**Dublin Tattoo**

by[Shamrockk](http://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=1316510&page=submissions)©

When Tiffany and I went to Dublin for our honeymoon, she showed me a new and exciting side of herself. In St. Stephen's Green, as we were taking photographs, she flashed some young guys. Later that night in a city bar, she began to tease two eastern European business types who were sitting across from us. Tiffany was wearing a new dress that buttoned down the front and at first she undid some buttons to give the guys a better view of her stunning cleavage. I was taking pictures of her as the guys loosened their ties and got more involved in the show. Tiffany went to the bathroom. When she came back, she lifted her dress to let me see she had removed her panties. For the next hour Tiffany displayed herself to the business men while I photographed her. Finally, a waitress caught on and became so obnoxious that we left.

That night we had extra steamy sex and the next morning we decided we wanted to try something more daring. I had a fantasy of getting my initial tattooed, very small, on Tiffany's mound. I didn't really want her beautiful body marked, but the idea of her pussy being initialed turned me on. Part of it was the dominance aspect, but for her to submit to being permanently inked with my initial was so romantic, such a sign of commitment. Then there was the thought of Tiffany undressing in front of a tattooist and the guy touching her naked pussy as he tattooed her.

I told Tiffany about my fantasy that night as we had sex. It turned her on too and she said we should find a tattoo parlor the next day. To avoid getting a real tattoo, our story would be that we wanted to see a design of my initials on her mound with an ink transfer so we could decide if we liked it or not. That way she would have a reason to expose herself, without getting a tattoo.

The next morning we looked in the yellow pages of the Dublin phone book and wrote down addresses of tattoo parlors. The first one we visited was in a busy mall with glass cases full of piercing jewelry and mostly young female tattooists. After that, we got distracted by sightseeing for a few hours, but then we returned to our quest. We found ourselves near another place on our list. It was down a quiet street and through the window it looked like a clothing boutique. We were about to leave, when I decided to go in and make sure. It turned out that the tattoo parlor was downstairs in the basement. I descended the stairs and there was one guy in a little basement room. Perfect!

I got Tiffany and we went down to the basement. She was nervous, but there was no time to turn back and suddenly all three of us were in the small enclosed space of the tattoo parlor. The tattoo artist was a Polish or Slovakian guy in his late thirties, dark and fairly handsome. He spoke good enough English, and I explained what we wanted. He got the idea that Tiffany was going to be taking off her panties and that appealed to him. He and I sat down as we discussed the design. Tiffany stood between us in her light summer dress in the small, cramped room.

The artist drew my initial on a stencil and showed it to us. "Ok, I said, but I need to see it on her." I turned to Tiffany. "Take off your panties," I said.

Tiffany hesitated, so the tattoo guy encouraged her. "Don't be shy," he said, giving her a professional smile, like "don't worry, I see nude women all the time."

Tiffany raised her dress and slid her panties down to reveal her white mound between her tan thighs. She removed her panties and stood holding her dress up, exposing her pussy for us to examine. The tattooist took the stencil and held it up to her, as we discussed placement. Our faces were close to Tiffany's naked pussy as we talked about where to put the stencil. I wondered if he smelled the scent of sex on her from when we had fucked that morning.

The tattooist touched Tiffany's mound and gently pressed the skin. He chose a spot and pressed the thin paper against her skin. His fingers pushed into her flesh, his unshaven face just inches away from her juicy, fragrant lips. Finally he removed the paper and we looked at the midnight blue M imprinted just above Tiffany's clit.

"That's great," I said, "just what we wanted."

"So do you want the tattoo?" he asked.

"We'd like to think about it. If we decide to get it we'll come back later."

"Ok, come back any time," the tattoo artist said, "Even if it's late, I will be here!"

As we exited the store and walked down Grafton Street, Tiffany and I were laughing about what we had just done. She couldn't believe she had just exposed herself to a stranger and allowed him to touch and examine her. As we walked past some business men who were having lunch outside a café I remembered that Tiffany was wearing a new pair of cute white panties. I didn't want them to be ruined by the ink from the transfer. Right there on the street I said, "Take off your panties." Without missing a beat, Tiffany obliged and in front of the mostly male lunch crowd she slid her white panties off and put them in her purse.

That night as we made love we relived our adventure with the tattoo guy. We talked about what he must have thought when Tiffany undressed for him. "Do you think it turned him on?" she said. "Oh yeah," I said, "I bet he jerked off after we left." As we talked, we fantasized about how we could have taken things further.

"I know it wouldn't have made sense for you to get naked, but I wish you could have stripped completely," I said. "I know he wanted to see your tits."

"He really wanted us to come back," Tiffany said, "he was like, 'Don't worry if it's late, I'll be here.'" She thought about it. "Maybe we could go there tomorrow evening and see if he is still there."

"Yeah," I said, "Remember you were thinking of getting your nipples darkened? We could ask him about that. Then you'd have a reason to take your top off."

The next day we went shopping for underwear. Tiffany chose a lacy bra and a pair of see-through white panties. After an early dinner, we made our way back to the quiet street where we had been the day before. The boutique upstairs was about to close. A girl came to the door. "I'm sorry," she said in a soft Dublin brogue, "we are closing."

"Is the tattoo guy still here?" I asked, "He said he would stay late to finish my wife's tattoo. We're leaving town tomorrow, so it's kinda urgent."

She hesitated and then opened the door. "You can go down and see if he's working late," she told us.

Tiffany and I descended the stairs and the tattoo guy looked up from his desk. He smiled and it was clear that he was happy to see us. "Did you decide to go with the design?" he asked. The girl upstairs called down, "I'm locking the door. Don't forget to check that it's locked on your way out."

