

A Tight Fit

By Jessie Star

Art by Jakal

Part 1

“Damnit.” Jess groaned as she tugged the green dress down over her soft, wide hips. “Finding clothing at stores that actually fit is a nightmare.” She gave another tug, and the cleavage of her full freckled H cups swelled too much out the dress’ neckline.

“Wouldn’t magic be a better way to get clothing? Like why wouldn’t a witch just magically tailor things for her proportions?” Her friend Jakal called from the other side of the changing partition. He and Jess had stopped at the mall to buy outfits for their “friend date.” After months of a world turned upside down from a pandemic, they had both wanted to get out and see a movie, and why not dress up for funsies. However, Jakal found his outfit effortlessly compared to Jess.

“Do I look like a ‘seam witch’ to you? Do you think I want to waste precious ingredients to add a few inches of fabric for my ass?” Jess grunted as she yanked the green dress over her head, tits bouncing in her lacy black bra cups as they got free of the dress. “You think that’s easy to come into?”

Jakal blushed at the words. “What was that?”

“I said to ‘*come into*,’” Jessie shouted so he could hear, holding up another dress, this one deep scarlet. Was red too much for a friend date? She bent over to dig through her selection only to feel her plush bottom squash against some very sturdy legs. “Gack! Jakal, what are you doing in here!” She jumped, turning a deep enough red to match the dress she had covered her body with. “This is a friend date, dude!”

“You said ‘come in too!’ I thought you said ‘come in too!’” The poor, tall brunette covered his eyes, reaching backward for the latch, trying to find his way out.

“Miss, are you alright in there?” A voice called from the other side of the doorway.

Jakal started to answer, but Jess smacked his hand, hushing him. “Yup,” She called to the other side of the door. “Just pulled my... hubby in to see this dress on me.”

“Hubby?” Jakal mouthed. Now he was also red.

“Look, I’m just trying to stop us from getting kicked out for hanky-panky” She did her best to smooth the fabric over her curves, watching Jakal stutter even more. “-for perceived hanky-panky.” she corrected in a harsh whisper.

“Don’t get mad at me, Jess. You finding clothes is taking hours, don’t you know your sizes?” He looked through the crack hoping the saleswoman had walked away. She hadn’t.

Jessie tried to stuff herself into the red dress now, rolling her eyes. “You have no idea how hard shopping as a woman is. The sizes are different from brand to brand and material to material. Seldom do they account for all your measurements, and heaven forbid you gain any weight in one area, and not another and- Are you even listening to me?”

“Jess, I’m too busy trying to, what, act like your hubby, so we don’t get in trouble? I mean, it feels like that could have a good fit today already with all the stores you’ve dragged me to.” Jakal chuckled but stopped when she stuck her face into his. “I mean... I’m sure it’s tricky. I just had a much easier time finding my outfit.”

“Exactly, because of everything I just laid out.” She growled when the red dress would not slide past her breasts.

“You don’t think you being a little bit picky also has something to do with the speed?” He knew he should have held that in the minute it came out of his mouth.

“You think... it’s because I’m picky this takes so long? That this is on me?!” Jakal’s voice started to rise, and he got nervous someone might hear them.

“Hey, now I was just-” His eyes bulged as she dropped the red dress to the ground. His witchy friend was mad, red, and now only in her black underwear. It took everything he had to keep his eyes locked on hers.

“What? Do you think you could shop for this body more efficiently? Full outfit before it’s time for our movie later.” Jessie squinted. She was so close he could smell the mint from the gum she had had before they went into this store. Her large, boob-filled bra cups squashed against his chest.

“You know what, you can not win a game of chicken with me, Jessie Star. I could *absolutely* shop for you faster.” He held eye contact, afraid to blink.

The red-headed witch’s mouth pulled into a smirk. “And what would you want if you could pull it off, my dear personal shopper?”

“I um..” Wait, had he entered a bet? He couldn’t even think of an appropriate prize. “Um, you buy the popcorn?”

“Ha!” She held out her hand. “I’ll take that bet!”

Jakal grasped Jessie’s smaller, more dilate hand and shook it. He could feel a buzz of magic in

his grasp. “W-wait, was this a magic bet?”

