

## Perfect Body (Male to Female TG)

### By FoxFaceStories

*Chase Argyle has little to complain about. He's pretty good looking, reasonably fit, makes solid money working as a banking manager, and has a highly intelligent girlfriend in Jennifer Hayes. But the world is not enough for Chase, who likes to secretly indulge in other women on the side. But when he decides to inject himself with a chemical his scientist girlfriend has developed, one that promises the 'perfect body', he quickly finds his body changing in ways he could not have imagined, and always in response to arousal at the sight of the women around him.*

### Perfect Body, Part 1: The Vial

They say cheaters never prosper, but I think I've done alright by myself. After all, I've managed to hold down Jennifer for three years now without her even noticing. I'm not a bad person, seeing the occasional woman on the side, just a red-blooded male who takes his chances and is willing to give over to his nature. All guys are like that: I'm just one of the few that admit it. It sounds harsh, cheating on your girlfriend, particularly when she's been so loyal to you, but the truth is it's actually quite easy when you just accept it's the way you are.

It's not like I'm malicious or anything: Jennifer Hayes is seriously a nice gal. Normally I go for more exotic chicks, but there's something real down to earth about her, and I think we clicked ever since she came into the bank asking to speak to the manager about an accounting error, and I was the one to help her sort it out. Normally I don't really go for brunettes - I don't even like *my own* brown hair - and to be honest, she hasn't really got much of a shape to her, what with her flat ass and even flatter tits. But she's got a great sense of humour, a sharp wit, and is really athletic too, which is great. She's a fucking genius in chemistry and biology, makes a fat stack of money, and unlike a lot of girls I've dated, she's willing to get freaky in the bedroom to make up for her physical shortcomings. Seriously, it's just a shame she doesn't have titties to do an actual tittyjob, or else I might never have 'stepped outside.'

My point is, I'm not a badguy. I'm not Darth Vader or anything. I'm just Chase Argyle, bank manager, soccer enthusiast, and womaniser. The last part isn't really my fault. As I always say when I have an argument with Jen, "I just can't help myself!" She usually realises I'm not the type to change. Sometimes a man just needs to have a good lay with another woman, after all.

I was doing exactly that when I got the call from Jen. Erika was a fucking *stacked* black chick with huge brown nipples I just loved to suck on. We had an on again/off again sort of vibe: when she wasn't dating a dude she asked me over to Netflix and chill as a way of keeping comfort. She had no idea I was with Jennifer, or even who she was, so I kept things pretty private with her. Some of my other girls, like Casey, were down to clown and didn't care that they were being fucked on the side. In fact, I was reasonably sure that sexy blonde was actually married. But on that day, I had felt like doing a chick like Erika up the ass, since that was one of the only things Jen wasn't a fan of, having let me do it only three or four times.

"Ohhhhhhh f-fuck! Ohhhhhh shove it in! Shove it right in, baby!"

My phone buzzed.

"Ignore that!" I said.

She did. I gripped her soft hips and fucked her, hard. I had a pretty good dick, not the best but certainly not the worst, and so it was good fun to use, particularly with someone as horny as Erika. I thrust in and out of her, enjoying the slap of her perfect ass cheeks against my body. The contrast of my light skin to her dark was quite erotic, and soon I was fucking her like wild, her pressing her backside against me with ever greater vigour as she got closer and closer to orgasms.

"Yes, yes, yes! Fuck me in the ass baby, make me yours! Yes yes YES YES YES!!"

I didn't last as long as I wanted: I never really did when I was fucking a chick as hot as Erika. Still, I managed to get her almost to the point of orgasm, and while I was still cumming into the condom, I thrust several more times and pushed her over the edge.

"YYYYEEEESSSSSSSS!!!"

I grinned, savouring my own singular orgasm all the more. When we were done, we collapsed down together, and I took care of the condom not long after. The phone buzzed a second time, and this time I picked it up. It was from Jen. It was her eighth call.

"Fuck."

"Everything okay baby?" Erika asked, nuzzling against me. I tilted the phone so she wouldn't see.

"Yeah, it's just work. It must be important. Sorry, I gotta go."

"Awww," she said, sliding back onto the bed. "I was hoping we could snuggle. I miss cuddling. Do you think we could ever . . . you know, try actual dating?"

I grinned at the sight of her curvy beauty. It was tempting, alright. She was a lot hotter than Jen. But she was also . . . let's say, more independent. She'd see through my bullshit easier if we were constantly together. Jen was pretty trusting, after all. Needy, even. Like she had something to prove, at work and in the home and bed. Plus, she cleaned and cooked pretty well, while Erika and I always ordered takeaway after fucking.

“Maybe another time,” I said, leaving the possibility open. Always good to keep them hoping. “Sorry Erika, I’ve got to get dressed and call them back.

She pouted her lovely full lips in disappointment. That was another thing, she didn’t like blowjobs. Jen did. Big reason to go with the latter right there.

“You have a good day now. And thanks. That was fucking hot as always, Erika.”

“Mhmmm, I bet it was. Let’s do that again next time.”

“Let’s.”

I finished dressing, used some of the cologne I stored at her place to wash away the scent of sex, and stepped out of her apartment. The second I dialled Jen on the way to the stairs, she responded.

“Finally! What took you so long, honey?”

“Had a work thing,” I responded.

“Well, get over to the lab! I want to show you something! It’s finally happened!”

I stopped on the stairs. My heart stopped too, before beating rapidly in excitement. “The serum? You think you’ve perfected it?”

“Uh-huh! It’s worked on the test subjects - no human trials yet, but the mammalian cross-species problem won’t be an issue. It works on mice, rabbits, even sheep! It should definitely work on people.”

“You’ve done it,” I said, in awe. “A serum that creates the perfect body.”

I could hear her laugh, high and giddy and unbelieving, on the other side of the line.

“We did it, Chase. I couldn’t have done it without the team’s support, or yours. Oh my God, I love you so much! End your work thing so you can get over here and see it in person!”

“I will! I’m heading there right now, honey. Promise, and love you.”

“I love you, so, so much!”

I smiled, and ended the call. When I reached the bottom of the stairs I did a silly little tap dance. There was, conveniently, a mirror nearby on the ground floor of the apartment complex, one that revealed me in all my glory. I wasn’t half bad: 6’1, reasonably handsome, fairly fit, pretty charming. My brown hair was a bit too frizzy in places, and I had lines beneath my eyes that were starting to appear now that I was thirty years old. Yes, I was quite a catch, but not a whole catch. A handsome man, but not a stunning one.

So yes, that’s the *other* reason I kept Jen as my girlfriend these last three years. She was experimenting on creating the perfect body, and it was my ticket to being better than ever.

And fucking all the *supermodels* I could ever want.

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Jen's lab was not technically hers at all, but she was such a genius whiz that she practically ran the show. She was three years older than me, but had about three decades of smarts over me. Luckily, they weren't the kind of smarts where you could read people and their lies. They were book smarts, the kind of smarts that had earned her some excellent funding for her own private project to allow a chemical makeover of the body into whatever the subject desired. The project backers were likely rich corporate types, but the day-to-day lab operation was hers, and it meant she was able to give him access. When he used his key card to enter, she practically *launched* herself at him.

"CHASE!"

After the wonderful curves of Erika, she was like a bag of bones, at least she felt that way. I hugged her back, cringing a little and wishing she didn't have the hips of an eight year old boy or the chest of a wooden plank. Still, I was enthusiastic.

"I practically *ran* here, Jen," I declared. "I'm so proud of you! It really works!"

"It does! Oh my God, it actually does, Chase. I meant what I said, the last three years of you have really helped me reach my scientific potential. Your support has been so, so needed."

I grinned. You have no idea, Jen, you wonderful naive woman.

"Well, I think you're pretty damn genius on your own, Jen."

"That she is," came a third voice, also female, "but please, monsieur, save some compliments for zee rest of us."

The sweet and sexy French accent could only have come from Jennifer's lab partner and best friend Juliet. She was not a bad looker herself, with dark black curls and mysterious grey eyes, and a stare that could wither you. She intimidated me a little, to be honest, but that intimidation held a kind of sexual excitement. It was too bad she was so close to Jennifer, otherwise I'd woo her in a hot second. As it was, I simply had to enjoy the sight of those wide hips of hers.

"Juliet, great to see you! And congratulations as well!"

She folded her arms, raising one eyebrow judgmentally. "Well, I doubt zis is a professional visit, so I shall leave zee two love birds, yes?"

Jen blushed a little. "Thanks Juliet. I'll see you tomorrow?"

"I'll see you, and hopefully with a nicer boyfriend!"

That was the other thing that prevented us from having a fun little side deal: Juliet *hated* me. She really did feel like I was hiding something, though she'd never found out what. Apparently I just gave her 'bad vibes.' Ah well, as they say in her tongue, *cest la vie*. She left, giving Jen and I space to kiss, and passionately at that. Her lips were a little too thin for my liking, and her hair too coarse, but she had a cute 'geeky scientist' vibe to her,

especially with her cute glasses and huge smile. And when she made out with me, she *really* made out with me. As she did at that very moment, pulling herself tight against me and sticking her tongue passionately into my mouth.

“I’m going to show you the serum in a moment,” she moaned as I squeezed her, nibbled at her neck, “but after that I want you to fuck me.”

“Here? In the lab?”

“I’ve disabled the cameras, honey. And no one will care if we clean up and they never find out. I know you’ve always had a kink for that, and tonight I’m just so excited that I need you to cool me off!”

She was bouncing with an endearing excitement again. I kissed her once more.

“I’m more than fine with that, darling. But first, show me what you’ve done.”

She beamed, and led me with her keypass through the doorway that led to the serum housing.

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The fridge was filled with vials and vials, rows of them. Numerous attempts, numerous failures, a history of progress towards an outcome I held dear: not only a chance to be in my virile twenties again (not that thirty is bad, mind you, but to have an extra ten years of the party life!), but also a chance to live life as a figure of incredible strength, virility, handsomeness, and manliness. A chance to make Bradd Pitt look like Danny Devito.

Jennifer pointed to a single green vial in the centre of what looked to be the thirteenth row. I counted twice just to make sure. Thirteen down, seven across.

“That’s the one. The ‘Perfect Body’ serum,” she said. Her voice was calm as she could make it, but I could tell she was radiating excitement.

“I can’t believe it,” I said, being honest for once. “You’re going to make history with this, Jen. To think, this year you’ll be able to start trialling human subjects to have their own perfect bodies! Hell, you can even use it on yourself!”

Her smile gave way to an awkward frown. “Um, what’s wrong with my body?”

I felt a sudden chill in my spine. “Nothing, nothing! I’m just saying that, er, you could be younger-”

“Am I too old for you?”

“No, I didn’t mean that! I - you’re fucking with me.”

She giggled. “I told you I can tell a good lie! Well, I guess it’s not fair, since you’re such an honest man.”

She wrapped a bony arm around me. “Still, it’s years off human testing anyway. So many hurdles to jump through. But it will happen.”

Years. Years?

“Years? What, really? You’re not lying to me, are you?”

She shook her head. “I’m surprised I never told you. Even if it gets fully approved - and keep in mind we still have a ways with animal testing to go - human testing has a lot of ethical boundaries to consider. I actually do plan on being the first human test, but only when I’m actually sure. I can . . . well, it sounds a little shallow, but I know you like bigger boobs, and mine are small.”

“Pshhh! They’re perfect!”

They weren’t, but she still blushed a little. “You’re sweet, but I never really liked how flat-chest I am. I don’t want monster boobs or anything, but maybe some full C’s? D’s, if I’m feeling adventurous? I don’t know, what do you think?”

I was too focused on the massive spanner she’d thrown in my works. “Sorry, what was that dear?”

“Bigger boobs, yay or nay?”

“Whatever you want, dear, you’re beautiful either way.”

She gave me a light punch on the arm. “Yay it is, then. Besides, I can give myself that gift in a few years. It’s not like I don’t deserve it, or Julie for that matter if she wants some changes. We’ve done the heavy lifting for all this amazing research, and I’m okay with bragging about that.”

She closed the fridge, securing it with a lock. I had the code memorised already: 3141, the first four digits of pi. A silly little joke of hers, one that frankly wasn’t that funny, but I pretended to like so she wouldn’t change the code.

She pressed her back against the fridge, a big grin on her face as she looked up at me. I couldn’t deny, she had a kind of ‘sexy librarian’ thing going on.

“So, now that I’ve shown you the lab’s goods, how about I show you mine?”

I stepped forward and kissed her, slowly unbuttoning her lab coat.

“Just find us a place to lie down, and I’ll enjoy those goods nice and slow, dear.”

Just twenty minutes later we were fucking passionately in her office, me on the chair, her riding me. I had to say this for Jen, no one was quite as good in that position as her. I just wished I had a big set of tits to shove my face into as I slid inside her. Instead, I kept my eyes trained on the door to the cold room, and thought about how much better life would be when I had the perfect body.

I had a plan, and I would put it into action once I’d fucked my naive genius of a girlfriend’s brains out.

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Jen cooed on the floor of her office, our half-naked bodies intertwined. She was almost still with post-coital pleasure, and just to make her unreasonably comfortable I had procured a pillow from the little lounge area, and a blanket as well. She always got sleepy and dull after sex, another reason to find other women to enjoy: sometimes a man just needed to fuck two or even three times a night, instead of a measly one. As it was, I'd positioned her perfectly to not see me.

"I'm just going to the bathroom," I whispered as I did up my trousers. "Then I'll come back."

"Can you get me a tea?" she murmured, eyes already closed.

I smirked. It was almost *too* easy. I silently took her access keycard from her coat, and wandered off to the security door. I opened it silently after buzzing 'Jennifer Hayes' in, and made my way to the fridge. The post-sex bliss was heightened by the thrill of what I was about to do; not only commit the perfect crime, all thanks to my own girlfriend foolishly shutting off the cameras for me, but also gain myself the perfect body.

I remembered the right vial: thirteen down, seven across. It was so much like the others, perhaps just a little greener. I took it, examined it. I knew enough about the testing process from my extensive questioning of Jennifer- all under the guise of a boyfriend taking an interest in his girlfriend's career, of course - that the serum had to be injected. I took one of the lab's disposable syringes, stabbed it through the thin cork, and extracted a portion of it. Not enough for them to know any was missing, but enough to affect me - I knew that just ten mils would do the trick, at least according to what she'd told me.

For a moment, I hesitated. Was I really about to do this?

But then I thought of how good it would feel, not only being far fitter, far stronger, far younger and hotter and more masculine, but also the kind of hot chicks I could attract with that sort of bod. Sure, it would hurt Jennifer's feelings, but ripping the bandaid off was the best solution. I chuckled to myself. Hell, maybe just ghosting her would be easy, if I looked different enough.

I took the syringe, and injected it into my upper arm. There was a brief sting, then the injection of fluid, then it was done. I disposed of the syringe into their little plastic bin, checked that there wasn't any trace of evidence, and then returned from the lab as if I'd never been there. I came back to Jennifer's side, and she stirred, having never noticed what I'd done.

"Mhmm, did you get the tea, honey?"

"Oh, no. I forgot, sorry."

"Oh. I wish you wouldn't always forget that."

"Well, nobody's perfect," I said, a smile on my face.

Nobody, that was, *yet*.

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I slept over at her place, as I tended to do. I was feeling quite virile already, and we fucked a second time despite her usual sleepiness. I wasn't sure when the serum would work, but I hoped it would start acting over the next week. I was probably imagining it, but it felt like there was a sort of glow within me, a shifting of my nerves, a tensing of my muscles, as if they were eager to grow and swell and become all the more impressive.

After I finished in her, we went to sleep together. It must have been a pretty good lay we had, or maybe it was the effect of the vial, because I woke up incredibly late - so late, in fact, that I had to grab some awful fast food breakfast on the way to work or risk becoming late. My stomach was ravenous, and my skin tingled with a strange energy I'd never felt before. I won't lie, it was hard to focus on my managerial duties at the bank when I was filled with excitement for the potential changes to come. What would the ultimate, perfect body look like? Would it be some standard genetic ideal? Or my own personal want? Jennifer had said something about the effects of adrenaline and conscious desire upon the process, but that was ages ago during the development stages. How long it would take was a mystery to me. Jennifer had said the mice became stronger and more virile (and even gained a higher libido) in mere hours, but the sheep had taken longer.

"Damn," I muttered to myself as I sent several pointless emails regarding the latest branch memo. "I should have asked further questions. Was just so damn excited!"

I was excited enough that I was actually getting aroused. No, that was definitely not normal. It *had* to be a side effect of the injection. There was nothing remotely sexy about managing a bank, except the occasional attractive woman that entered. It was, after all, how I met Casey. The gorgeous blonde had the most gorgeous legs in all of creation, and just picturing them in my mind was enough to give me a throbbing erection. God, I wanted to fuck her right at that very moment. Her and Erika with her perfect dark skin and big booty, and Juliet with those wide hips and sexy accent, and even my old flame Yun: I just loved a sexy Asian single mama with a thirsty need for my dick.

I was so fucking aroused and hard that I almost didn't notice when my secretary buzzed me. I jolted, terrified for a moment that I had been caught, either stroking myself at work or because I had stolen a vial. But there was no evidence for the stealing, and my office had no cameras in it, and had very opaque misted windows. There was no way. I answered the buzz.

"Chase Argyle speaking," I said.

*'Mr Argyle, there's a woman who has been referred to you regarding a desire to reduce her interest rates. She seems to think she is owed a reduction.*

I rolled my eyes. Of course, another damned Karen, likely with the same terrible haircut, pudgy body, and a fucking entitled attitude that just made you want to swear off women altogether. Still, it was part of the job, which paid well, and maybe dealing with a character like this from behind my desk would be enough to deflate my raging boner for an hour. Who knows, maybe rage and frustration were the emotional ingredients necessary to trigger the start of my changes to perfection? Regardless, it would be a distraction from the continual anxiety over whether it would even work for me.

“Send her in then, Maggie,” I said.

I prepared my desk, putting on airs of professionalism, and waited for her to come through. The door clicked and opened, and it was then that I saw, not an ugly middle-aged bitch of a woman, but a gorgeous young creature in need of my services, with a set of particular features that were almost impossible not to take in.

As she sat down to introduce herself, my body flushed with heat, and that strange tingling became more and more powerful.

Something was happening.

## **Perfect Body, Part 2: The First Change**

I stood, trying to ignore that strange heat, and extending my hand to the positively *radiant* brunette before me. She couldn't be older than twenty five, and that was a good age, because her skin was smooth and her professional dress sense was dazzling. A good pencil skirt on a woman, particularly with a well-fitted business top, makes her look absolutely fuckable. I know everyone likes to be all feminist and all that jazz, but the truth is a woman who wears the right office getup is as much of a knock out as a lady in a bikini.

And this woman was a knockout. She didn't have nice big tits or anything as far as I could tell, but she had a face like a model's, cute button nose and captivating eyes and all that. The best parts about her, I thought, were her silky hair and her full lips. The hair fell down over her shoulders in gentle curves, and it had a shine in it you only saw in those ridiculous shampoo commercials. A far cry from Jen's too-frizzy hair. And her lips were way better than Jen's thin things too. They were wonderfully full, with a slightly heavier bottom lip that gave her the lips of a Hollywood movie star. Seriously, they looked like nice lips for sucking dick all right. Real classic DSL's. The kind I'd love on *my dick*. It made my stomach churn with that heat just thinking about it, but I ignored that as I shook her hand.

