

## The Ultimate Form

### Chapter 4

I choked back laughter, covered my mouth and snorted quietly. In my ears, the guys continued to tell jokes – determined to make me laugh out loud. Behind their voices, the sounds of the game we were all playing together echoed. Guns firing, footsteps, faint music.

Distantly, over the sounds of the game and my friends talking, I heard my mother call my name.

Dinner time.

I rolled my eyes, told the guys I'd be back soon, took off my headset and set my controller aside. They'd do fine without me there to carry them, and I was actually pretty hungry anyway. Besides, if I ignored Mom, she'd do her whole glaring 'I'm annoyed that you didn't come downstairs immediately' thing.

Just before I stepped outside my bedroom, I caught sight of my reflection in the mirror.

Dark, messy hair covered most of my freckled face, my green eyes just about visible between strands of black and the wide-rimmed glasses I wore. Full lips without lipstick, eyes without eyeliner. No make-up at all.

I was wearing a black, long-sleeved shirt. Baggy and shapeless, save for the swelling over my chest. I grimaced at the sight of them – two oversized mounds of fat that seemed to be the only thing guys were interested in. What was so great about large breasts anyway? All they'd ever given me was uncomfortable stares and an aching back.

Staring at my reflection, remembering that my mother's boyfriend would probably be there again today too, I sighed. Quickly, I walked over to my bed, picked up the baggy hoodie there and quickly put it on.

Head down, I stepped outside my room.

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"Why didn't you give the pill to Catherine?" Garry asked.

His wife's eyes widened.

She couldn't have disobeyed the orders he'd given her. The nanites had absolute authority. Yet, somehow, she'd managed to resist giving the cluster to their youngest daughter – as Garry had commanded her to do using the remote.

"I never had a chance," Melissa said quietly. "Cat spends all her time in her room, I didn't have a chance to speak to her alone."

Didn't have a chance to speak to her alone? That was horseshit. Melissa could simply have walked into the girl's bedroom and convinced her to swallow the pill, made up some excuse or reason. She hadn't though, despite the order he'd given her.

Had he been too free with his command?

He hadn't given his wife a time-limit to complete her orders – no 'by the end of the day, you'll do this' type of thing. Could it be that by not giving his wife a time-limit, she was able to stall and make excuses for herself not to follow the command?

Garry reached into his pocket, pulled out the remote and pressed Melissa's button.

"By the end of the day today, you will make sure Catherine swallows that pill. Convince her to if you can, act normal – like you usually would. But, if that doesn't work, you'll force it into her mouth and make her swallow it. Understand?"

"Yes," my wife answered instantly, eyes on the floor.

"Good, now strip."

Melissa's gaze shot up, her eyes wide.

"But Ned will be back soon," she said, panic lining her voice. "He'll find out. He'll-"

"Shut up," Garry commanded, silencing his wife's complaints.

Yes, her 'boyfriend' would be home soon. The nerd had a half-day at work, apparently. It didn't matter. The dumbass prick had swallowed one of the clusters. He was as much a slave to Garry as Melissa was. Only the nerd didn't know it yet.

When the shitstain arrived back here, he'd find Melissa on her hands and knees with Garry's cock buried inside her.

And then what?

How was Garry going to take revenge on the prick who'd tried to steal his wife away? Who'd turned his daughters against him?

What could Garry possibly do to the little man that'd make up for all the nerd had tried to take from him?

A lot.

So many fitting punishments entered Garry's mind. A sea of humiliations he could inflict on the nerd, an endless stream of pain and revenge.

It'd start, Garry decided, with having the nerd watch as Garry made his wife scream with pleasure. Make him watch and listen as Melissa begged for a real man – not some limp-dicked nerd. He'd cuckold the prick, and he'd do it right in front of him.

As Melissa stripped naked, waited for her next command, Garry stepped over to where he'd set down the laptop. He opened it up, typed in the password, clicked on his wife's box.

Arousal was a chemical reaction. Hormones and shit.

