



Double Cheeked Up
by waesrty

It had been almost ten weeks since Thea had become the rapper Doja Cat's left butt cheek tattoo. Since then, her girlfriend Andrea had become more than distraught. That word barely described how she felt about the whole thing.

During this time, she tried to think about their days together. From their first date, or the time they got drunk and saw a shitty movie, to their first anniversary, and her favorite memory, the time they enjoyed a quiet night at home together. However, one memory of her kept invading her mind.

No matter how hard she tried, the image of seeing her loving girlfriend tattooed on the ass of the rapper seared itself into her mind. She really only got one look at her like that, but that didn't remove her staying power. Since her transformation, all that Andrea wanted was to see her again.

As such, she followed all of Doja's accounts online, various fan pages and channels, and began searching for her. She poured over hour after hour of content, trying to see one tiny glimpse of her inked-on girlfriend. Although no matter how hard she searched, she could never find her.

It was quite disheartening, especially since part of her stage choreography featured her ass, the cheek Thea was on, being slapped by one of her backup dancers. It was a move she saw countless times through the piles of footage she saw of her.

She did try her best to think of how Thea was handling all this, but she really couldn't. You had to be there to know what she had to deal with.

An hour would pass slowly for the tatted Thea, but ten weeks. Well, that was a whole new meaning of a snail's pace, especially given her vantage point. Most days, she'd be covered up, her world in a literal and metaphorical suspended darkness.

It was at least better than what she normally experienced. The most pervasive part of that was the constant funk around her. Given her place on her ass, she was forced to smell the musk of the rapper's ass. Thankfully, though, it wasn't that strong.

Had she been tattooed closer to her butthole, well, at that point, she'd be constantly inhaling it. Still, it was pretty bad, especially after certain meals and trips to some places. Weirdly enough, she experienced more scents than she did tastes.

Most of the tastes she would be forced to savor would be the various clean or worn underwear the rapper would wear. Her 'mouth' would be filled with a cotton or fabric taste, each making her gag. Sometimes, she would be able to taste white porcelain, which disgusted her to no end.

As did the taste of her ass sweat. It was a disgusting liquid, mixing the various tastes of her butterack with the salt of her sweat. It dried her 'mouth' out and made her want to throw up at the same time. It was a taste she'd 'enjoy' during Doja's concerts.

Then there was the feeling of being sat on. Her already thin body would be crushed by her ass and the weight of her body, which was pressed onto her butt. It was entirely uncomfortable, especially when she was sat on while she was wearing clothes.

Being crushed between various layers of fabric was quite, with no pun intended, pressing. Sometimes it would last hours, sometimes only a few seconds. No matter how long it would last, she'd hate it, especially when she was crushed while she slept for hours on end.

Although the worst thing happened almost every day, Doja Cat and her boyfriends had quite the sex life; every day, they were going at it. As such, Thea got a front row seat to it. Hell, she was a part of it.

Ever since becoming her ass tattoo, she had become little more than her “bullseye.” I mean, Doja literally called her that, and her boyfriends used it as such. During their time together, any time that he was close to finishing, she’d move this member towards her and, well, fire.

Let’s just say, Thea got quite familiar with being covered in a certain white liquid. It disgusted her to no end, especially since Doja would let it sit there on for a little while before cleaning her off. Not only that, but given that she was a lesbian, being forced to taste male cum made her want to throw up.

It never tasted good, never. It was made worse that since Doja had a revolving door's worth of boyfriends, she kept having to get used to each of their cum. Some tasted better than others, some were stickier than others, but overall, they were all bad.

That and it seemed that they only cared about pleasing Doja. The handful of them were quite unlike Andrea and her. They were little more than escapades while they were completely devoted to each other. That detail really put a damper on her mood, especially with regard to what else she had to deal with.

This whole experience as her tattoo was just plainly draining and disgusting.

Soon enough, Andrea would learn about what Thea had to experience. I mean, ten weeks of knowing that you’ll never again be with your partner, in human form, took quite the toll on her. It was made worse that she only had a memory of her current form.

