

Subject: Bimbofied Bully

By FoxFaceStories

A Commission for Jack Mackenzie

Doug is a med student annoyed that his high school bully Colby is attending the same class as him. Using female hormones and some other chemicals, he creates some tablets to slip to Colby to embarrass him. Instead, the med student begins reporting much more extreme changes, as Colby finds himself rapidly becoming a busty blonde bombshell whose lust is getting the better of her judgement.

Subject: Bimbofied Bully

Experiment & Design Methodology

Full Experiment Title: Hormonal Readjustment of Male Individual Under Conditions of Deception with Aim to Induce Feminisation

Simplified Title: Project Bimbofied Bully

Experimenter: **Doug Charles**

Aim: To use secret hormonal supplements and pills dosed into the food of one **Colby Langer** to flood his body with experimental oestrogen bonding chemicals and related mutagens, with the hope of humiliating him by making his body weak and hopefully somewhat feminine.

Hypothesis: Success is impossible to determine due to the experimental nature of what I am attempting, but it is likely that Colby will have reduced strength, difficulty forming erections, increased nipple size and potential subtle breast growth, and more feminine features, including lack of facial hair.

Ethical Concerns: Many. Due to the illegal nature of the experiment, the use of deception, the injurious nature to his body, and the lack of consent, this experiment is highly unethical. However, I have deemed it necessary to proceed, due to the intense bullying he has inflicted upon the experimenter (me) during high school years, and his continual bullying due to his jockish nature.

Methodology & Timeline: Colby always mocks me for having to work as a cafeteria functionary for the college to make ends meet. As such, when he makes me serve him the food he always demands - almost always his curried egg sandwiches - I shall place the crushed tablet powder among the curry powder. This process shall be repeated over the span of a month.

From there, I shall discreetly observe him in coming days and weeks, to see if changes are occurring, and record them professionally. Well, okay, I'll probably offer some personal commentary.

Side Experimentation: while performing this experiment, maybe I can work up the courage to ask Brie out? She's cute. I like her glasses. I like the way she sticks up her hand at every question. Colby makes fun of me, calling her flat as a board and mocking her frizzy ginger hair. I like that too though. She's a nerd, like me. Well, I'm getting off track and less professional. Suffice to say, these 'experiments' will run simultaneously. First dose shall begin tomorrow during lunch, if all goes well.

Colby chuckled with his mates as he swaggered into the cafeteria. Sports science was a fucking breeze, and all of them knew it. Pretty high paying too, and the perfect course for an athlete like him. Of course, it only helped his soccer career too, something he knew even his friends were a little jealous of, given what a star he was on the field, and how he always was the one to score the crucial goals.

"Check out some of the hotties," he said to Brennan, his dark-haired best friend. He pointed at a table containing some of the popular girls on campus, and gave them a grin. Several grinned back. "Look at that Hayley Waters. I'd love to fuck her right in the tits."

"Yeah," Brennan said, looking at her cleavage in her top as they passed. "Nice set of Double-D Degrees right there."

Jared chuckled behind them, giggling like the idiot he was. He was the follower of the group, and no one, even him, had any notion that he had much of a brain upstairs. But he was one of the boys, and his drunken antics were legendary, and he was good back up in a fight or on the field.

"Hey, check it Colby, Brennan, look who's serving again?"

Colby smirked at the sight of Doug Charles. He was a scrawny kid, the one he'd bullied all throughout high school, though perhaps he didn't think of it that way. More like he was 'toughening' the kid up. Beating the softness out of him. Not that it had worked.

"We should go a bit easier on him," advised Gary. He was the most moderate of the group, and nearly as big as Colby. A loyal friend, and an occasional bully himself, he didn't tend to go overboard like Colby did, or even Jared on occasion.

"Well, you stick back and find us some seats then, Gaz. I'll just go up and sigh hi to my old friend."

Gary shrugged, not really planting a flag on this particular hill. "Well, more female company for me while you go play then."

Jared slapped him on the shoulder, chuckling. Brennan joined Colby's side. The three of them, leaving Gary behind, visited Doug at the counter.

"What's up, rake?" Colby asked.

The other man cringed. He looked ridiculous - short and overly thin, and far too pale. A nervous figure that just made you want to crush him into the dust just to teach him a lesson. Particularly since he still reacted so emotionally to that simple, easy insult.

"Did you hear me, rake?"

"I did, Colby. You know my name is Doug."

Colby looked to his mates, who had a chuckle. He knew he got the most enjoyment out of situations like this, but Jared was pretty keen on it too.

"Well, *rake*, why don't you go fetch me a curried egg sandwich, like the little bitch you are?"

He was saying this in full view of that scrawny nerd chick he knew Doug liked. She was at a nearby table, staring daggers but otherwise saying nothing. That was, until Doug returned with a sandwich, and Colby just smirked, taking it.

"I already paid," he said.

"You didn't, you -"

"I said I already paid, *rake*."

The scrawny chick piped up. "Just pay him the money and stop being an asshole! We're in college, not fucking high school."

He looked at her, and she withered a little beneath his gaze. "Pipe down, *Miss Rake*. That is, if you are even a 'Miss.' With such a flat ass and flat chest, you look like a boy."

"Leave her alone," Doug said, but he closed the register and put away the card payment system. With a grin, Colby just looked down at him.

"Make me, *rake*. You two lovebirds have a good day now. See if the two of you virgins can figure out what sex is in the next ten years."

Jared giggled like a moron as they went back to their table, and Brennan was right alongside Colby, amused as well. Gary, on the other hand, was chatting up one of the girls. Montana, maybe. He was disinterested in punishing the scrawny victim, but was happy to have them back. Hayley was with them, throwing looks to Brennan and Colby. As ladies men, there was sometimes friendly rivalry between Colby and Brennan over the girls, particularly since Colby had fucked Bee Mitchells before Brennan had a chance to ask her out. That remained a sore spot for the other, who had been trying to woo her while she was 'off limits' to everyone else.

