

Bubblegum Brain Pop (Men to Bimbos TG)

By FoxFaceStories

A Commission for AI

A new catchy pop song on the radio begins to turn all girls who listen to it into horny bimbos, and soon the men become affected as well. Matthew rushes to try to figure out who is behind this even as he turns into a gorgeous raven-haired vixen himself.

Bubblegum Brain Pop

The shadowy figure cackled as he looked upon his work inside the sealed room. The woman inside was a former coworker and workplace gossip generator, and she had gotten him fired simply from the nasty rumours she had successfully spread about his character. She had labelled him a creep, a weirdo, a stalker. Well, if she was going to label him a monster, then he might as well become one, right? And it hadn't taken much to lure her to his home with promises of apologies and gifts to make things right. She always did have an ego.

Now, though? Now, she was altogether changed, with subtle curves where previously she had none, and a bust that was starting to strain her shirt. She banged on the one-way mirror of the room she was locked inside of.

"Like, let me out of here, you weirdo! I don't know what you've, like, done, but it's totally weird! My brain feels all fuzzy, and I'm starting to feel soooo horny. Get me out, you sicko! And whatever you do, don't play that totally catchy song again!"

The shadowy figure grinned. The song was his masterpiece. The science of radio waves and their ability, when paired with reality-altering physics at a tachyonic level, to literally remake the world. Or remake a person, in this case.

"I can't let you out," he said through the speaker. "Not yet. That song I just played? *Bubblegum Brain Pop*? Well, it was just a test. Only the first verse and the chorus on repeat a few times. And we can see the magnificent results, can't we? Now, Abigail, you literally ruined my career. Now it's time for me to get my revenge. Now it's time for me to make you a bimbo *all the way*."

"N-no! You can't do that! My boobs are already bigger, and I'm, like, younger and stuff!"

"But not dumb enough. Not needy and submissive enough. And certainly not busty and pretty enough. You thought I was a creep and a sicko, Abigail? Don't worry, you won't think that soon enough. None of them will. Because as much as I hate you, you're just the

test run. My real enemies, the people who fucked me over in the past? They're going to be the *real* targets. And I just can't wait to see their faces once they change."

The woman in the room stepped towards the glass. She couldn't see him, but he could see her. Her lips were puffier, her middle-aged features looked younger. She had a slightly vacant look, even though she was horrified.

"You can't do this! Please!"

The man just shrugged. "Don't worry, the more you listen, the more you change. And the more you change, the more you'll be happy to have your *Bubblegum Brain Pop*."

And then the music started.

*Bubblegum Brain Drop, you make my brain stop,
You make me want to be your sexy girl,
Bubblegum Brain Drop, make me your hot prop,
Grab my curvy body and take me for a whirl.*

"Oooh, I love this song!" Chelsea said, seizing control of the car radio and turning it up.

"What is it?" Matthew asked as he drove.

"It's a new one. I don't even know the artist - she must be super secret or something. But it's called *Bubblegum Brain Pop*. I only heard it on the radio this morning but I was super annoyed it didn't play again. Listen, the lyrics are great."

Matthew chuckled to himself. He wasn't one for pop songs, especially girly ones, but he humoured his girlfriend and listened in regardless.

*Bubblegum Brain Burst, I wanna be your first,
I wanna have the body that will make your stare,
Bubblegum Brain Burst, I gotta make you thirst,
I gotta be your bimbo with sexy long hair.*

"You like *this* song?" Matthew asked, bewildered.

"Shut up!" Chelsea said playfully. "I'm allowed to like silly things. It's got a mad bopping tune and you have to admit the singer's got talent."

"It's literally about becoming a bimbo and signing yourself over to a man and being his sexual plaything. I thought you were all about that liberation."

Chelsea rolled her eyes, but handed back control over the radio. Matthew changed it instead to another station that was playing some nice rock.

"That's more my beat," he said, grinning.

"You are so predictable! Boys and their rock."

"Girls and their pop! Mind you, maybe we should listen to that song some more. It had some really interesting ideas about how a woman should act around a man. What do you say Chel, wanna grow long luscious hair for me and 'make me thirst'?"

She giggled. "In your dreams."

"Oh, I've had such dreams."

"Of course you have. And they'll stay there too, because my taste in music aside, you won't catch me being some submissive bimbo, y'hear?"

He laughed as he rounded the corner. "I hear ya loud and clear, Chel. It's a good thing I'm such a liberated, progressive, forward-thinking man who finds a woman's brain sexier than her-"

"Oh, stop it!"

He chuckled one last time and kept on driving, and the two settled in, listening to the rock, though a small part of Matthew was curious to listen to the rest. He wasn't lying despite the jokes: he'd always considered himself quite progressive and forward-thinking, and always respectful of women. It was how he'd managed to land such a wonderful girlfriend in Chelsea. She was a pretty girl-next-door type, with slightly-frizzy ginger hair and striking blue eyes behind her glasses, which she really needed in order to see. She had a slim figure, though he'd always thought she had a nice pair of breasts underneath her plain jackets - a good handful of C-cups, in fact - and she was pretty damn short too. All in all, a cute package. But what had captured his heart and held it close for the last four years of their relationship had been her intelligence and fiery wit, and the way she could always surprise him. It was, ironically, *no* surprise that she was the breadwinner, and well on her way to becoming an engineer.

Which was not to say that Matthew was some spring chicken. Quite the opposite, and this was reflected in his confident appearance and smart, carefully maintained dark hair. He made sure to take care of his body, and was an avid gym-goer. He knew from experience those boons: his impressive forearms had been what enticed Chelsea to go out with him in the first place. Only later had she learned that he was actually quite a thoughtful, intelligent, and witty man (though not as witty as her, of course), who greatly enjoyed reading classic literature and painting small models to relax in his spare time. Even since, they had got on like a house on fire, transitioning their relationship to the college campus life, and then again to moving in together while they studied. He was planning to become a psychologist, and she was wonderfully supportive of him. In fact, she was so supportive and wonderful, that he

had actually purchased a secret ring recently, with the intent of finding a good romantic moment to propose to his wonderful girlfriend.

“Hey, Earth to Matthew? Can you hear me?”

Matthew realised he’d been reminiscing, his mind going a little blank.

“Sorry, what was that?”

Chelsea giggled. “You phased out. We both did, actually. Like, we were both humming *Bubblegum Brain Pop* right through your favourite rock track.”

Matthew marvelled. It was hard enough humming a tune through a different piece of music as it was, but to think he’d been doing so unconsciously, and over the top of Joan Jett herself? It could barely be worth contemplating!

