

Utter Perfection

Of all the places we could have moved, why here?

The whole town was creepy and weird and just downright odd. At first glance, it looked like the perfect little place to raise a family – flawless streets and beautiful homes, kind and friendly people. But there was something *wrong* about the place.

I couldn't quite put my finger on what it was, but there was something deeply disturbing about this town.

Like the way every single woman dressed – as if it were the fifties again; with polka-dot dresses and cardigans, long skirts and frilly cooking aprons. Save for me in my tank tops and short shorts, every single woman I'd seen since moving here dressed with the exact same fifties suburban housewife getup. Even Mom and Ashley had started to dress like them.

So what, right? It's just clothes, no big deal.

Except no. It wasn't just clothes. It was the women themselves. They were odd, different. Unreal.

I swear, in the two weeks since Dad brought us here, I haven't seen a single woman who wasn't amazingly beautiful. Full lips and long, lush hair. Slender waists with perfect hips, round butts and tits like watermelons. Every single one of them attractive enough to put supermodels to shame.

Surrounded by all these perfect women, with my flat-as-a-board chest and non-existent ass, my short hair and plain, uninteresting face – well, not great for my self-esteem to say the least.

I felt myself scowling as I walked past yet another stunningly beautiful woman.

She smiled happily as I passed, oblivious to my less than friendly expression. An ordinary person would have been shocked or offended or indifferent. The women here just smiled brightly, happy and content.

Fucking weirdos.

As I walked through the front door into our new home, I couldn't help but let out a sigh of relief. The uneasy feeling that followed me every time I left the house faded, replaced with a comforting warmth. Finally, I was back – not out in the creepy, too-perfect town, but home. Where I belonged.

I dumped my school bag on the floor, paused, stared at it.

Almost without thinking, I reached down, picked it up again, carried it to my bedroom and placed it gently down on my desk.

That was where it belonged.

The thought buzzed through my mind; a quiet thing, barely noticeable, not worth pondering further.

Ordinarily, I'd have just dumped the bag by the front door, gone straight to the kitchen to get a snack, and then headed to watch TV or something. But this felt right somehow.

With a faint smile tugging at my lips, I left my bedroom.

The kitchen was empty, though food was obviously cooking. Pots and pans sat on stoves, filled with meats and vegetables and simmering water. Trails of steam rose up, filling the kitchen with deliciously pleasant aromas.

That was odd. Mom was shit at cooking. The few times she'd actually tried to make meals for the family in the past had almost universally resulted in food poisoning and illness. Yet today's dinner smelled genuinely *good*.

My stomach grumbled in approval, mouth watering as I took in the scents.

I was so distracted and disoriented by the lovely smells that I almost didn't notice someone enter the kitchen behind me. I turned to see who it was.

And jumped in shock.

"Jesus Christ!" I shouted before I could stop myself. "Mom?!"

She raised an eyebrow at me, a pleasant smile on her lips.

"Yes, dear?" My mother asked softly, sweetly.

"What the fuck happened?"

Her eyebrow arched a little higher.

"Whatever do you mean, Penny?"

I stared at her open-mouthed, utterly speechless.

This morning, when I'd left for school, my mother had been her usual self – be it with more old-timey clothes. She'd looked as she always had, plain and boring like me. A little haggard maybe, with messy hair and baggy eyes.

Now, somehow, she looked ten years younger.

Now, she looked *amazing*.

The bags under her eyes had vanished, replaced with a little light make-up to bring out her bright blue eyes. Her hair, a bushy mess before, was now flowing and elegant, shiny and full and held in place with a pale blue ribbon. Her skin was smooth, face angled and without blemish.

And, most jaw-dropping of all, was Mom's chest.

This morning, she'd been almost as flat as me. Now, her tits were huge. Like, really huge. Each one the size of a person's head kind of huge.

"Mom!" I managed to say, pointing at the gravity-defying monsters. "What happened to your- your-"

"Breasts?" My Mom supplied, smile never wavering.

"Tits! What happened to your tits?!"

Mom's head tilted to one side, a hint of confusion on her otherwise flawless, still smiling, face.

"They grew," she stated happily.

It wasn't just Mom's tits that'd exploded outwards either. When Ashley got home from her part-time job, my jaw just about hit the floor from shock. A year older than me, and she'd gone from apples to melons in just a few hours.

And both treated these sudden *growths* like it was nothing.

"I don't see what the fuss is about," Mom said, my sister nodding along. "Bodies change, sometimes things grow. Didn't they teach you all this in Sex-Ed, Penny?"

"Tits don't 'grow' that fast!" I suppressed a shudder. "It's not normal. Nothing in this town in *normal*."

"I quite like it here," Ashley piped it, smiling sweetly.

