

Mini-Story: Tattoo Magic (MtF, RC)

By FoxFaceStories

Jayden is a tattoo artist gifted a magical tattoo gun by a wandering witch that allows him to change the characteristics of who he tattoos. He becomes famous in his small town until an old high school bully wants some tattoos. Now, Jayden can have his revenge . . .

Tattoo Machine

It was the ultimate prize, the perfect gift. Each day, Jayden made sure to lock the tattoo gun away in a secret place so it wouldn't be stolen. No one knew that it was the gun that held the power, not him, but it was still of vital importance. It had a wonderful power, after all: the ability to change someone's life and characteristics just by applying the right thematic tattoo. Want a smaller nose? All it required was a little tattoo on your shoulder of Pinocchio with his elongated nose broken off. Want bigger boobs? The tagline 'Quite a Handful' as a tramp stamp just below the bust would give you what you want. It wouldn't even have to be highly visible. If someone's fortunes were flagging, a tattoo of a four-leafed clover would bring far more luck than the actual thing, and sickness could be cured with just a tattoo of the classical red cross upon one's shoulder.

The town loved Jayden for it. He was the man to go to in order to fix any problem, and they paid handsomely for it. At first, it had just been rumours; one of the benefits of the magic was that only Jayden, the receiver, and others who had received a tattoo could really remember how things were before. Stacey Ackermann had a marvellous said of tits, for instance, but she had once been flat-chested. She was one of the first people he'd seen to, and now everyone in town thought she'd always been that way. But the more customers he got, the more people started connecting the dots and recommending his services. And it was all thanks to a gift from the Wandering Witch, who had stopped by his little failing shop three years ago to get a tattoo to memorialise her dear departed cat. He'd done such careful, researched work that she'd gifted him the magic tattoo machine. Yes, life couldn't be better for Jayden.

That was, until Peter returned to town.

The tattoo artist was shocked to see his old high school bully return to the small town. He was meant to have joined a big league football team, but something must have gone wrong, because he'd returned with an even meaner attitude than before. The big lug of a man was more muscled and steroidal than ever before, and people crossed the street to avoid him.

“What the fuck are you looking at!?” he yelled at a poor couple who didn’t move fast enough away.

Looking out from his shop, Jayden was horrified to see him come his way. The man slammed open the door to the tattoo parlour and grinned when he saw Jayden.

“Well, if it isn’t Scrawny Jay,” he said, sneering. “Remember me?”

“Hey Peter,” Jayden said, trying not to look at the ground.

“Yeah, of course you remember me. Like when I dunked your head in the toilet back in the day. And when we made you cry like a bitch on graduation day. God, those were the days. I’m here for a tattoo. Are you man enough to give it to me or what?”

Jayden thought about kicking him about, but then a dark thought rose in his mind. Far better to get revenge than to just get him out.

“Of course, what do you need, Peter?”

The man smirked. “Something rad. I’m thinking a full sleeve on my left arm. Skulls and snakes and bleeding hearts and all that scary shit.”

Jayden had to stop himself from rolling his eyes. It was the most stereotypical possible request. But it provided opportunities.

“Very well, my prices are fair. Did you want me to start today? I’ve got a machine that can do a whole sleeve in just a few hours, and professionally too.”

“Sure. I’m not paying unless I’m satisfied though. And I want a discount.”

“No need for that. This one’s on the house.”

Peter took his seat, and Jayden began his work, making sure to do as Peter asked, but using the magic of the tattoo gun to begin his subtle manipulations. It wasn’t hard, especially since he’d managed to convince Peter to lay face down, his face through the hole of what used to be a massage table, in order to do “the best work.” It gave him free reign to adjust things a little.

“Big flaming skull on my shoulder. And don’t fuck it up like you did with everything back in high school, man.”

Jayden did as he asked, but added an extra flourish: the skull had chin-length black hair with purple dye along the ends. Instantly, Peter’s hair changed.

“What was that?”

“Just a little mat I used over the head. I may have to lean.”

“Whatever.”

Snakes writhing around was easy work. He didn’t even need a sample to show Peter. But he also added some delicate writing along their bellies: *Sub 2 U*. The intent mattered, and for Jayden, the ‘U’ was the tattoo artist himself.

“I feel weird,” Peter said. “I’m getting up for a moment.”

“Just stay still and be comfortable, Peter. Don’t move.”

"I . . . of course. Sorry."

Jayden grinned. He continued his work. Peter wanted something 'punk,' so he added lots of punk touches, but also his own. An image of a boxer battling a satanic demon was placed in, but the boxer was a quite short woman of Asian heritage. A little speech bubble said 'Bring It On!' . . . in *Korean*. Peter's body shivered and changed, and the man whimpered. His skin tone changed from a Caucasian tan to a yellow-olive tone.