“Wowzers, I guess it really is catchy,” he said. “Left turn here, right?”

Chelsea frowned, and Matthew began to get a little antsy. They were on a freeway, and the off ramp was coming up soon.

“Might want to hurry up, Chel, I’m running out of space here! Is it left?”

“Um, I don’t remember. Don’t you know?”

“It’s Monica’s house. She’s *your* friend. You’ve been there a billion times, Chel.”

“Like, uh . . . yes! I’m sure it is!” she said in a surprisingly peppy voice, only to squeal a little as Matthew had to switch lanes quickly, crossing over the white line just in time.

“Jeez, Chel, where did *that* come from?”

Chelsea blinked. “Sorry,” she said, clutching her head. “I don’t know what came over me. I guess I just had a brain fart or something.”

“Or a brain pop?”

“Oh, ha ha. Maybe I was just distracted by the tune?”

It wasn’t on the radio anymore, but she started humming it all the way to Monica’s place. Matthew found himself joining in occasionally.

“Happy birthday, Monnie!” Chelsea squealed, running to embrace her friend. She did so, and Monica and Matthew exchanged an amused glance. Since when did Chelsea squeal, after all? And twice in one day at that!

“Thanks Chel,” she replied, pulling apart. “It’s so great to see you guys. Come on in. Everyone else is here, including Joel and Sarah.”

“Sweet,” Matthew replied, since he got along with Joel. And if Joel was there, then there was a good chance Greg was too, and Greg always brought the best beer. They waltzed inside, following Monica into her house. She had been Chelsea’s best friend since literally forever, and was more what you would call traditionally beautiful, with flawless dark

skin and gorgeously frizzy black hair, and a broad smile that lit up her whole face. And she was sweet as chocolate and nice as sugar too, not that it stopped her from being the top of her legal class. That woman was going to dominate as a lawyer, if she could learn to not always be so nice to everyone.

“You guys have fun,” Matthew said to his girlfriend, kissing her on the lips briefly. “I’m going to find Joel and Greg and-”

“Crack a few cold ones? I better not be driving you home, tough guy.”

“That’s right. After all, you wouldn’t know which way to go!”

She gave him a playful punch on the arm and giggled. And giggled. And giggled. For a moment, Matthew was worried that his normally sly girlfriend was malfunctioning, until she stopped herself and just said. “Sorry, that was, like, sooo funny!”

She kissed him again, this time a lot longer than was prudent at someone else’s birthday party, and then headed off to her friends. She squealed again.

“Uh, is Chelsea drunk already?” Joel said, the tubby yet tough football player approaching.

“No, she hasn’t had a drop,” Matthew said, marvelling at the sight of her. Her hair was lush and ginger and gorgeous, and almost looked longer than normal. “I guess she’s just really keen to catch up with her friends.”

Joel shrugged. “Well, shall we retreat to the man corner?”

“Totally,” Matt said. He took one last glance at the girl’s group as Chelsea laughed and embraced several of them.

“It was just the cutest song. It’s called Bubblegum Brain Pop.”

“Oh, I’ve heard of that! It’s sooo good! Can we play it now?”

“Absolutely. Let’s get the music started for the festivities! I’m twenty three and I want to PAR-TAY!!”

“Great,” he muttered to himself. “It’s going to be stuck in my head for the rest of the night now.”

He had no idea how true that statement was.

The party continued. They’d arrived in the early afternoon, which gave the girls plenty of time to catch up, chat, and for the men to run the barbecue. Matthew had brought ribs, and he knew from experience that they were always a delight, though he was having a little trouble remembering the exact temp to really get them sizzling to perfection at. Joel had to help.

“What’s wrong, man? Have you been, like, resting on your laurels?”

Matt shrugged. "Dunno. I think I'm just a bit tired from the long week. That, or the beers Greg brought are extra strength or something."

"Just the usual," Greg said. "You guys aren't ready for extra strength."

"Oh, tough guy!" Joel said. "Say, what are the girls doing inside?"

They each had a peek, and several of the other boyfriends who were hanging out on the deck did so as well. In the living room, near the unwrapped presents, the girls had set aside their girly drinks and were pretending to hold microphones as they sang together. It came as a bit of a warble to the men outside, especially since the barbecue sizzled loudly and the rock music was playing, but it was obvious that they were all swept up in some tune that had them cracking up. Monica and Chelsea were embracing like sisters, while Jessica and Meg were literally jumping up and down, hair flying all about as they sang loud and proud like they were in a karaoke club.

"Well, they're having fun," Greg said, clearly amused. "Did they hit the sauce before us or something?"

"No, they've still not even cracked open the drinks," Matt said, marvelling at the party inside. He'd never seen Chelsea so free and wild. She was ordinarily more dry, fiery in her wit and manner, but not exactly a party girl. Hell, that was half the reason she'd left her former boyfriend for him: he'd wanted her to be a piece of meat always showing herself off, and she walked. Now, he couldn't help but notice that she'd pulled her shirt up a little or something, and her midriff was bared. Still, it wasn't a bad sight. None of the men were complaining: Joel had just as much of a good sight of Monica's own sexy stomach.

"Hey, wasn't she wearing a dress, not a two-piece before?" Matt said.

The other two guys looked at him funny. "What are you, the fashion police?" Greg taunted.

"No, it's just - I could have sworn she was in a dress or something."

"People can change clothes, Matt. You do know that, right?"

"Yeah, but . . . ah, never mind."

Joel patted him on the back. "I'm going in. If they aren't drinking then I'll nick some of their drinks, and Greg here can help me get more of the meat from the freezer. I'm fucking starving. Take care of what's sizzling for me, Matt."

"Yeah," Matthew said, still staring into the window, his voice vaguely empty. "Sure."

He'd never seen Chelsea so . . . vital. So joyful. And why was Meg jumping on the couch? She was shy as shy came, to the point where she often sat at the corner of these things, and suddenly she was bouncing amidst all of them. Matthew moved to the iPod that was playing through to the speakers on the deck, and cut short David Bowie rocking out.

"What are you listening to, I wonder," he mused.

And that's when it came through, muffled by the walls and closed windows, but now able to be heard. It was just as he had thought, and for some reason dreaded. It was *Bubblegum Brain Pop*.

*Bubblegum Brain Swerve, I wanna make you perv,
I wanna be the party bimbo to make you drop your guard.
Bubblegum Brain Swerve, just how can I serve,
Your every sexy need when you get hard?*

*I'll have long lashes like you like.
I'll have nice long legs too.
I'll have the kind of eyes that draw you in.
I won't have a big brain, I'd rather have big breasts.
Why be a smart girl when my sexy man knows all the rest?*

"Jesus, the lyrics were worse than I thought," Matthew mused. "Chelsea usually hates this stuff."