"Done with your little games?" Gary said, a little snidely.

"Chill, dude. Just having a little fun, right fellas?"

Jared nodded. "Absolutely!"

Brennan shrugged. "Passes the time." He sat on one side of Hayley, while Colby sat on the other, both intent on trying to garner her interest.

"What did you do to him?" Hayley asked with a bit of amusement.

Colby raised the sandwich to his mouth and began to eat. "Just words. Sometimes you've just got to teach a kid a lesson," he said, despite being the same age as Doug. "Damn. This sandwich is delicious today."

Experiment Observations: 1 Week of Testing

Methodology Notes: I have successfully dosed Colby's food for a full week now, with only one day without a dose due to a sports absence on his part. Subject Colby continues to display rabid aggression and male ego befitting a so-called 'alpha male', and his bullying has not abated towards me. Group dynamics between his social group has not noticeably changed: Gary does not participate in bullying of experimenter (me), and Jared is the next-most eager bully, though he always follows Colby's lead as his 'alpha.' Brennan will require more study: he seems to carry no personal joy or animosity, but simply drifts with the group sentiment. Like Gary, he is more interested in pursuing girls, but his sports talent means he aligns with Colby's behaviour at times. I sense a potential rivalry between the two as top dogs, and if the experiment functions correctly, perhaps one will become more ascendant. This is just a development of my original hypothesis, however.

Observed Changes: Subject has begun scratching his nipples, occasionally massaging breast tissue while showing signs of discomfort. Complaints of strange feelings as well, and is visibly flushed in the face quite often. Facial hair has slightly thinned, and voice is cracking occasionally: snapped at Brennan for chuckling about it in front of Hayley Waters. No other major changes yet, but the chemical formula appears to be making some changes.

Personal Notes: I can't stop thinking about how Brie defended me at the cafeteria. Is she into me? I don't know.

Something weird was happening to Colby. He'd faltered a number of times during soccer practice, and far worse, he'd failed to get it up when he'd taken Hayley out on a date. Brennan was being a bit pushy lately, trying to be the natural leader of the group, and even needling at the position of captain, so Colby decided to take Hayley out for a really fucking

good time to teach him a lesson. Not a mean one - he was his best mate after all - but one that reminded him who was the head of their group of boys.

Except it had all gone so humiliatingly wrong. Hayley was a real queen bee, the type who would have been a damned sexy cheerleader if her tits weren't big Double-D's that made it too much effort. Instead, she focused on fashion, looking hot, and being the one that all the guys pursued but only the best got. Well, *he* was meant to be the best. Except for some reason, something happened when they got together at hers that had never happened before. He'd gone limp. Limp as a fucking sock. She was hot as hell, in her lingerie, already taking out a condom for him to use. "Wet and ready," by her own admission.

And still nothing.

No, worse than nothing. She'd actually *laughed*.

"I thought you were big!" she'd said.

He had gone red as a fresh tomato, and his belly churned. He tried to leave the room, maybe masturbate or something. Show her just how big he really was. But his embarrassment was too shameful, and that giggle from her had cut the wind from him. He left, and just a few days later, the gossip was spreading about 'little limp Colby.'

"Don't worry about it, dude," Gary said.

"Yeah, it's all bullshit," Brennan said.

Colby grinned, masking his embarrassment. "Yeah, she's just embarrassed because she actually sucked my cock and swallowed. Moaned like a total whore. No, I'm serious guys, she came just from giving me a blowjob. She's a total slut despite being all pompous."

It was a counter-campaign, and it worked. People, Colby knew, were always more eager to shame a slut than a failed stud. Still, some damage was done, and it was made worse by him feeling sick or something. Even stupid Jared noticed.

"Hey Colby, you look thinner lately. Seriously, Brennan's looking a little more ripped than you!"

He punched him, lightly, but enough to let Jared know that some lines weren't crossed. Everyone knew he was the top dog in their group, and Brennan was his second. Even Gary knew that, though he hadn't said anything. Just looked at Colby curiously, particularly when Colby couldn't help but scratch and rub his chest. His nipples were achingly sore, and it was increasingly driving him up the wall. He couldn't explain it, but he must have been having an allergic reaction, because they were most certainly bigger. They almost looked kinda ladylike; bigger and pointed, like little berries. And his entire chest region was sore and in need of massaging, something which he continued to do constantly. It seriously felt like the muscles were raised there. Bruised. Expanded slightly, though they almost jiggled a little. Just a little.

"It's probably nothing," he said to himself after describing his symptoms to his friends. They just shrugged, though he noticed Gary was frowning at his face.

"What is it?"

Gary shrugged. "Probably nothing."

"Then it won't hurt to say."

"I was just thinking your face looks kinda soft. A bit weird, that."

"Just a cold, like I said," Colby replied, moving over to the cafeteria counter, where Doug was waiting. To his surprise, the scrawny man looked more confident than usual, even smug. "What's up, *rake*? You look happy. Did you finally get to second base with someone? Or first?"

Doug just smirked. "Your usual, Colby?"

He snatched the curried egg sandwich from the small man's hand. "Whatever. You're lucky I've got bigger problems right now. Are you still chasing that little frizzy haired freak?"

"Her name is Brie. You know that."

Colby grinned. "Yeah, well best make a move soon, dipshit. I'm thinking maybe Brie needs a good loving from a real man, just to show you not to give that smug fucking smirk around me."

He walked back to his group, Jared laughing like the idiot monkey he was, and Brennan leading the discussion about sport. It could have been his imagination, but he seemed shorter than he usually was, compared to his friend.

