whole.

MATCHING TATS

Scooting down a bit, *finally*, Vic kissed Matt's navel. His tongue swirled around the curl of skin, then his teeth nibbled it playfully. Against Matt's over-sensitized flesh, he breathed, "You read my mind."

"I'm good at that," Matt joked. He felt his lover's dick lying alongside his own and wiggled his hips to draw Vic's attention farther down, where his shorts threatened to cut off the flow of blood pounding in his erection. "Can you help a guy out here, Vic? Take these damn trunks off already, will you?"

Vic sat back. Unable to see his lover, Matt only felt the motion of the sofa beneath him and a sudden chill when Vic's warm body stopped touching his. There was a yank of cloth as Vic pulled Matt's shorts to his knees, and his dick curved up between them. When Vic's hand fisted around his thick shaft, it felt cool and damp, coated with something Matt couldn't immediately place. He moved his arms a bit, trying to pull the shirt up so he could see. "What's that you're smearing on me?"

"Don't move," Vic told him. When Matt ignored him, he spoke directly into Matt's mind. *::Hon, please. I'm enjoying this.::*

::At least one of us is,:: Matt replied. Then it occurred to him—petroleum jelly. *Of course.*

He felt Vic's presence probe inside his head, a gentle sensation that gave him a glimpse of the pleasure trilling through his lover's nude body. For an instant Matt felt the sweet ache that pulsed in Vic's cock and balls, the clench of

MATCHING TATS

muscles in his ass at the anticipation building between them, the almost boyish glee that invigorated his blood and couldn't keep the grin from his face.

Grudgingly, he let himself be won over by his lover's enthusiasm. Yes, it *was* a bit exciting, not being able to see or touch Vic. It heightened his senses and made even the slightest brush of skin on skin seem like the first time he'd ever felt another's touch. His flesh tingled where Vic had kissed it; his cock throbbed from the hands that slipped over its slick length.

::You like this,:: Vic thought as he thumbed the slit in the tip of Matt's dick. Matt had to bite his lower lip to hold back the orgasm that wanted to tear through him. He wouldn't let it, not yet; he wasn't ready to end this. Vic chuckled as he picked up on Matt's emotions. *::Don't try to tell me you don't.::*

"Just please," Matt sighed. He bucked into Vic's fists, raising his hips off the couch. "Let me in already, will you?"

"Is that how you ask?" Vic teased.

Matt cried out, exasperated, "Vic!" His lover's laugh infuriated him. "I'm *dying* for you here."

The couch moved as Vic repositioned himself—the hands on Matt's dick worked his length until it felt like a steel shaft wrapped in velvet flesh. The jelly Vic had applied warmed beneath his ministrations; his fists glided along Matt's cock with ease. His fingers picked at Matt's cockhead once, twice, tiny pinches that made him gasp and writhe on the couch. *God*, he thought, his mind a blur. *Jesus* and *please* and *Vic oh Vic oh God Vic...* the words ran together in his head, a litany that surpassed language and soared into the realm of pure

MATCHING TATS

sensation. One word resonated as Vic fondled him—:Yes.::

Suddenly heavy knees sank to the couch on either side of Matt's thighs, and large, tight buttocks pressed against the tip of his dick. He thrust up and felt hot flesh take him in, Vic's tight hole puckering around his dick as he eased inside. They fit together like clockwork, bodies meshing like well-worn gears, in a rhythm as old as time itself. As Vic sat down on Matt, taking the full length into him, he opened his mind to his lover, letting his emotions and passion pour into Matt's body to mingle with his own lustful desire.

In his mind Matt could see what Vic saw—himself on the couch, chest bare, Vic straddling his hips as Matt moved deep within his lover. Vic leaned back against the arm of the couch. One hand danced over Matt's lower belly, smearing it with petroleum jelly, as the other worked his own erection, pressing it into the dark kinked curls at Matt's groin, rubbing the hard length between his hand and Matt's body. Deep inside him, strong muscles worked at Matt's cock, massaging it. Slowly, oh *God*, so slowly, Vic moved above him, bringing him to release.

When Matt finally came, it was in a quick rush that raised his hips off the sofa, driving him deeper into his lover. He cried out Vic's name, and God's, and whatever else came to mind as the sexual tension and pressure building in him climaxed. As his seed shot into Vic, he felt hot juices slick his abdomen. Vic trailed a hand through his own cum, then touched one spunk-covered finger to Matt's lips. Matt closed his mouth around the offering, suckling at Vic's fingertip. He

MATCHING TATS

only released it when his lover lay down over him to replace that finger with his own lips. “Love you,” Vic murmured into Matt. “You still want that tattoo?”

“What?” Matt asked, breathless. Were they still talking about that? With a tug at the shirt pinning him down, he added, “Let me hold you.”

