

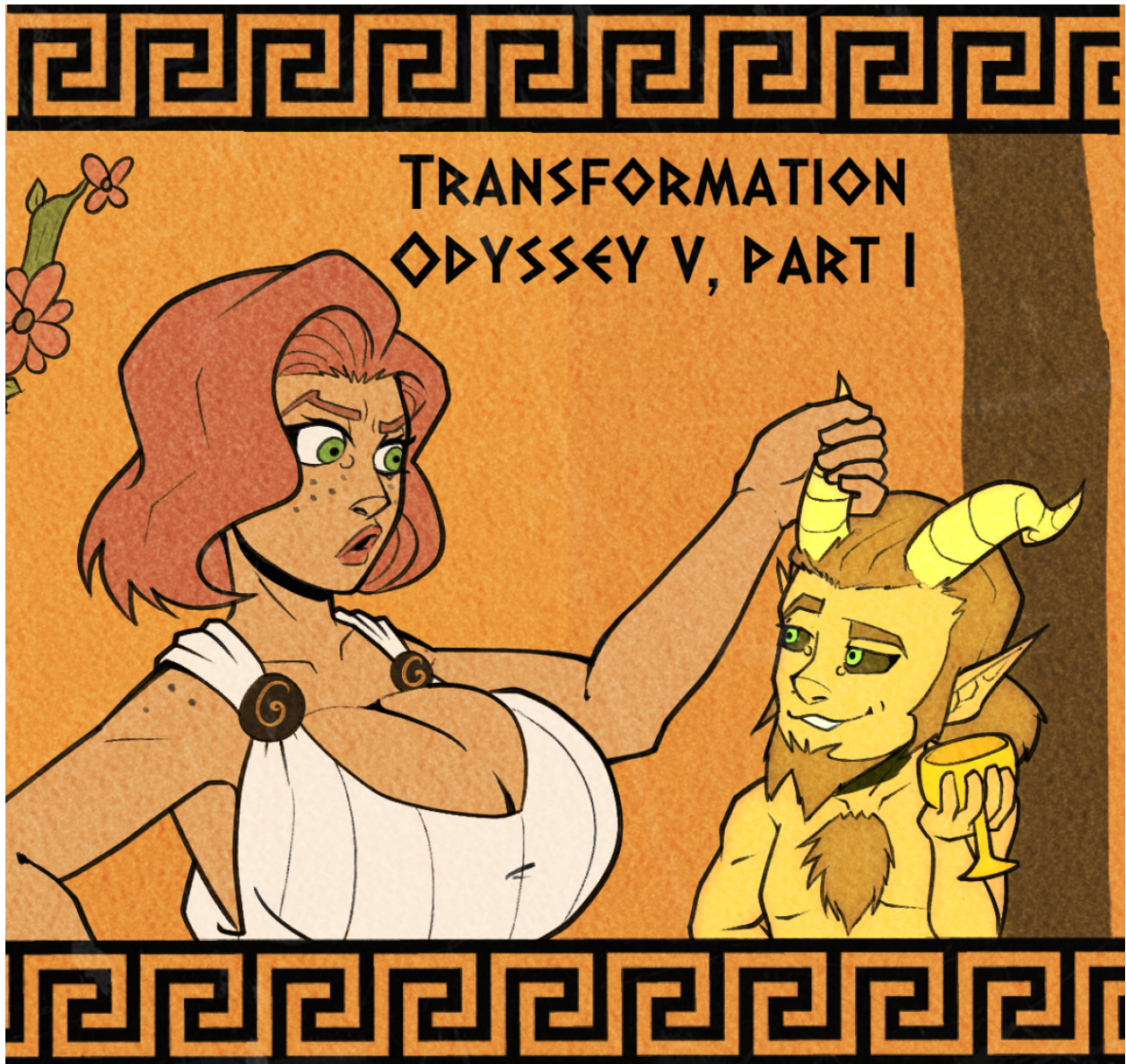
A Transformation Odyssey

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IT WILL GROW ON YOU

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Part 1

Here they were at another Greek party, on the isle of Dionysus no less. When at a party in a temple to the god of wine and partying, one should expect copious amounts of drunks and promiscuous behavior, but what was going on around Jakacles was far beyond that. It seemed like every bush and couch had some drunken lewdness spilling out into his path. But Jess has said this is where they needed to get their lead on the next ingredient, , so here they were. Bumping up against crowds of bumping and grinding drunken idiots. It also didn't help that he still had a few pounds to shed off his pretty prestigious rump cursed onto him via Circe. Jakal continuously blushed as his 'dump truck' ass wobbled and shook with every step, pressing and squashing against every person that got too close. And so damn sensitive. Extreme workouts had gotten it down from "Hey is that an elephant?" to "a bubble fitting a goddess!" but the last few pounds were tough, and Jakal and Jessie were still dieting till they could snuff out and cursed ass calories for good.

Bmmf! Someone just put a face right between Jakal's cursed, bouncy cheeks!

"Whoa, what the hell, dude!" Jakacles turned around, only to find a shocked, embarrassed goat man.

"Apologies, oh Madame fair. I truly did not see you there. I stumbled drunk as I tried to pass and ended face first in your-"

"That's quite alright, you don't need to finish your rhyme, I was there." Jakal rolled his eyes. "Also, I'm not a Madame. I'm a dude trapped in this body. My witch friend has been struggling to undo it."

"Ah, now I see, no cutting loose, from the wiggly, jiggly work of Zeus."

"Wow, you can even tell who did the cursing? What's your name, satyr?"

"I am indeed a satyr known cross these(might work better) lands, I have many names, but you may address me as Pan!" The little goat-man kicked back a hoof and did a deep bow.

"Pan, of course, you are." Jakacles softly laughed.

"Oh, does the curvy man with so much charm hear well of me, or ill and harm?" The satyr gave Jakal a wink which made him burst out laughing.