“Uh-huh...”

“B-but you didn’t state your terms.” He said warily as the woman dug through her purse, humming happily at the circumstance.

“Well yeah, kinda brave of you to shake before knowing the terms there, bud. Or Kinda foolish.” She giggled. “Either way, let’s get this bet started. Free popcorn, yeesh.” she shook her head as she pulled a key out of her purse and jammed it into the wall. With a firm downward tug, the department store wall parted like a zipper. Jessie grabbed her bag and stepped through the hole.

“Where are you going?” Jakal called after her nervously.

“To my room, now get in here!” She waved at him from what was indeed her room back at her house. She had made some sort of portal back to her bedroom with that key. Jakal nervously stepped through and into her bedroom. Something about the location made it even more awkward she was barely dressed.

“If this is some sort of trap to slow me down for the bet, that’s cheating, Jessie.” This whole thing felt like a giant ‘make Jakal do silly things’ trap.

“Nope, we’ll start you off at the mall, no handicaps. Just come over here for a second.” She had gotten an ancient-looking lantern off of her shelf. With some complicated twists and turns of its top, the glass box began to glow with an eerie green flame.

“W-what if I don’t want to come over there by your spooky ghost lantern Jessie?” The brunette gulped. He had stuck his foot in it now, stuck it into a big pile of magical “uh-oh.”

“I wouldn’t argue with the girl who has yet to set her terms if you fail, Mr. free popcorn.” She beckoned him with her finger, and after a moment of hesitation, he complied. “Good boy, now hold still. Editing reality can be a tricky business.” She held up the lamp, and the green flame inside shot out and surrounded them both in a fiery whirlwind.

“Editing reality? How the heck are you going to do that?” Jakal’s voice cracked in fear. A terrible wind whipped through his short brown locks with green tips. The force seemed to tug at his hair down to the follicle, slowly pulling more and more length from his scalp. “J-Jessie, what’s going on?” Jakal’s throat popped, and his vocal cords tightened. He was afraid he had just lost his voice, but the actual results were stranger. His throat had become smooth and soft, no bulge of an adam’s apple to be found. “What is happening to... us?” Jakal’s eyes went wide, hearing the feminine tones slip out his lips. His swelling, pillow-soft lips. *Fwwwp* off went his shirt into the magical whirlwind. “*Eep!*”

Jess smirked as her soft body began to firm with muscle, her red locks shortening into her scalp. “Well, how on earth could you shop efficiently for my body type unless you *had* my body type.”

“You mean-” Jakal’s eyes shot down to Jessie’s packed black lace bra, watching it bounce and sway as the magic gripped her heavy bosom right before it deflated into a firm pair of manly pecs. At the same time, his nipples went felt electrified as they hardened and widened on his chest. They throbbed madly, pushing outward as inch after inch of breast tissue piled up under his twingeing teets. “Jess! JESS! Stop this, please!” He threw a thinning feminine arm over his pillowy heavy tits in a vain attempt to cover and hold them. “Oh crap, these are sensitive.”

“Yeah, you’ll adapt, I’m sure.” Jess snickered, only to jump back from Jakal’s grasping hands. “Woah dude, don’t go throwing hands when there’s a reality editing magical device. I’m just trying to swap our shapes. One wrong move, and you could end up with the memory of every sex position I’ve ever tried.” Jess held the lantern up, just slightly hitting her wall with it.

“Reality editing? That’s how you’re giving me your tits?” Jakal hoisted them up with his tiny hands, immediately regretting the sensitive wave it set off in his wobbling orbs. Or worse, the rising heat that gave him an immediate erection.

“Well, technically to everyone except us, they have always been *your* tits.” the bra shot off of Jess, flipped mid-air, and wrapped itself around Jakal’s giant jugs, making her squeal. “Here, check out your wallet.” Jess grabbed Jakal’s wallet, turned purse and unzipped it. Inside a small card carrier was their new license—a license that had a very womanly version of his face and the name Jacqueline. “Guess you’re more a Jackie now, eh? Oh, look! You’re a rose gold kinda gal,” Jess giggled, holding up *Jackie*’s girly phone and jumping straight to her social media. “Aw, there’s little princess Jaquiline in her floofy dress. Middle School Jackie, it seems you were an early bloomer. Oh, and who’s this giant hunk you brought to prom? He really loves your strapless dress!” Jackie’s face went white, thinking about how her whole life had just been rewritten, or he was put into a new one or- “Check this out.”