When Vic pried the T-shirt off over his head, Matt had to blink at the sudden light. He felt like a newborn babe in a strange new world. Vic released one arm, then the other, then cradled Matt to his chest. Reaching behind him, he snagged an afghan off the back of the couch and draped it over them both. When he tried to slide to one side, though, Matt held him fast above him. He didn’t want to lose the warmth of Vic’s body against his, and he wasn’t ready to pull out from his lover just yet. Vic protested, “I’m a bit heavy—”

Matt cut off his words with a kiss. *::Hush,::* he replied. *::You’re right where I want you.::*

* * *

Maybe it was Vic’s healing tattoo, or Matt’s talk of getting inked, or just a lucky coincidence. Whatever the reason, their bout of lovemaking on the sofa triggered a new and strange power in Vic, more supernatural than superhuman. On its own accord, his skin began to display spontaneous tattoos. Odd designs darkened various parts of his body, appearing on his skin as if welling up from within. They shone wetly for a few minutes, then disappeared—haikus in kanji letters written out across his stomach, a complicated Möbius strip that spanned

MATCHING TATS

his chest, a series of elaborate sand castles that sprang up on his back and then faded as if washed away by an invisible tide. Tiny tribal markings appeared on Vic's face, framing his lips and goatee, before dissolving away. The fake tattoos played around the edges of his real ones, giving his skin a constantly shifting appearance. It was beautiful to watch, and Matt stared at the images that arose on his lover's body, fascinated by the power he'd inadvertently given him.

But over the next few days, the ability faded—they all did in time. The designs appearing on Vic's flesh grew fainter by the hour, black paling into a worn-out blue, intricacies falling apart into simple line drawings, then stick figures, then nothing. By the end of the week, the only tattoos on Vic's body were the ones he'd paid to have put there. The ink on his face healed nicely, with little scabbing. Whenever Matt looked at it, he thought again about getting his own tattoo.

"Just a little one," he told Vic one morning at breakfast. He kept bringing it up, not so much because he wanted his lover's permission, because he knew Vic wouldn't mind, but because he wanted his lover to help talk him into it. Not that he was *afraid*, really. Just... uncertain. He wanted a tattoo, he *did*. It was the needles and the thought of pain, no matter how temporary, that gave him pause. "Your initials maybe. What do you think?"

It was becoming a familiar discussion, one Vic wouldn't let himself be drawn into for long. He wanted Matt to make the decision—he'd support it, of course, but he wouldn't make it for him. He *couldn't*. He kept pushing that thought into

MATCHING TATS

Matt's mind in the hopes that it would stick there, but Matt was stubborn and kept pressing Vic for a more definite answer. With a shrug, Vic reminded him, "It's permanent, Matty. If you're sure..."

Matt grabbed his lover's hand in both of his. "*This* is permanent. *We're* permanent. I've never been more sure of anything in my life."

What started as three little letters grew into a heart with Vic's initials inside, and if Matt was serious about it, then Vic wanted one, too. And if they were getting matching tats, they needed to find a spot to suit them both, which crossed off anywhere Vic already had an image inked into his skin. Matt suggested an ankle, but Vic told him it would hurt more, right on the bone. When Matt stood and turned to slap his butt, only half teasing, Vic vetoed that, too. "No one's touching your ass but me," he growled.

Eventually they decided on the fleshy upper area of their right arms. "When do you want to go get it done?" was Vic's next question.

Matt didn't have an answer for that. "Soon," he assured his lover. Silently he added, *Just as soon as I work up the courage to do it, or hell, as soon as I get drunk enough...*

Picking up that thought, Vic pressed Matt's hand to his mouth and kissed his knuckles. "We don't have to do this," he started.

But Matt shook his head, adamant. "We will."

The idea had taken root in his mind. He wouldn't let himself back down.

MATCHING TATS

* * *

Vic didn't mention the tattoo again, but Matt couldn't stop worrying over it. What it would look like, what colors he'd use. He spent too many hours at the gym Googling tattoo designs online when he was supposed to be working. Finally he settled for a red heart, outlined in black, with Vic's initials inked in a white banner across the center. One evening, when the two of them lay in bed, the sheets entwined around their naked bodies, Matt showed the design to his lover. Vic simply said, "I'm sure Big Man can do this."

"Big Man?" Matt asked. "Who's that?"

"Guy who does my tats." Vic set the piece of paper on his bedside table, then ruffled his lover's hair. "So I guess we're still on with this?"

Reaching across Vic's wide chest, Matt snagged the paper from the table and looked it over again. "Of course." He held the paper up to his shoulder, then leaned against Vic to show his lover. "What do you think? You like it?"

For a long moment, Vic stared at the design. Growing nervous, Matt mentally prodded, *::Vic? Well?::*

A sudden rush of lust poured into Matt, staggering him. With a shaky laugh, Matt asked, "What's that for?"

"Tattoos turn me on," Vic admitted. His eyes gleamed with an inner heat, and his lips curved in a wicked grin. "I bought you something."

"What?" Matt rolled back to his side of the bed and deposited the paper with his tattoo design on it on his own bedside table. Then he turned to Vic like an excited little boy.

MATCHING TATS

“When did you get it?”

With a laugh, Vic opened the drawer on the table next to him. Whatever he extracted hid easily in his large hands. Matt tugged at his elbow, eager to see the gift. “What is it?”

