

Blight of the Behemoths

A bright, sunny day in the beachside town was the perfect setting for Frederick to take part in his favorite past time. Making sure his blonde hair was combed back, his black slacks properly emphasized his tight ass, and the top buttons of his sky blue, collared shirt were undone to show off his chiseled chest, he began to stroll along the sidewalk. His goal was the same as always: finding a woman that could be swayed by his corny pick up lines and toned, muscular figure.

Glancing down at the beach and seeing the college girls running around with cans of beer in their hands and not a thought in their minds, it seemed to be an indication of the path of least resistance for Frederick. However, he had seen his fair share of what those kinds of women had to offer. While the aftermath was typically pleasurable, he was always left feeling empty. No, on that day he felt like challenging himself to chase after this feeling that seemed to always escape him.

Frederick finally came to a halt as he passed by an eatery called Hunya's Café. Seated at one of the outside tables was a woman with long hair that was as black as the tank top and jeans adorning her body. She seemed ignorant of the world around her as she switched between taking sips from her cup of coffee and turning the pages of the thick, black leather tome balanced on the table with the very tips of her black painted nails. The dreary, hateful look in her eyes made it clear that she was far out of Frederick's usual tastes. However, that was what made him deem her as the worthy challenge he had been searching for.

"Well hello there," Frederick said, putting on his brightest smile as he helped himself to the chair across from the woman. "What brings a pretty thing like you out on a day like this?"

The woman raised a single eye away from her book. “It’s a café. A place where people are supposed to be able to relax and unwind. Unfortunately, it appears that purpose doesn’t account for being bothered by annoying perverts like you, Frederick.”

A little taken aback by the utterance of his name, Frederick managed to recover with a light hearted chuckle. “Guess my reputation has spread pretty far,” he remarked. “Then let’s cut right to the chase. How about you and I leave this boring ass place and return to my apartment for some real fun? As you’ve probably heard, I know my way around the bedroom. I could really show you something that’s been missing from your life.”

“No thank you,” the woman said, punctuating by affirmatively slamming her book closed. “I’ve heard plenty about your acts of debauchery in your little lover’s den. Frankly, I’m not impressed.”

“That’s because you haven’t tried it yourself,” Frederick said, keeping up smug smile. “Just a few minutes with me and you’ll see the world in an all new light. Courtesy of an unforgettable date with the master of love.”

The disgusted look on the woman’s face took on a different turn as her brain seemed to snag at a lingering thought. For a few moments she just stood there in thought with a wicked grin slowly creeping across her face. While most people would use the sight of her ominous vibes as more than enough reason to run away, Frederick was too full of himself to think of it as anything other than her finally starting to like him.

“On second thought, perhaps I could have a little fun with you,” the woman said, opening up her book again to find a specific page.

“That’s what I’m talking about,” Frederick replied. “I know of a bar a block down from here that absolutely perfect for getting some good booze to fuel a night long session of-“

In the blink of an eye, the woman did what most thought was impossible. Slapping her hand against Frederick's face seemed to do the trick in keeping him quiet, at least for the moment. Despite their difference in size, the meat headed man found it impossible to pull her fingers away. A slight tingling sensation across his eyes increased his need to escape, but that fell to the way side as he was mystified by the words that he heard being chanted from her lips. It was only once she had let loose the spell did she finally ease her grip.

"Have fun with that," the woman said, letting Frederick go and putting him back in his seat with a flick of her fingers. "I'll be watching to see how my new blight works on you. To be honest, this is the first time I've used this so I'm eager to see what it does to you. Maybe it will give YOU a new perspective on the world," she added, sauntering off and leaving Frederick more than a little confused.

"The fuck was that all about?" Frederick asked to himself, running his fingers across his face with the concern that the woman had left some kind of mark behind. Satisfied that nothing appeared to be out of place with his physical appearance, he picked himself up from the chair and brushed off any leftover wrinkles from his clothes. Shrugging off the encounter as a small loss, he set out again with the plan of finding a new target.

Strolling down the sidewalk, Frederick's instincts told him to head down to the beach to see if he could get some easy college girls to sate his ego. All that stood in his way was a busy intersection and an abysmally slow crosswalk. While he was waiting for the light to change and act as a starting sign for his next pick up attempt, he felt a gentle tug on his shirt.

