Tattooed Love--Sam and Tank's Story

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This is the story about Sam and Tank. They are characters of my novel "Sex and Romance". This is how their love started.

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Tattooed Love--Sam and Tank's Story

****A/N: HEY EVERYBODY! I decided to do a little side project. I wanted to write the love story of Tank and Sam, the tattoo artists that gave Stephanie and Melody thier first tattoo in the story "Sex and Romance". I hope it's not too long! Enjoy please and comment, comments make me smile :)****

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I never felt so nervous in my life. I looked at the address on the piece of paper one last time to make sure this is the place. â Dragonâ s Lair Tattoo 554 56th Avenue, Queens New Yorkâ and I looked up at the street sign, and it said â 56th Avenueâ and up at the building and in big, green, neon letter read â Dragonâ s Lair Tattooâ and the number â 554â under it.

â Okay Samantha, you are getting your first tattoo. Itâ s your first act of rebellion against your parents. You can do this!â I told myself. My name is Samantha Adams and I lived the sheltered life until now. I graduated from high school yesterday and I decided with all my money I saved up, I am getting myself a tattoo. I want a flower vine down my arm from my shoulder to my elbow. Next to change about me, dying my hair from my bland chestnut colored hair. I ran up to the door and I already can smell the green soap they use to clean the tattoo with and my heart accelerates. I opened the door and a woman in her mid twenties smiled at me. For some reason, I thought people that works in tattoo parlors are mean and rude. This lady already seems really nice and she welcomed me to the shop.

â Hello, I am getting my first tattoo and I printed off the design,â I said and handed her the design. She smiled and began my paper work. As I filled out the necessary information, she made a copy of my driverâ s license. As I finished up the paperwork, I heard an argument.

â James, that is the most silliest name I ever heard of. Who wants to get a tattoo from a guy name Tank?â an older man yelled.

â I want to be called Tank, Dad. Who wants a tattoo from a guy name James?â A younger guy yelled. I would rather get a tattoo from a guy name Tank, actually! A younger guy with dark blonde hair ran out of the back room and stormed out, but before he ran out the door, he looked straight at me and my heart went to the floor. This guy is GORGEOUS! He has light green eyes and his hair is almost a light brunette to a dark blonde in color. He has light stubble on his jaw and I loved stubble. I love the feeling of it touching my lips. I shook my hair and finished the paper work. The girl walked back out and her hair, which is the same color as the guy that ran out, rolled her eyes.

â Sorry about that, Dad and Tank always fight about that name,â she said and I smiled.

â I like it, I think it has personality,â I said and she smiled.

â My name is Raven, but my real name is Rebecca. Your name isâ ¦Samantha.â

â Yep, thatâ s me!â I began to get nervous as the time to get my tattoo got closer and the bells of the door chimed as Tank ran back in and he smiled at Raven.

â Hey little sis, a first timer?â he asked her.

â Yes, her name is Samantha and I am about to finish up her paperwork and you can get started on the stencil,â Raven said and she gave him the drawing.

â Where is this going?â He asked me.

â Umâ ¦right here,â I showed him the location on my right arm and he smiled.

â I will scale it a little longer and it should look really nice. Good choice for a first tattoo,â he said and went to the back room. Raven told me to sit down because the stencil will take a little bit to do and I went to the couch with the television. The station that it is on is blaring out metal music and an older man walked out and looked down at me.

â You are Tankâ s first customer, so please show me after he finishes,â he said and walked out the door. I guess he finally gave in and let his son be called Tank. About twenty minutes later, Tank came out and held a piece of paper with my design in stencil form. He asked me to come up there and I did. As I got closer, I smelled his cologne and it heighten my senses and it smelled so good. He put the paper on my arm and made sure it fit perfectly on my arm.
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â Your arm is so tiny, it almost wraps around your whole arm!â Tank said and I laughed.

â I was told that I needed to gain weight,â I said and he nodded.

â I agree, you need some meat in you!â His hand touched my arm and it sent electric signals down to my toes and back to my head. I donâ t know why, I want to get to know Tank now. Tank told me that he has to set up his station before we can start, so I sat back down. Raven came back in and asked me for my money. I paid for my tattooed and Tank came back out.

