

Clare considered herself a professional, an artist, she painted canvas on people's skin to the best of her ability, getting close and personal with a client's personal space was part of the job. She had tattooed nearly every part of the human body, from the buttocks to the breasts. So, she was never uncomfortable with working on other people's bodies.

Until she appeared.

Now, Clare was a fairly fit lady. With decent-sized biceps and broad shoulders thanks to her regular exercise, her toned arms were covered almost completely by tattoos, with a few of the many flowery designs extending all the way to her neck. She was a regular gym-goer, just staying fit for its own sake.

This woman? She clearly made a *living* out of working out. There was no other explanation for the sheer *mass* and sinewy tone she was packing. From head to toe, her body was bulging on all sides, her pants did a poor attempt at hiding the volume of her legs, and the moment she discarded her jacket, Clare was regaled with the sight of a mountainous upper body that put hers to shame. Just striated, powerfully pumped muscles as far as she could see.

Clare's professionalism felt on the brink, as she'd have to get her hands on them...

She was a handsome woman, her facial structure (coupled with that Olympian body), screamed 'butch' with that short haircut, leaving a red fuzz on top of her head. "Think you can do this?" She handed her the design for a set of tribal markings.

Clare forced herself to speak, "Sure thing um-"

"Thea," The *amazon* said with a grin.

"So," Clare cleared her throat. "You want this on your arm or-?"

"Back and chest"

*Fuck.*

Okay, she could do this. Even if she never had a client with this sheer amount of rippling *brawn* before, she could be a professional about it.

"Shirt off," She managed to say without drooling as she led Thea to a private room they used when people needed to take off their clothes. Had a couple of mirrors on each side so clients could see how back tattoos looked on them. It was night and private- *focus*.

Then Thea took off her shirt, and *good GOD above she was perfect*.

Her breasts still clung to existence, even with all that sheer pectoral meat, her rows of abdominals were so cut you could grate cheese on them. And her back was a landscape of deliciously toned flesh...

Clare swallowed *hard* and willed herself not to cream her pants just by touching those muscles. She pointed at a chair with a back/chest support, next to another chair that had all the inking equipment, "Take a seat," And the large woman did so, leaning chest first into the support so Clare could start with her back.

She started by measuring the design, and tracing the outline with a marker. God the flesh didn't budge a bit. "So... you lift?" She said in a poor attempt at a joke. God, Clare, you could be smoother than that... not that she should, this was a client.

"Pro bodybuilding," Thea said with a wide grin as she looked over her shoulder at the tattoo artist. "Why, is it noticeable?" She teased, raising a positively enormous arm that made Clare feel *tiny*. The way it striated...

Clare felt her heart drum against her thorax as her cheeks warmed considerably. "Wow, and I thought I lifted a lot,"

"Saw your guns under all that ink," Thea said, "Not bad"

"T-Thanks," Clare said as she finished the markings. "Okay let's start..."

The tattoo gun came to life with its usual vibrating hum, and Clare got to work. With her fingers gently pressing over that deliciously ripped meat, she had to hold herself from actively *fondling* her client and do her work properly, lest she end up creating a mess. She focused on her task as much as she could, creating a lovely tribal canvas over the bulging flesh. Which... was its own challenge.

"T-Think you can relax a bit? Can't get the full thing when doing over your... lines" She muttered lamely.

"Oh sorry," Thea relaxed her back as much as she could, reducing the number of deep striations so Clare could do the tattoo properly.

It was an... 'experience', to ink such prominent flesh. She had done so with large people before, from large-bellied to bulky, yet it was Thea's body that *sang* to her to make a work of art over the masterpiece that was those muscles...

Clare couldn't remember the last time she poured so much of herself into her work...

So much so that the time went by faster than she realized, and yet it felt it had felt incredibly slow too. "Okay, t-that's done. You can check it out"

Thea did so, standing up and looking at her back's reflection, humming at the sight of how the tattoo looked. "Hmm..." She placed her fists on her waist and *flared up her back so wide oh God-*

She grinned, liking how the tattoo looked spread over her wide back. "That's it," She sat down again, this time presenting that *shredded* naked chest to Clare. "Now here"

*Oh fuck, oh god, oh fuck.* She switched between prayer and profanity at the thought of getting her hands on that *glorious* set of pectoral meat. Jus run her fingers over the striated slabs, feel every line and bump of rippling hard flesh...

They were just in her reach, temptingly calling to her.

Clare barely realized her shaking hand was reaching forward to touch them, mere inches away. She held herself back at the last moment... only for the pectorals to flesh, jumping a few inches and meeting her fingers midway.

Her breath hitched, and she looked mortified at the bodybuilder who smiled coyly.

"You looked like you wanted to cup a feel so bad," She winked, "Couldn't leave a girl hanging"

"I um," She gulped.

"Don't be shy, they don't bite" Thea chuckled, "I'm flattered, really. I sure don't mind *you* getting to touch them"

She began to make her pecs *dance*, bounding up and down with a mere twitch, her large breasts jumped at her command with ease thanks to the sheer strength behind her chest muscles.

A work of art, a living spectacle, a moving canvas of flesh the likes Clare had never seen before... all within reach.

She began touching without hesitation, one hand traversing over the rows of abs, while the other delighted herself in those pecs, before grasping a massive shoulder and rubbing her palm over huge biceps.

"My god, you're the perfect canvas..." Clare muttered, her throat dry. "I can make so much stuff with you..."

Thea grinned, "Let's make some art together then"

Clare smiled widely, and lunged at the massive woman, their lips crashing passionately.