"Ok," he called back, then, "Come on in," he said, smiling, obviously happy to see us.

We entered the small room and he gestured for us to sit down. We took a seat and Tiffany put her purse down. "We are still not sure about the design for the initial, we'd like to see it in a slightly smaller size," I said.

"Ok," he said.

"Also," Tiffany interjected, "I have been thinking about getting the aureolas around my nipples darkened. Do you do that?"

"I can," he said.

"Ok," Tiffany stood up, "Let me show you."

She carefully unbuttoned her dress to reveal her dark lacy bra and the pale outline of her impressively large breasts. Then she took the dress off completely and laid it on a chair. The body heat in the room increased several degrees as Tiffany stepped out of the dress. She stood there in nothing but her bra, heels and sheer white panties. The panties hugged her shaved mound enticingly.

Tiffany reached behind and unclasped the bra. Then she shook her breasts free of the cups and slowly slid the straps down her arms. She laid the bra on top of her blouse. The tattoo guy took in her big luscious pale breasts, dramatically set off by her tan shoulders and belly.

"What do you think?" Tiffany asked him.

The tattoo guy cleared his throat, "Very nice," he said, "Ah, let me see the skin tone."

He stepped closer to Tiffany and looked at her nipples. "Your areolas are perfect just as they are," he said, "Are you sure you want to darken them?"

"Well, I have thought about it," Tiffany said, "Do you have a way to show me how they'd look a shade darker?"

"We can add temporary color," the tattoo guy said.

"Yes," Tiffany said, sounding excited, "Let's try that."

The tattoo guy took out some jars of colored pigment and selected a shade. He scooped some of the creamy pigment with his fingertips and spread it around the edges of Tiffany's nipples. Her nipples stood erect as he massaged the pigment into each pink areola. The tattoo guy took his time, carefully applying the color and blending it with the paler skin at the edges of her areolas and the darker skin of the nipples.

Then he held up a mirror up for her to examine the results. Tiffany's large breasts stood out firmly as they do when she is aroused and her nipples were erect. The dark sheen of the pigment made her tits look especially defined and sexy.

"That looks great," I said, "I wonder how the pigment would look around your clit. I bet it would make your pussy lips more defined."

Tiffany lowered her eyes.

"Can we try that?" she asked.

"Sure," the tattoo guy said, "we can try it."

Tiffany ran her fingers lightly over the sheer panties. "I guess I should take these off," she said.

She slid the panties down. She left the white strip of nylon and elastic stretched tight half way down her tanned thighs.

Then she placed her fingers lightly on the top of her lips and opened them a little to reveal her clit. The inner lips looked moist and luscious. "Where do you think the pigment should go?" she asked innocently.

"Right where you have your fingers," I said. "Just to make a darker outline around your clit."

"Ok," she said, "let's try that."

Tiffany sat on the couch with her legs spread and the tattoo guy knelt between her thighs and gently applied the creamy pigment. Tiffany's lips were already engorged and as he spread the cream on her delicate folds, she sighed.

"Are you ok?" he asked.

"Yes," she said.

The tattoo guy continued spreading the pigment cream on Tiffany's swollen lips. Her lips took on a deeper, darker shade and the edges appeared sharper and more clearly defined. Tiffany sighed again.

"I can't help it," she said, "This is making me wet? Will it mess up the pigment if I start dripping?"

I saw an opportunity. "See how wet she is," I said, trying to sound matter-of-fact, "slide your finger in. If she is really wet, we can wipe off the moisture before you apply more pigment."

The tattoo guy looked unsure, but Tiffany reassured him. "It's ok. Check and see."

He gently parted Tiffany's lips and slid his middle finger deep inside her. "Oh," she said, closing her eyes. "Oh."

Tiffany spread her thighs wider. Then she moistened her finger and held it over her clit.

"Keep fingering me," she said, closing her eyes and stroking her clit as the tattoo guy fingered her juicy slit. Tiffany rubbed her clit faster and faster as she rode his probing finger. I stepped behind the sofa and caressed her big breasts which were bouncing in the tattoo guy's face.

"Oh yes, play with my tits," Tiffany moaned.

The tattoo guy didn't need any more encouragement. He kissed and sucked Tiffany's nipples as he kept riding her pussy with his finger. After a few minutes of hot action, Tiffany flushed across the base of her neck. "I'm coming," she said. She laid her head back with her eyes closed and her thigh muscles tensed. Then she came loudly with the tattoo guy's finger deep inside her as he kissed and sucked her tits.

When she opened her eyes, Tiffany noticed the huge bulge in the tattoo guy's pants. She reached out and brushed it lightly with her fingertips.

"Can I help with this?" she murmured. The tattoo guy looked relieved. He unzipped his jeans and Tiffany slid her hand into his shorts and pulled out his stiff tool. It was dripping with pre-cum and he moaned as she touched him and involuntarily began fucking her hand. Tiffany jacked his big tool until he ejaculated and sprayed thick cum all over her tits.

When we all came back down, Tiffany wiped herself off with a tissue and dressed while I thanked the tattoo guy for showing us the pigment.

"It's a big decision to tattoo the color on permanently, so we will have to think about it."

"Of course," he said. "But if you decide yes, I will be happy to do the procedure at no cost. Come any time."

Tiffany patted the tattoo guy on the arm and kissed his cheek. "Thanks for everything," she said.

"No, thank-you, beautiful lady," he said in his thick accent.

Back in our hotel room, we made passionate love on the bed. The scent of the tattoo guy was still on Tiffany's breasts. I came, thinking of her spread on the sofa as he fingered her. Having another man see and touch my wife's hot body made it all the more delicious to possess her. We snuggled under the sheet and soon drifted off into a deep peaceful sleep.