

A Transformation Odyssey

Art by Jakal

Written by Jessie Star

PLEDGE WEEK

II

Jakacles flexed his foot, wiggling each toe gingerly. Jessandra could only raise her eyebrow and watch. “What are you doing?” She asked.

“My foot was a hoof, for a week.” Jak squinted. “Excuse me for making sure everything is fully functional.”

“Come on! You look great!” She nudged him in the arm. “Furless skin, horns gone, no more swollen udders or tits... You even got your dick back!” Jessie’s eyebrows scrunched as her eyes drifted between his legs. “Right?”

“None of your business!” Jakal huffed. “And yes.”

“It was not that bad.” She gave her boobs a gentle squeeze, making sure there wasn’t a drop of transformational milk left in her system.

“We could have ended up stuck as cows! Being milked and raising calves and who knows what else!” He was frazzled and out of breath.

“So it was an inconvenient first stop. You act like you’ve never had to escape becoming a god’s livestock before.” Jess was starting to get a little tense. If this ‘friend from her future’ was already cracking, she was gonna need a drink. Lots of drinks. “We found a milk merchant, and after enough sales, they drained us of all that cursed blessed dairy that was trapping us... well, we’re better now. I thought you were excited to see Ancient Greece?”

“I was, I am! I just thought it would be more seeing lost treasures of history, not being a 2000 pound milk factory, packed into a ship standing room only. I just really hope...we...” Jakacles’s voice trailed off as a group of curvy women with big hairdos and even bigger ‘personalities’ jiggled and giggled by.

“Hey, buddy, eyes over here!” Jess had to snap her fingers to draw him back.

“I, um, sorry, I was just very... erm-” Jak blushed a deep red trying to block out the giggles of the girls.

“What? Never seen a group of drunk sorority girls before?” The red head smirked at his reactions.

“No I have, I just wait? Sorority? In Ancient Greece?” It couldn’t mean the same thing. And yet, when he looked over the wall, behind them stood a large, columned building with three greek letters on the front, and a crazy drunken party going on inside. “Wow, who would have thought they had ‘Greek’ sororities all the way back then...now?”

“Look bud, I don’t know what you’re babbling on about, but after that stretch of being stuck as cattle, I think a drink is just what we need.” The spice witch grabbed Jakacles by the wrist and off to the party they went.

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“J-Jess-” Jak was deep red, standing awkwardly next to his traveling companion in a sea of drunk, barely clothed, curvy as hell college girls. Well, college-age girls. There weren’t colleges in this era, were there? Though, what was the sorority part of then? “Jessandra, where did you— *Oomf*.” A girl in a two piece toga wobbled into him, her large soft breast pressing against his chest.

“Oopsie, that was totally my bad.” The drunk girl giggled in an airy voice. “Oh wowie, like a total hottie wandered into girls’ night. You, like, better be careful scrumptious. I don’t think there is enough of you to go around.”

Jakal nodded at the compliment but became more and more nervous as she refused to remove her bosom from his pecs. The best he could do was look around the room to avoid staring at her massive cleavage rising up between them as she pressed harder. She looked up at him somewhat expectedly, and he returned the look with a flustered half smile. “I, uh, think I need a drink! You want a drink? Cool, I’ll get us drinks!” The words raced out like a marathon runner and his feet flew even faster. The girl barely had time to grasp what he said before she realized he was gone.

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Jakacles's first cup of wine was gone in seconds and he smacked his lips. The drink was a vibrant pink, and had an unfamiliar floral aroma that was rather pleasant. He grabbed himself another.

This house or whatever it was, was insane. He had taken a seat to avoid having a constant view of swaying jiggling ginormous jugs that somehow every girl here seemed to have, but the seats were just pillows on the floor, and now he was eye level with big thick bottoms only half covered by these toga-ish miniskirts.

It wasn't long before two dark haired beauties plopped down on the pillows next to him. "Heya stud. What brings you to this side of the island? Normally the dude-bros all stay at the frat house. Not that, like, we're complaining or anything." The girl pressed her bosom into Jak's arm, and he downed another glass of wine to steady his nerves.