"Excuse me, young man," asked an old lady who's trembling form wasn't even half of his size. "Could you tell me where the bus stop is?"

“Yeah, yeah, it’s over there,” he replied, lazily swinging his hand over to the stop. “I think it should be there soon, so you’d better hurry up.”

“Thank you so much. You are such a handsome, young man,” the woman replied, going as fast as her scrawny legs and well-used cane would carry her.

As the old woman shuffled her way over to the bus stop, Frederick let his gaze linger on her for a bit longer. For just a moment, he considered her as someone he could test his pickup skills on. It was mostly a thought brought from morbid curiosity rather than actual interest in her body. Still, it was enough to give him a chuckle at the mental image of the decrepit, old lady sitting across from him at a fancy restaurant.

Frederick turned back to continue entertaining this strange train of thought only to stop as he noticed a tremor going through her form. His eyes grew about as wide as her shoulders as they swelled to rip through the pink shawl that once encompassed her form. As the dainty garment was scattered to the winds, the dress beneath managed to show the way her burgeoning muscles overtook her formerly twig-like arms. Her diminutive height was left behind in favor of giving her hulking form a massive boost in stature thanks to her bulky legs. With her slow shuffle turning into a series of heavy stomps, she showed off her toned buttocks as she made a mad dash towards the stop just as the bus started to speed off.

Coming to a halt with a bestial grunt, the formerly frail, old woman ran her fingers across the thick, grey beard adorning her rugged chin. Taking a moment to shake the remnants of her clothes off of her hefty pecs, she made a standing jump towards the vehicle. Coming crashing down in front of the bus, she paid little attention to the way the swollen bulge cradled between her legs jiggled within the confines of her tight fitting, pink panties as she knelt down to meet eye to eye with the bus driver.

“Room for one more?” the woman asked, her former voice replaced with that of a ruff, husky man.

“I’m sorry sir,” said the driver over the speaker. “We are currently filled to capacity. You’ll have to wait for the next bus.”

“Very well dearie, you have a good day,” the behemoth of a man replied, casually stomping his way back to the stop to take up the entirety of the bench with his elephantine rear.

Blinking a few times to make sure he wasn’t dreaming, Frederick turned away from the strange sight. More than a little confused, he deemed the bizarre occurrence as not his problem and got back to the task at hand. Thankfully the little display had kept him occupied long enough for the crossing signal to turn green. With the path made clear, he crossed the street and walked down the dock to enter his home turf of the shoreline.

Walking along the beach and getting his mind off what he had just seen, Frederick directed his attention towards the cheers coming from further down the beach. His grin grew wide as he spotted the expected appearance of a group of college women clad in skimpy, tight bikinis. Their buxom appearance and the beer cans clutched in their fingers signaled to him that this was his chance to strike.

“Hello there, ladies,” Frederick said, stepping in-between the group and flexing his muscles.

A woman with blonde hair giggled back. “Like, hello there, stud. What brings you here?”

“I figured I’d offer my assistance to you lovely ladies,” he answered, practically having the women in the palm of his hands after taking on another pose to show off his physique. “You all have such sexy bods, it’d be a shame if they got hurt while you’re trying to have fun. I’d be

more than happy to help with applying your lotion. Wouldn't want any of you getting sunburned."

The bold claim paid off as the women giggled amongst themselves. "Like, hold on a moment," one of them spoke up, gesturing for the other two to huddle in for a discussion.

Taking a step closer, Frederick managed to listen in on the women's supposedly secret conversation. Judging from the words passing between their lips, he was all but certain that he had hit his mark. All that remained was to bide his time by letting his gaze linger on their luscious bodies in preparation for a more hands on experience with them.

Frederick's view of the women's flat mid-sections became blocked as they each developed globular guts that were a strange mix of fat and muscle. Their tops were sent flying through the air as their sizable breasts were taken over by thick, rock hard pecs that matched the width of their widening backs. As their thick legs lifted their bulky torso upwards, they didn't seem to notice judging by the way their stubble-lined chins continued to chat away. Nodding to each other in agreement on something, the former girls stomped back over to Frederick, with what remained of their swimsuits tightly wound around their sizable manhoods in the form of speedos that left very little to the imagination.

"Like, alright dude," one of the massive men said, having to squat down to place a bottle of lotion in Frederick's open hand. "Who do you want to start with first? Tom has a pretty hairy backside so you might want to save him for last."