Vic opened his hands and held out a small booklet of temporary tattoos. Matt stared at them, confused. “Why’d you get these?” he asked, taking the booklet from Vic. He flipped through it—the tattoos were black, and all of the same Chinese character. Some were large, the size of his palm; some were tiny little rows of the same symbol, written over and over again. Matt turned the booklet over and saw the design printed on the cover, the word *LOVE* written beneath it. He laughed. “How sweet. This doesn’t change my mind, though. I still want that damn heart.”

“This is just for fun,” Vic told him. Taking the booklet, he tore out the first page, then handed the rest to Matt. “There are some instructions on the back. Read them to me. Where do you want this one?”

Laying back against the pillows, Matt pulled down the bed sheets to expose his hip. “Here?” he asked, pointing to a flat spot low on his belly. His stomach fluttered when Vic touched it. “How does it stick to the skin?”

“Read the directions,” Vic said again.

Matt frowned at the booklet, trying to read the fine print typed on the back cover. “Apply to clean, damp skin—”

A warm tongue licked the spot Matt chose. The sensation, so sudden and unexpected, ignited his blood and tented the sheet covering his crotch. If *that* was how they were going to

MATCHING TATS

play, Matt could think of a dozen *other* places to put that tattoo. With a shaky laugh, he pulled the sheets over an inch closer to his groin and pointed again. “Maybe here instead.”

Vic’s tongue darted out to lick that place, too. Dropping the book of temporary tattoos, Matt gripped his hard cock through the sheets and gasped. As he watched, Vic nosed the sheet aside, his tongue licking beneath the fabric to wet down kinked curls. He found the root of Matt’s shaft, licked beneath it to taste his fuzzy nuts, then leaned in to close his mouth around the base of Matt’s erection. “God,” Matt sighed.

Vic’s breath tickled Matt’s saliva slicked skin. “Well?” he asked. “What next?”

Matt fumbled for the booklet. “Um...” The words swam before him, unreadable. His nerves buzzed, his mind a blur—Vic’s body was a familiar weight against his legs, and Matt couldn’t concentrate on the fine print with his lover’s tongue lapping his hip like a grooming cat. He wanted that tongue beneath the sheet again, around his dick. Could they put the tattoo there?

::*Matty*:: Vic nudged him with his mind, a loving touch. Aloud he asked, “What’s next?”

“Press tattoo onto skin.” Matt watched Vic position the tattoo on his hip, then press it down with one heavy hand. “Um, wet the back of the tat—”

Vic licked out again, this time wetting the paper stuck to Matt’s hip. His tongue swirled over the white paper, dampening it, until it seemed to dissolve into Matt’s skin. The black ink of the tattoo showed through the transparent paper in

MATCHING TATS

dark contrast to Matt's pale skin. When it was good and wet, Vic glanced up at Matt, who breathed, "Peel it off carefully."

With gentle fingers, Vic peeled the paper backing away, leaving the dark tattoo in its place. Tentatively Matt touched it, smoothed it down. Reaching for the tattoo booklet, Vic asked, "Where do you want the next one?"

Matt imagined himself on his stomach, ass in the air, as Vic licked another tattoo onto the tender flesh of his inner thigh, just below his buttocks. Catching that thought, Vic's grin widened. "Flip over, lover boy."

The sheets tangled around Matt's legs as he hurried to comply.

* * *

Talking about getting a tattoo and actually sitting in the parlor next in line turned out to be two completely different things, Matt discovered.

The Saturday before Labor Day, he woke up convinced that if he didn't get the damn tattoo today, right now, this *instant*, he'd chicken out and never go through with it. Impatiently he paced the small kitchen and circled the dining room table where Vic sat nursing a cup of coffee, trying to wake up. "Sit down, will you?" his lover grumbled. He nudged the chair beside him to block Matt's path. With a huff, Matt fell into the chair, arms crossed, one leg jiggling so hard, it shook the table. Vic placed a hand on Matt's knee to still it. "The place doesn't even open until noon."

Somehow Matt managed to make it that long, but

MATCHING TATS

nervousness churned his stomach and he didn't dare eat any lunch, for fear he wouldn't keep it down. By the time they entered the tattoo parlor, his mind whirled out in a sort of euphoric rush. This was what he wanted to do, he *knew* it. No regrets.

But doubt crept in when he met the tattoo artist, a scrawny guy Vic introduced as Big Man, whose colorful shirt with its long sleeves turned out to be one large tattoo that covered him from neck to waist, shoulder to shoulder, and down each arm to stop at his wrists. He had a wiry beard he wore twisted in a braid, and a broken front tooth that looked like a fang when he grinned. As he led them down a dingy hallway, Matt's apprehension grew with each step.

The hallway ended at a small room that looked surgically clean, despite the many posters gracing the walls of heavily tattooed, big-breasted women in various states of undress. A hulking machine sat in one corner; trays of sterile needles and small pots of ink lined the available counter space. Matt watched with dreadful fascination as Big Man opened a clean set of needles and began attaching them to the tattoo machine. When he unwrapped an unused disposable razor, Matt's voice crept up an octave. "What's that for?"