He rested his hand against his head, confused and a little concerned at the sight of the women inside. Maybe it was just the angle of the glass window, or the lighting inside, or the way they were constantly moving, but he could have sworn that Chelsea looked taller than usual. And a little . . . bustier. Her top was wobbling more than usual, and she must have undone a couple of buttons or something, because there was actual cleavage on display. She was a nice C-cup, but these looked bigger, somehow. Monica's lips as she sang had also swollen, and her hair was fuller and bigger. Even shy Meg seemed more sensuous in her movements, her skin clearer. Didn't she have acne? Since when did she have long, sexy eyelashes?

And why was the song so damn catchy? It was invading his brain!

"Hey, dude, the steak is burning! Turn the shuffle back on! We want Bowie back!"

Matthew snapped from his strange thought process, and moved with alarm to get the steak off of the grill.

"Sorry! I was just . . . that song inside."

"Yeah," Greg said, voice squeaking a little. "They're sure got it loud in there. Super, like, catchy, right?"

"Yeah," Matt said. "Yeah, it super is. I mean, it is. Look, this is gonna sound weird, but do the girls inside look a little . . . different to you?"

Joel gave a heavy shrug. He must have lost more weight than Matthew remembered, because his big white shirt billowed over his form. He'd always been larger, but he'd mentioned dieting recently, to be a more classically handsome athlete.

"Maybe. My girl Sarah is hot as ever, though her ass looks especially hot tonight. Or are you talking about Meg's boob job?"

"Her what?"

Greg pitched in. "Joel spotted it. She has to have had a boob job, right? She was the star of *Pirates of the Caribbean: Dead Flat Chest* before, and now she's got B-cups at the least, maybe C's."

"Total boob job," Joel said. "Like, could not be clearer."

"Totes."

Matt blinked. Since when did Greg say 'totes'?

"Well, I'll get the music started up again," he said. "Anything to get that *Bubblegum Brain Pop* music out of my head. It's, like, really catchy, isn't it?"

Greg and Joel nodded at once.

"Totes."

"Like, soooo much."

"We were actually dancing a little in the kitchen to it, embarrassingly."

"Soooo embarrassing," Joel admitted, blushing. His cheeks were usually hairier, but they were smooth now. In fact, he must have shaved again, because his short beard was gone and Matthew had only just realised it.

"Dude, you shaved? When?"

"I didn't shave at all!"

"Your face is bare!"

Joel felt it. "Huh. I guess it is. Like, I completely forgot! What a ditz I am!"

Greg giggled. Actually giggled. Matthew was getting a dreadful feeling, and it was almost making him emotional: he was never hugely emotional like that, at least around others. His heart thumped in his chest, and he moved to turn Bowie back on.

"Wait!" Greg said. "They've got the song playing again. Apparently, whoever paid to have it play has it on some repeats! We should at least listen to the rest!"

But Matthew turned Bowie back on, and *Five Years* eclipsed that strangely addictive song. The disappointment from Joel and Greg was immense, and they all fell into small talk as they continued cooking and drinking. Matthew couldn't stop staring at Joel's shaved face, or how Greg seemed a little smaller in the shoulders than usual. He had to be imagining things, but they both looked . . . softer. Their skin clearer. And the way they talked was a lot more . . . peppy. So it came as no surprise that when Joel's girlfriend Sarah slammed open

the door to the deck and waved them to come in, that they practically jumped at the opportunity.

“Yo, big boys! We need you hot guys in here! We’re getting suuuuuper horny for you! Let’s have a sexy party and sing to this hot beat!”

She topped it off with an excited squeal that was far higher than Sarah’s usual contralto could ever manage. Matthew was about to warn the men to stay out for a moment, but they *ran* in after Sarah.

“Why the fuck is her hair *platinum blonde* now?” Matthew said to himself, defended only by the aura of heavy metal ACDC against the strange song inside. Sarah’s hair had always been dark blonde. “And was she seriously wearing a crop top and short shorts?”

He didn’t even want to speak out loud that her tits looked like goddamn melons, or that her eyes were far bluer than they had ever been. And that hourglass figure was like something out of a cartoon.

“She was never, like, super clever, but she never sounded like a hawt bimbo or anything. I mean, a *hot* bimbo.”

He looked back through the window, and saw that the entire congregation of women and several men were partying inside. Harry and Carter had joined in: they must have arrived later and not even stepped outside. They too looked changed, even more than Joel and Greg. Their shirts were tented out, like they were turning into . . .

“No. That’s impossible. No way.”

The song ended, and the dancing and excitement of the girls and boys with it. He hadn’t heard the final lines, but they must have been powerful, because Chelsea was singing her heart out, and pushing her boobs together: a pair of boobs that were most definitely bigger than they were supposed to be now. Despite himself, Matthew found himself getting hard. His nipples stiffened too, a fact he had to attribute to the cool wind. At least, that’s what he wanted to attribute it to.

But then it was over, and each person inside settled down, panting from all the excitement, chests rising and falling like pairs of buoys upon the waves.

And then they each looked at one another.

Stared.

Looked down at themselves.

Stared.

And they all began to scream like a pack of terrified party girls, men included.

Matthew held his loving girlfriend against him as she cried on Monica’s couch.

"I, like, don't understand! It's like I'm a total dumb bimbo now! I've got these big hawt tits and super good legs and I'm really fucking horny, Matty! Don't I just look sooo good? But I shouldn't! I don't want to be like this even if I am sooo sexy. Ugh, this is all, like, super confusing!"

Matthew didn't know what to do, neither did any of the men. All of their girlfriends were a bunch of hot messes, emphasis on *hot*. The music had changed them, it was undeniable: they all had bigger breasts, fitter figures, shapelier legs, and sexier faces. At least, sexier in the sense that they were all looking like bubble-brained bimbos. Matt found it attractive in a pornographic sense, but none of it was turning him on at the moment, because his girlfriend had been changed against her will.

"Look at them!" she cried, squeezing her tits so that they pushed up in her top - a top that was now impossibly smaller than it should have been. "They're too big! Like, way too big! I've got double-D's, Matty. Gawd, they're sexy as fuck though, aren't they?"

"Yeah, they are," he admitted, swallowing. Her cleavage was incredible, and the fact that her doe-eyed expression made her look innocent and sweet as hell was starting to override his concern, if only for a moment. "I mean, don't, like, get up in arms about it, Chel. We'll figure it out. We'll get you back in no time!"