"Yeah, like, totally, people should be able to pledge for whatever side they want!" Cooed the other as she pressed in from the otherside. Now Jakacles was a proper sandwich.

"P-pledge?" He stammered curiously and cautiously. Did they do pledges for fraternities all the way back in ancient times?

"Yeah, pledge for the side of the party island you want to stay on." Giggled the first girl. "You, like, totes don't know anything do you?"

"I, like, know stuff!" Jakacles huffed. Wait, that sounded off...

"It's totally cool though. I mean Uli used to be Ulyss-a Ulypa... I, like, forget. But look at her now!" She pointed to a woman across the party. Her head was covered with reality tv show curls. Her lips were audaciously large and glossy. Most eye popping of all was the two monumental globes barely concealed in her tiny toga top.

"That's a guy?" Jakal tried to distract himself from the rising panic by pouring himself another glass. They had wandered into yet another magical trap of some sort.

"Oh, she refuses to go by 'he' anymore. She claims it just makes her feel bad about not being able to leave, but like, if you heard how loud she gets when she lets the frat boys go to town on her... we're pretty sure she adores it."

"Not being able to leave? I think that's my cue, girls!" Jak tried to stand, only now realizing how tipsy he was as he nearly fell back over. The wobbly process even elicited a giggle from him.

"Oh, poo!" One of his companions pouted. "I was totally hoping you'd bang us before you lost your dick."

"It's not like he had much time left, Miranda." Slurred the other. "Look at the rack he's sporting already!"

"Rack? Like, what are you ta—" Jak's jaw dropped as he looked down, shocked by the firm C cups that had grown right under his nose... Literally! The tiny sliver of cleavage was accentuated by his altering top. "I gotta find Jess before this party turns us into ditzzy bimbos... Urgh, and I had just gotten my plumbing back!" Jackacles grumbled as he downed another glass for courage, and went looking for Jessandra, his hips swaying and widening as his toga gained side slits to show them off.

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“Look at this pledge pack it away!” Came a cheer from the crowd of women surrounding Jess. She was seated with a hose in her mouth, connected to a cask of wine. “Chug chug chug!” her fans cheered her on, only to gripe when the redhead’s friend swooped in to pull her away! “Jackiiiiie” Jessie whined. “Why are you being a party-popper! Like, not cool!”

“Jess! Look at me! I have boobies and stuff!” Jakacles pouted, tugging his neckline down to emphasise the growing cleavage.

“Yeh, and like, so do I!” Jess hefted her enlarged bosom, now barely contained in the crossed top her toga had morphed into.

“But like, I’m not supposed to be like this!” Jakie stomped their foot, and was shocked to see how their sandals had become a tall pair of heels that they seemed to have no problem walking in.

“Look, Jakie, we had a very stressful week being cows. We need this party. It’s pledge week, free wine for all! And if we get in, like that’s unlimited wine-time forevs!” The ginger witch hiccuped mid giggle.

“B-but something is, like, wrong. Something at this party is turning us into ditzzy bimbos.” Jakie growled as they took another cup of wine from a serving girl.

“Um, excuse you! My brain is, like, totally fine! We’re just a little drunk.” Jess waved back at the cask stand girls. “I’m coming, hold your chariots!”

Jakie adjusted their DD cup boobs in their tight top and took another drink. She would get to the bottom of this. Otherwise she was missing all this totally fun stuff for nothing! The brooding brunette wandered around the back of the party, looking over the casks of wine for a clue when she bumped into a very curvy woman.

“Ouchies, watch where you are going!” Said the lady who’s toga looked more like a string bikini.

“Oh sorry miss, I didn’t mean to- Wait, aren’t you that Uli chick that used to be a dude?” Jakie asked, looking her over.

“Um, excuse you, I’m still a dude. I just am built differently now.” Scoffed the cartoonishly curvy Uli.

“Oh yeah, that’s, like, totes what I meant. My brain’s a bit goofy right now.” Jakie blushed, twirling her growing hair with her fingers nervously.

