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Bimbo Potion: Revenge by Fidget

### Chapter 3

Amy had a meeting scheduled with her boss after lunch, and she wasn't sure whether she was dreading it or looking forward to it. In the meantime, she noticed how cute all of the guys in her office looked today, and with the attention her increasingly extroverted boobs were enjoying from their glances, she knew it wouldn't be long before her frisky pussy would begin enticing them with a barrage of new, powerful pheromones.

Her meeting with Phil arrived just in time to escape her admirers, who immediately focused their attentions entirely on the voluptuous Val.

As Amy bounced into Phil's office she knew she should be worried, especially with how their meetings had gone the day before, but she was so happy to see him that her concerns quickly faded. After all, I made it out of here just fine yesterday, she thought, smiling brilliantly at him as she sat down.

They began to discuss the week's numbers, but Amy was aware that Phil was more focused on her than he had been the day before. He kept meeting her bright blue eyes with his own dark brown ones, and then holding her gaze with an uncharacteristic intensity. Amy enjoyed being the center of his attention, and slightly exaggerated her lips' natural pout while slowly batting her long eyelashes at him.

Her greedy tits began to complain that they were being ignored on purpose, so Amy pulled her sweater down a bit so they could peek further out. Phil's eyes immediately dropped to them, and he appreciated the way they swelled invitingly against the thick wool of her sweater for a minute before returning his attention to the topic at hand.

This wasn't enough for Amy's tits, of course, so they arched her back to try to draw his gaze back to her chest, but through herculean effort Phil kept his eyes on hers. Desperate for his attention, her reprogrammed breasts inundated Amy with promises of pleasure if she would just lift up her sweater and show them off properly, and Amy found her hands slowly reaching for the hem. As she fought the temptation to give in and flash her tits at her boss, her sneaky pussy, which hadn't fully calmed down from the attention she had received back at her desk, took advantage of her distraction to fill the air with as many pheromones as possible.

The situation was quickly getting out of her control. She squeezed her legs together and tried to will herself to relax, but her rewired central nervous system was sending electrical signals that her primed pussy couldn't ignore, and those signals catalyzed a series of involuntary chemical

reactions that soon filled the enclosed office with her intoxicating musky sweetness. Amy's bimbofied body was broadcasting her readiness for sexual intercourse whether she wanted it to or not, and her potent pheromones would soon drive the nearest available male into a sexual frenzy.

Phil, the nearest available male, was confused and uncomfortable. Yesterday he had found himself unusually drawn to Amy's cute, petite body, but today her inexplicable curves positively radiated sexuality. The perfume she had been wearing was back with a vengeance, and as he continued to inhale its pleasant musk, he felt his pants tighten as blood flooded into his penis. Unprofessional or not, his body was signaling to him that it was time to have sex, and he became more and more distracted by the twin mounds hinting at the feminine body Amy was hiding under her sweater. The conversation slowed as her pheromones drove him to fantasize about how good it would feel to get to know that body much more intimately.

Amy, meanwhile, was overwhelmed with desire; the pull of attraction she felt toward Phil was so much stronger than it had been yesterday. Trying to force herself to ignore how much she wanted him to fuck her, she instead found herself drawn to his confident authority as she remembered all of the times his advice and direction had effortlessly solved her problems. She needed a way to thank him, to pay him back for his strong, masculine leadership. As she noticed the powerful effect her pheromones were having on him, she came up with the perfect way to show her gratitude, resist the potion's devious attempts to fill her pussy with cock like a slutty bimbo, and still have a little fun all at the same time.

Embracing her burning arousal, she stood up and walked around to his side of the desk, confident that she would be able to resist her urge to luxuriously slide his dick into her wet pussy. Bending over next to him, she pointed at some figures, her face only inches from his. He reached an arm around underneath her body to point at that column's total, but his forearm bumped into one of her breasts, hanging low and heavy from her chest. Her pussy gushed with pheromone-laden lubrication at this contact, but, knowing what she had planned, reluctantly accepted that it wouldn't be seeing any action this time.

Phil froze for a second after touching his employee so inappropriately, but then Amy began to slowly swing her dangling teat back and forth across his forearm, sending tingles up and down his spine. He didn't react or resist, and just sat there enjoying the sensation as his dick grew even harder and his pheromone-addled brain began to demand sexual release.

