

The Ultimate Form

Chapter 3

Lucky man.

Those two words repeated in my mind every time I saw Melissa. Her pretty eyes, her beautiful smile. She was way out of my league. A plain guy like me with a sexy goddess like her? Unthinkable. Yet here I was, in her bed.

Lucky, lucky man.

I still couldn't fully believe it. A woman as beautiful and kind and loving as her, interested in me? She could have any man she wanted. And she chose *me*.

That was enough to make any man feel amazing.

As soon as her deadbeat husband agreed to a divorce, I'd put a ring on Melissa's finger and let all the world know how madly in love with her I was.

She was still young, too. Young enough that maybe, just maybe, we could try for a child. Melissa, of course, already had her three daughters – all women in their own right. But who was to say she didn't want another? A little baby boy or girl.

Just thinking about it made me grin like an idiot.

Everything was perfect.

Absolutely, amazingly perfect.

I was a lucky man, indeed!

~ ~ ~

"Why do you look the same?" Garry asked, looking down on the bound nerd in his apartment.

It'd been hours since he'd forced the little man to swallow one of the pills. Why hadn't the nerd bulked up like Garry himself had? Why was he still small and weak and puny?

Maybe the pill wasn't working. Maybe the nanites were broken.

The nerd – Xavier – glared up at him.

"The nanites haven't been given instructions," the little man spat. "They haven't been programmed to alter my body, so they're doing nothing. Waiting for the signal and instructions to follow."

"How do I give them instructions?" Garry asked.

The nerd didn't answer, turned his head and looked away.

Garry considered kicking the man, forcing him to answer. But was that really necessary? The nerd had brought a nine-button remote and a laptop with him. The remote, he knew, activated the nanites in a person's brain – made that person obedient. The laptop, then, must control the nanites in the body.

He grabbed the laptop off his bed, opened it and powered it on.

That caught the nerd's attention.

Though Xavier didn't speak, Garry could see the panic and fear in his eyes. Not for the first time, the nerd struggled uselessly against his bindings. Stupid little man, still didn't know he'd already lost.

"What's the password?" Garry asked when the laptop prompted him for one.

The nerd, as expected, didn't reply.

Interrogating the little shit was an option. Torturing the password out of him would work. But it'd take time. Likely, the nerd had already been gone from his research lab too long. Garry couldn't afford to waste time beating the shitstain for answers.

Instead, he picked up the remote, pressed the top left button and asked the question.

"What's the laptop's password?" Garry asked aloud and, an instant later, his own

mouth moved by itself, answering the question. "I don't know."

Nine buttons for nine pills. The top left was Garry's.

What about the top middle?

Garry pressed it, asked the question.

Silence.

He moved on, pressed the next, then the next.

Bottom row, middle button. When Garry pressed that button and asked the question, the nerd spoke.

Numbers, letters, symbols. Xavier spoke one after the other, eyes wide. When he was done, silence filled the apartment once again. Garry grinned, pulled out his phone and opened a note.

"Repeat that," he commanded, holding the remote's button down.

Xavier couldn't resist, spoke the password again.

This time, Garry typed it out – saved it to his phone.

Then, ignoring the nerd's protests, typed the password into the laptop and unlocked it.

It wasn't like any computer he'd ever used before. No programs or files to explore. Once the password was entered, nine simple boxes appeared in a three-by-three grid. The top left and bottom middle had the word 'Active' on them. The rest, save for one that was 'Out of Range', read 'Inactive'.

The 'Out of Range' one, Garry guessed, was the pill he'd given his wife. The 'Inactive' ones were the six nanite clusters he still had in his possession. And the two 'Active' were him and Xavier.

He clicked on the bottom middle box, Xavier's box.

And his eyes widened in disbelief.

Options. So many options. Categories within categories, a maze of numbers and figures and statistics. The laptop had information on the nerd's heart-rate, his adrenaline levels, height, weight, fat percentages.