"It's a mixed bag, but you know how it is."

“So let me get this straight, my little strawberry. If you can outdrink me, Dionysus, god of wine, I give you the key to “they-who-we-shall-not-name’s” vault. But if I win, you’ll be my dedicated party girl for the next year, taking on whatever form I so wish, correct?”

“As long as we both get to pick each other’s drinks.” Jessie smiled smugly.

“I can take to any brew on this whole planet as if it were water. You have a bet, Jassandra StarFallen.”

Jessie clinked her goblet with the god’s as he chuckled away with glee, body rippling like a giant bulbous waterbed.

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“And that’s how I got here, like this!” Jakal motioned to his altered fate. “Sometimes we can revert me to a manish form for a few hours, but Zeus’ magic always comes back with a relapse. And now it’s like the magic is compiling. Like my ass! It’s great for sitting on hard surfaces but I’m so tired of all the shake and jiggle, non-stop, everywhere I go!” He took a break from venting to his new friend to drown his annoyance with wine.

“I cannot insult it, for I’m an ass man, but who wouldn’t be at the height that I stand.” Pan drank his wine and sighed.

“I get it. I get it. If it weren’t glued to me I’d probably admire it too.”

“You have a lot going on, that’s clear to see. What would make it all better for thee?”

“Ha! Where to start. This whole trip has just been mind-blowingly crazy. And we’re not even halfway done. I’m just tired of feeling awkward in a womanly body, and I’m tired of all my sexual anxiety and... I just wish none of it was a problem anymore!”

Pan stood up on the wall they were both sitting on, making him the same height as Jakacles. The satyr gently cupped his new friend by the cheeks, looked him in the eyes, and said, “Done!” Following it with a gentle headbutt.

“Ouch, dude, what the hell was that for!?”

“You’ll thank me later, mortal!” Puck pranced off giggling, disappearing into a sea of dancers’s legs.

“I thought you were a chill dude.” Jakal rubbed his forehead “Ugh, I feel weird.”

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“HA! I’m barely ffeelin’ it Dio!” A tipsy Jessandra chuckled. “You picked some weak ass shstuff!” The witch slammed another empty goblet on the table.

