

Body Art

The sidewalk was thin, covered in cracks and potholes. Single lane streets peppered with decaying brick and mortar stores, strip clubs, hole-in-the-walls. Apartment blocks decades old. The neighbourhood seemed both suspiciously empty and overwhelmingly active, depending on where you looked and who you were. The stench of cigarettes and alcohol squatted in the mid-summer heat. The type of place where it was easy to avoid or to turn up your windows whenever you was passing through. Yet here you were, walking. Your body on edge as you took a brisk pace, eyes shifting and jumping.

You didn't know why you were here. You never liked coming to this part of town, the few times you did find yourself unlucky to go. But even then, something felt off. Less with where you were, but that you felt...exposed, for lack of a better term. It was something everyone felt when they walked into a setting where they clearly knew they didn't belong, even if they felt as if they did.

Faster you walked, borderline jogging. Someone was following you. Your legs seemed to carry you deeper into the neighbourhood as glances came your way. Everyone seemed to look at you. Gawk at you. Sprinting. Eyes. You were never this fast. Faster still. Everything was a blur.

A small alleyway. On both sides brick, wide enough for three, maybe four people to pass by each other. An overflowing garbage can that stank to high heavens. You nearly vomited. Graffiti and chipped concrete. At the end of the alley was a set of stairs leading down into a building. The smell of ink and metal. It felt so good...

You woke up with a headache. Your ears rang and the base of your nose stung. Lumbering out of bed, you slowly got up and stammered to the kitchen for a glass of water. You tipped the glass over and chugged as fast as you can. You hadn't been drinking in a while but it felt like the worst bender doubled over. As you crawled back to the bathroom, you caught a look at yourself in the mirror. The septum of your nose seemed to be pierced right through, cauterized but still in slight pain whenever you touched it. Your hair was a complete mess, standing up in all sorts of directions. You even seemed a little shorter today, your clothes not hanging as tight as they used to.

Shower. Eat. You had to go to work today. You shimmied on your dress pants, work shirt, shoes. Grabbed your laptop bag and off you went...

Wait, this isn't the right bus? Where am I going? What? Lemme off... You tried to get off before you were late for work but your hands wouldn't curl around the button properly. Once the line ended you were on the wrong side of town and most certainly late for work.

Walking, running. Brick and mortar stores, strip clubs, hole-in-the-walls. Apartments. Cigarettes. Weed. Alcohol...

A small alleyway. On both sides brick, wide enough for three, maybe four people to pass by each other. An overflowing garbage can that stank to high heavens. Graffiti and chipped concrete. At the end of the alley was a set of stairs leading down into a building. The smell of ink and metal. Tattoo shops. Gold and silver. It **felt** so **good**...

You woke up with a headache. Your ears rang and the base of your nose stung. Lumbering out of bed, you slowly got up and stumbled to the bathroom. Tipping your head under the faucet, you started gulping as fast as you can, wiping the excess off your sleeve. The hangover wasn't as bad today, or maybe it's that you got used to it. Hell, you maybe even like it. As your face pulled up right into the mirror, you caught a glance of yourself. There was now a piercing in your nose, all silver and shiny. You tugged at it for a moment. There seemed to be no connection point. Your hair, already a mess, seemed to be receding as you caught some body hair growing where it didn't before. Your ears seemed a bit longer, sharper. You could say the same for your now aquiline nose. You even seemed a little shorter today, your clothes now a size too large.

Sifting through your closet, all you could find that would fit you now was an old pair of white undies and a pretty beat up muscle shirt. Squeezing yourself in you realize they were still too small but you gave up by that point. Opening the fridge, you remembered work for a moment before shrugging it off. Crack open a beer, lounge on the couch. Everything seemed fine...

That was until you remembered the appointment. You jumped out of your seat, scurrying off with nothing more than a jacket and some shoes. "**Fuck**, I can't be late **for this!**"

Everyone on the bus seemed to be staring at you. You didn't like the attention, but equally you felt indignant. *What the fuck was their problem?* You wanted to confront them, but your better nature pulled you off the bus before that could happen.

The sidewalk was thin, covered in cracks and potholes. Single lane streets peppered with adult shops, strip clubs, rowdy bars. The smell of tobacco and spirits wafted through your nose. *Shit, haven't had a drink in a while...* You would've went but you caught a glimpse of the time and knew you had to be there...be there...no matter what, be there...

A small alleyway. On both sides brick, wide enough for three, maybe four people to pass by each other. An overflowing garbage can smelled of rotting food, cheap alcohol. You felt drool creep around your mouth. Graffiti and chipped concrete. Women hollered at you. You didn't pay them any mind, even if it made you feel a way. At the end of the alley was a set of stairs leading down into a building. The smell of ink and metal. Tattoo shops. Piercings. New studs. **Gold and silver.** *It felt so good...*

You woke up with a headache. It seemed to split your head in half as you felt around, trying to get it away. Reaching down, you found a bottle and started gulping as fast as you can. Beer, the cheap piss-flavoured stuff. **BIZIZIZIRRRRRPPPPP...** you wiped the excess spit off your face. Swinging your legs out of bed, you sauntered over to the bathroom to take a piss when you spotted your face in the mirror.

