

Bleached Blonde

Chapter 2 – Market Research

The first few days, there were no noticeable differences. Every morning would be a struggle to remind Rebecca to use the conditioner, requiring me to wait at the door after every shower I forced her to take – making totally sure she was using it. And, every evening, she'd continue to remind me of her unworthiness.

As the first full week came and went, though, the first effect of the conditioner set in.

A mild – very, very mild – addiction.

Less 'crack cocaine' and more 'chocolate'. The longer Rebecca went without her daily dose of shampoo and conditioner, the more she'd find herself longing for it. Her brain, feeble as it was, would manufacture reasons why – perhaps that she 'liked the way it felt' when she applied it.

Regardless, after that first week, I didn't need to babysit her so much in the mornings.

From then on, it was only a matter of time.

"Rebecca!" I snapped.

She flinched, wide-eyed.

"Why isn't the laundry done?!"

"I-" Rebecca backed away a step, then frowned. She blinked, straightened her back, started glaring at me. "I'm not your slave, Neil! You want the laundry done? Do it yourself."

It was a small thing, the hesitation and surprise. The beginnings of meekness. But it demonstrated progress.

I took a step towards my wife, crossed my arms.

"Cleaning," I stated loud and clear, "is a job for women."

"Don't you start with that..." She put her hands on her hips, all but inhaled a breath ready to scold me.

"It's a simple task," I said, staring her down. "I would *appreciate* it if you took five minutes of your time to take care of it. That's not too much to ask, is it?"

She hesitated. For just a few moments.

Then came the excuses. The bullshit. Calling my way – the *right* way – of doing things 'old fashioned' and 'outdated'. That keeping the house clean was a 'joint effort' and that she'd step up when I did.

Ordinarily, this line of discussion would lead to jobs. Rebecca's 'job' as an artist, and *my* job – the one that actually paid the bills. And from there, more pointless drama. An argument that my wife would refuse to admit she lost. And yet more discord in what should be a comfortable, happy home life.

"Whatever," I grunted instead. "Just make sure it's done before I get home later. It's the least you can do."

She wouldn't, I knew.

The conditioner had only been doing its thing for a week. Real, tangible changes in my wife's attitude would take longer.

But this was a start, if nothing else.

A month into her conditioning, I asked Rebecca to clean the dishes.

They'd been piling up for a few days, and I'd had enough.

She blinked at me, her brain taking a moment to register my command. Then, dreamily, she smiled.

"I... I can do that," Rebecca said. "I've just got to finish..."

She looked to the blank canvas in front of her. The same one she'd been gazing blankly at for the last half-hour.

"Huh," she murmured, shaking her head. "I could've sworn..."

"Since you're having trouble painting right now," I said, keeping the disdain from my voice. "Why don't you go ahead and do the dishes right away? Who knows, maybe it'll help with your creativity."

Rebecca stared at the canvas, eyebrows knitting together.

Then, slowly, she began to nod her head.

"Yeah..." She said, more to herself than me. "Might help..."

A couple minutes later, I found my wife in the kitchen. Scrubbing plates and humming a little tune.

Still wearing her usual tomboy clothes, t-shirt and pants, with her hair cut short. But, if I looked closely, I could see her hair roots – lighter in shade than the rest of her dull, dark hair.

She lacked the hourglass figure of a true woman, was still pudgy and unappealing. But, in time...

I left her to her task. Began making plans for her wardrobe.

Offers were made when I handed in my resignation. Questions asked about why I was leaving; if pay was the issue, my superior told me, there might be some 'wiggle room' for 'negotiation'. But, as soon as it was clear I wasn't changing my mind, the cold corporate front came out.

My last weeks at work were spent, for the most part, answering for imagined slights. Why was I late coming in? Where were the reports that were due? Why was I taking so long going to the restroom?

On that final day, I made sure to install some malware on a colleague's computer. Something that'd spread through their system and, in a month or two, destroy everything it could.

Years of research and data, up in smoke.

My own parting gift, to match the company's cold shoulder and broken promises of bonuses and promotion.

From then on, I was a free man.

No. More than that.

I was a *mastermind*.

With Rebecca steadily transforming into something better, my formula had proven itself in my eyes.

Now to share it with the world.

First, I needed a company. A brand to sell my cure under.

Second, I needed investment. A burst of income to fund mass-production of my shampoo and conditioner.

Third, I needed to advertise it. Spread the word and get as many women as humanly possible to start using it.

The first would be simple. The second do-able. It was that third step that'd proven the most illusive for me to figure out. But, genius that I am, I finally got it. The perfect idea.

"What're you doing?"

I looked over my shoulder, saw Rebecca standing in the bedroom doorway. A confused expression on her face.