He took a bite of his sandwich, and rubbed his chest.

Experiment Observations: 2 Weeks of Testing

Methodology Notes: After the seeming success of the dosings, I have chosen to double the subject's intake, in order to induce further feminisation. Colby seems mildly addicted to the substance now, an unexpected but welcome development: he has visited numerous times to get the curried egg sandwich, and because I am the only one providing the powdered chemical hormones within, he has started to claim that I am the only one who "does them right." This has unfortunately meant more contact and bullying from Colby, but it affords an opportunity to cause further change for the experiment.

Observed Changes: Colby is undeniably feminising now. His facial hair is nonexistent, a fact that he hides by claiming he has decided to go clean-shaven. His skin is quite smooth, and his lips appear to have enlarged slightly, becoming more classically feminine in shape. Moreover, to my surprise, his hair appears to be light in colour, and longer as well, a development that was unexpected. His shoulders have slimmed slightly, and

though I cannot yet confirm it, his buttocks and hips seem to have more fatty tissue on them. The fact that he has begun wearing more form-covering clothing makes this difficult to confirm, however. What is clearly obvious is that his facial features and body are most certainly affected by the hormone and mutagens: his shoulders are smaller, his height reduced. As a personal note, these effects are wildly beyond my belief! He appears quite confused and distraught by these changes. Good.

Personal Notes: I have decided to try to get to know Brie a little better. I asked if I could sit near her in several lectures, and we struck up a friendship. After all, if I'm bold enough to dose my bully and feminise him, I can try to make a stab at asking someone out, right? I'm quite smitten with her. I hope she feels the same way as me.

It was fucking impossible. It didn't make any sense. And yet it was no longer deniable: Colby had tits. Actual tits. Boobs. Breasts. Jiggle bits. An ample chest. Melons. Jugs. A rack. Cantaloupes. Whatever you wanted to call them. He'd tried to ignore the way his chest had ripened, even as the muscle had seemingly wasted away, and his pectorals swelled and became fatty. But now it was undeniably. He had small, but obvious titties. They bounced a little. They bobbed. They jiggled, and so on. Moreover, they were strangely sensitive.

And if that was all, it would have been bad enough, but the truth was, somehow all of him was changing. He was becoming more feminine in appearance: his jawline was softer, all his facial and body hair was gone, and his waist had thinned. His muscles were going, and somehow he'd even become nearly three whole inches shorter! His buttocks seemed weirdly expanded, almost bounced as well, and his hips were sore as they widened. And that was to say nothing of his eyes growing lighter, and his hair too. The latter was longer as well, creeping past his ears even though he'd always kept it short.

"I look like a fucking freak!" he exclaimed to his mirror, and his voice cracked, sounding like he was suffering a pubescent ball squeak or something. "Goddamnit!"

He put his hand on his hip and cocked it to one side, only to realise what he was doing. The pose was undeniably quite a feminine one.

"Shit, what's wrong with me!"

He was starting to look like some bitch, and it was humiliating. He needed to see a doctor about it, get tested. He certainly couldn't go to campus. And yet . . .

And yet the desire to eat more of those lovely curried egg sandwiches returned, like a strange addiction. It was a need, unlike what he had felt before, and even the mere consideration of holding off and going to get treated instead was all . . . wrong. Somehow, getting his weird body changes looked at was an impossibility to even consider.

“What’s - what’s wrong with me!?” he cried, gazing into the bedroom mirror. “I need to get sorted! This shit is medical, but . . . but I just fucking *can’t!*”

He fell back onto the bed, his new tits jiggling a little, just lightly. They were no bigger than mere A-cups at best, but still he felt a need to massage their soreness. It was like he was *willing* them to grow larger, even though he didn’t want that.

“They better not be seen by anybody,” he groaned. He managed to pull his hands around, rest them on his hips again before he realised what he was doing. “I’m getting, like, one sandwich, then getting this shit locked down.”

His mates looked at him oddly, as they had for several days. Jared kept bursting out into those annoying giggles, and Gary just looked plain weirded out. Brennan regarded him oddly.

“Dude, you’ve got to be sick. Seriously, you look weird. And your nipples are pushing right through your shirt.”

Colby went red. “I’m wearing a hoodie, Brennan.”

“Uh, no dude, you aren’t.”

The alpha male of the group looked down, and realised to his horror that he was in fact not wearing a hoodie anymore. He remembered putting it on! But then it came to him: automatically, and without thinking, he’d taken it off. It was the same reason he’d taken his trousers off and replaced them with shorts that revealed his thicker thighs and hairless legs. A pair of legs that Brennan was staring at in shock.

“Dude, what the fuck is going on with you? You look like a transvestite or something!”

“I don’t know!” Colby said. “It’s just, like, an illness or something.”

“Your voice is cracking,” the calm Gary noted.

“Yeah, it sounds weird, ha!”

“Shut the fuck up Jared,” he spat, and the giggler did exactly as he was told. At least he should have. To Colby’s surprise, the other man looked over him a second time, then burst out in a stupid laugh again.

“What? What’s so fucking funny?”

“Sorry, I can’t help myself! It’s just - why are you pulling up your shirt man?”

Colby gritted his teeth. A cold sweat broke out at the epiphany that he’d been lifting his shirt as if to unveil his flat, feminine midriff. He was hit instantly with a desire to do it again. To show off. To let others look upon his changing body, especially the men.

“F-fuck this!” he said. “And fuck you! I’m just sick, and docs say I’ll be over it soon. I’m getting my damn sandwich. No, fuck that. I’m getting two or three.”

“That’s one hell of a sickness!” Brennan called, and Gary seemed to concur, curious. Colby ignored them, and swiped the food from the pathetic little rake that manned the counter. He smirked, not even pretending to pay, but the boy just shrugged, his eyes flicking over to his gawky female friend nearby.