There was nothing more I could say. No matter how much I tried, both seemed indifferent to the changes they'd undergone in just a matter of hours.

Desperately, I looked over the dining table at Dad, hoping and praying he'd back me up.

He wasn't even paying attention. His eyes were locked on Mom's chest with a slimy, smug grin splitting his lips. For him, this odd turn of events was probably a blessing. Mom looking ten years younger with the body to die for.

Worse, when he got bored of ogling Mom, the creep actually started eyeing up Ashley! His own daughter!

I couldn't take it any more. I stood and walked away from the dinner table, stomping all the way up the stairs to my bedroom.

What the fuck was going on in this town?

"Why are they taking longer for Penny?" I heard a familiar voice ask. Through the haze, the static buzzing and muffled tone, it took me a moment to link the voice to the person

speaking it.

What was Dad talking about?

The thought was slow, groggy. Distant.

Where was I? What was going on?

I'd been in my room, getting ready for bed. And then the buzzing started. Blank buzzing. Empty, timeless buzzing. And then the voice. Who's voice?

"Yes, yes. I get that everyone is different," Dad sighed. Who was he speaking to? There was no second voice. Was he talking on the phone?

My mind blurred, threatening to turn off – to pass out.

"How long will the nanites take? She's getting suspicious."

The voice was more distant now, more distorted. I could barely hear Dad's words over the buzzing.

I could feel my thoughts fading, darkness taking them away.

Sleepy. I was so sleepy...

I woke with a start, a cold sweat clinging to my body.

Heart racing, eyes darting around my room, body tense. I sat up in bed, shuddered. A nightmare. Just a silly nightmare.

Already, the details were fading. Dad was in it, I was sure of that. He was... talking? About what? I tried to think, tried to remember. But the details were gone.

Great, I almost wet the bed because I'd had a dream about Dad talking. A pudgy man in his mid-forties, *so scary*.

Probably I'd been having a nightmare about him giving me 'the birds and the bees' talk.

Now that would be horrific.

I shook my head, pushed down the silly emotions still rushing inside me. Panic and dread and horror. What was I, some kid who couldn't handle a bad dream? No, I was a woman. And being a woman meant... what?

Obedience.

The word popped into my head out of nowhere, loud and certain.

I blinked, shook my head again, glanced at my alarm clock.

Six o'clock. Way too early to be awake.

Oddly, though, I didn't feel at all sleepy. Or, well, my mind didn't feel sleepy. My body was another story. It felt like I'd spent the entire night working out or something. My body ached from head to toes.

No, not just aching. Something felt *different*.

Slowly, I gripped my blanket, pulled it aside and looked down at my body in awe.

Not flat any more. Not by a long shot.

I sat up, climbed out of bed and walked to the full-body mirror next to my wardrobe. I waved my arm out, patted the wall until my fingers found the light switch.

For one, brief moment, I was blinded by the sudden light.

Then I saw my own reflection.

And, for a brief second, I didn't even recognise myself.

Two humongous melons protruded outwards from my chest, straining the nightie that had been too loose for me when I'd gone to bed the night before. Seeing them in the light, realising just how huge they were, I began to feel the sheer weight of them. Like several litres of water-weight tugging on my shoulders and back.

That kind of weight would have made me from yesterday strain and struggle, off-balanced and uncomfortable. Yet today, right now, I felt more graceful and nimble than ever before. Toned muscles and their unbelievable strength made the extra weight on my chest feel like nothing.

Long, lush hair fell down over my shoulders, having grown several inches overnight.

My face, though still mine, had also changed. My lips a little fuller, my cheekbones a little higher and more pronounced, my skin smooth and unblemished, not a spot or flaw of any kind in sight.

I looked... amazing. Beautiful.

Perfect.

I turned left, right, admiring the stunning beauty that stood in the mirror.

Already, it felt like the weariness in my body was fading, replaced with a warm, relaxed calmness. A feeling of absolute completeness. This was me. This was who I was meant to be.

Clothes. I needed to put on clothes.

There was housework to be done, chores and cleaning.

I opened the wardrobe, reached inside and plucked out a tank top, stared at it.

No, that wouldn't do at all.

Even if it weren't too small, which it most certainly was, the thing was *far* too trashy for a proper lady to wear. Where were the cute dresses and long skirts, the flowery blouses and the much needed aprons for cleaning and cooking?

With a disappointed sigh, I placed the trashy top back inside my wardrobe. I'd have to clear it out first chance I got, replace all that undignified clothing with a proper ladies' attire.

Until then, I'd have to do with what Mother could spare.

With a skip in my step, I walked out of my room and towards Mother's and Father's bedroom. As I raised my hand to knock on the door, something made me pause.

