

A Transformation Odyssey

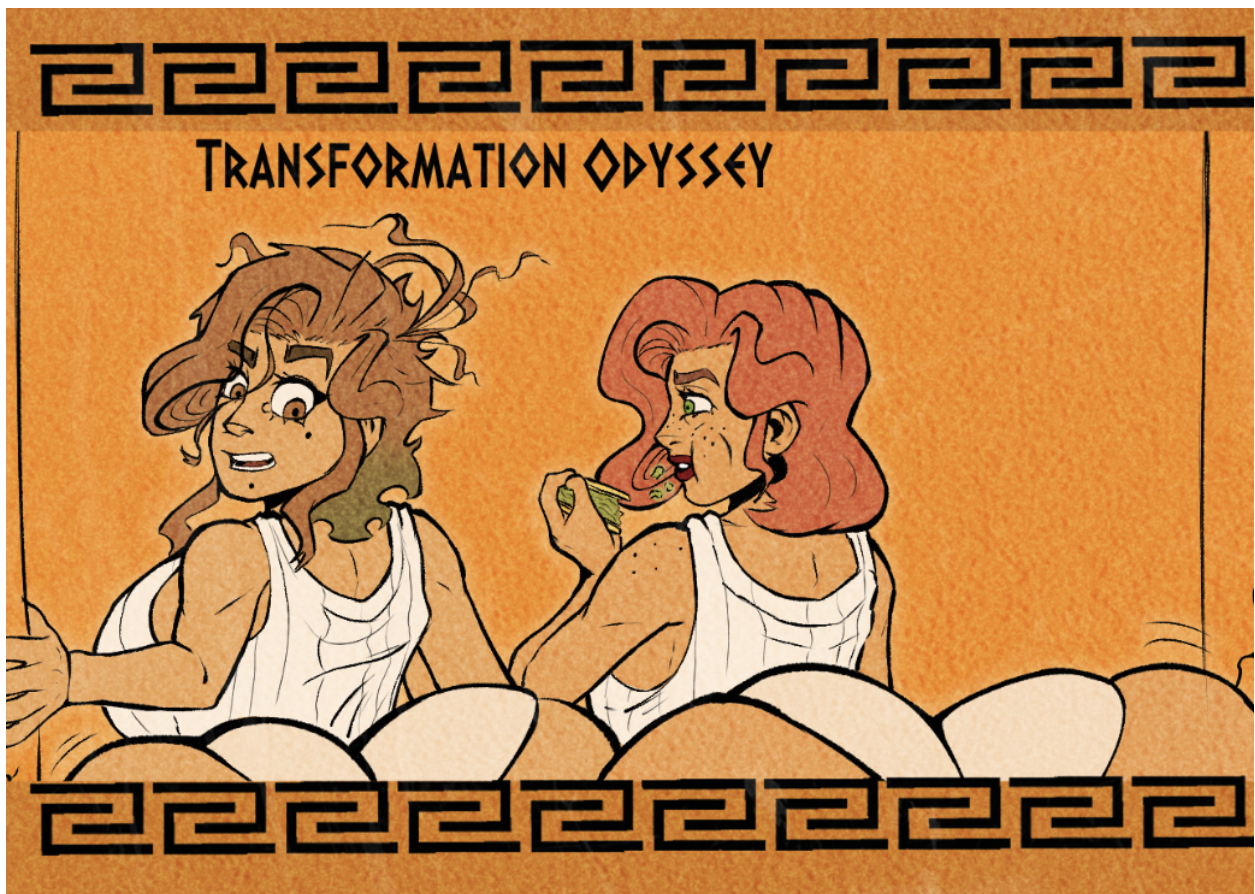
Art by Jakal

Written by Jessie Star

CIRCE

IV

Dear gods, how on earth has this story survived so long without bringing in yours truly?! Seriously, Zeus and Hera, before Circe? We featured that nag and pervert before me. I expected more from a tale featuring Jessandra, but alas, I will come in and clean up the mess, as I always do. We will have an epic, sexy adventure, so help me, or my name isn't Circe, the most powerful witch of the sea!



Part 1

Jessandra and Jakacles sat quietly in their small boat, sailing through the fog. "In the future, I do ask that you don't spew your 'mythology' knowledge at powerful beings that can literally reshape us for their personal enjoyment." It was the first time she had said something while on their long voyage from their last debacle.

