

A Buff Magic Trick

By: Firingwall

“Last time I ask Cass for one of her spellbooks,” Mumba murmured, flipping through a few dusty, odd pages, “When was this thing even made?”

The stage magician was in her private study, the room where she practiced all of her new tricks. Her upcoming tour would begin soon and most of her acts and feats were already planned. However, having a few extra surprises sprinkled into her shows would never hurt.

“Ooooooh, so somebody’s finally looking to try some black magic, eh?” Her green witch cousin chuckled with a glint in her eyes. “I thought your Vegas Act was too good for our tricks and treats, eh?”

“Yeah yeah, rub it in all you want.” The blue-skinned magician snorted, “I am here because I would like your help, blah-blah-blah. Do you know any good spells or tricks that would “wow” an audience or not?”

“Well, my coven prefers that our craft be more practical and simple outside of our more transformative skill set,” Cassidy explained, turning to the bookcase behind her and scanning it. “However, we do have some old tomes for something more flashier if you want to impress your audience. Consider it a long-due Christmas gift, alright?”

Gift, my ass. Mumba huffed, brushing some of her short white bangs from her face. *I can barely read these pages. Seriously, how old is this?*

The blue woman carefully flipped a few more pages. One sudden or jerky move and a page was certain to rip right out. She poured through the book for minutes before something eventually caught her eye.

Hmm... well, I can read this at least. She leaned in. “Practical Housework. Whisk wand at cleaning instrument and recite “domum munda domum” three times.”

Mumba looked up from her book and across the room at a broom leaning against the wall. *Let’s see if this is full of crap or not.* She took careful aim with her stage wand and whisked in the motions shown in the book.

“Domum munda domum. Domum munda domum. Domum munda domum.” A yellow sparkle sizzled out of the wand, flying across the room and striking the broom in its long handle.

The broom rattled and stood up straight. It wobbled some more before it began to move on its own. It brushed and swept across the floor, kicking up any dirt and dust along it.

As it circled the desk where Mumba sat, the magician nodded. “Not bad. Disney-esque, but it could be a fun show closer when the curtain falls. Just better stay away from mops to avoid being sued.”

She giggled as she returned to the book. Cassidy’s book did seem genuine at least. There simply must be other spells and charms in there worth using.

Mumba scanned over every single bit of info she could find, flipping through every page she could. Things went back to underwhelming. Most of the text and pages remained worn and unreadable. After such a good find, frustration was setting in again.

Don't tell me that was it. Maybe Cassidy was screwing with-

Then she flipped to an interesting page, one where everything was legible and clear as day with its pictures. “Hmm, “Surging Moi”. A spell to enhance one’s being, infusing them with great power and influence. Capable of bringing the best out of another in ways they were not expecting.”

So, we got a magic spell to use on yourself. Sounds transformative. Guess you expect that when dealing with black magic.

Mumba was familiar with transformation spells and casts that would morph a person’s entire being into another’s. Her cousin’s whole coven was all about that in some shape or form. It was a subject she wasn’t personally into outside of a case or two. She liked magic that was more about show, sparkle, illusions, and presentation, not something so personal.

She frowned. *Though... I guess transformation would be a crowd pleaser depending on the spell. Get a big screen to show a zoom-in on somebody changing could work. Audiences might like that.*

Could be risky. She rubbed her forehead. *Wrong spell on the wrong person and here comes the lawsuit from them or loved ones. Guess I would have to use it on myself or any of the girls. Still, it could be risky.*

She read the passage more. “Spell Effect: Twenty-four hours or instantly undo by reciting the spell backwards. Not permanent.”

That was a relief at least with whatever the spell was. Mumba scratched at her chin. “Enhance one’s being”, eh? *Talk of great power and bringing out one’s best. It doesn’t sound bad honestly. But, I can’t really tell what it would do.*

A few faces flashed in her head. June, Sterling, the others, all of her lovely blue and fuzzy assistants were elsewhere in the building, probably working on getting things set for their first big show. They could certainly help her test the spell.