“When you want a real man, come see me,” Colby said to Brie, before stomping off.

“Yeah, you don’t look much like one,” she sniped.

He didn’t even have the desire to confront her. There was a strange . . . meekness, that he couldn’t explain. He made his way back to his friends, strangely feeling a need for their gaze upon him. He let his hips sway just a little, for reasons that were unexplainable.

Experiment Observations: 2 weeks, 5 days of Testing.

Methodology Notes: Subject has ramped up his intake, and is now readily consuming over six sandwiches laced with the experimental hormone mix per day. As the experimenter, I am personally astounded at the level of addiction I am seeing, as well as the acceleration of changes. His bullying continues, but seems more of a coping mechanism, one to maintain some level of ordinary as he is confused by his changes. There is little actual offence I can take to his jibes.

Observation Notes: Here is the good stuff, if I may say so in my object role. In just five days I have seen more progress than in two weeks. The entire campus cannot stop talking about it, and it is a subject of endless fascination for Brie, who never liked Colby or his friends for their comments about her body. Simply put, I note the following changes, most or even all of which appear to be ongoing:

- Colby has most certainly developed breasts, ones that must be C-cups in size, perhaps. He appears incredibly embarrassed of them, and yet - unexpectedly - is for some reason compelled to show them off in tight shirts.
- His midriff is also increasingly notable. He doesn’t appear to have a six-pack of anything at all: just a lithe woman’s stomach.
- His legs and arms are still much too muscular, but are getting more dainty and shapelier. His thighs are thickened.
- His hips are wider, and he undeniably has an hourglass figure now as well. A minor one, but one nonetheless. Even his buttocks is more obviously pronounced, and this is evident from the way he shakes his hips when he walks, and places one foot in front of the other in a quite womanly fashion.

All of these changes are able to be noticed, and even recorded through my phone, thanks to a fascinating side effect that can only be explained as an unexpected mental change. Colby appears to be feeling a strange desire to exhibit his body, an effect he is clearly embarrassed by, and yet feels compelled to follow. Several times I have seen him being teased and mocked by his friends for his odd changes, including his loss of several inches of height, and yet despite attempts to cover up, soon he subconsciously adjusts his clothing to show off his stomach and some of his growing cleavage.

Could he perhaps be becoming a full woman? I don't wish to craft a new hypothesis, but he has certainly been touching his genitals more and more, often without even realising he's doing it. As a more personal side note, do I dare to hope? Certainly, Brennan is looking at him weirdly, almost excitedly. He's the new alpha male of their jock group, but their might be something more to that . . .

Personal Notes: I'm so fucking excited! Brie said yes to a date! We're going out tonight, and I'm really fucking nervous! This whole Colby thing is keeping me calm though: I feel like life is turning around, and his feminisation is part of it!

Colby couldn't help himself. Everything was going wrong. His body was betraying him. He had fucking tits that were *still* growing, and his dick was shrinking at the same time! Now, everyone knew he was growing boobs, and people even reached out and fondled them just to mess with him now that he was smaller and weaker. Brennan and Jared had even joined in occasionally, as if it were equivalent to putting him in a jokey headlock, not that he'd ever let them do that when he was fully a man. But now they sometimes went 'honk honk!' like a pair of idiots and groped his boobies, making him moan loudly, voice cracking up an octave.

"S-so fucking big now," he groaned, salivating as he felt at them. They felt far too good to massage, and he often couldn't stop himself. The same was true of his increasingly juicy ass, and his taut waist and wide, sensual hips. He wanted to fight it, go to a fucking hospital already, but an instinctive part of the man kept urging him not to, and instead massage all the parts of his body that needed further growing and changing.

"F-fucking female! Fucking tits! God, why can't I - ohhhhh!"

His nipples went hard as he rubbed them between his thumb and forefinger. He wished he were back in his bed, but instead he'd just run from a lecture theatre after Brennan had reached out and stroked his thigh. Jared had giggled, and Gary had looked alarmed. But Brennan . . . Brennan had looked *aroused*. And just that look on his face had made Colby himself burn with desire. He'd run to the nearest toilet block and pulled off his top in the stall, so he could feel himself over.

“Wh-why does this f-feel so good?”

It did. It felt too good. In just the span of several days his boobs had nearly tripled in size, and were now equal to the jugs of several girls he'd dated. He'd loved sucking on their titties, making them moan as he groped and squeezed them, but as he closed his eyes, he couldn't even imagine himself in that male position of dominance anymore. Instead, he imagined Brennan situated over him, grinning as he unleashed his monster of a cock from his pants.

“Oh f-fuck!” he cried, and then to his own shock he came. His smaller penis and testes ejaculated what felt like the last reserves of his sperm into his pants, staining them. “Nnggh . . . mhmmm . . . f-fuck me B-Brennan.”

The last part he moaned suggestively, squeezing his C-cup boobs, his voice sounded so feminine that it might as well have been coming from a tomboy, or even an ordinary woman. It made him pause. He bit his lip, still riding out that last wave of bliss, but already deeply embarrassed.

“I'm meant to be an alpha male. *The* alpha male on campus. Now I'm a joke! What the hell is this!?”

One thing was for certain. He needed new clothing. And fast. He couldn't go around in clothing that was stained with his own cum, but he needed to be ready for the cafeteria serving. That damned rake of a kid had his egg sandwiches, and he wanted them. Craved them. Needed them.

He stood, and felt his boobs wobble in a way that was becoming disturbingly familiar. He pursed his increasingly puffy, pouty lips, and even twirled a longer strip of dark blonde hair with his pinky finger.

“Oh Gawd, I think I need, like, a bra now. This is crazy!”