"I am doing my best. This is all very new to me." Jakal swept his longer hair over behind his feminine shoulders again. "It is a lot to not only get fem-ified by a Greek god but have my very hormones and libido hijacked by his *scents!*"

"Yeah, that's always rough. I didn't have a pal to help me 'work through it'. Feels like I slept with an adult in the village just to deny him the satisfaction." Jess shivered. "If it helps, you weren't that shabby in the sack. A little intense but-

"A little intense? I came like eight times!" He whimpered girlishly. "For hours!"

"Well, you have good stamina." Jess tried to cheer up her jittery friend. "Just lots of energy."

"Lots of energy? Lots of- are you kidding me? I was a freaking animal. It was like, instinct, a tiger needing to take down its prey. I wasn't myself. Oh gosh, I pinned you to the mattress!"

"It's ok. I said you could. I wish you screamed in my ear a little less. Who knew you'd be a screamer, right?"

"I couldn't help it. It was so intense. All so the gods could have their sex bet answered on what body has it better." Jakacles growled. "At least it wasn't painful. She made you so big..." His long-lashed eyes fluttered, remembering taking it all in. "Which reminds me, the bet is over. How come you get to have a female body again, but I'm stuck as this." Jakal hoisted up their large rack. "The bet is over."

"We tried to; I got you into male shape for like, five minutes before it reverted!" The redhead shrugged.

"Oh gods, I'm not stuck like this cuz I'm pregnant, am I? You didn't get me pregnant!" Jakal fanned their feminine form and tried not to hyperventilate. "Cuz you went ... you know... in me!"

"No, Zeus' magic is just stronger than mine. And to be fair, I told you to get up like four times. Your thighs were vice gripping me, and I could only hold back for so long with all that bouncing and screaming and shoving your tits in my face." Jess crossed her arms, annoyed. "We got you back to a man enough for that not to matter, hopefully. It's gotta be the magic. Maybe you are the inspiration for the myth after all. How long were they stuck like-

"Seven years" Jakacles eyes bulged.

“Well, it’s a little bit of a wait, but-”

“And they got married and had kids and were stuck as Hera’s priestess.”

Jess was running out of silver linings here. “I mean, working for Hera sucks, but I’m sure you would be a great mom!” That triggered some significant daggers from Jessandra’s traveling companion. “Well, at any rate, we can figure it out later because, for this next part of our adventure, your figure makes this way easier.”

“My boobs make this easier? What am I supposed to do, play some sexy woman roll and distract a minotaur while you get the ingredient?” Jakal huffed.

“No, Circe just hates men.” Jess shook her head and started casting a protection spell, first around herself, then around Jakal.

“C-Circe?” Jakal went white thinking about the famed witch of mythology. “You know Circe?”

“Oh yeah, sure, nothing but good times, she and I.” The ginger witch said in a less than convincing tone. “And to be fair, she doesn’t hate men; she thoroughly enjoys them, as playthings, or sadistic pastimes, or a new outfit.”

“I think I get the gist. Is she the only one that has the next ingredient?” Jakal looked around in the fog, more nervous than ever.

“Odds are she has a few of them, now, that thing about being a sexy woman distracting the horny bull-man, you think you could do that for a sexy blond who’s also a narcissistic sociopath who would turn someone that displeased her into a cake just to see how they taste?”

Jakacles mumbled for a moment, trying to form an answer before two golden globes erupted from the water on either side of them, illuminating the fog, followed by another pair, and another until the water had a clear, glowing path of floating lights. Somewhere ahead, music began to play, and angelic voices sang out in building volume and harmonies. “Circe, Circe, Circe, The most magical mistress of all!”

“Ug, she’s such a fucking diva.” Jessie rolled her eyes as the globes flew ahead of them and circled a golden-haired woman in a luxurious toga posing with a smile. Each curl looked like spools of golden thread. They framed her equally glorious facial features that looked more like a master artist had produced her than a gene pool. Her toga was fitted against her body, so that every curve, from the swell of her breast to the firmness of her rear, looked poured into it rather than put on. Jakal assumed it was probably a magical make-over, but he couldn’t help but catch himself staring.

“Jessandra! What a pleasant surprise!” The witch’s words dripped with manufactured sweetness

and fake astonishment. Jess reached over and flicked Jakal between the eyes quickly.

“What was that for?” He spat.

“The last of my spell.” He heard her say, but her lips didn’t move. *“We’re linked mentally so, one, I can keep her out of your head, and two so we can communicate the plan without her knowing.”*

“Plan?” He said out loud, only to get a side-eye from Jess. *“Er, plan?”* He thought mentally instead.

“Yes, we’re psychically linked now, so we can coordinate.”

“Wouldn’t it have been better to brief me on the plan before we got here?” Jakal swore he felt Jess wandering around in his head.