The thought was brushed from her head right away. *No, I can't just try this kind of magic on them without knowing what it does. I can't hurt our trust and friendships over something I'm not willing to try myself.*

Plus, it's not like Cass would intentionally give me something that could seriously hurt me or anyone. That's a loss in potential favors, customers, and Christmas presents.

Mumba looked at the book again. It wasn't like she had to try this spell either. There were probably others she could look into if she kept reading. However, there was something in its phrasing that drew her interest and curiosity.

Be one's best. Well, we'll see about that!

She stood up from the desk, taking her wand again. She took a step back for room and glanced back at the page. "Okay, let's give this a shot! Ego maior, fortior et plus virile!" She whisked her wand. "Ego maior, fortior et plus virile! Ego maior, fortior et plus virile!"

Her wand shook, a deep red aura coming from it. It grew hotter in her hand, like heating up like an oven. Mumba winced. *That's never happened before.*

From the wand's tip, a deep, crimson-red stream burst forth. It flew into the air and came falling down, circling her like a tornado. The heat left the wand, flowing in the energy streak. She huffed, feeling rather warm herself.

The energy stopped in front of her chest, lunging straight into it. The impact into her collarbone caused her to stumble back. It almost felt as if the air was knocked from her.

Mumba huffed, breathing heavily. *Whoa, that... that was intense. Is magic like this usually so powerful?*

Before she could think it over further, heat began to centralize within her chest. Her breasts felt tingly, sweat forming on them. She could feel her nipples stiffen, rubbing the inside of her corset and warming her even more.

But then, the heat died and the feeling slipped away. Her heavy, magic-filled breasts were fading into her chest. They were dropping cup sizes before her eyes, fat and mass draining away. The spell keeping them up vanished, causing them to sag for what little time they had left.

Not helping was how much bigger her chest felt and looked. The area was widening, stretching out the remains of her breasts and making them lose form further. The softness of the area was thickening, getting denser and tougher. The muscles beneath were expanding.

Eventually, her breasts were nothing but mounds, and soon, not even that. The bumps grew squarish, still bulging but in a more muscular, sculpted way. Her nipples shrunk and turned more ovalish, shifting a bit in position. Her chest had pushed out in a way that was firm and strong now, with no trace of its femininity left in it.

Those... those are...

Mumba reached a hand up gently, slipping it into her far more roomy corset. She pressed the hand to her chest. Her cheeks grew rosy at the touch. She indeed did have pecs.

Pectorals? She trembled. *Why do I have these?* Her hand gently caressed their firm mass, taking in their density. *Wh-where did my breasts go?* A finger traced their squarish figure.

Mmm, why do they feel so nice too? The magician never really cared or gave much thought to muscles or how they would feel. Certainly, people liked them, especially those who saw them as a thing of pride from all their hard work getting into shape. She just never saw the appeal in them.

But having pecs now, they gave her some bit of pleasure. There was something powerful, prominent, and enticing about them. Maybe she could like having-

No, get a hold of yourself! Mumba pulled her hand away. *This is just the magic influencing you. It's all in the spellwork here, nothing more.*

She took a deep breath, recentering herself. *Just stop being so silly about this. It's so... mmmrgh. Oh my, does transformation magic always feel like this?*

The warmth was spreading to all parts of her as the tingling sensation left her chest. It seemed to rise into her shoulders, her gray jacket feeling tight. They rose, losing their dip and broadening in shape. Her muscle mass expanded, the trapezius pushing up as her neck grew thicker.

She took a deep breath and let it out slowly. She had to admit, it did all feel very good. If transformation magic did feel like this usually, she could understand the craze for it.

Her hand unconsciously went to her chest again, pressing flat up against it. Her heart was beating quickly. That sweet, pleasant tingling was going south.

The corset brushed against her wrist's underside as she held her hand to her chest. It gently scratched at it, but then, the feeling faded too. She looked down, nearly doing a double take.