â Ready?â he asked and I nodded. As I followed him from behind, I checked out his ass. He has to be very muscular because his ass is so round and tight in those blue jeans. Tank has to be twenty-four years old, which it doesnâ t matter because I am eighteen. He opened the door for me and he allowed me to walk in before him and I felt his eyes on my ass. I turned around and he quickly jerked his head away and cleared his throat. He was checking me out! I sat down in the chair and my arm went to the arm rest and he sat down beside me. He sprayed some of the green soap on my arm and placed the stencil on my arm. When he took it off, he allowed me to see it in the mirror. Itâ s just a stencil and I loved it already!

â We need to let it dry for at least five minutes,â Tank said and I nodded. He grabbed a stack of music Cds and let me pick what I wanted to listen to. I decided on an artist my parents hated, Marilyn Manson.

â Good choice, I donâ t see you as a Manson fan,â Tank said as he put the CD in.

â I like his type of metal, its unique. Also, my parents hates him,â I said and he cleared his throat.

â How old are you?â he asked me.

â Eighteen, what about you?â I said to him.

â I am twenty-three, Iâ ll be twenty-four in September.â

â You are not that much older than me.â

â Not really.â He grabbed his tattoo gun and I about jumped out of the seat when I heard the gun go off. I let my heart slow down and he got beside me and he touched my shoulder lightly.

â You know that this will hurt,â he said and I nodded.

â All tattoos hurt, I can deal with it,â I said and I closed my eyes and he pressed play for the music to start. I hummed to the song as I felt the needle go into my arm and I began to hum louder when the pain started. Tank done a little line and then stopped.

â Are you okay? Need me to stop?â Tank asked.

â No, keep going!â I said and he smiled. He continued on the outline of my tattoo and it took about an hour to do the outline. Itâ s very painful, but itâ s all worth it in the end. Iâ m going to have a beautiful tattoo on my arm. When the outline finished, he let me take a break. I walked out to the main lobby and Tank went outside with a cigarette in his hand. I am glad that he smokes because I do as well. I grabbed a cigarette and my lighter and joined him. When I lit my cigarette, he smiled and looked shocked.

â What?â I asked him blowing out my smoke.

â You are very unique, Samantha,â Tank said and I giggled.

â How?â

â You like Marilyn Manson and you smoke. A gorgeous woman like you would like something like, oh hell, Justin Bieber and cannot stand smoking.â

â You mean Justin Gayber!â He laughed and he got closer to me. I cannot believe he is already trying to get friendly with me, but I donâ t care. Itâ s about time for me to get with a man. I never had a decent boyfriend. I made it as far as making out with a guy and letting him fondle my breast.

â Will it be weird if I asked you to go out on a date with me tomorrow? I know a good place to eat a steak, if you like steak!â Tank asked me and I smiled.

â I love steak, and sure, what place and time?â I asked him. He told me the place, which is about a few miles away from my house and he wants me to be there around six in the evening. We walked into the shop again and he finished my coloring of my tattoo. I think the outline hurt worse than the coloring. Coloring hurts, but it becomes more like a sunburn as he went on. The coloring didnâ t take as long as I thought it would, only fifty minutes. Tank decided to be cute and wrapped a bandana around my eyes and walked me into the lobby.

â Hey Raven, Dad, come on out and see my first tattoo job!â Tank yelled out and I heard footsteps enter the lobby and Raven squealing.

â Oh my God Tank, that is gorgeous!â Raven said.

â Tank, you done a really good job. You learned well,â His father said. Tank took my blind fold off and then, I seen it. Raven is right, it is gorgeous. The bright pink and purple shined in the light and the green he used for the vine and leaves matched his green eyes. I became speechless and I cannot take my eyes off of it. I turned around and I threw my arms, not use to the soreness of my arm with the tattoo, and hugged Tank.

â Thank you, thank you!â I said and he wrapped his arms around me and I heard his dad and Raven leave the room. I didnâ t know I can sort of fall in love this quickly, but everything is possible. When I looked into Tankâ s smiling eyes, I leaned in and kissed him. I jerked back quickly and backed up a little.

â Sorry about that,â I said and he got closer to me and wrapped his arms around me and pulled me closer.