The lace black push up bra was indeed crazy. Crazy, and *magnificent*. He couldn't stop staring at his perfect bust in the mirror. His tits looked a whole cup size bigger. It brought a tear of terror to his eye, and yet he couldn't deny the warm sense of pride in showing off his new rack, as completely wrong as that was.

“You look gorgeous dear,” said the woman who'd help fit him. “The boys will certainly like you!”

“I'm not gay!” he snapped. His motion caused his boobs to jostle enticingly, though not as much so in the pushup anymore.

The woman startled. “Oh, I didn't imply that, my dear! But I'll leave the subject alone. I'm sorry.”

“I just . . . I *have* to look like this,” he said, flicking his hair behind his head in a feminine fashion. “I can’t explain it. I don’t want to. I really don’t want to. But I need to show it off.”

The woman paused, not quite knowing what to say. “Well, suffice to say that a C-cup is a good chest size. You certainly have a bit to show off.”

But Colby was hit with that series of pressures, those aches and pains that signalled further growth. Further changes in his hips and ass and even more in his boobs.

“M-maybe. But as much as I don’t want it. I need them to be, like, totes bigger.”

The woman gasped, shocked as he lifted his hands to massage his breasts, and groaned in a sultry female voice. His hair descended another inch, turning lighter in colour. He hoped Brennan would like it.

The boys looked at him as he approached. He planted one heel in front of the other, letting his widened hips sway a little suggestively, his increasingly peachy ass wobbling just a tetch. His breasts bobbed, a line of cleavage clearly on display in his female top. He’d abandoned men’s clothing altogether, and it was utterly humiliating.

“Holy shit,” Gary said. “What the hell is going on? This is insane, Colby! This is more than just a medical condition!”

But the other two were looking at him like hungry wolves, and their stares made his nipples go hard, and the small remains of his penis tingle. It was revolting, it was disgusting, it was fucking *perverted* how his friends could barely look him in the eye, staring at his new tits instead. But his changing body didn’t care, particularly as his bra made those boobs look all too delectable. It made him flush with renewed heat. He was forced to bite his lip to prevent himself from giving a little cheeky smile.

“D-don’t look at me. I had to buy clothing like this. I just had to! You wouldn’t understand!”

“I understand, all right,” Brennan said, stepping forward. “You’re a freak. You’ve got some wacko condition that’s turning you into a woman. You’ve got tits, Colby. Ripe ones too!”

He reached out and squeezed Colby’s tits, causing the changing man to moan in his new voice. Jared giggled, licked his lips. It only made Colby moan harder and louder.

“P-please let them go! They’re s-so sensitive!”

“I bet they are.”

“They’re s-still growing, dude!”

“Even better.”

“P-please! This is fucked up. I - nnggh - I don't want to be a woman. I c-can't do anything about it. You've got to h-help me.”

“Like you helped yourself to my would-be girlfriends?”

Another grope, another squeeze. But then thankfully Brennan relented. “So you feel the need to wear women's clothing, huh?”

Colby barely managed to get his breath under control. “Y-yeah. It's, like, wrong. Everyone can't stop talking about me, and I know it! I just want to be me again, but I can't even fucking cover up! You have to help me!”

“How?” Gary asked, the most sensible of the group.

But Colby was silent. He didn't even know how. All he could think about was how the kind of 'help' his body needed was a lot more . . . sensual, than anything he was willing to admit just yet. Even standing outside the cafeteria, nestled away, some other students still walked past and could see him. They grinned, joked, and some girls even looked weirdly jealous of his figure. And the lustful stares, like the ones on the features of his friends - even the more quite, moderate Gary - made him feel very, *very* strange again.

He cupped his chest, massaging their soreness right in front of them.

“C-could you maybe touch them a little more? I think . . . I think that might help, maybe?”

It was a bald lie, and one that made him nearly die from shame. But the three boys grinned, especially Brennan and Jared, and soon they were taking turned, teasing Colby as they caressed and squeezed his wonderful titties.

“Mmhm, they're j-just, like, totally sensitive. Oh God! Oh G-God!”

He nearly orgasmed just from their ministrations, but when Brennan took the extra step of shoving his face into Colby's cleavage, the nearly *former* male, pushed back.

“Fuck. Fuck! What the hell are we doing?”

“You asked for it,” Brennan said, looming over him. Colby must have shrunk again.

“But I didn't mean . . .”

“Maybe it's time you accepted you aren't an alpha male anymore, Colby. Maybe our relationships have all changed.”

He withered before them, trembling like a helpless woman, and aroused even by their musks. It took a powerful will to push past them.

“You're fucked in the head! All of you! I'm getting a snack!”

She headed into the cafeteria. She passed Hayley, and part of her desired to have boobs even bigger than the woman who was even now gossipping about her. She bought the egg sandwich from the kid, not even bothering to say anything. And as she wolfed it down, she realised something had changed in her mind.

She was starting to think of herself as female.

She was starting to wish her penis *wasn't there*.

“Oh, Gawd.”

Experiment Observations: 3 Weeks, 3 days of Testing

Research Methodology Notes: Little to report. Dosing continues, and the subject is thoroughly addicted. Bullying has almost stopped completely. In fact, the tables have turned, sociologically speaking. As experimenter, I prepared the following three statements to use to test his responses:

“[Subject Name], you are looking quite . . . different lately. What’s up with that?”

“Dude, no offence, but you make fun of me for ‘looking like a girl’, but now you look way more like one.”

“Holy crap, is that you [Subject Name]? You’ve grown boobs! Are you transitioning?”

Each time, the subject failed to provide a retaliatory response, and in one example did not even call me ‘rake.’ Instead, the subject showed extreme embarrassment, even surprising meekness. When I told the subject that I would have to go out back to get the materials for another sandwich as he had eaten them all, he actually leaned forward, emphasising his chest in a suggestive manner, and winked at me.

