

## Alternative Ending: Bubblegum Brain Pop (Men to Bimbos TG)

By FoxFaceStories

*In the original story, Matt fell prey to Brian's Bubblegum Brain Pop tune and was transformed into the bimbofied Mandy. But what if she managed to hold onto enough of her old identity long enough to snatch off Brian's headphones and make him as much a bimbo as her? What kind of life would 'Maddie' create for 'Brianna' and the other girls who can't be turned back?*

### Alternative Ending - Bubblegum Brain Pop

Brian stood before Matthew, his eyes narrow behind his glasses, his grin smug. The former dweeb had become a tech billionaire, and used his smarts to develop a soundwave that could literally reprogram not just minds, but flesh as well. He could have made the world a better place, but instead he had used the technology for *revenge*, to make his former bullies become sexy bimbos who yearned to pleasure him, to make all the girls who had ever rejected him become nymphomaniac sluts in service to his cock. And, best of all, to turn the woman he'd lost - Chelsea - into his most favoured concubine, alongside Matthew, the man who had stolen her away and then told everyone that he was a creep.

"It won't be long now, Matthew," he taunted his old rival. Matthew had just arrived at the lair, and was desperately trying to not listen to the catchy pop tune that even now was changing his body and mind. It was in his head: he'd ditched the radio, ditched the car, and nothing was playing in the room just yet. But the mind was enough to spur on further changes. Already his beloved Chelsea had become a top-heavy fucktoy, practically masturbating on the spot to the thought of her new master. He didn't want to give in, but he was now in the lair of the villain, having come here to try and put a stop to him. Now, all around him, the speakers blared their terrible tune, changing him.

"I w-will f-fight this. I won't be yours!"

Brian cackled, like the mad scientist he had become.

"Yo will, Matthew, you will. You were the man who took my woman from me, so now you'll be *my* woman. You'll wear sexy thongs and bikinis. You'll suck my cock whenever I want. You'll let me play with your tits and suck on them, and always do your hair and makeup perfectly for me. You'll dress up and go to events on my arm, always looking sexy. You'll worship me as your god, and let me fuck you in whatever position I feel like. And despite yourself, you'll come to love it. To *crave* it."

"I won't!"

But Brian was already putting on a set of specially-crafted earplugs and pressing a button on the machine.

“You will. Just listen.”

Then, the inevitable happened. The song started playing. It had simply been in Matthew’s head, but now it erupted from the speakers in the room, continuing its verses and choruses, building the changing man to a terrific climax. This was worse than the previous song: it was a new and wonderful and terrible variant made especially for Matthew.

*Bubblegum Brain Start, it’s time to give your heart  
To your rival-turned-lover, Brian  
Bubblegum Brain Start, it’s time to lose those smarts,  
It’s time to serve your sexy master, he’s your lion.*

Matthew shuddered, his form continuing to change. He fought it at every turn, but it was so. Damn. Hard. His cock was pulling back into his body, and his legs were losing their hair and becoming shapelier. Lovelier. He grunted, groaned, *whimpered* as his hips cracked yet wider again, becoming a true set of babymakers that would make any man smile to see them sashay. He lowered his hands to his ass, feeling it balloon.

“Ohhhhh, it’s like, so peachy!”

“And getting peachier by the second,” Brian noted. “You’ll be perfect, Matthew. My favoured girl. Just feel those tits come in. I’ve made them extra large and sensitive, just for you. You’ll be able to cum just from me sucking on them.”

“Ahhh - ah! NGH!! OHHH!!! NO!!”

But they grew in all the same. Even as his cheekbones became more prominent and his face took on a cute heart shape, his breasts surged forth, swelling and growing and becoming huge upon his frame. His frame shrank further still, and all he could do was squeeze his big, sensitive tits and cry out in ecstasy. The pleasure was utterly intense.

“OHHHH!!!”

*Matthew, you’re gonna be a girl  
He’s gonna be your world  
You’ll please him with your body  
With passion like nobody  
Else else else else*

“I am! I mean, I’m not! I won’t, like, be that! I’m not going to suck your big yummy dick Brian, or let you fuck my brains out which is soooooo hawt and sexy. God, I want your cum in me! I mean - ohhhh! YES! YESSSSS!!!”

His brain flipped. It was impossible to consider herself male: *she* was now a woman. A new name rose up inside her mind: Mandy. It was such a cute, sexy, and bimbo-sounding name. It made her giggle, but even that was cut short by the withdrawal of her testes and penis, which left behind a feminine slit inside her new pink lingerie panties.

