

A Transformation Odyssey

Art by Jakal

Written by Jessie Star

CIRCE

IV

Thought I was just going to be an add-on, did you? Background noise, some little flourish for the story? Impossible! I'm freaking Circe, people. Time to sweep this dinner party facade away and show you what this gorgeous, powerful, brilliant woman can do. Sorry Jessandra and friend, it's my story now.

Part 2

"By now, you may have noticed the food you are packing into your mouths is not just a delicious banquet. Though I was very impressed Jessandra's magical protection charms were combating my plans, it seems-" Circe leaned sideways to get a good view of Jessie's swelling backside, growing rounder and wider till it hung over the bench. "-that it's caught up to you in the end, literally." The witch smiled deviously.

"Guess you got me!" Jessie giggled.

"At least you are being a good sport, Jessandra. Knowing when you're beaten."

"Excuse me," Jakal spat through a mouth full of food. "Are you saying we are eating cursed food because of something between you and Jessi-er Jessandra?" Sweat poured down his neck and down into his cleavage. The brunette's stomach once again shrunk, magically shuffling the calories elsewhere as his form grew wider and more womanly by the minute.

"Oh yes, we're off and on rivals, the two of us." Circe smiled at Jakaclese and patted Jessie's hand.

"Like, frienemies?" Jakal took another giant bite and tried not to cry.

"Sorry what now, Frenemy.. OH I see! Like friend and enemy combined. That's very clever! Though I would go even further to say maybe... Friemeses! Like Nemesis, gives it the proper oomf and respect without-"

"What on earth could she have done to cause... this?" Jakal whimpered. Jessie just washed down her food with some wine and unhelpfully shrugged.

"She didn't tell you? The little minx made me grow a second head while I was on a very important date. And the date was so not into it. I mean you would think double the Circe would be to die for but you know-"

"Didn't work out?" Jessie tilted her head.

"Ah the whole date was a trap anyways, I wanted a new puppy and I thought he would be far more useful that way. The annoying part was when I removed the extra head, two grew in its place!"

Jessie spits wine out of her nose, chuckling at Circe's story, almost like her unoccupied head didn't remember they had caused it. Jakal tried to shush her as another tight potbelly became inches on his bottom half. The situation was getting ridiculous. It was to the point that if he put his hands down to his side, they would rest on his hips like armrests on a cushy chair. Each ass cheek was rounder and larger than a pumpkin, gobbling up his underwear into his canyon of an ass crack. Even parted, his thighs pressed together like warm pillows of fat. The bench beneath him creaked, for Jakal's feminine weight of 115 had already doubled, and all of it was packed into his lower half. And still, they ate.

"And then I got rid of those and they each grew two, and so on and so forth. Toss in some draconic aspects and the whole thing was truly monstrous." Circe drank deep from her goblet. "And well played, Jessandra, but if you thought I could live in a world where you got to have the last laugh, you never deserved all the times I called you clever."

"So that's why you're turning us into pigs?" Jakal was almost weepy with worry. How could Jess do this, wander off in her spirit form while her partner (and her physical form as well) blimped into fattened sows. He wanted to get up. He needed to run, but the larger his backside grew the more his insatiable hunger kept him devouring every piece of food in front of him.

"Pigs? Why ever would I turn you into pigs?" Circe cackled, looking at Jakal like he was just the most absurd person to ever exist. "I only turn men into swine because, well they are. Hahaha. No for you and Jessie I just wanted to destroy your waistline. Turn you into big roly-poly women. Chonksters, you know? Everyone loves Jessandra's red hair, as if it could compare to my golden locks. Let's see how they like it when she's had 400 pounds added to the package!"

"Four Hundred pounds!?" Jakal squealed. He put all his effort into trying to stand, but the most it did was cause him to shift in his seat, his enormous backside wobbling like a waterbed in response. The man in a womanly form could feel his underwear creaking, pulled tight between his ass crack and feminine mound. The top of his cheeks fluffed and swelled against his lower back, rising and spreading now with every bite.

“Though I will say it is funny how her protection charm worked out.” Circe Poured herself more wine and smiled. “All of it concentrating down there. Now you won’t just be some hefty ladies, but have asses of legend. ‘Have you heard of the witch Jessandra?’” She mimicked in some deeper voice, then turned around and answered herself. ““Oh, you mean the one with the rear bigger than an elephant’s? Even Atlas would struggle trying to get a piece of that thing!””

“At least Circe didn’t find out you’re actually a man.” The auto-pilot Jess giggled to herself.

“What was that?!” Circe’s face dropped. The room gained a chill and the torches burned low for a moment.

“I think she said ‘at least this is really good ham’?” Jakal squeaked. Oh shit, this was bad. He gritted his teeth and was finally able to start pushing up into a standing position. Even after rising 4 inches, his ass cheeks still rested on the bench.

