

## **Spellbook Shenanigans - Part II**

By Soul-Controller

"Fuck man, I thought you were my friend! Why would you do this if there was **even** a 1% chance that the spellbook was legit!" Jon angrily cried out, still off-put by the deep and older voice that was now coming out of his mouth. Even after the shock of his transformation wore off, the former 24-year-old couldn't understand why his friend Wyatt had jokingly turned him into an overweight middle-aged man. They had made and both agreed on a plan to transform each other so they had their ideal bodies!

As he continued to think about the fact that this new body was a far cry from his college-aged self, Jon's eyes began to quickly widen as several new things popped up in his head. Although he recalled being 24, the number 46 consistently kept popping up the longer he tried to think about his old life. To make matters worse, thinking about his various experiences at college was proving to be quite an issue. Although he remembered things such as going to the local gay club or those several early morning psych classes he had spent years taking, his mind refused to conjure up those once-familiar images.

Instead, his mind was providing other images and memories that were quite at odds with the life he once led. In these new memories, Jon learned that he hadn't been able to attend college due to the inability to get decent enough loans or help from his family. As such, the new Jon was forced to jump right into the workforce by joining his father's car repair shop. Although Jon remembered not being close to his father nor wanting to ever get his hands dirty, the new memories of his 46-year-old life proved otherwise. In fact, the new Jon was such a hands-on person that he opted to start his own repair business and have a full-time career as a handyman!

Upon looking down to see the thick and flabby body he now had, Jon couldn't help but grimace at how he looked like such a stereotypical obese handyman. It was a cruel joke that Wyatt had altered his body and life to make him follow in his father's footsteps, especially since it completely destroyed his lithe physique. While using his thick hands to awkwardly rub along his sizable and flabby gut, Jon grimaces as his mind left him clamoring for the taste of a local fast food chain. Although he remembered being the main cook and baker between him and Wyatt, Jon's new mind and insatiable appetite informed him of his new reality. After such a long day of hard work, the older Jon couldn't be bothered to spend precious relaxation time slaving away in the kitchen to bake a hearty meal for himself. Instead, Jon recalled the countless memories of sitting down on the couch in the apartment, cracking open a beer, and eating the greasy food that he had picked up on the way home.

Angered at how much Wyatt had ruined his life, Jon slowly lifted his head and looked intensely into his jock friend's eyes and began to speak once more. "You better fix this right now," he began, trying his best to appear intimidating enough to get his amused friend to turn him back into his normal self. "If you don't, I'll return the favor and transform you too," Jon warned, attempting to make sure Wyatt knew that he was serious about his annoyance about his new body.

But alas, the threats were useless to Wyatt as he stood there unfazed. In fact, the jock even took off his shirt and crossed his arms before beginning to speak. "Bro, go ahead and transform me if you're so upset. I can handle anything you throw in my way. This is all reversible, so stop being a goddamn crybaby about it and have some fun. I was just doing a harmless prank on you because I knew you'd overreact!" As Jon stood there still furious though, Wyatt opted to trigger the man even further by bringing up his new age. "You should really stop with that scowl by the way, I mean just take a look at your face! It's already quite weathered, I don't think more wrinkles will help matters," he said with a cocky tone.



Before Jon could even respond, Wyatt quickly fished out his phone from his sweatpants and pulled open the camera app. After flipping the camera so the front one was being used, the man held the phone up to Jon and allowed him to see his new visage. Given the fact that Jon could neither see nor feel the changes that had occurred to his head, the former young man was mortified as he caught sight of the chubby and weathered face reflected back at him. So much of the surface area on his face was adorned with wrinkles, making him look incredibly weathered and almost constantly exhausted when paired with the dark circles under his eyes. On top of that, Jon's thick and curly dark brown hair had been completely changed. Instead of his previous hairstyle, the hair on his head had almost entirely faded away, leaving him entirely bald sans the thin dome of gray and dark brown hair resting around his ears. "Holy fuck, I look ancient," Jon cried out in shock.