Jess wrapped her muscular arm around him and turned their backs to the mirror. Jackie looked over their shoulder at their reflection. Jess was as delighted as Jackie was horrified to watch the thick ass and thighs and the wide hips all melt away and reappear, pumping into Jackie’s lower half. *Glug glug* went the warm wobbly cushion under Jackie’s skin. Stretching it tighter, fuller, swaying more and more with each surge. Jackie could barely comprehend it, shaken from the bizarre view by their old pants forming on Jess and her black panties being aggressively transferred to the booty they matched. Jackie felt immediate discomfort, the tight panties were not built to contain a raging erection. *Swwwwwww.pt* It appeared that that had just been rectified.

Jackie lost balance falling into Jessie’s strong arms, causing the lantern too jostle around. The feeling of their former balls being pulled upwards inside of them, attached to a uterus that was blooming into existence, topped off by their dick shining away made them grip Jess violently. Shrinking was the wrong word though, it was more like it was being compacted, the nerves compressed into one dense sensitive nub and then strung along deeper below the surface. A

gentle moist pop made it clear they now had a fully functional feminine plumbing under those panties.

It took the newly hourglassed brunette to realize they were squashing their H cup tits forcibly against the pecs that used to be theirs, and that the erection they had just lost was poking at their thighs from the opposite direction. Jackie stumbled away out of Jessie's arms, their brain quickly assaulted by a surge of new sensations. The heavy tits bouncing and swaying in their bra, hard nipples pushing angrily against the lightly padded cups, even the fat on their thighs and ass seemed to have a delay to her movements, always bouncing and swaying after each step before they settled.

Jess set down the lantern and came back to her friend with a giant smile "There we go Jackie, all done. Now all you have to do is prove you can buy an outfit for me before it's movie time and you get your free popcorn. Fail.. and well I guess you'll just have to keep my plumbing till my period has come and gone in two weeks."

"No! No, you have to change me back Jess!" Jackie stomped her foot, again thrown off by the motions it set off.

"First off cal me... Jace. Yes, today I'm Jace and I will be identifying as a male. If you want to go by Jakal and a dude still I completely respect that. Just because reality changed doesn't mean your mental identity did."

"It doesn't matter cuz you need to change me back!" Jackie crossed their arms but found it hard to find where exactly to put them.

"If you refuse to do the shopping you lose the bet and then you are stuck like this for at least two weeks" He stepped very close to her friend and smirked as looked down at them until Jackie caved and conceded. "So is it Jakal or Jackie?"

"Might as well be "Jackie the woman" today" Jackie sighed. "I can't believe I'm doing this" They looked over at Jace who was trying to adjust his pants. "And no touching my dick, it may be over there, but it's still mine."

"Oh, like these tits are still mine?" He smirked. "So if I were to come lift them up that wouldn't be a problem?" Jackie stuttered and tried to hold her ground as Jace cupped the bottom of her tits and lifted. "Oh, you even got the freckles!"

Jackie felt the heat rise in her cheeks as she blushed, a warmth blooming between her legs but still, she tried to stand firm. "They are your tits, what do I care?"

"And if I want to motorboat them?" Jace snickered watching Jackie's eyes bulge as she looked from Jace's face down to her tits and back again. "Chill girl, I'm just teasing you" Jace dropped his former boobs and it made Jackie flinch. "I've had boobs way too long, I'm just happy to give

my back a break. Now come on “Jackie” let’s see if you can live up to your master shopping abilities” Jace chuckled as he walked back through the zipper portal. “And don’t forget your purse!”

Jackie looked at her id and grabbed her new purse. “Jackie Star, why did she.. Er he give me his last name?” Jackie dropped the ID in her bag hurried after Jace, hips swaying and curves bouncing. Jace zipped the portal closed as soon as Jackie was through, neither realizing she had left her card carrier of money and credit cards behind in the room.

TO BE CONTINUED...