With a smile on my face, I returned my attention to the drawers. Plucking out every piece of non-feminine clothing I came across and tossing it into a pile.

"Throwing out your old clothes," I said, eyeing the too-large pile of clothes before opening another drawer. "Since you've been losing weight recently, I figured I'd reward you by taking you clothes shopping."

Losing weight was one way of putting it.

I'd been making her go on morning jogs for a while now, watching her diet and keeping her from stuffing her face. But, thanks to the hormones entering her body every morning, it wasn't so much that Rebecca was 'losing' weight as much as it was that her body was *relocating* the mass.

Most notably, to her chest and ass.

Over the course of two months, my wife had gone from a small B-cup to a decent pair of D's. And that was just the beginning. By the time the growth stopped, Rebecca would have tits bigger than her head and an ass that bounced like a pair of basketballs.

"I don't..." My wife said hesitantly. "I'm not sure if..."

"This is a good thing," I reassured. "You *want* this."

"I... I do?"

"Of course!" I said, not bothering to look at her. "All women like shopping. We'll get you some nice dresses to wear, some high heels, plenty of makeup."

"But..."

"No butts. From now on, no more pants or boy clothes. Just skirts and dresses, like a real woman. Got it?"

She didn't answer.

Which was progress in its own right – she wasn't saying 'no' or anything. But, before long, I hoped to have her acquiescing and agreeing to everything I wanted – a smile on her face all the while.

As for the ugly clothes in that pile? Well, I was going to enjoy watching it all burn.

Half a year after that first application of my world-changing shampoo, and my wife was finally there. Perfect.

A busty blonde bombshell, with tits for days and an ass that could make grown men weep with joy. Wide hips and a slender waist, wrapped up in a yellow dress with a frilly white apron overtop. Dolled up and delicious.

And she was exactly where she belonged. In the kitchen, making me food.

I stood back for a long while, watching her work.

To think, this wonderful sight before me was *Rebecca*.

It would've been too difficult to believe, had I not watched the process unfold before my very eyes.

And I wasn't the only one having trouble accepting Rebecca's new reality. Indeed, the phone I'd confiscated from her some months ago began to vibrate in my pocket again. Third time today.

I sighed, plucked the phone from my pocket.

Another message from one of her old, nerd friends.

They were worried about her, apparently. She hadn't been in touch for a long time, and they were getting concerned. Was she safe? Healthy? Was something going on?

Of her old friend group, two voices reached out the loudest.

A redheaded girl who'd been Rebecca's best friend. And a nerdy, loser guy that I figured must've had a crush on her.

Why the loser would've had a thing for old, tomboy Rebecca, I couldn't say. Anyone who'd been attracted to that short haired, flat-chested mess of a human could only have been an individual equally unworthy of love.

Still, as I read the messages, a few ideas came to mind.

"Rebecca," I said, looking over at her. "Your friend, the one with the red hair. What's her name?"

"Friend?" Rebecca hummed cheerfully. "Hmm... Livvy, you mean?"

"Livvy?" I repeated, eyes narrowing. "What's her *actual* name?"

"Olivia," Rebecca said. "She's so nice! Works at-"

"I don't care," I interrupted. "I'm going to invite her over. She misses you, wants to

know what you've been up to. I want you to put together a gift basket for her. Candy, treats, makeup, *shampoo*. And anything else you can think of."

"That sounds fun!" Rebecca clapped eagerly, practically bouncing on the spot. "I'll do it right away!"

She was half-way to the door before I stopped her.

When she looked at me, questions in her dim eyes, I pointed her back to the stovetop – where dinner was still cooking.

"Finish making dinner first," I told her.

"Oh!" Rebecca squeaked. "Right. Silly me!"

She hopped right back to the cooking food, some parts of her body bouncing more than others.

Adding this Olivia to the mix would be fun. A second ditsy bombshell to take care of my home. But, as for this other one, the guy... Yes, I was sure I could deal with him too. Make sure he left my wife well alone from now on.

Beauty influencers were something alright.

I made a list of them, sorted by the number of followers they had. Then I culled those with an excessive amount of bot follows, and those with high counts of male followers. What I was left with was a few dozen women who had a collective audience of many millions.

All I had to do was pick the right ones to 'sponsor' and my new shampoo brand would spread like wildfire.

But I needed more than that. More than just spread.

I needed *influence*.

It wouldn't be enough to unleash the formula on an unsuspecting world. I also needed to ensure those using the shampoo adopted the right mannerisms, followed the correct path.

I needed them to have idols to follow in the footsteps of.

Which meant I needed to influence the influencers themselves.

Turn them into symbols of true femininity and womanliness.

