

Alt Ending - Perfect Body (Bimbofication)

By FoxFaceStories

Chase Argyle has little to complain about. He's pretty good looking, reasonably fit, makes solid money working as a banking manager, and has a highly intelligent girlfriend in Jennifer Hayes. But the world is not enough for Chase, who likes to secretly indulge in other women on the side. But when he finds out that his scientist girlfriend has invented a serum to create the 'perfect body', he decides that his girlfriend - and a few other women in his life - could use an upgrade!

Part 1: The Vial

They say cheaters never prosper, but I think I've done alright by myself. After all, I've managed to hold down Jennifer for three years now without her even noticing. I'm not a bad person, seeing the occasional woman on the side, just a red-blooded male who takes his chances and is willing to give over to his nature. All guys are like that: I'm just one of the few that admit it. It sounds harsh, cheating on your girlfriend, particularly when she's been so loyal to you, but the truth is it's actually quite easy when you just accept it's the way you are.

It's not like I'm malicious or anything: Jennifer Hayes is seriously a nice gal. Normally I go for more exotic chicks, but there's something real down to earth about her, and I think we clicked ever since she came into the bank asking to speak to the manager about an accounting error, and I was the one to help her sort it out. Normally I don't really go for brunettes - I don't even like *my own* brown hair - and to be honest, she hasn't really got much of a shape to her, what with her flat ass and even flatter tits. But she's got a great sense of humour, a sharp wit, and is really athletic too, which is great. She's a fucking genius in chemistry and biology, makes a fat stack of money, and unlike a lot of girls I've dated, she's willing to get freaky in the bedroom to make up for her physical shortcomings. Seriously, it's just a shame she doesn't have titties to do an actual tittyjob, or else I might never have 'stepped outside.'

My point is, I'm not a bad guy. I'm not Darth Vader or anything. I'm just Chase Argyle, bank manager, soccer enthusiast, and womaniser. The last part isn't really my fault. As I always say when I have an argument with Jen, "I just can't help myself!" She usually realises I'm not the type to change. Sometimes a man just needs to have a good lay with another woman, after all.

I was doing exactly that when I got the call from Jen. Erika was a fucking *stacked* black chick with huge brown nipples I just loved to suck on. We had an on again/off again

sort of vibe: when she wasn't dating a dude she asked me over to Netflix and chill as a way of keeping comfort. She had no idea I was with Jennifer, or even who she was, so I kept things pretty private with her. Some of my other girls, like Casey, were down to clown and didn't care that they were being fucked on the side. In fact, I was reasonably sure that sexy blonde was actually married. But on that day, I had felt like doing a chick like Erika up the ass, since that was one of the only things Jen wasn't a fan of, having let me do it only three or four times.

"Ohhhhhhhh f-fuck! Ohhhhhh shove it in! Shove it right in, baby!"

My phone buzzed.

"Ignore that!" I said.

She did. I gripped her soft hips and fucked her, hard. I had a pretty good dick, not the best but certainly not the worst, and so it was good fun to use, particularly with someone as horny as Erika. I thrust in and out of her, enjoying the slap of her perfect ass cheeks against my body. The contrast of my light skin to her dark was quite erotic, and soon I was fucking her like wild, her pressing her backside against me with ever greater vigour as she got closer and closer to orgasms.

"Yes, yes, yes! Fuck me in the ass baby, make me yours! Yes yes YES YES YES!!"

I didn't last as long as I wanted: I never really did when I was fucking a chick as hot as Erika. Still, I managed to get her almost to the point of orgasm, and while I was still cumming into the condom, I thrust several more times and pushed her over the edge.

"YYYYEEEESSSSSSSS!!!"

I grinned, savouring my own singular orgasm all the more. When we were done, we collapsed down together, and I took care of the condom not long after. The phone buzzed a second time, and this time I picked it up. It was from Jen. It was her eighth call.

"Fuck."

"Everything okay baby?" Erika asked, nuzzling against me. I tilted the phone so she wouldn't see.

"Yeah, it's just work. It must be important. Sorry, I gotta go."

"Awww," she said, sliding back onto the bed. "I was hoping we could snuggle. I miss cuddling. Do you think we could ever . . . you know, try actual dating?"

I grinned at the sight of her curvy beauty. It was tempting, alright. She was a lot hotter than Jen. But she was also . . . let's say, more independent. She'd see through my bullshit easier if we were constantly together. Jen was pretty trusting, after all. Needy, even. Like she had something to prove, at work and in the home and bed. Plus, she cleaned and cooked pretty well, while Erika and I always ordered takeaway after fucking.

"Maybe another time," I said, leaving the possibility open. Always good to keep them hoping. "Sorry Erika, I've got to get dressed and call them back."

She pouted her lovely full lips in disappointment. That was another thing, she didn't like blowjobs. Jen did. Big reason to go with the latter right there.

"You have a good day now. And thanks. That was fucking hot as always, Erika."