"Noooo!" Monica cried from the corner. "Don't, like, change us back! I've got bigger tits now and it's hawwwwwt. Isn't it hot, Joel?"

"Why are you, like, asking me? I'm with Sarah!"

"Mhmm, but I bet you'd like me, wouldn't you? I mean, what the actual fuck am I saying?"

This started an argument, and soon a number of the girls were competing against one another, comparing their breasts sizes, their asses, and their new bras - how had they even gotten new bras? Was it magic? The boys could only try to calm the women down, but the fact that all of them - especially the guys who had been indoor the longest - also looked weaker and more feminine even stirred *them* into comparisons.

"Don't shit talk about my super sexy bimbo gal like that!" Joel declared, after Greg had compared Hannah to Sarah favourably. "At least I don't have tiny little shoulders and womanly lips!"

"You take that back, big boy! My lips look, like, really great. I mean, they're normal. You lost your beard! And your nipples are showing through your shirt!"

A few giggles resounded at this revelation, and Joel blushed with embarrassment, covering them in a pose that could only be described as deeply feminine. It was disturbing to see the formerly massive football star do that, even if he was still rather big and imposing he had managed to lose a lot of weight, though not in his chest area, which was oddly prominent.

"This is crazy," Matthew muttered.

"Totes crazy," Chelsea sobbed. "I've become, like, a total bimbo!"

"You're not a bimbo, Chel. You're just talking a bit, um, weird, and got a super upgrade to your bod. I mean, changes to your body."

She trembled, biting her lip in a way that was as sad as it was strangely cute. "But I can barely, like, remember anything about engineering! Monica couldn't even tell me much about her lawyer degree and stuff! Meg is totes the smartest out of all of us and she called herself a 'rocket surgeon in training' a moment ago. She wasn't even joking! She was, like, totes serious! Gawd, we're all getting dumber, and the guys are changing too! How can this happen!"

Matthew sighed. He'd been over this before, over half an hour ago, but Chel had been distracted by the 'cute shampoo ad guy' on the television. He'd had to turn it off. Now, he was explaining again.

"Like I said, it's that song. *Bubblegum Brain Pop*—"

"You make my heart stop!" cheered several of the boys and girls in the background, before falling into giggles."

Matthew glared at them. "Goddamnit! Stop singing it!"

"Lol, sorry!" Sarah giggled.

"Ugh. It's the song, Chel. Things started changing when we heard it. I'm, like, even saying 'like' now, and my nipples are weird, and my facial hair is totally - uh, gone."

"Awww, but it was super sexy! At least *this* isn't gone, right?"

She reached down to touch his cock, pressed firmly against his trousers. It was hard. He would never normally be so turned on. He wanted to help Chelsea, after all. He was concerned for her.

But fuck if he wasn't getting turned on.

They kissed, and she began to moan in his mouth.

"Ohhhhh, you know what? I don't, like, even care about being a dumb, sexy bimbo! I want you to fuck me like I'm your red-haired goddess! I want you to cum up inside my horny body!"

He moaned too, and for a moment the pair simply couldn't care less about the fact that they were in the living room, on the couch, in full view of half the other people. They themselves gave an "oohh!" of delight before beginning to make out with each other. Lonely Meg, to Matthew's shock, even joined in with Sarah and Joel. It was a deeply hot sight, and soon he couldn't help himself: he was freeing his cock from his pants, and his hot girlfriend was pulling her panties down. They had somehow become sexy lingerie, and it made him all the harder.

“Mhmm, this is sooooo wrong, but sooooo hot! I want you to fuck me like I’m your sexy submissive girlie, Matty! Gawd, I totally want to moan like a whore for you! Get your dick in me. Please, pretty please, I need you so bad!”

There was something wrong, something that was eluding him, he could tell. But the pleasure was too good. It was like being in a dream, and a sexy one at that. He ripped off his girlfriend’s shirt, loving the way her puppies had grown so much bigger. She begged him to suck on them, something he was happy to comply with, and soon he was sliding his cock inside her, the two overwhelmed by bliss. The other couples around the room were fucking, and it was too good to stop. Soon they were close to orgasm, her tits wobbling with each thrust, and his own nipples burning with arousal.

“I love you big tits!”

“I love your big cock! Gawd, I want it really big! I want it huge like Brian’s!”

Matthew halted, horrified. “B-Brian’s? Why are you bringing up Brian?”

“Because he’s soooo hot! Gawd, I’m just imagining him right now!”

“Me too!” cried Monica.

“Me, like, three!” cried Sarah. “Joel, act like Brian!”

“Who the hell is Brian?”

“Ohhhhh, she’s Chelsea’s ex! The one she left to get with Matty over here. We always thought he was a dweeb but - aahhhh! Yes, yes! - but now I can’t stop thinking about how much I want to fuck him!”

“Ohhhh, yeah, baby,” Joel said, as if this sentiment was perfectly sane. “Tell me about Brian. Close your eyes and imagine I’m him.”

“He’s got light brown hair, and thinner arms. He’s not too big, and total nerd. A sexy nerd. Ohhhh, I’m gonna cum just thinking about it! Cum in me, Brian!”

“Yes, cum in me Brian!” Chel added, even as Matthew continued to thrust into her, half lost in pleasure, half horrified. And that was when he realised what was happening. He could hear it. How long had it been playing and none of them had noticed? Gawd, he was even *humming* it as he fucked his girlfriend.

*Bubblegum Brain Twist, check out my sexy tits,
They really want you to shove your face in them.
Bubblegum Brain Twist, I love you to bits,
I want to serve you, I’m so goddam femme!*

He came. Gawd, he came. More explosively than he ever had. It *drained* him, and there was no other way to describe it than it was like his very masculinity was actively fleeing his body. Chelsea moaned just like the bimbo she’d been moments ago terrified of

becoming. He lifted himself up, still grunting, only to see her breasts blow up larger, her waist pull in tighter, and her hips become even more gorgeously wide.

“No! Oh Gawd, it's, like, not right!”

His own body was changing too. His armchairs shrank away, and he could sense his skin becoming softer and more supple and the flesh redistributed. His shirt shrank in time with his shoulders, and his hips flared, causing him to gasp. It felt good. So damn good, and for a moment he almost gave himself over to the changes. But then he saw the sheer lust and vacant-eyed joy in Chelsea's eyes, and he realised what he had nearly surrendered to.

