

The Ultimate Form

Chapter 5

"What's going on?" I asked, eyes hard on Cat.

She smiled at me, lipstick-coated lips curling innocently. Her eyes, though, were hungry – gleeful.

Mascara and eyeshadow, foundation and blush. Her hair had gone from flat and dark to bright blonde and flowing. Her wardrobe had completely changed too; gone were the baggy and shapeless clothes she used to wear constantly, now it was tank tops and miniskirts and lingerie.

But it wasn't just her appearance. Cat's entire personality had shifted and changed too.

Her shyness was gone. Her silent, studious side was no-where to be seen. She hadn't gone to school since the change had occurred two days ago, had spent her time shopping and staying at home instead.

And she was selfish. Arrogant. Egotistical.

A narcissist.

This wasn't Cat. This wasn't my sister.

Mom brushed it off as her being a teenager, going through changes and evolving as a person. But that was bullshit. I knew it and, from the look in Mom's eyes as she'd lied to me, she knew it too. People don't just *change* like that. Cat had become a completely different person overnight!

"Nothing," my sister replied happily.

I opened my mouth to say more – demand answers – but Cat turned from me, walked away.

I watched her go, felt a shiver run down my spine.

Something was wrong. I could feel it.

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"Hello Kitten," Garry smiled.

She was standing in the doorway, wearing a slutty pink tank top and a skirt so short he could almost see her panties. From the nipples visible under her top, Garry could see she wasn't wearing a bra.

"Hello Daddy," his daughter blushed. She stepped aside, let him into the house.

A hint of rage bubbled inside him at the fact he had to be let into his own house, but it was quickly smothered. Soon enough, he'd live here one again – be the master of his household. He'd already conquered his wife and youngest daughter, and made a slave of the shitstain who'd tried moving in on his wife. All he needed to do now was take control of Alice and Benny.

"Go get your mother," Garry told his new, ideal daughter. "Me and her have a lot to discuss."

Cat nodded her head eagerly, quickly rushed off.

Benny first. Alice, from what he knew, was barely home. Better to deal with his middle child first, then the eldest last.

Besides, Alice was already most of the way to being an ideal woman already. A model who enjoyed being feminine, wore dresses and make-up and did what a young woman was expected to do. The only areas his eldest daughter was lacking were in the physical department and obedience. Slender and slim, with small tits. Petite. Not ideal, but easily fixed with the laptop.

It was Benny that was the real issue.

A tomboy.

That couldn't stand. No daughter of his was going to run around pretending to be a boy. For all he knew, his middle child was a dyke. And *that*, Garry couldn't abide. The only time it was acceptable from a woman to pleasure another woman was when it was for the sole purpose of entertaining a man. Otherwise, it was a waste of two cunts that could be put to better use elsewhere.

Benny first. Then Alice.

When Cat re-emerged with her mother in tow, Garry grinned.

The two couldn't have been more different. One older and haggard, the other youthful and energetic. One dressed conservatively and the other like a slut. One showing mixture of pain and hatred in her eyes, the other filled with adoration and love.

"Sit down, both of you," Garry commanded, reaching into a pocket and pulling out the remote. "I need to ask you some questions."

"Tomorrow," Melissa answered, eyes on the floor.

That was perfect. Alice's next photo-shoot was tomorrow, a Saturday. She'd be out of the house all morning, giving Garry all the time he needed to fix Benny. And, when his eldest daughter got back from her photo-shoot, he'd fix her to.

Everything could be taken care of tomorrow. His family. His life. Everything.

Garry pulled two nanite cluster out of his pocket, handed one each to his wife and youngest daughter.

"I have a task for both of you," he began. "It's time Alice and Benny joined you in our new, happy family. Melissa, you'll convince Alice to swallow that pill by tomorrow morning at the latest. Kitten, you'll do the same with Benny – make her swallow that pill tonight, do whatever it takes to make it happen."

Cat nodded eagerly, eyes adoring. Her mother stared at the floor unmoving.

"Kitten, suck my cock," Garry started firmly.

Instantly, Melissa's eyes shot up – wide and anguished.

A heartbeat later, Cat was on her knees in front of him, tugging down his trousers with a pure joy.

Tormenting his wife was fun. Showing her the consequences of her betrayals. But it couldn't last forever. If he was going to have his family back, he needed a dutiful, loving wife. He couldn't have her hating him for the rest of their lives – what kind of example would that set for their kids?

And that body she had most defiantly needed fixing.

As Cat put her mouth to good use, Garry stared at his wife.

Melissa was, and had always been, a beauty. The figure of a real woman – ample in tits and ass, slender everywhere else. With a beautiful face and pretty brown eyes. When they'd been younger, she'd been the ideal wife. Now, unfortunately, those looks had been marred with age. The first hints of wrinkles were forming at the corners of her eyes, her tit-sag was obvious whenever Garry made her remove her clothes.

Her attitude had also withered.

Years ago, she'd been a dedicated, obedient wife. A woman who knew her place. At some point, that'd begun to change. Slowly, so that Garry hadn't noticed it happening, she'd lost her blind obedience and loyalty. She'd kicked him out, hooked up with a lesser man.

