

Model Prisoner (Bimbo TG)

### **Story Tier Prompt for Jack Mackenzie**

*Vance Henrik is a dangerous, hot-headed brute of a prisoner. Prone to violence and escape attempts, the prison system finally has enough, and decides to use an experimental drug to pacify him. Defiant, Vance tries to hold out as his body becomes increasingly feminine, and increasingly full of strange urges.*

### **Model Prisoner**

"Four injured. One prisoner will never see out his left eye again. A guard - John Hollis - had his forearm fractured in three places trying to stop him."

"Solitary?"

"Won't work. We've tried that. The other prisoners worship him. He's the 'Big Man', and their behaviour just gets worse when he's put away. Of course, when he gets back out, he picks the meanest prisoner or guard he can find to prove his worth. He's got the whole system wrapped around those meaty fingers of his."

"Well, maybe we should try another approach. There's a new experimental pacification drug, still in testing trials. They need prisoners. We could fudge a few consent forms."

"Vance will run riot with that. Literally."

"Not if this drug works. It should weaken him. Take away his 'Big Man' status, and he's nothing, right?"

"Hmm, in theory, yes. Okay, do it. But I want to be there to see it. And so would John Hollis. The man is still recovering. Might be a nice show."

"Done. I'll get my contacts in order."

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Vance licked the blood from his teeth, smirking as he was strapped onto the table. He was an enormous muscle-bound mountain of a man, his head shaved bald, and his body covered in badass tattoos of flaming skulls and grinning devils. It had taken six men just to pin him down, and he'd gotten his own in, sending at least two to the infirmary.

"So what's it gonna be this time, fellas?" he drawled, spitting some blood on the ground. "Electroshock? Another digital tag? The magnetic boots? None of your shit has worked before, so what have you got cooked up for the Big Man now?"

Warden Pryce gave the merest suggestion of a smile.

"You'll see, Vance. If this works, you won't be the Big Man much longer. In fact, you'll be as dangerous as a mouse."

"Yeah, right, Warden. One of these days you'll say the wrong thing, and I'll show you just how dangerous I can be. I've killed enough geezers out of the big house to not care if I kill another."

It was bluster and bravado, but there was an edge that unsettled everyone in the room. The Warden simply gave a nod to John Hollis, and left the room.

"Heh, enjoy that gift I got you, fucko?" the prisoner said.

John Hollis removed something from a tray nearby - a needle.

"It was worth it, Vance, since the Warden let me be the one to deliver this.

Vance laughed. "A fuckin' needle? Whatever scratch you put on me, I'll put one much, much bigger back on you. Shiv-like, you see?"

He flexed his powerful muscles, barely contained by the table's strapps.

"We'll see, Vance, we'll see."

He prepared the syringe, which was full of a strange, green-glowing liquid, and plunged it directly into Vance's arm, deliberately lacking any finesse. To his credit, the prisoner just laughed.

Then he spat in John's face. The guard barely managed to avoid punching him right between his smug teeth. But he knew that if this worked, then Vance had already lost.

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Vance was kept overnight in the infirmary. His arm has the usual pain associated with needles, though it was sharper than most, but he was no stranger to pain. He'd been taking it and dishing it out with interest all his life. He was escorted back to the common room by a set of guards, to the cheer of the prisoners.

His eyes ranged across them, until he spotted one that wasn't clapping. Another would-be tough man. A rival named Leroy Maynard, whose dark skin was criss-crossed with knife cuts from his violent youth.

"Hey you! Fucking Leroy, you bitch! You ain't happy to see me?"

"I'm always happy to see you," he said, standing. "'Cause I can't wait to put you in your place."

It was all the reason to fight Vance needed. He waited, sat down for his meal, checked his corners so that no guards were nearby. Then, when Leroy was laughing with a friend, he launched over the table, tray in hand, and beat the man on the face. Leroy was

knocked back, but leapt to his feet, and the two men tangled, trading heavy blows. They tangled, a crowd forming as the guards tried to disperse it, everyone cheering Vance on.