It was at this point where Jon's rage finally caused him to put his plan for revenge into action. He knew how badly Wyatt had worked to get those muscles after years of

workouts, so Jon immediately decided that Wyatt's new body would lose all of that musculature. Upon turning to the side, the newly middle-aged man waddled his way over to the kitchen counter where he grabbed a slip of paper and began to write out Wyatt's punishment:

*Wyatt's gonna become an 18-year-old college freshman. Instead of being some cocky smartass, Wyatt just barely passed high school since he's so stupid. Instead of being some tall jock, Wyatt's now a 5'2" twig with no muscles. In fact, he doesn't even know how to operate any of the machines at his gym anymore due to just how tiny he is now! Even if he did learn how to work out again though, his weak body will never be able to turn him back into the jock he once was! As for how much of a charmer he once was, Wyatt won't be able to woo any ladies to fuck when he's now sporting a cock that can barely reach 4"! I don't think **anyone** will be able to find satisfaction from such a pathetic little dick. That deep voice of his needs to disappear too, with him now speaking in a high-pitched flamboyant voice. Also, he needs to lose all of those stupid tattoos so the only thing people can notice when they see him is how pale and frail he looks. From now on, he'll never be intimidating again - just a pathetic little twink!*

Upon finishing writing out the details of Wyatt's new body, Jon worked with haste to dish out his revenge. Grabbing onto the still-lit candle once more, the overweight man brought the piece of paper forth to the flame to initiate the transformation. Within seconds, the same process that Jon had gone through also occurred to Wyatt. The room once again filled up with that thick black smoke, but instead of watching that blue orb manifest and rush into his body, Jon was able to witness it from an outside perspective as it rushed towards Wyatt instead. Given his beefier build though, the impact did not cause Wyatt to tumble onto the ground like Jon had. Instead, the man took the spell in stride, standing there with his arms still crossed as the magic began to work throughout his body.

As Jon watched the magic go into action, he couldn't help but chuckle to himself as he watched Wyatt's muscles begin to slowly shrink. Watching as the muscles slowly faded away, he could only envision air being slowly let out of a balloon as the man's bulky biceps went from boulders to rocks and then to small pebbles. As those biceps finally faded away and his arms were left completely frail and without a morsel of muscle, Jon couldn't resist looking at Wyatt and getting his reaction. To his surprise though, the jock wasn't pissed about what was occurring to him. Instead, he stood there with wide eyes and toothy grin as he watched the changes progress with clear amusement.

Continuing with this muscle loss, Wyatt's pecs and abs were the next to undergo a transformation. Jon was quite shocked to watch the jock cheekily pop each pectoral one

last time before he was completely flat-chested. Then in one quick swoop, the well-defined and bulging six-pack that Wyatt had was the next to disappear. Like six slabs of butter melting in the heat, the jock's torso went from being firm and strong to looking completely flat and taut in seconds.

As Jon focused on watching the jock's skin grow paler while his body hair fell out, Wyatt was instead focusing on the strange sensation appearing near his crotch. After lifting the waistband of his underwear and pants, Wyatt couldn't help but chuckle in amusement while watching his sizable 8.5" manhood shrivel away to a nub. Inch by inch, the bulging package that constantly caught people's attention whenever Wyatt wore gray sweatpants or basketball shorts shrunk. By the time the transformation began to progress elsewhere, the jock found himself now in possession of a 4" hard cock.

"Wow, you really got me good," Wyatt said with a sarcastic tone and eye roll, still finding the situation humorous due to the fact that he knew he could just turn himself back into his normal jock self. As such, he didn't even flinch or grow alarmed as he found his voice constantly cracking and rapidly changing with pitch with each word uttered.

Throughout the entire transformation, Jon watched with a devilish smirk as he enjoyed watching his friend lose all of his precious muscle. Even though he knew that the situation was temporary, the former twink knew deep down beyond that composed exterior that Wyatt was truly terrified by watching all of his hard work fade away into nothingness. This was especially obvious as he watched Wyatt's waist and legs suddenly slim down all at once. In an instant, the jock's meaty thighs and wide waist slimmed down to nothing, quickly bringing down the man's underwear and pants and exposing his new tiny cock to Jon. Upon seeing it, the now-46 year old couldn't help but snicker like a young child watching the man's cheeks redden and bashfully try to pull them back up.

