

Inked with Love

Preacher and Ruby catch up #2

Some would say perpetrating pain on her man at every chance made her a little bit sadistic. Not Ruby Priest though. And it wasn't like Asher didn't beg for it. Just last night when she was catching her breath in the small hours of the night when he'd returned home from a bike run out of town, having been gone for the last day and a half, and showed her just how much he'd missed her. Preacher buried his head in her soft belly, kissing her all over and told her in his no nonsense silky-gruff way he either wanted to put a baby in her or she could give him a new tattoo.

Now, Ruby wasn't opposed to either, mind you. She loved Asher with the kind of roar you got at a football game. It consumed, it drowned out every other noise there was, she loved and adored that man for everything he provided for her and Seb, not to mention the war he waged on her body. There was nothing he didn't know about sex and didn't mind using it against her, night, or day, even when she was sleeping. She'd wake to his shoulder-rattling, smug laugh as her body contorted into an orgasm no ordinary woman could withstand, but she was Ruby Priest, married to a man like Preacher she could take what he dished out.

So, she loved him, and wanted their family to be huge one day, so many of little Priests running around. And she also loved putting ink on his body, especially since the minute she had him in her huge, leather chair, those impressive muscles of his relaxed like butter, green eyes stalking her as she got her equipment together, she knew sooner or later they'd be naked. It was just a fact of being married to a Priest. He called it his reward for allowing her to stick a needle in him. "You know I need time with the other love of my life." He'd say. Ruby would roll her brown eyes, the love-affair he had going with her vagina was bordering stalkerish.

She loved it.

She loved him, and wanted to ink him, each time felt like an 'owned by Ruby' brand to all those thirsty waitresses in bars who still gave her hubby the come-hither eye

when he strode his 6'6 self in any place. She had just the badass design to suit him and blend into the hundreds of tats already decorating every part of his top half front and back, arms included. But just as the time when he'd added three new ladder bars to his dick for her pleasure, *thank you, Jesus*, there was some subsequent abstaining period and that didn't suit either of them, not with the want they had for each other, it burned long, and it burned ferocious. Ruby didn't like to go without her Preacher man, and putting hands alllll over him whenever she wanted to. Waiting for his skin to recover was its own torment, though, her man grew real imaginative pushing her on her knees and groaning for her just to use her mouth instead.

He'd begged her ... between her legs with his mouth licking her into screams more precisely, and she'd agreed. How could she not.

So, a heavy night of Preacher man sex later, it's the reason Asher was in her chair now, his persuasive tongue could talk her into anything. Stripped down to black boxer briefs sculpted to his hips, bracketed by those deep grooved V of his hard torso, each muscle on his back defined as its own bump on his perfect body. With a hard time concentrating on simple mundane everyday tasks when he was semi-naked, Ruby sucked in some much-needed air. The one track minded slut-wife in her wanted to climb him like a tree and own all that. Plant her flag, yank his pointed beard and declare the summit was achieved.

His ass flexed, Ruby's heart flipped over, pushing heat between her legs. Dammit, she still had an hour or more's working to go.

"Are you checking me out again, beautiful?" his deep rumble never failed to stroke her inside and out. If she wasn't such a professional tattoo artist she might have slipped with the gun and put a line across his ass cheeks. Ruby flipped up her gaze and found him looking over his shoulder at her. Busted.

"Do you have anything worth checking out, Preacher man?" She teased, head bent over his spine, coloring in the cross at the center of his back. Etched in fine print along each length of the gothic cross, around the red and black shadowing, was dates; his fallen brother's birthday, their marriage and the day they brought Seb home. When

she'd showed him the design, she'd stood a bit away from him chewing on her lip nervously. Maybe it was too much for—one, hot sexy kiss later she guessed he loved it.

“Shall I roll over and show you?” Smoke entered his voice as easy as his big, meaty hand reached down and grasped her thigh, squeezing up to her ass.

He was such an ass man.

Or as Asher liked to say; he was a Ruby man.

God, she really, really loved him and she needed to finish up quick, so she could tell him to flip over and give her something to look at. Her breath became a little unsteady. Her heart rate increased.

Though Ruby finished the tattoo in record time, they didn't leave her little room for two more hours and when they did, her hand clasped tightly in Preacher's, their steps aligned with each other, she hip checked her biker and when he turned his green focused attention down on her, she felt it pulsing through her blood stream, deep into her heart. There was nothing but love looking back at her, dirty, green infused love with a smirk thrown in for good measure.

Licking his taste from her lips, his eyes flared, she smiled back. Yeah, it was good to own a man like Preacher when he adored her in every way a man could.

She had no less than four tattoos on that body to prove it now.

And with room for a few more still.