

DAY ONE

“Woah, Jakal! Smaller steps, and one foot in front of the other, please.” Jess huffed, annoyed that she only had control of one side of the body that was a fusion with her good friend. The two of them had been smushed into a singular bombshell heroine for over an hour now.

“‘Small steps one in front of the other’ makes our hips swish, and it takes forever to get anywhere.” Jakal whined. By this point, they had gotten quite used to talking to each other in their shared mind space.

“Every time we try big steps, we smash into a wall.” Jess grumbled, cupping her boob that had been smashed into a door frame.

“Oh, so you can touch our boobs now?” Jakal blushed.

“They are pretty much my boobs, Jakal. I’ll do what I want with them.” She squeezed the spandex-covered orb protectively.

Their eyelashes fluttered and Jakal whimpered, feeling fingers digging into his shared boob “Not when I can feel it!”

“Okay, look, we just need to get this fixed, and then none of this will be an issue anymore. Any luck with the nanites? This would be much simpler if we could be a male superhero, for both of us.”

“No, the app keeps saying user not recognized. I think it’s because our DNA is mashed together. Can you magic us out of this?” Jakal straightened their back, why were their boobs so heavy? They had super-strength, for crying out loud.

“I’m a little nervous to try. I went to summon my spell book, and it caught on fire instead. With you, in here everything is a bit... chaotic.”

“So what do we do Jessie!?” Jakal put his hand on their hip, stopping to admire their smooth muscular Arm. “These are nice, though.”

“So I looked into the magical contract that put us into the comic world.. Into this role.” Jess reached behind them and picked the spandex wedgie. “It seems if we can ‘save the day’ one time, then the ring will undo and we can separate.”

“Well then, what are we waiting for?!” Jakal chimed in, marching towards the door before Jess was ready. They spun around off balance and fell on their ass. “Just... one save the day. Right?”

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“Help me! Help me! That man stole my purse!” A woman screamed, pointing at the fleeing man with one arm while the other one waved for help.

“Left, Right, Left, right! Keep going, Jakal we’ve got this!” Jessie screamed aloud. Jakal did not quite feel that they had anything. While it was true, the seemingly incurable nanite infection in his body had reshaped him into a femm form now and then, this was the first time he had ever sprinted faster than a galloping horse. He hoped Jess had a good focus on where they were going, cuz all he could focus on was the round, sensitive tits bouncing around wildly in their spandex suit. “JAKAL, Stop focusing on our boobs, dude!”

“Again, why is there absolutely no support? It hurts!” Not to mention their nipples were starting to come to life with all the friction. Thin spandex was not going to hide anything.

“You realize I get all your thoughts, verbal or not? Dude, we just missed the street!” She turned her platform boot to the side to slow them. The strength of her thigh splintering the concrete sidewalk.

“Also, why can’t we have a longer cape? Our super suit is like a leotard from the 80s. Our whole ass is sticking out back there!” He blushed as an old man almost broke his neck, snapping to

see their wobbling rear, barely covered by their perma-wedgie costume.

"I don't know. Ring maybe was not ready to provide enough material for the mass of two people? All I know is-" Bzzzzz "Erm, all I know is-" Bzzzzzz "Gah, what the heck is buzzing between our boobs?" But Jessie didn't need an answer. Jakal knew, and now so did she. "How did I not notice you put your digi-watch in our cleavage?!"

"You were busy trying to do our hair. 'Heros have to keep up a good image' remember that? I've seen you put your phone in your bra before Jessica, this isn't nearly as big."

"Yes, but we're not wearing a bra! It's sliding down already, and with this side boob style of one piece, I can't reach in without risking popping a whole boob out in public" She grabbed the side of her breast as they continued to run. "Jakal, do this with your side so we can pinch it between them until we can get inside."

"I'm not smooshing our boobs together!"

"Just long enough for us to get to a bathroom!"

"Can you please stop squeezing my, gah, your tit!"

The citizens simply gawked at the strange powered woman argued with herself, running off balance while she squeezed her one breast and yelled at herself to grab the other. "Now, who's this one again? One of those twins?" The caped woman ran into a telephone pole, legs and breasts spreading to either side of it. With a mighty crack, the force of the collision sent it toppling. "They should be called the Blunder-twins." Snickered a bag woman, the people nearby her joining in on the laugh.

Jessie and Jakal back peddled in their shared form. Their ass sunk into the brick wall behind them, leaving a perfect imprint of their rear. "Jessie we're destroying everything."

"I'm more concerned that your 5G enabled watch is buzzing on its way to our panty line. Why did we even need it!"