“YES!” she repeated. “OH, I’M A WOMAN! YESSS! IT FEELS SOOOO GOOD! SO RIGHT! OHHHHHHH!!!”

The song had one last coda, and somehow, she knew how to sing along already.

*“Bubblegum Brain Pop, It’s time for us to drop,  
Right to the floor and fuck our brains right out!  
Bubblegum Brain Pop, I never want to stop,  
I’m your number one bimbo Brian  
I have no doubt!”*

She sang it, breathed it, *lived it*. Her loins burned for Brian, but even as she readied to give herself over to him, even as her clothing was altered by the physics-bending tune, becoming little more than a set of pink lingerie, even as her cups barely managed to hold in her HH-cup size breasts, as her lips became perfect for sucking dick, even as her entire core became that of a cock hungry slut . . . she resisted.

Chelsea was there, suppliant to Brian.

Her old friends Greg and Joel too.

Another woman with dark hair in a sexy office wear costume was watching from the sidelines, cupping her breasts and moaning. There was Monica and all of Chelsea’s friends, and his friend’s girlfriends. So many damn victims, and unless Matthew . . . unless *Mattie* did something *NOW*, then this monster would win.

Mattie whimpered, pushing forward even as she sang the final lyrics of the song. An explosion of pleasure was coming, but she held it off as long as she could, leaning into her new bimbohood to look as alluring and sensual as possible. And then, at the very last second, as Brian opened up his arms to receive her, an evil smirk upon his face, she reached out her hands and . . .

Plucked those fucking goddamn earplugs right out of his skull.

“What are you d-”

She pushed him to the ground, pressing the button on the nearby machine as they fell together. The only thing she could do was begin to kiss him, to make sweet love to him, and hope that the already bimbofied girls were able to fight back long enough, or simply not be smart enough to realise what he was doing.

“Get off me you - mmhmm!!”

She gripped the earplugs before he could take them and shoved them in her own ears, then began teasing Brian’s nipples. The monstrous scientist tried to push her off, but the arousal was growing, and the song starting.

*Bubblegum Brain Drop, you make my brain stop,  
You make me want to be your sexy girl,  
Bubblegum Brain Drop, make me your hot prop,  
Grab my curvy body and take me for a whirl.*

Brian screamed, first in anger, then in horror, then in unwanted but endless pleasure as his body began to change and his mind along with it.

“N-no! You can’t d-do this to meeee! I won’t be your dumb whore of a slut! I won’t be some, like - ohhhhh! NOO!!!”

Mattie could only pull herself away as the horrid villain changed, collapsing next to the machine and thankful the earplugs blocked out the reality-alerting soundwaves. Part of her mind was back - she wasn’t gone completely. It gave her a great deal of relief, but as she looked around Brian’s lair at the many confused and horny bimbos with all their varieties of busty bodies, she could only wonder just what the hell they were going to do now.

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It was months later, and Maddie still wasn’t entirely used to her new body. It sometimes made her envious of the other girls and just how much the brainwashing of the Bubblegum Brain Pop had made them attuned to their bimbo-ish bodies. As it was, she rose in the morning with the heavy weight of two immense HH-cup boobs on her chest, long silky hair, and a gap between her thighs that reminded her once more that she wasn’t a man.

“God, I’m so frickin’ horny,” she mumbled to herself, sliding a hand over her own breast.

“Good,” said a voice next to her. “Because I’m, like, soooooo fucking needy for your sexy busty body right now, Maddie. I want to suck on your big buxom titties while you make me cum.”

Chelsea didn’t take long to be all over her, her own body incredibly voluptuous and needy as well. The two women kissed, uncaring about bad morning breath or lack of showering. They could make love again when they’d cleaned up, but for now the morning passions were up and nothing was stopping them from groping and squeezing and caressing every inch of their partner.

“Mhmmm, I f-fucking love you sooooo much,” Chelsea whimpered as Maddie began to stroke her clitoris. “I’m so glad I’m, like, you horny bimbo nympho. Mhmmm!!”

“I’m - glad we’re t-together,” Maddie responded, her breasts so damn sensitive as Chelsea cupped and played with them. It was true what Brian had said all those months ago: she really could orgasm just from having her big, perfectly shaped tits played with, because that was exactly what happened now: she came, crying out in her soprano voice, and Chelsea did the same, moaning in repeated orgasms not long afterwards.

