

# TATTOO FOR YOU

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*This story was retrieved per a request.*

*It has not had the reDUX treatment yet.*

Tiffany swung her shapely legs over her peach-shaped ass as she rested on her sexy stomach atop the dorm bed. She was dressed in loose pajama bottoms and a spaghetti-strap tank top, the straps of which were lost amongst her blonde locks. She was flipping through pages of her American culture studies assignment when a knock on the door startled her.

“One sec!” the coed shouted, bouncing off the bed and bounding over to the door. Her breasts, natural Ds that hung like slightly flattened citruses thanks to gravity, bounced and swayed unsupported under the fabric as her bare feet brought her to the door. The cold

breeze of the air conditioner meant her visitor was greeted by two little traffic cones poking up from within the top.

“Hey Tiff, busy?” Celine, another junior at Lyon State University from down the hall, asked as she entered the room.

“Not really,” Tiffany replied, glad to have the company, “Nice necklace.”

Celine’s hand absently went to the red gem which glinted in the room’s bright red light. “Thanks I picked it up at an estate sale this morning,” she replied, the explanation given simply to be polite. Clearly that was not why she had come calling.

“What’s up?” Tiffany prodded.

“Well...” Celine answered, walking over and sitting on the bed. She was wearing a similar top as Tiffany but had shorty-short sweats on her round rear. Her breasts were much smaller than Tiffany’s and the cold air was starting to garner a reaction. Celine’s raven black hair curled down to her back. “I think I want a tattoo.”

“A tattoo? You?” Tiffany replied, the disbelief hanging heavily on her words. Celine had always been extremely protective of her skin. She wore suntan lotion just to walk to class, and although she wanted breast

implants would not get them because of the scars. Tiffany's eyebrows furrowed as she walked over and joined her friend on the bed. "Why? Other than staining your skin they hurt like hell!"

"Yeah, I know, but, I think I'd like one...maybe even two. Just to detail my body some...I think I'd look sexy with a design on my arm or leg, or..." Celine giggled a little, "I'd even put one right over my...you know. Sort of like a surprise for a guy." Celine pointed down at the space between her legs to make sure her implication had come across.

"You're crazy..." Tiffany sighed, shaking her head, "What design would you even get?"

"I was thinking tribal designs at first, but I don't know if people would really understand them, so now I want an image of some kind...I just can't think of what I'd want to be branded with my entire life. What if I ended up not liking it someday?"

"For that much pain it better be something you'll always like, too!" the blonde laughed, rocking back a little on the bed, "I mean, it's expensive and time consuming and..."

"I know, I know..." Celine replied, "If there was an easier way I would do it."

“Uh huh. Like, what if you could just put your finger on a thing, say something like ‘I want this’ and BAM! it becomes a tattoo on you! Super simple!” Tiffany then added, “You know...if we lived in Fantasy Land or something.”

“Yeah, I know, I wish I could totally do that for like twenty minutes and just always be happy with what I pick,” Celine sighed. Neither girl noticed the color of the gem in her necklace fade from red to black.

“And you seriously have no idea what you want other than not-tribal?” Tiffany inquired again, curious as to why such an important decision would so far have such little thought.

“Well,” Celine replied, lifting her friend’s American culture book off the bed and placing it in her lap, “There are some classic ones I’m interested in...” The brunette flipped through pages until she got to the chapter entitled The Open Road which featured images of motorcycle riders. One of the burly men in the pictures had a tattoo of roses and barbed wire entwined up his arm. Celine held up the page and pointed it out to Tiffany, “For example, this design. I think I want this-”

Before Celine could continue there was a sudden pop! sound and she dropped the book – because the page had disappeared. Neither student at first realized this was the reason, and the brunette picked the bound sheets back up

with the assumption her fingers had slipped. She spent a moment trying to find the page she had been looking at when suddenly Tiffany gasped.

“Celine, your arm!”

Putting the book aside Celine turned and looked at the upper part of her limb – the part that Tiffany was pointing at while her mouth hung agape. There, perfectly recreated across Celine’s skin, was the page. It was too small to read the text, but the image of the biker and a tiny example of his own tattoo was all captured on the brunette’s arm.

“Woah...” Celine responded, getting up and walking over to the full-length mirror hanging on Tiffany’s closet door. The brunette pulled her strap and hair away and leaned towards the mirror to get a good look at what now adorned her.

“How...how did that happen?” Tiffany asked from the bed, her body held still.

“I don’t know.” Celine turned and faced her friend. She placed her hands to her hips, which were covered by the fabric of her top, “All I said was ‘I want this’ and-”

Pop!

Celine was interrupted as suddenly her shirt disappeared off her body. Tiffany’s hands flew to her

face and Celine actually jumped a few inches. Completely exposed to the cold air of the dorm her areola crinkled and her nipples became hard little pencil erasers. The girls had changed in front of each other many times so Celine made no attempt to cover herself as she looked down for her missing top.