Matthew pulled himself out of Chelsea, spilling his cum a little on the couch and floor. He ran to the radio in the kitchen and shut it off. They must have forgotten that the player in the living room wasn't the only one, and he cursed himself for apparently losing any sense of lateral thought. He gazed around the room.

The others were all incredibly changed.

“Oh, like, we all look suuuuuper pretty now!” Monica cried, as if she hadn't already been fabulous before. “Ohhhhh, I just love my big titties! I never had them like this before! Oh, I just love them! Hee!”

She shook her shoulders, and her enormous pair of ripe E-cups wobbled in her top, which was now tight and pink and showing an immense swell of cleavage. It was matched by her incredible behind, which was barely concealed by her miniskirt: she was obviously wearing a thong beneath it, one that was positively scandalous in how threadbare it was.

“Mmhm, this is, like, a total upgrade!” Meg said, coming down from her own high from the threesome with Sarah and Joel. “I was, like, totes flat as a board before. Now I've got, like, suuuuuch a big rack! Don't you just love my titties, everyone? And this hair!”

She squeaked in excitement, brushing her hands through her hair which was now positively perfect, with a reflective sheen through it that could have been in a shampoo ad. It ran all the way to her waist, where just below her new and very fertile hips were wide and proud, rather than the thin pelvis she'd had before. Matthew tried to hide his horniness, but even after just cumming hard, he was feeling a bit aroused. His nipples pushed out against his top and he rubbed them idly.

“Awww, you turned off the music, lover boy!” came a familiar voice. He turned and gaped in combined horror and excitement at the sight of Chelsea. Gone were any imperfections in her skin, and her curly hair was now luscious and full and long, as if it belonged to an eighties beauty. Her lips were so full that they could only be described as the kind meant for sucking cocks, and her cheekbones had become prominent and sexy. Somehow, his cute girlfriend had become drop-dead gorgeous, and she had a perfect set of juicy melons that formed a larger rack than any woman in the room. They matched the rest

of her utterly curvaceous figure, and the fact that she was now wearing what looked to be a slutty cheerleading costume made him briefly lose his breath.

“No, this is, like, impossible!” he cried, voice higher than it should have been. He shook his head, wanting to wake, but it just made his dark curls bounce against his shoulders. When had they grown? He could barely keep track of it all: his brain was already feeling tingly enough as it was. “You can’t all have, like, changed! We’ve got to get out of here!”

“He’s right!” Greg called.

“Yeah, Joel said. “We’re turning into, like, bitches and stuff. Seriously, I’m growing goddamn tits here! B-big ones!”

It was no lie. While both men, and the ones already in the room from the beginning like Samuel, were nowhere near the vixen-like vapid bimbos around them yet, they were certainly looking deeply feminised by this point. Joel’s hair had grown out long, while Greg had a cute pixie cut that matched his now-androgynous face. Their clothing had tightened, revealing their skinnier waists, smaller shoulders, and smaller frames. Joel was now looking more like a tall supermodel-to-be rather than his massive athlete self, while Greg was only getting shorter. Both had wider hips, and from the sheer embarrassment on their cheeks when their hands wandered south, it was clear their own manhoods had shrunk. Matthew would barely recognise them as his friends if he saw them on the street.

“Awww, but you’ll look so sexy like we do!” Sarah announced. “Admit it, Joel-y, you’d look soooo hot as a girl. We could push our big titties against one another and do each other’s hair and - oh God, why am I saying this?”

“Why are any of us, like, saying this?” another cried.

“I can’t stop thinking about how cute my nails are!”

“I’m getting really horny again already.”

“That song - it was soooo good.”

“It was totes the best, but it’s turning us into like empty-headed bimbos and stuff. Mhmmmm, just saying it out loud is making my pussy all wet.”

Chelsea swallowed, nervous. She looked at Matthew, who returned her gaze. Her eyes were far more vacant than they should have been. He could tell it was taking every ounce of thought to keep on concentrating. She was already squeezing and groping her massive melons, letting them wobble in a way that Matthew was finding hard to ignore.

“M-Matty. I don’t know what’s h-happening to me. I want to hate it but, like, it feels really, really good. Please, you’ve got to help me, before I keep changing. I can’t even remember, like, anything from being an engineer-whatsit. I just want to, like, suck cock and rub my tits against your chest, Brian.”

“Stop calling me Brian! He was your ex boyfriend, remember? Your *ex!*”

Her eyes became a little sharper, and she collected herself, clutching her head as if that would help pass the electrons through her neural pathways.

“Oh. Oh, yeah. He was the cutie with the dark hair, wasn’t he? He had a kind of rebel, like, sexiness and stuff?”

He grabbed her by the shoulders, trying to ignore how soft and dainty his own hands had become - his nails were also perfect.

“Chel, snap out of it! All of you, snap out of it! That music is poison! Somehow, I don’t understand it, but it’s changing you all into bimbos, even us guys! We have to stop listening to it and find out what is going on.”

A number of them murmured agreement, but others showed an interest in listening to “just a little more,” while others still simply hummed the tune. In mere moments, they were even humming the catchy tune which had already seared itself into Matthew’s brain. Joel was one of them.

*“Bubblegum Brain Pop, It’ll never stop,
Until I’m yours yours yours yours yours.
Bubblegum Brain Pop, I’m gonna be so hot,
I’m gonna let Brian fuck me while I’m on all fours.”*

Matthew’s jaw fell. “What did you just say?” he said to the group, but they just ignored him until he raised his voice. “I said stop singing! Stop fucking singing! What name did you just say!?”

“B-Brian,” Greg said, shaking his head. “I - why the hell were we saying that dweeb’s name? Wasn’t he the guy we used to make fun of back in high school, Joel?”

“Y-yeah. Yeah, it was. Brian in all black, looking like a total emo.”

“A sexy emo,” Sarah added.

“Mhmm, really sexy,” Meg said. “I thought he was just a loner, but now that I’ve got these big tits and lips I’d love to give him the ultimate tittyjob while he, like, spurts his salty cum in my mouth.”

“Ohhhh, I’m getting horny just thinking about it!” Chel added.

Matt’s heart was racing. He was the one who was by far the least changed. The others were altering more and more. The music had taken on even more power now: even just humming and repeating it was somehow causing their bodies to change. Either that or it was playing somewhere. He had no idea if the cause was magical or scientific, but he had to get out of there.

“C’mon Chel,” he said in a hurried tone. “We’re getting out of here.”

To his surprise, she offered no resistance, and in fact was quite enthusiastic.

“Like, great idea babe! We can get in the car and go to Brian!”

“What the hell are you talking about?”

