

The Ultimate Form

Chapter 1

"Why *this* one?" The general grumbled.

Politicians, all the same. This one may wear a fancy green uniform adorned with medals, may look like he'd once been a soldier, but he was a politician to the core. He'd probably never set foot on an actual battlefield in his life.

"There are laws and legal processes that we'd have to go through to use military personnel as test subjects. Hiring from the private sector is more ideal for-"

"Yes, yes," the general interrupted. "But why *him*?"

The general pointed at the selected subject's portfolio – at the picture of the man attached to it.

Balding, fat, blotchy skin. Unhealthy, unfit, uninteresting.

The contents of the portfolio were just as underwhelming as the picture. A deadbeat, unemployed father of three who was estranged from a family that, as far as the file said, would barely notice or care if he disappeared. No friends, no prospects, a step away from being homeless and forgotten. The man's only redeeming qualities were his height and the fact he didn't have any drugs or alcohol in his system.

Ideal for this kind of test.

If he died, no-one would come asking questions. If he didn't, the data and results of the test would be very insightful.

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Garry Becker stared down at the pill, eyes wide.

Was it meant to look metallic?

In front of him stood the head nerd. The four-eyed bookwork that'd made the pill – that was paying him to take it and spend the next day or two at the facility hooked up to machines.

Was this a good idea?

Garry gulped.

It probably was a bad idea. But he didn't exactly have a choice, did he? He was behind on rent and bills with no other way of getting enough money in time. He *had* to do this.

With a shaking hand, he picked up the metallic pill and popped it into his mouth, forced himself to swallow it.

He dreamed, as he always did, of better times.

Before his wife had kicked him out, gotten with some other guy. Before his daughters had turned into bitches and cunts, back when they'd been loving and respectful and adoring of their father. Back when he'd had his job, his house, his family.

His wife, Melissa, was beautiful. The prettiest girl in school when they'd started dating, who'd only gotten more attractive as the years went by. Dark flowing hair, warm chocolate eyes, amazing figure, huge tits. Her smile was breathtaking, her laughter musical.

In the dream, she looked exactly as she had done the last time he'd seen her – weeks ago now. Wearing a flower-print dress, a white apron. Unlike the real Melissa, she wasn't looking at him in disgust. She gazed at him the same way she'd used to, so many years ago.

Standing next to her was their eldest – Alice.

If anything, the girl was even more beautiful than her mother. Bright blonde hair and deep green eyes. She looked elegant, posture and figure what a person would expect from

high-society – distant and cool and confident. She knew she was beautiful, had even done some modelling work. Garry hadn't seen the girl smile in a very long time, but she smiled in his dream – love and adoration filling those amazing green eyes.

Then there was Benny – the tomboy. He'd never seen her in a dress or a skirt, never seen her with her chocolate brown hair past her shoulders. Benny was cute in a fun, energetic kind of way. Always smiling and laughing, always out doing something sporty or athletic. Of his three daughters, she was the only one that didn't seem to hate him.

And then there was the youngest, barely eighteen now. Catherine, the nerdy book-worm. Pretty like the other two, though where her eldest sister showed off her beauty, and the middle sister didn't care about it, Catherine went out of her way to hide her good-looks. Covering her face with her hair, wearing baggy clothes that hid her figure. A shy girl.

In the dream, all four were smiling brightly, welcoming.

As Garry stepped towards them, the women disappeared.

The world around him disappeared.

He woke in a cold sweat, body aching, muscles burning.

His insides felt like fire.

Garry gasped, sat up in bed. Dozens of wires and cords were attached to his body, sensors and tech shit. There was a beeping sound, fast and rhythmic. Two beeps, a slight pause, to more beeps.

People rushed in around him – men and women in white lab coats.

Doctors? Had he had a heart attack?

No, he remembered. The experiment he'd signed up for. The metallic pill. These people weren't doctors – not all of them at least. Scientists. Honorary nerds.

He *hated* nerds.

As they pooled around him, taking notes and talking to each other about nerd shit, Garry struggled.

He pulled at the wires connected to his skin, yanked them off.

One of the nerds tried to stop him, but Garry felt *alive*. Despite the ache in his muscles, despite how tired he felt, he also felt strong. Powerful, unstoppable.

It was a simple thing to push away the people trying to restrain him. He jumped off the hospital-type bed he was on, towered over the gathered nerds. They all took a step away from him, glancing at each other nervously.

Garry's eyes roamed the room, looking for the exit.

He froze when he saw his reflection in a large mirror that took up one wall.

Garry's mouth dropped open.

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Perfect. The project was a success.

The test subject stood, mouth agape, staring at the one-way window. He'd be looking at his reflection in the mirror side, though his eyes almost seemed to be locked onto me.

Gone was his fat, weak body.