Vic's hand touched Matt's hip. "Relax," his lover murmured. "You're gonna get yourself all worked up before anything even happens." Slipping his arm around Matt's waist, Vic pulled him into a quick, one-arm embrace. He nosed aside Matt's thick black curls to whisper into his ear, "You sure you want to go through with this?"

MATCHING TATS

“It was *my* idea,” Matt reminded him. If Vic could withstand the momentary discomfort of getting a tattoo then damn it, Matt could, too. Speaking directly into his lover’s mind, he asked, *::It doesn’t hurt for too long, right?::*

Vic’s reply was a kiss on his ear, and the mental assurance, *::You’ll be fine.::*

What looked like a dentist’s chair took up most of the room—Vic dropped into it without waiting to be asked. There was a stool for Big Man, who wheeled in a second one for Matt. As he sat down, trying to look everywhere at once, he felt a warm hand cover his and glanced at Vic, only to find a smoldering look in his lover’s eyes. With a self-conscious grin, Matt asked, “What?”

Vic’s gaze flickered to Big Man, who studiously ignored them as he filled tiny cups with red and black ink. Still, Vic spoke to Matt through their psychic connection, well aware of their audience. *::I never thought I’d see you in a place like this,::* he admitted silently. With a tug on Matt’s hand, he rolled his lover’s stool closer. His fingers slipped into Matt’s lap to poke at the front of his crotch. Raw lust rushed over Matt like the tide, drowning him in Vic’s passion. In the confines of his pants, Matt’s cock twitched to life as Vic’s gruff voice filled his mind. *::Turns me on. Damn, I want you.::*

Matt laughed as he ran a nervous hand through his hair. Vic’s middle finger traced the curve of his zipper, pressing into the slight erection hidden in Matt’s jeans. *::Hold that thought,::* Matt told him. *::When we’re done here—::*

MATCHING TATS

A few feet away, Big Man cleared his throat to remind them they weren't alone. "We about ready?" he asked, not looking in their direction.

Vic gave Matt a salacious wink. "Oh yeah."

A dull blush crept into Matt's face, heating his cheeks, but he caught Vic's hand in both of his and pressed his lover's knuckles to his lips for a quick kiss before scooting out of the way. Perched on the edge of his stool, he watched, wide-eyed, as Big Man prepped Vic for the tattoo.

First he cleaned a spot on Vic's arm, daubing the skin with alcohol and some green, foaming mess that squirted out of a bottle like hairspray. The disposable razor scraped uselessly over already bald skin. Then he applied what looked like a temporary tattoo, rubbing it onto Vic's shoulder like a template to guide him during the tattoo process. Matt thought of his own temporary tats, just now beginning to flake off. A line of Chinese characters still encircled his dick just below its plumlike head; whenever he tried to rub them away, he ended up jerking off instead. And this morning in the shower, he'd scratched below his right buttock and came away with black ink under his fingernails. He could still remember the way Vic's tongue had felt as his lover pressed the tattoo into his skin.

Vic's dark gaze flickered past Big Man. "I know what you're thinking," he teased.

Before Matt could reply, Big Man uncapped a felt-tip marker to trace the outline of the heart, then leaned in to write. "What are the initials again?"

MATCHING TATS

Together Matt and Vic both said, “*M R D.*” As Big Man began to write, Matt clarified, “*D* as in *David.*”

Big Man nodded. Sitting back, he turned Vic’s arm toward Matt for his approval. The sight of his initials on his lover’s skin excited him. “That’s it,” he sighed. He reached out for the heart but pulled back before touching the area and ruining the image. “It looks great.”

He couldn’t wait for his own turn in the chair, but the noise the tattoo machine made when Big Man started it up almost changed his mind. High and piercing, a thousand times worse than a dentist’s drill, the constant buzz of the needles made Matt’s stomach flip. When Big Man touched the needle to Vic’s shoulder, the grimace that flickered over his lover’s face terrified Matt. ::*It hurts, doesn’t it?*::

Vic raised one eyebrow and pressed his lips together. Following Matt’s lead, he used their mental connection to speak. ::*Of course it hurts.*::

Taking a deep breath, Matt punched his fists into his thighs to force himself to calm down. But Vic was the strongest man he knew, even without the super strength Matt’s semen gave him. If Vic flinched at the needle, how would Matt react? *Please don’t let me scream*, he prayed as he watched Big Man retrace the heart drawn onto Vic’s arm. The first bright drops of blood began to well up from his lover’s irritated skin. *I’ll bite my tongue in half if I have to but God, please don’t let me scream like a girl.*

Vic heard that thought loud and clear. Glancing over in concern, he asked, “You doing okay, Matty?”

MATCHING TATS

“Is it supposed to bleed so much?” Matt asked, unable to keep the nervousness from his voice.

“I’m a free bleeder,” Vic answered. The way he said it, so nonchalant, told Matt this was nothing new. He nodded weakly, but couldn’t tear his gaze from the needle or the blood that pinked Vic’s skin when Big Man wiped it away from the tattoo.

