

A Transformation Odyssey

Art by Jakal

Written by Jessie Star

IT WILL GROW ON YOU

V

Part 2

“Damn it, how am I supposed to get to that runty little goat!” Jakaclese anxiously watched Pan crowd surf over the dancing mob as he wrung his petite feminine hands.

“You know you can’t just wring the green off, missy. Maybe stop fretting and enjoy what we are becoming!” Said the growing, husky, womanly voice in his head. *“Look at all the delicious meat waiting to be tasted.”*

“There is no we!” Jakal growled internally “Stop trying to get me to look at guys’ bulges.”

“Oh, you know it feels good.” Jakie’s voice purred, their shared body relaxing a little and stretching like a cat. *“But you know what may feel better? Paying attention to all the buff horny men looking at us. Just look at all the eyes on our nice juicy ass, alone!”* Jakal could see them, staring at his green bubbly, backside like an overripe pear. They felt like a pack of wolves, circling in to take a nice bite out of his backside.

He, or Jakie, or someone running their body bounced gently on their heels, letting their firm green cheeks clap gently under the toga. “Gah! What are you doing?”

“What does it look like, silly. Tellin’ the wolves to come and get it!” She giggled. *“Though I’m not offerin up a plump helpless morsel to the wolves, am I?”*

“W-what do you mean?”

“You know exactly what I mean. We are the wolf. All these hypnotized men are our sheep to pick from!” As Jakie spoke, the words wormed into Jakal’s thoughts. It did make him feel powerful. Every eyelid a lure drawing them in, craving her, begging to do anything to be with he-

“Wait, I d-don’t identify as a she!”

"No, of course not, but I do! Go with it, be fluid, let these people worship us for the goddess we are!"

"Why does this feel so good?"

"One, because I've soaked into 57% of your brain, and two, because I've decided we should go nymph, and they spend about 98% of their immortal lives fu-"

"Ohhhh gods, PAAN!" Jakal screamed, "I need to get to him right now!"

"Fine, you want to get to him so badly?" Jakie spat in disgust. *"Man up and hop a ride!"* When Jakal couldn't figure out what she meant, she sighed and took over. *"Hey cutie, you want to dance?"* Jakie asked a man who immediately smiled obliged.

"We are dancing with a man! Why are we dancing, very CLOSELY, with a man!"

"To get you closer to Pan, you nut." Jakie rolled their eyes.

"Why would you help me?"

"Cuz I need you to relax; your panic attack is killing our buzz. Now we are moving through the crowd, via this hunky dancing partner. Can we finally relax a little?"

Jakal took in the fact that though they were dancing with a dude who couldn't get his eyes out of their green cleavage, they were in fact, moving towards the one that might be able to undo this. "That is unexpectedly kind of you."

"Cuz I'm you, why would I want to make myself miserable." They fell into a silence, letting the dance sway them a little closer to Pan with each step.

"That was nice of her, I guess." Jakal thought to himself. "It's not like she asked for this either. Being stuck existing in a small portion of my brain my whole life can't be fun. Maybe-" No, was he actually considering it? Jakacslese smirked a little as he began to sway his rear more rhythmically.

"What are you doing?" Jakie asked.

"I am feeling bad that once we get this fixed, you might be trapped in my brain again for another 60 years, so... why not let you live a little first?"

"Oh really? Pardon me if I don't believe you."

"Don't believe me? Why would I lie to myself?" Jakal prodded. "Look, I'm... massaging our dance partner's pecs." It started with their dainty green fingers awkwardly squeezing their

nameless dance partner's chest, but the more they did it, the more alluring it became. "Damn this guy has some sculpted pecs. He's ripped. Why does this feel so..."

"Yummy? Those are my thoughts."

"W-well for at least one more dance, they can be our thoughts." Jakal's face went flush, but not from embarrassment. He was getting a rush.

The man smirked as he looked down at his nymph partner. "Like what you see?"

Jakal looked up into the burly brunette's eyes. This is where he should have been awkward, but he could feel how disappointed Jakie would be. "You know it." he let his voice become breathy and batted his eyelashes. It was odd but also thrilling. There was a fire building in his belly like a bubble. Growing, swelling. The man clapped his hands onto Jakal's hefty bottom, squeezed each one until cheeky flesh rose between the gaps in his fingers. The dancing partner pulled the nymph close till Jakal's firm green tits pressed into the man's ribs, fat nipples throbbing like two electrified grapes. The ass groping was driving him crazy, and he could feel the warm wetness growing inside of him.

"Is this enough for you, Jakie?" He asked even as the hunger inside of him grew.

"I dunno, was it enough for you 'Jakie'?"

"M-me Jakie?" Jakal mumbled, confused.

"Jakie, that's a pretty name." The tall man groping their ass said. "I'm Narcissus, pleasure to have you meet me."