This sensual contact, combined with the potent effect of Amy's heady scent, finally triggered something deep within the usually levelheaded Phil, who suddenly stood up, grabbed her shoulders, and forcefully backed her against the wall. Her seductive lips parted in anticipation as he greedily kissed her, and his hand slipped underneath her sweater to inspect her body's irresistible curves. She moaned as his hand explored higher up her narrow waist, until eventually he touched the swell of her breast, which he began to roughly grope and caress. Her nipples hardened at the attention, satisfied that they had finally accomplished their goal: luring a man into Amy's bimbofied embrace. As his tongue explored her mouth and his crotch ground against her pheromone-smeared groin, Amy knew that he was ready for his reward.

She sank to her knees, massaging his member through his trousers with her left hand as she undid his belt and unzipped him with her right. Pulling out his small cock, she began to gently stroke it as she leaned forward and softly licked the tip. It jerked reflexively, making her giggle, before she engulfed his sensitive head in her soft, pillowy lips.

Phil groaned as she lubricated his penis with her saliva and began running her soft hand up and down his slick shaft. Her skill and eagerness soon proved too much for Phil, however, and before he knew it he had sunk his hands into Amy's curls, pulled her head down onto his dick, and shot his load into her throat as she tickled his balls with her tongue.

While he recovered, Amy cleaned him off with her mouth and slid his deflated dick back into his pants. She stood back up, leaned in close, and whispered into his ear. "I just wanted to let you know how grateful I am for everything you do here. If you ever need to hear it again, just ask."

Enjoying the feel of her tits against his chest as he came down from his orgasmic high, and full of confidence at his newfound sexual prowess, Phil responded, "Thank you, Amy. I won't forget how valuable your... assets and skills... have been to this office."

She walked out still glowing with warm sexuality, proud of herself for not only resisting the bimbo potion yet again, but for finally making a move that could very well help her career in the process. Things were definitely looking up.

Back at her desk, she tried to calm down and compose herself as justifications for her behavior ran through her mind. She knew that her actions probably looked pretty slutty at first glance, but she was just trying to reward Phil for being a good boss, and he had looked so cute filling her mouth with his yummy cum! It had nothing to do with the bimbo potion, especially since he hadn't even cum in her pussy, which was still awash with pheromones and ready for action. Still, it wouldn't do for anyone else to hear about what she had done, so all she wanted now was to avoid attention for the rest of the day.

Her reprogrammed body had different ideas, of course, and Amy continued to feel pulses of arousal coming from her pussy, which she knew meant that it was continuing to release its potent pheromones in spite of her protestations. Before long, the few men in the office not gathered around Valerie's desk inevitably made their way over to Amy's, as their will was overpowered by the irresistible carnal pull they felt toward her sexy body.

As they converged on her, she was simultaneously glad and disappointed that her clothes hid her new body as well as they did, but she found herself tugging her sweater down a bit anyway as she flirted with them. Before her frisky pussy could get her into any new trouble, however, Valerie noticed the attention Amy was getting, stood up, and swayed her wide hips over to Amy's corner desk. Amy braced for the storm of cattiness that was sure to ensue.

"Omigod, Ames, you look so good today!" Val gushed, bending over and putting her hands on the desk to show off her cleavage. Her gaggle of zombies had slowly followed her over and were now clustered around Amy's desk, attempting to discreetly get their hands on Val's sensuous

body as they began to feel the effects of Amy's pheromones as well.

Amy feigned ignorance, taken aback by Val's friendly demeanor. "No, I just tried something new with my hair and makeup." She felt a hand on her shoulder, and somehow managed to brush it off instead of leaning her cheek into it like she wanted to.

"I'm not talking about the makeup! I'm talking about the girls!" Val giggled. She cupped her own noticeably enhanced bosom filling out her tight tank top, and the men gathered around the desk felt themselves stiffen even further. Amy noticed a few fingers sliding over Val's wide hips, but rather than rebuff them Val leaned back into them, squirming a bit as their strong hands began to insistently grip her tight curves.

"Oh, yeah. When I woke up this morning, my chest felt all swollen for some reason," Amy fibbed, resisting her growing urge to lift her sweater and show off her tits properly.