"Mhmmm, I bet it was. Let's do that again next time."

"Let's."

I finished dressing, used some of the cologne I stored at her place to wash away the scent of sex, and stepped out of her apartment. The second I dialled Jen on the way to the stairs, she responded.

"Finally! What took you so long, honey?"

"Had a work thing," I responded.

"Well, get over to the lab! I want to show you something! It's finally happened!"

I stopped on the stairs. My heart stopped too, before beating rapidly in excitement. "The serum? You think you've perfected it?"

"Uh-huh! It's worked on the test subjects - no human trials yet, but the mammalian cross-species problem won't be an issue. It works on mice, rabbits, even sheep! It should definitely work on people."

"You've done it," I said, in awe. "A serum that creates the perfect body."

I could hear her laugh, high and giddy and unbelieving, on the other side of the line.

"We did it, Chase. I couldn't have done it without the team's support, or yours. Oh my God, I love you so much! End your work thing so you can get over here and see it in person!"

"I will! I'm heading there right now, honey. Promise, and love you."

"I love you, so, so much!"

I smiled, and ended the call. When I reached the bottom of the stairs I did a silly little tap dance. There was, conveniently, a mirror nearby on the ground floor of the apartment complex, one that revealed me in all my glory. I wasn't half bad: 6'1, reasonably handsome, fairly fit, pretty charming. My brown hair was a bit too frizzy in places, and I had lines beneath my eyes that were starting to appear now that I was thirty years old. Yes, I was quite a catch, but not a whole catch. A handsome man, but not a stunning one.

So yes, that's the *other* reason I kept Jen as my girlfriend these last three years. She was experimenting on creating the perfect body, and it was my ticket to being better than ever.

And fucking all the *supermodels* I could ever want.

Jen's lab was not technically hers at all, but she was such a genius whiz that she practically ran the show. She was three years older than me, but had about three decades of smarts over me. Luckily, they weren't the kind of smarts where you could read people and their lies. They were book smarts, the kind of smarts that had earned her some excellent funding for her own private project to allow a chemical makeover of the body into whatever the subject desired. The project backers were likely rich corporate types, but the day-to-day lab operation was hers, and it meant she was able to give him access. When he used his key card to enter, she practically *launched* herself at him.

"CHASE!"

After the wonderful curves of Erika, she was like a bag of bones, at least she felt that way. I hugged her back, cringing a little and wishing she didn't have the hips of an eight year old boy or the chest of a wooden plank. Still, I was enthusiastic.

"I practically *ran* here, Jen," I declared. "I'm so proud of you! It really works!"

"It does! Oh my God, it actually does, Chase. I meant what I said, the last three years of you have really helped me reach my scientific potential. Your support has been so, so needed."

I grinned. You have no idea, Jen, you wonderful naive woman.

"Well, I think you're pretty damn genius on your own, Jen."

"That she is," came a third voice, also female, "but please, monsieur, save some compliments for zee rest of us."

The sweet and sexy French accent could only have come from Jennifer's lab partner and best friend Juliet. She was not a bad looker herself, with dark black curls and mysterious grey eyes, and a stare that could wither you. She intimidated me a little, to be honest, but that intimidation held a kind of sexual excitement. It was too bad she was so close to Jennifer, otherwise I'd woo her in a hot second. As it was, I simply had to enjoy the sight of those wide hips of hers.

"Juliet, great to see you! And congratulations as well!"

She folded her arms, raising one eyebrow judgmentally. "Well, I doubt zis is a professional visit, so I shall leave zee two love birds, yes?"

Jen blushed a little. "Thanks Juliet. I'll see you tomorrow?"

"I'll see you, and hopefully with a nicer boyfriend!"

That was the other thing that prevented us from having a fun little side deal: Juliet *hated* me. She really did feel like I was hiding something, though she'd never found out what. Apparently I just gave her 'bad vibes.' Ah well, as they say in her tongue, *cest la vie*. She left, giving Jen and I space to kiss, and passionately at that. Her lips were a little too thin for my liking, and her hair too coarse, but she had a cute 'geeky scientist' vibe to her, especially with her cute glasses and huge smile. And when she made out with me, she *really*

made out with me. As she did at that very moment, pulling herself tight against me and sticking her tongue passionately into my mouth.

“I’m going to show you the serum in a moment,” she moaned as I squeezed her, nibbled at her neck, “but after that I want you to fuck me.”

“Here? In the lab?”

“I’ve disabled the cameras, honey. And no one will care if we clean up and they never find out. I know you’ve always had a kink for that, and tonight I’m just so excited that I need you to cool me off!”

She was bouncing with an endearing excitement again. I kissed her once more.

“I’m more than fine with that, darling. But first, show me what you’ve done.”

She beamed, and led me with her keypass through the doorway that led to the serum housing.

