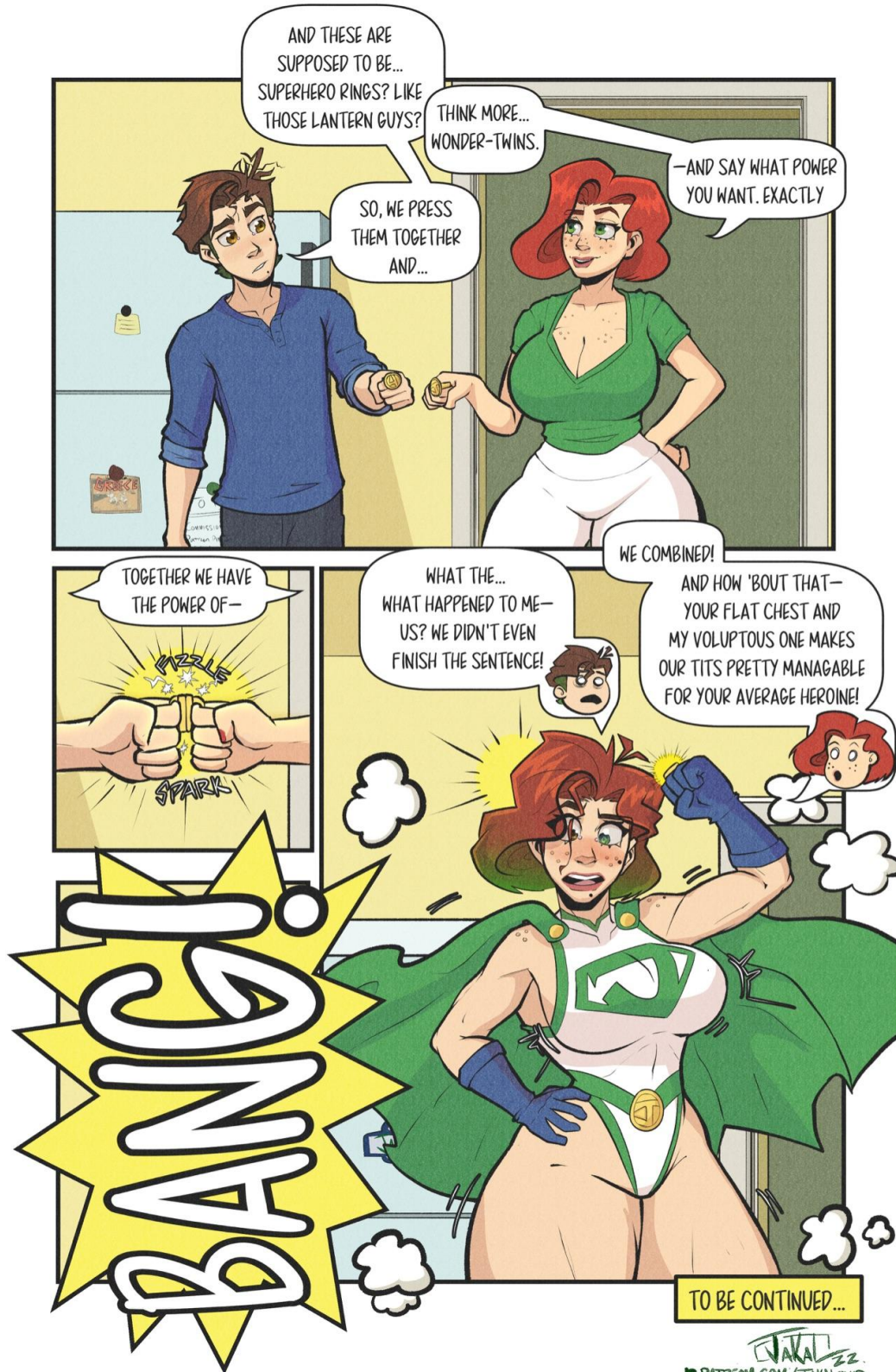


The Blunder Twins

Art by Jakal

Written by Jessie Star



1.

It had happened so quickly. Jackal remembered being excited about being a superhero for a day. His red-headed spice witch friend had taken them to a comic book dimension and signed them up to fill in for a super. He remembered getting the wonder rings, curious about their power. "And these are supposed to be superhero rings, like those lantern guys?" he recalled asking.

"Think more Wonder-twins." Jess had said with a wink.

"So we press them together-"

"-and say what power we want!"

There seemed to be nothing left to do but pound rings and say in unison. "Together, we have the power of-" and that's when things took a turn.

He remembered the ring glowing, and then so was he. Jessie too, but something was wrong. Magic was building inside him, swirling through his muscles and rooting in his bones, till with a large tug, he was flung into his busty, freckled friend.

"Jakal! Get off!" Jessie groaned, trying to push herself away. Their bodies felt like magnets struggling to part.

"Jess, I'm not doing this!" He panicked as their bodies pressed warmly against each other. As if the close quarters weren't awkward enough. Their clothing evaporated like steam up into the swirling light around them. It wasn't just a tight embrace anymore, there was skin sticking to skin.