"I had the same thing happen to me last night!" Val said, pulling down her own top to display her full breasts and dark, prominent nipples. "Isn't it great??" The stealthy hands on her hips began to slide themselves up her waist, magnetically drawn toward the fleshy orbs now hanging free.

"Wow Val, those are... very nice," Amy said, surprised that Val would just flash her tits in the office. I'd never do that Amy thought. and reassured herself that the Bimbo Potion had clearly had a much weaker effect on her than it had on Val. She still pulled her top down a bit more to give Val a better view of her own assets, but that was only polite.

"I know! I feel so good today too! We should go out together after work! It's Friday night!" Val shouted. "Gal pals!" She stuffed her tits back into her tight top, disappointing the hands that had just begun to caress the soft skin of her ample sideboob.

Amy was a bit reluctant to go out in public after what had happened with her boss, but it sounded like so much fun that she couldn't help but giggle and agree. Val has really loosened up, Amy thought, pleased at how well the Bimbo Potion was working out for her. She could even see them becoming friends at this rate.

Val's stronger pheromones took most of Amy's admirers with her when she left, and Amy made it to five o'clock without further incident. She noticed Val disappear with one of her suitors in tow a few minutes before closing, but they hadn't returned by the time Amy headed out, and it wasn't any of her business anyway.

She had made plans to head to the club later that night, but after going home to change, Amy realized that with her new hips and big boobies she didn't have much in her wardrobe that still fit.

That means I get to go shopping! she giggled to herself, grabbing the Bimbo Potion and sticking it in her purse as she walked out to her car. She headed to a nearby outlet mall that had the variety she needed to completely refurnish her closet, and within two hours had spent nearly a thousand dollars on clothing. She justified her splurging with the argument that none of her old

clothes would fit her, which made replacing all of them an absolute necessity. Plus, her supervisor position came with a very comfortable salary, and she could more than afford it.

Predictably, she had been drawn to revealing tops and short skirts that showed off her bubbly ass and toned legs, but had purchased a few "modest" items as well, to make sure that she still looked professional around the office. There's nothing wrong with enjoying some revealing clothes from time to time, especially now that I've got a body worth showing off! And my new work clothes, while tasteful, definitely won't hurt my chances for a promotion either! she thought, proud of herself for yet again triumphing over the potion's surprisingly weak mental effects.

She decided to reward herself with some skimpy lingerie, and headed into her favorite underwear store. Within a few minutes she had gathered a cartfull of undergarments that would be sure to titillate any guy lucky enough to see them. Not that I'll need the help with how much men seem to like the way I smell now, she thought, amazed at just how ruthlessly efficient the Bimbo Potion had been in redesigning her body for sex. Everything a man could possibly find attractive about her had been enhanced in some way, all working together toward the same goal: filling her with cock. And even though she knew she could resist, she still felt her reprogrammed body's intense need to do exactly what it had been designed for.

Well, no use dwelling on it anyway, Amy thought, and she happily went to the fitting rooms in the back of the store to try on her new bras. Unable to decide between two especially revealing designs, she stepped out of the fitting room and called a saleswoman over to get a second opinion.

"Which of these do you think is sexier?" she asked, giggling as her perky nipples poked through the sheer material.

"For a bimbo like you, I'm sure you'll look equally slutty wearing either," the saleswoman snapped. She was in her late 30s, and was tired of the utter lack of decorum shown by young people these days.

"I'm not a bimbo, and I only wanted your advice!" Amy responded indignantly.

"If you want my advice, I recommend that you stop being such a slut!"

"Oh yeah? Well don't knock it 'til you try it!" Amy said, taking the bottle of Bimbo Potion out of her purse, opening the top, and flicking a few drops at the saleswoman with the eyedropper.

"What the fuck is that??" she yelled, but then the drops splattered up her arm, and a rush of lightheadedness left her swaying on her feet as her body eagerly sucked up the drug and appealing new ideas began to invade her vulnerable mind.

Amy enjoyed watching the saleswoman's futile struggle against the effects of the potion, and felt a rush of arousal when it inevitably broke through the woman's defenses and her chest began to slowly expand.