She shook her head. “I mean, the source of the signal, silly! Don’t you feel it?”

He didn’t, but the other members of the party nodded their heads, the girls especially. They were full bimbo now, all tending to their nails and hair and adjusting their altered outfits in order to make them look as deeply sexy and alluring as possible. Matt had to look away: he felt like he was the only sane individual in the middle of a harem, with Joel and Greg and Sam and the other half-transformed men as the eunuchs.

“You feel the signal?” he said, turning back to Chelsea. He grabbed her gently by the shoulders, trying to get the damn tune out of his head. “Chelsea, tell me you know the source of that song!”

“Duh, of course I can. It, like, taught me. It’s changed our bodies so it, like, only makes sense that it has super changed our minds too, lol! I can totally direct us. Plus, I want you to drive our car. It’s suuuuper sexy when guys drive me around.”

Her words discomfited him as much as they aroused him, but it was enough at least to get out of there.

“We’ve gotta go!” he declared, taking her by the hand. The others began to disperse as well, surprisingly.

“Hell yeah, convoy! Party at the source!”

“No, not a party, Monica. A way to change you back. To destroy it!”

“Awww,” the crowd responded, but they were quickly assembling, and a number of them began to grab their speakers and iPods. Matthew’s eyes widened with fear. He pulled Chelsea out of the house and together they moved to the car before *Bubblegum Brain Pop* could start again. Inside, a number of them were already singing, and by the time Matthew had gotten the car started, he could clearly see the others getting in their own vehicles and turning on their radios. He paused just long enough to see Joel’s frame begin to shrink down, features becoming soft and beautiful, and his shirt stretched at the front.

“Fuck this! Fuck this!” he exclaimed, hitting the gas.

“Whooo!!!” Chelsea cried as they took off. “To the highway, babe. This is, like, gonna be sooooo fun!”

Matthew couldn’t frankly see how.

Chelsea gave directions, and they were surprisingly accurate. How could she be turning into a damned vapid-headed bimbo and yet suddenly be so good at knowing where to go? The radio signal had clearly left a powerful directive in her brain, because she communicated

everything so clearly even as she filed her nails and examined her new eyeshadow in the mirror.

“Like, take the next left on Forder Street, then stay for, I don’t know, three blocks and then you go right on Anderson. Gawd, my eyebrows are so hawt. And my new lips. I bet I could suck your cock sooooo well.”

“Stop talking like that!” he replied. “This isn’t you, Chelsea. I know you. You’re smart, and fiery, and you want to be an engineer. You’re gorgeous, but you never wanted to be some busty bimbo.”

“Mhmm, but it’s sooooo good, Matty. It makes me want you to be one too. You’d be so cute as a bimbo. I can just see you with a big pair of tits and a little waist. You’re already cute and feminine, but I want you to look more like a sexy woman. We can please a man together.”

The worst part was that it briefly sounded like a wonderful thing, that act of pleasing. Without thinking, Matthew turned on the radio in order to avoid listening to his loving girlfriend’s deranged words. But his brain had clearly been affected, his thinking slowed by the song, because he didn’t even consider what might happen next. What *did* happen next.

*Bubblegum Brain Pop, the changes will never stop,
Not until we’re a perfect group of busty girlfriends,
Bubblegum Brain Pop, just watch me brain drop,
Watch me become a nympho bimbo for the men.*

*I’m gonna have big tits
I’m gonna have big lips
I’m gonna have an ass that will make your head turn
My hips will have that sway
So you won’t look away
And you’ll wanna please my needy body every night
Take me to the light, babe!*

“Ohhhhh,” Matthew groaned, and Chelsea moaned with him, both of them savouring the song. His nipples expanded, and the first growth of actual tits began on his chest, becoming noticeably fuller and pressing against his now-tighter top. He was helpless to the way his frame altered, becoming smaller and more lithe. In moments, he was only as tall as his previously shorter girlfriend. It took every effort not to lose control of the car, particularly since his hips expanded along with his ass. His hair trickled over his back, his features softened, but more than anything his attention was focused on what was between his legs.

Tears welled in his eyes as his penis tugged back, his balls too. They weren't gone yet, but they were shrunken and pathetic now, and felt totally alien on his body. Almost not worth having, as if it would be better to have a tight, wet, hungry pus-

"No! NO!! I'm not, like, turning into a sexy bimbo!" he cried, voice now unmistakably feminine.

"You totes are!" Chelsea exclaimed, but then for a moment her old mind seemed to push through her new one. "Matty, what's happening to us? You have to be strong! I c-can't fight it. I want to be a sexy, nympho bimbo. You've got to, like, be smart for both of us!"

Matthew just managed to reach out and kill the radio. It left him wearied, and for a moment they both sagged. He pulled over, still not used to how his altered body felt, or the way his ass formed more of a cushion beneath him than usual.

"Chelsea," he said, trying to keep his voice unnaturally low, "we can totes do this. We find this place, find whoever or, like, whatever is behind it, and destroy the signal. If that doesn't make us change back, then we can always force whoever is behind it to make us change back. I won't let us become just, like, a pair of sexy hotties with nice big ripe melons and stuff, even if - even if . . ."

"Even if it is supes sexy," she replied, licking her lips, and falling back into the trance of bimbo once more. "Soooo sexy."

"Where do we go? Concentrate, Chelsea!"

"Like, we're here! You must have gotten the signal too! Let's go!"

She unbuckled her seatbelt and got out before he could stop her. But she was right: he could feel a signal, directing him to this very location. It was a mansion, by the looks of it, with an impressive gate and set of gardens. And a signal. A strong signal that was changing him every time he heard it manifest in that awful, catchy pop song. He was considering how to infiltrate the place when Chelsea hit the call button on the gate.

"Yeah, like, I'm Chelsea and this is Matty my boyfriend. We're both, like, becoming totally hawt bimbos because of a song. It's so crazy, right? Can we come in, pretty please?"

A voice on the comm replied, and the gate swung open. Matthew didn't catch what it said, but the voice was male. Familiar.

"It can't be," he said, but he had to run after Chelsea, whose big tits were bouncing in her small top as she headed for the front door.

"Wait, Chelsea! I think, like, this is a bad idea! I think this place belongs to-"

"BRIAN!!!"

The door had opened, and Chelsea was giggling with excitement. There, on the other side of the threshold, stood the dweeb that Matthew had 'stolen' Chelsea from, all the way back in high school. The man who had tried to make Chelsea act like some sexy showy party girl that she just wasn't, and had gotten furious when he couldn't score a girlfriend

again because all the girls knew how he wanted to mold them. He had changed, somewhat. A bit more fit, though still skinny, and his hair more styled. He wore a smart, expensive looking black top and casual jeans. He smirked as he looked at the pair of them.