"It helps me track issues with my nanites, ok?" The minute Jakal had said nanites he flinched, the watch already queuing up.

Female SuperHero costume detected: Reshaping body to fit...

"What do you mean reshaping? We are already in the right shape for this!" Jessie growled.

"Maybe the half that's my body isn't? I dunno. Merged with nanites is a new experience for meeeeEEAH!" The familiar feeling of his nanites buzzing, inflating and reshaping his flesh was revving up. But this time it was different. It had that vague sense of sensual stimulation Jessie's

spells tended to bring with them. Were the two interacting? “J-jess. I think we better erm..” Their suit creaked as it stretched. Each breast was swelling into perfectly round domes, as more and more pale freckled flesh spilled out the side of their suit bare to the world. Meanwhile, down below, their thighs plumped into smooth, curvy thighs that would make a turkey leg jealous. Their hips, that the merge had downplayed, now softened and widened, and as if not to be outshined, their already exposed booty bulged and wobbled, growing one tiny surge after another. They had gone from a modest form to a cheesecake hero in just a few minutes. Breast bobbing and swaying, ass clapping, the picture of a horny comic book reader's puberty-fueled dream. “I don't even know the suit is going to hold, Jessie!”

“Enough. We catch the villain, end the job, split back to our normal selves, and call back whoever is buzzing you between our thighs! Not that order, though, damnit. The only thing that matters is catching that purse thief first! Now, Hero Up!” She cleared her throat and could feel Jakal preparing himself as well. “Fear not citizen!-” She declared!

“Oh great! It's the Blunder-twins.” A hot dog vendor mocked.

“We did not approve that name!” Last thing she needed was their fused face showing up in the news with the title blunder-twins. She composed herself as Jakal continued to try for powerful poses, but really just cocking their hip a lot and showing off their swollen behind. “A-hem! Anyways. Fear not! No Jakal, this way!” One hip swayed too far and they were starting to teeter.

“I'm doing a heroic pose!” He called out proudly. Jessie wasn't the only one who cared about their appearance.

“Pose is done. Now we move!” She screamed, trying to get her foot repositioned so they didn't tumble over. Jakal did too but in the wrong direction. “Left, not right. LEFT!” She screamed as they crashed into a department store window.

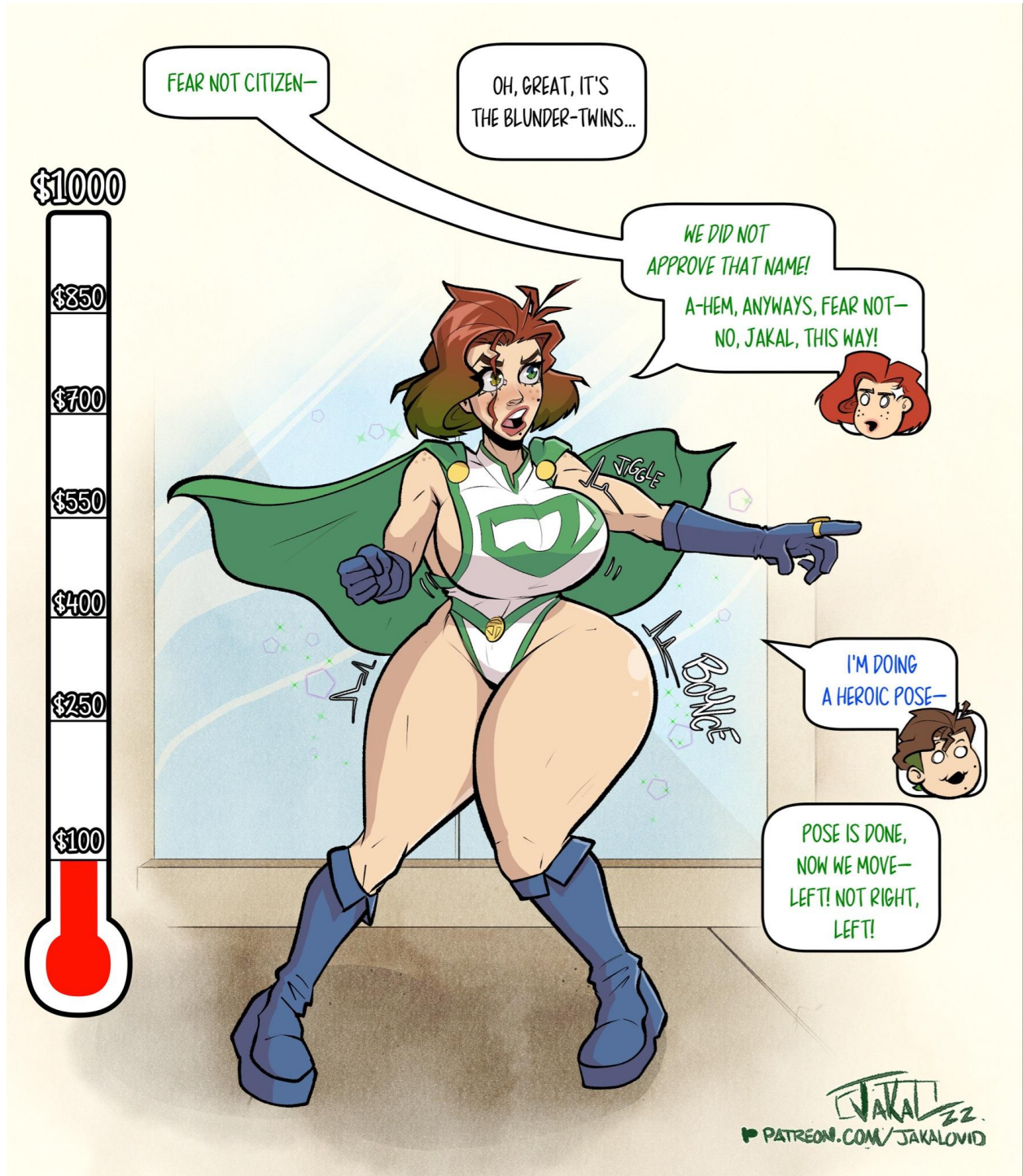
They slowly opened their eyes, happy to see that glass didn't seem to penetrate their skin or their costume. “Must be stronger stuff than it looks.” Jakal mused.