Vance was confident, but he was shocked to find his strength was failing him today. Leroy was getting more blows in, and when the other man hit his arm he pulled back, wincing in a manner that was unlike his usual bravado. He launched forward again, rallying to make an example, but his body felt weaker, somehow. Leroy made two hits against his chest, and he actually gasped. The flesh there was sore, and actually felt raised.

Thankfully, the guards broke it up before there could be a winner, but it made Vance pause. He was moved rapidly back to his cell.

"I'm gonna fuck you up!" he yelled to Leroy, who just smiled. Both men knew Leroy had somehow won.

Vance was pushed back in his cell and left there to stew on it. The warden was waiting by the bars, just out of reach, and that same small smirk was there.

"Feeling weak today, Vance?"

"Fuck you."

"Well," he said, walking away. "There's always tomorrow."

Once he was out of sight, Vance checked over his body. The soreness and swelling had increased, and not all of it was from trading blows. His chest really had expanded, and his nipples were starting to throb. Moreover, he could have sworn he was more muscular the previous day. He got to work doing push ups and chin ups, determined to make the gains back, refusing to give in to whatever they'd done to him.

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Vance woke the next day in shock and agony. His body was further changed, and it wasn't right!

"No, fuck no! Fuckin' hell no!"

For a moment he hoped it was just a bad dream, but a series of pokes and prods confirmed it; his chest had swollen further, and his muscles reduced. He now looked, impossibly, like he was growing tits! They were too rounded to be pecs, and his oddly swollen nipples now had pink areola around them. What's more, the hair on his arms had fallen away, covering his bed. His hips were sore as well. He couldn't tell without a larger mirror, but they felt wider, somehow. He changed into his clothes to hide the alterations the serum had done to his body, and discovered another terrible difference; his trousers fell below his feet now. He had, impossibly, shrunk in height.

"What the flying fucking fuck have you done to me, you shithead asshole?"

Warden Pryce was outside his cell, admiring the changes.

"You seem . . . smaller, Vance. Are you sure you're still the Big Man?"

"Fuck you! What did you do to me? What was in that shit?"

"Just a little something to make you a model prisoner from now on. Now get ready, time to enter the common room soon. John Hollis will be on duty, and Leroy is looking forward to a rematch. We'll do our best to help you when needed."

Vance fumed. When it came time to have his meal he lapped at it, hungry. The strange change to his body had taken a lot out of him. The crowd seemed to sense his brooding, and there were fewer jokes at his table. Leroy didn't try anything, but appeared to be sizing him up, examining him.

Before lights out, he simply grinned, and pointed a finger at Vance.

"Tomorrow, Big Man. I take the crown."

Vance just nodded, though inside he was feeling strangely terrified, a feeling he hadn't experienced in years upon years. Especially since a numbness was growing in his groin.

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"Fuck! Fuuuuuck! I'm turning into a fucking woman!"

The warden smiled outside the cell. In truth, he and the members of the board that had put together the plan had no idea the serum would go so far. It was meant to be only weakening him, but it was clearly having major side effects. John Hollis was also outside the cell this morning, and he was grinning ear to ear.

"You gotta change me back! Stop this fucking juice before I lose my dick completely!"

The violent criminal gestured to his body. He had been held back while the other prisoners went on their way, so Pryce and Hollis could see him up close. Vance had woken to a strange pressure on his chest. He always slept on his back, and now there were two weights upon it. He had leapt to his feet, and to his shock felt a wobble on his top half. In nothing but a singlet and briefs, the changes to his body were all the more obvious; his muscles had shrunk right down, his body now merely impressively athletic instead of terrifyingly bulky. His hips had widened impressively, and his waist shrunken, giving him an hourglass figure. This was matched by a rondureness in his behind, and shapely legs that were increasingly womanly, right down to feet that were nearly dainty. His dick was a mere nub, and even his face was getting softer, with lips that were puffy.

"We don't have to do anything," Pryce said. "But you might have to explain your changes to Mr Leroy today. Good luck with that."