"What was that?" he said, a slight accent in his voice.

"Don't worry about it."

"My voice sounds fucking weird, dude. Like I've got some weird accent."

"It's just the sedative," Jayden lied. "Just do what I say."

"Y-yeah, of course I will. Do what you say. I will."

More tattoos, more changes. Peter had an image in his mind of exactly what he wanted Jayden to become. The tattoo artist had always been into Asian women, especially punk ones. And especially short punk ones with big tits. He added some more script about devotion and love, which left Peter very flummoxed, no doubt. He also added images of two lovers kissing, the woman gasping in arousal; he wanted the woman Peter was becoming to be *very, very* lustful, thought just for him, of course. He emphasised the punk theme further; fists with fingerless gloves and metal guitars shredding apart demons around the upper arm, but also emphasised the importance of really making Peter a woman by displaying ripe fruit in baskets offered up to a demon lord master who was cast as very male indeed. the symbolism worked, because Peter's body suddenly stiffened.

"What the - what's - ughh! Nghh! What did you - ahhh - do!?"

Peter grinned, sitting back to watch the full changes unfold. He'd just finished the sleeve, and this was the moment they all fully collapsed upon the man. His muscles melted away, his figure shortening and no longer fitting his clothes at all. As he writhed, the bully's voice turned to loud, agitated, and very female moans.

"Ohhh, I'm growing - holy shit I'm growing big tits!"

He rocketed up, and they flopped about, even as his body shrunk and curves came in. His hips expanded outwards, and then his hands leapt to between his legs.

"My cock! What the f-fuck did you do to - nghh!"

It pulled in, retracting between his legs, no doubt. Jayden knew this from Peter's reaction. Well, he wasn't Peter anymore, and wouldn't even think of himself as Peter. He'd changed the man's name when he'd 'signed' the work.

"It's okay, *Jia*," he said, grinning at his work. The woman, even in her loose shirt, clearly had big E-cup tits and a hot hourglass figure, one that was emphasised further by her shortness. Her face was astonishingly beautiful, with lips that looked to be sculpted for kissing, as well as sucking cock.

“J-Jia! I’m not Jia, I’m Jia! I’m - what the fuck is happening to me? Why can’t I stop thinking about punk rock, and dressing up hot and showing off these big tits, and - and you!”

Jayden just folded his arms and grinned, taking her in. Just the sight of this perfect woman was making him hard.

“Well, *Jia*,” he said. “You’ve just had a big change. You see, I didn’t much appreciate your bullying then and I certainly don’t appreciate it now. And despite now being the most popular man in town - you should have done your research before coming here - I’ve been single for far too long. Not anymore, though. Now, to make up for a lifetime’s worth of bullying, you get to be my sexy shortstack Asian punk girlfriend . . . for life. How does that sound?”

Jia clearly tried to fight back. Her mind railed against it. She bit her lip, trying to fight her obvious need to be supplicant to the man she was already thinking of as her hot, sexy boyfriend. The one she wanted to please with her big tits and wet pussy, to dress up for and always be submissive to when she wasn’t being a hot punk rocker out in public.

“I - I - I’ll tell everyone.”

“No one will remember who you were anyway, except some people I’ve blessed with my talents already. And trust me, they hate you too. In fact, they’ll get quite the laugh out of it. Me though? I think I’ll just enjoy having my perfect girlfriend each and every day. Won’t you?”

Another tremble, another moment of resistance. Just a few hours before, Jia had been Caucasian, had been male, had been tall and powerful and not remotely interested in being a punk hottie. Now she wanted to get eyebrow piercings and a tongue piercing and dark makeup and - and - and to *fuck this man’s brains out while riding him*.

The new woman stood up, shivering in dreaded anticipation.

“Oh God,” she muttered. “I need you fuck you so bad, Jayden. I need to be your hot Asian girlfriend.”

Jayden embraced her, the two kissing and beginning to makeout. He pushed her up against the wall, quickly adjusting his sign to say the store was closed on the nearby door. With a quick adjustment to the blinds, they had total privacy. He was already helping her pull down her male pants and lift her up.

“I can’t believe this! You’re gonna bang me up against the wall!?”

“Do you have any objections?”

“L-loads! Now hurry up and do it!”

Jayden kissed her again, pressed his face into her tits as she tore off her shirt, and then went to town on his new girlfriend. She’d come around to her new life, no doubt. From the way he’d made a little image on the inside of her arm of a woman crying out in bliss, he

was about to give her the wildest and most addicting orgasms of her life. And if that didn't make Jia embrace her new self, well, time would have to do its own thing.

As the Wandering Witch had warned him three years ago:

“Just remember, whatever change you make is completely permanent, and can't be undone, no matter what. So make your changes wisely.”

From the way his former bully cried out in reluctant joy when he entered her, he felt he'd been very wise indeed.

The End