“What a first catch of the day,” he remarked. “It’s so good to see you again, Chelsea. You look so sexy now. I love how big your tits have gotten. May I?”

“Like, totally!” she exclaimed.

To Matthew’s shock, he reached out and cupped her tits, squeezing them gently, and making them wobbled.

“Just divine.”

“Mhmmmm, that feels so good, Brian.”

“Get your hands off of her!” Matthew called.

Brian just laughed. “Or what? The signal won’t let you fight me.”

It was true. He wanted to kill this man, but there was nothing he could do, even in anger. “You change both of us, like, back already! I don’t want to be a total female hottie. Whatever we, like, did in the past shouldn’t deserve this, Brian.”

But the other man just smirked. “You want to change back? Fine, come on in. I’ll show you how it all works. The others will be arriving soon anyway. Might as well start the show.”

Matthew and Chelsea had no choice but to follow him inside. The mansion was astounding, with numerous rooms, but the one he took them to was where the signal was leading them: a large white laboratory area with an impressively large sci-fi looking box, completed with numerous antennas.

“What is this?” Matthew said, swallowing nervously. Chelsea was grinning at the device, breathing heavily.

“This is my invention, and my revenge. Isn’t that right, Abby?”

A woman approached from the corner of the room. She was wearing nothing more than a harem outfit, her sumptuous body on display. Her hips swayed, and her breasts bounced.

“Like, totally master! I was soooo bad to you when I was your coworker, spreading all those nasty rumours. But now I’m, like, your biggest fan! Can you cum in me again, master?”

“Not now, Abby. Go sunbathe and masturbate or something. I just want to show Matthew here what his destiny is.”

“No! I won’t become like that!”

Brian chuckled. “Oh, but you will. You all will. I’ve been a busy bee since that humiliation at high school, Matthew. I swore revenge on you, and your friend group, and all the grade that mocked me. I was in love with you Chelsea. I wanted you to be perfect!”

“You wanted to make her an object!”

Another, bigger smile. "And what a lovely object she is now, more perfect than ever. You stole her from me, Matthew, and I've never forgiven that. Nor your friends for mocking me, making sure I never got a girl again. So, when I used my genius to rise in the world of tech, I decided to research the power of sound waves to spread reality-altering tachyon principles. It's how I'm able to change not just your bodies, but your clothes, your makeup, your style, even your *minds*. You can feel it, can't you, Matthew? The desire to be a sexy bimbo."

He could. God, he could. It was so damn strong. But he had to be stronger.

"I won't give in," he said. "You've g-got one ch-chance, Brian. Like, this is the I-last one. Change us b-back or I do something I'll - I mean you'll - totes regret."

"Really? What does Chelsea think about that? Are you sticking with him, Chel? Or do you want to join my sexy harem? I'll be a better lover than he ever was, I promise."

Matthew was about to give a retort about how wrong Brian was about Chelsea, only for her to choose Brian in an instance. She sauntered over to him, pressing her sexy body against her tormentor, and moaned in a clearly erotic way as her breasts squashed against his side.

"Ohhhhh, Brian, I choose you! I want you soooo bad. I want to always show you my body and let you fuck me whenever you want, and to give you as many babies as you want and be your dream girl."

Matthew shuddered. "Chel, how could you?"

"We can still be together, Matty! You just have to change too. We can be sexy together. Do each other's hair and nails! We can do threesomes with our sexy master."

Brian's arm coiled around her waist. He cupped one of her breasts - underneath her top - and kissed her for a long time. Matthew's jaw fell. He was transfixed by this moment, bimbo brain and regular brain at war with one another. He barely noticed the others file in, his friends from the party, as well as numerous other hot bimbos from across the city, all of whom must have met the age requirement for their original high school grade all those years ago. They were busty and sexy and giggly: some more lithe, others more curvy, some tall and others short. But all were alluring and stupid and singing Brian's praises, all to the tune of *Bubblegum Brain Pop*. He recognised some of his friends: Joel was now an Amazonian goddess of a woman, while Greg was a demure beauty, looking shy even as she bit her lip in arousal. Sam and the others were likewise changed, and Monica had reached her final evolution, her dark skin perfect, her figure now barely contained by her meagre clothing.

"Ohhhh, I wanted to make love to Brian first!" she whined petulantly. "At least let me be the one to give him the first blowjob! I want to swallow his cum first!"

"You'll all have your turn," Brian declared happily. "And don't worry, some of you won't have to share: I've got new friends who helped make this fantasy a reality, and I don't need a

harem as big as this. I'll choose the most, ha, 'anointed' of you that I desire, and the rest I'll divvy out to my friends as I see fit. You'll all have your chance to please your new masters."

A ripple of excitement passed through the crowd. Matthew looked around again. It truly appeared as if he were the only one yet to finish his or her changes. He was the only hold out.

And Brian knew it.

He kissed Chelsea again, eliciting a sensual moan from her. Then he parted from her and moved towards Matthew, like a fox advancing towards a henhouse. His eyes were hungry, his gaze intimidating, his manner . . . sexy.

"No," Brian whispered.

"Oh yes," his tormentor replied. "Matthew, you can't fight it. You're too changed already. I see those little titties of yours. Don't be jealous of the others, I've got a special song just for you to play. You see, I thought I wanted Chelsea more than anything, but in truth, I was driven more by revenge than anything. I wanted her back, but I wanted *you* to get your payback. So I've already decided that it's not her who will be my first concubine, my future wife, my most luscious and precious servile bimbo. It'll be *you*."

"You can't! Please, Brian! I'm, like, totes sorry about everything, but you can't just—"

"But I can," he declared, moving to the big device that was producing the signal. The girls in the room, dozens and dozens of them, formed a wide circle around it, humming the dreaded and catchy tune in preparation for its glorious return.

"Matthew, you were the man who took my woman from me, so now you'll be *my* woman. You'll wear sexy thongs and bikinis. You'll suck my cock whenever I want. You'll let me play with your tits and suck on them, and always do your hair and makeup perfectly for me. You'll dress up and go to events on my arm, always looking sexy. You'll worship me as your god, and let me fuck you in whatever position I feel like. And despite yourself, you'll come to love it. To *crave* it."

"I won't!"

But Brian was already putting on a set of specially-crafted earplugs and pressing a button on the machine.

"You will. Just listen."

