

## All Tatted Up!

“It’s just a tattoo it’s not going to hurt!” My husband said as I laid down on the bench, anxiously awaiting the tattoo artist and the needle that I knew was coming. “Lord I didn’t know you were so afraid of needles,” he laughed as he stepped towards the door.

“You aren’t going anywhere,” I said as my hand launched out for his, needing his comfort – and a hand to squeeze when the pain began. He rolled his eyes and let out a huff of annoyance.

“Jesus Ryan, its just a needle. You’re acting like you are going in for heart surgery or something! Oh no, the big bad needle is going to get you,” He scoffed as he pushed away my hand. “I wish you could be a man sometime.”

His words punched me in the stomach, hard. The hurt was clear on my face after he spoke, and he grabbed my hand in reassurance and as a way of apology. I gave him a half smile in return. I knew I wasn’t the manliest person out there. Sure, I enjoyed the color pink, nice clothes, and a five-star resort over camping in the woods. But was that all a bad thing? I opened my mouth, ready to give him one of my typical sassy retorts but before I could speak the lights in the room flashed quickly in rapid succession and a harsh smell wafted in through the vents. I could hear screams from adjoining rooms at the darkness and in that moment of fear I felt Justin’s hand tighten around mine, searching for comfort.

I didn’t like needles, but he didn’t like the dark.

“Oh, look who’s the bitch now,” I joked as I held his hand in the air. He snatched his palm from my own and stuck out his tongue.

“At least I can handle a needle,” He teased as he flexed a bicep that was covered in tribal tattoos.

“Someone say needle?” A man asked as he pushed open the door to the secluded room within the tattoo parlor.

“Jesus Christmas tree on the cross,” I whispered. Now HE was a man in every definition of the word – tall, muscular, bearded, tattoos up both arms. I tried to make out any of the tattoos on his arms, but the dense forest that covered both arms obscured any of the forms that seemed to dance along his arms. Though a tight-fitting plaid shirt clung to his large gut and a pair of stained jeans covered his legs, I knew his body was covered in hair and tattoos. From the small amount of skin that showed from the opening in his top three buttons I could see ink and more curly black hair.

“Yup this guy right here!” Justin said as he patted my back. “Getting the first one today. Gonna be popping this boy’s cherry.” The large man laughed as he settled into a chair next to the bench, collecting his tools

“I’ve popped many a boy’s cherries in this room,” he said nearly mischievously. My eyes went to the heavy bulge that seemed to be pushed out, begging for attention and a wet hole to fuck. “I see we are getting a . . . forest scene?” The man said, nearly disgusted at the request.

“Yup that’s right.” Justin said happily as he patted his boyfriend’s shoulder. “Going right here.”

“Well if that’s what you want,” he said with a shrug of his large shoulders. “Now go on and head out. No looky-loos.” Justin readied himself to combat the man’s words, but from the glare he gave Justin; he knew that it was a fight that he would not win.

“Good luck!” Justin said as he leaned down and kissed me on the forehead before he exited the room.

“Now just lay your head done big guy and we will get this party started,” the tattoo artists said as I laid my head down on the bench. I turned my face towards the mirror, curious about what would happen next but the face that stared at me in the reflection nearly caused me to jump from my skin.

The artist, the man – or better yet the thing that stared back at me made me want to scream for him. His glowing red eyes were unsettling as they stared into mine through our reflection. His human features slowly transformed into a wicked smile that curved across his face until the edges touched his eyes. His skin darkened and smoothed out, showing every tattoo that seemed to glow against his body. My eyes widened that much more at the perverted images that were permanently itched into his skin.

“JUSTI - ,” I began to say but my lips were sealed shut as he dragged his pinched fingers across his own.

“Ryan you okay in there?” Justin asked.

“Everything’s good babe!” The thing responded to Justin, but with my voice coming from his lips.

“Okay. Just wanted to make sure! You sounded like you were in pain. I’m gonna go get a pretzel.” I screamed against my sealed lips, but barely a sound was heard. He placed his hands onto my back and dragged one sharpened finger along the shirt. The smell of burning fabric and smoke filled the air as my shirt was cut in two. He rubbed his burning hot hands across my back and groaned.

“Such a fresh canvas. Such a beautiful piece of skin to ruin!”

I tried to move myself from the table, but my body was unresponsive to my attempts. The thing leaned towards my ear and whispered.

“I heard your boyfriend’s cry for you to be a man.” He extended his tongue and scrapped it against my neck up to my ear. His mouth danced along my earlobe, sending shivers down my spine and towards me cock. “And when I’m done with you, you will be.” From the corner of my eye I watched as he dipped his tattoo gun into a bottle of pure darkness. Forms swirled within the goo as if they were alive and when he brought it to my skin he warned, “This is going to hurt – a lot.” And then the searing pain began.