“I picked a weak wine?” Muttered the giant glowing god. “Your pick must be from grapes that have already turned to dust! I’m not even drunk in the slightest.”

“You better not be feeling anything. That’s my buzz kill potion, guaranteed to keep you sober as hell.”

“What?! How dare you make the god of wine and partying.. Ss. ssooo-” he could barely spit it out.

“The rules were we each picked each ufffers drinkies, bud. Rules are rules... unless you feel like I have drunk you under the table already.

“Grrrr” Dionysus took another goblet and downed it. He would not be known for being beaten in a drinking game!

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Jakal walked out of the restroom, still grumpy but starting to relax. He didn’t see any bruising on his forehead when he checked his reflection, but it was now getting a greenish tint after the fact, which was spreading. “Gosh, I miss modern toilets.”

“*You and me both, sexy.*” Came a voice within his head.

“Um, excuse me? Is someone there?”

“*Can you imagine how hot we’d be in the modern era? Our Instagram would be blowing up non-stop!*”

“Whoever is speaking to me using telepathy, I’m going to have to ask you to get out of-”

“*I’m not using Telepathy Jakal, it’s me, Jakie!*” Giggled a sexy, husky woman inside his brain.

Jakal hurriedly made his way to a dark corner so no one would see him talking to himself.

“J-jakie? I don’t know anyone here named Jakie, who are you?”

“*I’m you silly! Well, a very small part of you anyways. I’m this itsy bitsy part of your brain that’s buried deep. Curiosities and feelings that don’t really fit the rest of you, so I’m just... pushed down and locked away with you... What did that psychoanalysis guy call it, the Id?*”

“You are not my subconscious. You’re just some spell defect.” He was getting worried, as the voice was only getting louder.

“Um no, I’m just a quirky 0.01% of your mental space with zero sexual inhibitions and a 200% comfort with being the sexiest woman at the party!”

“I’m a very cis dude!” Jakal whined in a tone that was more girly than he aimed for.

“You are dear, but life is a spectrum, and I am a very tiny portion that is more ‘I’m a big beautiful woman ready to bang!’ Or well, I was a tiny portion.” A green spot had shown up on the tip of his nose and was spreading to his cheeks.

“What do you mean ‘was’?”

“Puck granted your wish, lovely! With me in charge, we won’t feel awkward in our curvy, sexy body, and sexual anxiety will be a thing of the past!” Jakal felt like someone was running their fingers through his hair, soothing him.

“No stop! Get out of my head!”

The inner voice dropped its flirty voice. *“I AM your head! And I’m growing, spreading. Trust me, everything will be better once I’m in the driver’s seat!”*

“I don’t believe you! This is all some goofy, drunk illusion again!”

“Oh really? Look over there at those two men. See their nice rippling biceps and broad shoulders?” Jakal’s eyes drifted over to the two Adonuses and received a little shock. Not from how they looked, but how it made him feel. His cheeks flushed and his heart raced, and deep in Jakal’s belly, a heat began to grow. *“See? Totally yummy!”*

“How are you doing this?” Jakal fanned himself as sweat dripped down into his cleavage.

“Big beefy arms could pick us up and spin us like a top. Can you imagine how nice and big their cocks must b-”

“Jakie! Don’t put images like that in our...in my head!”

“They’re already in here!” She giggled. *“Along with all those memories of your time as a bimbo on Lotus Island.”*

“T-those were a dream... Right?” He protested.

“A dream, riiiiight. That’s what you tell yourself, but I was there. I know for a fact at the time you thoroughly enjoyed having the D buried in so deep you could feel every vein and throb and twitch.”

The heat boiled in Jakal’s cheeks as the echoes of the moans and passionate squeals of his time as a bimbo, now less a fuzzy dream and more a rigid razor-sharp memory. He felt his womanhood throb with anticipation. “Oh gods!” He clapped a hand over his mouth, then pulled it away. “And why the hell is my hand green!”

“I think Pan’s magic that freed me might be spreading as I grow. Could be wrong but judging by our surging libido, and I have a raging base level libido, to begin with, mind you, we might be becoming a nymph!”

“PAAAAN!”