“No, cuz all I need you to do is listen to her. If Circe loves anything as much as herself, it’s telling others about it. So just be the good conversationalist you are and don’t think about distracting things like her smile, or tits, or our hours of sex to get you out of that horny mode. HEY! I said, don’t think about that!”

“You mentioned it. Now I can’t help it!”

“Listen, we have to pull this off just right, or we’ll be dead me-” “CIRCE! It’s been so long!” Jess said, not finishing her thought.

“I know, I know, darling!” Circe ushered them from the boat onto the shore. “It’s been simply ages.” The sea witch purred, her eyes lighting up as they drifted over Jakal. “And who is this delicious little morsel?”

“I’m Jakal- erm Jaquiline? You can call me Jakie. I’m an old friend-”

“She’s a new friend... Of mine.” Jessie and Jakal’s words overlapped each other, their plan already off to a rough start. “She’s a new old friend, not an old-old friend like you, Circe. Gotta set up tiers when everyone lives for so many centuries. Know what I mean?” Jess smiles wide, trying to hide her grimace.

“Oh really? You must be awfully talented to pique Jessie’s interest. What are you, a witch? A demigoddess?” Circe snapped her fingers, and her golden, imposing front door swung open for them.

“She’s an oracle.” Jess rubbed Jakal’s smooth feminine shoulder blade. “New at it but definitely a budding prospect.”

“You don’t say!” Circe stepped between the two women linking arms. “Well, maybe you can read

a fortune or two of mine over some dinner. After all, the fates cut me off years ago. Mwahaha!” She let loose an over-the-top cackle, leading them further and further into the sprawling greek palace.

~ + ~

The table was set immaculately with savory meats and sweet desserts enough for a party of forty at the least. There were jars of wine and honey, plates of bread and pastries, and roast chicken and pork shanks galore. The latter Jakal would be skipping, given what he knew about mythological Circe turning poor dudes into pigs. Poor fellas.

“Well, go ahead. Eat up!” Circe giggled. “I don’t have guests often, you know.”

“Yeah, let’s.” Jessandra smiled encouragingly, filling her plate and nodding for Jakaclese to do the same. So he filled his plate and took a goblet of wine, enjoying its sweet fruity taste till he saw a ghostly version of Jess creeping behind Circe, transparent and wavering in the air. The poor guy spit out his drink all over the table in front of him.

“Excuse me, is my wine not good enough for you, oh offensive oracle.” Circe scowled, a small fire burning in her eyes.

Jakal stuttered, his plump feminine lips opening and closing, eyebrows scrunching as he looked to the ghostly Jess for answers.

“Don’t look at me!” She hissed. “I’m astral projecting she can’t see or hear me! And don’t just sit there, say something!”

“Why don’t you say something? I’m only going to get her madder!” Jakaclese whimpered in his mind.

“I’m astral projecting! Do you know how hard it is to do that, keep up our protection spells, and make my body talk?” Jessie put her ghostly hands on her shimmering hips. *“Gah, fine!”*

“HA!” Jessie’s body let out an awkward squawk, looking a little dazed herself. “Poor Jakie is such a lightweight!”

“Oh, is she now?” Circe warmed a little, her eyes never leaving the guest. She swept a golden curl behind her shoulder and giggled. “Well, won’t tonight be fun. It reminds me of the time-” The sorceress continued talking about the past adventures of her and Jessie, though with most the emphasis on how amazing she was and how silly Jessandra could be. But Jakal’s mind was focussed on the words of astral Jess.

“Look,” Jess pulled her attention away from Circe’s goblet. *“I can sneak off, get our ingredients,*

and then bow us out at nightfall. Just... keep her entertained." The ghostly witch started to sneak off without allowing Jakacles any time to protest.

"And oh goodness, that cyclops had an eye for Jess. Big slobbering idiot with no sense of boundaries. Men. Am I right?" Circe smirked and drank her wine.

"Men. HA!" Jessie's body gave a ditzzy squawk.

"Um yeah, so many bad men." Jakaclese chuckled nervously. "Good thing they aren't all bad." He watched Jessie's body on autopilot start to fill her mouth with food, and so he figured it must be ok. And it was more than ok. Every bite was the most delicious thing he had ever had. He vigorously scooped meat, fruit, and glazed treat into his mouth, barely chewing before he swallowed.

"Well?" Circe asked.

"Welw wub?" Jakaclese stopped with a large poultry leg half-bitten into.

"I said, 'what's the worst experience with a man you've ever had.'" Circe peered at her guest intently.