The two flopped together in bed, Chelsea spooning Maddie in a strange reversal of their original sleeping template, cupping her mammoth mammaries once more and making delighted little moans.

“That was, like, sooooo hot. I never get sick of fucking you. I’m so glad we’re both girls, but then again, I bet you’d have such a big, hard, yummy cock if you were a guy again.”

Maddie cooed softly, enjoying the ministrations but once again reminded of her past.

“I’m, like, so close to it. I swear I can figure it out. I can totally be a guy again, Chelsea, and we can make you - you know - not a total bimbo again or whatever.”

Chelsea giggled. “Why would I want to be anything else? I want to be a total slut for you foreveerrrrr. Plus, all the other girls agree we’re so, so totally happier now.”

Even the words put a warm glow through Maddie that she resented.

“Let’s get showered. I wanna see Brianna. Maybe she’s, like, remembered something.”

Another giggle.

“Like, as if! I mean, Brianna is like the dumbest and horniest of us all, and that’s soooo saying something!”

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After Maddie had showered - and had another round of hot sex with her girlfriend - she got dressed and ready for the day. Once again the lingering effects of the brainwashing had a stranglehold over her. A small part of her that had resisted the final verse, enough to leave her more intelligent and less openly bimbo-ish than the others - hell, she was the only damn one who still had the power to plan ahead and be somewhat independent. But at the end of the day, she was still a massively stacked and hot as fuck bimbo who couldn’t help but show off her sweet bod, which was why she was stuck in a barely legal crop top that showed a huge amount of cleavage and even underboob, as well as a tight set of shorts that looked like her wide hips were about to rip them apart. Her perfect midriff was on display, and she did her makeup expertly, having obsessively learnt so that she could look her utter best to all the boys and girls.

“God, I’m, like, such a total knockout now,” she said with a mix of regret and pride.  
“Time to do the rounds and stuff.”

She parted ways with Chelsea; her girlfriend had a male friend coming over soon, and while that would have angered Maddie’s old self, she couldn’t blame her lover. The reality-altering song had made her still need a man’s dick between her legs, no matter how many times they used their own purchased equipment.

“I’m soooo gonna think about you while I have a nice, big cock in me though babe,” she said, kissing Maddie on the lips and pressing their large chests against one another.  
“You know I’ll always come back to bed with you.”

“I know,” Maddie replied, smacking her girlfriend on her delightful rear as she left.  
“Now go suck some cock so you can practice for my tits later.”

Chelsea giggled as she bounced away, her large rack bouncing with her. This was the arrangement the pair of them had: as far as monogamy was concerned, Chelsea was a lost cause, but Maddie still loved her, and with Brian gone Chelsea’s love had returned to Maddie, allowing the two to be together . . . with a bit more latitude for fun on the side.

“Mhmm, I could really use a big man on top of me too,” Maddie mused, imagining it. She needed it less than Chelsea, but occasionally she needed to give in to her whims. This morning, at least, she was still able to control her urges.

Which could hardly be said about the other denizens of the mansion.

Maddie wandered through the halls and down the stairs of the enormous mansion that had once been Brian’s. The man had become a tech billionaire in his pursuit of revenge and ownership of women, and while it had irreversibly changed so many lives, at least it was a damn ritzy pad to spend one’s days in. She was the de facto head of it now, and had even claimed the master bedroom, but the real purpose of the mansion was simply to house all of Brian’s victims so that Maddie could take care of them, and so that they weren’t taken advantage of. To that end, she passed Joanna (formerly Joel) the amazonian beauty, and Gabbie (formerly Greg) the demure and petite model. Both were engaged in a conversation over who to fuck and go on dates with that day.

“That’s not fair! You got to go out with Harry last time! I want to be with him!”

“But I want to crush him between my thighs! I want to tower over him and make him know what it’s like to belong to a woman . . . even as I do all the hot stuff he wants!”

“That’s not fair!”

“Is too!”

Maddie sighed. Their conversation was making her a little aroused. She was the best looking of all the women here, and could easily pull rank and claim this Harry - whoever he was - for himself. But she had to play peacemaker.

“Girls, girls. You can totes share, remember? Have a threesome this time, then go on rotation - Gabbie starting first.”

The pair beamed brightly. “Ohmigod, you’re soooo right, Maddie!”

“Yeah, I’m super glad we’ve got, like, such a genius around here!”

“We better get ready! He’s having a pool party!”