That meant it was a bodily function, and there'd probably be a setting for it on the laptop. Sure enough, after a bit of searching, he found it. Thanks to the nanites, he had the power to control his wife's arousal and pleasure at will. Smiling, Garry slid his fingers over the screen, moved sliders.

Before closing the laptop and having fun with Melissa, he looked through more options – all the while enjoying his wife begin to squirm with horny discomfort.

One set of options stood out above the others.

Loyalty, obedience, thought patterns. The laptop – and the nanites it instructed – could alter everything about a person. *Everything*. Right down to their personality and beliefs. With the right combination of tweaks, the right commands using the remote, Garry could re-write his wife's entire identity. Change the way she looked, the way she thought and acted.

And there were still so many options he *hadn't* seen.

He'd only just scratched the surface of what the nanites could do, and already they gave him god-like control over others.

Garry's thoughts were cut off by the sound of a loud moan.

He stared over at his wife, watched as her legs trembled and her body shook. Her eyes were wild, hungry. She was sweating, her naked skin glistening. And, from between her legs, a stream of fluid flowed.

Garry smiled, set the laptop aside and strode over to his wife.

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Something was odd about my mother and her boyfriend.

They were acting like everything was fine, but I could see it in their eyes that something was wrong. A fight, perhaps? Some argument or something?

Neither of my sisters seemed to notice. But then, why would they?

Alice was so self-absorbed and snooty that she probably wouldn't have noticed if the house was burning down around her. Oh, she'd complain that it was too hot; demand that someone turn the air-con on, or order that they fetch her some dairy-free ice-cream, or even that one of us find a big leaf-covered tree-branch to fan her with. But actually notice

that other people actually existed? Never.

And Benny? It was easy to tell that she hadn't noticed the odd atmosphere between Mom and Ned. After all, if she had noticed, she'd have straight out asked what was wrong. No care for personal boundaries and privacy, just a bold and blatant 'why are you guys acting so weird?' and then *everyone* would be uncomfortable.

Whatever was going on between Mom and Ned, it was none of my business.

The haunted look in Ned's eyes, the nervousness in Mom's expression. That was between the two of them. Not me. Let them sort it out themselves – asking about it would only make the situation more awkward for everyone involved.

So that's what I did – ignore it and go to my room.

Before I could even turn on my console and start gaming, a knock sounded on my bedroom door.

Without waiting for me to answer, my mother opened the door and stepped inside my room. Her entire body screamed nervousness, her eyes wide and pleading.

My stomach dropped. Was I about to be dragged into her and her boyfriend's drama? I hoped not.

"Hey Cat," my mother said, reaching into a pocket. "I've got something that I need you to take. A pill. It's a medical thing. Like an immunity drug. We're going on a surprise holiday soon, you see and, uh, I need you to take this now."

Why was she lying to me? My mother wasn't a very good liar.

Before I could think, work out what was going on, Mom pulled her hand out of her pocket, held out a little metal pill for me to take.

And, just like that, I was trapped.

If I didn't take it, my mother would ask why – and then there'd be confrontation and drama. Talking and questions and a whole lot of shit I didn't want to deal with.

If I took it, then what? It wasn't like Mom would ever want me to take something that was bad for me. It might not be medicine, but it wasn't going to be poisonous or dangerous.

I reached out, took the pill from her fingers.

When she didn't leave the room right away, I suppressed a deep sigh. She wanted to watch me take it. Of course she did.

I raised the pill to my lips, dropped it into my mouth and gulped it down.

Mom nodded her head, though her eyes looked pained. She turned and left my room without saying a word. And, just like that, I was alone again. Mildly, I considered forcing myself to puke the pill back up – flush it down the toilet or something. But I had a feeling Mom would know if I did – whatever the metal pill did, it probably did *something*.

Plus, puking is gross and messy.

Instead, I sat down on my bed, reached for my controller.

Whatever the pill did, I'd find out soon enough.

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He didn't need to knock.

Melissa knew he was coming, had left the door unlocked for him. He simply walked up to the front door of his house and pushed it open, let himself inside.

The nerd's car wasn't outside. Probably had work.