When the needle dug into my skin, I screamed louder than I knew possible. The artist laughed at my pain as he moved the tattoo gun across my upper shoulder blade. I turned my head to the side and stared at the reflective surface on the ceiling; angled perfectly for people to watch the artist work. The outline was thin, but I could immediately tell that it wasn’t what I had wanted. I was to be marked with some twisted creation from his mind for the rest of my life, and that was more frightful than anything.

“What . . . what are you doing?” I said, grinding down on my molars as he went to dip for more ink giving me just a moments reprieve of pain.

“Well I think the first thing we need to work on your size.” He pushed the needle back into my shoulder as a figure began to take form. His ink seemed to spread faster than his hand as the image he created seemed to move with the gun. Almost as if it was a living picture, grinning back at me as it became a reality. “Much, much, MUCH too small to be a real man. But this will fix that.” He gave a few more swipes of the needle and pulled back his hand. “Oink, oink big man!”

A large cartoon pig covered my entire shoulder blade as it bent over and posed, showing off its obscenely unproportionally body. Its overly muscular body was overshadowed, by the massive gut that pushed from its front body. The face seemed to snare at me and my small size in the mirror but when it winked at me, I felt a surge flow through my body. My skin seemed to ripple and shift underneath the tattoo and began to transform and grow in size. With every beat of my heart I felt my body surge outward on table. My back widened and my shoulders broadened as layers of bulk sprouted underneath my skin. I watched as my neck was slowly swallowed by the bulk that appeared on my shoulders until it was hidden by the muscle. The weight sifted through my arms, forcing size and girth into my twig-like arms. One arm was slender while the other was lewd with size.

Muscle on top of muscle appeared on my upper body while my waist grew heavy. I felt as my midsection was lifted higher by the gut that formed underneath my body, pushing my ass towards the tattoo artist. My midsection jiggled and bounced as I rocked back and forth, trying to escape from this spell case on me but I was stuck. The weight of my body continued to grow as my thighs thickened and my ass grew rounded. My reflection in the mirror was unrealistic and grotesque as the weight seemed

to settle around my body; my biceps were too large, my head was squared, and my gut - god, I had a fucking gut. I had never thought that I would ever be big enough, let alone fat enough, to have a gut. And even though my face was far away I could see the changes that I had not even felt; my lips were thin, my eyes were beady, and my nose was flat and turned upward. My breathing turned heavy and I nearly snorted at my appearance, even though I tried to scream.

“Perfectly plump!” He said as he patted my ass and then frowned. I tried to speak, but my voice seemed lost in the pain and shock of my body. “Hmmm,” the man said as he manhandled my cheeks even more, squeezing and slapping the underside of my ass. “I think I know where we are adding the next one.”

“What . . .are you . . .going to do,” I gasped as he took the tattoo gun in hand. The words seemed weird on my tongue, and I struggled to even form the words. But he smiled as his response, squeezed one of my cheeks in his hand, and spoke.

“But where is the fun in that?” He asked as he pushed the needle into my butt cheek and the pain attacked my receptors in waves. It was a tsunami of pain, enhanced by my newly enlarged body. His tattoo gun seemed to move quicker across my cheeks as he choose a script as opposed to an image. I watched as letters appeared on my ass cheek, until bold black letters took up the bulk of my left cheek and an arrow was added pointing towards my hole.

“Perfect Bottom. Enter Here!” He dug his needle into the period of the exclamation point as my ass swelled from the magic of the tattoo. My already fattened cheeks seemed to swell in areas, filling out in areas until it stood out awkwardly from my back and created a perfect shelf. It was as if they were attached to a hose and my cheeks were some a clown’s balloon. The artist patted and swatted my cheeks as they bloated with fat.

“Ugh!” I moaned, unable to control the pleasure that I felt as he played with my cheeks. I had never wanted, nor was interested in another man fucking me. But as the artist touched my cheeks it was all I could think about. Images of my boyfriend’s cock filled my mind.

What would it feel like in me?

Would he stretch my hole?

Would he even be able to reach my hole with my now massive ass?

I couldn’t control myself as his fingers dug into my inflated ass cheeks and my back arched, pushing my cheeks towards him. Subconsciously my body reacted to his touch as my hole pulsed for a feeling that I had never known. He pulled them a part and blew cool air onto my hole as it gaped slightly,

opening wider and wider as if it had been made to be fucked. As if it was carved into the perfect hole for a man's cock.