Maddie made a mental note to look into this ‘Harry’ soon and just make sure he would treat her friends alright. Sure, so many of them had become cock-hungry sluts, but they still deserved *some* dignity. Not that dignity was all too obvious in a place like this. Maddie passed Abigail, one of Brian’s coworkers who had turned him down for being a creep, and had become the very first test subject of his Bubblegum Brain Pop experiments. She was always dressed like a sexy office worker now, and had clearly invited a man over to stay in her room, because it was only 10am and she was on her knees blowing him off, moaning as he prepared to shoot a load down her throat.

“Mhmm, so fucking hot. Goddamnit, getting hornier. Hey you two, just remember to close the door!”

She shut it even as the man gave an embarrassed grin in her direction. As soon as the door was shut though, Maddie could hear the echo of a very joyful exhalation from the man. Abigail really did love getting on her knees for men. Brian evidently thought it was hilarious because she had a senior position to him or something.

“Fucking asshole,” Maddie said. “At least she enjoys it. Ahhh, I enjoy it too. But I can give, like, the best tittifucks.”

She pushed the thoughts out of her mind. That was another result of being changed so much by the song; it was almost impossible not to vocalise her thoughts, rather than just thinking them. Her stomach rumbled, and that at least distracted her from her horniness to enter the dining room. Sam was already there. Once again, she had ordered takeout rather than trying to make anything from the fridge. Thankfully Monnie was there to cook and keep the place clean. The song had affected them in different ways, and having started as a woman perhaps part of Brian’s intention was to make ‘uppity women’ know their place or something. Whatever it was, the born-women were generally much better at chores and upkeep than the born-men, not that the difference was too great.

“Hiya Maddie!” Monnie exclaimed. “Do you want some breakfast? It’s fulfilling oatmeal with fruit bits in it! And I’ve made strawberry froyo and a mixed fruit smoothie!”

Maddie did, in fact, want such things. She settled down for breakfast and made idle chat with the pair. Both had gone to the clubs the previous night and scored, and hearing their stories made Maddie aroused once more, leaving her to occasionally cup one of her own heavy breasts, which set the pair laughing.

“So what’s, like, on the menu? More clubbing and sex today then?”

“Nah,” Sam replied. “We’re gonna go shopping today. Find some sexy dresses and lingerie. We need to, like, glam up so we can be the best hotties on the town *tomorrow*.”

“And maid uniforms! For cleaning!”

Sam winked at Monica. “Totes. Soooo many guys pay soooo much cash when you wear sexy costumes for them.”

With a chuckle, Maddie finished up her food and took the smoothie with her. She could trust the pair to have a shopping trip, but she also controlled their cards. That was important, because she couldn’t exactly control all of Brian’s finances, nor understand how his investments or whatever worked. They could spend pretty freely, but not *too* freely. Brianna’s ability to forge her old male signature could only go so far on legal documentation. There was a reason the girls had started asking for payment when men visited. Making this place a sort of unregulated quasi-brothel hadn’t been Maddie’s intention, but it was one of the only ways to reliably make money without arousing suspicion.

“You girls have fun,” she said. “I’m gonna go check on Brianna, see if she’s made any progress on fixing up a new song.”

The pair laughed up a storm.

“Something I’m, like, missing?”

Monica contained herself. “Oh, just that I don’t think the song she’s singing is at all like the one you totally want to have her make!”

Maddie sighed.

“Yeah, I thought as much.”

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Brianna’s eyes were rolling into the back of her head. She was in perfect ecstasy and unending humiliation, a strangely arousing cocktail as she was pounded from behind and from the front at the same time. Two men were paying well for her services, and what a service she was providing: deep throating one man’s massive cock while taking another right up the ass. She see-sawed between them, her incredibly curvy body caught in the throes of sex. One man came down her mouth, and then the other in her ass, and she was hit with repeated orgasms from both ends, her body so sensitive that she practically emptied the balls of both men. When they were both done with her she flopped to the floor, whimpering and shivering and moaning, stroking her large breasts and rubbing her still-sensitive clit.

“Ohhhhh, m-more. Need more.”

“Holy shit, you really are a massive slut,” one of the guys said. “But sorry, bitch, you really emptied us out.”

‘Mhmm, so f-fucking tasty. I’ll throw you, like, a freebie!’

“Jesus, she just never stops. Can we get a freebie next time? Me and my buddy here are seriously spent. Or just give us a discount?”