The figure that stood in that room was perfect. Toned and muscled and strong. Not an overly-bulky meatball, but a perfect specimen – an ideal soldier. Quicker, stronger, more durable. And, if the most important part of the project worked, totally obedient and undying loyal.

A perfect super-soldier, just like the general had ordered.

Or, well, this man wouldn't be a soldier. Once this test was over, I'd disable the nanites and send the man on his way. He could keep the muscles – though, from all the information I'd gathered on the man, I doubted he'd willingly maintain them with exercise.

But, one day soon, I'd be able to mass-produce the nanite clusters. The general would have his army of super-soldiers, and I'd have more money than I'd ever be able to spend.

As the subject began causing a commotion again – the shock of seeing his reflection passing – I sighed.

The sooner I could send this oaf home, compile and report the results, the better.

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The white-coats led Garry to a small room with a desk and two chairs.

He stood, waited.

After a few minutes passed, the head nerd walked into the room with a smug, 'I'm better than you' smile. He sat down on one side of the desk, gestured to the other chair.

"Please have a seat," the man said.

"I think I'll stand," Garry growled. Egg-heads, always thinking they're superior – can boss people around – just because they're so much 'smarter' than everyone else. Garry wasn't going to play the little man's game. Wasn't going to let the nerd dictate what he-

"I insist," the nerd smiled through thin lips. A slight buzzing vibration echoed inside Garry's head. "Please sit down until we're done discussing this experiment. I'd like to know about any side-effects or issues you may be experiencing."

Garry glared, moved to sit down opposite the head nerd.

The sooner all this was over with, the sooner he could get paid and go home.

For the next two hours, the egghead asked question after question. Boring, bland questions. How did he feel? What was he thinking? What were his feelings towards random topics? On and on and on it went.

The nerd had some kind of device in his hand. A small, square remote-like thing. It had nine buttons in a three-by-three grid. Occasionally, the nerd would press one of the buttons – always the same one – when he asked a question.

By the time it was over, it was taking Garry everything he had in him not to climb over the table and throttle the man.

This was a waste of time.

"That'll be all for now," the egghead said at last. "We'll keep you here overnight and you can leave in the morning. You said cash is your preferred payment method?"

"Yes," Garry grumbled.

The egghead nodded his head, stood and left.

A minute later, another white-coat nerd came into the room to lead Gary back to room he'd be spending the night in.

He was strong. He could feel it. The muscles weren't just for show. They were *powerful*. He was powerful. Whatever that pill had been, it'd changed everything.

Looking like he did now, he could win his wife back.

No. Fuck her. He could have any woman he wanted.

How long would it last? This body?

How long until the pill wore off?

These nerds would probably start selling the things for stupid amounts of money. More than He'd ever be able to afford.

Garry sat up in the bed, ignoring the white-coats around him.

"I need to piss," he told no-one in particular.

Some of the nerds glanced at each other, unsure what to do. He continued to ignore them, walked to the room's door. When two of the nerds made to follow him, Garry spun on them, growled.

"What? You gonna watch me take a piss too?" He spat, eyes darting between the

two would-be followers. "Fuck off. I know where the toilets are, I'll be back when I'm done."

The nerds looked uncertain but didn't move after him as Garry walked out of the room and shut the door behind himself.

He did know where the toilets were.

But that wasn't where he was going.

Somewhere around here, the nerds must have more of those pills. All he had to do was find them.

The head nerd probably kept them somewhere safe.

His office maybe?

It was night, well past midnight. The corridors deserted, no lights on in any of the rooms he passed. When he'd first entered the building, he'd been taken to the egghead's office for an interview. Everything seemed to be on the same floor – he hadn't gone into any elevators or up or down any staircases.

After a bit of wandering, a bit of backtracking and trying to remember the routes he'd been led along previously, Garry found it.

An office door with a name engraved into a metal plaque.

Xavier Atenas.

That was the chief egghead's name.

There was no light in the office, no glow along the edges of the door. No-one inside.

Garry grabbed the door handle, turned it and stepped inside.

He didn't have time to be sneaky. There was a good chance the nerds were already looking for him.

He rushed over to the desk, searched through drawers full of documents and folders. A lot of sciencey bullshit with no sign of the pills. Finally, when Garry opened the last desk drawer, he sighed with relief.

It was empty save for a small metal box, a laptop, and a square remote with nine buttons in a three-by-three grid.

Garry reached down, opened the box, a wide smile splitting his lips.

Another three-by-three grid, only one of the metallic pills inside was missing. The top left corner had no pill, but eight still remained.

Even if he didn't need them, even if his body remained strong and powerful as it was now, he could sell the pills to others – make a shit-ton more money than the eggheads were paying him to be a guinea pig for them.

He plucked all eight metal pills out of the box, clutched them in a bawled fist, put the empty box back where it'd been next to the square remote and closed the drawer.

When the nerds found him wandering the corridors, he played dumb – told them he couldn't find the bathroom.