"Just hold still, will ya?" The ginger placed her boot up on Jakal's abs. Her toes were peaking out of her magic-eroded footwear that looked more like sandals. The witch put her other foot on her friend's chest and pushed with all her might. Her thighs quivered with every gained inch. "Just... a little... more." *WHOOMP!* One little slip and she came flying back, slamming Jakal against the wall with her ass.

"Ooomph," He gasped, jolting at the last minute to stop his friend from falling to the ground, his hands grasping, getting too large handfuls of Jessie's large ass cheeks.

"Jakaaaaal!" Jessie blushed deep red, legs spread wide, straddling her friend. Anywhere their skin touched, they felt a buzzing pleasure and a growing grip, like pieces of velcro. "Put me down, quickly!" Their pants were gone, and their underwear was dangerously close to following suit.

"I'm trying!" is what Jakal attempted to say, but it came out a string of muffled grunts, his face

(and mouth particularly) smooshed and stuck deep in her cleavage. He pulled away with all his strength, but his hands snapped right back, now sinking into her plump rear, literally. His wrists attached to her wobbling cheeks where his hands had just been, and he could feel his arms sinking in deeper. It was like easing into a hot bath as if the water was filled with some magic serum that made anything that was swallowed by it feel like an engorged sex organ. The same was happening to his face as Jessie's tit pushed his mouth wide open and swelled inside. "Mpppph!"

Jessie wiggled with all her might, trying to separate them as their bodies melted together like two flaming candles. Her legs kicked furiously as more and more bare skin slapped together and fused, their bodies pulsing with pleasure. The magic glow of the rings grew to a blinding light. Jessie and Jakal's muscles clenched, preparing for the worst, when the red-headed witch felt something stuffed inside of her. Not something, someone! An entire person was rising up inside of her, filling and stretching her entire being. She moaned, gasped, and shuddered till she screamed out in climactic bliss, so overwhelmed that she barely noticed Jakal screaming in unison.

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Jackal remembered that intense feeling, both his body being reshaped and blended mid culmination and the feeling of his sensations doubling, sharing the experience with another. He remembered getting up off the ground, awkward and off balance. Looking at himself in the mirror, or kind of himself, if he was a seven-foot amazon superhero in tiny spandex, he was in awe of his muscular female appearance. One gloved hand reached shakily toward his spandex-wrapped tit, giving it a little squeeze as he lifted it. Immediately his other hand flew across and smacked it as if it was possessed. "Hey!"

"Hey yourself, buddy!" He watched his mouth move. Felt his vocal cords vibrate and feminine voice growl, but he hadn't said anything!

Jackal cleared his throat to test if he could also speak "Um, what's going on-"

"You groped our boob without permission. Now slow your roll while I figure this out" This time, the voice was inside his head, and it sounded like-

"Jessie? Is that you? Why are you inside my head?"

"Is not *your* head Jakal. It's our head. Our head, our boob, our body. Somehow we got merged!" He watched as his left hand rested on his hip, completely out of his control.

"Merged, are you sure?" He began to sweat. Being trapped inside a womanly form was rough enough, let alone being shoved into one with his good, very feminine friend.

The hand left their hip and gave their left nipple a tweak. Jakal screamed and tried to cup his aching nipple only to be slapped away again. "See?" Jessie chided. "Did you think the red in our hair was random? The different color eyes? No, the damn rings made us a hero instead of heroes." She raised their left hand up, and there, on their blue gloved finger, was a ring that looked like the two rings combined. "Seems we can both feel all parts of the body, but only control our own sides."

Jackal panicked. "What the- What happened to me-us?! We didn't even finish the sentence!"

"We combined!" Jessie said, slow and deliberately hoping the idea would stick. She took a moment to look themselves over. "How about that! Your flat chest and my voluptuous one makes our tits pretty manageable for your average heroine."

He could care less. "Well, let's take the ring off!" Jakal bounced nervously, sending the boobs swaying.

"Woah, dude. Our rack may be pretty firm but this suit offers no support. No bouncing, you hear me. And yes, I've been waiting for you to wake up because taking off a tight ring with one hand isn't exactly easy." After a second, Jakal understood, and he used their right hand to tug on the ring. It was tight, griping their knuckle refusing to budge. On the fourth try the ring flew across the room into the sink. "Woah! Get it. Get the ring!"

"Why didn't we change back?" Jakal screamed internally over Jessie's raging thoughts.

"Apparently, that's not how to deactivate it, but if we lose that sucker down the drain, there might never be a way to deactivate it. So HELP ME MOVE US!" Jessie made their left leg jump forward, and Jakal soon got the right one to follow suit, but neither was walking the same distance or width apart. Their super body just looked drunk and off balance. When they got to the sink Jakal reached for the ring, but he didn't know his own strength in their new form. The hand slapped the whole thing right off the wall.

"Oops." he blushed.

"There are no Oopses here, Jakal. If that just sent the ring down into the sewer I will make our time of the month hell for you this weekend.

The words 'Our time of the month' was horrifying and, paired with this weekend sent him quickly to his knees to search the rubble for the ring. "I found it! Thank the league of Justice I found it! Please, undo this before I experience a weekend I'm sure you want all to yourself."