“No discounts.”

The last sentence was from Maddie, who entered into the room of complex equipment and various technical experiments. In the centre of it all was Brianna, formerly Brian, and now the most lustful, slutty, bimbo-ish, nymphomaniac girl of the lot. And thanks to the strange nature of her having worn the earplugs for part of the song, a woman who was also desperately (and deservedly) aware of who she used to be.

“M-Maddie, I’m, like, sorry! I’m trying to fix it, but I keep getting soooo horny! It’s, like, a total nightmare!”

Maddie had no sympathy, especially because Brianna’s actions as Brian were the leading cause of her own juggernaut tits and the two men before her currently appreciating them. They’d even set up a tripod to film their act.

“Jesus, were you, like, letting them film you?”

“She said it was okay,” one of the men said.

“It costs extra for that. Sort it out at the front, okay?”

“You can’t just interrupt us like-”

“Tell them the password for today is Nice Nips and you’ll get your discount. I need to talk to my girl here.”

The two men shrugged, quickly getting changed. As one left he looked appreciatively at Maddie’s form, and then had the damn audacity to quickly grope her large left breast. She whimpered a little.

“Hey, you can’t just do that!” she announced.

“Sorry, I slipped.”

“Fuck off you did. Hurry up and get your discount.”

The men moved away, leaving Brianna and her alone, the former looking very, very embarrassed at her state.

“It’s not fair!” Brianna whined. “I really was trying to figure out how to make a song to reverse us. I really was, Maddie! You gotta believe me! But then I just started thinking about hunky sexy men with their big cocks and how much they could take me from both ends, and I really wanted to swallow some cum. Ugh! This is, like, totally all your fault that I’m obsessed with yummy dicks now!”

Maddie just folded her arms beneath her breasts.

“This is your fault, Brianna, and you know it. You were, like, a complete monster. You turned Abigail first and then didn’t stop at all! You changed my friends, tried to make my girlfriend your sex slave, and to make me your greatest concubine or whatever! You were talking about how I’d do everything you wanted as your revenge for being a total creep back

in high school, so don't tell me you're the victim here. If you can't fix his situation then you'll be taking cocks up every hole for life, and you'll be begging for it. Because you know you deserve it."

Brianna whimpered. She gathered herself up. Her hair was down to her ass, and her body just as fantastic as Maddie's own. Funnily enough, some people thought they were sisters, which Maddie always made sure to shoot down.

"Like, whatever! Okay, I was super wrong! But I'm trying really, really hard to be better! But I'm making no progress and stuff because I can't stop thinking about how much I want to get my brains fucked out twenty four seven! Oh God, I need to have a good fuck again. I need someone to hold these titties."

Maddie just sighed. "Fine, we'll put you in room one. I reckon it'll be a busy day anyway. Remember to actually charge them this time?"

Brianna nodded, cheeks red. "Yes, Maddie."

"Mistress."

"Y-yes, mistress."

"Go on, then. Maybe we'll make progress another day."

Brianna picked up her silky robe and threw it on. It barely covered her curves, and was the point. She skipped out of the room, her mind now solely upon being the high earner of the brothel today. She would be, too.

"Not like she's good for anything else," Maddie said wanly, looking around the laboratory. Barely any progress in months. At this rate, it would be years, decades, or never when they finally were able to listen to a new tune and change back. Maddie was increasingly realising that this luscious, lustful body of hers, the one that always caught the attention of every eye in any room - male or female - would likely be hers for life. That and her more bimbo-ish mind, and her desire to look sexy, and other urges as well.

Urges which were getting a lot stronger.

Damn if she didn't need a pair of strong hands to massage her sensitive tits right about now.

"Ugh, fine!" she declared to nobody. "But I'm not, like, selling my services."

She opened up her phone and scrolled through her contacts list, which was mainly full of impressive hunks she'd gotten along with, including friends who hadn't been changed by Brianna and never knew she used to be Matt. She found one she liked: Cody was really nice at aftercare and really liked her in lingerie, and she felt like being in her red lingerie today. She dialled his number, knowing he would pick up as soon as he saw who the caller was. But as she waited, her body getting hornier by the second, she sang a little tune to herself. It was quite the brainworm, literally.

*“Bubblegum Brain Drop, you make my brain stop,  
You make me want to be your sexy girl,  
Bubblegum Brain Drop, make me your hot prop,  
Grab my curvy body and take me for a whirl.”*

**The End**