The arrogant cunts actually believed him – believed that he could be so stupid. Assholes. But they led him to one of the bathrooms and waited outside the door.

He glanced down at himself – feeling a momentary surprise at the perfect figure he now had.

Garry was wearing a medical gown with no pockets, and nothing else. Nowhere to hide the pills on his person. Save shoving them up his own ass – which he was *not* going to do – there was no way he'd be able to hold onto them until tomorrow morning, when he'd get his clothes back.

Garry glanced around the cubicle, searching for a place to hide the eight pills.

Hoping that no cleaners would come through here before he had a chance to pick them up again tomorrow, he grabbed a small square of toilet paper, folded the pills inside it, and hid it behind the toilet. No-one would see it there and, as long as no-one got on hands and knees to search behind the toilet, no-one would find it. Hopefully.

That done, he flushed the toilet and left the cubicle.

The next morning, the nerds took him to the same room he'd been led to before. The interrogation room.

His old self would have been sweating nervously, panicking.

But the new Garry felt confident, at ease. These nerd fucks weren't as clever as they thought they were. He'd get away with it, have all the pills for himself. If his body started going flabby again, he'd take another pill. If not, he'd sell them and make a nice bit of cash.

The head nerd showed up after a short pause.

Garry smiled as he entered.

The egghead was carrying a laptop – the same one Garry had seen in the drawer with the pills and remote.

As the man asked questions, he tapped on the screen of the laptop, moving his fingers vertically and horizontally. With how the egghead was sitting opposite him, Garry couldn't see what was on the screen.

Finally, the nerd reached into his lab coat pocket, pulled out a bulky bundle of cash.

"I'd like to remind you," the head nerd said slowly. "That you've signed an NDA. A Non-Disclosure Agreement. You are legally prohibited from speaking about-"

"I know," Garry growled.

Fucking nerds. Always thinking he was so stupid.

No talking about the drug trail, not fucking hard to remember.

"Well then," the nerd said curtly. "That concludes our business then, Mr Becker. My associates will lead you from the building and will give you a number to call if you experience any unusual side effects."

After the head egghead left, Garry told his escort about how he needed to take a shit. Let them lead him right to the restroom he'd stashed the pills in.

He grabbed them up, slipped them inside a pocket, and left the building smiling.

The world seemed brighter as he walked away. His body felt lighter, mind clearer. He looked twenty years younger, as handsome as the day he'd first rammed his cock into Melissa.

With a skip in his step, he walked to his car, drove away.

His wife. How would she react to the new him?

Maybe, by the end of today, he'd have his family back – kick out the shithead who'd moved in and wanted Garry's wife to divorce him. With his new body, nothing seemed impossible any more.

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"How did this happen?" I asked, voice calm, even.

That, I found, terrified people far more than shouting and anger. I had every reason to be pissed off. I was pissed off. And they knew it. But the fact that I could control that rage, could speak so calmly, created a dread inside those gathered that shouting and ranting like a child never could.

"Well," a nervous voice spoke. "He said needed-"

"I know what he said," I interrupted. "I know what he did. I'm asking how it was allowed to happen. We have cameras all across the compound. How did Security not see what the subject was doing?"

Someone coughed, the sound laced with anxiety.

"The camera feeds that Security watch are all external. None of the building's internal cameras are actively viewed in real-time, they're only recorded, sir."

Mistakes. So many mistakes.

The doctors and specialists in the room should have only allowed the subject outside the room with an escort. They should never have let him wander around alone.

Security should have been monitoring all the cameras, not just those outside the building.

I should have kept the very, *very* expensive nanite clusters somewhere more secure.

Too many mistakes.

Thankfully, the fool didn't know what he'd stolen. He probably thought they were just pills to make a man transform from a fat oaf into a perfect human specimen. And true, they could do just that. But they were so much more.

If he'd taken the remote and laptop too, things would be so much worse.

Then again, if he'd taken either of those two things, I'd have known they were missing and would have caught the thief red-handed.

As long as he only had the nanite clusters, this could still be saved.

As long as he didn't consume any more of them, or give them to others to consume, everything would be fine.

"Sir," another nervous voice popped up. "Sir, why don't you just use the remote and order him to come back here?"

Fools. I'm surrounded by fools.

"The remote has a limited range," I said, though I probably shouldn't have. The exact details of the project were known only to me and the general. Letting these gathered men and women know more than they absolutely needed to was unwise. "Besides, he'd have to actually hear me give the command for it to work."

Others piped in suggestions. Useless noise interrupting my thoughts. One idiot even suggested I call the general, have him deal with the thief.

No, the very *last* thing I needed was for the general to know about this.

I'd deal with it myself.

I knew where the man – Garry Becker – lived. I'd simply go there alone, remote and laptop in hand, and resolve this whole issue quickly and efficiently. No need to get anyone else involved. No need for anyone outside this room to know that this hiccup ever happened.

As for the thief, well...