"Um, I think there's been some kind of mistake," Frederick said, dropping the bottle and slowly backing away. "I, er, forgot I had something to take care of. You girls, er, guys, have a good one."

“Woah, that’s a real bummer,” said the blonde haired boy, twirling his thick fingers through his long hair. “You’re pretty cute too. Maybe you can catch up with us later? We’ll show you how much we can lift.”

“I’ll... think about it,” Frederick replied before making a mad dash across the sand to put some distance between himself and the trio of gargantuan guys.

Only when he could just barely see the vague figures of the musclebound behemoths frolicking on the beach did Frederick hazard to stop running. He clutched his head, trying to make sense of everything. When that failed, his brain moved on to finding something, anything to calm himself down. Tilting his head up for just a moment was all it took to offer him a chance for salvation.

Frederick’s gaze focused on a dainty woman with curly, brown hair walking along the sidewalk. Her lithe form was adorned with a thin, white sun dress that was the epitome of elegance. Outside of looking attractive, she was just the antithesis of masculinity and muscles Frederick needed to calm himself down. Without even considering putting her in his sights for his usual pick up routine, he ran over merely wanting to talk to another person to assure himself he wasn’t going insane.

Frederick’s plan backfired as he watched the woman’s body begin to shiver like the old lady from before. Her dainty walk turned into a series of earthshaking stomps made all the heavier by her drooping gut and sagging man boobs. Brushing aside the torn remnants of her dress, the woman shoved her double-wide self through the entrance of a restaurant, leaving in her wake the crumbled remains of the door. Curiosity getting the better of him, Frederick pushed himself to go take a peek inside.

What Frederick saw was the formerly small woman seating herself on a pair of chairs located at a table in the center of the eatery. As if they had been waiting for the obese man, the servers hurried along with a platter of food that could have easily fed a group of ten. Tapping her fingers together as she waited for a mug of beer to be placed in front of her, the transformed woman thanked the waiters and gave them a warning to step back.

The sizable meal was quickly torn through by the massive man like he was possessed by the spirit of a gluttonous pig. Adding to the effects were the loud chewing and snorting noises he made as he shoveled everything down his throat with his plump fingers. It was only after he had eaten up every last scrap did he pause to wipe the droplets of sauce from his chins and let out a guttural BWOOOOOOOOORRRRRRRPPPP.

“Excellent as always, Mr. Feast,” the head waiter said, bowing towards the enormous, obese man.

“Thank UUUURRRRRRP you for helping me prepare for my next contest,” the former woman replied, proudly patting his stuffed belly. “Mind getting me some dessert? This thing still has plenty of room to spare.” Noticing Frederick standing by the entrance, the fat man leaned over to show off the food stuck between his teeth via a wide smile. “Make that two. I think I see BOOOURRRRP someone that wants to join me.”

Despite the large man’s friendly demeanor, there was a shudder of terror that went down Frederick’s spine. His uncertainty about a well of feelings going through his body led to him making a full sprint out of the restaurant. Running down the sidewalk at top speed, his mind stopped trying to put this off as just a hallucination. The sensation forced him to focus on what the woman in black had said to him during their last meeting. Only now figuring out that she

probably had a hand in the transformations, he made an abrupt turn down one of the streets to begin looking for the witch.

Frederick's mad dash came to an abrupt halt as he approached a man and woman with their hands clasped walking down the sidewalk. The few moments it took for him to stop led to his gaze drifting across the woman's body by accident. By the time he realized his mistake, it was already too late.

The twig of a woman developed tree-trunk like legs that made her jeans into a pair of tight-fitting short shorts to emphasize her meaty buttocks and the outline of her massive cock. While her boyfriend stumbled from the initial growth spurt, he managed to recover and lean back in to lovingly caress the coarse strands adorning his partner's belly. Without skipping a beat, the former woman reached down to wrap his hairy, muscular arm around his boyfriend. Perhaps caught up in the moment or just uncaring of who was watching based on the enormous guy's exposed chest, he leaned down to cement their relationship with a loving kiss.

Frederick's opportunity to move past the couple was provided by the act of intimacy, yet he remained still. Once more, the sensation he felt back at the restaurant came back to convince him to continue watching. The longer he stared at the oddly shaped couple locking their lips together, the more he began to understand what he was feeling: a longing desire to experience the same for himself.