Jessie turned their head to the man with the purse, now far in the distance. She really only had one shot now. She held up her hand. Its palm glowing with pink and purple mystical energy. It was time to use some powers in this super-powered story.

The wind picked up.

The eyes of the blunder-twins glowed with power.

“Um, Jessie? Are you sure we should-”



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"I told you, Lisa, no dogs!" Tyson was so mad. Once again, his girlfriend proved she couldn't listen to him. Not only had she broken the no-dog rules for their shared apartment, but she got a Great Dane. The thing was massive.

“Please baby, he’s just a widdle bwabby. He needs us.” Lisa said, oozing with baby talk as she cuddled the imposing full-grown giant dog, who seemed less interested in her and more curious about the female dogs being walked across the street. If he ran, he could probably drag Lisa no problem.

“I just, you won’t take care of it, and then I’ll have to.” Tyson rubbed his eyes. This relationship just wasn’t working. This was the last straw. He needed to break up and do it in such an ass hole tone that he could avoid the four weeks of Lisa begging to have him back. At least that’s what he assumed in his mind. After all, he was a little bit out of the poor dim girls league. “Lisa, I hate to say this but *Bark!*” A squeaky bark had come out of his mouth instead of words. The large buff man covered his face, confused, unaware of the purple energy swirling around his body.

Between his fingers, Tyson could feel his lips push out into a muzzle fuzzy muzzle. He yelped when his nose reshaped into a leather-wet canine shape. Pulling his large hands away he tried to ask Lisa what was happening, but it only came out as more whimpers and barks. Little by little, he felt his height leaving him. White poofy fur sprouted from his skin. His muscles dwindled away as his skeleton cracked and shrunk. His terror was only interrupted by the feeling of his penis pulsing and tucking away, slowly shrinking and moving behind him. In only seconds, the large, bully of a man was replaced by a confused toy poodle in his clothes.

“Lisa! What’s happening?” He screamed! Though it only came out at “Yip, yip, brruuuf!”

“OMG Tyson you are adorable! I mean this is scary as hell but it’s adorbs! Can I take a picture?”

“Yes Jakal, I know I missed! I wasn’t even trying to do a dog spell!” Growled a sweaty ginger super hero, far to tall and curvy for the outfit she had chosen. “Okay listen.” Jessie said pointing at the blond holding a toy poodle in one arm and the growling Great Danes leash with her free hand. “I’ll be right back for the poodle... right after I stop the buzzing between my legs. Don’t move!” She said waddling and moaning as she entered the cafe Lisa and Tyson had been sitting outside of.

“Don’t you worry baby, I won’t let the evil villain get you!” Lisa cooed as she scooped up the toy poodle with a boy in her hair. It’s eyes looking wild, barking for the red head that had just left. Lisa didn’t pay her new dog any mind. She would take care of her till they found a cure, and besides, the great dane looked super happy to have a new friend.

to be continued...