“Hello, I'm Chase Argyle, the local manager at this branch.”

“Deborah. Deborah Hastings,” the woman said in a fairly nice voice. Not as smooth as it could have been given her body, but ah well, not everyone could be perfect, except *me* soon.

“Have a seat Deborah. Can I call you Deb?”

“Um, sure.”

“How can we help you? I’m told you want a reduction in the interest rate on your mortgage?”

“Yes, ours - my husband and I - is unusually high given the rates that other banks offer. We think we are owed a reduction of an entire percent, to be perfectly honest.”

Damn, she had a husband. And she didn’t seem the cheating kind, alas. No response to my little flirt over the name. I had a sixth sense for these things. Still, just because we were talking shop didn’t mean I couldn’t *window* shop. Ha.

“Well, Deb, I’m sure you understand times are hard, and so we might not be able to help you . . . officially. But you’ve come to the right manager. Between you and me, I think we can get your interest rate down by potentially more than that, particularly if you sign up to our free premium care service. It gives you ‘points’ on our banking app that are considered signs of a loyal customer.”

“Interesting,” she said, “tell me more.”

We continued talking, me slipping into ‘professional banker mode.’ Hell, I could probably tackle this discussion and interest rate reduction in my sleep. The truth was, she was being screwed over, and it was company policy to apply the fix I was working on. But if I made myself sound like the saviour going against company policy to help the little guy - or gal, in this case - out, then it helped give me the feedback and reputation I needed to go higher.

So we talked and I joked, and I admired those perfect full lips of hers, imagining them locked in a soft seal around my cock, sucking away. It was a fun game to play, particularly since I now could get hard under the table without a care. She brushed her hair aside once or twice, and that too made me internally giddy. If only Jen had hair like that.

It was *perfect*.

Just as I made that thought I felt that heat come over me again, even more powerfully than before. I grabbed the table a little too forcefully and grunted.

“Nngghh!”

Deborah gasped. “Are you okay? Should I call for help?”

The sensations were intense, but not painful. I could feel my scalp itching awfully, and it took every effort not to scratch at it. My lips felt strange too, sort of numb, but also like they were being *filled*, or something. I could barely explain it, particularly with that strange flush coming over my body.

“N-no! It’s alright! Let’s j-just finish your reduction, shall we?”

She gave me a look that was unsure, but I managed to pull myself up and put through the final request in typing. Yet still my scalp itched and my hair felt like it was pushing out of my head.

“This w-will be coming through in a week,” I said, trying to keep my voice level and only partially succeeding. “If that doesn’t happen, just come on back in and say Mr Argyle talked with you, and it should be pushed through. But I d-doubt it will come to . . . that - ahhh!”

I pressed my lips together. It was so hard to avoid touching them. Deb’s eyes lit up in alarm.

“Are you sure you’re okay? No offence, but it looks like you’re having an allergic reaction or something - your lips!”

I gasped a little, running my finger over my lips. They did indeed feel bigger. What the fuck? They felt *swollen*, and with the strange feeling in them, I could feel them still enlarging. Deb seemed to notice this as well, because her hand went to her mouth, covering her own full lips.

“Oh my God! They’re getting bigger right now! Are you allergic to something?”

“Not that I - nnggh - know of!” I replied. God, this was humiliating. The heat was on, and I could feel my hair pushing out, or at least that’s what it felt like. I stood, thankfully my boner long gone, and gestured her to the door, a little rushed.

“I’m sorry to push you out, but I might have to take a break and get this - oohh - sorted out!”

“Of course! I’m so sorry, I hope it wasn’t my perfume! Best of luck - you should get an appointment with a doctor.”

“I w-will,” I replied. “Thanks again for coming to ussss, and b-best of luck with your loan!”

She went to leave, but then paused a brief moment, her jaw falling a little.

“Oh my God, your hair! It looks like it’s getting longer! I’ve never heard of such a thing! You should get to the hospital!”

I barely had time to process what she was saying as I gestured her out.

“I’ll definitely follow up, d-don’t worry!”

I shut the door, and immediately flung myself to my desk and sagged in my chair. I still had my curtains down, so no one could see me, which was a damn good thing too, because now I could feel she was right: my hair was getting longer! It was extending down past my ears, tricking out over my face and blocking my vision. My heart beat rapidly, and I felt a beat of sweat trickle down my brow. I turned my little personal vanity mirror to get a

look at myself, and nearly threw myself back. My hair was longer and wavier, and my lips were starting to look like a *woman's!*

“What the fuck, what the actual fuck is going on? What the - MMHPPHH!”

I was briefly speechless as my lips puffed out to a ridiculous extent, forcing me into the kind of pout you would see from the sex pot influences on Instagram. I couldn't control them as they swelled, particularly my lower lip, which took on a fullness that appeared like . . . fuck. Oh no. No, no, no, no.

“This can't happen,” I said, getting control of my lips back. They felt too large, like they'd been bitten by bees on both lips. Too big and full. “This is impossible! What the actual *shit!?*”

They were the same lips as the ones on Deborah Hasting's face. Not similar, the *same*. Big and full and more pink than my own, and with that perfect quality for sucking dicks. Total Dick Sucking Lips. DSLs. Big pouters. Kissy lips. A makeout mouth. Whatever you wanted to call them, they were on *my* face and belonged to someone else.

I shivered as the rest of 'my' hair extended down. It was utterly alien! I could literally feel it spilling down my back. More than that, it was changing in quality, becoming less frizzy and more wavy, and incredibly silky in feel.

“This has to be a dream. What the fuck? Oh God, I look like I'm wearing a damn woman's wig. And these lips don't belong on any fucking man!”

It had to be the serum. It *had* to be. But why was it doing this? It was meant to give me the perfect body, that's why I'd taken it!

I examined myself over. My hair was now over my shoulders, to the top of my shoulder blades. Not incredibly long, but certainly much longer than a man should ever have unless he was some weird beta male type. I waited for any further changes, but thankfully none came. I was still me, but with Deborah's lips and her hair.

“What the hell do I do about this?”

I couldn't just call Jen. I wasn't stupid. She was a lovely, quite needy woman, but Juliet would rip me to shreds, and besides, the violation of her trust was probably enough that I'd be in real fucking hot water, legally speaking. And the idea of ending up in prison with long female hair and big DSL's for lips . . .

“No way. That is *not* fucking happening.”

I brushed my hair out of my eyes. It was too damn long! I had to come up with a plan. Strategise. Perhaps the changes were only temporary? Maybe just a little road bump on the way to getting the perfect body Jen said the animals test subjects got. Virility and manliness and all that. I needed fresh air and time to think on how to approach this next. Maybe concoct some sort of story. What was clear was that I had to get out of the office, cover my head, and keep these lips out of sight. I couldn't go home just yet: Jen would be there, as

she had an off-shift today. And no way did I want Erika seeing me just yet, or Casey. I sighed, and hit the button to my secretary.

“Rachel, I’m feeling quite off today.”

*“I heard. The last girl wondered if you were okay. Do you need a painkiller or something?”*

“I think I just need to go grab lunch. I doubt I’ll be back today, but things are running smoothly.”

*“Smooth enough. I’ll send you anything important by email. Get better, Chase.”*

He could hear the disgust in her voice. Rachel didn’t like him very much. Secretaries were like that: they could suss out your true nature. She likely knew I was cheating, but knew I’d crush her career into the dirt if she passed that on to anyone else. It made me smile briefly, which only reminded me of my full lips, which in turn reminded me of my hair.

It was a good thing I had a hat in the office, because I was going to have to cover up.

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The cafe was nice, open, and gave me plenty of view down the street and across the shopping district, just in case someone I knew came by. After the heat, that awful flushed feeling, and the changes that came after, I felt pretty zapped of energy. And besides, I didn’t have many places to go: Jen had already messaged me that she was “having a great time just relaxing, clearing my head. Had a great time yesterday xx.” It made me want to puke. It made me mad that I couldn’t get back to my place.

So instead I was sitting at a discreet but busy-enough cafe, ordering a coffee as a pick-me-up, and a couple of bagels to fill my appetite, all while my mind whirred. I still wasn’t used to my full lips. They weren’t ridiculous, not like a porn star’s or anything, thank God. But on Deborah’s face that gave a kind of a raw sexuality that drove me wild, and they looked utterly misplaced upon me. The hair too, though at least that was piled, quite uncomfortably mind you, under my cap. That had taken some work: I’d even bought a couple of hair bands under the excuse that they were for ‘my daughter’ earlier, just to keep it under control a little, and make it easier to stuff under the cap. I’d done that last part in the public toilets: no way was I letting anyone see my hair do out in public!

“What the hell am I going to do,” I said as I took another bite of my bagel. I heard some boyish giggles, and I looked over to my left to see a group of young teenagers looking my way occasionally, laughing. They were making fake pouts, clearly imitating my lips.

“The fuck are you looking at?” I barked.

It jolted a few customers, but the boys went silent.

“That’s right, I mean you lot! You think I don’t notice what you’re doing? How about I come over there?”

The boys cleared off, looking extremely awkward. That at least made me feel good about myself . . . until the last one threw off a cheeky pout as he rounded the corner.

“Nice lips, loser!”

I rolled my eyes, even as I went red. I looked to the other customers, who were also no doubt noticing the weird discrepancy.

“Heh, kids these days, right?”

They gave awkward chuckles, but I could feel their gazes lingering on me. I returned to my coffee, trying to ignore the softness of these stupid new lips as I placed them on the lip of the mug.

“Stupid fucking serum. What the hell is it doing? Is this just growing pains or something? Why isn’t it giving me the perfect body?”

That slight heat returned to my core. I winced, closed my knuckles. No way was I changing again until I knew what was going on. I’d injected that vial for good reason. Sure, I pulled pretty good pussy, but I was now thirty years old, and it was the girls in their twenties with the perfect tits and asses that I wanted to score, and score plenty of. Hell, Erika was a hot chick to bang on the side, particularly with her huge tits, and God knows that Casey had the best set of legs around. I used to stay with a chick last year named Gabriella. She was okay everywhere but had a crazy set of hips and a sexy midriff that made up for the rest. Her apartment was a little home away from home for a while, a nice place to get away from it all. All these girls were hot in some ways, and while Jen was way too much of a plain Jane, she had a crazy sexy libido at least.

But if I had the perfect body, I could be fucking women who were the whole package. I could be tall, dark, and handsome, and back in my twenties again, with the strength and . . . stamina, to match. That was the plan. That was what the vial should have done! So what had gone wrong? Why did I have long wavy hair and a set of full lips, both of which belonged to another woman?

I realised my coffee had gone cold, but goddamnit, I needed another one. Whatever was happening, I would solve my problem here. I put my hand up idly to call over a server so I could order another drink to go, and at the same time flipped open my phone to my contacts. I made the guess that I could call Hayden. He wasn’t a bad friend, and we loved to shoot the shit over pretty women. He was discreet too, though he’d been more distant now that he was with Gemma, the girl who as far as I was concerned had nothing going on for her except a pretty amazing ass that was a perfect peachy round shape.

“Maybe I should call Erika?” I said to myself. “She doesn’t know about Jen, and she’s pretty sympathetic.”

But then Casey was also on my phone. She was always down to clown and wouldn't judge. Hell, even Gabriella's place might be free to stay at for a moment, get my thoughts together and work out how to hide these changes. And there was Hayden, though Gemma might be there. At least her ass would be a nice sight.

"Fuck it," I said, making my decision. "At the very least, I can get some advice, chill for a bit, cut my hair, and then figure out how to disguise these lips while I come up with a good story for Jen. And one Juliet will swallow too, the damned Frenchwoman."

I readied to dial the number I'd chosen, just as a server approached. I looked up, trying to make my lips a bit thinner, particularly as I saw the server was a woman. Quite an attractive one in fact. She was young, probably only around twenty years old, but her uniform fit her well, and she spoke with a nice voice.

"Hello sir, can I take your order?"

I looked her up and down, lingering on her body. But as I subtly took in the best bits, that heat returned to me. That strange flush. And then I could feel something happening again. Some new change coming over me, or at least the release of energy that signalled something similar to what happened with Deborah. I tensed a little, trying not to show panic.

The serum was coming into effect once more.

"Shit," I said, as she waited for my order.

### **Perfect Body, Part 3: Hips Don't Lie**

It happened all at once. The server was cute, but what I couldn't help but notice most of all was her short stature and small build. I couldn't stand how modern trends celebrated 'tough' women who were into fitness. I preferred them slim and curvy in all the right places. The only areas of the body a good woman should be 'big' in was the boobs, the ass, the hips, and the libido as far as I was concerned, and if one was down for a family, then she should learn to put up with a big belly too. But muscles? No way. A woman should have a small frame and a shorter stature so she knew who the one who wore the pants in the relationship was, and it wasn't her.

Unfortunately, just looking at this lady's 5'5 stature and little shoulders and waist made my gut clench. She wasn't the hottest chick around, but by God she had the right starting kit, if only some of her body parts were more developed. But she was the perfect height for taller guys like me, even if the damned serum was meant to be making me a little taller.

Instead it did the latter.

“Nnghhhh . . .”

Several other patrons stared my way as I felt my shoulders pull into my body, and my waist contract. It was like I was being compressed by some fucking hand of God, and there was nothing I could do about it. I tried to avoid panicking, but I was surrounded by people, and if I put my face up too much they would see the ridiculous lips on my face.

I tried to stand and remove myself from the situation, but that overwhelming pressure returned, planting me back in my seat. A horrible clicking began in my vertebrae, and with a dread horror I realised that the exact traits I had admired in that server were now being applied to me.

“Sir? Are you okay? Can I get you your order, or . . . ?”

She let the question trail off as she looked over me, concern appearing on her features. Her nametag listed her as Cass. I had little doubt she could hear the clicking of my spine, and was surprised by my swollen lips.

“It’s - nnggh - okay,” I managed. “It’s just a - ahh - medical condition. I don’t n-need anything.”

“Are you sure, sir? That didn’t sound right - I can grab someone to help y-”

“I said *go away!*” I shouted, my voice cracking a little.

Her eyes widened, and it took a moment for her to collect herself, during which I actually *felt* my spine somehow reduce in size and length, a change that caused no small amount of agony.

“O-Okay,” she stammered. She walked away, gesturing to the other staff that I was clearly not to be disturbed and was probably a fucking nutter. But I didn’t give a shit, I was far more concerned with whatever terrifying weirdness was currently happening to my damned body. My shoulders compressed a second time, and I nearly retched as my waist pulled in, just like a woman’s. Just like the server’s. I now had Cass’ smaller frame, or at least something approaching it. I struggled to stand a second time, holding my hat down and with my arm around my waist. I coughed, breathing heavily but able to move, and quickly left without paying.

“N-need to get out of here. They can afford one I-lost coffee. F-fuck!”

I pushed my way past the crowd on the street, keeping my head down as much as possible. Someone shouted at me, but I ignored them: the terrible pain in my spine and the constant, terrible clicking of its reduction terrified me. The fucking serum was supposed to make me *taller*, not make me some bloody midget! Instead, just because I’d appreciate the server Cass’ short height and slight build, I was now suffering the misfortune of both. I didn’t deserve it! I was meant to be an alpha male!

“NNggghh!!” I groaned, stopped against a streetlamp for a moment as several persons on the boardwalk looked at me.

“Fuck off!” I called, and one mother looked to be full of rage as she cupped her young daughter’s ears. But I was already moving. I didn’t have time to care about staring shitheels like the woman, not while my body was altering in all the wrong ways. My spine contracted, and my limbs with it. I nearly fell over as my legs clicked, dropping in height just slightly, though thankfully not too much. My arms lost muscle mass, and so did my stomach and chest. I was becoming thinner by the second, but where was the mass going?

My stomach lurched, and I felt something *new* form there, or at least finish forming. A new organ. I nearly threw up as I got off the busy plaza.

“That - that better not be a f-fucking uterus! Ughh!”

It certainly felt like one, because my internal organs went for a rollercoaster ride, pushing upwards, sloshing to the sides, and generally making way for something new.

I did throw up, right in an alleyway that I only just made it too. My spine cracked one final time, and when I stood, it was too a taller world.

“Fuck!” I stammered. “Fuck, fuck, fuck, FUCK!”

I was as short as the server. Little cute Cass, though at least she was only 5’5 or so. Not too short, I guess. There were shorter women. It had always been important to me that a woman be short enough to fit her head into the crook of your neck, while not being so short as to lack a set of fine long, shapely legs. At least I had ended up in that general ballpark of not being some tiny goblin woman.

“What the fuck am I thinking?” I spat. “I should be 6’1 at the very least! No, fuck that. I should be 6’3, like this damn serum was *supposed* to do.”

I wanted to slam my fists against the wall, push over something heavy and revel in the cathartic destruction. But I wasn’t even sure I could lift my kitchen table anymore. I felt weak. Way too weak, in fact. My shirt and pants were too big for me now, and hung off me oddly, and the lack of masculine muscle only further emphasised how ridiculous I looked.

“This is bullshit!”

I took a heavy breath, working to summon back my cool. The plan hadn’t changed. I needed to regroup somewhere where Jennifer wouldn’t find me, which meant I couldn’t go home just yet. No, I needed somewhere out of reach where even my regular girls wouldn’t send word, and I could, I don’t know, figure out what was going on with my body and come up with a story that satisfied Jen and passed Juliet’s Frenchy *bullmerde* radar. I calmed my breathing completely, got my phone out again. I had a heap of texts from Jen, which instantly sent a spike of anxiety through my shortened spine.

“Shit, why now?”

I opened them, and breathed a sigh of relief. It was just a series of reminders from her about upcoming stuff, like she always sent. I flicked through them just in case she said anything important.

*Hey, just wanna thank you again for last night. Had a real great time. Probably shouldn't do that in the lab again, lol. But it was nice to celebrate success. Will thank you again later.*

*Oh btw, thought I'd remind you that Ben is coming over tonight for dinner. He's had a hard time of it lately. I know ur not his biggest fan but his girlfriend dumped him recently so we're just being nice to him.*

*Hows your day going anyway? I'll be heading into the office in a few hours but enjoying run of the place. Tell me what you want cooked tonight. XXX*

I rolled my eyes. God, Jen could be way too clingy. And he'd forgotten her half-brother Ben was coming around. He was her 'baby brother' by four years, but was frustratingly two inches taller than me, and was a fancy doctor already. Like his sister, he was a real early age success story, and just being in his presence ticked me off. I didn't hesitate to grin at the news he'd been dumped. Served him right for being such a fucking parade of success in front of me. I typed a quick response.

*Sure babe, always up for 'fun'. Glad day is well - no problem with Ben. Day is going okay but feel ill, just taking some fresh air time. Make up some good roast lamb to celebrate us, maybe? You make good lamb.*

She did, but more than that, it would take time and effort, and she would have to pick up a lot of the ingredients. It would keep her distracted, and even if she couldn't make it, she'd try for a substitute. I'd done well to wrap Jen around my finger. She was eager to please, to make up for her totally average body, and she had no idea that I knew that face, and was ready to abuse it. Hell, I was only doing what every other guy would have done.