At first, the waistline of her white corset was widening. Her narrow, hourglass figure was filling in, the width shifting her shape Dorito-esque. Once it was in, her strapless top faded away, starting up and flowing down. Her chest and stomach were left exposed with her opened jacket.

“Well, that sucks! I liked that top.”

It's not like I don't have a million of these anyways. Besides, now people can check out these fine muscles more.

That was true. She hated to admit that, but she did almost want to flaunt and show off her muscles. They did deserve to be appreciated and ogled.

Her arms felt numb suddenly, limp, almost like they weren't even there. She looked at them oddly, giving them a shake. They felt numb like she had slept on them.

...wait, I think I might know where this is leading. She tried lifting them but found it hard with no feeling. Instead, she clenched her hands into fists.

Feeling came back right away, along with the prickly tingle that she knew very well. Her hands swelled, fingers first as their fingernails shortened. Her hands looked bulgy and masculine as her forearms followed suit, pumping up to match them.

The growth reached her upper arms. Dainty muscles significantly increased, bulging naturally without even moving or bending them. They looked big and dense, begging to be flexed to show off their power.

Mumba wanted to flex them, but even moving them brought discomfort. Her jacket sleeves were far too small for them. Thankfully, they were pretty short to begin with, but even then, they just covered and squeezed her arms. It was difficult to move them, almost like they would tear if she tried anything big.

The difficulty though didn't bother her so much. A rising sense of anger was digging at her. They were covering her goods! How could she properly inspect/show them off if she had sleeves?

Before a drastic idea came to mind, it was corrected. It was like the magic knew. Her sleeves faded away, freeing her buff, blue arms from their confines.

Other changes followed right after. Her sleeveless jacket grew bigger and thicker on her. Satin turned to leather, its grayish tone blackening to the night sky. Her small, elegant bow faded out. The band that held it thickened, turning into a black studded choker.

Mumba didn't notice a thing about her attire shifting. Once feeling had returned to her arms, she lifted them high and gave them a proper flex. She felt her hair stand on end, goosebumps going up her spine. She wasn't sure if it was the magic or the power in her physique, but she liked it!

"Very nice," she cooed. She held one arm up still as the other went over, gently stroking and feeling its bulging figure. "VeryCOUGH!" She hit her chest. "Very nice!"

Guess this isn't really a problem. Mumba stretched and rolled her shoulders, feeling the weight of her new mass. Thinking more on it, the book said the spell was about bringing out the best of her, even if she wouldn't expect what it was. So, if it wasn't causing any problems, why should she be worried?

She smiled, nodding her head. *Yeah, I can roll with this for now. This is just about testing out a new spell, not anything life-changing. I can enjoy these big, striking muscles~.*

An arm went back up and flexed, goosebumps striking again. *Yeah, I'll so enjoy this. I can just undo this anytime too.*

The spellbook did indicate a way to change back. Just simply reciting the spell backwards and her breasts and dainty figure would be back in no time. If she was getting in over her head, she could fix this. She had self-control, intelligence, and a keen eye for recognizing a problem. She hadn't gotten this far in her career by not being careful.

Gets too hairy, I can pull out, Mumba told herself, nodding her head. She felt her flexed arm again. *Just enjoy it and... oh!*

Speaking of hairy, something new caught her attention. Feeling her arms, she brushed against some hairs. It was weird since she was usually so smooth and soft. She liked using her magic to keep it that way.

Looking at her arm, there was definitely fuzz. Thick, platinum white arm hair had grown up her fore- and upper arm. A quick check of the other arm showed the same thing.

“Well,” she mumbled, scratching her chest, “This I’m not so sure aboOH!” She looked down as best as she could at her chest. White hairs were sprouting between her pecs before spreading across them and up to her collarbone. The scruffiness was thinner, finer than her arms.

“Okay, still not sure about this.” She scratched her chest again, letting her fingers go through her hairs. She felt that warmth again, but that had to be due to feeling her pecs. Right?

Tingling arose again within her, coming into her stomach. The firm area turned denser as her skin bubbled. Muscles arose, pushing out and taking shape. At first, a small set of abs appeared, but then it increased, forming a firm, godly eight-pack.