“Pretty please, for me?” he said, before seeming to realise what he was doing and blushing brightly. This seems to indicate he is also taking on more womanly behaviours.

Observation Notes: To any outsider, the subject now looks completely like a woman, with almost nothing of the masculine remaining to him, or perhaps now, *her*. In fact, the dosings appear to making the subject increasingly attractive in a traditional manner: a prominent hourglass figure, wide hips, long legs, and large breasts. While it is impossible to know unless subject gives this information freely, this experimenter would hazard a guess that they are at least a Double-D in size, equal to one of his former girlfriends/one night stands. Increasingly, the subject is wearing female clothing, with said clothing revealing more and more of his body. He has yet to wear a skirt or dress, but his tops have shrunk to reveal his prominent cleavage and midriff, and his shapely legs are now shown off. His hair is fully blonde, and goes to his shoulders. Moreover, his face has taken on a traditionally beautiful heart shape, with a button nose, full lips, and eyes that are bright blue.

These changes have not gone unnoticed among his friends. It is obvious that Brennan, his former best friend, is now openly teasing, taunting, and even *flirting* with the changing male. In fact, all three of them seem to be captivated by his/her changes in different ways, but all show signs of male arousal and lust, with some even jockeying for his/her attention, much to the subject’s obvious humiliation. Groping of his/her breasts

continues, and even fondling of the rear, and sometimes when moving to new locations the men vie to be the one to put their arm around the subject's waist and hold themselves close. Subject appears to be a mix of discomfited by this as well as aroused. Submissive behaviour continued to become more prominent. As a side note, as the experimenter I am also experiencing similar arousal to the men: she has become very, *very* hot. And yet she still touches her breasts, as if they are going to keep growing. This experimenter is quite excited to see the 'final product', as it were.

Personal Notes: Brie confessed something to me while we were having our third date. I decided to take her by the hillside on the outskirts of the city where my uncle used to show me how to stargaze. Brie is also an astronomy enthusiast, so I thought it might be fun. And it was. But then she told me something very sad: she said she never thought someone would ask her out due to being 'so plain.' I told her that she was beautiful, but she didn't believe me. She cried a little, and I held her. She said she'd been called 'flat as a rake' just like I was, only it hurt more deeply, and that she was jealous of other girls for being beautiful and curvaceous.

It gave me an idea. But I shouldn't . . . right?

Colby groaned in orgasm as she rubbed the space between her thighs. She had felt it change that very morning as she lay within the sheets, but now it was obvious. It was terrible. It was undeniable.

She had a vagina. A very pleasurable, very *sensitive* vagina.

"Mhmm . . . I c-can't believe it . . . ohhhh . . . f-feels soooo goooood though!"

She shrieked, incapable of thinking of herself as a man even if she wanted to. It was impossible to do so, now that her womanhood was complete, and there was nothing male left of her. The change had been slow, and terrifying all the way for the former alpha male. She'd lost height with increasing rapidity, going from a tall 6'3 to now a little 5'6, pretty much the average height for a woman. It had happened gradually, and yet so absurdly quickly. The very notion that she'd become a buxom blonde woman in just over three weeks made no sense at all, and yet here was all the evidence. She wanted to cry. Wanted to go punch something. Play some sport and vent her frustrations as she was meant to. But instead she simply felt an incredible arousal pushing her to play with her new equipment. And so, not long after waking, she found herself doing exactly that.

"Oh G-God! Fuck, this b-body is crazy! Why do I like it s-so much? These t-tits! This c-clit! NGNHHH!!!"

Her body shook in orgasm, and she quaked for a good number of seconds as a series of orgasms rolled through her. They were powerful, and as much as she tried to hold it in, she eventually gave in to a high pitched squeal of ecstasy, sounding exactly like the hot young woman she was.

It was only afterwards, when she finally stopped groping her big titties and stroking her thighs in the post-coital warmth, that she became utterly ashamed of what she'd done.

"What the fuck is, like, wrong with you, Colby? This is crazy! You're totes meant to be a man! Now you're fucking switching to a new gender on college forms! I'm meant to be an alpha male, not some - some *blonde bimbo bitch!*"

Even her language had changed. She'd not been the brightest guy, but it was hard to avoid slipping into valley girl talk now, and it made her feel even stupider. She couldn't tell if she actually was dumber, but the boys were already treating her as much: Brennan had taken charge of the group, and to her horror she found herself giggling in a feminine manner at his jokes, like a female Jared. Not that there was any confusing them two: Jared couldn't keep his eyes off her tits, and loved to grope her ass. And Gary . . . Gary was kind, and teased gently, and for some fucking reason it only made her even hornier, like she wanted to corrupt him.

She pulled herself up to her mirror, and observed herself.

"Gawd, they're even bigger! They're soooo heavy now! I'll never play soccer again like this!"

She was referring, of course, to her humongous breasts. They had gone from large, proud Double-Ds to something well beyond that now. Her bra was now a HH-cup, which fitted with the fact that each one of them was about the size of her own head, and wobbling plenty to show that off. They were impossible to hide. Worse, she didn't *want* to hide them at all. It was one of the most infuriating parts of her mysterious change: not only had she become some sort of big-boobed, hourglass-figured slut, but she couldn't help but show off how sexy her body had become. As a man, she'd enjoyed showing off her impressive abs to the ladies, but now she was doing the opposite for the boys, and increasingly thinking about how much they drooled at the sight of her big tits, her peachy ass, and her wide, baby-making hips.

"Mhmmmm," she moaned, just thinking about it. She bit her finger lightly, breathed a little deeply, causing her large chest to rise and fall like an empire.