That was good – Garry needed new clothes and a new car, and he had no intention of paying for that shit himself. Why not let *Ned* float the checks from now on? It was all the shitstain was good for any more.

Melissa was waiting in the living room, sitting on the sofa and staring at the floor. Sat next to her was Catherine.

It seemed his wife had fulfilled her orders properly this time.

"Leave us," Garry told the woman – not even bothering to use the remote to compel her.

Melissa stood, defeated, and left the room.

Probably, she was glad that he wasn't forcing her to watch what happened next. Didn't want to see the betrayal in her daughter's eyes.

"You," Garry said, addressing Catherine, "stay where you are."

The girl was visibly uncomfortable. Wearing baggy clothes, with her hair in her face, it was hard to read exactly what she was thinking and feeling from her posture and facial expression. But Garry could sense the girl's discomfort.

She'd always been a shy one. But, ever since Garry had been kicked out of the house – and Melissa had started dating that shitstain nerd – Catherine had changed. It wasn't just that she was shy any more, she was turning into a nerd herself. Four-eyed, always glued to a computer screen, always playing her video games.

Melissa's boyfriend had corrupted her.

Without a real man in her life, Catherine must have idolised the nerd instead. It was her mother's fault, more than anything. The bitch had brought the shitstain into Catherine's life, allowed their daughter to look up to and emulate him.

Now Catherine was a nerd, too. Or close to one.

Garry wouldn't allow *that* to stand.

When he was done with Catherine today, not only would this nerdish *phase* come to an end, but she'd learn exactly what it meant to be a woman from a *real* man. He'd show her what an ideal woman was, transform her into exactly that.

He walked over to a spare seat, sat down and opened the laptop.

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What was he doing here?

Why had Mom left like that?

Something was wrong. I could feel it. Something was very, very wrong. Deep down, I knew I should leave. Get up and get out of the room – get as far away from my father as possible. I knew I shouldn't stay.

Yet my body didn't move.

I told myself I was overreacting, that everything was fine.

He was my father. He wouldn't do anything to hurt me. And Mom wouldn't let him, even if he wanted to.

My heart pounded in my chest as he tapped his laptop's screen, slid his fingers over its surface. What was he doing? And why was he doing it?

Why had Mom stopped me from going to school today?

Finally, my father – once fat, now beefed up – turned his attention to me. He smiled in a very unfatherly way, opened his mouth and began to speak.

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"Things are going to change around here," Garry told his daughter.

She sat silently, listening with wide eyes.

"This," he continued, gesturing at Catherine's body. "Is going to change. The baggy clothes. The geeky, nerdy shit that you're interested in. It's all going to change. You're not behaving like a proper girl should. No make-up. No pretty dresses. Nothing."

Why did his daughter have to be like this? Why couldn't she have been normal?

Alice was normal. She acted like a girl should, even if she was an uppity bitch. What went wrong with Benny and Catherine? The tomboy and the nerd. What'd caused them to act out like this?

Garry knew the answer.

They didn't have a strong male figure in their life to guide them, educate them on their roles as women. Ever since his wife kicked him out, and that nerd shitbag had become the male figure in their lives, everything had gone to shit.

But, thankfully, Garry now had the power to change things.

To fix things.

Starting, of course, with his most troublesome daughter. The would-be nerd. Catherine.

"You're a girl," Garry told his daughter, a hand reaching into his pocket for the remote. He knew, thanks to the laptop, which button to press. "And it's about time you start acting like one."

Catherine fidgeted nervously. She looked like she wanted to say something, though no words came.

"Women with nice bodies don't hide their figure with baggy clothing," Garry said, pressing down on the remote's button. "They flaunt what they have, enjoying the looks men give them. Good-looking women don't shy away from attention, they seek attention."

With how she was always wearing baggy clothing, it was hard to tell what kind of body Catherine actually had. Did she have a nice body, or was her lack of sex appeal the reason she hit it from sight?

It didn't matter. If she didn't have a sexy, fuckable body, Garry would give her one.

That could wait until later, though. What was more important right now was Catherine's mindset. That was what'd he'd fix first. With the remote and the laptop, he'd give his daughter a whole new perspective on life and womanhood.