* * *

Fifteen minutes later, Big Man turned off the tattoo machine. Matt’s ears continued to ring, as if the noise itself had been tattooed into his brain. With another squirt of the antibacterial liquid, Big Man cleaned Vic’s latest tattoo with a paper towel. Matt watched the colored skin distend, the image moving as Big Man rubbed over it with short, brusque motions. When Big Man turned away, Matt got a clear view of the red heart, the white banner a vivid contrast, the tiny black letters inside, *his* initials, a part of him forever emblazoned on his lover’s body.

As he watched, beads of blood bubbled up through the ink like stigmata. Matt felt an uneasy pressure rise in him at the sight, a sickness like the tide threatening to drag him under. His face burned; when he touched his cheeks, his fingers felt like ice. Who was he kidding? He didn’t like seeing himself bleed over a paper cut, loathed a shaving nick, and here he was about to get a *tattoo*? Was he *crazy*?

Matt rose to his feet, his mind in turmoil. He didn’t know if he could go through with it, didn’t know if he *wanted* to, but

MATCHING TATS

one thing was sure... “I’ve got to go.”

Big Man looked up from covering Vic’s new tattoo with medical gauze. “Go where?” Vic asked with a frown. “You’re next, babe.”

Anxiety twisted Matt’s stomach, strangling the words trapped in his throat. “I... I can’t.” His mouth tried to smile as he frowned, and he wiped a hand across his face as he drew in a shuddery breath. The confusion in Vic’s eyes was painful to see. *::I’m sorry,::* Matt thought. Remembering Big Man, he spoke out loud, hating the small, wounded voice that came from his lips. “I’m sorry. I’m... I think I’m going to be sick.”

He hit the door at a dead run. Behind him, he heard Big Man call out, “Bathroom’s on the right! If he spews in the hall—”

“Give him a minute,” Vic said. “He’ll be fine.” His thoughts chased after Matt, seeking a similar reassurance. *::Right?::*

::God,:: Matt shot back. In the dim hallway he found a doorknob that opened beneath his touch and he fell into a dark room, hands fumbling along the wall for the switch. Above, one bare bulb flashed to life, illuminating a small closet that barely held an old cracked toilet and low sink. Slamming the door shut behind him, Matt twisted the spigot and splashed bracing water onto his face.

Jesus.

He couldn’t do this, couldn’t go through with it. He was a fucking *wimp*. What would Vic think of him now? *::I’m so sorry—::*

MATCHING TATS

Vic's soothing presence filled his mind. *::Calm down, Matty::*

The water stung his face like ice. Rivulets ran down his neck, dampening his T-shirt. Slowly the urgent need to vomit passed, leaving him weak and dizzy. Calm, yes, he was calm. Alone in the cramped bathroom, he felt his lover's arms around him, heard tender words nuzzled into his head. *::Calm::* Vic's soft whispers overpowered the needles' piercing buzz, and when Matt closed his eyes, it was his lover's face he saw, not the swell of blood on Vic's fresh tattoo. Taking a deep breath to steady himself, he let Vic's powerful psyche quell the turmoil that raged within him. Maybe it wouldn't be *too* bad. If Vic could do it...

A heavy hand knocked on the door to the bathroom. Before Matt could answer, he heard his lover's gruff voice against the wood. "You in there, Matty?"

"I'll be right out," Matt called.

The knock came again, and this time the doorknob turned, insistent. "Let me in."

Matt reached over and turned the knob, unlocking the door. As Vic entered the tiny bathroom, Matt crossed his arms in front of his chest, hugging himself against the far wall to make room for his lover. He felt like a recalcitrant child waiting to be chastised. Vic didn't have to point out that this was his own idea; Matt was well aware of that little fact. Somehow, it made the whole situation that much worse. He looked weak and stupid, yes, and he couldn't raise his gaze to meet his lover's, so sure of the disappointment he'd see there.

MATCHING TATS

But when Vic spoke, there was only soft kindness in his voice. “Matty, it’s okay.”

His words touched Matt deep inside, unraveling the frenzied ball of emotions that had wound up in him. Taking his elbow, Vic pulled him closer, and Matt let himself open up to his lover’s embrace. “I’m a wuss,” he mumbled as his arms found their way around Vic’s broad waist. “This was my idea in the first place and now I can’t do it. I just can’t.”

“Shhh,” Vic murmured against his neck. One hand rubbed Matt’s back in a soothing gesture. “You don’t have to if you don’t want to.”

Matt sighed. “I *do*, that’s just it. But it’ll hurt—”

“It’ll sting a bit,” his lover conceded.

Matt tried again. “It’ll bleed.”

Vic nodded. “It might.”

Silently Matt pointed out, *∴You’re not helping here.∴*

Leaning back against the sink, Vic hugged Matt to him. When he shifted his feet apart, Matt fit comfortably between his legs, their bellies flat against each other, an unmistakable bulge pressing into Matt’s crotch. With a sly smile, Matt thrust his hips against Vic’s and murmured, “What’s this?”

“I told you it turned me on,” Vic said with a laugh, “seeing you in a place like this.”