His wife's eyes told him all he needed to know. If left to her own devices, if given the freedom to rebel against him, Melissa would one day betray him again. As long as she desired freedom from him, Melissa would never truly be his.

If the woman was going to resume her role as his wife, she'd need an upgrade – both her body and her mind.

Fortunately, Garry had just the tools he needed to make those upgrades.

As his loving, beautiful daughter did her duty, Garry set the laptop down, opened it

up, began making changes to his wife's body. It'd take a few hours for the changes to happen, he knew. But that was fine. He'd spend the time *bonding* with Catherine.

And, when that was done, he'd fix his wife's mindset.

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Cat's room smelled odd. Musky.

She led me inside, had me sit down on her bed.

My eyes roamed the room. I hadn't spent a lot of time in Cat's room over the last year – I'd been too busy with soccer and sports to hang out with my little sister – but what my eyes took in as they scanned Cat's room sent a feeling of unease through my body.

Gone were her computer and consoles. Shelves of books had vanished, posters on the walls torn down. Her desk had been replaced with a vanity table.

The room, though familiar to me, felt alien and wrong.

Cat stood in front of me, a wide smile on her lips. Though, in the back of my mind, I couldn't help but think about how empty my sister's eyes seemed. Hollow and lifeless.

A shiver ran down my spine.

"I have something for you," Cat said brightly.

And, shockingly, she reached between her breasts – into her exposed cleavage and under her skimpy bra – and pulled out a small shiny object. A tiny metallic pill.

"Here!" Cat held the pill forward for me to take. "Eat this!"

I stared at her blankly.

She expected me to take some random pill for no reason and with no information? No wonder she'd changed so much in such a short time. She was obviously on drugs.

"Uh..." I said, eyes glancing back and forth between my sister and the metallic pill she held. "Yeah, I'm gonna go ahead and say *no* to that."

In a single moment, Cat's smile vanished – replaced with an expression of annoyance.

"It's good," she said – all joy gone from her voice. "I promise. You'll love it. I can't tell you what it does, but it'll make your life so much better. Trust me."

Definitely drugs. Some weird-ass new metal-looking drug.

My sister wasn't the type to take drugs. But then, she wasn't the type to turn barbie out of nowhere. If she was on drugs, it'd at least explain her sudden transformation.

"Still no," I told her, shifting uncomfortably on her bed.

"Take it," Cat half-growled, eyes narrowed.

I stared at Cat wide-eyed. This wasn't my sister. This wasn't the girl I'd grown up with. Everything was so *wrong*.

"No," I said firmly.

She charged at me, pushed me down onto the bed. Stunned, disbelieving, I didn't put up any resistance as my sister forced the metallic pill into my mouth, covered it with her hand and pinched my nose.

In a fair fight, there was no way I'd lose to Cat. Ever.

But this wasn't a fair fight. I'd been taken by surprise, was shocked and frozen. As my sister held my nose, pinned me to my bed with her body, I struggled limply. Soon, my lungs began to burn, my body thrashing with panic. Instinctively, my body gulped down the pill in my mouth – trying to suck in any air it could.

As soon as the pill was swallowed, Cat released me.

Panting for breath, eyes watering, I stared up at the girl who'd once been my little sister.

She was smiling victoriously.

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Garry watched as his wife drove away with Alice in the passenger seat. Off for her photo-shoot. And, with the shitstain no longer spending the night in Garry's home, that meant only Cat and Benny were home.

He walked to the front door, let himself in.

A familiar, dolled-up face was waiting for him in the house's living room.

"Hello Daddy," Catherine smiled.

The only clothes she was wearing were a matching set of bra and panties, pink and transparent. New underwear, bought with the shitstain nerd's money.

It looked good on her.

"Hello Kitten," Garry smiled back. "Did you do what I told you to? Did you give Benny the pill?"

Catherine grinned, nodded her head eagerly.

"She's in her room right now," my youngest told me. "She hasn't come out since I made her swallow the pill last night."

"Good girl," Garry said, then waved from Cat to follow him as he made his way through the house to Benny's bedroom.

His middle child had always been the most outgoing and boisterous of his daughters, and the most disappointing. If Benny had been born as the boy Garry had wanted, he'd be able to take pride in his child's athleticism and love of sports. But the son he'd wanted, Ben, had been born with a cunt instead of a cock. Her being a skilled athlete wasn't a source of pride, but a source of embarrassment and shame.

It was his wife's fault. First for not giving him a son, then for encouraging unladylike behaviour in his daughters.

He didn't knock on his daughter's bedroom door, simply opened it and let himself inside. It was his house, every room was his to enter and leave as he desired.

Benny, he saw, was sitting on her bed – knees to her chest.

She was wearing pyjamas, plaid-patterned and plain. Her dark brown hair was short – not even reaching her shoulders. Her green eyes shot to the doorway where Garry stood, looked over his shoulder at her almost-naked sister.

Surprise and uncertainty warped her otherwise pretty face as her gaze moved between Garry and Catherine.

"Dad?" She spoke, voice strained. "Is that you?"