â Not trying to freak you out, but Iâ ve seen you around,â Tank said and I looked up at him and gave him a questioning look. â You walk by here almost everyday and I see you at the library.â

â I did my school papers there and as I think about it, I seen you there!â I said and its true. I remember seeing him at the library, on You Tube looking at people tattooing. He pulled me closer to him and place his lips on mine and kissed me. His tongue played with my lips and they involuntary opened and I let his tongue slip inside my mouth. Our tongues bathed each other and I began to feel hot all over and he pulled me closer and I felt his hard cock against my stomach and I felt nervous. I let go of his mouth and leaned against his chest and he ran his fingers through my hair.

â Tank, I never had sex before,â I said and he lifted my face to look into his eyes and he is smiling.

â I want to be your first, Samanthaâ !â

â Call me Sam,â I interrupted him.

â Really Sam, I want to feel your first orgasm and I want to taste your cum. I had women, Sam, but I am not a man whore. I know how to please a woman.â

â I donâ t care about the other women, Tank. I want you, and only you.â I closed my eyes as his lips touched the side of my neck and my sweet spot at the base of my neck. He let go and smiled down at me.

â We will make love tomorrow, Sam, after the date, if you want to,â He said and I nodded my head.

â I am not on any birth control,â I said.

â I have condoms.â

â Then we are set, right?â

â Then we are set.â He kissed me one more time before I had to leave. I gave him my cell phone number so he can get a hold of me if he needed to. I felt more nervous about losing my virginity then getting my tattoo. I wanted Tank, I wanted him in my life. This is a good way to start a relationship, hopefully a relationship. I hope this donâ t turn out as a one-night stand.

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I showed up to the restaurant at ten till six. My parents donâ t like the idea of me running around and doing things on my own, but I am fucking eighteen years old, I need to get out! They freaked out about the tattoo, but my dad ended up liking it more than my mom. My mom couldnâ t believe that I saved up my allowance for a tattoo. I paced back and forth at the entrance and I ran my hands down my outfit, which is a strapless red dress my mom bought for a party one year. My red heels are already hurting my feet due to me not wearing heels all the time. I seen a Dodge Charger pull into the parking lot and a tall man coming out of it. I knew it is Tank, and sure thing, it is Tank. He smiled at me and then kissed me.

â Oh baby, you look gorgeous tonight,â he said and my heart fluttered. He called me baby!

â Thank you, you look stunning yourself!â I said looking at his nice outfit. He is wearing a button up plaid shirt and blue jeans and his sleeve tattoos are showing, which I donâ t care. My tattoo is showing and I donâ t give a fuck either. We walked in and Tank told the waitress our reservations. She took us to the back of the restaurant that looks perfect for dates. All the tables just has two chairs and has a candle in the middle of the table. We ordered our drinks, which Tank got a draft beer and I got some iced tea. I looked at the menu and I felt his eyes on me.

â I really donâ t want to eat any food tonight,â Tank said winking at me.

â I havenâ t ate all day, so I need to eat for tonight,â I said winking at him. He chuckled and when the waitress came back, we both ordered steaks and baked potatoes. When the waitress left, Tank grabbed my hand from across the table and laced his fingers through mine. I looked up at him with my brown eyes and he looked down at me with his eyes. I noticed that his eyes are more of a teal color, which his eyes are still beautiful to me.

â Sam, I want you to be my girl,â he said and I wanted to jump across the table and kiss him right there. Oh my god, this is going to be a relationship. I smiled and I kissed his hand.

â Of course!â I probably made it sound like he proposed marriage to me, but I felt so good when he asked me to be his girlfriend.

â I havenâ t had a girlfriend in so long, I think we are meant to be together,â Tank said and I smiled.

â Me too,â and the waitress came back with our steaks and we ate and stared at each other for the rest of the time. I can tell he began to get impatient to be alone with me, so we hurried through our food, he paid and we left. I followed him to his place, what I am guessing itâ s his place, and parked behind him. Tank is already at my car door and when he closed the door behind me, he lifted me up with one arm under my back and the other under my knees. He carried me through the doors of an apartment complex and carried me down the hallway to the very end. Tank managed to unlock the door and opened it with one hand and he closed the door behind him with his foot. His place is pure masculine and it smelled just like him, which made me want him more. I already felt my pussy getting wet for him and he carried me to his bedroom. He closed the door behind him and lay me on his bed.