A loud, sloppy noise of the couple's lips parting from one another brought Frederick back to a semblance of cognizance. Grasping at his forehead, he convinced himself that this was just another side effect of the witch woman's curse. More motivated now than ever to find her to reverse the hex, he ran past the couple moments before the larger of the two picked up his partner for another make out session.

Frederick's sprint occasionally had to stop to dodge the creation of another behemoth of a man whenever his gaze lingered for as much as a second on a woman's body. Despite the sudden appearance of muscles, blubber, and prominent manhoods, everyone seemed to treat the day as normal. The obvious signs of the changes, such as doors being torn off their hinges and tremors going through the sidewalks seemed to be completely ignored by the populace. Even when said gigantic men were keeping up their physiques by effortlessly lifting cars and covering a city block in a single bound, everyone treated it as if it was little more than them going for a quaint, afternoon jog.

Through these constant displays of muscles and masculinity, Frederick kept having to convince himself that what he was feeling had been summoned up by the witch. His entire life had been centered around the pursuit of women. It had been the entire reason he went out on the town and spouted cheesy pick up lines in the first place. For all things to make him have an existential crisis, he wasn't prepared to let it be the sight of a bear or a man ripping through a white shirt with what remained of his pink nails to scratch an itch on his flabby back.

By the time Frederick had made his way back to the original café where the chaos had started, any sign of the women he used to pursue was non-existent. All around him he could see mammoth men taking up the entirety of the sidewalk as they strolled through town or barely squeezing inside of cars after making some drastic renovations to the doors and roof. Dodging a couple of the men embracing one another as they waddled towards him, Frederick ended up tossing himself straight into the interior of the café. Any chance for him to take a breath to console himself was given up the moment he realized that the eatery was having a special event.

The center of the café had been set up to have a long table strewn about with large baskets overflowing with different kinds of pastries. Seated around the sweet feast were large

men adorned in ill-fitting, black aprons reminiscent of the staff's uniforms. Though they were far from their original selves, Frederick managed to identify who they once were from their piercings and hair colors as the servers of the place thanks to his multiple failed attempts of trying to hit on them.

“Thank you all for coming by today,” announced a man that somehow towered over the others by a full head. “My name is Hunyo, the owner of his establishment. Today, the Hunk Café is proud to present its Big Eater Bonanza event. We're just about ready to start. All we need now is... ah, you'll do!”

Before Frederick could have a chance to figure out what was going on, the owner grabbed his wrist and hoisted him into the air. After being paraded around for the employees and customers alike to cheer as his comparatively meager muscles, he was put down in a seat that had the perfect view of the activities. Though he tried one last ditch effort to escape, he was stopped by the manager pushing him back down with a belly bounce.

“It's really simple,” Hunyo began, “all you have to do is watch and determine who's the biggest eater. Sound good, hot stuff?”

“I, uh, don't think I should be-“

“Don't worry your pretty little head,” called out one of the employees. “You don't have to think with a handsome face like that.”

“Yeah, just watch and enjoy,” the manager said, leaving Frederick by running his fingers through the smaller man's hair. “On, your mark, get set... GO!”

The three, massive men attacked the feast like wild beasts. As they ate, the café became filled with a combination of their ravenous eating noises mixed with guttural belches to make

room in their guts. The rude sounds were soon joined by cheers from the rest of the eatery, with each man having their own portion of admirers hoping they would come out on top.

In the middle of this chaos sat a confused Frederick. As much as he tried to assure himself that he hated this, he couldn't stop his eyes from lingering on the display. The way the men's bellies jostled around whenever they bounced into one another. The impressive volume and length of the burps that continuously escaped their lips. The numerous crumbs that bounced down their hairy, musclebound chests only to be squashed by either their large feet or wide rears in the wake of their ravenous appetites. Even the way the fabric of their aprons showed off their bulges triggered something inside Frederick that could no longer be ignored.

“So, who BWOOOOORRRRPP won?” asked one of the employees once the last of the pastries had been devoured.

“Yeah, hot UUURRRP stuff. Who's the champ?” asked the other.

Broken out of his stupor by the questions, Frederick lifted up his head. Looking up at the trio of behemoth boys looming above him, his mind raced to find an appropriate answer. Slowly, a grin spread across his face that was reminiscent of his old self.