As such, she became desperate to see her again. In truth, she was more than desperate. In a sense, she’d become complete again if she’d lay her eyes on her again. It was through this desire that a devastating thought entered her head.

Recently, she had learned that some people were able to talk to others’ ass tattoos. If one were to say, also shrunk and inked onto the same butt cheek the former was on, well, you could talk to each other. It was horrible to think about, but this way she’d be able to talk to her love again.

You weren’t really talking with them; it was more of a mental link thing. You’d be able to hear each other’s thoughts. Although, in order for this to happen, you had to be on the same part. So, Andrea would have to be on the same cheek as Thea was.

The procedure itself was expensive, but given Doja’s fame and fortune, she’d be able to cover it. It took a long while to come to terms with it, but Andrea decided that in order to see her girlfriend again, she was willing to become another tattoo on her ass.

With her mind set on joining her girlfriend on the rapper's ass, all that she had to do was contact her again. That in itself was quite difficult. Day after day, she'd comment on all her posts, message her, and she'd really do anything and everything to catch her attention.

Finally, after about two weeks of doing it, she caught her eye. "So, you want to join my bullseye?" Doja asked her, pausing. Looking over the pathetic young woman, she began to laugh, "God, that's hilarious. I mean, really, you want to be on my ass."

Meekly, Andrea replied, "Yes." "Hehe, well, might as well. I mean, I do need a matching tattoo with her, haha. You'll be my little cheek couple, hehe. That's really funny. Although you need to do one thing for me." That last bit caught her off guard.

Looking up, she was greeted face to face with the rapper's butt. "You know what you have to do, you've got to ask nicely." On the left side of her ass, she saw her girlfriend, looking the same as she did the day she lost her.

Thea was more than happy to see her girlfriend again, but she was shocked about it. The last time she saw her, she was this close to her. Though, because of that, that meant... She watched silently as Andrea slowly puckered her lips and brought them to her other cheek.

She held them there for a few seconds before pulling back, leaving lipstick marks. "See, that wasn't that bad, now we're ready for you to join my ass. It was about time you joined my little bullseye. Now, let's just book an impromptu appointment with one of those special tattoo parlors."

"Well, well, well, look at you two. Quite the love birds, really inseparable. You two look really good on each of my cheeks, definitely better than if you were on the same one, haha. With how good you kissed my right cheek, I figured you deserved to be on that one, not the other one."

"With your two together again, I'm almost jealous of how close you two are, at least in the metaphorical sense. No way in hell would I become someone's ass tattoo. You two are just a different breed. So, bullseye no. 2, what do you think, like being on my ass?"

Waking up after the procedure, Andrea was shocked. She expected to find herself on her ass, but this was not what she intended. She had meant to be on the same cheek as Thea, that way she'd be able to communicate with her.

Now, being on her other cheek, separated by a cavern of ass crack, she could barely see her partner. In this current view, she could barely see her for two reasons. One, Doja angled her ass so that she got a full view of only her cheek. Two, she was quite close to her asshole.

If she had been moved a couple more centimeters to the left, she'd start to enter the cavern. Already, she was disgusted. A great waft of the scent from her asshole began to be inhaled by her. She was absolutely not prepared for the scent, especially its potency.

The taste around her wasn't that great either, though she knew it could certainly be worse. With how close she was to her crack, it wouldn't be long until she got bits and pieces of some rather disgusting tastes. Although she had yet to experience anything.

"So, what did you want to show me, babe?" Doja's boyfriend asked. "Well, you know how much you've enjoyed our little bullseye." "Yeah?" "I decided to help improve your aim during target practice," Doja said as she pulled down her pants.

"Wow, you got me a whole other target. Yep, it's just for you, babe. Although any good gift comes with some interactivity. Before the night is over, I challenge you to hit both bullseyes in one shot." It was at that final line where Andrea felt true fear, a fear Thea had long since gotten to experience.