The fridge was filled with vials and vials, rows of them. Numerous attempts, numerous failures, a history of progress towards an outcome I held dear: not only a chance to be in my virile twenties again (not that thirty is bad, mind you, but to have an extra ten years of the party life!), but also a chance to live life as a figure of incredible strength, virility, handsomeness, and manliness. A chance to make Bradd Pitt look like Danny Devito.

Jennifer pointed to a single green vial in the centre of what looked to be the thirteenth row. I counted twice just to make sure. Thirteen down, seven across.

“That’s the one. The ‘Perfect Body’ serum,” she said. Her voice was calm as she could make it, but I could tell she was radiating excitement.

“I can’t believe it,” I said, being honest for once. “You’re going to make history with this, Jen. To think, this year you’ll be able to start trialling human subjects to have their own perfect bodies! Hell, you can even use it on yourself!”

Her smile gave way to an awkward frown. “Um, what’s wrong with my body?”

I felt a sudden chill in my spine. “Nothing, nothing! I’m just saying that, er, you could be younger-”

“Am I too old for you?”

“No, I didn’t mean that! I - you’re fucking with me.”

She giggled. “I told you I can tell a good lie! Well, I guess it’s not fair, since you’re such an honest man.”

She wrapped a bony arm around me. “Still, it’s years off human testing anyway. So many hurdles to jump through. But it will happen.”

Years. Years?

“Years? What, really? You’re not lying to me, are you?”

She shook her head. “I’m surprised I never told you. Even if it gets fully approved - and keep in mind we still have a ways with animal testing to go - human testing has a lot of ethical boundaries to consider. I actually do plan on being the first human test, but only when I’m actually sure. I can . . . well, it sounds a little shallow, but I know you like bigger boobs, and mine are small.”

“Pshhh! They’re perfect!”

They weren’t, but she still blushed a little. “You’re sweet, but I never really liked how flat-chest I am. I don’t want monster boobs or anything, but maybe some full C’s? D’s, if I’m feeling adventurous? I don’t know, what do you think?”

I was too focused on the massive spanner she’d thrown in my works. “Sorry, what was that dear?”

“Bigger boobs, yay or nay?”

“Whatever you want, dear, you’re beautiful either way.”

She gave me a light punch on the arm. “Yay it is, then. Besides, I can give myself that gift in a few years. It’s not like I don’t deserve it, or Julie for that matter if she wants some changes. We’ve done the heavy lifting for all this amazing research, and I’m okay with bragging about that.”

She closed the fridge, securing it with a lock. I had the code memorised already: 3141, the first four digits of pi. A silly little joke of hers, one that frankly wasn’t that funny, but I pretended to like so she wouldn’t change the code.

She pressed her back against the fridge, a big grin on her face as she looked up at me. I couldn’t deny, she had a kind of ‘sexy librarian’ thing going on.

“So, now that I’ve shown you the lab’s goods, how about I show you mine?”

I stepped forward and kissed her, slowly unbuttoning her lab coat.

“Just find us a place to lie down, and I’ll enjoy those goods nice and slow, dear.”

Just twenty minutes later we were fucking passionately in her office, me on the chair, her riding me. I had to say this for Jen, no one was quite as good in that position as her. I just wished I had a big set of tits to shove my face into as I slid inside her. Instead, I kept my eyes trained on the door to the cold room, and thought about how much better life would be when I had the perfect body.

I had a plan, and I would put it into action once I’d fucked my naive genius of a girlfriend’s brains out.

Jen cooed on the floor of her office, our half-naked bodies intertwined. She was almost still with post-coital pleasure, and just to make her unreasonably comfortable I had procured a pillow from the little lounge area, and a blanket as well. She always got sleepy and dull after sex, another reason to find other women to enjoy: sometimes a man just needed to fuck two or even three times a night, instead of a measly one. As it was, I'd positioned her perfectly to not see me.

"I'm just going to the bathroom," I whispered as I did up my trousers. "Then I'll come back."

"Can you get me a tea?" she murmured, eyes already closed.

I smirked. It was almost *too* easy. I silently took her access keycard from her coat, and wandered off to the security door. I opened it silently after buzzing 'Jennifer Hayes' in, and made my way to the fridge. The post-sex bliss was heightened by the thrill of what I was about to do; not only commit the perfect crime, all thanks to my own girlfriend foolishly shutting off the cameras for me, but also gain myself the perfect body.

I remembered the right vial: thirteen down, seven across. It was so much like the others, perhaps just a little greener. I took it, examined it. I knew enough about the testing process from my extensive questioning of Jennifer- all under the guise of a boyfriend taking an interest in his girlfriend's career, of course - that the serum had to be injected. I took one of the lab's disposable syringes, stabbed it through the thin cork, and extracted a portion of it. Not enough for them to know any was missing, but enough to affect me - I knew that just ten mils would do the trick, at least according to what she'd told me.