Her fingers immediately headed south for her abs, taking them eagerly. She quivered, biting her bottom lip. *Mmm, those muscles. I like them too. Good thing I don’t have that stupid corset on or nobody could see these bad boys.*

Mumba giggled. *Getting way too caught up in this, but... I can’t help it! It feels so great to be this ripped!*

Looking at her abs, she returned to her fuzzy chest. She looked at her arms then. *I guess having a little hair isn’t bad. It goes well with dese muscles. Kind of makes me look stronger, rugged, and...*

She let out a chuckle, “Kinda feel handsome lookin’ like this.”

The room went quiet. “**Handsome... me? Also, dat voice.**”

The changes were going further up her now. Her neck widened, head growing to match. Her adam’s apple bulged a little more against her neck. Her hand went up, feeling the spot.

“**Damn, that’s why.**” She grunted, “**I’m getting really big.**” She tingled all over. She was getting big and that felt quite nice.

Her hair shook as if a gentle breeze had blown through. It was elegantly styled in a shortcut that just reached her chin. It shimmered and shined under the lights due to its lovely, gleaming white style.

It all started to fade. Her short locks got even shorter, pulling up to where her ears lay. Straight and smoothed over began to ruffle and curl, getting scruffier by the second. The glossy sheen of it faded, but its platinum white tone didn't.

Mumba ran her hand up her face, heat growing. **"I'm getting bigger."**

A smile cracked. **"I'm getting bigger."** Her eyebrows began to thicken, their trimmed perfection being lost. **"I... I want to be big."** The heat grew more, eyelashes shrinking.

A spell to enhance one's being, infusing with great power and influence. Capable of bringing the best out of another in ways they were not expecting.

"Yeah... yeah! Keep infusing me with power. I... I want to be the best I can be!"

Upon her chin, hairs began to sprout. Only a few and thin, white hairs popped out, giving her some slight facial fuzz. Across her jaws, her skin felt rougher as well, signaling the future.

"I want to be... ooooooooooooooh man." Mumba moaned deeply, squirming and rubbing her legs together. The heat was brewing hard down below, more intense than ever.

"Heh. Guess... guess this is really working me up a bit. But, I-I'll be fine. Total... total control over..." She shook, her skirt swaying a little. It too began to fade away, revealing her thighs, then her hips, then her crotch...

And her bulge.

Mumba's eyes widened, blinking several times. Her black panties were gone. She had on a sharp white thong on with the image of a top hat in the center, much like her own. Filling it out though was a bulge.

It was a big, male bulge at that. Her underwear tightly formed around it, but not too tight. It fit perfectly, showing off the shape of the roundish bulge and the tip above it that was starting to stretch.

"Holy crap." *It's so big... big like me. Powerful like me.*

She shook her head. She should've seen this sooner. The moment her breasts and curves faded out or even when all that body hair grew in, she should've expected this. She was turning into a buff guy.

This was completely unexpected and not particularly wanted by her... most of her... some of her? *H-how is this supposed to br-bring the best out of me? May-maybe the spell was metaphorical in its words.*

This had to be seen. She reached down and opened her speedo. Sure enough, there was the equipment she expected. She had literal blue balls and a real blue cock. There were also some white, curly pubic hairs too, but that she didn't care about.

What she cared about was the size. Her heart started to beat quicker. *I'm big downstairs.* Her cheeks grew even rosier, her cock twitching. She had several partners in the past, but she surpassed most of them, even in this limp state.

I... I guess a big guy like me should have big equipment too.

Mumba huffed. *Gotta keep it together. I feel... I feel like I'm on an edge. Gotta come back before I go over completely. Need to keep my head straight here and-*

She let go of her speedo, letting it snap back into place. Her pupils dilated, a burning sensation surging within her. **"Ooooooooooooooh, goddamn!"** That felt good.

Her knees pulled in as her body broke out into shakes. Its figure shifted more in an instant. She jumped up into the six-foot range and nearly to seven. Hips pulled in more, losing their curves and shape. Her form widened a little more, making her even stockier.