“No, I didn’t, I said at least she doesn’t know you are a man!”

Damn it dummy Jess! Jakal’s strength gave out and he landed back down in his seat so hard it split the bench in two. The poor man fell to the ground, ass cheeks smashing into the cold marble and wobbling wildly from the impact. Even as he sat up, they had yet to settle.

“So that’s her game, humiliate me by sneaking a man into my palace, have me treat them to my finest feast.”

“To be fair it was cursed food so, you really win this round too right?” Jakacles tried to scoot backward but his massive blubber butt would barely budge.

“Oooo this is too far! Hear me well, Jessandra, I’m going to turn you both into fat farmyard freaks and roast you on a spit!” The witch’s eyes glowed red, magic sparking from her fingertips. There was a sound of something being dragged on the floor but it was lost over the building wind in the mansion. “You will rue the day you messed with .. t-that you mmm-messed with Madam dung for brains.” Circe’s eyes went wide with shock. “I meant to say the great and pitiful Slupci! What the fuuu-” The witch’s eyes went blue, her head shook violently, she opened her mouth and-

“Jakaclese get off your ass, grab that basket on the floor over there and start running?!” Screamed Circe in a voice not quite her own.

“I... wait. Jessie?”

“Yes, Jakal. I’m now astral projecting into a very powerful witch’s body holding back both wrath and magical onslaught while also keeping your charms up and running.”

“Protection charms? Look at me! I’m 70% ass! Doesn’t look like they did squat.”

“I was getting ingredients, there’s like twelve in the basket which will cut this whole adventure in half. Excuse me for letting a little slip while I magically multitasked. Now GRAB THE FUCKIN BASKET!”

The entire exchange was surreal and confusing but it was becoming clear he was getting control over his body, and what a body. Just pulling his arms back sent his elbows squishing into the mountains that were his ass cheeks. Gigantic, soft, sensitive spheres of flesh. A quick pat down set it off jiggling and wobbling. “I’m going, I’m going.” With some flushed grunting and some squishing flesh, Jakal made his way to his feet. Just the insane heft and sway of his rear while on his knees almost sent him to the ground.

“Are you moving? I can’t see you past your ass!”

“I’m moving! OKAY?!” Sweat poured over his bouncing curves, like gallons and gallons of flesh-toned jello. Eventually, he was on his feet, but walking wasn’t any easier. The basket was extremely heavy, (best to grab some more rolls for the road for strength!) and after some shuffling and cursing from Jessie to hurry, he was on his way, sorta. “How the hell do I walk with this thing!” Every step had his thigh, now as wide as his torso, smacking against its equally bloated opposite leg. As each heel landed on the marble floor, the two hundred plus pounds of calories that had packed itself into his ass cheeks, jumped and bounced wildly like a bag full of cats trying to escape. Clapping and slapping and sending waves of sensation and pleasure up and down the transformed man’s spine, into his nipples and down low buzzing in his cli- “Why is this thing so sensitive?!” He whimpered, reaching his dainty free hand back to try and stabilize it. It was minuscule in comparison, like a dolls hand pressing into a hippos ass cheek,

“Swing one foot in front of the other while I tie up this body!”

“That makes my hips sway like crazy!”

“GO!”

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“Left, right, left, right!” Jakacles muttered, his buoyant behemoth booty thrusting left and right chaotically, knocking over the occasional vase on a pedestal in the hall. He kept it up for a few more yards before it turned into a stumble and sent him drifting sideways into a wall. It disturbed him how much he felt of himself squashing and spreading against its surface, but not as much as the sloshing. Even when his body came to a rest, the enormous monstrosity that was his bottom half, continued to sway and wobble for a good fifteen seconds. It was impossible. Ridiculous. Mind brea-

SWAT!

“KEEP MOVING”

“Gah!” Just when the damn thing had settled, Jessie swats it, sending it into motion again! “I just needed a moment.”

“I was hoping you would have had the boat ready to leave!” She wiggled her finger and cast a spell to strengthen Jakal’s legs. “Oh, it feels so good to have my own magic again. Astraling into another witch just feels so dirty.”

“JESSANDRA!!” Came a scream from behind them.

Jakal’s eyes looked wider than his fists. “She escaped already?!”

“I said we need to move!” And so they did, huffing down the hallway, trying to ignore when their fat cheeks slapped into each other, warm fluffy flesh on flesh.

“You can’t hide Jess... I can hear you clapping down the hall!”

“There’s the entranceway. The boat is just down the path!” The friends waddled as fast as they could, shuffling for the doorway when-

FWAP!

The two friends and the full-figured feminine forms were wedged in the door way. To be more specific, their colossal hips and asses.