With that matter settled, I put her phone on silent for now, and dialled the original call, waiting out the tone. Finally, the voice I was looking for answered:

*"Hola, esta es Gabriella hablando."*

*"Gabriella, it's me, Chase. Chase Argyle."*

*"Chase? Chase! I haven't heard from you in too long. Are you still in town?"*

I smiled. I loved that accent of hers. For a brief moment I felt that strange energy, but this time I was ready. I focused my mind on other things, such as how while it was a sexy Mexican accent, it wasn't *the* sexiest accent in my mind. It didn't even stack up against Juliet's French, and I was doing a good job of not thinking on that either.

"I am. I'm sorry I haven't kept in touch."

*"Do you have a cold? You sound a little raspy, and your voice is light."*

I winced, but continued. "No, I'm fine. Just a little exhausted from a long week. I was wondering if you were free for me to drop by, actually. As you say, it's been too long, and I miss your apartment, and those wonderful hips of yours."

She giggled over the phone. She had always appreciated my love of her hips, and that perfectly flat stomach of hers. They were her best features: the others were okay but nothing to write home about.

*"Hmmm, are you going to stick around this time? You said you were going to deal with your girlfriend, and then we could be together. Then I heard nothing from you!"*

"It was a whole think Gabriella. I didn't want to drag you into it. Suffice to say I'm single again, and I can't think of anyone but you. I - it's taken some courage to work up this phone call, but I couldn't ignore you any longer. I want to see you. Be with you."

There was a silence on the other side of the phone, but her exhale was not one of disappointment, but rather anticipation. I knew I had her.

*"You always know just what to say, Chase. Come on over. The place is free, and I'm here. I can't wait to see you again."*

"Me either, Gabriella. Excuse me if I look a little off my game. Consider it nervousness."

*"Butterflies,"* she teased.

I gave a forced chuckle and then said goodbye. I took one last look over myself, sighed, and left the alley. I still felt sick, and not just from the lingering taste of vomit in my mouth. I was having to pull all the best deceptions out of my pocket today, and I didn't know if it would be enough. How would I even explain my changes to Gabriella?

But then, perhaps she was the best person to tell. Out of all my old flames and conquests, she didn't know anyone else. It was still so easy to lie to her, but perhaps in this situation, it would be easy to tell the truth as well . . .

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I knocked on the door, my heart beating like a jackhammer in my chest. It didn't take long for me to hear Gabriella's cute accent.

"Just a minute! Coming!"

The door opened, and there she was on the other side, wearing a casual pink t-shirt and a set of tight yoga pants that emphasised her perfectly wide, baby making hips. She had a beaming smile on her olive face, but it faltered as she saw me.

"Chase?"

"Yeah, it's me," I said.

"*Dios mio*, what happened to you? You look so different!"

"I know, I know. It's a whole story."

"Your lips are swollen!"

"Yeah, look, can I come in? I - I need to tell you something. I don't know if you'll believe me or not, but I need a place to stay for a couple of hours while I work something out."

She was hesitant a moment, then nodded. "Of course. Come in. I'm guessing the flirting was just a way to get to me?"

"No, no, I meant every word I said, but I needed your help too. You know I still want to be with you."

She was silent as she let me in. I thanked her again as I entered the familiar apartment. I noticed with irritation that the cupboard seemed a bit taller than they had previously. Stupid fucking height loss.

"Take a seat. Tell me what's happened? You seriously look like you've lost height or something. Should I be worried about an infection or something?"

I chuckled. I *wished* it was just a simple infection. Instead, I told her the story. The actual truth, for once. Well, okay, I stretched the truth a little. In this version, Jennifer was 'just a friend.' Also, I had merely been given a tour of my friend's success and accidentally pricked myself on a needle, but because I'd been too curious and stepped past a 'go no further' marker during the tour, that was the reason for my hesitance to return. It wasn't the most believable or cleanest story, but she seemed to buy it.

"I - that does sound crazy, but your lips really *do* look like a woman's."

"That's not all. This is my hair now."

I took off my hat and shook out my long brunette hair. It was silky and soft, and when she asked, I let her feel it to confirm it was all natural.

"But that's impossible. Even if you grew your hair out it wouldn't take on this consistency. Not with all the treatment in the world!"

I gave her my most serious look. "And you can see I'm shorter now, and slimmer. Look at my goddamn shoulders, Gabriella! I'm fucking shrinking!"

She looked me over, even asked me to remove my suit jacket so she could see. She gasped as I showed her how much I had shrunk, and the loss of muscle mass.

"*Santa mierda!* You aren't lying! Do you think you are becoming a woman?"

I took a heavy breath. "I've got no goddamn idea, Gabbie."

"And you came to me."

I flashed her my best charismatic smile. It probably looked weird with those damned full lips of mine now, though. "Of course, baby. When I was in trouble, you were the first

person I thought about. I should have stayed in contact, but I thought after taking so long to get out of that bad relationship I was in, that you wouldn't want me back."

She smiled, curled up against me. "Of course I would, *mi amor*. You know I love you. I've missed you so badly. But what's causing these changes? Why is the serum only doing one bit at a time?"

"It's embarrassing as fuck, Gabriella. But whenever I see a part of a woman that's, well, attractive, it changes me."

"Bad move coming to me then, *mi amor*."

She smiled devilishly, and I returned it weakly. I'd forgotten how much I used to shower her praise over her looks. In reality, she was like a seven out of ten at the very best, with a face that was a six. Her fucking gorgeous hips and stomach were the hot bits, everything else, well, let's just say there was better meat on other racks. Still, I had to convince her that I thought she was entirely hot, just to keep the charade going.

"I know, I know. The biggest risk, but I had to come to you."

"You might end up a Latina hottie."

"Please God no, I like my Latinas on my arm, and with cute hips I can see wiggle."

She chuckled. "This is so crazy! I'll be sure to dress conservatively so as not to tempt you. But what are we going to do?"

I put my face in my hands. "I have no goddamn idea. I have to get clothes that fit me, at the least. And I need to put a plan together to convince Jen to change me back without getting me in trouble."

"But it was an accident, *no*?"

"Yeah, of course it was, honey. But it's a big pharma company. They won't see it that way."

She gave me a peck on the cheek. "You stay here. There's good food from the old country in the fridge. Stay as long as you need. I'll get your new clothing."

This was working better than expected. "You will?"

"Oh, yes! I have your size, you remember I was good at this. I'll go and grab some things now so you don't stick out, and you think of a plan, *mi amor*."

"You're the best Gabbie."

"Because you love me?"

I winced so briefly it must have been imperceptible. She had always wanted the L-word to come out. "Of course, because I love you."

She gave me another peck. "That's all I needed to hear."

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It was two hours later when she returned. I'd put together a pretty convincing story that I'd recited in my head, explaining to Jen how I'd managed to accidentally stick myself with the serum. It placed the blame on Juliet quite effectively. I know they were good friends, but I remembered that Jen had complained twice that while her Frenchie friend was a very good researcher and lab partner, she very occasionally forgot to put vials back where they were meant to go. That was my out, and if it meant throwing Juliet under the bridge, so bet it.

"I can still win this," I said. I cringed a little at my voice. It was still identifiably mine, but a little higher. Like my system was getting flooded with estrogen or something, which it probably damn well was.

The lock turned, and Gabriella entered, smiling with a bright grin. Maybe I'd been wrong about her looks, but she looked pretty in that moment. Or maybe I was just overjoyed to get some help. Harder to tell I had changed if I had new clothes that could be baggy.

"*Hola!*" she declared, ducking into the laundry for a brief moment. "Your saviour is here, Chase! I brought you clothing!"

"Thank God. You're the best, Gabbie. Seriously."

"Because you love me."

"I already told you that!" I said, laughing.

She gave me a strange smile, then handed me the bag. "Now I need to go get changed too. It was hell out there, a busy day for sure! Do you want me to wash your jacket? It looks all sweaty."

"Sure, cheers," I said, tossing her the jacket. "Can you do my shirt too?"

"Anything to get you shirtless, *mi amor*."

"Uh huh, uh huh," I said as she left the room. She had bought me two full bags, which was more than I expected her to get. My phone buzzed again, and I saw that while I was formulating my plan, I also had messages from my two other girls. Casey and Erika had both tried to contact me, probably both for a nice booty call. Damn, if that wasn't what I needed right at that second, just to calm my nerves.

But at least I had new clothing. I opened the bags.

And stared.

And sifted through what she had brought.

And swore under my breath.

It was all women's clothing. All of it. Some was even fucking *pink!* She'd bought me women's tops and jackets, and some leggings, even a couple of skirts! There were even fucking panties and bras in there, some in various sizes. I recognised some as *hers*. She must have grabbed them from the laundry when I wasn't looking!

"Gabriella, what the hell is this?"

"*Your punishment, mi amor.*"

I turned, and saw a most unexpected sight. Gabriella was dressed in a tight white crop top and even tighter black panties, and *nothing else*. Her luxurious hips were on display, flared out wide and perfect, and her wonderfully smooth stomach with its olive tones was fully unveiled. She sauntered forward, exaggerating the swing of her hips in a way she knew had always driven me wild. It was an incredibly intoxicating sight, reminding me of just how wonderful those hips were to hold as I fucked her from behind, or as she straddled me, or even as I occasionally went down on her in exchange for some 'special treatment' later.

I felt the energy flow over my body. The signs of change.

"G-Gabriella! What the f-fuck are you doing?"

She smiled. "I'm getting the revenge I always wanted, *mi amor*."

Another shuddering change. I could feel a dreadful pressure on my hips, a shifting of my stomach. I groaned, gasping as I clutched the coffee table in front of me, on top of which sat the bags of women's clothing.

"What are you – ughhh! - what the fuck are y-you talking about!? NNGHH!"

Another crack, another widening. They pushed against my previously loose trousers, getting wider and wider, popping outwards painfully, and yet somehow in a way that only turned me on. I couldn't stop looking at her hips, and she emphasised them by placing her hands on her flanks and posing like a pinup model. It was so fucking hot that my dick immediately shot up in erection, which only accelerated the changes.

"I'm talking about how you left me on some sob story, Chase. And how you lied when you called just to get back at me. Made up that you loved me - just like you did before - all so I could help you get a free ride. I bet the story of why you're changing is a lie too, *mi amor*."

"No! I s-swear it's the truth, Gabbie! Please, I'll e-explain - ahhh - everything, just stop sh-showing off those hips! OOHhhhh!"

My trouser seams split against my legs, painfully compressed by my increasingly womanly hips. They were almost as wide as Gabbie's now, and it terrified me to think of how hard they would be to hide.

"Oh, you like these hips, do you? That's good. They don't lie, not like you, Chase. I'm sure you're going to enjoy how much they are always *swaying* and *sashaying* from side to side, like you always enjoyed. And enjoy having my stomach too. I've always been proud of it. Just remember to keep a good diet to maintain it."

"F-fuck you!" I screamed, even as my hips burst through my trousers, fully splitting them and causing them to become useless.

"Good luck with that, looking like you do I wouldn't be interested!" She moved forward, grabbed my arm with surprising strength, and pulled me to the door. "But don't worry, I've made sure you've got plenty of clothing to wear to get used to your new form. I'm looking forward to seeing how you turn out, *chica!*"

She pushed me out the door, and I was too astonished to fight back. With one motion she threw the bags out as well, full of all the women's clothes she had gotten for me.

"I've tried to account for the fact that you like big tits too," she said with a smirk.

"At least g-give me my clothes back!" I yelled.

"Too late, I already shredded your jacket. Looks like these are your only choices now. Won't be long before you get a nice little pussy to suit the weak man you are, Chase. Goodbye."

And with that she slammed the door shut and locked it, leaving me standing alone in the hallway of her apartment building, in my underwear, and nothing but women's clothing to wear.

"FUCK!" I screamed.

My phone buzzed again. It was Jen.

*Off to work now. Hope you feel better soon hun. Go home and rest if needed.*

"Thank God," I sighed. I checked the other two texts, from Casey and Erika. "Please be of some fucking help here."

As I read their messages, I opened the first bag of clothes.

#### **Perfect Body, Part 4: Jiggly Parts**

God, this was also so *FUCKING* humiliating. Gabbie, that bitch, had gone out of her way to select only the most feminine clothing. There was no way I was going to wear a goddamned skirt, especially a *pink* one, or damn panties and bras. I still had my own pair of underwear at least. God, if I lost my fucking dick . . .

I pushed that thought away, rummaged through the bag before my commotion alerted the neighbours and got me called up as some weird pervert.

"C'mon, there has to be *something* I can wear here."

I heard a giggle from the other side of the door.

"Fuck you Gabbie!" I called, only for her to giggle more. Goodman it, my voice was sounding less and less manly, though not like a woman's. Yet.

After some further rummaging I found some clothes that were . . . acceptable. A pair of pants were not my ideal, but they were the closest thing to a pair of shorts in there, and it was only temporary. They were a bit more . . . form fitting that I was used to, but they were black in colour, and with a loose enough shit it would at least disguise how much it hugged my damn ass. God knows there was no way to hide these huge hips.

“Seriously big. Jesus Christ. I feel like I’m twice as wide here.”

I ran my fingers down either side of my hips, trying not to be a little turned on by my own developments. As terrifying as they were, I could at least appreciate how fucking crazy Gabbie’s lower half was . . . now that I had it. The yoga pants emphasised their wide, child-bearing qualities, making me regret my choice.

Too damn late. I had to get moving before anyway. I put on a simple woman’s top, the loosest one I could find. It was plain white in colour, and dipped lower than I’d like, presumably to show off some cleavage or whatever, but I suppose it just looked like a gym top. The important thing was that it covered my ass. Fortunately, my feet were still pretty manly, so I could wear my shoes. Unfortunately, Gabbie still had them. The only thing that fit were damn women’s sandals. Oh well, at least I could just look a little casual maybe?

I checked my phone as I began to move. I took the bag with me, though I couldn’t entirely say why. No way was I wearing a fucking bra anytime, now matter how weirdly stiff these stupid nipples got. But maybe I had to be prepared. Casey’s message was first.

*Hey there, feeling hot and heavy right now. Did you want to have a little fun on the side while that boring girlfriend of yours is busy?*

I ignored her message for now. It took a lot of effort not to imagine her lying on the bed, her gorgeous blonde hair splayed out, her legs spread, those damn perfect legs . . .

The energy rose, and I jolted, nearly falling down the stairs as I exited the apartment.

“N-no! Not thinking about that! Not getting fucking turned on by that damned s-serum! Not getting women’s legs, goddamn it!”

I was Chase fucking Argyle. I was *not* becoming a woman. I was going to figure this out. I checked my other message, the one from Erika.

*Chase, gotta talk about something. You free? It’s important. Really important.*

I rolled my eyes. Erika was a fucking smokeshow. I’d always liked black chicks, especially how big their tits were, and Erika’s tits were mega-huge, the kind I wished Jen actually had instead of her flat little peas. But she’d been wanting to have ‘the relationship talk’ a few times lately, not knowing she was a mistress. It wasn’t my fault, she just wasn’t clocking on to the fact that I didn’t want a long-time thing with her. She was just too . . . sweet. Bubbly. Perky. It rubbed me the wrong way when we weren’t fucking. I’d told her the arrangement a number of times, but lately I was getting the feeling that she wanted more than just Netflixing and chilling. I texted back.

*Sorry hotstuff, can't talk just now. Going through a personal emergency. Maybe tomorrow?*

The message read as *Seen* by her, but she didn't respond. I shrugged. I had bigger things to deal with, particularly these damned wide hips! It was difficult to walk with them, or at least damn odd. My car was parked around the corner of the busy city block, but it was still humiliating to find that with my new pelvic configuration, they sort of shifted from side to side, sashaying just like Gabbie had said without me even meaning to do it.

"I feel like I'm putting on a goddamn show," I mumbled.

In fact, a few eyes were looking my way, and I realised then my stupid mistake: I didn't have a hat anymore, or a hoodie! My thick lips and perfect brunette hair were on display. From behind, I probably looked like a woman, and from the front, some sort of tranvestite or whatever. Goddamn it, that serum was a mistake! I tried to strut forward normally, but it just wasn't natural with these womanly hips, and so they shifted from side to side. I was at least glad I didn't have a big ass.

Ass.

That's it!

I brought out my phone, following a train of thoughts. My friend Hayden had a girlfriend with a huge ass, but it wasn't that amazing ass that concerned me. No, it was *him*. The man worked in pharmaceuticals, and knew a lot about the experimentation side of the business! I can't believe I'd never thought of it before! It was the perfect cover and explanation. I'd just have to get him to either help find something to alleviate my symptoms, or work to help me push past them or something. And even if he couldn't help defeat this stupid injection, I could use his help getting back into Jen's workplace and utilising a cure. I had a lot of money stored away, and while his job wasn't bad, he had complained about money problems in the past. Perhaps . . . perhaps he could recognise stuff in Jen's lab that could work as a counteragent . . .

The more I thought of it, the more it seemed a desperate, fragmented plan. There were gaps, assumptions that might not all fit together. But it was the best plan I had.

"Fuck it, I'll head there, and get this figured out."

I rounded the corner to head to my car, and nearly bowled into a man.

"Very sorry miss!" he said, "I didn't see you there!"

"I'm a fucking man!" I said, and my voice cracked up a little in the most embarrassing way.

"Oh, uh, sorry. I just thought - I mean you looked -"

"Looks can be deceiving, dude."

He gave a look of embarrassment before walking away, but it left my cheeks *flaming*. I was meant to be an alpha male, and now guys were mistaking me as some kind of chick! I sighed, headed to my vehicle. And then, lucky for me, I saw a pretty sight.

It was a woman, red haired and in her thirties. Not the kind I usually went for, I liked them in their twenties. But she was a fucking smokeshow, and all thanks to her walk. She had that enticing feminine manner to her, letting her hips sway wide with every step, and placing each foot in front of the other to emphasise that face. She had her back straight, shoulders too, emphasising her small but noticeably chest. She dropped a bag, and bent over in an incredibly feminine manner, almost mincing like, to pick it up. When she rose she flicked her head so that her hair flowed over her back again. It could have been a scene from a Hollywood film.

“That was hot,” I mumbled.

But then the energy rose.

“Oh fuck! No, oh f-fuck!”

Several passerbys heard my outcry, and looked my way. The woman noticed me too, and in her confusion she placed her hand over her chest in a demure display of feminine concern, turning me on all the more.

“N-no! S-stop d-doing that! NNghh!”

“Are you alright, ma’am?”

“I’m not a ma’am!” I cried to the person who had called to me. “Just - just I-leave me alone!”

I barged onwards, ignoring the red-haired woman, whose lips were pouting in confusion. Even that look seemed to inflame me. My cock went hard, my arousal peaking, and then something seemed to *shift* against my will. My arms slimmed, my legs too, both of them becoming more feminine and fitting the clothing I was wearing. Any remaining hairs I had trailed off of my body, and my manhood shrunk a little, deflating down to a below-average size. I pushed away, tears in my eyes, heading further down the block and away from the small concerned crowd. I was becoming more womanly by the second, though at least my face was still male. Still male, that was, except for the softening of skin I felt, the little addition of fat around the edges, the slightly painful restructuring of my jaw to give a more feminine jawline.

“G-Goddamnit. No. Fuck this. Fuck this all. I didn’t want - the hell?”

That’s when I noticed it. My changes weren’t just purely physical, but mental as well. I was walking like a woman. Like a *real* woman. I wasn’t just swaying my hips a little accidentally now, I was swaying them hypnotically, perfectly, *gorgeously*. I swayed my arms in a feminine repose, no longer with the great masculine swings but in more graceful motions. Some of my hair caught in the wind over my face, and instead of hurriedly adjusting

it, I instead took up the automatic instinct to shake my head in the manner of a pinup model, letting it fall over my shoulders.