“Holy shit, it happened again!” Tiffany gasped, pointing to Celine’s other shoulder. Turning to the mirror the brunette saw that a tattoo image of her shirt now adorned the same spot on the opposite side of her body from the page. Celine just stared for a minute before chuckling to herself.

“Cool!”

““Cool?!”” Tiffany shouted, standing up from the bed, “Your skin is being gratified by some unknown force and you’re cool with it?”

“Yeah, actually. They’re not badly done,” Celine replied, turning and facing her friend, “Very detailed. I think the magazine is pretty meta for a tattoo – a tattoo of a picture of a guy with a tattoo! How many people have something like that?”

“Uh...I’m sure the answer is ‘not many’ and for good reason. And what about your shirt?”

“Well, I always liked this shirt.” Celine turned her head and looked to her shoulder, one hand coming up and caressing the inked image, “I’ve teased a lot of guys with it. It made having small breasts manageable. I’d gladly show it off the rest of my life.”

“Celine, I know you, and there’s no way you’d – oh my God, your wish!” Tiffany exclaimed, throwing her hands to her mouth again, “Somehow it came true!”

“My wish? You mean when you said that stuff about touching stuff?”

“Yeah...and you added that you’d be happy with whatever you got. I know you, Celine...you can’t be pleased with what you’ve been branded with.”

“No, I am, but let’s find something for me to tattoo myself with on purpose this time!” Celine grinned, and she began to look around Tiffany’s room. But the blonde was not done.

“Celine, I really think the more pressing issue is finding out what granted the wish so we can undo this.”

“C’mon, let me have some fun first,” the brunette replied, opening drawers and then rummaging through Tiffany’s jewelry box, “If you’re right I only have twenty minutes to tattoo myself with something really awesome and – ooo! Do you still wear this?”

Celine held up a bracelet from her friend's jewelry box. It had large gems and rubies on it – clearly plastic.

“Uh, no...it's part of an old Halloween costume that got mixed in there by accident. But what are you-”

“I want this!”

Another Pop! and the bracelet vanished from Celine's hands. She immediately ran over to the mirror and searched what she could see of her body, but could not find the design anywhere.

“Hold still, I see it,” Tiffany sighed as her friend was clearly getting frustrated. The blonde grabbed a hand mirror off her dresser and walked over. Angling the small reflective glass into the larger mirror Celine was able to see that the bracelet had turned into an ornate tramp stamp. The very bottom of the bejeweled circle disappeared under the elastic of the brunette's shorty-shorts while the rest ordained the small of her back.

“Nice! That looks awesome!” Celine exclaimed. Tiffany sighed again as she put the mirror back; she wasn't certain if that was legitimate or magically-created satisfaction in her friend's voice.

“Okay, now, if we're done your little experiment...” Tiffany spoke firmly as both girls turned to face each



other. That was when the concerned coed noticed the necklace.

“Holy shit! Give me your necklace!”

“My...what? Why?”

“Just do it!” Tiffany barked, and Celine quickly complied. As the necklace was placed in her hand Tiffany watched the gem turn from black back to red.

“Oh crap...how many wishes did you make today?” the blonde asked the befuddled brunette, who just gave her a perplexed look.

“Wishes?”

“How many times have you said the word ‘wish’ today?” Tiffany reiterated.

“I don’t know, why would I keep track of that? Besides, there’s no way that this is magic. I got it out of a box of costume jewelry.”

“Was it red or black then?” Tiffany asked as she got increasingly frustrated with her friend’s ignorance.

“Both – it changes colors, like a mood ring. It is not magic,” Celine replied with equal frustration, putting hands to her hips again and puffing out her chest.

“It is magic, and I’ll prove it, I-”

“Don’t you dare try and wish away my tattoos!” Celine shouted into Tiffany’s face. Anger swelled up in the blonde’s bosom and she spoke without thinking.

“Okay, fine, then I’ll give you something you want. I wish your breasts were twice as big and sensitive as mine! See if you believe this is magical when-”

“Oh!”

Celine’s lusty moan startled Tiffany and she dropped the necklace to the floor. The busty girl watched as a dumb happy grin spread across her friend’s face. The brunette’s arms moved across her chest as if giving herself a hug.

“Ooo...it feel’s so good...”

“What? What feels so good?”

Celine dropped her arms and Tiffany’s hands flew to her mouth again. With the removal of her upper appendages Tiffany saw Celine’s breasts droop – something they had never done before. And the blonde could actually see that they were expanding.

“I...I have to see this...” Celine cooed, stumbling over to the mirror. Tiffany remained where she was, watching without any movement as her friend went to the closet door and put out one hand to support herself. Her breasts were pulsing and and the skin stretching,

already the size of baseballs. The brunette's nipples were puckered and growing as well, the areola creeping out across the expanding curvature. Celine hesitantly brought up her other hand and grasped a breast nearly the size of Tiffany's – and the transforming girl cried out.

“Oh...my...God...Tiff...” Celine panted, her knees nearly buckling.

