

## The Ultimate Form

### Chapter 6

I'd stared at Mom wide-eyed, my mouth dropping open.

She looked so different.

Like, younger. Brighter. Her waist was leaner, her breasts fuller, her wrinkles were no-where to be seen. It was like she'd de-aged over night. She looked ten years younger. Her skin was flawless, eyes bright. Her hair was full and lush. Any fat that'd been on her body yesterday had disappeared.

She looked *amazing*.

When I'd asked her what happened – how she'd changed so drastically in such a short amount of time – she'd smiled at me and reached into her bag, pulled out a small metal object.

A vitamin supplement, she called it.

Some brand new drug that got rid of all the bad chemicals in a person's body, refreshed their skin and encouraged healthy hormones production. A bunch of sciency stuff that all sounded too good to be true.

I should have trusted my gut instinct.

But there she stood with her new look, proof that the pill worked.

Stupidly, I took the pill Mom offered me that morning, swallowed it down and thought nothing of it. Mom wouldn't give me something bad, after all. She'd never do something that might harm one of her daughters.

How wrong I was.

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"What the fuck?"

Those three words seemed to freeze time.

Garry stopped moving, felt Cat tighten around his shaft as he paused in his fucking. Benny sat squat on the ground, his hand on her head. And, in the doorway, stood Alice.

Petite – slim and lean and small-breasted.

A beautiful girl with long blonde hair and emerald green eyes, standing with an elegant, refined posture even despite her shock. She was wearing a yellow and white sundress, though the fabric hung loosely around her chest.

Small breasts. So close to perfection with her model-worthy beauty, her womanly wardrobe and attitude. So close to being the ideal woman. Her only shortcomings were her body – her bust and back-end. Where Garry's other daughters had perfect, womanly bodies and had lacked the proper behaviours and wardrobes of real women, Alice was the polar opposite.

Luckily, though, that was a problem easily fixed.

"What the fuck?!" Alice repeated, mortified.

Behind her, Melissa smiled.

Time resumed. Garry starting to thrust once again, Cat's soft moans filling the room. Benny nudged her head up into his hand, urging him to pet her more.

"Welcome home," Garry grinned, looking from Alice to Melissa.

Alice, eyes filled with horror and disgust, began to back away from the scene in front of her. She managed only two steps before her back came into contact with her mother's chest. Melissa wrapped her arms around her eldest daughter, held her in place as Garry reached for the nine-button remote.

"Relax, Alice," he said, pressing one of the buttons. "Everything is fine. Come on in, we have a lot of catching up to do."

Garry stood upright, phone in hand, recording his three wonderful daughters. Beautiful Alice, with her blonde hair flowing down her back. Cute Benny, her eyes filled with unrivalled adoration and love. And pretty Catherine, make-up messy from a day's worth of fucking.

All three girls were on their knees, their lips on Garry's cock. For another man, the three would have had difficulty. Three mouths teasing and playing with one cock would usually leave little room for the mouths to maneuver. But Garry wasn't 'another man'. He was *the* man. And his cock, as huge as it now was, gave all three girls plenty to play with.

Three sets of lips trailed along the length – kissing and caressing. Three good girls pleasuring their Daddy.

They took turns sucking on his head.

First Cat, her lipstick-red lips spreading wide open as Garry's cockhead pushed into her mouth. She kept her eyes locked on her father's face, doing everything she could to pleasure him – watching his reactions. Every movement of her tongue filled with intent, a will to be her Daddy's favourite cock-hole.

Benny was more unrelenting, an girl with an animal's hunger. She forced her mouth down his shaft as far as it would go, gulped his dick with energy and vigour. Possessed with a craving that only Garry's cock could sate, Benny lost herself completely in the joy of pleasuring her father's cock.

And, when it was finally time for his eldest daughter to have her turn, Garry watched her intently.

Her mouth was smaller than either of her sisters'. So small, in fact, that the girl struggled to even fit the head of Garry's cock between her full lips. She licked his tip, kissed and teased it. But, when she tried to go further – to take his cock fully inside her mouth – she was unable.

Garry stated down at his eldest, a mixture of disappointment and annoyance brewing.

And then, surprisingly, Cat intervened to solve her big sister's problem.

The youngest sibling watched the eldest for a few moments, amused at Alice's failings. Then, slowly, she planted both her hands on the back of Alice's head, began pushing on her big sister's head.

Little by little, with Cat forcefully guiding her face, Alice's lips slid down Garry's cock.

First the bulbous head disappeared into Alice's mouth. Then an inch of his length, another inch.

His cock was too long, too huge, for any woman to swallow entirely. Taking even half it's size would've been a challenge for an experienced cock-sucker, and these three were far from experienced. Still, with Benny's help, Alice managed to bury a respectable amount of her father's cock down her throat.

Tear-trails ran down her cheeks, eyes rolled back in their sockets.