"Ooo," I groaned, biting into my lip as he pushed his face in between my cheeks. I watched in the mirror as his face was buried between the massive mounds that counterbalanced my gut. His tongue darted into my hole. "FUCK!" I squeezed my hole around his tongue and my cheeks around his face, but also pushed backed, in search of the same overwhelming feeling. My cock throbbed underneath the weight of my body the tattoo artist kissed areas of my body that had never been touched by another. But to my sadness he pulled from my cheeks, licking his way along my back to my chubby backside.

"I think a tramp stamp would look perfect here," he whispered as he pulled from my cheeks and moved towards his tattoo gun. There wasn't even a moment for me to plead for him to stop before I felt the needle jab into my skin and begin the tattoo. The pleasure I had felt was immediately replaced with fear - fear of what he would do to me next.

His gun moved in large swirls around the top of ample buttocks, creating curves and lines that seemed to move along the upper side of my cheeks. A large butterfly occupied the center while numerous small ones flew along the swirls that decorated my lower back. The sensation was a twist of pleasure and pain as the ink seeped into my skin. The tattoo was far quicker than the first one and much more delicate. The feminine art seemed wrong on my bloated midsection and obscenely wide hips. The moment he pulled away from my body I felt something drip from my hole. Something that drained from inside me leaked out onto the table. The sensation was foreign, but as another droplet formed, I bit my lip in enjoyment. Like the pleasure danced on the edge of a mountain, threatening me with the most intense of feelings.

"I knew it would look good over these mounds," he grunted as his finger followed the swirly tattoo. I watched in the mirror as his fingers moved around the tattoo, while the images of butterflies and delicate flowers danced with his hand. "A proper tramp stamp for a proper hungry pussy." As he spoke the wetness only grew between my cheeks as the drip turned into a stream. He kissed the tattoo and moved along my cheeks, kissing them once again as he pulled my cheeks apart. My toes curled inward as I grasped the table underneath me and squeezed it tightly, attempting to hold my screams within as I begged for information.

"What . . . what did you do," I cried as the wetness between my cheeks grew to the point where the table was now soaked with whatever juices leaked from my hole. My legs spread naturally apart and I felt the liquid pool further onto the table, rushing towards the artist like a dog to its owner.

“I thought if you’re gonna get fucked all the time. Why not make sure you’re always ready.” I wanted to ask what he meant but before I could speak, he plunged his fingers between my cheeks and dug deep into my hole. He felt no resistance as he squirmed his single finger around my body, digging deeper, adding additional fingers which stretched my hole. I arched my back to meet his assault though my brain knew my hole should not easily stretch as it did for his fingers. I could feel something thick and liquidly gush from my hole as he pulled my cheeks apart and continued to finger me. The usual tightness I expected had vanished as he worked his fingers in and out of my hole, stretching me like taffy, until I felt four of his fingers bury themselves within my hold. I buried my face into the table as he pulled his fingers, giving me a moment to breath.

“Flex,” he ordered, and I responded, trying to tighten my hole but found it was ruined. It was unable to close or tighten no matter how hard I focused. He laughed and slapped my hole a few times, causing a gush of liquid to flood from my hole and into his hand.

“Ughh, what did you do?” I groaned, trying to center myself as the pleasure attacked my brain in waves.

“Like I said, I made you a proper pussy boy.” He placed his fingers around my hole, circling the edges and collecting whatever seeped from my hole. He walked around and placed it at my mouth. “Lick,” he ordered, and I held firmly and silent. He gripped my short hair and lifted my head, opening my mouth and pushed his fingers in between my lips.

Cum. It was cum. My hole somehow leaked an endless stream of cum and pulsed in response as if to say yes, sending more cum onto my taint and the table. The tattoo artist pulled his fingers from my mouth and licked the leftovers from his fingers before we walked around to the other side of my body. He held open my cheeks and blew a soft stream of cool air onto my hole and I could feel the flow increase as it waterfalled from my hole.

“Jesus Christ!” I cried, hating how much I enjoyed the feeling of the cum as it pushed from my body.

Greedily he plunged his face between my massive cheeks and placed his lips against my hole, sucking the cum from within me. His tongue flicked the outer edges of my hole, licking away whatever cum had seeped from my body.

“Oh God! Oh God!” His lips were sealed around my hole as he slithered his tongue inside my body. I had been rimmed before by other guys, but this - this was like nothing before. Every sensor within my hole seemed to be alive as he licked, flicked, and tongued my hole. My eyes rolled into the back of my head as he explored my hole, carving a perfect tunnel for cock.