“I really can't say,” Frederick replied, smiling from ear to ear. Getting out of his seat, he stepped forward to sandwich himself between the men's overstuffed guts. “Maybe we need a tie breaker to decide which one of you handsome giants earn the crown.”

“Sounds like a deal to me,” one of the employees replied, guiding Frederick over to the table to give himself a perfect opportunity to get an up close view of what his body had been yearning for so long to experience.

The sudden transformation of the city's women into behemoth men had little to no effect on its sense of order. Whatever curse had caused the metamorphoses had gradually altered the buildings and walkways to accommodate the newly sized inhabitants. Everyone, whether gigantic or normal sized, seemed to go about their day to day duties as if everything was normal.

Frederick seemed to be the only one who noticed the more drastic changes. Things such as the buses being pulled through the streets thanks to the ropes tied around the musclebound men. There was a noticeable boom in the food industry thanks to the increased appetites of the men, providing many an upcoming eatery a chance to show off their cuisine to the world through the use of competitive eating that frequently called up Frederick to be the guest judge. The beaches were as lively as ever, albeit there had to be places set aside to prevent the behemoths from accidentally stampeding across the less physically gifted.

For the man at the heart of the mass change, Frederick spent his days entertaining the various boyfriends that seemed to pop up at every corner. In a rare moment of quiet, he had settled down at a table outside of the Hunk Café. The coffee helped him to re-energize from the previous night's escapades and give him a chance to grin at potential partners that waddled by.

Just before Frederick could finish off the last few sips from his cup, he spotted a behemoth making a beeline towards him. While it wasn't odd for his looks and suave nature to attract a new suitor, there was something about the lumbering brute that seemed strangely familiar. He had no recollection of squeezing the hulking man into his bedroom, but he still found the black nail polish adorning his thick, sausage-like fingers to resonate with him. It was only after the man brushed back his long locks of black hair to reveal his glittering eyes positioned above his shaggy beard and thick moustache that Frederick was able to piece things together.

“It’s you,” Frederick said as the man sat his enormous backside onto the pair of chairs across the table from him. “You’re the girl that started this whole mess.”

“Well, I used to be,” the man replied, unflinchingly reaching between his legs to adjust the thin, black skirt barely keeping his junk covered up. “That was back when I went by Hazel. I think I’ve decided on calling myself Hank to avoid any trouble while I look this.”

“What are you doing here?”

Leaning back in his seat, Hank let out a deep breath as his hand scratched at the coarse strands spread across his gut. “I’ll admit, I kind of jumped the gun when I cast that spell. I was already pretty annoyed that day since the café ran out of my favorite drink and then you came along with your slick guy act to further piss me off. No offense.”

“None taken, I deserved it,” Frederick replied with a shrug.

“In my haste, I ended up going a little overboard with my spell. Never realized it could spread this badly until it hit me. You passed your eyes over me for less than half a second and that was enough to change me into this.”

“Sorry about that,” Frederick replied. “It’s only gotten stronger with each behemoth I make. At least no one seems to mind.”

“Still, I came here today to set things right,” Hank said. “I’m assume you’ve had your fill of giant men hitting on you.”

“Actually, I can’t get enough of it.”

Frederick’s response made Hank lean forward across the table, threatening to snap the metal furniture in half in the process. “What do you mean?” he asked, scratching at his beard.

“You might call this thing a curse, but I’ve never felt so blessed,” Frederick explained. “All those corny pick-up lines and the exaggerated persona was just me covering up my desires

for so many years. Sure it wasn't the most elegant of transitions, but I'm happy to finally be myself after all this time. Thank you for showing me who I really am."

Hank let out a hearty chuckle. "Well, wasn't expecting that, but you're welcome. That being said, I don't intend on leaving this can of worms open to spread across the entire planet. So, when do you want me to reverse the hex? Shouldn't take more than a few minutes."

"Before that," Frederick said, reaching over to gently clasp Hank's hand, "would you like to join me for a drink and conversation? I think the two of us could really click."

Another laugh left Hank's lips. "You serious?"

"Come on, can't you give a guy a second chance?" Frederick asked, a genuine smile on his face.

"Alright, small stuff," Hank relented, using his free hand to ruffle Frederick's hair. "Just be prepared. I saw what I'm packing in the mirror this morning and I'm worried about what it will do to you."

"You've got nothing to worry about," Frederick said, waving his arm to get the attention of a server. "I've had plenty of opportunities to test out my limits."