I reached my car and got in. I looked at myself in the rearview mirror, my heart beating a thousand times a minute, and took in my latest changes.

“Still look a bit like a dude. Just a feminine dude. Or a manly butch lesbo or something.”

I groaned, annoyed at the more gentle curves and lines of my face. Even my eyes looked a bit wider. I pouted, doing a couple of poses in the reflection, like an Instagram model. Then I stopped.

“The actual *FUCK* am I doing? I am *not* acting like a woman!”

There was no time to text or call Hayden. I needed to just drop by his place, have the conversation, figure something out, and go from there. My phone buzzed again. Erika. I ignored it. When I was back to being a 6'1 male I was meant to be, I'd fuck those perfect titties so perfectly that she'd cum just from that alone. That'd make it up to her, and me.

I pushed down the little bubble of energy.

“Not thinking on that. Gotta get to Hayden's.”

I turned the keys, trying to ignore that my hands looked more slender than usual, and took off.

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I knocked on Hayden's door. I was pretty sure he'd be at home: he'd made a comment about being on some sort of break from work soon, and maybe that would give me time to explain myself. I certainly needed to: not one or two but three assholes had catcalled me as I walked to his house down the street. I fumed as I thought of their comments:

“Hey pretty lady, nice hips! I love to watch them *sway!*”

“Nice yoga pants, wish you could fill them a little more!”

“Come see me for a good time, babe!”

It pissed me off. It should be *me* making comments like that, though I was usually more subtle, and a little drunker. But in the middle of the day, and just in response to my ridiculous dainty, sensual walk I was forced to do? Did women really have to put up with that shit constantly? Jen had often complained to me that this was the case, even for a stick figure like hers, but I assumed she was just exaggerating. Now, I wasn't so sure.

“Not like it's not a compliment anyway,” I said to myself as I knocked again. “It just fucking sucks for me because I'm meant to be a dude.”

There was the sound of footsteps, and the door opened. My face fell as I saw it was Gemma, Hayden's girlfriend. She was a bit of a plain Jane, just a little hotter than Jen if I

was being honest on account of her cute freckles and button nose, but otherwise the only major thing she had going for her was her perfect ass. And it was damn perfect. Almost a shame it wasn't facing me.

"Hello, can I help you?"

"Uh, hi. I'm . . . Chase," I said.

"Chase?" she said, looking at me. "Uh, okay. Sorry, I know another Chase. What can I do for you?"

"I was hoping to talk to Hayden. I'm . . . a business partner of his. It's about a work issue, one that's a bit unexpected."

She raised an eyebrow. "He hasn't mentioned a Chase from work before to me."

"I'm kind of new. I think I made a mistake with the classification of some pills, and it's got me really nervous."

I wasn't even meaning to, but I put one hand on my hip, and another on my lips, like a naive young woman who looked both sexy and clueless. It shamed me, but it was a happy accident, since it seemed to win her over.

"Oh, I'm so sorry. Come on in. I'll try and help you sort it out."

"Thank you so much!"

Gemma smiled, turned. I tried to look away: she was wearing some tight-fitting yoga pants as well, only she filled them out *perfectly*, her beautiful rear melons bouncing perfectly with each step in a way that drew the eye. She talked as she went, and I followed her in.

"Sorry about the suspicion, it's just that my boyfriend has a friend called Chase. He sort of looks a bit like a male you - you've never met him?"

"I've never heard of him," I lied.

"Good. He's a fucking asshole. Real womaniser type. Thankfully my Hayden barely talks to him anymore, because I put my foot down after he kept staring at my ass all the time and making weird comments."

"To be fair, it is a great ass," I said without thinking.

She turned, letting it bounce in profile, making me almost salivate with arousal. She gave a funny look, then giggled. "It is, isn't it? Much nicer to hear that from a fellow gal, though, right?"

I tried to ignore the bubble of energy, that rush of arousal. I had to fucking get rid of her so I could talk to Hayden already.

"Is Hayden here?" I asked as she moved to the living room.

"Oh, no. He's on a conference thing. Work gave him a break so he could go to a seminar on the future of gene therapy or pill development or whatever. But I can get you his number and the hotel he's booked at if that doesn't work - it's an emergency, right?"

“The worst emergency,” I said, utterly deflated. It wouldn’t work. He’d never listen to me long enough over the phone. I didn’t even properly *sound* like me anymore.

“No problem. I get it, you know. I had a big screw up at my work place a couple of years back, and had to ask for help in a similar way. It’s scary, but don’t worry, Hayden’s a good guy. He’ll help you out. I’ll just get his number down for you. He’s hopeless with work emails so don’t even try.”

She leaned over the table and started writing, and I was treated to a delicious sight that was my personal monkey’s paw. Gemma’s huge, perfect ass was pointed right at me, swaying back and forth as she wrote, jiggling a little with her movements. It was heart-shaped, peach-shaped, whatever other name there was for that wonderful rear that stuck out proudly, giving the sexiest woman the perfect set of curves to serve as counterpoints to their tits.

“Ohhhhhh . . .”

She looked back at me. “Everything alright?”

“S-sorry. Just feel faint.”

“Have a glass of water in the kitchen. Don’t be nervous, okay? Hayden will sort you out.”

No he fucking wouldn’t. It was too late. The stupid serum made it so that even when I didn’t want to get turned on, I became horny as hell at the sight of a perfect body part. I felt the warmth migrate to my ass, and by then I knew it was too damned late.

“F-f-fuck!” I whispered, moving to the kitchen before she could even tell me where it was. I’d been here before, after all. Hayden and I had talked about hot chicks while drinking beers here, long before Gemma came along, trying to make him all ‘nice’ and ‘gentlemanly.’ It made me despise her, despite how much she was helping me.

“Gotta get control. Keep control. I’m not getting a big damned ass.”

But even as I kept my voice low and muttering, I knew it was too late. I clutched the kitchen counter, thrusting out my backside and shaking my hips in response to the warm sensations. They were goddamn pleasurable, and the ecstasy of the growing pressure in my ass only made me give into it. I didn’t have the will to fight it, much as I needed to!

“C-can’t fight! Last change, this is the last damn change!”

Gemma was waiting for me to return, clearly, not wanting to intrude on my privacy. I gave a low, quiet moan, almost a squeak, as my rear began to expand. Once they began surging forth, there was no stopping them. My flat ass doubled, then tripled, then almost *quadrupled* in size, becoming large and soft and pert, while also becoming surprisingly fit. I could feel the extra weight there, and it made me bite my lip due to how strangely sensitive the region now was. My own goddamn ass had become an erogenous zone. The stupid serum was backfiring in the worst way possible!

“Are you okay?” Gemma asked, rounding the corner.

I stood up, trying to cover my ass, but unable to escape her eyesight in time.

“Whoa! Um, you didn’t look like that before? Are you having an allergic reaction?”

“YES!” I called, taking up the excuse. “I have to go, sorry!”

I ran from her presence, my large ass wobbling.

“Wait, you forgot the number!”

“I’ll get it another way!”

I slammed the door shut, probably too hurriedly, and ran to my car further up the street. The door opened, and Gemma looked out at me, but I could only give a wave of idiotic apology before continuing towards my car.

“Stupid overparked neighborhood!” I whined. My voice was even more feminine than before, and with the addition of my now expansive rear, my entire gait was even more womanly as well. Even rushing my steps, my hips went from side to side, my feet perfectly in front of each other. And with the swaying of those hips, my ass literally *bounced* as well, each cheek rising and falling. They strained the yoga pants, outlining against them perfectly. And now, with the much greater size of my rear, the shirt I was wearing didn’t cover them nearly so well. I still felt turned on, and the act of showing off my ass was something that was impossible to stop. A few joggers looked my way, and a male biker nearly crash as he looked appreciatively at my ass.

“Yeah, serves you right, dickhead!” I called.

Of course, then I crashed myself, straight into a pair of perfect dark cushions.

“Hey, watch where you’re going!” a woman’s voice cried, a very familiar woman’s voice. But it was too late. I bowled her over, and soon my face was pressed right up into the magnificent black tits of Erika, my unknowing affair partner. She looked at me with annoyance.

“Look where you’re going!”

“Holy shit, Erika!?!?”

She looked at me, confused. “Do I know you? Can I get up?”

I manoeuvred off her, trying to ignore the way her huge, perfectly round tits were outlined against her tight top. She looked gorgeous, perhaps more than usual simply for the fact that I wished I could caress and pleasure her like the man I was meant to be. Cum all over her alluring cleavage, something she’d only let me do once but I wished I had the power to do again. My cock strained, still turned on from before, and it took every ounce of my willpower not to give in to yet another change.

“What are you doing here Erika? Are you following my car?”

I gestured to my vehicle, and her eyes went wide.

“Wait, *your* car? Hang on . . . holy shit! Chase? What the fuck happened to you? Why are you dressed like a drag queen. Wait, you can’t be Chase, he’s like 6’1. Are you his sister or something?”

Anger boiled inside me. It was one thing for me to pretend to be someone else as a trick, another for me to be instantly *mistaken*. I was already sick of being seen as a woman, all thanks to damned Gabbie’s betrayal, the bitch.

“It’s me, Erika! Or did you forget that you let me cum all over those big black tits of yours after we watched that shitty *Body of Souls* series you wanted to watch together?”

She stopped, eyes bulging out of her head in confusion.

“That - what?”

“Why are you following me? Are you stalking me? Did Gabbie tell you about the fucking serum that’s turning me into this!?”

She shook her head, her mouth gaping, trying to fit all the pieces together.

“N-no. You can’t be Chase, though. It - it doesn’t -”

“You call me your ‘white teddy bear’ even when you know I don’t like it. You invited me around just two weeks ago because Daryl dumped you, and you spent half the fucking time crying on my shoulder, and then fucking my brains out in the kitchen! We ate goddamned peanut butter sandwiches because you were so sad you hadn’t bought groceries, which sucked because half the reason I love to visit you is your amazing rack, and the other half is that you make a goddamn delicious pasta.”

She stammered, trying to find the words. “It’s you Chase? It’s really you?”

I indicated to my form in a more feminine manner than I wanted to.

“In the goddamn female flesh now. Gabbie didn’t tell you about the serum?”

“Who’s Gabbie?”

I groaned, both annoyed and trying to ignore her chest. Now at just 5’5 I was almost perfectly level with her chest, and those massive G-cups stood out loud and proud and on display before me. The energy began to course through me again, pooling in my chest. I bit my lip, trying to ignore the damned pleasure of it.

“She’s nobody.”

“You had a serum? It’s turning you into a -”

“Yes!” I cried. “I’m fucking turning into a woman! I have to turn back, and you’re in my way, Erika! I don’t have time for whatever shit this is. How did you find me? Are you stalking me or something? If you want to hang out and fuck, then know I’ve got bigger problems right now!”

“I think I might be pregnant,” she said. “You - oh God, this is all so damn strange, honey - you might be the father.”

I stopped dead in my tracks. She continued speaking.

"I saw your car while I was in town. I was working up the courage to talk to you. I thought messaging you would help, so I could know when you were coming back. But then you got in your car and left, so I - I followed. But I couldn't find a park near you, and - oh God, it really is you!"

"You're fucking pregnant!?" I said, but by that point I knew I'd stayed too late. I felt an intense pressure in my chest. My much smaller dick went hard, and my nipples throbbed, pushing against my shirt.

"Are you okay? Chase, what's happening?"

"NGNH!! Put your d-damn tits away! I change when I'm attracted to s-someone! You're big f-fucking boobs are right there in front of me! Turn around - OHHHH!!!"

It was too late. I stumbled back, placing one hand on my huge soft ass and the other on my chest. I tried to stop them expanding, but I might as well have tried to fight a goddamned tornado. They pushed outwards, flesh pooling in and making me hungry, as if yearning for more food to fuel my changes. There must have been just enough, because they quickly rose, gaining weight and heft, jiggling in my top without a bra.

"Oh my God!" Erika said, staggering back. As she did, her heavy tits wobbled in a way that looked goddamned delicious, and just the sexy sight of it must have supercharged my changes, because suddenly they expanded yet further.

"T-too big! Happening t-too damn - uughh - fast! AAhhh! AAahh!! AAAHHH!!!"

I cried out, my voice becoming that of a woman's completely, no longer possessing a hint of maleness. All concern over Erika's potential pregnancy was lost as my body betrayed me in the most dramatic way yet. My new boobs surged outwards, going from little A's to B's and on to generous C's rapidly. I took them in both hands, trying to hold against their expansion, but the feelings only intensified as they became wonderfully sensitive. I brushed a hard nipple and shivered in pleasure, cooing like a woman in a porno. They quickly became full D's, then perfect Double-Ds, then onto E's.

"Stop, dammit! Stop growing! I don't want a huge rack! I'm meant to be a m-man not some busty b-bimbo!"

"Holy shit, they're getting big!" Erika marvelled. "Almost like mine!"

"They *will* be the same as yours!" I groaned, as they rocketed up to their final cup size. "It's how the f-fucking serum works!"

Finally they stopped, having reached a mammoth F-cup then ticked over to a full, heavy, perfect G-cup, a size I knew well from Erika's full chest. They felt like huge boulders, pulling on my back and changing my centre of gravity yet further. My nipples were much larger, outlining heavily against my white top in arousal. The fabric was strained, no longer loose but very tight. My flat midriff, the one I'd gotten from Gabbie, was now revealed, the shirt pulled up by the expanse of my jiggling bosom.

Erika and I exchanged a shocked glance, wordless.

I now had a set of fucking huge tits that no one could ignore, and the rest of me was just as womanly.

“Oh God,” I groaned. “They’re huge! I can’t even see my fucking feet! I’ve got to undo this before it’s too late!”

Erika was frozen, still in shock.

## **Perfect Body, Part 5: Crossing the Threshold**

I was in fucking hot water. I had big, round, perfect tits. Perfect tits for the perfect body. A goddamn *woman’s body*. They were heavy, almost threatening to pull me forward, and I had to adjust my stance to compensate, which only had the effect of thrusting them out even further. They were so large that they took up a small portion of my vision so long as I looked straight ahead.

“Fuck! Goddamnit! Fuck you!” I screamed at the air. It only had the effect of making my new knockers wobble heavily. They were certainly identical in size to Erika’s, though obviously white in colour, but I could only imagine how much hotter the rest of me was compared to her now.

“Oh my God, oh my God,” Erika gasped. She looked like a damn goldfish, opening and closing her lips with a blank expression of shock. “You just grew boobs. Chase, what’s happening to you?”

“What’s happening to me?” I exclaimed. “What’s happening to me!?” I burst into a mad laughter. “Can’t you tell? I’m getting the perfect fucking body!”

I laughed again, tears forming in my eyes. With every change, my system was getting more flushed with female hormones, and I was already feeling emotionally supercharged. Just another thing to hate about this horrid change.

“Is there - oh God Chase, is there anything I can do?”

I pushed past her, my new big round tits bouncing with each step. Goddamnit, I needed a big bra now.

“You can help me by getting out of my way Erika. I’ve got bigger fish to fry than your stupid pregnancy problem!”

She stood there, still the goldfish, still confused, as I got in my car. I fumed with frustration as my big boobs squished against the steering wheel. I was not loving how weirdly sensitive these huge nipples were. I adjusted the seat a little, became annoyed again at how much shorter my legs were, and then put the seatbelt on.

“Fucking hell, this feels trash.”

The seatbelt weirdly divided my tits, running down the cleavage before pulling under my other boob. It wasn't comfortable. Erika had complained about it before and I'd always thought it was whining. Now it was making me feverish with frustration.

“How did she ever put up with these things, let alone like them!”

Still, I managed to get the seatbelt halfway comfortable. I started the car, but blushed deeply when I realised Erika was still there, looking at me with that expression of fascination and surprise. I hit the accelerator. I needed to get home.

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The traffic was a goddamn nightmare. It was like half the city was trying to get home. It was finishing time for many people, around 3pm, but whereas usually it would only be a mild inconvenience, now my heart was racing. I couldn't stop looking down at myself, at these big heavy tits which sagged on my chest. I mean, they weren't *saggy*, Erika's big head-sized G-cups were incredibly pert and full, but any boobs that big were sure to meet gravity's demands a little. They were already making my shoulders ache a little, and the desire to stop by and grab a bra was rising and rising.

“No. I'm not giving into this shit,” I muttered. “I'm Chase fucking Argyle. I'm not some bimbo looking slut. I'm going to get out of this. Just need to get home. Have a shower. Think. Catch Jen.”

Catch her without Juliet as well. Her coworker hated me. Maybe there was something in her glasses that made her have x-ray vision right to my soul or something, because she'd always considered me a creep. Well, I'd show her. As fucked up as this situation was, it would only be a blip. Perhaps even an embarrassing little story before I got my real perfect body. The light went green, and I turned down the road, not liking how my upper arms sometimes rubbed against the 'spill' of my big breasts.

“Way too big. I mean, they look fucking perfect, I won't deny. But way too big.”

Another red light. Fucking goddamnit. I sighed and looked down at my full chest, and shrugged.

“Might as well enjoy it, I guess.”

I lifted a hand up and began to grope and caress my round right orb. I bit my lip. Jesus, no wonder Erika could come just from giving a titty job. These things were sensitive!

“Mmhhh . . . holy crap . . . ahhh. Ngh!”

They were nothing compared to my wide, fat nipples. They pushed against the fabric, 'turning on the high beams' as Erika once told me. They throbbed with arousal, and while I was waiting for the red light, I couldn't help but pinch and squeeze them. It gave delirious

tingles of pleasure that jolted me, making my chest warm. My cock sprang up, reminding me that it had shrunk, but still making me heavily aroused.

It reminded me of how much I enjoyed women who were easily aroused. Casey was like that. She was such a horny woman, and she made sounds just like I was making.

“OOhhhhhh . . . ahhhh . . . hmmm.”

The red light continued, but in that moment I wanted it to continue. I'd been mistreated by this freak mutation that had gone completely wrong, and now I was at least getting some enjoyment out of it. I tenderly rubbed my nipples, moaning again and again in my high, soprano voice.

“Ahhhh f-fuck yeah! Just like when Erika cums - Mmhmm!!”

I sounded like a total nympho. One of those hotties who I liked to fuck on the side. The sexy girls like Casey, and even Erika on occasion, who just needed it so bad. Even the thought of Jen was a bit of a turn on. After all, she had a crazy high libido and -

Suddenly that energy thrummed through my core.

“Oh fuck! No! I didn't mean - shit!”

It flashed over me, and it was like my body went into overdrive. I wasn't simply playing with my body anymore. I was *needing* to play with it.

“Fuck! Oh shit, I need - no! I didn't want it, I was trying not to think - goddamnit!”

The light went green, and I beeped the horn for the lane beside me to make space. I needed to park. I needed to pull the car up and finish what I'd started. I couldn't believe what an idiot I'd been, but it was too late: I was more fucking aroused than I'd ever been in my entire fucking life. My nipples pulsed with an aching desire to be touched. My cock tingled, needing to be stroked. Even my huge ass too, the big counterweight to my boobs courtesy of Gemma, needed to be fondled.

I pulled into a park and barely avoided scratching another car.