For a moment, I hesitated. Was I really about to do this? I already had a good body, and certainly I had some hot women in my life, and even a smart one in Jen. What if I was going about this all wrong? What if the smart play wasn't to make *me* an alpha male - especially since I was already pretty damn handsome anyway - but instead to make *Jen* and any other chick I wanted into even sexier women who were hella into me?

I recalled something Jen once said, something I might have ignored or forgotten had I injected myself with the serum. She said that the perfect body would have to be 'guided' or 'directed' or something once the changes began. I wasn't sure exactly how that would work, but I had a notion of what to try.

And maybe my brilliant-minded Jennifer could be my guinea pig. Ha! How appropriate! The scientist becomes the test subject. Ground one for potentially becoming a total bombshell. I took the injector and another few vials of the stuff. In for a penny, in for a pound, after all. Then I returned to Jen's side, tea in my hand. She was still lying there, her flat body curled up comfortably.

"Mhmm, did you get the tea, honey?"

"Of course. Here you are."

“You’re so perfect,” she said, taking it and giving me a kiss on the cheek.

“Well, you are too,” I said, a smile on my face.

At least, she *would* be. I had the injector in my back left pocket, and several vials in the other. As soon as she fell asleep back at her place, I’d be in bed with her, ready to inject her after an hour or so. She was such a heavy sleeper.

Part 2: Bombshell Jen

Jen was full of energy the next morning, more than usual. She was not a morning person, and it gave me hope that perhaps the perfect body serum had worked, and I hadn’t wasted it. Mind, I did have some spare vials, but was willing to be patient with those.

“I made you breakfast!” she announced, kissing me on the cheek as she set the table. She was in just her panties and a loose top. I won’t lie, it was a damn sexy look, even on the plainest woman, which Jen pretty much was.

“What a wonderful treat,” I said. “To what do I deserve this honour?”

She beamed even as she shrugged. “You know, I have no idea! I just feel full of all sorts of energy today.”

“Any changes?”

“What do you mean?”

“Oh, I was just wondering if something had changed this morning, to put you in this mood?”

Another shrug. “No idea! I guess you just really put me in the mood last night, when we got naughty at my lab. My God, Juliet would never forgive me if she found out!”

“Well, she doesn’t have to, my dear. It was just a bit of fun.” I tasted the breakfast she’d made - bacon and eggs on toast with a bit of baby spinach and mushrooms on top. Exquisite. It gave me time to think of how to pivot my focus. Perhaps I had to just start small.

“You know, it makes me think of how gorgeous you are, particularly in your panties like that. You’ve got such long legs, you know that?”

She gave a slight frown. “Oh, Chase, you’re so lovely, but let’s be honest, I really don’t! I’m practically quite short!”

“Oh, but aren’t long legs sexy? I’m really sure you have a pair, don’t you think? A nice big long pair of legs. You know,” I got up, holding my arms around her and kissing her softly on the neck in that way I *knew* would drive her crazy, “the kind of legs I like to stroke and caress and feel even as you part your thighs to receive me? Those kind of legs? The ones that just make you moan when I stroke them, just like *this*.”

I leaned down a little, and rubbed her bare left thigh. She did, in fact, moan, as I utterly knew she would.

“Mmhhh, ohhh Chase, I haven’t even had breakfast and you’re already turning me on. God, I wish I had legs like that in order to please you.”

“You do,” I said, though she didn’t.

“Ahhh, I wish that were true. Oh God, I’m so fucking horny right now, Chase. I’ve never been this horny this early in the m-morning! And it’s like you t-talking about my legs just - oh!”

That last expression was from me rubbing them, caressing them as I pulled down her panties. She whimpered, setting aside the food she was making, turning off the stove, and shifting to plant herself against the kitchen island.

“Holy sh-shit! I’m so horny. Fuck me Chase, fuck me like you fucked me last night!”

I couldn’t resist. I had to mention them again. I caressed her thighs, bending down to kiss them. “Nice long legs,” I whispered.

And just like that, they began to change. Jennifer, plain boring Jen, began to writhe and squirm as her legs extended, as the numerous blemishes on her skin disappeared, as her lower limbs became fit and toned and exactly the kind of hot legs I wanted on a woman. It took every effort I had not to exclaim ‘fuck yeah! It’s working!’ She had hotter legs than Gabriella, than even Casey.

“Wh-what’s happening!?” she cried, but I had to stay on top of her arousal, and keep her stimulated. I helped pull her top off, and kissed her shoulders.

“I told you, you have amazing legs, Jen,” I said. “And such a fucking amazing ass too.”

“It’s a pancake,” she said. “I wish it was bigger. I know you like asses, I’ve s-seen you look at other - ohhhh!!”

I gripped her rear firmly, smirking as it began to swell. Sexual pleasure . . . sexual interaction must have been what powered the changes, or simply supercharged them.

“You want a nice, peachy ass for me, do you? God, can you imagine what it would be like to have an ass like that, Jen? The kind of hot sex we could have with me taking you from behind? A nice big sensitive ass that makes you orgasm just from having it clenched like *this*.”