And sliders. So many sliders.

There were options to increase or decrease the size of every individual muscle independently in the nerd's body, options to alter his hair growth and skin pigmentation, options to create or remove freckles or blotches in his skin. There were even multiple options to alter the length and girth of the nerd's dick.

Garry coughed, let out a howl of laughter.

A grin on his face, Garry moved all of Xavier's dick-measurement sliders down to their minimum. He saved the changes, closed the laptop and smiled down at the nerd.

The stupid, little idiot.

"You and I are going to have a little talk," Garry told the nerd, reaching over and grabbing up the obedience remote. "About what you're going to tell the people you work with. About how you're going to lie to them for me. Do you understand?"

As he said the last three words, Garry pressed a button on the remote.

"Yes," Xavier answered instantly.

"Good," Garry smirked, holding down the button. "Now listen carefully..."

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She looked sad. Waking up, there'd been a hope in Melissa's eyes. A bright desire. But that'd faded quickly. She'd stared at the mirror in her bedroom, looked at her face and body, and visibly slumped.

I watched her, confused.

She looked just as beautiful as she always did. Graceful and elegant, a maturing beauty. Yet, all Melissa seemed to see was an ageing woman losing her charms.

She couldn't be further from the truth.

Age, if anything, had added to her beauty. Refined it.

How did the saying go? Ageing like fine wine?

That was Melissa. Growing more and more stunning every time I saw her. She'd been haggard and world-weary when I'd met her, still with her deadbeat husband. Now, so much of that weight seemed lifted from her shoulder. She felt lighter, brighter, more happy. Seeing her smile so much, when those same smiles used to be so rare...

How could she think she wasn't attractive when a simple smile from her was enough to melt a man?

All throughout the morning, I whispered sweet nothings into her ear, fondled her body and kissed her lovingly. In my own way, I let her know just how desirable she was. By the time I had to leave for work, she was smiling again – that bright brilliance in her eyes once again. With all three of her daughters out of the house, I was half tempted to call in sick today – spend the next few hours in bed with Melissa.

God, she made me feel like a teenager again.

Unfortunately, bills didn't pay themselves. Much as I'd love to stay home and make love to my beautiful, amazing girlfriend, I had to go and be a breadwinner. Still, if I got out of work early, we might still have a little time to ourselves before the girls got back home...

I relished the thought, the fantasies that came with it, as I left the house and walked over to my car.

The street was empty save for one familiar-looking man. Tall and bald, and extremely toned and fit. I was sure I recognised him from somewhere, but I had no idea where. One of Melissa's neighbours?

I smiled and nodded to him as I opened my car door and slid inside.

The man glared at me, eyes hateful.

Guess someone woke up on the wrong side of the bed. Then again, not everyone can wake up next to a stunning beauty like me. Still, that man and his glare felt way too familiar.

A jealous neighbour who had a crush on Melissa?

Well, in that, I couldn't blame him.

A happy, content smile spread my lips as I drove to work.

Not everyone was as lucky as me.

~ ~ ~

He'd spent the night.

That fucking nerd shitbag had spent the night at *his* house with *his* wife.

Garry glared at the car as it drove away.

He'd get payback on the prick. He'd made the scrawny shit suffer.

And he'd punish his wife, too. The slut, spreading her legs for another man. Whore. He'd remind her *exactly* who she belonged to.

Had Melissa swallowed the pill he'd given her?

If not, he could force another own down her throat, same as he'd done with Xavier. Hopefully, it wouldn't come to that. If she'd done as he wanted, downed the cluster he'd given her, this whole thing would go much more smoothly.

It was about time his wife remembered her place.

Remote in one hand, laptop in the other, Garry walked over to *his* house and knocked the front door, waited.

A couple of seconds later, the door opened.

And there she stood. His unfaithful wife.