“Thank God!” I exclaimed. I just needed a minute. I just needed to get to work. I began pushing my huge boobs together, forming the kind of cleavage that made me salivate. It was wonderful, and it was made even better by how they rubbed against one another, enhancing their pleasure. I groaned, lowering my other hand to grip my ass. My fingers sunk into the flesh, and it was *wonderful*. I wanted one of my girls to do that to me, but it was just me. My cock strained. My nipples distended further. I felt that energy in my boobs, my ass . . . between my *legs*.

“Need to c-cum! Need to f-fucking cum!”

I breathed heavily, so turned on it was unbelievable. My core parts were ready to change again. Fuck! I was creating the conditions to make my body exaggerate more and more. I needed an outlet. I needed something to focus on. If I got too aroused by my own body there was no telling what horrible feedback loop might result. I looked ahead by the

crossing, where a hot MILF of a woman was waiting for the walkway light to go green. She had two kids with her, and while that was a bit of a turnoff, she herself was a pretty sexy latina in a professional suit. She had the bronzed skin of a hispanic, with wavy black hair that ended in slight curls.

“Yeah, her. Mmhmm. Real hot. Masturbate to *her*.”

Surely she had nothing that I didn't already have? I didn't have time to think anyway - hell, I could *barely* think at all. So instead I unbuckled my pants and gripped my little shaft, and pumped away.

“Yeah. Fucking hot bitch, aren't you! Naughty mamacita! I'd love to f-fuck you with my - Nnghh!!”

It was all I needed. I came, and my seed spurted against the dashboard and on the steering wheel. Shockingly, it was mainly centred on my tits, not my dick. I leaned against the steering wheel, and without meaning to my tits pressed against the horn and made it blare. There was much less than there would ordinarily be. Still, I orgasmed, the great shuddering feeling of ecstasy blasting through me . . . along with that familiar energy.

I didn't even say anything. Didn't even protest. I was resigned to another change, as horrifying as it was. The light went green, and the hot latina headed off, but as I stared at her, still panting, my skin heated up.

“Wh-what n-now!?”

I got my answer pretty quickly. My skin bronzed over a little, darkening to become a gorgeous latina olive tone. It wasn't dark, quite light olive in complexion, but it was no longer Caucasian. Other parts of me changed and altered. My feminine face developed a cute, slightly narrow nose. My eyelashes pushed out further. My eyes became green-tinged, and my hair shifted, growing longer again and now taking on dark curls just like the woman.

In moments, I was now for all intents and purposes a hot latina with the most curvaceous body imaginable.

My dick looked a little smaller once again.

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I parked haphazardly outside my house and headed in. Jen was gone to work for a half-shift, which meant I had only a little time. If I reached her late, I could talk to her alone. I just needed to gather my thoughts.

“What's a hot chica like you doing around here?”

I turned and saw one of the neighbours, a guy called Greg, staring at my ass. As I turned, his eyes went wide. My huge tits were practically bursting out of my white top, particularly out of the low cut where they'd formed some damn juicy cleavage. Thanks to that

earlier mental change, even my act of turning to face him was one of perfect feminine repose. I placed a hand on my wide hip, shifting it to one side as I thrust out my chest. Christ, this body was humiliating now that I was automatically *posing it*.

“What are you looking at?” I said rather lamely.

He lowered his sunglasses, smiled at the gorgeous sight before him.

“A damn better sight than I ever seen before,” he said, beaming.

I rolled my eyes. Greg and I had shared many a beer before. We weren’t super close, but as two men in the neighbourhood who liked to ‘step out’ of the relationship, him cheating on his wife, we’d certainly had some fun drunken chats at the bar about hot women and our preferences. I remembered he said he liked *hot, spicy latinas*.

“Well, you can fuck right off,” I said. “I’ve got shit to do, Greg.”

I turned and walked to my house, leaving him confused. I could still feel his gaze on my ass, and to my continual annoyance, I literally couldn’t help but let it sway from side to side in a sexy manner, showing off my hourglass figure and my big rear melons. My tits even bounced, and I had little doubt he could see a bit of my ‘spillage’, even from behind.

“Great, I’m a fucking latina now, and a wet dream to my fucking neighbour,” I said once I got inside. I made my way to the bathroom to look myself over.

“Goddamn incredible. Hottest woman I ever saw if she didn’t have a dick, and was **NOT FUCKING ME!!!**”

I punched the mirror. It didn’t even break. My stupid womanly body was so weak I only hurt my hand, which only made the tears flow, which only made me sob, which only made my damn big boobs wobble with each cry.

“I d-don’t deserve this. I’m meant to have a perfect body - the kind that would get me supermodels! Not this g-goddamn hooker body!”

I tensed, shaking my fists in anger. My whole body shook, which of course set half of my body parts trembling. It took some minutes for me to calm down.

“Nothing remains of me. I can’t see a trace of Chase anywhere.” I giggled, in that new, cute way my voice had. “Trace of Chase. No trace of Chase, he has a new face!”

I laughed again, tears streaking down my eyes. It took another several minutes to calm again. By the time I did, I had managed to dry my face and pose in the mirror. I winced. Goddamn posing. Even with my bust *straining* against my top, and my curvaceous lower half greatly revealed by my filled-out yoga, I still couldn’t help but pose and move in a way that was utterly seductive. With the exception of my thankfully remaining dick, I was otherwise a woman more sexy than any I could have imagined, *ever*. And just like the walking advertisement to sex I now was, I moved in a way that emphasised all my new features.

It was goddamn infuriating. It needed solving. Jen would surely know how to fix it. She *had* to. Maybe if I just came clean . . .

No. I'd fooled her before. I could successfully fool her again, that was for certain. She was nice, but easy to trick. How else could I have had several mistresses at once? And if she found out . . .

"I'll just say something went wrong, and I got turned into . . . this," I said, looking at the sexy bombshell latina in the mirror. "But for now, I'll grab a bite to eat and change."

I was ravenous, a result of the repeated changes. I needed food to replenish what I'd lose in energy making these ridiculous tits. Making some sandwiches proved to be an exercise in ridiculous hilarity: my boobs bounced awkwardly with each motion of the knife as I chopped up the carrot and bits of chicken from the fridge, and despite the horror of what I was going through, I couldn't help but laugh when I pulled out a head of lettuce and found it lacking compared to my own 'heads of lettuce' affixed to my chest. Humour, it was one way to deal with the horror.

I ate, and changed. Even Gabriella didn't realise how ridiculous my body was going to get, because none of the shorts she got fit me. I had to go with a set of black yoga shorts. Annoying, but the other ones were stained by my cum from when I'd masturbated, and so I had to put them on. My bulge was obviously present, but though a tank top was at least comfortable and allowed my huge tits some 'breathing room', I naturally took one of my jackets to cover up. Men's clothing may not be able to fit me anymore, but my big winter jacket could certainly hide me. Take that, Gabriella, you plain-faced bitch!

I was about to leave, steadying myself with a litany of lies, when the tingle happened again. That arousal. That need to release.

"No. Fuck no. Not now."

It wasn't an act of begging. It was a *demand*. There was no way on fucking earth I was going to get caught up in horniness and arousal and change again. I'd already lost my own damn race. That was too far. I ignored it to the best of my ability, got in my car, and left to Jen's lab.

The ride was longer than any I had ever been on. Sure, it was only twenty minutes of driving, but it was twenty minutes of pure, aroused, *agony*. My body pleaded to be pleased, to be touched and caressed. To be groped and massaged and *fucked*. The last part was one I had to ignore even harder. I was the goddamn fucker, not the one that god fucked! I was Chase Argyle, and would look like him again. Every so often the temptation to reach a hand into my jacket and touch my boobs came over me, but I resisted it. My cock swelled, hard as diamond.

I ignored it.

Finally, after too long, I arrived at Jen's workplace. I practically shot out of the car, not even caring to lock it. It was after 5pm, and while it was still a little bright outside, I knew that only Jen would remain there. Maybe Juliet as well, the damned French tramp, but I'd take

the risk if I had to. My curves all jiggled as I ran, but I was beyond caring. Maybe a passerby would relish the look of my jugs wobbling even within my jacket, but soon I would be a man again.

I crashed through the door after using the key she'd given me. There would be a thick layer of security beyond this point, the one Jen was always kind enough to let me through. But if I was right about my girlfriend, she would often respond when I sent a message. I did so at that moment.

*'I'm out the front. Come see me. It's a big emergency. HURRY!'*

One great thing about Jen was how naively faithful she was. She would drop everything for me, and loved getting messages at work. So all I had to do was wait, stewing in my body's unbearable horniness. I risked a quick frisky squeeze of my boob, and then another, and then another.

"Oohhhh . . . ahhhh . . . f-fuck that feels good."

Those desires returned again. Those strong sensual desires. My dick throbbed, straining to escape my tight yoga shorts.

"F-fuck, can't h-help myself."

I began massaging myself fully, only to squeal embarrassingly high as the door opened and Jen hurried out. For the briefest moment I was grateful for her presence, but then her eyes went wide in confusion.

"Um, excuse me? Who are you? You're not supposed to be in here."

It was time to bite the bullet. Fuck, I was horny.

"Jen! It's me, it's Chase! I must have cut myself on something at your lab last night! My body's been changing."

She looked back, and to my despair, Juliet came through, her short dark curls bouncing, her grey eyes furrowed in confusion and irritation.

"Ma'am, I don't know you are you, but you need to leave," she said in that sexy French accent of hers. It only made me further aroused, and I moaned far more sensually than I wanted to.

"OOhhhhhh . . . fuck. You have to listen, Jen! It's m-me!"

"Let's get *zis* crazy person out of here," Juliet remarked. "I'm calling *ze* police."

"N-no! Don't! I'm telling you, I'm Chase! When we were here last night, I got some weird serum on my hands. I washed it - ahhh - off, Jen! But I started ch-changing today. You've got to change me baaack! NGNH!!"

I fell backward, the energy thrumming within me. Jen looked shocked, her plain face confused, looking to Juliet for help. The other woman threw up her hands.

"I have no idea what is going on, Jen. This is impossible!"

But I could see in Jen's eyes that she had doubts. "Wait, don't call the police! Chase, is it really you?"

So. Fucking. Horny. I ripped open my jacket, felt my big, trembling boobs.

"Mmhmm - yes! It's making me - it's all wr-wrong!"

"*Merde*, those are big tits."

"They're n-not mine!" I called, "I - oh fuck!"

The energy coursed through me, and it was too late. I had two concerned women right near me, and with my new horny state I literally couldn't *not* be aroused by it. My dick tugged upwards, the feeling alien and wrong and uncomfortably *pleasurable*.

"No! Not my dick! Please not my cock! Fuck thiiiiis!"

I tore down my yoga pants, to the shock of my girlfriend and her best friend, and both of them gasped at what they saw. I couldn't see it, thanks to Erika's chest upon me. No, I could only *feel* it. The small remnant that was my cock pulled up into my body, followed by my testicles. It was agonising and terrible, but even as it occurred I was hit by the most tremendous orgasm.

"I d-don't want a damn pussyyyyyyyyy!!!!!"

I arched my back as it hit me, and at that moment I felt my new womanhood flower into being. It parted, a tunnel opening up inside me, and something lurched in my stomach, as if a new organ was finishing developing there. As if I now had a fucking goddamn uterus. Juliet shrieked.

"*Zis* is crazy!"

Her accent was goddamn marvellous. I coughed, and for a moment my voice was strained.

"I told you *zis* is real!" I cried, still panting. I clutched my throat. Jen was silent. Juliet was silent.

I had just sounded almost *exactly* like Juliet, albeit even sexier. I now had a perfect French accent.

"You have got to be fucking kidding me! *Zere* has to be a way to change back! Ooohhhh! OHHHHH!!!"

I was unprepared for the second orgasm. Or the third. Or even the little aftershocks that were the fourth. My vagina finished its formation, and any part of me that still had a trace of masculinity evaporated. I was left as a gorgeous latina bombshell with a hot French accent.

"Oh my God," Jen said. "Chase. It *is* you."

"You've got to fix me!" I pleaded.

She rushed to my side, hugged me, tears in her eyes. But I couldn't help but notice that Juliet had a suspicious look on her face. Almost as if she was figuring something out.

## Perfect Body, Part 6: The Truth Comes Out

Juliet continued to glare at me, cogs turning in her brain as my girlfriend embraced me. Jen was all concern though, as I knew she would be.

“Oh, my poor Chase! I can’t believe this has happened. I’m such an idiot. You poor thing, you must have been changing all day!”

“I was,” I proclaimed in my newly accented voice, “I cannot explain it, but *zere* must have been *zome* kind of serum that I got from this lab without knowing. I thought I was going crazy. It’s *ze* only explanation, Jen! You’ve got to change me back!”

Jen helped me to my feet, the stumbling change having caused me to lose my balance. My big boobs wobbled heavily in my tank top, while my ass jiggled a bit in my tight shorts. I must have been a gorgeous sight: an utterly thicc latina with a sexy French accent.

“Juliet, we have to help him!” Jen cried, taking me under the arm. I didn’t actually need help walking, but I played up my grogginess to score a bit more sympathy. Things were actually going well, and if I could convince her that -

“Something’s off here,” Juliet said.

My blood ran instantly cold.

“What are you talking about?” I said. “Look at me! Ask me anything, Juliet! I’m Chase Argyle, not some latina slut *zat* I have been turned into.”

“Oh, I believe you’re Chase Argyle, *zat*’s for certain,” Juliet continued. She stepped forward, and thanks to my stupid girly emotions I found her surprisingly intimidating. She reached out a finger and poked me in the boob.

“Ow!” I said. “What *zee* fuck was *zat* for?”

She narrowed her eyes. “Where did *zese* came from, Chase?”

Jen paused. As did I. “What - what do you mean?”

“I mean why do you have *zese* big, ripe titties? They are one of *zee* largest pairs I have ever seen! What are they, F-cups? H-cups? Why do you have them?”

I felt myself turning red. That fucking bitch, I swear! “What are you talking about? I just told you! I grew them after cutting my arm on something and getting infected by goo!”

“I thought it was your hand?”

A trickle of sweat trailed down my temple. Jen was looking at me somewhat curiously through her glasses.

“Hand, arm, what’s *zee* difference?”

Juliet circled around me. She reached out and slapped me on the ass.

“And *zis* big behind, where did it come from, hmm?”

"Zis is insane, Juliet! If you're not going to fucking help me turn back, then get out of our way. Jen, can you help me?"

But Jen wasn't listening either. She was looking at her friend, her searching eyes figuring something out. "Juliet, what do you mean by this? Explain yourself"

Juliet circled back again and placed her hands on her hips.

"Jen, I love you dearie, but you've been putting up with this asshole for far too long. C'mon, think girl! We both know how the serum works! It *iz* responsive to hormones reacting to arousal and desire. Look at him! What do you see?"

Jen removed herself slowly but surely from my arm. She stepped back, and I didn't like the stare she gave me.

"Chase . . . what am I looking at here?"

"I don't understand!" I claimed, but it was a weak lie.

Juliet raised an eyebrow. "Oh, really? I never bought your act like my friend has, Chase. Show us the cut on your hand."

I froze. Fuck. Fuck fuck fuck. "It healed over."

"It didn't. It wouldn't. In test subjects the injection point for the serum causes swelling and rashes. But if it's a cut, it should present as such. But if it were injected . . ."

"I didn't fucking inject that shit!"

"A simple test would tell."

Jen grit her teeth together, clenched her eyes shut. "For God's sake Juliet, just fucking say it already! What are you accusing him of!"

Juliet sighed. "I'm saying that your boyfriend here used you, Jen. He heard you were making a perfect body serum, and decided to break in and grab some for himself. He injected it in his arm, not realising *zat* he was being a stupid asshole *zat* injected himself with the *female* serum!"

There was a long protracted pause. "F-female serum?"

"The one meant to create a perfect female body," Jen explained, her words slow and emotionless. "It's still being tested. They had to be split by gender. But the arousal aspect was difficult to control, and could affect mental changes as well."

Fuck. Fuck! This was why it had all gone so damn fucking wrong! Why I had head-sized tits and melons for ass cheeks and a set of hips that wouldn't quit! Why I couldn't even *walk and talk* without looking and sounding breathtakingly sexy.

"This *iz* all a mistake!" I exclaimed. "I don't know what crazy conspiracy theory you're talking about Juliet, but I did not want *zis*!"

I gestured to my 'perfect' body with all its olive-skinned curves. Even the gesture was womanly and attractive, and it made Juliet snort.

“Stop laughing! This *iz* a fucking emergency! This is a crazy accident! I swear it, Jen! I’d never fucking lie to you.”

There was a moment. Just a fraction of a moment where it looked like she would believe me. Where those captivating eyes of hers, quite striking on her otherwise plain features, were willing to believe me.

And then she moved faster than I’d ever seen her and ripped my jacket off. I instantly regretted the tank top. There was a collective gasp, and I realised that my own soprano voice was one of them.

There, on my upper arm, was a circular rash, with a small dot that signified an injection point. In all the insanity of my transformative day, I hadn’t even realised the tell-tale sign had been right there all along.

“*Merde*,” I said, accidentally slipping into a French cuss I’d heard Juliet say.

“I knew it,” Juliet said.

“It - it was still an accident!”

“Fucking liar!” she retorted.

“Jen, you have to believe me! *Zis* is all just some kind of mistake!”

But Jen had gone pale. Silent. And somehow that was more terrifying to me than all the hard glares from Juliet in the world.

“You did this deliberately,” she said, her voice quiet, shaky. “You changed yourself. You *used* me.”

“No - look, maybe I was curious. I had a look out back. But c’mon, Jen, *zis* is madness. What can you do for me?”

She stepped back further, standing alongside Juliet. It made the light hair on my perfect olive arms rise up. My blood coursed faster through my chest, my heart thumping. A million thoughts raced through my head, but barely any could keep up with what was happening.

“Where is my hair?” Jen asked.

“Wh-what?”

“My hair, Chase. Where the fuck is it?”

Juliet nodded, as if understanding. “And your face, honey,” she added.

“I don’t under-”

She spread her arms. “Where the fuck are my glasses? My stature? You said you always liked my lithe chest, so why have you got these big frickin’ head-sized hooters?”

Juliet snorted again. I could have killed that woman. I balled my fists, resisting the temptation to lash out.

“Jen, you’re talking nonsense” I said, fluttering my eyes in a sensual manner, another fucking mental change that humiliated me. “You two said yourselves, the changes were random, all a result of hormones or whatever!”

“No, the changes were based on *arousal*, Chase,” she replied. She trembled in anger, a look I’d barely seen from her. “Which means that the body parts, even the mental changes you have *so clearly taken on* given that you can’t stop *fucking posing* with those hips and ass of yours, all of it is a result of what turns *you* on. And from where I’m at, apparently *I* don’t turn you on at all, because there is *nothing* of me on you! NONE!”

I recoiled at her shouting, my various parts jiggling prominently, as if mocking the situation I was in. My blood turned ice cold in my veins. I tried to grasp for anything I had ‘inherited’ from Jen, but there was nothing. Nothing.

Nothing but sheer panic.

“Jen, look. I’m a man, okay? I’m meant to be a man, I mean. *Of course* I’m going to be attracted to some big boobs and a nice ass. It doesn’t mean anything! It *iz* only a coincidence! You know I love you!”

“But nothing from me, Chase?”

I gulped. “You - I might have, uh . . .”