I pulled down my pants, pressed my rigid cock between her cheeks, and then *squeezed* my member between them, pressing them together so that they continued to expand around, their plump flesh perfect: exactly what I wanted in a woman. She squirmed against my cock, her pussy dripping its juices down her thighs. She was almost insensible with pleasure, just like Erika sometimes got. God, if she had tits like Erika!

“Ch-Chase, it f-feels like something is - ahh - happening to m-me!”

“It is,” I whispered in her ear, making her coo. “You’re about to feel me inside you. You want that, don’t you? Beg me, Jen? Remember all those times we roleplayed you as a sexy, submissive chick? A girl who just can’t say no because you’re so addicted to me? Wasn’t that just the most fucking arousing thing you can imagine? How you *needed* me like your *master*?”

She ran her hands down her form, no longer oblivious to something strange, but too turned on to care. I knew that because of the way she moaned. She was a savage kitten in bed, alright, and I intended to keep her that way once she changed more fully. She now had an ass that you could bounce a quarter off of, and legs that went for days, but so much more of her needed improvement.

“That w-was super hot, *master*,” she said. “I loved roleplaying that with you.”

“Wouldn’t it be hot if we could roleplay like that, for life?” I said, reaching up to cup her almost nonexistent tits. She shivered as I rubbed her nipples, almost willing them to grow bigger along with the rest of her breasts.

“I - no, that would be t-too much,” she said, still humping back against my cock, still hungry to have it deep in her pussy. “I’m a sc-scientist, Chase. W-what would other people think? I’d b-be a laughing stock.”

I pinched one of her nipples lightly, and I grunted in pleasure as she grunted with me.

“Please, you’d love it. Don’t you love teasing me with your body? Wouldn’t you love to always be able to tease your master by getting down on your hands and knees and sucking his cock? I know you love to swallow. Imagine being *addicted* to it.”

“MMhmm, that s-sounds wrong. God, so wrong. Why does it sound so right at the same time? M-maybe we should stop, Chase. I feel way too turned on. Like this is unnatural.”

I spun her around and kissed her deeply. I didn’t have to guide the next part: she must have wished for fuller lips in that very moment, or be turned on by the idea of having bigger, more perfect dick-suckling lips, because they puffed up as they clamped against my mouth, and her tongue writhed sensually against my own. She moaned in my mouth, lowering one hand to start stroking my cock. I was in goddamned heaven, and I deserved it.

It was then that her phone rang. I could see on the counter that it was from Juliet, her snooty French lab partner with the sexy accent. I couldn’t help but snarl a little, though I managed to hide my expression from Jen. This couldn’t be worse timing: right as I was sculpting my perfect woman!

“Ohhhhh,” she wailed, “I sh-should get that. Juliet n-never rings on m-my day off unless it’s - ahhh - an emergency!”

I kissed her, rubbed her waist and back, using my strength to draw her into further passionate lovemaking. Her body reshaped in my very hands, taking on more of an hourglass figure.

“No, you shouldn’t,” I said. “I’m your master, remember? You want to serve me. Only me.”

She bit her fuller lip. “I - I - oh God, why does that sound s-so good? No, I can’t! It’s just a little f-fun. We can have s-sex after I see what Juliet wants.”

She went to grab the phone, and at that point I was desperate. I held her, pressing my face into her flat chest and sucking at her nipples. She held my head, even as I lowered one hand down to play with her dripping pussy.

“Ch-Chase! Holy fuck, Chase! Oh shit! Fuck! This is a-amazing! I should answer-”

“Nothing but your muster,” I said, pulling my head back to look her in her eyes - eyes that were now more bright blue than before. Even her hair had become a lovely flawless ginger, like wildfire, and it snaked down her back. She was becoming everything I wanted, and I had made *her* want that so easily. Jen always did wish she were more beautiful.

The phone call ended. Then, to my dismay, she left a message.

‘Jen, this is an emergency! I’m driving to you right now. Do not go anywhere. I was checking the security cameras from a disturbance last night and saw they were switched off for a time - all except one. Yes, I saw that bit of naughtiness. But I also saw something else - Chase went into the back lab and stole a sample of the serum, and he injected you with it! Stay quarantined, and whatever you do, don’t let Chase get anywhere near you, the slime! I’ll be there in minutes!’

My blood chilled. The intense foreplay I was having with Jennifer stopped cold. She stared at me, even as her nose reshaped to become button-cute, and her plain skin gained a smattering of cute freckles. She was so close to being the perfect woman, except for the lack of chest. But now she looked at me with a strange mix of horror and obsession and lust.

“You - you injected m-me?” she managed.

“I - no, of course not!” I said, caressing her body, her wide babymakers which shifted yet wider as I emphasised them for her. But I could tell she knew I was lying. She looked down over herself, and gasped.

“Ohhhh, how did I not notice? I’m meant to be a genius - but it’s the serum. The perfect body serum, you used it to mess with my mind! To make me submissive to all - all of this!”