Amy remembered all too well how wonderful it felt to succumb to the potion's tempting influence, arching her back as she imagined that it was her own tits swelling seductively, helpless to fight against the drug's programming. But then her enthralled breasts spoke up, and pointed out how easily Amy could make her desires a reality. One little drop, and her tits would be overcome with a renewed need to grow alongside the saleswoman's, with Amy being forced to undergo the same blissful changes she was.

It would be so easy, and it would feel so good. Her body would eagerly bimbofy even further, and would become even more irresistible to men. Her pussy's need for cock would grow, but so would the strength of her pheromones, ensuring that she wouldn't be able to avoid the sex that her slutty body would crave. Amy impulsively pulled the bottle back out of her purse, and began to slowly unscrew the cap...

While Amy fought against her sudden temptation to dose herself yet again, the saleswoman was deep in the throes of her own changes. She looked around the store as her mind grew fuzzy with arousal, noticing just how many of the undergarments were designed to attract and arouse men. She realized how wrong she had been about everything - her store was intended for sexy women like herself and Amy, and it was her job to make sure that they could entice as many men as possible!

She thought about all of the men who came into the store to ogle the displays and mannequins, and knew that she was missing a huge marketing opportunity by not encouraging them to ogle her as well. Her fingers absentmindedly began unbuttoning her blouse to better display her products to all of her customers, male and female alike, but her massive tits quickly outgrew her small bra and flopped out into the open.

Luckily, however, she worked in a lingerie store, so she could buy everything she needed to show off her sexy new body properly, and at a discount too, especially since she was using it to advertise! And heck, if she was able to make a few more sales by allowing her male clients to get some hands-on experience with her "wares", so much the better! After all, the fitting rooms in the back were perfect for seeing just how well their cocks would fit into her tight little pussy!

"Like, what did you do to me?" the bimbofied saleswoman asked, as her definition of "quality customer service" was rewritten for her.

"I just gave you a better idea of what it's like to be in a bimbo's shoes," Amy giggled, her need to dose herself again finally easing off as the saleswoman's transformation finished. She sighed with relief as her fingers once more tightened the cap of the bottle and slipped it back into her purse.

"Well, whatever you did, I definitely think I need a new bra now! Oh, and by the way, you should definitely go with the white bra - the pink one is too close to the color of your nipples, so

they won't stand out as well," she said with a smile, oblivious to the fact that her own massive tits were still completely visible within her open blouse.

"Thanks!" Amy said, leaving the MILFy saleswoman to find a new bra or a cock to suck, whichever came first.

She grabbed her purchases, headed back out to her car, and finally pulled up to the club a few minutes before 9.

Ok, I'm just here to dance and have fun. Not to pick up any cute guys, she told herself sternly. She walked to the front of the line, was immediately waved through by the bouncer, and went inside.

End of Chapter 3

Author's Note: Thanks for reading! If you have any feedback, comments, or questions, I'd love to hear from you at [fidget1@protonmail.com](mailto:fidget1@protonmail.com). If you enjoyed this story so much you'd like to support my work on Patreon, you can find me at [www.patreon.com/fidget1](http://www.patreon.com/fidget1). Patrons get early access to my stories, input into which stories I write, and some fun other perks. Every little bit helps, and your support is what enables me to keep doing what I love!

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Bimbo Potion: Revenge by Fidget

Chapter 4

"Ames!" Val shouted, running over and throwing her arms around Amy in a crushing hug. The novel feeling of her large tits mashed up against Val's even larger ones gave Amy a small thrill as she explored the contours of Val's soft, sensual body with her arms. Amy could see why guys liked touching her; she was surprisingly difficult to let go of. She briefly wished that her own curves were that irresistible, before reminding herself that if she wasn't more careful with the potion in the future, they probably soon would be.

"Let's go get a drink!" Val gushed, disentangling herself from Amy's arms and skipping over to the bar. The swarm of guys standing around parted like the Red Sea as Val and Amy walked past, before flooding back in around them to compete for the privilege of buying them their first drink.

"What can I getcha?" the bartender asked their tits. "Two Sex on the Beaches! Uh... Sexes on the Beach! Two of those!" Val giggled confusedly in response as her boobs jiggled pleasantly for the appreciative bartender, and seconds later they had drinks in their hands.