My phone buzzed. Loudly. I went to reach for it, but quick as lightning Jen grabbed it as well, trying to seize it from my hand. For a brief moment we struggled, but to my astonishment, Jen was *stronger* than me. Fuck, I liked my women *weak* compared to their strong men, and now it was backfiring on me.

“Give me that! Jen, what the fuck!?”

I tried to grab it from her, but my shorter stature wasn’t helping. She threw it to Juliet and blocked my way.

“Juliet, find what you can. I’m starting to think you were *right* about my boyfriend all along.”

“No! Wait! Stop! *Zis* is unfair!”

“It’s unlocked,” Juliet said. “Thanks for that, Chase.”

My heart raced. She was looking over my messages. *My* messages.

“Give it back, you bitch! Jen, don’t listen to *zis* French bitch!”

Juliet coughed laughing. “You sound just as French as *zis* bitch, ha! And here we have it. The smoking gun.”

She extended her arm, and I flinched as if I were about to be shot by an actual gun. A photo of Casey, her luscious legs in full frame, was in my message box. The accompanying text simply read: *Hey sexy. Want to have fun with a real woman? This side piece is getting horny AF.*

“I don’t know who that is.”

“Oh, fuck off!” Jen yelled, more vicious than I’d ever seen her.

“*Zere’s* more,” Juliet continued. I watched, held back by Jen, as my entire laundry list of affairs and contact with other women was spilled out in front of me. My messages to Gabriella, my lies to Erika, my affairs with numerous women. All of it was revealed, bit by bit, in an orgy of humiliation. Emasculation.

“*Zat’s* as much as I can find,” Juliet finally said. “As much as I *can* find,” she repeated meaningfully.

Jen was in tears. They fell down her cheeks, her anger mingling with clear internal agony. “H-how could you, Chase? I loved you!”

“I do love you, babe. It’s just - I’ve got a problem! It’s an addiction! We can work through *zis!*”

Another scoff from Juliet. “I do not believe *zat* for a hot second.”

“M-me either,” Jen said. “You used me. You fucking *seduced* me, and for what? To get a perfect body? You were already fucking handsome. How else did you get these women?”

“I thought maybe with the perfect body, you and I could -”

“No. More. Lies. You wanted to fucking bang supermodels with big head-sized tits and huge asses. Hot latinas with hourglass figures you go nuts for.” She wiped her eyes. Another phone buzzed, but this time it was hers. “I can’t fucking believe you Chase.”

The phone continued to buzz.

“You’ve got to change me back Jen, even if you cannot stand me!”

More buzzing. She sagged, grabbing it out. “It’s my brother. Juliet, don’t let him anywhere near the lab.”

“No risk of *zat*,” the woman said.

Jen walked away. I stood there, looking ridiculous in my sexy, perfect female body. My big boobs heaved upwards with every breath, full and heavy on my chest. I squirmed on the spot, feeling that small thrumming of energy in my core. I pushed it down. I wouldn’t change again. Not unless I was changing back. By instinct, I placed my hand on my hip and thrust my chest out a little.

“I zee you like women who do the posing, yes?” Juliet said, amused. “And my accent. You fucking perv.”

“Shut up,” I said weakly. But with my sweet, accented voice, it only sounded playful. I turned my attention to Jen, who was discussing something with her half-brother doctor on the phone.

“Oh, come here? There’s a situation . . . no, I can’t quite explain it. No, it’s not an emergency. Well, it sort of is. Fuck, I know I sound like I’m crying. Okay, I am. Sure, Ben. No, that doesn’t mean - I don’t know if that’s a good idea . . .”

Then suddenly, her eyes turned on me. “Actually, maybe it is. Sure, come on over. I’ve just got a little something to take care of first. Who knows, if I make the right decision, you might even be pretty happy with it. Sure, seeya.”

She hung up the phone, wiped fresh tears away. She was grinning by that point, and it wasn’t a look that endeared me.

“Jen, look -”

“You like submissive girls, don’t you?”

I blanked for a moment. “What? What’s that got to do with anything?”

A wider grin, and Juliet seemed to cotton on, because she looked to Jennifer with something approaching awe.

“Oh, it’s got everything to do with everything, *honey*,” Jen continued. “I mean, after all, the serum should be fully set after nearly twenty four hours have passed, making it irreversible.”

My blood turned to ice, even more than before. That meant I had almost no time left!

“Jen, this is serious. Whatever you think of me -”

“And I know you like submissive, sexy women, don’t you Chase? Hot ladies who need a big, *strong* man - or even woman - to be in charge of them. To tell them what to do. You like it when they’re sooooo submissive that they practically *beg* for a dominant partner to make all the decisions. To fuck them every day. In fact, I remember that you looooved when I gave you blowjobs, particularly in the morning, because it made you feel like a big, tough man. Don’t you just get so fucking aroused by a horny hottie who knows who’s in charge? Who couldn’t *not* be submissive and needy to her partner even if she wanted to? Is that the kind of woman that you’d just love to have fuck you for the rest of your life, totally dependent on you with her hot, curvy, voluptuous body?”

I swallowed. Fuck, it did sound hot. It sounded hot as all fucking hell. I breathed heavier, my chest rising and falling like twin mountains. The tingling rose in my crotch, that deep arousal, that need to be fucked. To feel myself. The energy rose, and in that exact moment I realised what was about to happen next.

“No! No! FUCK NO!”

“Fuck yes, asshole,” Juliet said.

And then it was upon me. I orgasmed, crying out as I clutched my big tits, one hand wandering down between my thighs. The energy of the serum coursed through me one final time, and this time it clawed into my mind and rearranged the contents. I could *feel* my instincts, my compulsions, my basic sense of what felt *right and natural* shift. My confidence, my determination, my masculine sense of dominance were not just taken away, but utterly reversed. My decision-making eroded, my receptiveness towards others became

super-charged. I bit my lip as one final burst of pleasure overcame me, and the changes were set in place.

“MMHM!! OH G-GOD! F-FUUUUCK!”

“That’s one hell of a serum,” Juliet remarked.

“Yes, almost a total success,” Jen replied. “Too bad it’s wasted on this asshole of a boyfriend.”

“An ex-boyfriend.”

“True.”

I recovered, still panting. “J-Jen, you’ve - you’ve . . .”

But the words died in my throat. To demand, to order, it felt all wrong. A deep nervousness rose in me just at the consideration of it. No, with this newest, final change, I had a submissive need to beg. To plead. Like a good girl.

“Jen, please can you undo this. We don’t have much time.”

She folded her arms over her flat chest. “Oh, you have all the time in the world. You wanted a sexy submissive horny slut, now you can *be* one, forever. You can even be a French-accented latina. From now on, you are *never* going to bring up your changes ever again, unless *I* or Juliet decide to talk about it. Got it?”

I nodded before I even realised I was doing so.

“And you’re going to be a good girl, and never ever cheat again, right?”

Another nod. What the fuck was happening to me? I could barely muster the will to fight it. It felt too right to be this weak. This supplicant.

“And last of all,” she said. “You’re going to follow the life path *I* give you, *Celine*. I think that’s a cute French name, right Juliet?”

Juliet laughed. “Perfect for her!”

“That’s your new name, Celine. Say it for me.”

“I - I won’t . . . Celine. My n-name is Celine.”

I blushed a deep red, even though my olive skin.

“And as for that life path, well, I’ve got the perfect idea for you. One that I think will allow me to really enjoy how much you’ve changed, now that I know exactly the kind of person you are.”

My heart beat heavily. A shiver ran down my spine. I looked down at my body, this perfect busty sexy latina body with its astonishing curves, and felt the last thrum of the serum died away. I knew at that moment that I had lost the chance to turn back. I gasped at the realisation. I was stuck as Celine for life now. In the body of the exact kind of woman I’d wanted to fuck with my own perfect body. I looked at my former girlfriend, who had gleeful vengeance in her eyes. She was such a kind, caring person, too sweet for words. But now,

submissive as I was, I could see I'd taken advantage of that, and invited a wrath I never knew existed.

"What - what are you going to d-do with me?" I pleaded.

She then explained exactly what my fate was to be.

## Perfect Body, Part 7: Submissive

It was wrong. It was unfair. It was a fucking joke! But I had no choice. With the final mental change she'd inflicted on me, Jen had ensured that my damned brain was now submissive as all hell. Beneath the twin pressures of her and Juliet, who was just as aggressive as my former girlfriend, I was forced to wait.

No, it was worse than that. I was forced to *prepare*. My perfect female body was horny as hell, needing release, and because of their damned efforts I was now desperate not just for sex, but for a *man* to have sex with me. For a man to *fuck* me with his big cock and make me wail like his submissive little whore.

"You're going to want to look good for my brother," Jen had explained. "These clothes are nice, they show off those huge tits you wish I had, and that ass. But I think you could use some correction on your makeup, perhaps a little update so you don't look upset."

"After all," Juliet had added, "you want to make a good impression, don't you? *Zis* is crucial to snag your man."

"A future husband, even," Jen replied. "My baby brother may be a respected doctor, but he's always been pretty hopeless in his love life. And since *I* wasn't apparently good enough for you, I reckon in your new state *he* will be. Especially since in your new submissive state I doubt you'll be cheating anytime soon. You're going to be totally devoted, aren't you, *Celine*?"

And I was. God, I could *feel* it. I really could. I wanted to die, but the dopamine rush through my brain instructed me to do anything but: it told me to actually *smile* at my fate. And so they worked together to prepare me. To adjust my tight white top and reveal even more of my enormous cleavage, and to make my hair as luscious as possible by going over it in the bathroom. They helped me put on ruby red lipstick, and eyeshadow, and though I wanted to weep, the act was simply impossible. They had made me too perfect.

"Please - you don't have to do this!" I said as I saw the car turn up at the lab outside.

"It's too late for that, *Celine*," Jen said. "And you're lucky this is all that's happening. There's failed test serums in there that will fuck you up. I never thought myself capable of something like this, but to know you've been cheating on me for literal *years*, laughing about

me behind my back, just using me so you could have your perfect serum . . . well, this is just desserts, as far as I'm concerned. And my brother will be very, *very* happy. Don't worry, I'm sure he'll be *man* enough for you."

I trembled on the spot. My nipples throbbed. I had met Ben several times. I hated that he was taller than me, richer than me. Now those very things were making me turned on, and that was before he'd even gotten out of the car.

"I - I'll do anything," I squeaked, but it was futile and I knew it.

"Oh, I'm sure you will. For *him*. I look forward to seeing you two start going regular. You'll hit it right off. Ben likes his pretty women, and as much as I love him, he's always wanted a stay at home wife, which turns a lot of women off. But not you, right? You *love* being submissive now."

I bit my lip, trying not to nod in agreement. I did anyway. "I d-do. Oh God, oh fuck, he's coming. It's not too late, Jen!"

"I'd say it is. Besides, Juliet is watching from the second story right now. It would be a shame to disappoint her."

The car door opened. It was a nice Mercedes, which alone made me a mix of jealous and impressed. Out stepped Benjamin, Jennifer's half-brother. He was tall, with dark hair and captivatingly dark eyes, and a solid build that came from regular workouts. He was young, smart, and carried a confidence in his movements that I hated. Well, I wanted to hate. At that moment I could feel my pussy getting damp in his presence.

"Isn't he just awesome?" Jen giggled. "As much as I hate you right now Chase, I'm glad *someone* in my family will come to put up with you. Hey Ben! How's it going baby brother?"

"Half-brother!" he said with a laugh. "The better looking half!"

"Come here you!"

They embraced in a hug, all while I watched, unable to look away from him.

"It's so good to see you, Jen. Is everything alright? You seemed upset over the phone."

"Oh, it was just a relationship thing. Chase and I broke up. Well, I broke up with him."

"About time, the man was a total pig."

She giggled. "Yeah, he was. I'm stupid for not seeing it earlier. But I feel much better now, and things look a lot brighter."

"Well, I'm glad," he said. "I just wish I got to sock him first for his rude comments at the dinner table last year. Ah well, I'm sure he's far away now, causing trouble for someone else."

Jen smirked, and I felt an absolute wave of embarrassment as I stood there in my new, incredibly voluptuous form, my breasts rising and falling heavily with each breath.

“Oh, I wouldn’t be too sure of that. He might be nearer than we think.” But before a slightly confused Ben could ask what she meant by that, she walked over and dragged right in front of him. “But that’s other business. I’m glad you’re over, because I wanted you to meet someone. This is Celine.”

Ben suddenly paused. Given it was evening, and I was standing out of the light, he hadn’t really paid much attention to me. He did so then however, and for a moment his jaw actually dropped. His eyes roamed over my form, and I could tell already that he wasn’t just smitten, he was positively gaga for me. It should have been enough to rouse me out of my damned submissive state, to break free and run the fuck out of there. But instead, I extended a hand.

“It *iz* lovely to meet you, *monsieur*,” I said in my lovely French accent.

It took him a moment to break out of his frozen state, by which point he took my hand - which I had offered palm up - and kissed it gently just as I had indicated for him to do. Just the touch of his lips upon my hand were enough to send unwanted but delightful shivers down my spine. He let go of my hand, and smiled in a handsome way.

“I’m Ben,” he said. “Jen’s little brother. I work as a doctor. What do you do? Are you a lab partner of Jen’s?”

Goddamnit, he could be a braggart about that doctor thing. Except while I was so aroused, it sounded like a total turn on.

“No, Celine is just a friend,” Jen said. “Right now she’s out of work, but she worked as a waitress for a while. In fact, she’s on the market right now. Single and free, aren’t you, Celine?”

I nodded. No amount of straining of my neck muscles could stop me. “Very available. I’m - I’m looking for someone *zat* is big and strong and handsome to take care of me. Jen said she had a brother with all *zose* criteria, and I can see that she was right.”

Ben’s eyebrows raised and he looked to Jen. “Where did find this astounding creature, sis?”

“Oh, I just put her together,” she said, giggling. “And packaged her just for you.” The truth of her statement was not lost on me. “In fact,” she followed up, “there’s been a complication at the lab, and I can’t take Celine home - she’s staying with me at the moment. I was wondering if it was okay if we catch up a little later, tomorrow maybe, and you and Celine here can see if you hit it off. Sorry to spring a surprise ambush date on you brother, but-”

“No!” he yelled, a little too quickly. “I mean, don’t feel bad. I’d love to take you out for dinner Celine, if you’re interested?”

His eyes wandered to my very full bust, down to my wide, fertile hips. I felt like a piece of very desirable meat. It was disgusting. Disgusting, and hot as all fuck. Jesus, this body was humiliating.

"I am very interested," I replied, fluttering my eyelashes submissively. I felt submissive too. Like this man's very presence commanded me. "Shall we go now?"

"If that's alright by you, Jen?"

"Absolutely! You two go have fun! Oh, and Celine, if it's alright I might be back very, very late tonight. This is a big complication in the lab. So you may have to stay late at Ben's place. That all good?"

I bit my lip. It was a trap, and her smug face said it all. I wanted to scream at her, scream at Ben. Reveal the truth. But she and Juliet had commanded me to silence on that, and to be submissive and horny and *loyal* to the man they put me in the arms of. And thanks to the serum, I didn't just have the perfect woman's body, I had the perfect woman's mind, at least for a totally dutiful future wife.

"That sounds more than good," I replied sweetly, just managing to ball my fists. "You didn't tell me *zat* your brother was so handsome!"

He laughed. "A good sign already! Shall we go?"

I took his hand in mine, trying to push down my arousal and find avenues of escape. He led me to the car and pulled over the door, helping me in like a total gentleman. As he closed the door I saw two things: Jen with a wide grin on her face, and further up inside the building, the shadowed outline of Juliet, waving me goodbye. I couldn't see her expression, but I knew it would be smug.

As far as they were concerned, my fate was sealed.

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Ben couldn't keep his eyes off me as we ate dinner. It wasn't the fanciest dinner - after all, my clothes were at my place, and I was in my sexy white top and tight shorts, not the fanciest of styles - but it was enjoyable all the same. All the changes had left me ravenous, and food was a momentary distraction from the embarrassing truth.

The truth that I couldn't stop wanting this man to hurry up, take me back to his place, and fuck my brains out. My goddamn sexuality had been twisted and turned like a pretzel, and now this man who I once couldn't stand seemed like a tall glass of water I really wanted to drink from.

"So, this is crazy right?" Ben said, chuckling. "I went to see my brilliant sister, and ended up with a hot date instead. If you don't mind me saying."

"I don't," I said. It was the awful truth. Compliments of my body lit me up like a goddamn neon Vegas display. "I actually like it."

"Thank God, because I have to say, you're the most gorgeous woman I have ever seen in my life. You really are."

I blushed. "You are quite handsome also. You have *zis* magnetism to you. I literally can't ignore it." That too was true, and about as far as I could go in terms of hinting at what was happening to me. He didn't even notice.

"Well, I'm very glad we're on this date. And I'm sorry for, uh, well, looking. It's just hard to meet your eyes, you look so pretty!"

Pretty in this case obviously meant *fucking stacked*. I found myself wobbling my shoulders a little, setting my big boobs bouncing. He almost spat out his drink.

"Do you mean zese huge tits of mine, Ben?"

"Wow, okay. Yeah. I did. I guess I wasn't subtle, right?"

I giggled. "It *iz* okay. I know I am, how you say, very 'blessed in the chest.' It's a line I used, well, use often. But I like seeing you stare."

"Well, if I'm being perfectly frank and you're okay with it, your ass is crazy as well. And those hips! And I won't lie, your accent is driving me crazy right now."

I blushed again. At least my olive skin hid it a little. Fuck, I was just getting more and more aroused. Worse, we'd already exhausted all previous topics of conversation. I'd questioned him endlessly about his career as a doctor, his personal hobbies - basketball, gym, cooking the perfect steak - and I'd done my level best to bring up the most awkward topics: politics, previous relationships, Jen herself. But the way he spoke passionately about his belief in philanthropy, his amicable views to his former girlfriends, and the way he adored his sister, all of it appealed to my new sense of loyalty. It was infuriating. Philanthropy was a goddamned scam for weak-spined rubes. And once a relationship was over, it should either be forgotten or only kept amicable for some behind-the-scenes fucking later. But this awful man was all *nice* and *feely* and *respectable*.

It made me want to jump his bones, a terrifying prospect. There was no way in hell I was going to let a man fuck me, especially while I was a woman. I may be trapped, but there had to be a way for someone else to reverse it, right?

But that hope was rapidly dwindling as he called for the server.

"We'll have the cheque please. Don't worry Celine, it's all on me. Like I said before, I'm a doctor. We make pretty good wages. Consider it a statement of confidence for how well I feel this date is going."

"Is there any word from Jen?" I asked, hoping against hope she would save me from going home with this unbelievably sexy man.

He checked his smartwatch. "None. Must be working late. Are you sure you're right to go home with me? I'll obviously set you up in the spare room and get Jen to bring your stuff over if you're asleep. But I don't want to take advantage of a gorgeous woman like yourself. I can organise a hotel stay for you if you wish."

I wished. I wished so bad I thought a vein would fucking burst. The only problem was, these new submissive instincts were a whole lot stronger than any weak-willed wish.

"No, I want to go home with you," I said, taking his firm hand with my own slender one. My olive tone was beautiful against his lighter one, though he still seemed to have some Mediterranean heritage to him, unlike his half-sister. I'd always liked Mediterranean girls. Now, apparently, this stupid voluptuous Latina body had a thing for Mediterranean *men*.