"It's not this weekend, I just wanted you to hurry. I'd rather you NOT find out when it is either. Put it on!"

Jakal placed the ring on their finger quickly and waited. "Okay, now what?"

“Now we wobble back into the other room and get my phone.”

“To call someone for help?”

“No, to google this damn ring.” The ginger half of this newly crafted hero grunted. “Oh gosh, getting up when I only control one side of the body is ridiculous.”

“We can barely walk. How were we supposed to fight supervillains like this?” Jakal mused, brushing a strand of red, brown, and green hair out of their eyes.

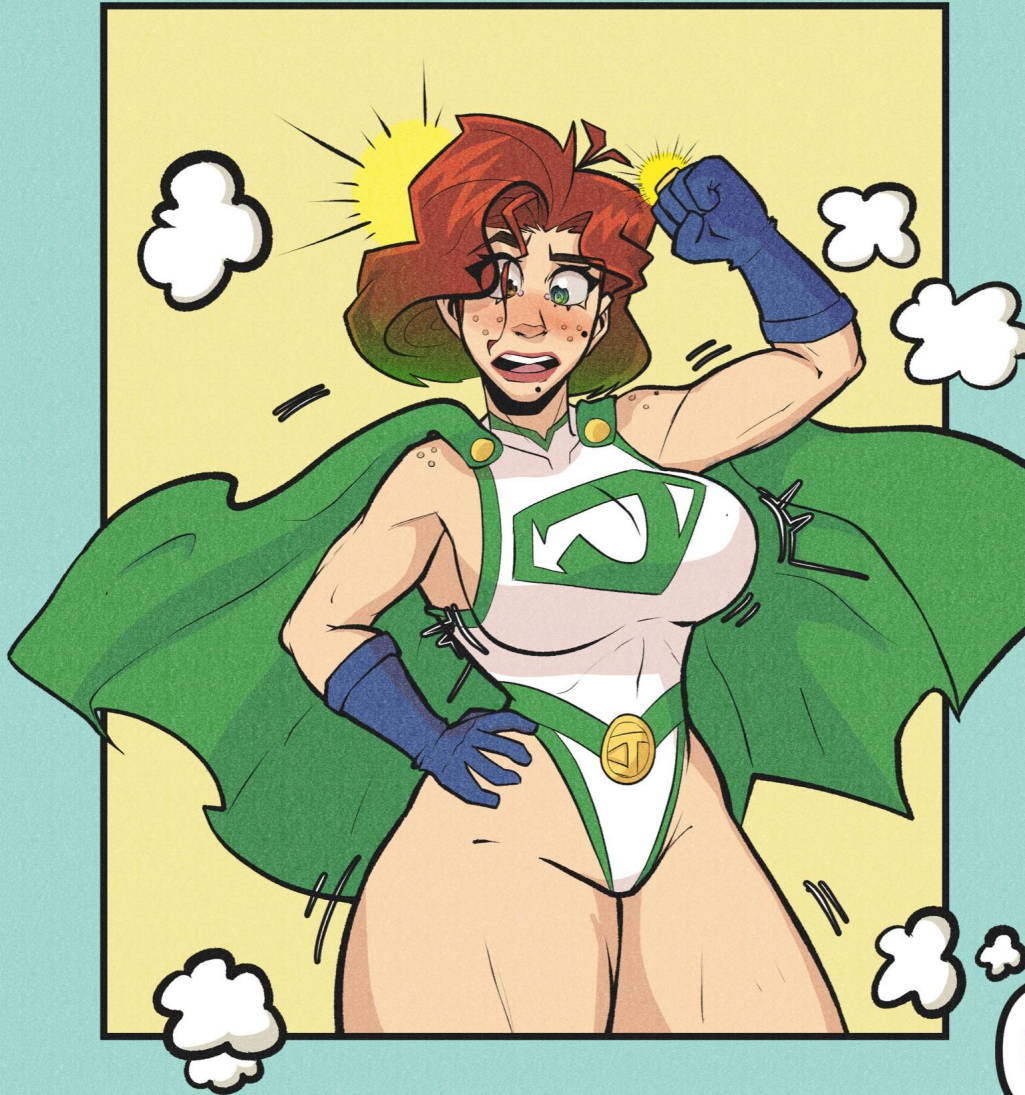
“We are in no shape to attempt fused heroing, I’m not even sure we would survive going to the bathroom.” Jessie tried not to think about it, in case their minds shared mental images too. “Just pick out our wedgie while I type on the phone, please.”

“It doesn’t feel like we have one.” He grimaced, feeling uncomfortable but not quite like someone with a wedgie.

“No bud, down in the front. Undo the camel action, *please*.” She said that part using their mouth, and it just hammered home how weird this was going to be if they couldn’t fix it. He looked down at the shelf that was their breasts, wrapped in white spandex with a hint of side boob and a green ‘J’ emblazoned right in the middle. “Can we wobble back to the mirror first?” He asked meekly. This was already shaping up to be an awkward and confusing origin story.

To Be Continued...

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