His folded hands rested comfortably on Matt’s butt; their familiar, heavy weight helped calm him. Leaning back in Vic’s embrace, Matt picked at the buttons on his lover’s sleeveless shirt and pouted. “There’s nothing sexy about me being scared.”

MATCHING TATS

“You don’t look scared,” Vic countered. He kissed Matt’s temple, his cheek, his chin, then ducked his head to force Matt to look at him. “You look amazing,” he murmured. “You look strong and confident and so damn sure of yourself. That’s the guy I love. The guy who does what he says he’s going to do. Who makes up his mind and sticks with it. Who isn’t afraid of shit, where’s he hiding now?”

With a faint smile, Matt admitted, “I think I left him at home. If I could just stop *thinking* already and just get in there and *do* it—”

Vic silenced him with a kiss that lingered on his mouth. Matt opened to him, letting him in. The soft press of lips and insistent tongue sent shivers down his spine, quickening his blood and weakening his knees. Vic pulled back just enough to sigh into him, “You need a distraction.”

“This works,” Matt managed before Vic chased his words away with a lick of his tongue. His hands slipped down to cradle Matt’s buttocks, squeezing his firm ass through jeans that suddenly chafed over-sensitized skin. Then, one hand holding him close, the other trailed over his hip to rub at the front of his crotch. Vic fingered the curve of Matt’s zipper, his nail *pop pop popping* over the tiny metal teeth as his hidden cock stiffened beneath the touch. Matt’s own hands fisted in Vic’s shirt, pulling his lover closer as their kiss deepened.

Between them, Vic thumbed open the fly on Matt’s jeans. The zipper parted—his fingers eased into the front of Matt’s briefs, tickled through cottony hair, stroked the hard, thick shaft that jumped at his touch. “Please,” Matt moaned, taking

MATCHING TATS

a step back. He found himself up against the wall as the small bathroom closed in around them and everything else disappeared—everything that wasn't Vic before him, the hands down his pants, the mouth on his.

Without a word his lover sank to the floor, tugging Matt's jeans and briefs down with him in one swift motion. Matt's swollen erection swung free, rising to meet the eager mouth that closed over his bulbous cockhead with a sweet kiss. Vic's mouth seared Matt's flesh, his tongue circling the tender tip of his dick before taking the full length in. Arching away from the wall, Matt thrust into his lover, legs trembling at the sensations that flooded his body. The hot mouth suckling, loving him; the hand between his legs, massaging his balls like dice in his lover's palm. One long finger stretched across the hidden flesh between his legs to tickle the puckered skin of his ass.

Vic's other hand strummed Matt's lower belly, pushing the T-shirt he wore out of the way as he fondled Matt's navel. Every inch of Matt's body fluttered at the touch. His blood raced, pounding in his chest, his temples, his dick, tingling his nerves, enflaming his senses. "Please," he gasped, and "yes," and "God, Vic, yes, *yes*." Matt gripped Vic's hand tight, then rubbed over his lover's shaved scalp, plucked at his ears, held his head as he fucked into the willing mouth. He quivered from the loving ministrations, the hands on his body, the mouth and tongue and lips that guided him to release.

With long strokes of his tongue, Vic worshipped Matt's cock. On his knees now, he concentrated on the full length of

MATCHING TATS

Matt's erection, beginning at the tip and swirling down to the thick base, buried in musky curls. His saliva slicked down Matt's dark pubic hair, coated his throbbing balls, cooled the heated skin behind them that Vic licked out to taste. "God," Matt sobbed. His body was on fire, ignited by his lover, a pyre burning bright, fueled by mutual desire.

Suddenly Vic stood and turned, dropping his own jeans to the floor to present the twin pale mounds of his buttocks. "Fuck me, Matty," he growled as he gripped the sink in both hands, feet spread apart as wide as they'd go with the jeans cuffing his ankles. "Fuck me hard. You know how I like it."

Matt didn't have to be asked twice. Brushing the hem of Vic's shirt up out of the way, Matt held his lover's hips as he worked the tip of his dick between the round cheeks of Vic's ass. His lover gasped and pushed back against him at the same moment Matt thrust into his hot center; they met in a clash of skin and sweat, Matt fisting the fabric of Vic's shirt, Vic's knuckles as white as the porcelain sink he clung to. They moved together in an ancient rhythm, fast and rough, Vic bucking as Matt drove into him, seeking release.

The connection they shared opened like floodgates, and a myriad of emotions tumbled between them. They shared every aspect of the deed—Matt felt his own cock bump his prostate as he thrust into Vic, and knew that Vic's swollen glans throbbed as if inside his own tight ass. They came simultaneously, an orgasmic rush that tore through them both, ratcheting their emotions into a realm of pure sensation, beyond thought and fear, beyond words. Burrowed deep inside

MATCHING TATS

Vic, Matt wrapped his arms around his lover's waist and leaned against him, a fierce hug that seemed to be all that held the both of them upright. "Oh God," he sighed into the damp skin along the back of Vic's neck. "I love you."

One hand covered Matt's. Vic's sphincters, still clenched, held the wilting cock within him. When he spoke, his voice was thick with emotion. "I won't think anything less of you if you can't go through with this—"

"I can."