She gestured again to her body, but even as she did she couldn’t help run her hands over it and squirm.

“But you like it,” I said, seizing the advantage. “You always wanted a hotter body, and now you can finally have one Jen. And you can enjoy being my gorgeous, submissive

girlfriend - my wife, even. I know you want us to get married. I'd have you as my sexy wife, and wouldn't you just love that? To please your loving, dominating husband?"

She froze, biting her lip. "I - I shouldn't. No, I wouldn't want that, Chase. Chase, what have you done to m-me? I'm not meant to want these things, not outside the bedroom!"

I brushed my fingers down her arm. She was radiant in the morning light. So close to being perfect. "So you *do* want them, then?"

She gulped, and in that moment I knew that I had her.

"You do want this, don't you? You've always wanted the perfect body, Jen. This is why you got into this research, I bet. I nearly took the injection for myself, but that would have been greedy. I knew that your destiny was to become a fucking sexy wife, a glorious *concubine* for me. To be submissive and hot, to always be looked at by others, and to be worshipped by me, isn't that right?"

She trembled, trying to say no. Trying to fight against the powerful instincts I'd guided her to. But already I could see her will crumbling to ashes. I simply had to nudge her over the edge.

"And I know you want a nice big set of titties to be proud of, and for me to play with," I purred, kissing her again. "A huge set of knockers that all the guys will look at, and all the girls be jealous of. Big and sensitive, so you can cum just from me playing with them. You want that, don't you?"

"YES!!!" she cried, leaping into my arms and planting kiss after kiss on me. "Yes! Oh fuck, I can't help it. It's all wrong. You've beaten me. I want it all so bad that I could burst, Chase! I need a body to please you! I need a p-perfect body you can do anything you want to with! Just f-fuck me! Please f-fuck me!"

I did. I hoisted her up so that she was on the table, leaning back, holding onto my shoulders for dear life as I pushed my penis into her pussy. It was wetter, yet tighter, than it had ever been, and she moaned gloriously in ecstasy as I slid deeply into her.

"Yesssssss," she moaned, "m-make me your n-naughty g-girl. I know I sh-shouldn't. N-need to fight. But I d-don't want to! I want to d-do everything you t-tell me! OHhhhhh!!"

I fucked her. God, I fucked her. I thrust in and out of her, and literally fucked her a new set of tits that were beyond my wildest imagination. Beyond the size of even Erika's. They swelled up like huge fruit in fast forward, from little strawberries to apricots to apples to cantaloupes to fucking melons. They had to be colossal G-cups, each one the size of her own head, and they bounced and thrashed and wobble with each thrust of my cock.

"Yes! M-make me your big-titted slut!" she cried, "Ohhhhhh. I want to be so smart, but s-so submissive! I want to be your nerdy, busty wife! I want you to f-fuck me silly everyday, and bring in as many other g-girls too! So long as it pleases you, *master!*"

I couldn't stand it anymore. She was an hourglass-figured, huge-chested, peach-assed, gorgeous and flame-haired beauty, and everything about her oozed sex. She was undeniably Jen, but the perfect Jen. The perfect one for me anyway.

I came harder than I ever had. Harder even than when Erika slathered lube all over her big brown boobs and gave me my first titty job. I came that damn hard.

And so did she.

"YES! OH GOD! YES! CUM IN ME! I WANT ALL OF IT! I WANT - OHHHH!!!"

She pulled me forwards, pressing my face into those enormous titties, soft and pillowy as they were. I was smothered in her cleavage. I was in damn heaven! We stayed in that heavenly peace, my cock slipping out of her, but certainly not all of my seed, for what felt like minutes. We were both ragged in our breaths. When we pulled back, she looked at me like a worshipper come face to face with her God.

"You ch-changed me," she whispered. "I should hate you, but thanks to the change - to what you did - I can't. God, I love you, Chase. I love what you've done to me. I want - no! I *need* to please you. God help me, I *have* to please you."

"And you will," I said, cupping her chin. "You'll please me every day of your life, my glorious Jen."

It was in that moment of benediction, of blessing from master to delicious servant, that the door burst open and Juliet came rampaging through. I startled, my pants around my ankles and Jen naked on the tabletop.

"Jen, *zere* is an emergency! I came as quick as - YOU!" She stared daggers into me, but her eyes widened at the sight of Jennifer, her body now voluptuous as hell, the deed with her obviously done. "You - you evil man! You *zick* and vile human! You have changed her with the serum! You've turned her into a bimbo-"

"*His bimbo*," my Jen said dreamily, looking my way.