Stunningly beautiful as always, save for the cold expression on her face. Wearing a white robe that hid her goodies, pink fluffy slippers. No make-up, just natural shadows

under her chocolate eyes. Her hair was messy, not brushed or cleaned. Bed-head. Was that from tossing and turning during the night, or from sexual activities with the nerd prick?

The thought sent ripples of anger and annoyance through Garry.

Melissa was his wife. *His*.

If she thought she could get away with infidelity, that he'd allow her to fuck another man, she was wrong. Very, very wrong.

The whore opened her mouth, uttered a non-committal greeting.

He could tell from her tone that she didn't want him there.

Unfortunately for her, she didn't have a say. Not any more.

Garry stared at his wife, thumb moving on the remote in his hand. He knew which button was hers – the laptop had the same three-by-three grid, and only one of the clusters had been out of range. The same button on the remote's grid would control the nanite cluster he'd given to Melissa.

As long as she'd swallowed the pill, that was.

Only one way to find out.

Garry pressed the button, opened his mouth.

"Is there anyone home except you right now?" He asked his wife.

"No," she answered instantly, eyes widening in surprise.

"Will any of them be home soon?"

"No," Melissa repeated without pause.

"Stand aside and let me in," Garry commanded.

Melissa stared at him, eyes wide in horror. She couldn't move, couldn't speak. He'd forbidden her from both.

All she could do was watch as he wandered around the room, staring at the pictures on walls and shelves.

Every photo with him in it had been removed.

Not a single one of the pictures had him in it.

There were pictures of all the girls, from when they'd been babies to how they looked now – fully grown women. There was a picture of his eldest daughter from her first modelling job, eyes distant and expression cold. A picture of his middle daughter in a soccer jersey, surrounded by other girls in the same uniform, all smiling brightly. There were fewer pictures of his youngest daughter, the shy, nerdy one.

The photo that drew Garry's gaze most, however, was a family picture. His wife and all three daughters together, along with the scrawny prick Melissa had been fucking. All smiling, like some kind of happy, loving family.

Garry's family, not *his*. The fucker who'd moved in on Garry's wife. Yet there the scrawny prick was, smiling along with the rest of Garry's girls – his wife and daughters.

Traitors, all of them.

When the time came, he'd punish the asshole who'd been fucking Melissa. He'd punish Melissa for being a whore, punish his daughters for turning on him – betraying him.

He'd make them *all* pay.

Garry turned away from the photo of the five people he'd punish, locked his eyes on his first target.

"Whore," he said, addressing his wife. "Take all your clothes off, then get on your knees where you belong."

As soon as the words were out of his mouth, he moved his thumb away from the remote, stopped pressing Melissa's button. His wife stood, shut her eyes tight. Her robe slipped from her shoulders, revealing the sheer nightgown beneath.

A few moments later, that was discarded too.

Naked, her large tits swaying as she moved, Melissa dropped to her knees. She stared down at the floor, body trembling.

Too long. It'd been too long since he'd seen his wife naked.

Those big, sagging tits. Her wide, brown areola. The blue veins and stretched skin. She wasn't young any more. Didn't have the bouncy, perky tits he'd loved fucking and playing with all those years ago.

But, with the laptop, he could fix that.

Morph his whore wife into anything he wanted. Her body and mind were his to shape and control now.

That could wait until later, however. He had plenty of time before his daughters came home. As much as she may have aged, as much as the years might show on her face and body, Melissa was still an extraordinarily beautiful woman.

More than adequate to receive his cock.

He stepped forward, stood in front of her. He pressed the button, smiled.

"Suck my cock."

That was all he needed to say. Three words and, just like that, the bitch who kicked him out of his own house, who'd invited another man into Garry's bed, who'd poisoned his daughter's minds against him, reached forward and began undoing his jeans.

She pulled his trousers down with shaking hands, dragging down his boxers at the same time. And she froze.

Her eyes widened in horror at what she saw.