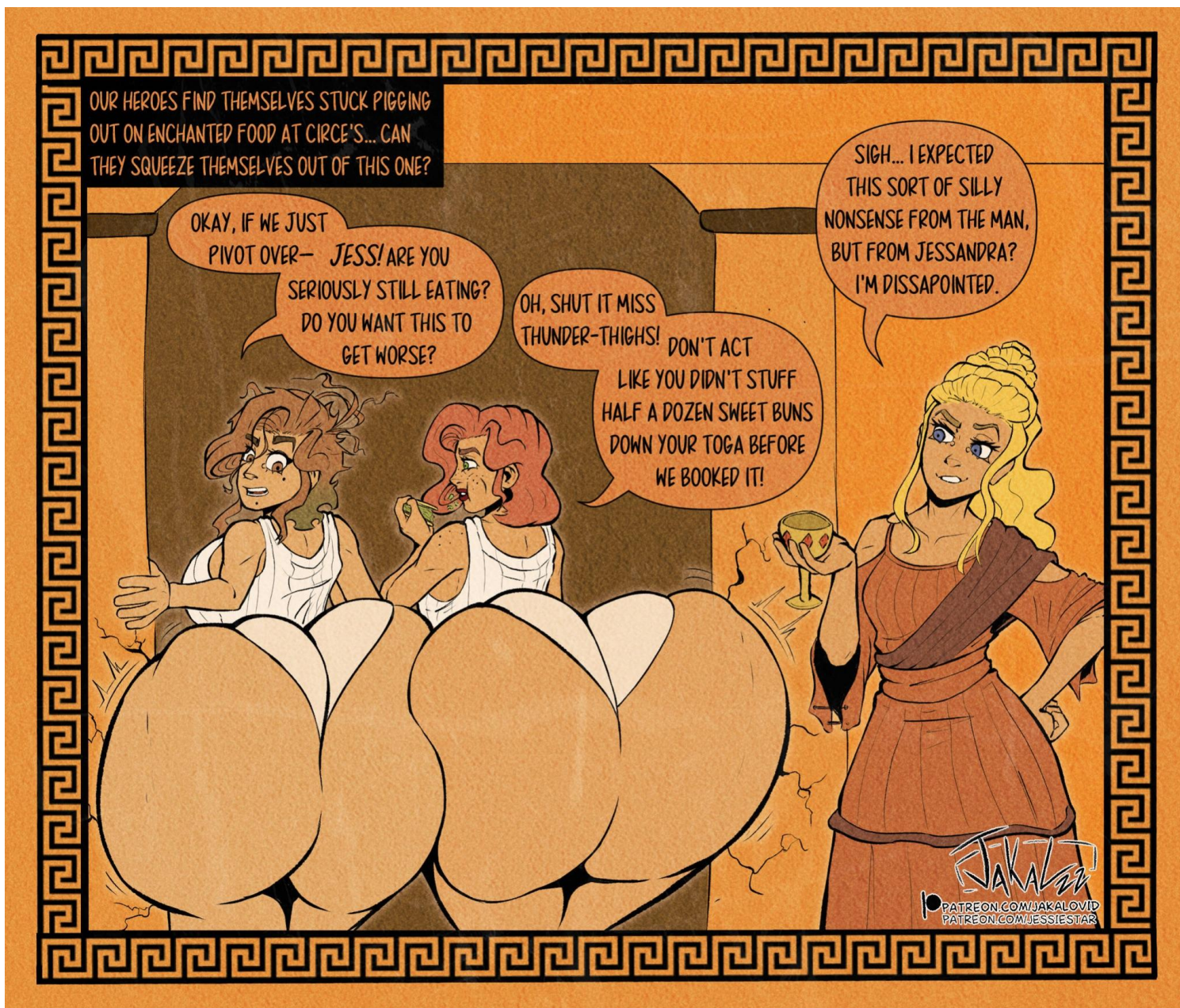
“We’re stuck.”

“I know Jakaclese.”

“Our big fat butts are stuck!”

“Stop panicking.” Jessie grabbed the doorframe and tried to pull herself forward, her ass smooshing and wobbling against her friend’s.

“I’m not.. Okay. Breathe. We can figure this out!” Jakal squirmed and wriggled, ignoring the clap of his and Jessie’s fat fem asses. “Okay, if we just pivot over- Jess! Are you seriously still eating? Do you want this to get worse?”



Jessie was shoving leftovers into her mouth, the hunger from the table had not left her. "Oh, shut it miss thunder-thighs!" Jessie growled through a mouthful. The ginger witch hadn't even realized she had grabbed food when she stood up from the table, even eating now she could feel the familiar magical buzz in her belly. "Don't act like you didn't stuff half a dozen sweet buns down your toga before we booked it!"