"I didn't!" I declared. "Jen injected herself, isn't that right, my swe-"

But I pulled my trousers up too quickly. The trousers I'd worn last night. The ones with the injector still in the pocket, and several vials too. They careened out of them, and in my flurry they mostly scattered on the table. One vial bounced along the floor and rolled to Juliet's feet. She brushed a dark curl away from her mystery-filled grey eyes, and picked up the vial. She was dressed smartly, her black sweat clinging tight to her B-cups, her wide hips displayed in her professional skirt. But for all that my libido was still appreciating an elegant woman, I was more caught in fear than anything else. She gazed at the vial closely.

"You son of a bitch. You are *ze* worst human alive. Look at what you have done to *zis* beautiful woman! Look what you made her into!"

"Juliet," Jen managed. "It isn't his fault. I couldn't resist. I wanted it. Forgive m-me, but I wanted it. These big, soft, sensitive tits and my gorgeous hips - I wanted it all!"

“Because of him,” Juliet spat. She advanced on me, and I actually found myself quite intimidated. She had that way about her, that damned woman. She was threatening to ruin everything! If she exposed me.

“I will *expose you*,” she said, seething, as if reading my mind through an angry filter.

“No! Juliet, you can’t! He’s my *master!*”

Juliet looked to Jen with horror, then back to me. Whatever look she had before was nothing, now the new one was *murderous*.

“Master? That’s what you’ve made her into, a submissive little puppy *zat* will do everything you tell her to? I will make sure you rot in a *zell* for *ze* rest of your life, you disgusting little piece of - ow! What *ze* fuck?”

She turned, and to both our collective shock, saw that Jennifer had not only taken the inject and primed a vial in it, but inserted it straight into Juliet’s shoulder.

“Jennifer!” Juliet said, appalled. “What are you doing?”

“I’m sorry!” she wailed, priming another dose. Her big boobs shifted on her chest as she did so, and she nearly toppled over, unused to the weight. “But I can’t let you hurt him! He’s my master! My body needs him, and - and so will yours soon too!”

And with that, she injected Jen again. The other woman tried to push back, but landed against me instead, and I stood firm, letting my Jen inject her a second time.

“No! Ohhhh, it’s - oh! You c-can’t do two injections! Or th-three! It’ll s-superspeed the reaction! Ahh!”

A third injection hit home as I took Juliet’s arms. I had cheated on Jennifer so many times. She had, in many ways, been little more than the woman who existed purely to give me access to the serum. But now, in that moment, I knew I would never abandon her again. Oh, I would sleep with other women - the one in my arms most likely of all - but always with her knowledge. Always with her permission. And she could join me too, whenever she wanted it or needed it.

Juliet writhed in my arms, the smart and searing woman filled with hate. She scratched and bit, and I let her go, but she fell into Jen’s embrace, cushioned against her chest.

“Noooo!” she cried. “*Zis* cannot happen! Jen, you h-have to let m-mee escape before -”

But it was Jen who spoke. She brushed her friend’s cheek, lowered a hand down over the French woman’s impressive hip.

“Juliet, I can’t fight. And I can’t let you escape. I know you feel so fucking horny right now. It’s a side effect. We both know how it works. *Don’t you want the kind of body that will let me and Chase sort it out for you?*”

The woman swallowed, made a sharp intake of breath. And then, to my utter victorious delight, she looked back at me, and bit her lip. I stepped forward, and slapped her on the ass lightly, enough for her to produce a horrified, yet aroused, shriek.

“N-no! *Zis*, oh God, what will you do to me!?”

“Nothing!” I said honestly. “You get to decide the changes, my dear Juliet. But wouldn’t you want a nice big pair of tits just like Jennifer here? Wouldn’t you like to submit to a man who can bring you the pleasure your body craves so bad?”

She glared at me, full of hate. But she also moaned.

I knew in that moment that I had her.

The changes did not take long to begin, and by that point, I knew also that I’d made the right decision. Soon, I’d have *two* perfect bodies serving me, not just one, and of course, there were still a few other vials left . . .

Part 3: Perfect Bodies

Life was good. Damn good. Each morning, I had my pick of the harem to please me, and oh my were they desperate to please me. As the first, and most fanatically loyal, Jennifer was almost always my go-to choice. She’d been utterly ravenous to make up for her lack of looks prior to her change, and now she was just as inventively sexual and hungry for orgasms, if not more so. With her huge G-cup tits and her hot ginger hair and her full, dick-sucking lips, it was practically an *expectation* at this point that she be the first to have my cock inside her, in whatever manner I felt like that morning.

“I just can’t help myself, *master*,” she often told me as she pressed her prodigious bosom in my face, “thanks to my own serum, I’ve become such a slut for your hard dick. I can’t wait for you to fuck me every time I wake up.”

And always I would squeeze those massive milkers, making her groan in ecstasy.

“Good thing for you, my perfect little wife, that I aim to fuck you every single remaining day of your existence. You know you’re my favourite.”

