

Title: Skin And Ink

Author: Scribblesinink

Rating: Teen

Characters: Jax/Tara

Warnings: None

Spoilers: Tiny one for 2.01 *Albification*

Word count: 822

Author notes: Some day I may write about other characters of Sons of Anarchy—today is not that day. Set between Season 1 and 2. Thanks to Tanaqui for the beta.

Summary: Tara discovers that not every injury she tends to is a sign of something bad.

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The house was still and dark, the lights off, by the time Jax got home—except for the soft glow from the night light that spilled out of the baby's room. He found Tara in the chair next to the crib, still in her hospital scrubs. She put a finger against her lips when he walked in, and Jax gave her a slight nod to confirm he got the message.

"He okay?" he asked softly.

"Yeah," Tara whispered back. "Neeta said he was a little fussy earlier, but he seems okay now."

Jax turned to look into the crib. Abel was asleep and he must have been dreaming baby dreams, because his tiny mouth was twitching and a small crinkle furrowed his brow. Smiling at the sight, Jax leaned over the crib to plant a light kiss on his son's head.

Straightening, he held out his hand to help Tara to her feet. As she stepped into his embrace, she put her palm on his chest, right on top of the bandage hidden beneath his shirt and Jax winced, despite himself. Still, he thought he'd hidden his reaction well enough—but Tara was a sharp-eyed woman, and she didn't miss much. She lifted an eyebrow as she tilted her head back to look at him. "What...?"

Jax pulled her after him, out of the baby's room and into the kitchen. He switched on the light with his free hand as they passed, before turning back to Tara. "It's nothing."

She rolled her eyes. "Tough guy."

He grinned at her. "Honestly, it's nothing." But he allowed her to slide the cut from his shoulders, and then unbutton his shirt. The bandage was revealed as soon as she pulled the shirt away, but she still couldn't see what it was hiding. She understood anyway. "New tat?"

"Yeah." Jax squinted down at his chest, going cross-eyed as he picked at a corner of the bandage.

"Let me." Tara pushed his hand aside, and slowly peeled the bandage off, revealing the fresh ink underneath. "Oh, Jax...."

"You like?" He suddenly felt self-conscious. He knew the flesh around the new tattoo was red and puffy, and probably still oozing from the needle.

Tara nodded. She lightly traced the outline of the letters that bold and blatantly declared his feelings. Her fingers were cool against his heated skin and it involuntarily pebbled.

"It's beautiful," she muttered, and Jax grinned, relieved, though he didn't know why. "It needs to be cleaned, though."

Tara could be quite decisive when she wanted, Jax reminded himself as, next thing he knew, she'd pushed him to sit down on one of the kitchen chairs and fetched water to gently wash away the crud and dried blood. Watching her work, Jax couldn't say he minded the attention. Not at all. In fact, he decided, he could get quite used to this.

Once she was done, finishing up with an application of soothing ointment, and had put the cleaning materials away, he reached to pull her into his lap. Startled, she let out a little squeak of protest, before settling herself more comfortably. He tilted his head back to capture her lips with his own, letting one hand wander under the edge of her shirt and up her side until he could cup her breast, the lace of her bra scratchy against his fingertips. Tara sighed into his mouth as he teased the nipple into a peak.

His skin tingled from more than the aftereffects of the new tat, and he urged her back to her feet so he could kiss her more thoroughly and use both hands to press her hips against him, letting her feel how much he wanted her. He was about to drag her shirt up and off entirely, when he remembered something. "Abel?"

Tara's hands were on his belt. "Neeta fed and changed him before she went home. Can't've been more than an hour ago." She smiled up at him as she popped the buttons on his jeans one by one. "He should be asleep for a bit longer."

Jax grinned back. "Good." He loved his son more than he had ever believed possible, but at times the kid had really lousy timing.

oOo

Afterwards, they lay together, sticky and sated. Tara rested her hand on his chest, her fingers splayed next to the name imprinted on his skin. Jax put his hand on hers. "Thank you."

From the slight shrug she gave in response, he knew she thought he was talking about her taking care of the tattoo, but he'd meant so much more. He'd immortalized his love for the little boy sleeping in the other room in the flesh over his heart, but without Tara, he'd never have had the chance to discover what his son meant to him: Abel wouldn't have lived for more than a few days.

Tara had given him his son as much as Wendy had.

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