Her butt deflated soon after. Its butt cheeks lost their heart-shaped, no longer full and bubbly. Her rear firmed up, muscles increasing into a tight, athletic bum.

Mumba was panting, her eyes glazed over. Despite everything, she was smiling. She reached down and stroked her bulge. More vibrations quivered through her.

This isn't bad. She couldn't be sure at this point. Was that the magic's doing or was she feeling this naturally? Did she truly want to be this big, this manly, this powerful?

Mumba let out a deep, happy sigh. It did feel good. No, it felt great! At this point, why did she have to be weary of it? It was bringing the best out of her. It was bringing and making her feel the best, and she was all for it.

He was all for it. Mumba huffed, smirking as he felt his muscles again. He was fine with this. He was fine with being such a big, strong man.

The stage magician chuckled, putting his arms behind his head and taking himself in. *Yes, I am a big, strong, powerful man.* His crotch tingled, its erect bulge growing. *I'm a big guy with plenty...* “UMPH!” ...*of...* “UMPH!” ...*influence!* “UMPH!”

He thrust his crotch out happily, his bulge shaking and bouncing with each one. The tingling went into his legs at long last. Thankfully, they did not go numb like his arms. They just packed on the muscles, getting firmer and buffer with dense thighs and calves.

As his feet grew to match, his footwear shifted. The heels sunk back into his soles as those grew thicker. The material turned leathery and harder. He had proper dress shoes on.

Mumba hummed, looking down with a cocky smile. It did feel fun to thrust his crotch out like that. It felt natural as if he had done it before. ***Heh, wish some of my ladies were around to see that. They'd probably be putty seeing a handsome guy like me.***

That warm sensation grew once more, this time a pleasant shimmer within him. The hairs on his chin grew out, thickening and spreading a little down his gentle jaw. Gentle for a moment though as his jaw thickened and widened more.

“Heh, show off. Would be fun to show off like this. People deserve to see all this hunky goodness.” He scratched his chin. He could just walk out and find his employees to show them the new him to start. That would give him a nice kick.

On the other hand, that seemed boring. He was a showman after all! He needed to make an entrance and spectacle... or maybe a big, showy spectacle.

How to do... Some soft scuffles came from behind him. He glanced back and saw the broom, still cleaning up the room. It was a very effective spell.

Mumba gripped the handle instinctively, a soft aura appearing around his fist and then over into the handle. He needed something else though. Something better, something more fitting for him. He knew what had to be done.

The soft bristle of the broom vanished, leaving the handle behind. The wooden handle turned metal and lengthened. It hit the ceiling and floor, merging into a firm pole.

Mumba licked his lips, which deflated from their puffy pout. ***This will do nicely.***

His hand gripped the new pole tightly, the other arm wrapping around it. With a quick twist, he did a hook spin on it. His cock twitched, speedo dampening. Oh, that was heavenly!

His brow thickened ever so slightly as he put his back against the pole next. He gripped one hand on the pole above him, the other went on his thigh. He slid gently down it, spreading his legs out to show his crotch off.

His eyes clenched, his smile cocky and full of it. It felt so natural, so right to do this. It was like he pole danced all his life, the moves just coming to him one after another.

Standing back up, Mumba pulled off a flamingo pose before diving straight into a fireman spin, twirling around the pole gracefully. He continued on and on like this, occasionally running a hand down his sides or grinding/thrusting his bulge against the pole. He just needed to do this.

His body felt on fire. The last changes struck, the old him fully melting away. His nose widened as his higher cheekbones faded. His chin thickened ever so slightly, followed by smaller, subtle changes to his mug. His facial hair fully grew out, taking over his jaws for a rugged, but nicely trimmed beard.

