

Ellie's Tattoo Session

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](https://archiveofourown.org/) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/56185444>.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warnings:	Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings , No Archive Warnings Apply
Fandom:	The Last of Us (Video Games)
Character:	Ellie (The Last of Us)
Additional Tags:	ABDL , Diaper , messing , Embarrassment , Tattoo
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2024-05-26 Words: 842 Chapters: 1/1

Ellie's Tattoo Session

by [Redsablcreations](#)

Summary

A little complication on the table means Ellie needs a short break in the middle of her tattoo. Luckily she doesn't have to rush to find a bathroom.

All characters represented are 18+

It was hard to find a sterile environment, even within the sealed walls of Jackson and the town's leadership didn't want to waste precious alcohol and resources on what they'd consider 'vanity projects'. This made running a tattoo operation especially difficult.

Ellie distinctly remembered how angry Cat got when she'd explained her need for such resources and the importance of bodily expression, only to be shot down. She made do instead with a shit ton of hot water and an assurance of cleanliness based on what she could scavenge. Surprisingly, nobody was clamoring for cling wrap like she was.

Ellie herself actually wasn't that worried about the cleanliness of Cat's tattoo studio/garage. She'd gone through enough filthy environments with terrible injuries that some needle pokes in a dusty garage didn't skeeve her out.

The hum of the scavenged and jury-rigged machine filled the space as Cat hummed a short tune. The run of needles across her skin wasn't pleasant but having her scar covered and some very personal art on her arm was well worth the spicy feeling of the tattoo.

"Still doing okay?" Cat asked, wiping the tattoo with what little green soap she had.

Ellie, who'd been lying down on the massage table, nodded. "Yeah, it's really not too bad."

"Course you're tough. Everybody has a different tolerance but half the time the biggest guys are the biggest whiners about getting some ink."

Ellie chuckled imagining Jessie or even Tommy squirming under the pain of what was essentially a prolonged scrape.

The pain wasn't a problem for Ellie but a few seconds later her positioning was. Her stomach grumbled, mixing with the sound of the buzzing tattoo machine. Cat stopped, raising her eyebrow at the sound.

"Y-yeah just keep going." Ellie said, trying to ignore the cramping from her stomach. She didn't want to stop the tattoo session.

Cat fired up the machine again, continuing to pulse ink into Ellie's arm but was stopped by another rumble coming from Ellie's stomach.

"Okay that has to be—"

A thunderous fart cut through the air of the studio, cutting off whatever Cat was about to say.

Laying on the table pinned her buttcheeks closed, keeping the exit for an impending mess sealed off.

Okay," Ellie said through a blush, "I think I need a break, just for a couple of minutes." Ellie wasn't blushing because of her need to use her diaper but because she had to stop the

tattoo for something so trivial. It was only because of her position that she couldn't just let loose.

“Shoulda just laid on my front.” Ellie thought, gingerly pushing herself up from the table to keep the fresh tattoo from being touched. The minute she started moving her body reacted to the blockage being removed, with the hot sludge pumping into the back of her padded pants.

Rumbling flatulence mixed with the squishy squelch of soft matter being forced through a small opening. The plastic rustled beneath Ellie's jeans, adding to the myriad of sounds filling in the silent space.

With little in the way of potential movement, Ellie just squatted by the table. It was an automatic pose, one that she'd learned was the most comfortable when her body decided it was time to evacuate her bowels.

Next to her in her rolling chair, Ellie heard a stifled chuckle from Cat. She turned to see the tattoo artist doing her best to keep from bursting out in laughter. Ellie found herself hurt by this, unable to believe her friend thought her situation was comical.

More poop rushed into the back of her padding and she was trying to hide the growing sag with her hands. Cat stopped her chuckling suddenly, probably realizing that her laughter was bothering Ellie.

“Shit sorry. It's not the diapers or anything,” she assured, “It's the toddler squat is all. I'm willing to bet you do that for a reason but like, the one-quarter squat is just a little goofy from somebody who's been Jackson's resident badass lately. Plus, you've been hanging tough through the entire tattoo, kind of proving your reputation.”

Ellie relaxed a little bit, realizing that there wasn't malice to Cat's laugh but her appreciating a moment of vulnerability with a new friend.

“Glad to hear I don't disappoint.” Ellie joked, “I'm done using my diaper now, so are we good to go?”

She was trying to change the subject but based on the eyebrow raised from Cat, the tattoo artist still had her recent mess on her mind.

“I... Do you need a change first or—?”

Ellie realized the smell might be a problem for her and immediately looked apologetic. She hadn't packed a change and would have to waddle her way back to her garage to find one.

“I mean... I'm okay if you are.” Ellie ventured, hoping that Cat wouldn't be bothered.

To her relief, Cat chuckled. “Yeah, it's fine we've only got another hour left so I can power through if you can hop back up.”

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!