â Do you want me to take your clothes off first?â he asked and I nodded. I rolled onto my back and he slowly unzipped my dress and he groaned when he realized I went completely commando. The dress is too tight with a bra and I decided, since we are going to fuck each other, to not wear any underwear. I rolled onto my back and raised my arms to wrap them behind my head and let him stare at me.

â Oh my God, Sam, you have a beautiful body,â He said and he began kissing my shoulders and then he looked up with a silly grin. â You need some meat on your bones still,â he said and I laughed. My hands went to his shirt and I began to unbutton the shirt. He stood up and let me sit up and take off his shirt. When all the buttons came free, I pushed his shirt off of him and adored his muscular chest. Tankâ s chest is well built and he has a drop dead gorgeous 6-pack. I swallowed and he has two eagle tattoos on both side of his chest and I leaned and licked his brown nipple. Tank moaned and slid his hands through my hair and I stopped when I felt him push me back. I leaned back and he took off his pants and when I seen his big, erect cock, I felt my pussy pulse even faster and harder. My breathing became faster and deeper as his hands went to his boxers and stripped them off, and he stood before me, naked. I have never seen a naked man before, and he looks gorgeous naked. His 8-inch cock is hard and ready for me. I didnâ t know what to do, so I went to his pillows and laid down and he crawl up to me and lay between my legs. I moaned when I felt his lips against

my inner thigh and traveled up to my pussy mound. He kissed the outside of it first then, I felt it. Tankâ s tongue went to my clit and I about cum right there. I never EVER been eaten out before and it felt SOOOOO good. He began sucking and flicking my clit and he put two fingers into my pussy hole and I felt it coming.

â Oh my god, itâ s happening Tank!â I said and I began to shack.

â Oh baby, cum on my face, I want to taste your cum!â Tank said and I exploded. My first orgasm EVER. I have masturbated before, but I never had an orgasm like this. He stopped licking me and let me rest a little before he got on top of me. Tank kissed me and I felt the velvety tip of his cock touch my pussy lips and I closed my eyes.

â Sam, I am not hurting you on purpose, you know that right?â Tank said.

â I know, please get inside me, Tank!â I said pressing my hands on his ass and he kissed me as he put his cock inside my pussy. I jerked back and I tightly closed my eyes as I felt him go though my virgin membrane and I felt blood gushing out of me.

â Are you okay, baby?â Tank asked me as he kissed my neck. After a few moments, I nodded.

â Yes, I am okay now,â I said and he moaned as he began to move slowly.

â Oh Sam, you are so tight and wet!â he said and I began to moan as he fucked me faster and faster. I felt him hit my G-spot continuously and I already wanted to cum again.

â I wanna cum again!â I said and he moaned my name.

â Cum for me baby,â Tank said and I let it build up and then, I cum all over his cock and I wrapped my arms around his shoulders and dug my nails into his skin and I felt him shutter.

â I am so close, baby, you felt so good cumming on my cock,â Tank said and I felt his milky cum inside me, and I realized, he didnâ t put a condom on. I didnâ t care. I didnâ t want to feel a condom inside me for my first time. He collapsed on me and after a minute or so, he rolled off of me. He pulled me to him and I lay my head against his shoulder and he ran his fingers though my hair.

â I didnâ t put a condom on,â Tank said.

â I know, and I donâ t care,â I said and he smiled.

â I hate condoms anyways!â We laughed and we fell asleep in each others arms.

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Throughout the years, we fell deeper and deeper in love with each other. On our second year anniversary, he proposed to me when I done my first tattoo. Of course I accepted it. We got married a year later on our third year anniversary. I never been happier. Bad things did happen to us. About five months into our relationship, my father had a fatal heart attack. My mother didnâ t take the news well, and she took her own life. I moved in with Tank after that. Two months later, I found out I was pregnant with our first child. Sadly enough, the babyâ s heart was not strong enough to live, so I miscarried. Tank was very heartbroken when I miscarried. I told him that we will have a baby, it will take time. You can say that we are very happy with each other. We bought our own tattoo shop and we named it â Blue Inkâ since my favorite color is blue. I got at least ten more tattoos, and Tank added at least ten more to his already huge collection. I love Tank and Tank loves me, thatâ s all that matters.

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