"Ug, this guy. We're not some nymph. He's lucky to have a girl like us! Uh... guy like us?"

"It's okay to say girl at the moment Jakie. You're thriving off my urges and feelings and that makes us, and you for the moment, a very bisexual, horny little nymph. Though I agree he is way below us."

"When in Rome, I guess. You better thank me from deep in our subconscious that I let you have a fling" He could hear Jakie giggle lightly, a sound he was making in his... her own throat.

"Yeah, I'm Jakie, and you sir, are the lucky one." Jakie watched as her outstretched hand lowered to the back of the man's skull, fingers gripping his hair, bringing his mouth down to hers. The kiss was intoxicating, like drinking a fruity wine that was all yum and no burn. She swore flowers bloomed in the nearby garden from it. Her body boiled with excitement, and before 'Jakie' could help herself she had climbed her dance partner and wrapped her legs around his waist. For a flickering second, she looked away and saw Pan waving, but that was ok. She could grab him in a second. What was the rush? For the moment she was a very sexual woman,

coming in hot and heavy on this handsome self-absorbed beefcake. She wasn't uncomfortable so... why not.

When Narcissus carried her off to a private room, why not? When she found herself disrobing so he had easy access to her amazing pair of tits, why not? When the hands groping all over her body, and kisses on her neck made her moan like a tiger in heat, why not? And when he threw her on the bed and took off his toga, revealing a long erect 'sword' ready to plunge into battle, why... why... er

"You okay, Cutie?" the voice that was becoming more and more hers asked gently.

"Yeah, I'm just trying to figure out um... Figure out why I.."

"The night was nice, you don't have to-"

"Why do I need this so badly? Is it your libido making me feel empty and frantic down there?"

"Our body has growing needs and failing insecurities."

"But if I let you get boned, just this once, it will help right?" She was already opening her legs as if she'd been doing it on the regular for years. Being exposed, being wanted, it felt so empowering. So Euphoric.

"Sure, it will help us a little but let's be clear. You'll be the one getting boned, little lady!" The Jakie voice began to just be a warm presence in her mind.

The dance partner turned prospective lover was lining them up, the object of Jakie's desire hovering inches away. "But, but this is for you!"

"Yeah hun, but the issue is, I am you now!"

"For me!" Jakie felt the thick hot rod plunge deep inside, it was insanely tight, but there was little resistance. Being full was a wild feeling like she was missing a part of herself her whole life, and now it was back, throbbing and thrusting, stretching her to her limit. Her partner had remained standing at the side of the bed, holding her legs on either side of him and pounding away like a hammer to a nail. Jakie could feel no anxiety or doubt, or shame, just need. It was growing, inflating through her whole body. She felt like she had finished a marathon, gotten an award, and finished her favorite dessert in one breath. So powerful and adored and worshiped. Every thrust landed deeper inside, sending her fat tits wobbling up to her chin and then smacking back down on her ribcage. Holding them steady quickly shifted into self-groping, and the only thought she could add to it was "Damn my tits are spectacular!"

"You must feel so blessed to be getting some from me!" Narcissus chuckled as he continued to pound her relentlessly.

“No.. this is wrong. This... this is wrong!” Jakie shouted and pushed him off.

“I’m sorry, what?” Narcissus looked worried and confused.

“I am the one that gets to be on top, you hear me!” She pushed him back onto the bed and prepared to mount.

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“This is horrible! Every sip makes me feel more and more aware of sorrow and stress. I demand you relent.” Dionysus sulked.

“We had a sssdrinkin game, you said I could pick you dddhrink and I chose a sobering potion.” Jess smirked, trying not to fall out of her chair.

“You are going to die of alcohol poisoning before I break. I should just end this game right now!”

“Quitting is quitting buddy bud buds. Only way thish thing ends if when one gives up, and thish bish can hold her wine.”

The god of parties growled. “I think I will suffer a bit longer to watch you drown in that goblet, Jessandra.”

“I totally undershtand the choice, big boy” Jessie nodded her head heavily. “I do not envy the “sober” style hangover you may have for the next few days, which could have been avoided by jusht giving me the info I need.”

“S-sober hangover.” He whimpered a little.

“The worst, am I right?!” Jessie lifted her cup and promptly fell out of her seat drunkenly.

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“Why do we still want sex?” Jakie asked herself as she pulled away from her wilted and tired partner.

“Don’t you think ‘we’ is a bit redundant at this point?” Said Jakie’s internal voice.

“Fine, why do I still want sex?!”

“You are a nymph, Jakie. Sex to a nymph is like eating.”

“So I’m like a succubus now?!” Jakie’s worry was trying to come back, but the worrying thoughts

also made her feel so damn sexy.