Jakal looked down into his cleavage, which only now felt small that her ass was bigger than a horse's. Gosh, those buns looked good.

"I expected this silly nonsense from the man, but Jessandra? I'm disappointed." Circe had caught up to them, her anger dropping into a smug simmer. "I admit, I thought the ditzy act was buying you some time, but I had no idea the scale. And possessing me? I knew you always wanted to be me, but wow. Applause worthy really, if it wasn't for getting stuck in my doorway with your colossal backside. HAHAHA! Oh Jessandra, you just don't have the follow through to win, do you?"

Jess swished her hips, her giant rear smacking the doorframe, cracking the clay walls. "Eat the rolls and lean forward!"

"Eat them!? I think I'm quite big enough thank you!"

"It's almost time, Listen to me and stuff your face!"

Circe cocked her head and drank more wine from her goblet. "Yes, eat up. Every meal after this will just be slop for swine! Your time is indeed up!" The sorceress couldn't help but snort.

Jakal had no choice but to trust Jess, (though look at where that had gotten him so far) but there was little choice. So he scarfed down his cleavage cakes and winced as he felt his body start to redistribute.

"Now shake your hips and lean!" Jess growled. The sight was one to behold, as the two largest booties in the world shook like boulders of pudding molds.

"Hey! Stop cracking my walls you little piggies! Do you hear me?" Circe felt an itch on her nose, but she was so focused on her house thieves, she didn't notice her nostrils flaring and nose flattening. "I.. what is this?" Her ears felt funny, flopping around and... higher on her head. "What did you do, JESSANDRA?!" Circe grabbed her nose, feeling it as it swelled into a fat pink snout. She pulled her hands away in terror and let out a squeal!

Crack.. Crunch CRACK BOOM!

The walls crumbled and the two 250 pound rears and the small bodies they were attached to fell to the ground, asses shaking violently, threatening to burst their undies at any moment. "Get up, run! I'm already worried about how long the laced wine took, I'm not even sure it will finish!"

"What are you talking about?" Jakacles grunted trying to stand. It felt like a large man was sitting on his lower back, but the truth, it was all him. All his backside that he could feel every inch of, every jiggle, every sway.

Behind them, Circe pointed her finger to cast a spell, but it turned into a cloven piggie trotter

before she could get it off. Her wine goblet collapsed to the ground as her other hand contorted and twisted into a pig knuckle as well. The witch squealed in rage, as her body bloated into a form to match her snout and ears.

Jess and Jakal were finally on their feet, just in time to see Circe charging at them, now a half pig woman and porking fast. She lept in the air, eyes full of rage, the jump happening just before her legs cracked into proper swine rear legs. Circe was inches from Jessandra when she froze, mid-air.

"What's happening?" Jakal shook his head, dumbfounded at all the day's events.

"I dropped a pig transformation elixir into her wine. Literal taste of her own medicine."

"Will it hold?"

"I don't think so, she's come back from worse. I'm more worried about her pride being hit twice in a row. She's a very sore loser."

"NO KIDDING!" Jakal rested his hands on his ultra-wide hips. "What are you doing."

"I need to do one more thing, go get the boat ready. Make sure you put the basket somewhere safe. It cuts out like... five islands from our trip I think. Now go!"

Jessandra watched Jakaclese wobble wildly down the hill, and then turned her attention back to Circe. "Don't worry dear, the time spell will wear off very soon." She couldn't help but smirk. "Let's get you to the pig pens where you'll be nice and comfortable."

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Jakal had finally settled into the small two-person skiff they called their ship. Finding his balance had been quite the challenge. Now, sitting down in the boat, he was greatly flustered that his butt hung off both sides of the boat.

"Ready to go!" Jess cheered as she got in. With a whirl of her hand, the sail filled with wind, and the boat pulled away.

"Okay, get us as far away from here as possible, please. Jakal was trying to find a way to put his arms down but it just kept laying on his ultra wide hips and sinking into his soft sensitive curves. "Also, can we magic off these giant bottoms please?"

"Erm, right. About that-"

"What do you mean 'About that'? We're away from the food so all we have to do is get rid of

what they caused.”

“The um... cravings and calorie distortion isn’t specific to just the food that she laid out, I’m pretty sure.”

“What?!”

“Don’t worry, I’ll figure it out, we’ll just have to watch our figures for a bit... and our appetites.”

“Jess there is literally more ass than me!”

“Well, we can get rid of it as long as we don’t eat more than we work off, you know, the old fashion way!”

“We have to work it off?” Jakal stuttered as he grabbed his ass, fingers sinking deep into the soft mounds. “All of this!”

“I know a guy with a great workout routine that can help us out. Heracles! Won’t be much of a labor at all!”

And they sailed off to their next adventure, the two colossal asses and the women who wore them.