"F-fuck. Fuck this! Oh Gawd, why is this happening? Why am I thinking about their yummy cocks!?"

Brennan and co seemed to recognise something had changed about her as she approached them at their usual meeting spot on campus. He smirked, looking her over as if she were a feast for the eyes. As if she were just an object. She wanted to scream and lash out, but instead her nipples went fully erect, and her new tunnel became wet with arousal just at the thought of being treated like that.

“What are you looking at?” she said, knowing full well the answer was her.

“A big set of titties, is what,” Brandon said, causing Jared to chuckle. “I don’t know what weird medical condition caused you to change, Colby, but you’re the hottest fucking chick on campus now. Who would have thought?”

She blushed as she stepped forward. No matter how hard she tried, she was now unable to avoid walking in a highly sexually suggestive manner. Her wide hips rotated from side to side, shifting in a way that simply oozed sexual appeal. She was wearing a tight set of booty shorts that left nothing to the imagination, not even the possibility that she had a dick still. No, anyone could tell by the slight cameltoe present that she was all woman. Her legs were on full display, shapely and long, and to her own dismay she had begun wearing casual high heels, which made her perfect plush ass stick out even more as she walked.

But the real attraction was her bountifully ample chest. She kept her back straight as she drew closer, letting her tights practically strain against the low cut t-shirt with its midriff cut. Her deep cleavage was there to see, and with every movement the curvature of her breasts shifted. She brushed her long blonde hair out of her face, and smiled sweetly, feeling utterly embarrassed and yet eager to please her friends.

“I can’t help it!” she said in her breathy voice. “It’s like I’ve been fucking cursed or something. I don’t *want* to dress like this, you’ve got to believe me! But I - I have to show off my slutty body! I need people to see my big tits! I need - “

She stopped herself short as the three men surrounded her in a vague circle. Each of them was looking over her body, and it was obvious they were all highly, highly turned on.

“Wh-what are you, like, doing? You’re, like, acting super weird, guys!”

It was Brennan that made the first move. He brushed his fingers across her ass, then pulled her closer to him.

“You know, I was always jealous of you Colby, but you look a lot better like this. I was starting to hate you, but here you are all horny and turned into a busty blonde slut. It couldn’t be more perfect, could it fellas?”

Jared grinned. “Not at all, Brennan! She’s way hotter!”

Gary shrugged a little sheepishly. “You are less of an asshole now, Colby. And besides, you did steal my girlfriend.”

“That was, like, back in highschool!”

“I haven’t forgotten. She had big tits too, though nowhere near your size. Maybe it *is* a curse. And maybe . . . maybe we’re meant to do something about that.”

She looked at each of these big, handsome boys, and realised she was totally outnumbered. More than that, the combined amount of testosterone was making her new slutty body giddy as all sin, especially Brennan. Her best friend was looking so much more powerful, so much more handsome, like a proper sports captain.

Like an alpha male.

Like someone who could *dominate* her.

She whimpered as he spun her around, began to grope her tits. It was even worse when Jared put his hand out and began fondling her ass, and then Gary stroked her thigh in admiration.

“S-stop! P-please s-stop! You’re mmmhmmaking me s-sooo horny! So f-fucking horny! This isn’t - ahhhh - right!”

“It feels right, doesn’t it?” Brennan said.

His voice was so authoritative. So commanding and powerful. She found herself nodding, despite hating every moment of it. No, that wasn’t true. She was loving it, and hating herself for loving it.

“N-nooo! I’m m-meant to be the man! I’m m-meant to be a f-fucking alpha male!”

Brennan kissed her deeply on the lips. She yielded to him, and soon was grasping and caressing him back. She pressed her big round boobs against his strong chest, admiring the intermingling of hardness and softness. It felt too good. She needed to be filled, and there was no way to fight it.

Brennan pulled back. “Why don’t we all show Colby what a real man is like, fellas? Why don’t we show her how much we still consider her a close, close friend?”

The others nodded, and even Gary was persuaded, his steely gaze fixed on her cleavage, a look that made her whimper in anticipation. Images of their hard cocks circled in her brain, and she found herself licking her lips.

“Oh Gawd, I need that so bad. I need all your d-dicks inside me!”

The sex carousel lasted for literal *hours*. The four had walked back to Colby’s campus apartment, teasing and discussing her massive chest, debating who would get to fuck her brains out first. She walked ahead, giving them a show with her ass swaying from side to side, and generally letting her platinum blonde hair flow in the wind. Her heart had beaten anxiously, but she knew she had already lost. There was no telling how or why she had

changed, and there was no fighting it. Her alpha male instinct was still there, but it was continually pressed down by a desperate submissiveness she could not escape.

Brennan had won out, of course. He was the first to take her into the bedroom, practically ripping off her top and tugging her shorts off, until she was only in her suggestive lingerie.

“D-dude! You don’t have to do this! You can help me change back. I can’t stop this, but you, like, can! I’m totes gonna fuck you otherwise!”

Her former friend simply pressed his face into her tits and motorboated her, causing her to giggle and moan in equal part. When he came up for air, he kissed her perfect lips.

“What makes you think I’m going to do anything but fuck you right back, Colby?”

She moaned, and then, feeling like a desperately horny slut, lost all control. She threw herself at him, pulling him back onto the bed and letting him suck at her tits.

“This is s-sooooo wrong, but sooooo f-fucking good! I’m, like, a total slut right now!”

Brennan fondled and groped her, squeezed her ass and generally made her feel like a total woman. The burning heat of embarrassment seared into her, the shame of being fucked by a man, of having huge womanly tits that were being divinely sucked by her manly best friend. But that was nothing compared to what happened next. Brennan tore off his own clothes, and she licked his stomach, felt his muscles. She was not just jealous of what she had lost, but utterly overcome with arousal at their sight. And more than that, she began to spread her legs instinctively, providing him access to her new private parts. His cock was huge, and before she could cry out and beg for him to stop, he plunged his thick penis head into her tunnel, minting it, and ending her female virginity.