When Garry had discovered the nanites in his body could grow more than just his muscles, that they could increase the size of his cock, he couldn't resist.

He'd been above average before.

Now he had a monster between his legs.

Longer than any cock even his whore wife had seen before, and so girthy that he wasn't even sure if it'd fit in her mouth for her to suck. He might as well have told her to fuck a baseball bat with her mouth – his new cock was certainly comparable to one.

"Well?" Garry grinned down at her. "What are you waiting for?"

Hours later, Melissa lay on their king-sized bed – body sprawled out and covered in sweat. Cum pooled out from between her legs, forming a puddle on the bedsheets. She was panting heavily, eyes on the ceiling.

The nerd shitbag would be arriving home soon. Much as he wanted to stay and continue fucking his wife, Garry couldn't. Not yet. Until his three daughters and the shitbag nerd had nanites in their bodies, he couldn't risk it.

When he could control all of them – Melissa, his daughters, and the scrawny prick – he could do as he pleased. Toy with and punish them, morph and alter them. But, until then, it'd be best if they didn't suspect anything.

"Whore," Garry said, climbing off the bed and reaching for the remote. "Listen up and listen carefully."

It wasn't like he could give the pills to his daughters and expect them to swallow them. He could try forcing them to, but why take the risk? If it were Melissa giving their daughters the nanite clusters, if it were her convincing them to take the pills, the girls were much more likely to comply.

Which one of his daughters did he want to control first?

Which one deserved his punishment most?

Cold, distant Alice with her 'I'm better than you' attitude? Busty Benny with her tomboy, energetic personality? Shy and nerdy Catherine, who always hid away and avoided him?

Garry reached for where his jeans were discarded on the floor, slipped his hand into a pocket and plucked out two nanite clusters. One for a daughter, the other for his wife's 'boyfriend'.

"I have a job for you," Garry said, turning to his wife.

She didn't move, continued staring wide-eyed at the ceiling, breathing heavily. Remote in hand, button pressed, Garry smirked.

"Two jobs, really. And several rules," He continued. She could hear him. He knew she could. "You're not going to try and resist. You're not going to try to betray me or let them know what's going on. I'm going to give you two metal pills, same as the one I gave you yesterday, and you're going to give them to...."

~ ~ ~

Something was off about Melissa.

I couldn't put my finger on what it was, exactly. Save for her shying away when I'd tried to kiss her, she was acting as she always did. She talked about how boring and uneventful her day was, asked her daughters about their days and how they were doing.

Everything was normal, perfectly fine and ordinary.

Except something felt wrong.

Like the way Melissa's smiles didn't reach her eyes, or the way her face dropped when she thought no-one was looking.

I waited until we were alone before I brought it up to her.

"Are you okay, beautiful?" I asked. "You seem kinda..."

Melissa looked at me, eyes twinkling.

She forced a smile onto her face, though I saw the desperation and fear and pain in her eyes.

"I'm fine," she said, a shaking hand reaching into one of her pockets. "I just..."

When her hand came out of the pocket, she was holding a small metal-looking pill between her fingers and thumb.

"I have a favour to ask you," Melissa continued, eyes widening. "And you can't ask me why or what or anything. You just have to trust me."

"Uhh," I said, uncertain what to say. "Okay."

"I need you to swallow this," Melissa raised the metallic pill for me to take. "I need you to swallow it and not ask any questions."

Trust.

I didn't know what this was about, or why she wanted me to swallow some small metal object. And she'd said I couldn't ask.

Was this some odd relationship test, to see if I trusted her?

Somehow, I didn't think so.

But I did trust Melissa. More than anything else in the world. She was kind, caring, loving. She'd never do anything to harm the people she cared about. And, somehow, by some miracle, I was one of those people.

If me gulping down some small metal pill would make her feel better, help her with whatever was wrong, I'd do it without question.

I smiled at her, took the pill from her fingers and, without hesitation, popped it in my mouth and swallowed.