“It’s fine bish, it, like, happens to all of us.” Uli patted Jakie’s shoulder with her fancy manicured fingers. “Trust me, there was a long stretch of time I wished I hadn’t ‘pledged’ or whatever they call it, but at this point, like, after all the wine and sex and laying in piles of beautiful bishes at night, I just, like, can’t give it up!” She embellished her declaration with a giggle that was almost infectious as Jakie felt one escape her own lips.

“Wait, do you like, know how this happens?” Jakie motioned to her still swelling form.

“Totally, it’s the wine. It’s addicting as hell. I like tried for, like, five years to give the stuff up before I was all, like, ‘guess you’re just gonna be a horny ditz forever now, Uli!” She said, giggling again.

“The wine?!” Jakacles shook his head, trying to fight the effects. They wanted to throw their goblet away immediately— but their body just enjoyed it so much! It was hard not to finish every last drop.

“Yeah it’s like the lotus they lace it with.” Uli put a wad of Lotus petals in Jak’s hand and went back fixing her lipstick in the reflection of her goblet. She was already losing focus.

Jakacles hefted up their now F cup tits as they tried to let it all sink in. “Lotus? like the ‘Lotus Eaters?’” How could they have been so stupid? What good was knowing the *Odyssey* if you assumed every story was written 100% accurate? Not even history works that way, Jakal, why would myth? “How long have you been drinking this stuff?”

“Oh I dunno.” Uli giggled and took another sip. “Numbers past five are hard!”

Jakacles tried to figure out how many cups of wine they had, counting on their fingers and shaking their head as they lost count and started again, feeling stumped.

Indeed, numbers past five *were* very hard.

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“Jess, we need to get out of here!” Jakie was tugging Jess by the hand down the beach, even as her overly voluptuous, ditzy friend begged for another glass of wine.

“Just like, one more drink!” Jessie whimpered.

“We have drinks on the ship. No more wine Jess!” The famed island of addictive lotus plants, mixed in a wine that turned anyone who drank it into horny, vivacious bimbos. Who would have thought? “It’s like, made with lotus! These are, like, totally the Lotus Eaters!” Jakie shoved the petals into Jessie’s hand as proof.

“Come on! You’re gonna miss out on all the hot studs on the other side of the island!” Called one of the sorority girls.

“Jakie! They have hot studs!” Jess pleaded desperately. Jakie blinked a few times, as if considering it, and then shook her fuzzy head.

“I’m sure we can, like, find hot studs in other places.” Jakie pulled harder, dragging Jess to their boat. An infuriating task when wearing heels and walking on sand.

“The last ‘hot studs’ we almost ended up with were bulls. This sounds, like, way better!” Jess growled, looking at the flowers in her hand. “What are these?”



“I told you, these are the lotus petals!” Jakie grabbed them and held them up.

“What are they though!?” Jess raised an eyebrow.

“They are super addictive! Like, you can’t stop craving them and stuff.” Jakie’s mind felt soft and warm, like their body. She had to move fast— it was getting harder and harder to explain, to not give in. With a final tug the two landed on the deck of their boat.

“But, like, I didn’t have any of those.” Jess said innocently, struggling to keep her boobs in her top.

“No, like, normally you eat them. Like this!” Jakie stuffed them between her plump glossy lips to demonstrate, and immediately began to panic. ‘Why did you do that, you dum-dum’ Jakie scolded herself in her mind. ‘Spit them out! SPIT THEM OU—’

“Jacie you are being silly. We’re just two drunk bimbos, getting worked up about, like, stuff. And there are so many better things we could, like, do.” Jessie swooped in for the kiss, and soon the two were making out in a drunk embrace.

There was no way to spit out the lotus petals! Jessie’s tongue kept pushing them deeper and if Jakie didn’t do something quick, she’d choke. So, she did the only thing she could think of.

She swallowed them.

If her brain was fully functioning, she would have noticed how much more potent straight lotus petals were. How her body buzzed with arousal and swelling sensations. How her brain felt so... at peace. And bubbly. She might have even noticed the other girls hopping on their boat, saying thank you for the ride to the hunk’s side of the island.

But that was all lost at the moment, to the sloppy, drunk, kisses and heaving breasts mashing together, as Jessie and Jakie’s ditzzy giggles and lusty moans drifted over the waves of the bay, their boat headed off to some hot studs around the coastline.