“I'm sorry, I'm sorry, I'm sorry...” Tiffany was practically crying, running over to her friend, “Not only are you covered in shit but now I've turned you into a freak!”

“No...” Celine smiled – her breasts had already grown larger than Tiffany's, “I always wanted bigger breasts...maybe not this big, but thank you!” Her hand was kneading her engorged boob and nipple with abandon...it felt so good. Celine could feel her pussy lighting aflame with need but the brunette controlled herself since her friend was in the room.

“I've ruined your life! We have to undo this! Where's the-”

“Shush,” Celine replied, turning to face her friend. Her growing chest pulled on her back and without the support of her arm on the door-frame the breathy brunette almost fell. Her hands shot out and rested on

Tiffany's bare shoulders as the friends locked eyes, "I love my tattoos, and I will have the boys lining up around the campus with a set of tits like these!" She shook her boccie-ball sized breasts to reiterate the statement. Tiffany put her hands to Celine's and just stared back, a confused smile starting to break across her lips. Celine returned a grin and added, "Trust me, Tiff, I want this!"

Pop!

Suddenly the blonde student disappeared, and her empty shirt and pants billowed to the floor. Had Celine waited just fourteen more seconds before making her statement there would have been no effect.

In fact, it took a moment for Celine to realize just what had happened. Without her friend supporting her the brunette heaved forward. Now her breasts were nearly the size of bowling balls – their final size – and Celine landed on them in Tiffany's bed. The feeling of her extra-sensitive bust and nips dragging against the fabric of the sheets sent a carnal shock through Celine's body and she moaned in lust. The heat between her thighs cranked up to high.

Taking a moment to breathe Celine finally pushed herself onto her back. Her enormous breasts spread out like thick hotcakes adorned with strawberry sized nipples. The brunette giggled to herself as she felt their

weight and teased them with her fingers. Her slit was incredibly wet from it all.

Pushing her elbows back against the mattress Celine manage to sit upright. She could see herself in the mirror; sweat had matted her dark locks and her enormous bust covered her entire ribcage. Nearly the size of her own head Celine's breasts hung with a natural slope but remained mostly round and firm.

But that wasn't the strangest thing Celine saw. Poking up from the elastic band of her shorts was the head and upper torso of Tiffany.

The blonde was unmoving and posed. Celine pushed the covering material midway down her thighs to get a look at everything. The image of Tiffany had her sitting cross-legged and completely nude. Her hair was billowed around her head and neck as if in a breeze. One of her hands was grasping a breast, as if holding it out as an offering to someone. The other hand disappeared between her thighs, the view blocked by her crossed shins. Her face was one of pleasurable sexual exploration, her eyes half closed and her lips puckered as if she was really enjoying her anatomy.

"You've always been a good friend to me, Tiff," Celine smiled, petting the sexy tattoo's breasts for a moment before letting her own hands explore her body like Tiffany's were, "I'll be proud to wear you the rest of

my life.” Now that she was technically alone in the room Celine had no qualms about sating her flushed pussy, and her fingers slid past Tiffany and found the moist folds below.

Tiffany was unable to move, but could still see out of her half-closed eyes. She saw in the mirror that she was flattened against her friend’s skin and could feel the pulse of blood beneath her. Tiffany should have been terrified and upset, but she was a tattoo now and she knew her only purpose from here forward was to be shown off and make Celine look good. All other concerns had been sapped from her mind.

As her owner sucked on her own nipples and drove her fingers deep inside until finally spasming Tiffany took pleasure in the flush of warmth behind her, but what truly made her happy is that Celine had barely taken her eyes off the sexy tattoo the whole time.

Lying and panting after her session of self-love Celine finally pushed herself up and stood. She’d definitely need a bra – the mass of sensitive flesh hanging from her ribs was very heavy. But she could handle it for now. The brunette pulled her shorts back up around her hips and Tiffany was upset that half of her body was now covered – although the pressure of the elastic across her midsection was not unpleasant.

Unable to wear the top now adorning her arm Celine raided Tiffany's closet and found a cotton t-shirt. Pulling it over her eight-inch bust meant the fabric hung inches above her naval, and Tiffany was overjoyed that part of her could still be seen. Celine noted that her enormous and engorged nipples would be almost impossible to hide in even the best padded bra, and they certainly added detail to the nearly obscene outfit she would be modeling as she walked back to her room.

For a moment Celine looked around for the necklace, but it was nowhere to be found. Deciding that she had all the bodily adornment she could ever want – and since searching the floor was difficult with her new bust – she quickly gave up the search. Stopping one last time at the mirror to admire her tattoos she gently caressed Tiffany. Had the tattoo been capable of shuddering in pleasure it would have.

“Thank you,” Celine said again, “I promise I’ll take good care of you.”

As the busty brunette opened the door and left the vacant dorm room Tiffany thought, I know you will...and for a moment wondered what it would feel like the next day when Celine spread the sunbalm across her.

And then she wondered what a shower would feel like.

Tiffany couldn't wait to find out.

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