“MMHmmm! OOohhh! F-fuck! Oh Gawd! Oh Gawd oh Gawd oh Gawd! S-so biiig! Yuo’re f-filling me up!”

“Like that, don’t you?” Brennan breathed. He grunted, slid further inside her.

It was wonderful. It was terrible. It was beyond anything she’d imagined. Her transition to womanhood was complete now that she had a big, thick dick inside her. She bucked her hips, allowing him greater entrance, and soon they were fucking completely. He played with her tits, and she pressed them together, and the two continued to pump over and again.

“You’ve got to s-stop! I’m going to c-cum!”

“I’m going to - ahh - cum too! I’m going to cum inside you, Colby. You’re going to love it like the hot naughty girl you are, won’t you?”

“Ohhhhh - no! Yes! YESS!”

He thrust over and over, fucking any sense of masculinity out of her. There was no going back now. She was all woman. All sex. All bimbo. He kissed her again, and the feeling of his chest rubbing against her huge sensitive nipples pushed her over the edge. She cried

out loudly, gasping in orgasm, and then her world exploded. He came inside her, and she was flooded with the warmth of his seed. She tried to stop, bit her lip, but nothing could prevent her from smiling widely at the intense feeling.

A few minutes later, Colby pulled his head off her pillowy tits.

“That was fucking great, sexy. Yeah, you’re way better as a hot slut for us boys. Wouldn’t you say, Colby?”

She lay there, wanting to tell him no. But her body was already feeling a return of arousal. She swallowed, saw that Brennan had dressed a little, and had opened the door. Jared and Gary put their heads through to see her. She adopted a classically sexy pose without even realising she was doing it.

“P-please,” she moaned. “I need more. I, like, need someone to fuck me!”

Jared and Gary looked at each other, daring the other to try to push their claim. But it didn’t matter in the end. She fucked them both separately, moaning like a whore as she did so. In the orgy that followed, she adopted every imaginable position: she let Jared fuck her from behind, mounted Gary in cowgirl style, let Brennan shove his big dick in her mouth, her sucking him off while she rubbed his shaft with her oiled up tits. Her need for cock was insatiable, and no matter how hard she tried to rail against her new desires, she continued to lose again and again, falling to the pleasure of being a submissive bimbo. They shared her, fucked her even from both ends at the same time, and soon they were openly treating her as if she’d always been their shared groupie.

“I think this is gonna be a good deal,” Brennan said, as he came in her again. “I - ahhhh - look forward to fucking you every day, Colby.”

“M-me t-toooo!” she cried.

And it wasn’t a lie. She wanted it more than anything. She wanted to be his bimbo slut, and wear all sorts of slutty things, and let his friends - her friends - fuck her as well.

“Oh Gawd, I want all of that! I’m so fucked!”

And even that statement turned her on.

Experiment Observations: 6 Weeks following beginning of Testing. Experiment Concluded.

Research Methodology: The experiment is over, and I am no longer providing doses of the feminine hormone to the subject. The subject - what the hell, I’ve crossed a lot of ethical lines here, I’ll *her* by her name, *Colby* - appears to have stabilised, and has not had a lasting addiction to the hormone powders. It appears that now that her changes have completed, she has no biological urges to have any more mutagenic hormones absorbed into her body. My hypothesis is that these changes are now permanent, and that she is

producing said hormones herself, stabilising her form as a highly attractive and very shapely woman for good.

Observation Notes: Colby is not just fully female, she's *really* female. I won't lie, even as beautiful and Brie is to me, it's hard not to look at how staggeringly hot the former jock has become. She still occasionally visits the cafeteria, and she's a total smokeshow. Apparently her breasts are HH-cups in size, basically the size of her head each, and she always wears skimpy outfits to show off her figure. She's always with her crew, but it's clear the dynamic has changed between them: she's now their groupie, their slut, their submissive sex partner. I hear all the rumours of what my former bully is up to now, and if true, she's having intercourse in a variety of ways every single day.

She certainly blushes red when she sees me, obviously embarrassed by what she's become, but unable to change her new ways. Certainly, she doesn't call me 'rake' anymore. She's a hot blonde through and through, and becomes easily flustered when people bring up that she's meant to be a star soccer player and all around alpha male. It's delicious revenge, and to see its culmination makes me excited, especially knowing she'll likely be like this for the rest of her life. I've allowed myself this pleasure of having this final entry be a lot less professional, because frankly, it's clear this experiment was a success.

I won, and it's a hilarious vengeance. From bully to bimbo in just four weeks, and now hopelessly addicted to cock. Hell, she even stared at mine, but that's off limits. It's for Brie alone.

Personal Notes: Speaking of Brie, after continual conversation about her figure, and her dissatisfaction with it, I arrived at a decision. I won't ever tell her it's me, but I figure it'll just come across like a particularly late puberty, a result of late chemical reaction in the body or something. Brie doesn't like sandwiches, but she does really love the pasta I make for her, especially lately. You could say she's a little addicted to it, though I don't plan to go extreme on doses like I did with Colby. Still, she's over the moon about her miraculously growing bustline and expanding ass, and even her hips seem wider these days. She's also terrifically horny, and we've both grown a lot more confident in that direction.

By the time I'm finished with my girlfriend, I figure she'll be the only one hot enough to compete with Colby. But not to worry, I'll leave my former bully with the mutagen that reduced his intelligence and made him helplessly submissive out of the equation this time.

After all, I wouldn't want someone to steal her bimbo title from her. That's for her and her alone.

The End