And just telling her that would make her swoon and purr and coo, desperate to please me. Oh, I had no doubt that she sometimes regretted her life. She often got a little flushed and embarrassed about her state, especially when I showed her off in public on my arm wearing sexy minidresses and crop tops that she never would have been caught dead wearing before. But always that desire to please me overrode it. Always. And, of course, the eventual promise of children. Jennifer really wanted to start a family prior to her transformation, and that hadn’t changed. In fact, we’d recently ditched contraception. It didn’t worry me, her being all big and round for a bit. It was a bit of a turn on, how much she

wanted it, and she promised even more sex when she was knocked up with my kid. Besides, I had more than enough other women to fulfil my usual desires.

Mind, despite being my wife, it was not Jennifer that got the first honours of *treating* my cock each morning, just the greater honour of receiving my seed first. Juliet, as the second transformed woman of my harem, was now my personal alarm clock. Every morning at eight am she woke me with her lips upon my dick, sucking me off as the most pleasurable alarm system I could ever hope for. She hated it, she really did, but she also loved it at the same time. Both women had retained their minds, but Jen had become much more submissive and joyfully servile, while Juliet followed more what I would call *compulsions*. The end result was the same, it just meant that those harsh grey eyes *glared* at me while she sucked on my wood each morning, but that too was a massive turn on. And God knows, she still couldn't help but get that dopamine rush when giving me blowjobs. She complained about it often.

"I cannot believe you have done *zis* to me! To all of us! We are nothing more *zan* big-boobed little sluts for your to fuck! Ohhhh, but it sounds *zo* good when I say it like that!"

She didn't have the same figure as Jen, though she had lovely double-D's and baby making hips. But thanks to the serum, she'd ended up with a pair of dick sucking lips that were always giving me the most divine blowjobs you could imagine. And because of her snooty attitude and constant looking down on me, I made sure she was always dressed in a sexy French maid costume - appropriate, given her accent - and in charge of cleaning. It wasn't uncommon for me to round a corner and see her flashing her panties at me as she bent over to dust a shelf.

"Mmhmm, *master*, I hate you *zo* muuuch!" she would moan, wiggling her hips. "But I need your cock in me *zooooooo* much more!"

And each time, I made her beg for it. She never wanted kids, but after Jen had hers, I figured it wouldn't be a bad idea to knock Juliet up. It would be a fun humiliation, forcing her to be a sexy French mom, and keep the costume on the whole time.

Of course, I deserved more than *just* two women. With the remaining serums, and the loyalty - submissive and compelled respectively - of Jen and Juliet, I set about visiting some of my old squeezes, and current mistresses. Erika was the first: I missed that gorgeous brown-bodied beauty and her big tits. She was easy to transform: she's always wanted nicer hips and better thighs and all that. Of course, I didn't realise she was already pregnant with my kid, and rather desperate about that! So it was pretty much destiny that she ended up as a member of my sexy harem. She still loves me sucking on her tits, even now that she's almost nine months pregnant. I was never big into the whole milk fetish thing, but I get it now. Very glad for those glands, ha!

Gabriella was another conquest of mine. Turns out that she knew I'd been a cheater. She actually took a swing at me! Still, I couldn't deny those Latina hips and thighs of hers were to die for, so I added her as well. Like Juliet, she's still plenty mad at me, particularly since when we all 'coached' her transformation, we decided to put those hips to good use and make her a sexy dancer. Now she gives the best lap dances and pole dances imaginable, and even when I'm fucking another member of my harem I love having her in the background, dancing away.

Lastly, and I feel a little bad about this one, was a two-for-one deal. I couldn't resist Gemma, my old friend Hayden's girlfriend. She had an ass that was only matched by Jennifer and Juliet now, but the idea of not being able to fuck her in the ass while she wailed in unbelievable pleasure was just anathema to me. So I decided to pay my friend a visit with my harem, which he couldn't believe and had a lot of questions about. Things went, unfortunately, a little poorly. The end result was that the last two vials went to making Gemma's ass belong to me, as well as turning Hayden into Haylie. Yes, I still feel a bit sorry about that, but *she* left me no choice. Gemma was already getting turned on by me as she became not just a big-booty goddess but also one with a nice E-cup rack and long perfect legs. I'd intended to get Casey for those legs, but Haylie would have to do: she turned out to be a bubbly hot blonde, a real Barbie type, complete with a total slutty figure. The best part? Gemma ended up looking the same. Can you say *twins*? Haylie's still not used to her new place, but her new form has left her with a real hunger for swallowing my cum after giving me blowjobs, as well as crying out while I slide between her legs, so suffice to say I think she'll adapt.

To think, I once considered using the perfect body serum on myself. That carried far too many risks. No, the choice I made was way better: instead of needing a perfect body to attract hot women, I brought the hottest of hot women to me instead. Now, with my sexy French maid Juliet, my dancing latina Gabriella, my needy babymomma Erika, my slutty blonde bimbo twins Gemma and Haylie, and - of course - my devoted bombshell redhead wife Jennifer, I can simply lie back and enjoy life with my harem of horny hotties. God knows, they're only getting better at playing their new roles for me.

The End