The words slipped out unbidden, and Matt kissed his lover's shoulder as if to punctuate his assent. He *needed* that tattoo now, if only to burn *this* moment into his memory forever, a testament to the love they shared. His voice sounded strong and sure, no longer laced with doubt. "I will, right now, before I can change my mind."

But he didn't relax his grip around Vic's waist, and neither moved, unwilling to spoil the sudden intimacy that enveloped them. When Matt finally loosened his arms, Vic held onto his wrist to keep him close. "Big Man," Matt started.

In the mirror above the sink, Vic met Matt's gaze. He clenched his buttocks, renewing Matt's interest. "Let him wait."

* * *

When they returned, Matt entered the room first, Vic's hand held fast in his. Big Man's gaze dropped to those entwined hands, then raised to meet Vic's stern eyes. From the look on his face, Matt suspected Big Man knew about their

MATCHING TATS

tryst in the bathroom, but he didn't say a word as Matt dropped into the tattooing chair. Ignoring the second stool, Vic sank down to sit on the edge of Matt's chair. "This cool with you?" he asked the tattoo artist.

Big Man shrugged. "Just don't move," he cautioned in a weary voice that said he'd seen it all. "I don't want to fuck up the art."

As Big Man prepped his ink, Matt rolled his shirt sleeve up over his shoulder. One of Vic's large hands rested easily on his thigh, comforting him. His lover's voice filled him inside when Vic telepathically reassured him, ::*You'll be fine.*::

With a wan smile, Matt took a deep breath and held it. He closed his eyes, trying to center himself. *Don't think about the pain*, his mind whispered. *Don't think about anything if you can help it. Fifteen minutes and it'll all be over. That's not too long for something that will last a lifetime, is it?*

And then Vic was there, his presence warming Matt's body as if his lover lay above him. Matt felt Vic's heart beat in time with his own, felt his lover's pulse through his own veins, saw himself through his lover's eyes. He looked fearless and strong. He could do this. He *would*.

The first spritz of soapy liquid startled him, so cold against his overheated skin. He opened his eyes and saw Vic frowning at the bandage that covered his own new tattoo. As Big Man ran the straight-edge razor over his upper arm, Matt asked, "What's the matter?"

"It itches," Vic replied. He scratched at the bandage hard enough to tear the medical tape away from his skin.

MATCHING TATS

Smoothing it back down, he told Matt, “Usually only bothers me later, when it’s healing.”

Now Big Man pressed the template onto Matt’s flesh. His impersonal manner was incongruous with the loving way Vic had applied the temporary tattoos earlier. When Big Man retraced the outline of the tattoo, the pen tickled Matt’s damp skin. He remembered the feel of Vic’s tongue on his body, licking the tattoos into place, and he sent that memory into Vic’s mind, a wicked grin already toying at the edges of his lips. ::Remember—::

A flash of intense pain flared through him and was gone. He jolted, but Big Man held his shoulder in an uncompromising grip that prevented him from moving. “Stop,” the tattoo artist warned.

“Vic?” Matt reached out for his lover, but Vic’s concentration was on the bandage and the piercing itch beneath it—the source of the pain Matt felt ricochet through him. He watched in disbelief as Vic ripped the bandage aside to scratch across the surface of his new tattoo. “God, Vic, don’t *do* that! You’ll ruin it...”

But the tattoo beneath the bandage no longer looked fresh and bloody. The ink had dried, the skin healed. Matt’s initials looked as if they’d been touched up recently—the colors were vivid and bright—but there were no scabs on the tattoo, nothing to indicate that it had just been carved into his arm. It looked *nothing* like Vic’s facial tattoo had when healing.

Big Man shook Matt’s arm to get his attention. “Initials?” he asked, his voice brusque. “Come on, guys. I ain’t got all

MATCHING TATS

day. What—”

“*V S B*,” Vic told him. He ran his hand over the tattoo and flinched. Matt could pick up some residual pain deep in his lover’s muscles but nothing more. With a sardonic twist of his lips, Vic mused, *::Now we know what position gives me healing powers::*

Suddenly the tattoo machine hummed to life. Matt tensed, fingers digging into the soft arms of the chair. “Relax,” Big Man told him as he positioned the buzzing needles near Matt’s shoulder. “It’ll hurt more if you don’t.”

Matt felt Vic pry his hand off the arm of the chair. He folded Matt’s fingers into his own palm. A warmth spread through them at the touch, a golden glow that seemed to pour from Vic’s hand into Matt’s, then move along his wrist, up his arm. Strength and love wove through him, encasing him in an armor that kept the rest of the world at bay. When the needles touched his skin, Matt heard their insistent *whirr* but barely felt their bite. Vic’s newfound healing power managed to drive the pain away.

Matt dared to peek at the tattoo taking shape on his arm. The spots already inked in stood out glossy against the faded temporary tattoo, but there was no blood. No scabbing, no wound. The healing ability Matt had unwittingly transferred to Vic during sex flowed back into him easily at his lover’s touch. *::This isn’t so bad,::* he thought.