Fuuuuuuck yeah! Mumba thought, his eyes closing as he became lost in the moves. ***Now, this is how you do a show! Magic is great, but there ain't nuthin' better than showing your own "personal" magic and skill.***

In his mind, the room faded out. He was on stage again, the venue was different from the usual theaters he performed at. It was darker, neon lights and spotlights all around. The stage was smaller and circular. People were packed close to the stage, everyone from all walks of life. They were all there to see-

“Introducing: Magus the Magnificent! He’s charmed you with mystical magic, now’s about to show you that hot bod that’s packing all that heat!”

His eyes opened, a deep, dark emerald green to them. ***That’s right. People want to see me, Magus the Magnificent! People don’t want the same old, same old boring girl impressing them every time. They want something new, fresh, exciting that’ll get them hot and bothered!***

Magus moaned pleurably. His bulge swelled immensely. His balls were at least the size of oranges now. His rod was almost half a foot in length, erect and poking out of his speedo now.

A blue aura emanated off the magical man, the room aglow with blue. He knew what he must do. ***This is what I need. What the show needs! I know how to make things even better than ever!***

He pulled off one final spin on the pole. ***“Fuck yes! Magus the Magnificent is going to blow the minds of this whole magical industry!”***

“Holy crap!” “Well, someone’s looking different!” “I-is tha-that who I think-” “Yep! Boss is boss man now and man, what a hottie!” “Just because Mumba is a guy now, don’t you start getting all horny on him, ya dumb bunny.”

Magus hopped off the pole, landing facing the door. The whole team was either in the doorway or the room now. Starling, his second-in-command; Happy the Cat, the anime catgirl with puffy paws and feet; June, Happy’s human-ish, blue sister; and Jessie the Buns; their bunny anthro for the more elaborate tricks. All were there.

Magus, dick out and hard, felt no shame. He eyed his team, who looked at him either with shock, amused surprise, or shameless horniness. All wonderful, hard-working, blue gals that have been with him for years now.

He smiled politely, bending down and picking up his wand from where dropped it. He twirled it in his fingers. ***“Ladies, just been working on new tricks for our coming tour. I think I came up with a fun idea, something for an aftershow if you will.”***

“R-really?” Starling asked, her eyes locking with Magus’ own to avoid looking anywhere else. “Wha-what did you have in mind?”

“Oh, just some entertainment to really expand on what we can do!” He held the wand up and gave it a twist. ***“Ego maior, fortior et plus virile! Ego maior, fortior et plus virile! Ego maior, fortior et plus virile!”***

The wand glowed red and several sparks flew off of it all at once. Before his team could even react, they were circled and struck by the energy. Some were hit in the chest, others in different parts of their bodies.

“Ooooooh, whoa...” June moaned. Her breasts began receding into her chest. “That... what was that?”

“The future, June.” Magus warmly answered.

“The future?” Happy trembled, rubbing her thighs together as they bulked up. Her tight blue shorts bulged, male equipment making itself known.

“Yes. As I said, I have a vision, a grand plan for our tour. It may be sudden, but you’ll all quite enjoy it, I assure you.”

“I-I think I know what he’s talking about.” Jessie huffed, feeling her arms. Their muscle mass was bulging now, giving her some ripped definition.

“Same, same.” Starling moaned. Her chest was fading as well, hairs growing on it. Light beard hairs were popping out along her jawline as well.

Magus smirked. **“Boys, it’s time for an enhancement. Time to show some true power and influence. It’s time we were all our best. You all want to be your best, riiiiight?”**

Moans and deep grunts all agreed in unison. Mumba’s show would go on. Just because Magus had a new look, insight, and feelings didn’t mean he would toss out everything that worked before.

However, that also didn’t mean he couldn’t add a few new tricks and create a new, exclusive, aftershow party. If all went well, the party could even be something fun for the off seasons as well. This was a form crying out to be ogled, loved, and lusted after. He wouldn’t have it any other way.

Though, in the back of his mind, he couldn’t help but wonder about something. Did Cassidy know this would happen? Her coven was a tricky sort after all. He may have to do something about it, like treat them to the same special thing they gave him.

And if they didn’t know, well, why not spread the love around? Surely they could go with a little “Surging Moi” themselves.

THE END?

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