"Well," Jakaclese started after taking a large gulp of wine. "Um, there was this time we went to the Island of the Lotus-eaters." He said between bites. Had he not realized how hungry the voyage must have made him? He was eating like an animal.

"Oh, what a horrid place! Whatever made you think that was a good idea." The Sea Witch shook her head.

"It was Jessie's idea. We ended up quite ditzzy, busty, and essentially sex dolls for the dudebros on the guy side." Jakal shivered, both from the still lost memories of that night and a growing fullness in his gut. His soft womanly belly stuck out a few inches yet growled for more.

"Well, I do not know what a "dude-bro" is, but that does sound like classic ditzzy Jessandra." Circe gulped down more wine yet hadn't put any food on her plate.

"HA! Ditzzy me!" The air-headed auto-pilot Jess quacked out.

"Oof!" Jakal moaned. "I think I may have overdone it." He was still chewing and swallowing, but it was clear his painfully stretched gut had run out of room. The brunette reached down past his Zeus-induced cleavage to feel his stomach and was shocked to find a dome that you would typically find on a woman entering her third trimester of pregnancy. "Ah, seems I'm out of room, Circe."

"Oh pish posh, there's always room for more!" Their magical host gave a slight smirk, and the tightness in his gut went warm and tingly. Jakal felt his toga loosen as his belly deflated. The

warmth rushed to everywhere else in his body. The feeling of Jessandra's protective charms tingled in his flesh, holding off the odd surge from his stomach from going up into his torso until it seemed to retreat down into his hips and ass instead. With a gurgle, His toga tightened around his legs, leaving him to shift on the bench that felt just a bit cushier. More worrisome was how he continued to eat with large, ravenous bites.

"Jessie? Can you hear me?" He thought, but there was no answer. The red-headed witch's body just giggled and scarfed down more lamb.

"-and those idiot Argonauts got wine all over the fleece." Circe shook her head in disappointment. "Men just really are such swine." Had she been telling a story? All the eating and anxious thoughts were making it hard to keep track.

"You are such a... a...a..." Jessandra's body stuttered as it tried to compose its thoughts with how little focus it had left between its astral projection and protection spells. "A Man Hater! That's it!"

"Oh, poppycock!" Circe waved it off. "I am not. I'm just a very vengeful woman, and those meatheads claiming to be ruling the world deserve lots of vengeance! Besides, I am merciful. It's only the truly bad ones that I make into fat little piggies. The so-so ones make excellent guard-beasts."

"What about the good ones?" Jakal said through a mouth full of sweet rolls.

"What was that?" The word 'good ones' and 'men' apparently never mixed.

"Jess, hurry please," Jakaclese whined in mind. "I'm just saying, mathematically speaking, there must be a good one out there somewhere." His nervousness was pitched even higher as he noticed his stomach once again pulling into a tight dome of food.

"Well, you are the oracle, dear. You tell me if I'll ever meet a 'good one.'" The witch's smile couldn't have looked any more ominous if it bared fangs.

"Well," he said, adjusting his toga to get some of the nervous heat and sweat off his breasts. "I do foresee you meeting a man, named... Odysseus."

"Oh really? You sure it's not Odious?" Circe laughed at her own joke.

"He'll be a married man-"

"Aren't they always?"

"Who will want nothing to do with you..."

“Excuse me?” For the first time, Circe’s face lost its smile entirely.

“Not because he won’t find you attractive.” Jakacles stumbled. “On the contrary, he’ll find you gorgeous!”

“Of course, he would!” Circe growled.

“B-but he actually has a true heart, so he has to stay true to his wife because he’s a good man!” Jakal shoved more lamb into his mouth just to make himself shut up. What the Hades was taking Jess so long?! Under the table, his painfully tight belly throbbed and glorped, until the familiar magical feel came again. The basketball-sized ball of food turned to warm fluff that surged into his lower half. Jakal could feel his ass rise and spread wider and wider on the chair. His thighs softened, puffing like dough against each other. A quick grasp down had his petite feminine fingers sinking into warm womanly fat on his thighs, hips, ass. He looked down to Jessie’s side, and realized her hips were pushing out of her toga shirt. They had both gained at least forty pounds, just on their lower half, while the top halves remained sleek and waifish.

“You are something different, Jaqueiline.” Circe purred, her face melting from fierce to pitty. “I am delighted to have met you and so sorry Jessie had to bring you as a guest. Why she thought she would be safe after last time, who can even imagine!?”

“L-last time?” Jakal whimpered.

Jessie’s dumbed-down autopilot could only gurgle out a dazed “Whooopsie, hehe.”

This.... Was bad.

To be continued-