"Are you sure? Again, I don't want to impose."

I rose a little, pressing my breasts together with my upper arms so that my cleavage became a dark and deep curve he was unable to look away from. Hell, several other tables of men looked my way with astonishment. My hips were visible, and I cocked them slightly to one side, as if showing off how damn fertile this body was. With a smile I couldn't help put on, I spoke in a sultry tone.

"You don't understand, I *want* to go home with you. Goddamn it, I actually *need* it."

With a grin, he called for the water again.

"Can I pay and get out of here already?"

I swallowed. I was about to head home with this man. I was fucked. In more ways than one.

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The journey to Ben's home was a nightmare. I was in the passenger seat, trying not to fidget too much, and constantly adjusting my luscious black hair and checking my makeup in the mirror. Anything to take my mind off of how warm my body was becoming, how much I was starting to get *in heat*. The unfamiliar sensation of my nipples stiffening was just one sign, the hot flush another. The biggest one was the continued moistening of my vagina, the womanhood I was never meant to have.

"Everything okay?" Ben asked. "We're nearly there."

"I'm fine," I said. "I just feel quite warm."

"Want me to turn on the air conditioner?"

"It's not that kind of warmth," I said. It was meant to be another hint to him that something was wrong, but instead my voice made it sound utterly demure and sexy. He looked over at me and grinned.

"Oh, well, I'll drive us a little faster then."

“G-good.”

He had a damn tent in his pants, one he couldn't hide, and I couldn't even blame him for. And it was a *big* tent. Enough that I couldn't stop myself from staring at it occasionally, even running a hand over my full, beating chest and imagining what it would look like fully unleashed. I licked my lips.

“So, you're not from France then?” he asked.

I shook my head. “I'm from here. I got my accent from . . . family.”

I winced. I couldn't even hint at its origins.

“You have family around here?”

“No. None. Not anymore. It's just me. It's why I'm looking for s-something to take care of me. Someone nice and handsome, like you.”

God, what was *wrong* with me? The words had come so easy. I wasn't being mind-controlled, but it was just so easy to slip into being a damned saucy woman.

“Well, I hope I live up to expectations. You truly are a stunning woman. And given what you've just said, I'll go further. You're fucking hot, Celine.”

I lit up like a Christmas tree. “Oh God, you say these things. It's making me too turned on. I - I *need* to fuck you.”

He pulled into the drive of his place, one that was impressively large and modern. He removed his seatbelt, undid mind, then pulled me in for a kiss. I couldn't resist, didn't even want to, however shameful it was. His hand pawed at my breast, and I let him begin to grope their fullness. Our tongues danced in each other's mouths. We felt each other. I felt his muscles.

“You're so goddamn perfect,” he said, kissing me again.

“F-feel my tits again!” I cried.

He did so, and with my help we pulled my white top off, followed by my G-cup bra. My enormous breasts were freed, jiggling and wobbling spectacularly, causing his eyes to go wide with lust. He lowered himself and sucked on my left nipple, followed by my right. It was hell. It was goddamned heaven.

“OOhhhh s-stop.”

“Stop?”

But I lost even that brief victory. “Stop holding back! Keep going! Suck on my big tits and make me moan! I want to be yours!”

He did exactly that, and soon I was drenching my underwear with my wetness. I pulled at his clothing, began unbuttoning his shirt in a feverish fashion.

“We should go inside!” he exclaimed as he reached around to squeeze my ass.

“It's too late. Oh f-fuck, it's too late. I can't stop it. I need you now. Fuck me right here!”

He chuckled. "It's a good thing this car has space."

He reached and adjusted the seating of both our spots, lowering them so that the entire space of the car was ours. I laid back, helpless to this horny body, wanting more than anything to be made his completely. I began to pull my shorts and panties down, and he tugged them off my ankles. Then we worked on getting him naked as well, even as he took the time to kiss my nipples, caress my wide hips.

"You're perfect," he repeated, "you're perfect. God, I want to fuck you."

His pants came over, and soon his entire muscular figure was on display. I tried to look away, but I might as well have tried avoiding the sun itself. His cock was huge, bigger than mine had been, and it was pointed like a weapon directly at me, hard and throbbing.

"S-so big!" I squeaked.

"Don't worry, I'll go slow."

I nodded, pleading, biting my lip. The Chase part of me screamed, yelled, cried, but Celine's submissiveness was too powerful. Too horny. I took hold of the shaft of his cock, and slowly spread my legs.

"You want this bad, don't you?" he teased.

"So bad," I moaned.

"God, you are perfect. I want to fuck your brains out, Celine."

"Please, please, please just do it!"

I pulled him closer to my new entrance. I closed my eyes. I couldn't look at it. I wanted to, but I couldn't.

So I *felt* it instead.

I groaned loud and long as he slid his girth inside me. It was like nothing I had ever felt, or should have felt. It was like being split down the middle, only it brought immense pleasure. There was a brief pain as something broke in me, perhaps my hymen. Or perhaps it was just a mental break. I couldn't go back after this, I knew it. I had a man's dick inside me, and I was loving it.

"OOHhhhhhhh that f-feels sooooo gooooo!"

"I bet it does," he said, obviously more confident. "Shift your hips back a little, I want to climb on you."

I did as he asked. As he *commanded*. There was just enough room for him to fit over me, so that his face was right in my cleavage. Right where I wanted. And then he began thrust in full, and I couldn't help but begin to moan and cry out like a woman in heat.

"Yessss, d-don't stop! Faster! I need this! Oh God, it's not fair, it's n-not fair, I need this sooo bad! Fuck me, Ben! I want you! I've never wanted anyone like I want you!"

"Fuck," he replied, thrusting faster and faster, parting my wet walls. He sucked on my big brown nipples, pressing his face into my pillowy chest. "It's like we were meant for one

another. You're so goddamn tight, Celine. I want to go out with you after this. I want you to be my g-girlfriend. Is that so - ahh - soon to ask?"

"N-no!"

"No?"

"No, n-not too - uuuuhhh - soon! I want to be your girl, Ben! I want to be *yours*. You're the one for me, I literally *have* to be yours. I'm fucking addicted to you already!"

He beamed, and I realised in that moment, amidst the pleasure of our lovemaking, that I was incapable of ever giving hints that would make him understand. All I could do was flirt around the edges of the truth, and in doing so just come across like actual *flirting*. I lay back, and as he rammed his huge cock into my depths again, the bliss was too much to ignore. I had to resign myself to it. This was what Jen and Juliet had made me. And Gabriella, and Erika, and Gemma. Hell, it was what I'd made myself. In the end, I had no one else to blame but me. I gave into it, and began to buck my hips in rhythm to his, milking his cock, aching to feel his release inside me. My ass wobbled, he gripped it occasionally, and my massive knocked jiggled enticingly.

I looked up at him, kissed Benjamin deeply. I could see our entire future together in that moment. There was no avoiding it. I was going to be his sexy, submissive girlfriend, addicted to being on his arm and doing everything for him at home and in the bedroom. I'd wear cute things for him, show off my amazing ass and tits, and one day in the not too distant future become his doting housewife as well. Jen would see me often, stuck in my sexy Latina body, and no doubt she and Juliet would tease me at the wedding as I became married to the handsome man I once couldn't stand but was now compelled to be loyal to. I'd even get pregnant with all the babies he wanted, get knocked up by his hot seed. Perhaps he was even knocking me up right at that very moment. And no matter what, I'd fuck his brains out every day. I'd even suck his cock. The very thought of it turned me on all the more, brought greater pleasure to me. I'd let him do what he wanted to me, because I was now the kind of slutty sexy bitch I had wanted to attain on my arm.

Another thrust, another sliding of his cock all the way into me. He squeezed both breasts at once, and there was no fighting it anymore. The orgasm came over me in a powerful blast.

"Yes! Oh God, I'm cumming! Fuck, Ben, I'm c-cumming! I'm cumm-OOHHHH!!!"

I trembled, and he came moments later, his dick pulsing within me, warm streams of his seed pouring into my pussy. My new vaginal muscles clamped down upon his dick, not letting any of his issue escape, and I pulled his face into my breasts so he could be suffocated within them.

Finally, after several further orgasms, the kind of which I'd never felt before, finished rolling through me, I was able to collapse back. Benjamin was still inside me, and we were naked in his car. Right in front of his house.

"That was amazing," he said.

"Mmhmmm," was all I could say.

"That was the best sex I've ever had."

"M-me too. I can't b-believe it. But it was."

He kissed me again, and I kissed back. How could I not? I was compelled to. Somewhere, I knew, Jen and Juliet were laughing at me, knowing the fate I had been reduced to. The next time I met them would be full of humiliation, with me no doubt on Ben's arm. But for now, I simply lay breathing, my soft voice sounding sweet as I panted.

"Shall we go inside?"

"One more minute," I said. "I just need to come to terms with all this."

And I did mean *all of it*. The entire life I was doomed to experience as a horny housewife-to-be.

"You are amazing," he said, kissing me on the cheek. "I want to do that all over again before tonight. We could share a bed?"

I nodded. "Yes. Yes please. I want that. I want to feel you."

"And I want to feel you. Your body is so perfect."

I gasped a little, that arousal still present. I had little doubt we'd do it a couple more times that night. His cock hardened a little, still within me.

"It is, isn't it?" I said, admitting defeat. "I have the perfect body. And it's all yours, Ben."

## **The End**

### **Perfect Body: Epilogue**

I was a man. A tall, well-muscled man with slightly curly hair and an impressive cock. Not even a ten out of ten hunk or anything, just the me that I used to be, with a variety of side chicks to enjoy ploughing said cock into. In the dream, I was manly, dominant, powerful, *in control*. The world was mine, and women were there to be enjoyed. And the best woman of all, an absolute goddess of a babe, was before me. She had enormous G-cup titties that barely sagged at all, instead riding high on her chest like a set of perfect golden globes.

Well, olive-toned globes at least, one that jiggled and bounced perfectly with each sultry step. Her body was wild: itty bitty waist with wide baby-makers for hips, and an ass you could launch a penny to the moon off of. Her lips were full, the kind that were perfect for sucking cock, and her hair was full and lush and dark, spilling over her shoulders like she'd just had sex and her pussy was dripping for more.

"Zat wasn't enough for me," she said. "I want to go another round. I want to go down on you and drink your cum like a good wife."

I was fucking hard as hell. This woman was literally the hottest thing I'd ever seen. Sex on legs, and what gorgeous legs they were, especially since her tight black cocktail dress showed them off so spectacularly. I wrapped an arm around her, groped her sweet behind even as I ripped open her dress to unleash those massive melons. She moaned in that sweet, high voice of hers.

"T-take me, Ben! Take me! Make me your wife! Fill me up with your babies!"

"What? Babies? What the hell are you talking about?"

She smiled, and those gorgeous green-tinged eyes stared deep into me with a knowing recognition. "That's my job, honey. I'm horny and sexy and all yours. I *literally* can't stop being *zis* submissive wife who needs her husband to cum inside of her every day. To cook and clean for him, and have all ze adorable babies my man wants. Isn't that right, Ben?"

I backed away from this crazy woman. "What the hell are you talking about? I'm not Ben! I'm Celine! I mean, I'm Celine! Fuck, why can't I say my name?"

I blinked, and suddenly the woman was no longer in front of me. Instead, a tall handsome man in a smart shirt and a dashing haircut was looking *down* at me. My body felt all different. It felt soft. Curvy. Feminine. And he looked so very, very attractive, particularly his wide shoulders, his toned body, and his piercing eyes.

"You look gorgeous honey," the man said, and in that moment I knew *this* was who Ben was. "It's been a long day. Why don't we go to the living room and have some fun together? I want to hear you moan my name."

My heart beat in a panic. I looked down and shrieked. Somehow, *my* skin had become olive. And what's more, I had a pair of tits now! Big ones! 'Size of my head' kind of big! They jiggled as I moved, and I felt my ass jostle as well. I was wearing a tight pink dress, and my voice had become that of a gorgeous woman's.

"Zis makes no sense!" I cried in a sexy French accent. "Zis is not how things are meant to be!"

"Sure it is, my darling wife," the figure said, drawing close to encircle me in his arms. My body stiffened, my nipples suddenly on fire with arousal, and my pussy too. God, I had a

pussy! “You’re mine, and always will be. This is what you wanted, wasn’t it? The perfect body?”

He drew my face up for a passionate kiss, and I could only return it, fear and arousal mingling together all at once. And in the distance, I could hear a woman laughing.

It sounded like Jennifer.

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I woke in bed from that ghastly dream, into an equally ghastly reality. Ben was snoring, still asleep, and my perfect *female* body was nestled up against me. I’d had the dream again. The one where I was a man, and the world was my oyster, only for it all to fall away. And now I was back again, curled against this man who was now my freakin’ *husband*, my body annoyingly aroused just from his presence. My heavy breasts - heavier lately - were pressed against his side, and my soft, always hairless legs were entangled around his. One of his hands rested on my ass, his fingers sinking slightly into the flesh. When he snored, his fingers groped a little firmer, and it made me whimper quietly from pleasure. He looked so fucking cute when he was asleep, and I could admire his manly jaw and light stubble. God, he fucking turned me on, no matter how much I tried to avoid it. Even moving away was impossible: the truth was that his chest, his legs, his arm draped over my impressive hip, were simply too warm and comfortable. Besides, my own form yielded to his thanks to the instincts Jen had trained into me over a year ago.

Jesus, it had been a year, nearly to the day in fact. It had gone by so quickly and so slowly at the same time. In just the span of a single day, my attempt to use a vial of my then-girlfriend Jennifer’s biological research to attain the most glorious male body - the kind that could fuck supermodels on yachts whenever I wanted - had backfired so spectacularly that I had not stopped thinking of it ever since. My body had altered itself whenever I was aroused by a physical or even mental aspect of a woman. It was small at first - longer hair and full, luscious lips - but thanks to my vengeful ex Gabriella I soon gained a more womanly form with wide hips. I inherited a great ass from my friend’s girlfriend Gemma. I got these damned chest bazookas courtesy of Eliza, whose big black boobs were something I missed being able to suck on all the time. I’d gotten her pregnant, apparently. She gave birth just a few months ago to *my* baby. Normally I would have been fighting every paternity suit thrown my way, but now . . .

Well, I didn’t want to dwell on that yet. In the end, even my race had changed. A sexy olive-skinned Latina walking past had that effect on me, and Jen’s partner Juliet had an attractive French accent that I accidentally stole. But as humiliating as those changes were, including the one that made me always move like a deeply sensual woman, the worst was

delivered by Jen herself when she found out about my betrayal. I'd hoped for forgiveness and aid in turning back, but instead she ensured my transformation was complete. I had become a full woman, pussy and all, but she reminded me how aroused I got for women who were totally submissive and always loyal and dutiful to their man. We'd done roleplay scenarios like that several times, and she knew just how to describe the ultimate submissive, needy woman who would be totally dependent on her man, and unable to tell him the truth of her past.

And now that was me. The perfect wife-to-be, and with her brother visiting she made sure to pair me up toot-sweet. He was this tall, dark, handsome doctor who had a thing for women that wanted to be more 'traditional': read as 'submissive, sexy, and willing to be a hot housewife.' And thanks to my traitorous girlfriend, that was now me.

We were fucking in his car before I'd even seen his bedroom. Not that it took long to see his damned bedroom: this body is goddamned libidinous, and ever since I've become very, very acquainted with that particular room. I couldn't help myself: I had literally the perfect woman's body, and it insisted on being unbelievably attracted to Jen's brother. After that first night, during which he ploughed me with his big cock on three separate occasions, I woke with the unbearable itch to give him a blowjob. Try as I might, my male will was superseded, and soon I was licking and sucking on his cock like a whore until he blew a load down my throat. I couldn't even spit: every submissive instinct told me to swallow. Because it was the sort of thing that Chase fucking Argyle found sexy, and now it was applied to me as Celine.

Naturally, Ben wanted more dates. Why would he not? I was a damned busty, curvy, horny smokeshow with tits nearly the size of his head. And unnaturally, I was compelled to agree. To my former girlfriend-turned-tormentor's delight, soon we were going steady. I was attending high-class restaurants in tight, sexy dresses that showed off my curves, all while hanging off my new boyfriend's arm like a piece of candy. Eyes were always drifting to my damned cleavage, something which hasn't changed. And no matter whether we were watching a movie, eating dinner, going golfing (every swing made these tits jiggle), or just jogging (even more bouncing, on my ass too), our dates always ended with this stupid buxom horny body jumping his bones and taking his cock into its hungry pussy.

He was enamoured with me, and I couldn't even blame the asshole. I was everything a man like him could want in a woman - hell, a man like *me* could want in a woman - and to all appearances I was totally head-over-heels in love with him, enough so that I was constantly spreading my legs and moaning like I was begging for it as he fucked me. It didn't take long for him to be so completely in love with me too that he took me to the beach on a date. I was compelled to dress in a sexy blue red bikini that left little to the imagination. My prodigious rear swayed back and forth as we walked along the beach, drawing the eye of

every man with a damned pulse in what felt like a one mile radius. My boobs were an even bigger draw, jostling with each step, my enormous cleavage on display like I was a storefront window. Ben could barely keep his eyes off of my glistening bronze skin, until finally we stopped, and he went down on one knee, much to my horror.

“Celine, I’ve loved you from the first date we had, and I’ve only fallen in love with you more ever since. I know we’ve only been together a little over two months, but would you do me the greatest pleasure by becoming my perfect wife?”

I wanted to freak out. To scream. To punch his lights out. Except a much stronger desire was already rising in me, a well of emotion that filled me with pleasant endorphins and excitement.

“Yes! Oh my God, yes Ben! Yes! I’ll be your wife!”

He lifted me up with his strong arms - a strength I used to have - and we kissed so deeply and passionately that one would think we were about to fuck on the beach right there.

Naturally, we were married only a few months later. Jennifer was utterly amused, as was Juliet. I was infuriated to learn that she had a new boyfriend, some guy called Todd, who she claimed treated her much better than her ‘ex’, when she damn well knew I was right in front of her, putting on a wedding dress with her help. She had helped organise the entire wedding, and much to my humiliation, she had ensured that Juliet and Gabriella and Eliza were both bridesmaids, with her as the Maid of Honour. All of them knew who I was, and all were very smug about who I’d become.

“My Celine, you have hips that look a lot like mine,” Gabriella said, grinning. “So glad you ended up a gorgeous latina like me, though I imagine those must be very heavy.”

She gestured at my tits, which made Eliza laugh.

“Well, trust me, Celine, they could become even heavier, if you end up like me.”

Eliza was particularly angry, since I’d knocked her up while male, leaving the bust black woman as a single mom-to-be. She was already five months along, and her tits were even bigger than mine.”

“*Zis* is sick!” I whined in my weak way. “I’m not getting pregnant. You may have turned me into *zis* weak-willed housewife, but *zat* is too much!”

But Juliet and Jennifer just chuckled, helping me with my dress, which outlined my luscious curves perfectly and made the female part of my brain light up with unwanted joy.

“I wouldn’t count on that, *Chase*,” Jen said, smirking. “After all, my brother wants a *big* family. Trust me, we’ve always been close and this has been something he’s always wanted. And given how submissive and super *fertile* your body is, I wouldn’t be surprised if he knocks you up tonight. I can’t wait to see my asshole ex stuck giving birth to my brother’s babies. None of us can, right girls?”