“Ew succubi? No way! I would never let us suck a soul up our vajay-jay. No, it’s just sex keeps us alive and thriving. Like a good fertilizer.”

Jakie picked a flower and put it in her hair. “I think you’ve been fed enough. We need to find Jessie and fix this?”

“Are you sure?”

“It’s better if we do. It’s too addicting to stay like this.”

“I think you will miss it.”

“Miss what,” Jakie scoffed. “The addiction to being pumped full? The annoying amount of sexual confidence and prowess. The fucking hunger that has me looking at men like I’m a starving lion about to jump my prey?”

“You can still sleep with girls if you want, Jakie is super into everything!”

“But Jakal wasn’t rushing into everything! I feel like I could get distracted just from the smell of a sexy soon to be partner. Grrr how much of my brain have you saturated Jakie, sixty percent?”

“Weeeeee…”

“Oh no, not seventy-five percent?” Both worry and excitement were growing in her voice.

“I mean…”

Jakie opened the door and walked outside. “It can’t be higher than eighty!”

“You just walked outside into the middle of a party, naked. I think higher than eighty might be a strong maybe, hun.”

Jakie wanted to blush or run back inside or apologize profusely, but come to think of it… she didn’t. Those would be Jakal’s responses. Until Jessie or Pan or somebody fixed this, she wasn’t Jakal, was she. Not really. I mean, look at her, she’s striking a pose to all those horny people in awe at her glorious green nakedness. Each pair of eyes made her skin glow and feel alive, the flower in her hair bloomed and every aspect of her body was revving up for another round.

“Let me guess, you all want to screw me next?” Her question made them cheer and volunteer, and it felt good. They were all wanting, no, needing her. Needing to touch and taste her and all sorts of raunchy, mind-blowing thoughts. “If we did that, I’d be here all night!” She said as she

waved them off. There was disappointment from the people who had been hopeful until she added. "Good thing I have more than one hole!" There were cheers and hands lifting her above the crowd. Worship and propositions, faces trying to get a better look at her glorious naked form. "Ahaha, where are we going, my sexy followers?" Jakie purred. "To the orgy ship!" They called back, carrying her down to the docks, right past a passed-out Jess, who had won her drinking game, but now had to sleep off the repercussions of it.

The next morning, Jakie woke up in a different port, in a different city. The voice in her head was gone, or rather, she didn't need it anymore. Her first motivation was to find a way back to Dionysus' island, but it wasn't twenty steps before her body was signaling it needed sustenance. "Seriously, we screwed thirty people on a boat and none of that lasts through to the next day? Fine!" She growled, now walking through town trying to find someone that could give her a "good morning" lay... just to get off on the right foot.

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Sometime Later...

"Hurry up, goat man!" Jessie Growled walking down the city streets.

"Sorry miss, but I abhor your tone. This is a drab search, for where your friend bones!"

"Well, excuse me! It's not my fault I can't track nymph magic. I'm either landing in ports that never saw her, have heard the tales, or are an exhausted mess from the green nymph maniac that left them all sexually exhausted! With your help, I'm at least in the same city!"

"What if your lusty friend is fine, finding their new role beyond divine."

As the two argued, neither noticed the green, naked woman humming as she sashayed into a nearby house, a young man eager and 'at attention' led by the hand behind her.

"We can ask her, him.. Gah we will ask them when we find them, both how they identify, and if the 'screwing the multitudes' is the life they really want to have." Pan opened his mouth, but Jess cut him off. "AFTER we undo your magic."

In a backroom, Jakie sighed, trying to comb the vines and flowers that had taken root in her hair. "Are you ready, man?" She called to her nervous partner.

"I...I... um... yes ma'am." He gulped as the green woman pushed his naked form back onto the mattress, mounting him quickly and lowering on his throbbing member. "Oh, Oh wow!"



“Wow indeed.” She smiled. “Help me out handsome, my tits are cold.” She pointed to her dark green nipples. “Come on, you won’t get to handle melons like this every day!” The man underneath her nervously cupped her tits and squeezed. “Oooo yeah that’s the stuff. Now buckle up, mama hasn’t eaten in hours!”

Back outside, Jess had resorted to lifting the little satyr by the horn. “Listen, goat man, I have been trackin’ ‘Jakie’ as she slept her way across this whole city, now help me find her!”

The Little Satyr smirked. “Where she’s gone who can say, Happy to lay both night and da-

“Rhyme... one... more... time. I dare you!” The witch’s eyes glowed green and Pan gulped.

“I sense that the last man she erm, tuckered out, was this way.” He took a sip of his goblet and pointed. Jess marched off and Pan followed behind. “At least it’s a hell of a view.” He said, looking at her ass.

“Shut the Puck up, dude... and what the hell is with all these flowers. My fucking allergies.”

They went down the street, and Jakie got in another meal uninterrupted.