Muffled moaning from inside. Male grunting and feminine gasps.

Bed springs squeaking rhythmically.

The sound was pleasant, almost musical.

It seemed Mother was busy. No matter, I could simply ask Ashley if I could borrow some of her clothes instead.

Hesitantly, I stepped away from the master bedroom, turned and walked to my sister's room instead. I tapped lightly on the surface and waited. Surely Ashley would be awake – up and preparing for the day's tasks. If she wasn't awake, well that'd just be downright lazy of her! It was, after all, past six in the morning already.

As expected, the door opened after a moment.

Unexpectedly, however, it wasn't Ashley standing there in the doorway, but Mother. Were, then, was my sister?

My brain put two and two together in an instant.

Ashley was with Father.

Having sex.

With Father.

My stomach churned. A brief nauseas, disgusted tremor passed through me. And, a heartbeat later, it was gone.

What an odd reaction.

The master of the house engaging in sexual relations with a woman under his care was no strange thing. It was normal, expected even. Perhaps I was ill, my body choosing now to let me know of its compromised health. No matter.

Mother smiled at me, beckoned me inside my sister's room.

He came for me while I was preparing lunch. I was leaning over the counter, mixing together ground meat and spices, when his hand squeezed my bottom.

I gasped, surprised, and turned my head.

There he stood, handsome and proud. Father. A wide smile on his lips, hair dishevelled, red lipstick marks on his exposed neck and bare chest.

"Oh," I smiled, pushing my shock aside. "Hello, Father."

He leaned in closer, hand moving from my bottom around my waist and onto my belly.

"That's a bit formal, isn't it?" Father said, breath warm on the back of my neck. "Calling me 'Father' like that. I think 'Daddy' sounds a lot more *intimate*, don't you?"

"Ah," I gasped, feeling his crotch on my bottom, his hard cock pressing into the crack between butt-cheeks. "Yes... Daddy."

His hand moved further, up and along my ribs, under my arm, circling around the giant mass that was my right breast. His warm breath felt heavier, his hips moving now too, crotch grinding into my backside.

"Finally," Daddy whispered to himself.

Then his hand pressed into the soft firmness of my breast. He squeezed hard, forcing a little gasp from me.

"Bend over," Daddy commanded. "Tits on the counter."

I obeyed without question.

Ignoring the half-prepared food, ignoring the mess I was about to make of it with my body, I did as Daddy ordered and bent over, pressed my chest down on the counter and raised my new, round ass towards him and waited.

A soft tingling spread through me when Daddy touched my back, between my shoulder blades. Slowly, his finger trailed downwards along the curve of my back. Electricity flowed through my from his finger-tip, a rush of pleasure and excitement. He reached my bottom and continued on, finger moving down the fabric of the dress I was wearing, stopping only when he reached the end of it.

Then his fingers began lifting again, only now he was pulling cloth too. The hem of my dress, slowly raising up and up, exposing the backs of my knees, then my thighs, then panties.

The dress, bunched up on my back, was quickly forgotten.

Daddy reached for my panties, tugging them down to reveal my glistening pussy.

He shuffled behind me, removing his trousers.

A moment later, he was pressed against me again - cock held to my opening, other hand on my waist. He pushed forward slowly.

Tingles shot through me as I felt his head against me, electrical pleasure as the pressure of his cock squeezed inside me, opening me up with its girth, filling me.

Inch after inch pushed inside me – so much cock that I wasn't sure my body could take it all at once.

Warmth and tingles, wave after wave of intense pleasure.

My body trembled, shuddered.

My voice broke when I couldn't hold it in any more. I let out my first loud, whimpering moan.

Only then did he stop, his groin against my ass, the public hair from his scrotum tickling my clit.

For a moment, it was like time was frozen. The pressure inside me was overwhelming, indescribable. And then Daddy began pulling out, his cock leaving my insides feeling hollow, empty, demanding to be filled again. Daddy obliged, thrusting all the way inside me again in one fluid, powerful motion.

Slow at first, Daddy began to fuck me.

Then faster.

And faster.

And harder.

I smiled as I stared at the huge, round imprints in the ground meat on the counter. My legs wobbled a little, a tad sore from Daddy's non-stop fucking but mostly wobbling from the several overwhelming orgasms I experienced on his cock.

Fluid ran down my legs, Daddy's and mine mixed.

That would make a mess on the floor, but no matter. I could clean it up after I was done making Daddy lunch.

Humming happily to myself, I continued the task of making Daddy's food. Somehow, though I'd never cooked a meal like this before, I knew exactly what to do.

As I worked, I couldn't help but sigh with satisfaction.

Life, after all, was just such utter perfection.