The sharp look Vic threw at him made him grin. *::Oh yeah, easy for you to say::*

Puckering his lips together, Matt blew his lover a kiss and

MATCHING TATS

amended, ::*When we get home, I'll thank you properly.*::

A distracting image rose unbidden in Matt's head—himself on the floor of their living room, Vic in front of him. Both naked. He sent the thought to his lover, then played the scene out between them like a movie. In their minds, Matt stretched his legs out between Vic's. His long feet glistened with lotion, and they left slick trails along Vic's legs as they rubbed over his knees and up his lover's inner thighs.

Inside their heads, Vic watched Matt plant one foot against his shaved balls, fitting the sac perfectly into the arch of his sole. His toes wiggled, exciting Vic's dick, the nails skimming over his skin with a dry sound. The other foot curled down the length of Vic's dick.

Spreading his legs wider, Vic slouched down to allow Matt full access to his genitalia. Matt's large feet rubbed over his balls and dick, squeezing him, kneading him, playing with him as they both grew more aroused by the moment. Steepling his long toes over Vic's erection, Matt stroked the hard length with only the soles of his feet. Then he caught Vic's shaft between two toes and strummed from tip to base in one smooth stroke. His toes massaged Vic's hairless crotch, pressing into him when his hips rose off the ground. With one heel against his balls, Matt fondled his lover with both feet, toes tickling his cockhead and curving delicately around his shaft...

A sudden silence spawned around them—it took a moment for Matt to realize the tattoo machine had been turned off. He opened his eyes to find Big Man wiping the new tattoo on his

MATCHING TATS

arm with a paper towel but there was no blood, nothing to wipe away. “Wow.” With a squeeze of Vic’s hand, Matt turned his arm to show his lover the tattoo. “Check this out, hon.”

Vic stared, jaws slack, eyes hooded with lust. The front of his jeans strained beneath an erection roused by Matt’s sexy, sinful thoughts. He had a foot fetish, Matt knew, and apparently the thought of a foot-job seemed to incapacitate him. “Vic?”

Vic cleared his throat, shook his head, ran a hand over the top of his bald scalp and frowned at the tattoo as he struggled to move from the realm of emotion back to the land of the living. “Looks good,” he grumbled, his voice like thunder in the small room. “Real good, Matty. You like it?”

Before Matt could respond, Vic surged to his feet, already digging out his wallet. “How much we owe you?” Pulling out a hundred dollar bill, he folded it into Big Man’s fist. “This should cover it. Two medium tats are what, forty each? Plus tax, keep the change. Real good job, man. Thanks a lot.”

Vic grabbed Matt’s arm and hauled him to his feet. As he led the way from the room, Matt laughed. “Vic, wait...”

His lover’s mind opened to his, a whirl of blinding lust and red-hot passion sizzling in him. *::Can’t wait. I need you. Now.::*

Matt’s laughter chased them from the tattoo parlor as the rest of the afternoon stretched out ahead like a promise.

J. M. SNYDER

An author of gay erotic/romantic fiction, J. M. Snyder began self-publishing gay erotic fiction in 2002. Since then, Snyder has released several books in trade paperback format and has begun exploring the world of e-publishing, working with both Aspen Mountain Press and Amber Quill Press. Snyder's highly erotic short gay fiction has been published online at *Ruthie's Club*, *Tit-Elation*, *Sticky Pen*, and Amazon Shorts, as well as in anthologies by Aspen Mountain Press and Cleis Press. A full bibliography, as well as free fiction, book excerpts, purchasing information, and exclusive contests, can be found at:

<http://jmsnyder.net>

* * *

***Don't miss The Powers Of Love, by J. M Snyder,
available at Amber-Allure.com!
An Amber Heat Wave Contest Winner!***

With his shaved head, piercings, and tattoos, the muscular Vic Braunson isn't one who falls hopelessly in love at first sight. But when he meets swim instructor Matt diLorenzo at the gym, sparks fly...despite the fact that Matt is dating Vic's co-worker.

Then a chance encounter months later brings them together. When they finally consummate their relationship, there's no denying the energy between them. But the next morning, Vic awakens to find his mind crowded with a myriad of thoughts, none of them his own. After their second night of making love, Vic is filled with unparalleled strength. Oh, and now he can fly.

Suddenly Vic is filled with questions he doesn't know how to answer. First, just what exactly is going on here? And how does he tell Matt without alienating his new lover or ruining their budding relationship? Or does Matt know something he, himself, is only now discovering?

AMBER QUILL PRESS, LLC

HOME OF AMBER ALLURE!

QUALITY GLBT FICTION
IN BOTH PRINT AND ELECTRONIC FORMATS

ACTION/ADVENTURE

SUSPENSE/THRILLER

SCIENCE FICTION

PARANORMAL

EROTICA

MYSTERY

ROMANCE

HORROR

DARK FANTASY

FANTASY

CONTEMPORARY

HISTORICAL

AND MORE...

BUY DIRECT AND SAVE

<http://www.Amber-Allure.com>

WHERE LOVE IS BLIND TO GENDER...