

# A Butterfly For A Married Woman

by C.D. Reimer

"There are a few things you need to know before we start."

Juan leaned back in his chair with his big arms folded across his black motorcycle vest and white t-shirt, surprise etched into his old face. That should have been *his* line. This nervous woman, Stephanie, interrupted him before he could start his usual spiel about getting a tattoo for the first time. She sat cross-legged on his couch in a black undershirt and matching panties that emphasized all her sexy curves and naughty parts, making it difficult for him to maintain eye contact with her.

"My husband doesn't know about us." Stephanie blushed after he shot up an eyebrow in surprise, realizing how that sounded since they just met. "I mean about this tattoo."

He looked over at the paper she had given him at the front counter. The intricate design was a heart-shaped butterfly with the names of the loving couple—Andy and Stephanie—woven along the edge and filled with into each of the spreading wings. No way her husband could miss that above her buttocks—or the name of his tattoo parlor on their credit card bill—unless her beauty blinded him.

"If you think your husband won't approve," Juan said quietly, "perhaps you shouldn't surprise him with a tattoo."

"This isn't for my husband," She bit her lower lip that made her look like a precocious teenager. "It's for my girlfriend."

He frowned. "An *intimate* girlfriend?"

"Yes."

"Does he know about her?"

"No."

"Don't you think he might get upset with someone else's name on your backside?"

"I doubt it." Stephanie looked away in resignation. "His mind is somewhere else when we make love."

*A blind and stupid husband*, he thought.

"Will this be a problem?"

Juan shook his head. "I can deal with your husband, if necessary."

If his muscled physique past its prime no longer intimidated her husband, he has other tools of persuasion—brass knuckles in the tool cabinet, a baseball bat in the closet, a machete under the seat of his truck—that he hoped weren't necessary. After spending twenty years in San Quentin for a crime gone horribly wrong in his youth, his violent days were long over.

He gestured for her to pull up the back of her undershirt and lie on her stomach. She smiled, pulled off her undershirt to reveal the erect nipples of her small breasts. He refused to break eye contact with her. Laughing as she tossed the undershirt across her bosom and lay down on the couch, she presented him a perfect canvas for a butterfly tattoo to spread its wings wide above the lacy band of her panties. He pulled his tray over with his tools and ink. Married women, especially the young and the restless looking for love in all the wrong places, were nothing but trouble when getting a tattoo.

"Okay," he said, getting back to his spiel. "There are a few things you need to know before we start."