Garry zoomed in on the model's face, made sure to capture the expression on film.

When he was done, seed emptied into Alice's stomach, Garry sat down, opened up the laptop. He eyed his eldest daughter, that lean figure with its lack of proper curves. Couldn't help his mind from wandering.

Between the four women in his life - back before he'd obtained the clusters, remote and laptop – there was one perfect partner. If the best qualities of his wife and daughters had been mixed into one woman, and all the many failings were left out, the result would have been Garry's perfect bride.

His wife's whorishness – hooking up with another man straight after kicking him out – could have been put to far better uses than adultery. Alice's beauty and femininity, despite her lack of a proper woman's body, was ideal for a partner. Benny's energy and enthusiasm, misplaced in sports, could have made the girl something special. And Catherine's quietness – knowing to keep her mouth shut until spoken to – was a virtue few

women possessed.

All combined, with proper love and obedience towards him, would have made for Garry's perfect partner.

Combined, the four would have been the ideal woman.

But why settle for one ideal when he could have four?

With the remote, he could fix their attitudes and minds. With the laptop, he could tweak and adjust their bodies to his heart's content.

Alice, for example, needed far bigger tits than those tiny things she called breasts. And an ass to match.

And, with the laptop, he'd do just that – give her a real woman's body.

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I woke up, heart racing.

Nightmare. I'd had a nightmare. But, even as I sat up in bed – reached for my phone to check the time – details of the dream faded from my mind. I'd been somewhere, hiding from something. I couldn't remember where, or what it'd been. All I had to go by was the terror filling my chest.

My body ached, every muscle and fibre of my body tingling with exhaustion.

It was early. Not long past midnight.

Why did my body ache so much?

Memories came back to me. The metal pill Mom gave me. The photo-shoot, coming home and finding Dad fucking Cat, then the three of us sucking his cock. The sex that followed. And Dad sending me to bed early. Hours and hours early, saying something about how I'd need lots of sleep if I was going to grow up to be a big girl.

None of it explained the ache.

The sex, maybe. But we hadn't done it that much. And besides, why would my chest and ass-cheeks be tingling so much?

I sat up in bed, felt an unusual weight pulling my shoulders forward.

With a sigh, I set down my phone, reached for my bed-side lamp and tuned on the light. Instantly regretted the decision as the bright light momentarily blinded me. My eyes stung for a long few seconds, watering behind my closed eyelids.

When I finally opened them, glanced down at my body, my mouth dropped open.

Two impossible, cartoonishly huge breasts hung from my chest.

Round and firm, each one bigger than my head. My nightie strained to contain the mammoth breasts, its fabric thin and stretched all around the bulging mammaries. In several places, little tears had formed in the thin fabric.

Disbelieving, I reached a shaky hand towards one of the monsters.

Electrical tingles jolted through my body at the contact point, pleasure radiated out from the spot my finger touched.

I gasped, jerked my hand away.

Tired. I was just tired. Hallucinating because of how drained I was from the nightmare. I just needed to go back to sleep. Rest some more. When I woke up in the morning, everything would be fine. Back to normal. I just needed to go back to sleep...

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The next morning, Garry couldn't help but admire his perfect family.

Melissa, his wife, finally understood her role. Supporting him and obeying him in all things. She was his, as she'd sworn to be all those years ago when they'd tied the knot. Honour and obey, in all things, 'til death. Her body was refreshed, youthful and sexy. Every blemish and imperfection removed. Her tits were fuller, their sag gone. Her waist thin,

every ounce of fat dissolved by the nanites in her body.

As she set a plate of breakfast down in front of him – bacon and eggs – Melissa smiled lovingly at her husband.

They'd shared a bed last night. Properly, for the first time in far too long, Gary had spent the night in his own home – satisfied by his own wife. Exactly as it should be. How it would be from now on.

The only times he wouldn't be sharing a bed with his wife was when he'd be doing so with one of his daughters instead.

Alice looked amazing with her new body. Curves that'd draw the gaze of men and the jealousy of other women. Large, full breasts. Round and bouncy and alluring. And an ass to match. A big bubble butt for Garry to spank and grope whenever he wanted. Her job as a model was probably over – for some reason, the modelling industry seemed to *love* women with small busts. Probably the fact that there were so many gay, immaculate men working in the industry. With the body Alice had now, that career of her was likely at an end.

Still, that was fine. She didn't need a job. Her place was at home, with her family. Her father.

Benny sat on the floor, a makeshift dog bowl in front of her.

Of the three, Garry's middle child had always been the greatest disappointment. A daughter when he'd wanted a son, a girl who'd dedicated so much time to sports and pretending to be a boy – a constant, mocking reminder that Garry'd never had the son he'd wanted. Now, at least, she wouldn't be humiliating him by running around acting like a boy.

Her large tits pressed into the floor as she leaned forward, ate from her food bowl.