As Wyatt leaned down and pulled the waistband of the pants and underwear up, he quickly concealed the final piece of the transformation that affected his calves and feet. The thick and sizable calf muscles quickly faded away, no longer fitting on a body that never worked out nor could ever gain a single ounce of muscle. The slim and bony legs that Wyatt now possessed soon found themselves more befitting to his new body as his long and wider feet shrunk several sizes and turned equally-bony.

With the transformation now finished with Wyatt's body, the magic quickly went to work on altering the man's mind. Slowly, the information from his years of college education began to leak out like a cracked clay pot. All of his college education had faded away in an instant, leaving him only with his high school knowledge. Although Wyatt wasn't the

smartest kid in school growing up, the jock had defied expectations and actually found himself being a solid B student. However, this was proven to be untrue for his new life as memories suddenly appeared and replaced his old ones to inform him of his C-average status.

With this alteration complete, Wyatt's transformation was now complete and the man had found himself transformed into an 18-year-old twink. As he took a moment to inspect his gangly limbs and recognize that his palms were now soft rather than callused from years of working out, the man tilted his head up and looked over at his friend who stood there with a wide grin.

"Really Jon, this was the best punishment you could come up with," he inquired, chuckling not only due to Jon's uninspired choice but also because of his light and lispy voice. "Honestly, I was expecting you to turn me into some old geezer like you now are or something more unexpected! Bro, you just turned me into another twink like you used to be!"

As Wyatt swaggered over towards his phone that was laying on the kitchen counter, Jon couldn't help but cackle at how bizarre it was to watch a twinkified jock walk around as if he still had thick muscles. His arms no longer needed to be extended out due to no



longer having beefy biceps or a wider torso, but Wyatt's body language and muscle memory had seemingly refused to not yet adapt to his new body. Upon watching the former jock grip onto his phone, Jon nodded his head and gave a slight smile as Wyatt told him he'd be right back and walked into the nearest bathroom.

Upon entering, Wyatt flicked on the bathroom light, shut the door, and turned to face his new self. As he did so, the man couldn't help but laugh at how pale and malnourished he now looked. It was certainly a far cry from his muscular almost bodybuilder-sized physique, but the extreme change was somewhat amusing for Wyatt to examine. After unlocking his phone, the man took several minutes snapping photos of his thin and twinkish physique while also admiring the modelesque face he now possessed. With neatly trimmed eyebrows, a nice 5 o'clock

shadow, and a pair of thick and pouty lips, Wyatt was feeling strangely more intrigued by his new body. Although he loved his rugged features and muscly tattooed body, it was surprisingly nice to feel so light on his feet and conventionally pretty.

While he wasn't entirely pleased with the mental changes that Jon had given him, the body was a pleasant surprise. In his mind, Wyatt couldn't help but enthusiastically think about the possibilities of the spellbook, such as potentially using the same spell to turn himself into a twink once again to avoid the daily grind of intense workouts and calorie counting. Despite this enjoyment towards his new body though, Wyatt couldn't deny that he was ready to undo the wishes and turn him and Jon back to their old selves. His joke wish to turn Jon into a 46-year-old obese man hadn't elicited the laughter and fun that Wyatt had desired, so he was willing to put aside his enjoyment of his new body so he could reverse the wishes and turn Jon back to his normal self.

Upon exiting the bathroom, Wyatt wasted no time making his way over to the spellbook on the kitchen counter and flipping through it until he found the correct spell that they had used. After a minute of searching, the man finally stumbled onto the correct page. As he lightly smiled while skimming through the passage for the reversal spell though, Wyatt's gorgeous face quickly began to falter and shift into a shocked expression.

"Uh Jon, I think we have a problem," Wyatt weakly said, his anxiousness causing his voice to grow even more high-pitched as a result.

"Wyatt, what the hell are you talking about," Jon grumbled under his breath, huffing and puffing as he pushed himself off the couch and back onto his feet. After taking a deep breath from the extreme exertion, the man quickly waddled over to the kitchen counter to see what was going on. As he reached the other end of the counter and looked towards his friend though, Jon's face also dropped into a worried expression as Wyatt looked stone-cold and pale in the face. Making his way over closer to his friend, Jon began to quickly skim through the passage until he reached the point where Wyatt's fingers were.

As he did so, the obese 46-year-old couldn't help but scream in pure rage as he read the tiny text that Wyatt had left off on: ***Warning - This spell can only be used once every ten years!***