"Don't worry," Hollis said, as he led the man from his cell. He now towered over Vance, who had once been 6'4, and was now barely 5'8. "I'll be right there to take care of you, Vanci."

The transforming man shuddered. He wanted to say something in return, to scream and spit and shiv this man to death. But oddly, he felt an urge to go along with him and not fight. A submissiveness that was the complete opposite of his dominating nature.

There was no fight later that day. The entire crowd of prisoners were shocked, unbelieving what had happened to the prison gang leader. Vance couldn't stop blushing in shame at his femininising body, and some of the men were even daring enough to catcall him when he wasn't looking, giving wolf whistles and the like.

"I'll fuck up whoever does that to my face!" he shouted, but that just set off laughter; his voice had raised more than an octave since the changes began, and its timbre was becoming more and more like that of a butch woman's. He couldn't believe how fickle the men suddenly were, even after he explained that it was the serum's fault. He kept trying to explain to them, to make them see, but they laughed all the harder.

"Look everyone," Leroy said, basking in his rival's humiliation, "Vanci wants to talk it all out and explain it to us, like a good little lady." He stepped closer to Vance, and the once-ruthless prisoner felt intimate by Leroy's presence. He wilted like a flower before it, and to his astonishment, there was another strange feeling too. An unfamiliar arousal between his thick thighs, and a tensing of his nipples which tented out his shirt. He couldn't help it. For whatever reason, Leroy's manly muscles and his masculine musk just triggered something in his body.

"What the fuck?" Leroy said, noticing the headlights tenting out Vance's top. "Holy shit, you got a full set of titties there, and they are *turned on*. I guess you're gonna like being my prison bitch, aren't you Vanci?"

To the astonishment of everyone, Vance most of all, the changing male fled, right past a smirking Hollis. Tears were in his eyes.

"The fuck is happening to me? I'm meant to be a motherfucking threat," he moaned.

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The next day, the changes were complete. The Warden had made sure a full-length mirror was installed just outside of reach of the bars so Vance could see himself. Herself, now. Vance no longer had anything masculine remaining to her, except for her badass tattoos, her shaved head, and her still-impressive muscularity. Her penis was fully gone, a new vaginal passage and vulva having formed there, and a new womb settled within her belly. Her breasts had grown throughout the night, gaining an impressive heaviness to them. They must have been Double-Dees at a minimum, if not

larger. Her face was devastatingly feminine, with thick eyelashes, pouty lips, and prominent cheekbones.

There was no denying it, she looked like the hottest punk lady ever born, and the worst part for Vance was that the serum wasn't just changing his body, but his mind too. He knew this because he couldn't help but pose his sexy new body in the mirror before catching himself, just like he couldn't help but tie his shirt up so that it revealed his flat stomach and emphasised his big titties.

"The fuck is wrong with me," he said as he undid these, as soon as he heard John Hollis coming. The guard was now much taller than him, though at least the new, female Vance was a bit above average height for a woman. She gasped as she saw the guard, her nipples stiffening and tunnel lubricating at the sight of him. She couldn't believe she'd never seen how fucking hot he was before. She had to bite her full lip just to avoid moaning in his presence.

"Look who's happy to see me," he said.

"Fuck you," she said, her husky voice possessing a sexy, smoky quality.

"Maybe you will, in time. For now, someone else wants to see you. I'll give you both some privacy."

"What? I -"

Her words died in her mouth as Leroy stepped forward into her cell.

"Well, well, well, you really have changed, Vanci."

Hollis gave one last smirk before shutting the cell door. He shifted, waiting just in case an emergency came. He was under strict orders from Pryce to see if 'Vanci's' new mind was up for some 'conjugal time.' Vance was completely unaware of this, but her body was reacting all the same; Leroy had pulled his shirt off, and his muscled chest had strong abs that were all the more dangerous for the slash scars over them. She cooed, unable to help herself.

"Like what you see?" Leroy said, approaching. "I remember you saying you were going to 'fuck me up,' Vanci. Did you still want to do that?"