Maybe one day, he'd restore her humanity. Make her walk and talk like a human again, rewire her mind back into being his daughter. But, for the time being, Garry was content to watch his disappointment crawl around on hands and knees – a dumb bitch and nothing more. She'd need a collar, and a tail, a headband with some dog ears on it. And a proper food bowl with her name on it.

Benny the Bitch.

Garry's eyes moved away from the girl, focused instead on his wonderful Kitten. Catherine, his youngest, had turned out brilliantly. She sat at the dinner table wearing a tank top and miniskirt and nothing else. No bra, no panties. Her bleach blonde hair trailed down her shoulders in waves, face clad in beautiful make-up that accentuated her natural beauty. Bright eyes and round cheeks. Full, cock-sucker lips.

A masterpiece.

She noticed her father staring, smiled sweetly over the table at him.

Her face was that of a loving daughter, but her eyes held something more. A warm fire. A deep hunger. She longed to satisfy him, to be his woman.

As their eyes locked, a blush appeared on Cat's face. A heat-filled flush that lit up the girl's smouldering eyes. She let out a breathy sigh, ran her eyes up and down her father. They were seated at opposite sides of the table, so his crotch was blocked from her view. Still, she stared at the wooden table as if she could see through it, eyes locked onto his groin.

Then, oddly enough, she turned her face away – looked over at the Benny and clicked her tongue.

Instantly, the middle sister's head shot up.

Abandoning her food, Benny crawled on hands and knees to her little sister, disappeared under the table.

A few moments later, Cat closed her eyes – let out a low, soft moan.

Garry listened, could almost imagine hearing it. The wet licking sound as Benny lapped away at her sister's cunt. With the miniskirt and lack of panties, Benny would have easy enough access to eat her sister out. Though, when Catherine had taught the family's

bitch this particular 'trick', Garry had no idea.

Garry smiled, retuned his attention to the breakfast in front of him.

Perhaps when Cat was done with her, he'd have Benny take care of his cock in the same way. Or perhaps he'd have Cat do it herself. Why not have Alice and Melissa join in, too?

Fuck it, he didn't have anywhere else he needed to be.

Why not spent the entire day with his adoring family?

"Daddy!" Alice gasped, tits bouncing wildly.

She was squatting on the dining table, bouncing up and down on her youngest sister's face. Her new, juicy tits jiggled hypnotically – invitingly. Garry could barely tear his eyes away from those perfect pornstar nipples, from the look of ecstasy on his eldest daughter's face. But, when he did, another equally arousing sight greeted him.

Down, beneath Alice, was Cat. Face hidden under her sister's crotch, body jerking with each thrust Garry gave. Her wonderfully huge tits would have been bouncing too, if not for the fact they were held firmly in place. A mouth clamped down on each nipple, Melissa devouring the left, Benny nibbling on the right. Cat's body trembled with the overflow of pleasure, shuddered with another orgasm as Garry rammed deeper into her.

Garry backed away for a moment, took a long look at his family.

Sex-hungry sluts, the lot of them. But, more than that, they were *obedient* and *loyal*. Dedicated to nothing but him.

A perfect family, with him at its head.

With a wide smile on his face, Garry pulled back from Cat and rounded the table, got behind Alice as she rode Cat's face. With a firm hand, he grabbed his eldest daughter's head, pushed her forward. The girl worked out quickly what he wanted – began eating out Cat just as Cat was doing to her.

He stared at Alice's dripping pussy for a long moment, admiring the look of a tongue inside it. Cat's face, he noted, was covered in womanly juices.

Then, his cock still coated in Catherine's cum, He moved forward, guided it to Alice's hole.

Though none of his three daughters could handle his full length yet, it was only a matter of time. He'd break them in, stretch their insides, ruin their cunts for all other men. Soon enough, their bodies would adapt to it.

That was, after all, the only thing their bodies existed for now.

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My body shuddered. Between my legs, my Daddy's cock-hole tingled in anticipation. My heart raced, breathing heavy.

I waited.

Laying in bed, wearing a slutty little outfit. My old school uniform. It was small on me nowadays; the plaid skirt looking more like a miniskirt, the blouse so tight on my body that I had to leave the upper half of the buttons undone. No panties or bra. Those weren't allowed at home any more.

My hair was done up in pigtails. Handles for Daddy to hold.

It was my turn tonight.

Every day, Daddy slept in one of our rooms. Tonight, it was finally my turn again. Sometime, in the next few minutes, Daddy would come into my room and fuck me.

Just the thought sent shivers of pleasure down my spine.

I bit my lip, tried not to think about it. It'd be bad if I started touching myself before he arrived.

Soon, any minute now...

There was a noise outside my bedroom door. Floorboard creaking, footsteps.  
A moment later, my bedroom door crept open.  
I smiled, legs trembling.  
“Hello Daddy.”