Then, the inevitable happened. The song started playing. A new and wonderful and terrible variant made especially for Matthew.

Bubblegum Brain Start, it's time to give your heart

To your rival-turned-lover, Brian

Bubblegum Brain Start, it's time to lose those smarts,

It's time to serve your sexy master, he's your lion.

Matthew shuddered, form continuing to change. He fought it at every turn, but it was so. Damn. Hard. His cock was pulling back into his body, and his legs were losing their hair and becoming shapelier. Lovelier. He grunted, groaned, *whimpered* as his hips cracked yet wider again, becoming a true set of babymakers that would make any man smile to see them sashay. He lowered his hands to his ass, feeling it balloon.

“Ohhhhh, it’s like, so peachy!”

“And getting peachier by the second,” Brian noted. “You’ll be perfect, Matthew. My favoured girl. Just feel those tits come in.”

“Ahhh - ah! NGH!! OHHH!!! NO!!”

But they grew in all the same. Even as his cheekbones became more prominent and his face took on a cute heart shape, his breasts surged forth, swelling and growing and becoming huge upon his frame. His frame shrank further still, and all he could do was squeeze his big, sensitive tits and cry out in ecstasy. The pleasure was utterly intense.

“OHHHH!!!”

*Matthew, you’re gonna be a girl
He’s gonna be your world
You’ll please him with your body
With passion like nobody
Else else else else*

“I am! I mean, I’m not! I won’t, like, be that! I’m not going to suck your big yummy dick Brian, or let you fuck my brains out which is soooooo hawt and sexy. God, I want your cum in me! I mean - ohhhh! YES! YESSSSS!!!”

His brain flipped. It was impossible to consider herself male: *she* was now a woman. A new name rose up inside her mind: Mandy. It was such a cute, sexy, and bimbo-sounding name. It made her giggle, but even that was cute short by the withdrawal of her testes and penis, which left behind a feminine slit inside her new pink lingerie panties.

“YES!” she repeated. “OH, I’M A WOMAN! YESSS! IT FEELS SOOOO GOOD! SO RIGHT! OHHHHHHH!!!”

The song had one last coda, and somehow, she knew how to sing along already.

*“Bubblegum Brain Pop, It’s time for us to drop,
Right to the floor and fuck our brains right out!
Bubblegum Brain Pop, I never want to stop,*

I'm your number one bimbo Brian

I have no doubt!"

The music stopped, and there was a great roaring cheer from the excited bimbos. Mandy looked over her new form, touching its many sensitive places. She'd barely noticed that her clothing had altered to become little more than a set of pink lingerie, her cups barely managing to hold in her HH-cup size breasts. They were massive, heavy, and wonderful. She shook her shoulders and giggled at how much they continued to wobble even after she'd stopped. Her entire figure was like womanhood personified, all the best parts of the female form turned up to eleven. Even her lips were full: total dick sucking lips. She licked them just at the thought of it.

"I - I'm a woman," she said, eyes wide. "I'm Mandy."

"Yes you are," Brian replied, looking her over. The tent in his pants was obvious, and exciting for her.

"I'm not mean to b-be. But . . . oh God, I want to be. I want, like, to be your bimbo. I feel so dumb and silly for fighting it. Chel, you were right!"

"I supes told you! We're going to have so much fun, hot stuff!"

It gave her a ripple of excitement. A small kernel of manhood inside her knew she shouldn't be going along with this, but it was too late. She was now the most alluring, busty, voluptuous woman of the many that surrounded her. She was a queen among princesses. The most glorious one, and it made her strut her stuff towards Brian. She couldn't fight his magnetic pull, and didn't want to. He was motioning for her to come to him.

"Ohhhh, Brian. I've been such a bad girl. Please, will you forgive me?"

He grinned. "Only if you follow everything your master asks of you, and make sure to please him every day of his life."

She nodded eagerly. All the women in the room did.

"We will, Brian!"

"Choose me first, master!"

"No, me!"

But he waved them off. He stroked Mandy's face, causing her to whimper a little in excitement. She pressed her form against his, and he kissed her passionately, drawing his arms around her. They wandered down to cup her ass, even as she pushed her massive melons against him, letting her nipples throb with desire.

"This one first," he said. "Let me make you a woman in full, Mandy."

He took her hand. She giggled as he let her through a parting in the crowd of bimbos and took her out of the room and straight towards a nearby bedroom. There were so many in the mansion, and she wanted to fuck him in all of them. He pushed her onto the bed,

clambering on top of her. She giggled again, and soon the pair were making out. He helped her remove the bra and the panties, and soon her womanhood was growing wet and warm, ready to receive him. Still, he tortured her, licking her nipples, kissing her tender neck, stroking her form, until finally she had to beg.

“Please, master! Make me a woman! PLEASE! I need you in me! I want you to cum inside me!”

He inserted himself inside her without a word. She groaned in ecstasy. It was so alien, yet so right. Soon he was thrusting deep into the new bimbo, and she was scratching his back, clinging to him, crying out loud as he sucked on her nipples and squeezed them. They bounced and wobbled with their rhythm, and soon she was so damn close to her first female orgasm.

“Thank me for this!” Brian finally said. “Thank me for this revenge, Mandy.”

“Thank you! Thank you for getting revenge! Thank you for making me a woman!”

“Thank me for the fact that I’ll be fucking Chelsea too, and all of your friends.”

“Ohhhh, thank you master! Thank you for making us your, like, sexy harem girls!”

“Good. I’m going to cum inside you, Mandy. I’m going to make you - ahh - a woman. Do you w-want that?”

She cried out in pleasure with another thrust. “Please! I do! Make this permanent! Make me your super hawt girl!”

“Very well, then.”

He thrust even harder, and she was his. Utterly his. A small dying ember of anger surged one final time, and for just a moment she realised what she was doing, and how far she had fallen. But then her vapid mind only cared about how sensitive her tits were, and how well Brian was playing with them as he rammed his cock inside her. All she cared about was pleasing him, and looking hot for him, and doing everything to make him happy, in whatever position he wanted.

“I. Want. To. Be. Yours!” she cried.

He came inside her, sealing the deal. She came with him, seizing up before shaking, grasping him all over as she was lost in infinite pleasure. It took entire minutes for her to come down from it: Brian had nestled his face in her breasts, and she loved it. She stroked his form, more happy than she had ever been, even when she’d been with Chelsea.

“Master, that was amazing. Can we do it again, with Chel, like, joining us?”

Brian chuckled. “A wonderful idea, Mandy. In fact, I command it.”

“Thank you, master!”

The End