And to my endless despair, they all agreed. I was married to Ben later that very day, and had to smile and cry and show off my pretty dress, and the worst part was that I actually *felt happy and pretty*, thanks to the hormones running through me. We danced our first dance, cut the cake, had the speeches and everything, and then when it was all over Ben took me to a fancy hotel room and fucked me into orgasm after orgasm, consummating our marriage.

Ever since then, I've been his gorgeous housewife. Always making myself look pretty. Always wearing sexy makeup. Always in tight dresses that show off all my womanly curves, particularly my cleavage. Always cooking and cleaning and learning how to do all sorts of women's jobs around his impressive house, and welcoming him home with massages and fucking whenever he feels like it. And always, goddamn *always* I actually enjoy it while the dopamine trickles through my brain, only to realise I'm smiling sweetly and pull myself to a stop.

It's that exact dopamine that ran through my mind as I felt him breathe next to me. I can't help it. He just turns me on too damn much, even five months after being stuck as his submissive housewife. It's part of the reason I'm in this damn situation.

Carefully, despite my desire to not give in, I lowered my hand down to his cock and began to lightly massage it. Ben has such a great cock. Big and manly, just as I wanted mine to be. I lightly stroked it, nestling closer against him as much as I am able to. Then, I lowered further to massage his balls. Fuck, he has such great balls. I had no idea before I became one that women could have such a thing about balls, but feeling them just makes my nipples go rock hard with arousal, as they did so at that very moment.

Finally, after far too long teasing him, Ben woke. I shuddered a little as his eyes opened, he took the vision of me against him in, and then smiled.

"God, Celine, you are one horny woman, aren't you?"

"Mm-hmm," I moaned. "I just want you so bad. I want to suck your big, manly cock, husband."

He beamed, shifting slightly. His breath was already fast with arousal. "Wow, it's already nine-thirty. We have to meet my sister and your friends soon."

"Please," I begged. "I need you in my mouth. I'll go crazy if *zis* doesn't happen, *mon ami*."

He lowered a hand to rub my stomach, which was now noticeably swollen. It felt heavy, though I knew it would get a *lot* heavier, goddamnit.

"Pregnancy hormones?"

I smiled sweetly. "Maybe."

"God, you're so hot with a baby in you."

“Mhmm, we’ll just have to make plenty of them,” I replied, lowering myself down to his cock. I didn’t even want *this* baby, but the prospect of him knocking me up and me bearing a heap of his children had my womanly engine revving, and there was no stopping it. I began licking the head of his cock. It tasted delicious, but not nearly as much, I knew from experience, as what would come out of it soon. I was a fucking expert in blowjobs now. I stroked his huge shaft as I caressed his penishead with my tongue, taking him deep inside me so that I was practically deep throating him. It was the ultimate humiliation every time, like a total display of my absolute submission to this man and his wife.

My pussy was fucking *soaked* at how horny that submissiveness made me.

After several minutes of lapping at his dick and playing with his wonderful balls, my husband’s hands gripped my hair in that possessive way that drove me wild. His cock throbbed, and he bucked it even further down my throat. I knew it was coming. I always knew it was coming. Yet for a moment each time, dread and excitement intermingled as one.

And then he ejaculated, his hot streams of semen filling my mouth and throat and tasting like a condiment that I just couldn’t get enough of. My eyes rolled to the back of my head - I couldn’t stop doing that if I tried, since I knew it turned him on - and my entire body shuddered in miniature orgasm at pleasuring him.

“MMhmmmmmm,” I moaned, as he spurted again and again.

I swallowed every last drop of his cum, as I had since we were first dating. As Jen had instructed me to be. Finally, when my husband was fully satisfied, I crawled up on the bed beside him and lay on the side facing him. He kissed me, took a moment to rub my full breasts, and then stroked my stomach a little more.

“God, you are magnificent,” he marvelled.

“Mhmm,” I moaned again, unable to even speak.

“We better get showered and changed. I want to see you in something sexy that shows off that bump. I’m sure your girlfriends will all go gaga over it. I know my sister will.”

I sighed. “*Zat* she will, husband. *Zat* I know she will.”

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We were late. I was so horny, and Ben turned on by me, that in the end I’d gotten on all fours on the bed and let him fuck me from behind while he squeezed my heavy titties. It was heaven and hell at the same time, and I came at least four times when he ejaculated inside me. Jen and the others practically squealed as they saw Ben and I approach the outdoor setting. It was a wonderful park, one not too far from our house, and even I had to admit that walks were pretty nice here, even if I did them as a piece of sexy eye candy hanging off my husband’s arm. But today I was dreading it, since it was the first time in a while since I had

seen Jennifer, as well as the other girls. She had been away collecting major awards with Juliet for their major success in advancing genetic engineering. Their 'perfect body' serum would not be ready for some time, and even then the FDA approval would take perhaps a decade to go through with the hyper-expensive treatment, but a majorly watered-down version was truly helping people with skin conditions, mismatched body parts, saggy skin, and so forth. But now, after their tour, they were back.

And Jennifer was throwing a park party to celebrate that I was pregnant, all thanks to *her* efforts, not that Ben knew it. She had received the good news while away, but my ex clearly wanted to see the fruits of her labour and my misdeeds in person. Which was why I was wearing a cute eggplant purple dress that worked wonders with my skin tone. It had the classic cleavage dip - what article of clothing did I even own that didn't have that? - and was cut nicely short to show off my legs. It pulled tight against my big bustline and even more so against my pregnant belly, which I kept trying not to cradle, only to do so anyway. I'd even done my hair up to look fresh: I couldn't deny that I did indeed have 'the glow', not that I actually wanted it.

"Oh my God, Celine, you look utterly gorgeous!"

"Th-thanks," I said sweetly. "You look good too, Jen. Better than good."

She beamed, gesturing to herself. 'Good' was an understatement. She'd managed to apply some of her treatment to herself, and now she was far more towards the kind of woman I'd always wanted her to be. She had impressive double-D breasts, though they were mere pimples to mine, and a much more hourglass figure. Her red hair was longer, and her freckles cuter, and she was even a little taller. Her boyfriend, Todd, was at the barbecue preparing the meat, and it made me wish I'd stuck it out with her. She was a knockout now.

"You're too kind, Celine. I guess we've both changed so much. Doesn't she just look amazing, little brother?"

Ben chuckled. He held me lovingly, cradling my belly. Jen could see me blush, as could Eliza, Juliet, and Gabriella

"She's perfect. I still can't thank you enough for getting us together, Jen."

"Oh, that was all *her* doing, trust me."

Some of the girls giggled.

"I helped a little with *zis!*" Juliet said.

"Me too!" Eliza added, patting her big bust, where her son - *my* son, really - was feeding from. "Baby will be pleased, trust me!"

"And I think she'll be thanking me when it comes to birthing," Gabriella finished, running her hands over her wide hips.

Ben continued to hold me, so I couldn't see his obviously confused expression. Instead he rubbed my belly, making me feel all soft and protected.

“You ladies and your in-jokes. I’ll go see how Todd and Miguel are doing at the barbecue. You take care, honey.”

He placed his hands on my hips, turning me to face him. My big tits pressed against his firm chest as I stood on my toes to kiss him. God, I even raised one foot in a dainty feminine manner as he kissed me. I could have fucked him right there with this stupid horny preggo body.

“Calm down, you two!” Gabriella called. “We want to talk to our favourite *mamacita* before you both run off to a room again.”

I blushed crimson. God, I hated Gabriella. She’d been the first to fuck me over, and she *looooooved* reminding me of it. Ben kissed me again, stroked my belly one last time, and walked over to his male friends. It left me smiling like I had goddamn butterflies in my stomach.

Jen drew closer. “Well, now that my little brother is out of the conversation, how are you feeling, *Chase*? Still enjoying the life of a perfect housewife?”

I folded my arms, accidentally emphasising my huge chest. “You know *zat zis* is not the case. I still want to be a fucking man again.”

“Oh, boo hoo,” Eliza said. “I didn’t want to be a single mother, either.”

“You have a man now!” I exclaimed. “He has your baby right now.”

I gestured to the admittedly handsome Mediterranean man cradling the little boy who shared half of Chase Argyle’s DNA.

“*Our* baby,” Eliza corrected. “But no one would believe that now, honey. Of course, you’re about to know just how not-fun labor can be.”

I rolled my eyes. “God, I don’t want to give birth.”

Gabriella chuckled. “At least you have my hips.”

“Thanks for *zat*,” I said dryly. “Look, can I at least have a seat while you mock me? I’m four months pregnant here, and *ze* baby is kicking.”

Far from warding my tormentors off, instead it only made them pile around me as Juliet fetched a seat.

“Now you’ve set them off,” she said in her same accent as I lowered myself down. She wasn’t lying: Jen, Eliza, and Gabriella all had their paws on my belly, feeling for kicks. I was helpless to it too: my natural state of submission made it impossible to go against Jen, so all I could do was take their hands and plant them on the left side of my belly.

“Here,” I said, sighing. “*Zis* has been going on for half an hour now.”

“They’ll get harder, those kicks,” Eliza chuckled.

“Great. Just great.”

Another stirring inside my womb, this one larger than the others. I groaned, trying to look exasperated. My boobs still stuck out more than my belly, but the latter wasn’t far from

overtaking them. Ben was hoping I'd look real big and fertile, he had a total breeder kink. Still, those little kicks somehow meant *everything* to me. I'd never, *ever* admit it to Jen, at least as much as the male me could resist, but I just lit up when I felt the baby squirm about inside me. I was carrying a little boy, and Ben couldn't be prouder. At times, it even made *me* proud. God knows it was the only chance I'd have of making anything male from now on.

"Well, it's so good to see my brother so happy, Celine," Jen said. "You have no idea how happy you've made him."

"I have a pretty good idea," I replied, gesturing to my pregnant belly. It felt big already. What would it feel like at nine months along? Hell, what would giving birth feel like? Fucking hell, I imagined.

"Oh, of course," Jen said, looking satisfied. "After all, you've been a woman for about a year now. I bet you're very much used to it all. Ben tells me you're a wonderful cook."

"Is that so?" Gabriella said. "You never cooked for me when we were dating."

"You said you couldn't cook at all!" Eliza exclaimed.

"Well, Celine has changed," Juliet remarked. "And I still love your accent. Good to have another friend from the home country . . . sort of."

I just sat there and took it. There wasn't much else I could do. I was too meek to talk back much, and their various reminders about all the body parts I'd taken from them, and mental alterations they'd done to me, were a constant reminder of how my misdeeds had backfired epically. Even Ben's baby seemed to agree: it was small, but a little *thunk* against my spine was no joke.

"Okay, okay, enough girls," Juliet said. "I think *zat* it is time that we let the two former lovers talk, yes? Let's go grab a bite to eat. Don't worry, Celine, we will save you some. After all, you're eating for *two* now."

"Don't remind me," I said, rubbing my stomach. Damn it! I was trying not to do that all the time, it made me look - and feel - way too maternal. Still, Gabriella and Eliza and Juliet made their way from the table, though Eliza did shoot me one last smug glance. She raised her tits and let them bounce in her tight top.

*'Nice big titties!'* she mouthed, emphasising her chest. *'I bet Ben likes 'em!'*

I could only nod submissively. God, he did. No one had any idea how strange it was to go from a guy with nothing but hard muscle on his chest to these heavy sandbags, or to suddenly have another guy sucking and licking your sensitive nipples until you cried out in pleasure. Even after a year, the notion that I had breasts - big, head-sized ones - that Ben couldn't stop groping was just crazy to believe.

Jen seemed to sense that lack of belief, because her expression actually *softened* a little as the others walked away. We were just at an ordinary picnic table, but my round ass was enough for a cushion. Still, her look made me uneasy.

“Wh-why am I here?” I stuttered.

“I wanted to invite you,” she said.

“To humiliate me. To see me fat and pregnant with your brother’s baby.”

“Yes, true,” she mused. “And also so you can see me in my new looks. What do you think?”

She really was cute. Of course, thanks to her, and my own damned stupidity, I wasn’t attracted to women anymore. I was almost jealous of her double-Ds. They were full and ripe on her chest, looking great in her summer dress, but they weren’t my colossal HH-cups. That is to say, she could definitely cover them up if she wanted. I didn’t have that luxury. It was the first thing most people noticed about me, unless they were behind me. Then it was my ass.

“You look great, Jen,” I said, actually honest. “Really beautiful. I mean it.”

“You really do, don’t you?” she said. “That’s nice to hear. Maybe being a woman for a year, living as the kind of lady you always dreamed of, has even humbled you?”

“It has,” I admitted. I rubbed my stomach. Ah, what was the point of ignoring it by this point? It felt too natural to caress my swollen middle. God knows it’d be getting a whole lot bigger. “I feel like an idiot, all the time. I had *zis* notion that I could be having sex with *ze* most beautiful women, and now your brother fucks me every day, even now that I’m knocked up.”

She chuckled. “For some women, that’d be a dream come true. He’s quite a catch.”

“He is very handsome. I hate how much his body turns *zis* one on.”

Another chuckle. “Well, that’s not going away anytime soon.”

“It’s still permanent?”

“Oh yeah.”

I sagged a little, causing my boobs to wobble. They were always doing that. “I had hoped *zere* might be something . . .”

“No chance, Celine. I’m sorry.”

“You’re not.”

“You’re right, I’m not. But I’m not angry with you either, not anymore. You’re right, I did invite you here so I could show off how I look. I’m pretty happy with the results, and I won’t lie Celine, I’m very glad *you’re* not Chase anymore, or else you’d be undeservedly enjoying them instead of Todd over there.”

She waved to Todd, who waved back. God, I bet he was packing too, by the looks of him. It made me want Ben to come over just so I could feel better about my man. But then I always got stupid catty thoughts like that when I was angry these days.

“I know, I suck. And now I’m *zis* big-boobed, curvy latina who jumps your brother’s bones all *ze* time.”

She beamed. "I can't take all the credit, as you well know, you have the lion's share of it. And yes, I did want to see you in person, all pregnant. I imagine you're going to have quite a fruitful life. My brother is throwing around potential baby numbers in the double digits."

I groaned.

"And you're likely to meet them, given how you two obviously go at it, and how fertile your own mind made your body."

"Ughhh, don't remind me. Just one baby is too many. Especially since Ben really likes the idea of me having a 'natural' birth with no fucking painkillers. God . . ."

She gave a sympathetic expression. "Yeah, well, you kind of deserve that too. But as I was saying, I was expecting to just laugh and tease you, and keep humiliating you. And it was fun. I mean, seriously Celine, those knockers are the size of my brother's head. If I know my brother, you'll have to fight him just so the baby can get access."

I rolled my eyes. It was true. It was also unbelievably erotic when he suckled at my nipples. "Yeah, he likes them. A lot."

"And there's everything else, which is fun for me. A nice payback. But . . . you're also carrying my brother's little boy. My nephew. And I can't wait to meet the little tyke. And now that I have Todd, I think I've healed a little too. I don't think you're some amazing person suddenly - as far as I'm concerned you absolutely deserve to be stuck as a sexy housewife and stay-at-home MILF for the rest of your life - but I don't *hate* you anymore. In fact, you're my sister now, really."

I'd never really thought of it that way, but it was true. She was my sister-in-law, crazy as that fact was.

"You forgive me?" I said, tears welling in my eyes. Goddamned pregnancy hormones.

She shifted to the seat beside me, and extended it to rub my belly softly. It was surprisingly calming.

"I think I do. Doesn't mean I've forgotten, but you'll be living your punishment, so why waste it on hate? I can't do righteous anger like Juliet, and certainly not like Gabriella. I don't think Eliza will come around to you for a while, maybe ever, but she'll be happy to know you'll be popping out babies, at least. But me? I think I'm ready to start treating you as my sister, and help you out a little. Maybe even throw you a baby shower."

"That's still pretty feminine."

She smirked. "Well, you *are* feminine now. I didn't say I wouldn't tease *at all*. But I want to get along with my brother's wife, since he's so dear to me, and I want to get along with all the many nephews and nieces you'll be giving me."

Fuck, the thought of it turned this ridiculous body on too much.

“So, what do you say?” she asked. “Want to try and start new? Not as boyfriend and girlfriend, but as sisters?”

I sighed. It really was an olive branch. It wasn't an end to the humiliation, not by a long shot. It wouldn't save me from spreading my legs and crying out in my womanly voice as I pushed a baby out of my cooch. It wouldn't get me my dick back, or stop me from *taking* Ben's dick in my wet pussy. It wouldn't make me not submissive, or able to avoid wearing cute maternity outfits, or give me smaller boobs, or hips that swayed less. No, I'd have all of that and more for life, and there was nothing that would stop me from giving birth to all the little babies Ben wanted from his sexy Latina wife.

But it would be something. A new start.

“Deal,” I said. I shook her hand. “I'll try to be Celine, then. God knows I don't have much of a choice. Maybe you can help me a little with *zat*.”

“I'd love to,” she said. For once her expression wasn't one of amusement at my fate, but rather something more encouraging. She really did want me to resign myself to being Celine. To accept it. Whether I would succeed would be another matter, but it didn't hurt to try. After all, my perfect body wouldn't give me a choice anyway.

“But we can resume this conversation another time,” Jen said. “My brother is coming this way. He looks happy to see you.”

I turned. Sure enough, my attractive husband was heading this way. My nipples stiffened a little as he approached, and as if sensing him, his baby kicked in my womb. As always, I couldn't help but feel a surge of affection and lust for the man who had made me his wife, no matter how much my male self tried to fight it down.

Maybe it was time to stop fighting it.

“Jen! How have you been, sis?”

“Just fantastic, little brother. I've been telling your gorgeous wife how excited I am to meet my nephew when he arrives.”

“The first of many,” he said, smiling as he rubbed my belly. “Isn't that right, honey?”

There were so many things Chase Argyle would have said. But even if I could have said them, I wouldn't now. Maybe Jen was right. Goddamnit, maybe I just had to accept that I was going to be stuck being this man's sexy housewife and mother to his children for life. Maybe I'd just have to make my mind fit this so-called 'perfect body' and just deal with the shit luck life had handed me. That I had handed myself.

“So very right, my love,” I said sweetly, accepting his kiss.

He caressed my belly lovingly, and just for a moment, I felt a little of that love too. Humiliation, yes, but love too. He whispered in my ear.

“There's a wonderful hidden grove with soft grass further along the river bank. We could go there and . . .”

I smirked. I whispered back. “And fuck my brains out? Good, my tits are *aching* for you, Ben.”

He took my hand, excusing me from Jen. She gave an understanding wink: she knew exactly what was happening. But I no longer cared, at least for the moment. I was Ben’s submissive wife, and my body needed him. I was craving the sensation of his dick plunging into my tight, wet pussy. I *needed* to play the part of his horny, pregnant wife. I could already picture what tonight would hold for me: I would cook him a nice casserole just like he enjoyed, all while wearing a cute dress that revealed my curves and a ‘Kiss the Cook’ apron for good measure. And he would untie that apron and hurl it aside. Reach past me to turn off the oven for a moment. Kiss me on my tender neck the way this body just *loved*. And then my Ben would lift up my dress, lower my thong, and slide himself deep inside me, and bang me *hard* against the kitchen top, feeling my swollen stomach and huge milkers until I cried out in ecstasy as he came inside me. I was his wife, after all.

And maybe, just maybe, I could learn to enjoy that.

I had the perfect body for it, right?

**The End**