Two hours later, Garry smiled at his newly made daughter.

Catherine's hair had been swept back behind her ears, showing her pretty face off. No make-up yet. But, the next time he saw her, he knew she'd be wearing some. Her ugly, baggy clothes had been discarded – thrown aside to be destroyed. She'd need a whole new wardrobe, and Garry knew just the shitstain who'd pay for it.

In bra and panties, his daughter sat opposite him, smiling sweetly.

Her body, it turned out, wouldn't be needing many tweaks.

Round, perky breasts – big, but could be made bigger. A slender waist. Smooth, pale skin. Nothing a little sunlight wouldn't fix.

It was the girl's green eyes that drew Garry's attention most.

Adoration filled those beautiful irises. Love and respect and a desire to please, a need for his approval.

Finally, one of his daughter's saw him as they should.

"Do you think I'm pretty, Daddy?" Catherine asked, voice sweet and soft and girlish. She shifted where she sat, knees rubbing together, teeth biting down on her lower lip.

As he'd been making other changes, Garry had also tweaked Catherine's arousal levels.

For all his good work in fixing her attitude, it was only right that Catherine reward him. And, a beautiful girl like her, a proper girl now, would know *exactly* how to reward him.

"I do," he answered, smiling. He allowed his eyes to drift down, take in his daughter's sexy body.

How long since he'd fucked a girl so young and fresh?

Not for many, many years.

His dick was hardening just at the thought of how tight her cunt must be.

Catherine stood, walked over to her father, sat down on his lap. She wiggled her butt, enjoying the sensation of his hard cock pressing into her bottom through the several layers of clothing.

"Catherine," Garry groaned.

The girl giggled, started grinding her ass harder into his crotch. His cock, a huge monster thanks to the laptop, felt painfully tight inside his jeans. No way the trousers would be able to contain his full length.

"Everyone calls me Cat," his daughter purred, taking one of his hands and guiding it to her chest.

"Cat, huh?" Garry smirked. "I prefer Kitten."

His daughter moaned out loud, bit her lip again. She smiled at him, climbed off his lap and got down onto her knees in front of him.

She tugged his trousers down, giggled as his cock reached full mast in front of her face.

Garry's youngest daughter looked up at her father's face, moaned a single word.

"Meow," she purred, leaning forward with her mouth open.

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My pussy ached.

Tingles ran up and down my spine, my legs weak and shaky. Every part of my body ached, but no part more so than between my legs. My pussy. Daddy's cockhole.

It hurt, but in the best possible way.

Today, I'd become a woman. Daddy's woman.

Just the thought of it put a stupid grin on my face.

I walked up the stairs, stepped into my bedroom. And, upon seeing everything in my room, I couldn't help but grimace.

Game console. Computer. School notes on my desk. Shelves lined with books. Ugly clothes scattered across the floor. It looked like a boy's room, not a girl's room. A *nerdy* boy's room at that.

Gross.

I'd have to get a whole new bunch of clothes. Burn the crap that I already had – it wasn't fit for me to wear. It wasn't fit for *anyone* to wear. And all those books would have to go. I'd put magazines and pictures and stuff up on the shelves instead. And those school notes could all go too – not like I was going to go to college or university or anything. My place was at home, taking care of the cleaning and cooking and watching the kids. Didn't need an expensive education for that.

And the computer and game console. I knew *exactly* what to do with those.

Frowning, I walked over to them, unplugged both and carried them over to my window – opened it and let fresh air into my stuffy, smelly bedroom.

I tossed the game console out first, enjoying the sound it made as it hit the ground below. Next, I tossed out the computer. Smiling at the satisfying crunch of electronics below me.

As I turned away from the window, I caught my reflection in my mirror.

No make-up, messy hair. No good at all.

First thing tomorrow, I'd go out and buy some make-up. Daddy said he'd pay for it all, so it was fine. And skipping school was fine too.

I'd buy some make-up, perfume, blonde hair dye, some girly clothes and other stuff too.

And lingerie!

A treat me *and* Daddy could both enjoy!