The septum piercing seemed bigger now, joined by three studs in each ear. Even the ear itself was longer, flaring outwards. Pointed and jagged. Your nose, once aquiline, pushed even further out of your face. Balding would be the nicest way to describe your hairline as you could see clear sweat stains dripping down your once pristine A-shirt. You seemed to glisten as your skin passed queasy and bordered on verdant. Muscles rippled through your arm as you now sported a rather unsightly gut that protruded past the muscle shirt, now barely holding on for dear life.

But that didn't matter. You loved it, flexing in the mirror, taking time to shove your face between your pits. Even if you couldn't smell it, you could *feel* how rank you were. *Fuck yeah, I-I.. **Jug likes this...*** You fished out your cock and started pulling at yourself. Kneading your now lemon-sized balls as you grunted. Faster, harder. You went far harder than usual as you shoved a finger right up your ass, then two and three. ***Fuck...Jug wants it bad, now does he...*** You felt your body shiver on the climax. Pushing even harder, you felt your prostate. With a single touch you bent over as your body jismed, each wave stronger than the last. By the final orgasm, you were moaning, laying on the floor covered in your seed. Your hand slowly grabbed some of the cum and, looking at it you licked it. You remembered your taste. Sweet, almost nectar.

You didn't bother with any other clothes. On the bus, everyone seemed to be staring at you. You took that as a challenge and started making some real dirty faces before they turned around in disgust.

A small alleyway. On both sides brick, wide enough for three, maybe four people to pass by each other. An overflowing garbage can smelled of rotting food, cheap alcohol. You felt drool creep around your mouth. Graffiti and chipped concrete. Men hollered at you. Grabbed your ass. You threw them a dirty smile and told them they'd need to pay for that. At the end of the alley was a set of stairs leading down into a building. The smell of ink and metal. Tattoo shops. Piercings. New studs. **A new tattoo. Gold and silver. Even if you had no money, you craved it. You needed it. It felt so good...**

You woke up with a headache. It seemed to split your head in half as you felt around, trying to get it away. As your senses came to you, you realized you weren't at home...home...Your head seemed to pound hard with that notion. You grabbed the mug on the nightstand and drank it as fast as possible. **BZIZIZIZIRRRRRPPPPPP...** you wiped the excess off your face and onto your chest. Then you realized for a second that you were in the buff. Trying to remember, you think about a bet, a gambling table...then the headache returns. ***Need a stronger ale...fuck...*** You felt your libido spike as your cock stood to attention. Leaning over your stomach you could see that your head was pierced as well and you jeered. Feeling your flab, you sized yourself up, ***Fuckin A-class body now-urrrrrpppppppp...*** Your muscles seem to push your chest even further out, and you could see how your now fully green arm tensed with bulk. Hands large, calloused, now with thick, black nails. A real ballgut beneath you, covering your view of your bottom half. Even without touching yourself you were leaking. Just as you were about to reach back, you heard a large noise coming from the bed, "So, the little gremlin's back for more..."

You... ***Tug*** knew how to respond, bending over and teasing at his hole with a single, sharp claw. You could hear the bed creak as the monster lifted himself out of bed, lumbering his way over. "You better be able to handle another round, runt."

Tug smiled, showing his row of razor sharp teeth, ***"You jus-hic watch me..."***

The narrow pathways were thin, barely dirt and mud. Single lane streets peppered with decaying stone shops, bathhouses, illegal taverns. Houses centuries old. The district seemed both suspiciously empty and overwhelmingly active, depending on where you looked. The stench of tobacco and mead squatted in the mid-summer heat. And this was your place. You knew nothing else and never wanted to know nothing else. Even walking in the buff everyone knew your reputation. The woman gawked, the men jeered and cat-called. All you could do was show off those assets and flash the body jewelry to everyone who saw. Not like the attention bothered you.

A small alleyway. On both sides stone, wide enough for three, maybe four people to pass by each other. An overflowing sewer smelled of rotting food, cheap alcohol. You felt drool creep around your mouth. Men hollered at you. Grabbed your ass. You threw them a dirty smile and told them they'd need to pay for that. They turned tail faster than you had time to turn around. At the end of the alley was a set of stairs

leading down into a building. The smell of ink and metal. Tattoo shops. Piercings. New studs. A new tattoo. Gold and silver. You wanted to adorn your body with all the gold in the world. If you could encase yourself in jewel you would. And you would do anything to get it, especially if it meant fucking every man in the Realm. The body artist smiled through his golden teeth, "So what should it be, Tug?"

Tug wryly smiles, pointing to a single tooth before producing the gold he needed for the procedure. "Let's get to work then."