She hadn't seen him since his transformation. Back before he'd gained the perfect body. The father in her memories was a fat man with no prospects - a weak man who let himself be kicked out and betrayed by his wife, who had no choice but to accept his daughters' unwomanly attitudes and behaviours.

Very soon, she'd find out that her old father was gone.

Garry would no longer abide his broken wreck of a family. Not now he had the power to change things.

"Hello Benny," he smiled. "Long time, no see."

As the momentary surprise began to vanish, Benny realising her father and sister had just barged into her room, Garry's daughter began to shift uncomfortably.

"Why are you here?" She asked, eyes darting quickly between her father and sister. "What do you want?"

Garry didn't know if 'here' meant 'here the house' or 'here in her bedroom', but either way it didn't much matter. The answer was the same for both questions.

"I'm here to fix you," Garry told his daughter.

Silence followed his words.

Benny stared at him dumbfounded, then glanced at her sister – eyes widening in horror.

"You did it to her," she said, more to herself than anyone else in the room. "You did

something to Cat.”

Smart girl. Quick on the uptake.

“Yes,” Garry smiled. “I fixed her. Now it's your turn.”

Disgust mixed with the horror in Benny's eyes.

The sight of it – his middle child staring at him like that, eyes filled with disgust and judgement – struck a nerve. Of all his daughter's, Benny had been the only one who'd never gazed at him with open hostility and dislike. Alice and Catherine had never attempted to hide their feelings for him. It'd been Benny's only saving grace, being the one daughter not to hate him after Melissa had kicked him out. And now, it was gone.

She was staring at him like his wife used to.

“Kitten,” Garry growled. “Show you sister what a good daughter does for her Daddy.”

It was time Benny learned an important lesson about life.

Everyone had their place – and Benny's place was on her father's cock; just like Cat's was, just like Melissa's was, just like Alice's would be later today.

Cat rushed to obey her father, dropping down in front of him and tugging at his trousers – releasing his monstrous cock and pleasuring it with her mouth.

All the while, Garry stared into the eyes of his middle daughter.

Disgust and horror warped into something else. Disturbed terror. Benny watched as Catherine did something that even just a few days ago would have been unthinkable. The tomboy's wide open eyes locked onto Garry's.

“You're a monster,” she said, shifting backwards on her bed – further away from Garry and Cat.

“I'm your father,” Garry corrected. “And you *will* show me the respect I'm owed.

It wasn't a command using the remote. Benny wouldn't be compelled to obey. But, if she was wise, she'd listen and learn all the same. If not, well...

“You're a freak,” Benny spat. “A disgusting, perverted freak.”

Like mother, like daughter. Bitches both.

Garry had fixed one. The other shouldn't be a problem.

“What the fuck is wrong with you?” The tomboy glared daggers at him, venom and hatred in her mossy green eyes. “She's your *daughter*! What did you do to Cat? What kind of fucked up asshole are you?”

Each word dug at Garry. Reminded him of the shit his wife had said when she'd kicked him out.

A monster? Him?

He was just honest with himself.

It was her, the girl who though she was a boy, who was the real freak. Probably, she was a dyke – a carpet muncher. A disappointment ever since her birth, her only redeeming quality had been that she – of all his daughters – had been the only one who hadn't looked down on Garry. And now even that had gone.

As Benny continued to spew nonsense at him, hurl insults and spite his way, something hardened inside Garry.

So be it, he thought as he reached for the remote in his pocket.

If Benny wanted to be a bitch so badly, that was exactly what he'd transform her into.

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It felt so good. So, so good!

Daddy thrust into me from behind, sending jolts of electrical pleasure surging through my body. Tingling, hot waves of energy flowed out from the cock inside me. Pleasure rolled over me in waves, one after another.

“Woof!” I barked, mouth wide open. “Woof! Woof!”

I could feel the saliva running down the corners of my mouth, the wet trails on my chin. But that was fine. It was natural, just like the way my tongue lolled out of my mouth sometimes.

The only thing that felt unnatural about my body – the only thing that made me uneasy – was the bra.

Why was I wearing human clothes?

And why wasn't I wearing a collar?

The questions weren't important. I set them aside, forgotten. The only thing that mattered was Daddy and his cock. Filling me up, pounding my insides.

When he slapped my ass, I let out a whimper.

When he came inside me, I collapsed onto my chest and allowed myself to be filled up with his seed.

Another human was in the room with Daddy. One of his two daughters. The younger one. A good, pretty girl. Someone who knew her place, who did whatever Daddy wanted. I could learn a lot from her, even if she was a human and I was just a bitch.

After a while, Daddy and Cat left the bedroom, took things downstairs. I watched as he fucked her, the special spot between my legs tingling at the sight.

When Daddy called me over, patted me on the head and called me a good doggy, I bristled with pride.

Distantly, I heard the house door open and then close.

A few seconds later, Daddy's eldest daughter walked into the living room where the three of us were playing. At first, Alice didn't seem to notice or comprehend what was going on. She froze, glanced around the room. Behind her, Mommy walked into the room, eyes twinkling.

For a long moment, no-one spoke. Everything seemed frozen in time.

Then Alice broke the silence, uttering surprised words under her breath.

“What the fuck?”