Vance spluttered, trying to form words, but her new body was too damn horny. It was like the serum had made her a fucking bimbo, a damned nymphomaniac who couldn't stop thinking about getting penetrated by a hard cock.

"N-no, I d-don't."

"Liar. You can feel my muscles, if you let me feel those spectacular tits. Don't you want to be my bitch, Vanci?"

She breathed heavily, causing her large breasts to rise. She wanted that. She did. It wasn't right. It wasn't natural. She was meant to be the Big Man. But right now there

was another big man in the room, and judging from the enormous tent in his pants, he was very Big indeed.

“Oh shit. Fuck. Fuck me.”

“I intend to,” Leroy said, and then he was upon her.

Hollis chuckled outside the cell as the two jailbirds became lovebirds. Vance cried out in reluctant joy as the man entered her, his enormous cock filling her passage. She wanted to fight this man, to shiv him, to beat him to a bloody pulp. But as much as she wanted to do violence, a far bigger part of her wanted him to fuck her brains out. To make her his bitch, and cum inside her. She moaned in ecstasy as he fondled her heavy breasts, squeezing them so they hurt just a little, enough that it made her moan in bliss at being used. She needed him, it was a raging need unlike any she had felt, and soon he was thrusting hard, his enormous cock pounding her into submission, where she belonged.

“Oh f-fuck! That f-feels so f-fucking good!”

Leroy grinned. His rival was now the hottest chick he’d ever fucked.

“Say you’re my bitch! I want to hear you say it!”

It was the final threshold, Vance knew. If she said it, if she admitted that the serum had so utterly changed her in just a few days as to make her a prison bitch, then there was no way back. Leroy thrust again, and she felt the orgasm building. Her first as a woman, but certainly not her last.

“I am! I’m your bitch!” she cried, “and you’re my Big Man!”

And with that, their bodies went over the edge, and he came within her. She cried out in pleasure, savouring the warmth of his seed flooding her body. She curled her legs around him and clung on for dear life.

“Fuuuuuuucck . . .”

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A month later, and Leroy was still the big man, and the sexy Vanci was his gorgeous ‘prison bitch.’ Everyone loved Vanci. Where once they had feared her, now they revelled in calling out to her, commenting on her body, and feasting with their eyes at her gorgeous curves and generous bust. She was hot and she knew it, and best of all, there was still a lot of Vance there. She still joked and laughed and told crude jokes, could still get violent and rough, though it was in a far more sexy way now, like when a guy came on to her when she was already servicing her man Leroy. She still had an anti-authoritarian streak, sneering at the guards as she let the prisoners squeeze her tits or she straddled them naked on a chair. Leroy was happy to share her, so long as he got

the lion's share. He especially enjoyed having Vanci suck another man's cock while he took her from behind. Her husky moans were the best sound in the prison.

Of course, as much as Vanci was now a horny nympho who was utterly submissive, she still got embarrassed about being the sexy prison bitch. She tried to be defiant from time to time, but she always failed in the end, as her body was simply too needy, her libido too red hot and ready to go. By the end of that month, her cell had been moved to Leroy's, just so she could rest against her big sexy man and wake him up with the perfect blowjobs.

Warden Pryce was happy. The prisoners were better behaved than ever before thanks to Vanci's pacifying influence. And frankly, so were the guards. As much as Vanci still hated 'the system', she certainly loved servicing it from time to time. About every dick on the guard walk had been sucked by the time the second week of her transformation was up. Special attention was reserved for John Hollis. As Vanci put it in his presence: "it's so you can feel better about me breaking your fucking arm."

"Such a way with words," Hollis said, before grunting in pleasure as her soft lips took in his hard member.

Yes, the prison was running more smoothly than ever. The loss of her manhood was constantly reminded to Vanci, who blushed deeply and became briefly ashamed of what she'd become. But for all her lost bluster and bravado, the truth was she was addicted to her new life, and wouldn't go back even if she could.

The Warden was right. She'd become a model prisoner.

**The End**