Something I couldn't do without continuous contact.

And thus was my master plan formed.

I began reaching out, offering *very* generous deals and *huge* opportunities. Readyng the groundwork for my upcoming revolution.

'Embrace your femininity.'

Little did any of these brainless bitches understand just how true that marketing line was.

"Umm..." My wife said, looking into the camera. "I... Uh... I forgot what I was supposed to say..."

I held back a groan. Reminded myself that this was a good thing. So much better than the alternative.

Dumb and ditsy over self-entitled and bitchy.

"Tell the camera that you're a proper wife now," I said. "You're not interested in silly roleplay games or making bad art anymore. Tell him - *it* - that you have a *real* man at home, and that you aren't interested in anyone else."

"Okay!" Rebecca beamed.

She inhaled a breath, looked into the camera lens.

"I'm a proper wife!" She said quickly. "I don't want roleplay or make art bad! There's a real man at home and I don't want anything else!"

It was... good enough.

"How was that?" Rebecca beamed. "Better?"

"Sure," I grunted. "Now, come over here and get on your knees. Have to show *just* how dedicated you are as my wife."

"I'm gonna suck your dick?!"

"Yes," I said. "Get to it."

She hopped into action without another word.

A wife's purpose was to make her husband happy. And few things made a man happier than having plump, pretty lips around his cock and big, round eyes gazing up at him adoringly.

Only this time, it wasn't *me* she was gazing at. It was the camera.

She looked wonderful as she unbuckled my belt, tugged down my trousers. Red lips pulled into an eager smile, she fished out my cock and gave it a little kiss.

"Hello," she said to the cock. "Looks like you're happy to see me!"

"It'll be much happier choking you," I muttered.

Rebecca giggled, looked up at me, opened her mouth.

A moment later, she was bouncing her face on my crotch. Taking the whole length of my cock down her throat with practiced ease. Loud and sloppy, eyes locked with the camera all the while.

Truly a marvellous sight.

I wondered if Rebecca's former guy friend would agree.

"Who do you belong to?" I asked her.

"Yooou~" She hummed around my cock.

"What are you?"

She let out a choked noise, said something incomprehensible, continued throating my dick.

"Good," I said.

She beamed. Grinning around the cock in her mouth.

I put my hand on her head, let out a happy groan.

And, a half-hour later, I sent the file to Rebecca's guy friend. Made sure to caption it with 'never message me again'.

If that didn't give him the hint, nothing would.

The first time Olivia came over, she was quite unfriendly towards me. Glaring and giving me the cold shoulder, waiting 'til I was out of the room to ask Rebecca what I'd 'done to' her.

I'd offered to walk her to her car, and she'd take it as some kind of insult. Like I was somehow *offending* her by implying she couldn't walk to her own car by herself.

So eager to be antagonistic.

The next time she came over, almost a month later, she'd been a lot more amicable. A little airheaded, losing her train of thought every now and then. She hadn't batted an eyelid when I'd offered to walk her to her car. Indeed, she'd smiled and thanked me for being such a gentleman.

After her third visit, in which I'd shared with her my views on gender roles – points she'd been unable to refute logically, and thus had been forced to agree with me on – I started driving her home instead. Women, after all, didn't belong behind the wheel of a car.

The sixth visit – three months into her conditioning – I followed her into her apartment.

"I dunno," the not-quite-redhead giggled.

"Of course you don't," I smiled. "You're a woman. You don't *know* anything. That's why you need *me* to tell you."

Her only response was to giggle more, smile dumbly at me.

Shoulder-length hair, half red and half blonde, was an interesting look. Vaguely foxlike. Not unattractive, though I was partial to a full head of bright blonde hair.

Add to that a nice figure with big, bouncy tits and a low-cut red dress... How could I resist?

"You're not married," I said. "And you don't have a boyfriend, do you?"

"Nu-uh," Olivia shook her head.

"But you need someone to take care of you," I continued. "Your needs. It only make sense for me to do it."

"I suppose," the woman hummed, leaning forward a little.

Her cheeks and neck were flush. Eyes twinkling with arousal.

"But what about Becky?"

"She's fine with it," I waved the complaint away. "My wife knows she's not woman enough to satisfy my needs. But this isn't about her. It's about you."

I took a step closer to her, put my hands on her hips.

"What do you think?" I asked. "Are *you* woman enough to satisfy me?"

"I dunno," Olivia blushed, smiled shyly.

"Only one way to find out," I smiled back. "Where's your bedroom?"

She led the way, and I followed.

And, when I arrived home later that night smelling of sweat and sex, my wife was there to greet me. A smile on her face, her eyes empty of thought. Just the way it was meant to be.