As Amy sipped her cocktail, she basked in the overt sexual interest of the men surrounding her, and arched her back so the girls would stand out a bit farther from her chest. She tried to keep her arousal down to a pleasant tingle, but her exhibitionist breasts knew how ready and willing

these men were to give her needy body the sex it now craved, and began to pass familiar messages along her supercharged neurons down to her eagerly waiting pussy.

Uh oh, Amy thought. Coming here had been a mistake after all. The guys were just too hot, and the atmosphere too sexually charged to resist getting at least a little turned on. So much for not attracting attention, she giggled helplessly as she felt her nether lips swell in anticipation of being luxuriously penetrated by a nice, thick cock, encouraging her to sink further into a haze of warm arousal and let her new bimbo body do what came naturally. Overwhelmed with sensation, Amy briefly gave in and embraced the pulses of pleasure coming from her playful pussy, knowing what those tempting tingles signaled but too caught up in them to resist. Her pussy, of course, had once again dutifully obeyed its programming and began to enthusiastically fill the air with her potent pheromones even as it rewarded her with an intoxicating dose of endorphins for her compliance.

With the intensity of the stares being directed at Val by the guys surrounding them, Amy could tell that her late arrival had given her friend quite a head start. Plus, Val had completely

embraced her own transformation, lacking any hint of Amy's reluctance, and had fully surrendered herself to the pleasure the potion promised. Val sat there in horny bliss, knowingly fueling her pheromone production to new heights with her arousal and eagerly looking forward to finally filling her perfected pussy with the throbbing cocks it was made to envelop.

It briefly occurred to Amy how strange it was that she couldn't smell Val's scent, though its efficacy was perfectly clear from the hungry looks on the faces of the men surrounding them. As Amy's legs subconsciously spread themselves in an attempt to compete, she had a sinking feeling that even Val's presence wouldn't be enough to distract the men from her own chemical onslaught for long, and she squirmed in pleasure as she felt her oversexed body redouble its efforts in excitement at the thought.

She watched as one of Val's bewitched suitors inevitably took the plunge and wrapped his arm around her slim waist; Val rewarded him for his boldness by pressing her curves against him encouragingly. Her shameless flirting and the full splendor of her massive cleavage quickly overwhelmed his remaining inhibitions, and he was compelled to openly grope her willing body through her clothes as she pulled him in for a kiss. Val's other admirers, knowing that they had been beaten to the punch and that she had made her choice, began to focus their attention on Amy instead as she involuntarily grew more enticing with each passing second.

Amy, meanwhile, slightly sobered by Val's obscene behavior, had noticed just how far apart her legs were. Realizing the danger of the situation, she quickly squeezed her thighs together in an attempt to prevent herself from affecting the cute guys around her any more than she already had, knowing all the while that it was too late. She silently pleaded for them to leave her alone, but she felt her treasonous body getting more and more turned on by their increasing interest as they began to draw toward her, and her halfhearted pleas died away as she instead began silently begging them to grope her hypersensitive body as well. All the while she just sat there, powerless to escape the sexual spotlight focused on the voluptuous curves she had unwittingly



given herself, waiting for the inevitable masculine touch that would shatter what remained of her self control. Amy knew why she didn't try to leave: she secretly wanted to fill her perfumed pussy with their throbbing cocks because she knew how good it would make her feel, and so she continued to fill her victims with longing for her heavenly body as they gravitated ever closer.

Ted and Michelle

Ted, one of the men caught in Amy's orbit, had originally come to the club with his girlfriend Michelle for a fun night of drinking and dancing to celebrate Michelle's recent promotion. He had initially been annoyed when the hot blonde and brunette had come up to the bar beside them trailing a flock of obnoxious groupies, and Michelle had made fun of them for being "a couple of bimbos".

The longer he stood next to them, however, the more Ted found his gaze drawn to the shapely bodies swelling invitingly under their skimpy outfits. Their exaggerated sexual features were specifically designed to attract his male attention, and as the air around him thickened with their scent, Ted soon found himself stiffening with arousal along with all of the other men at the bar as

his mind clouded with thoughts of sex. He fought to keep his attention on his girlfriend, but the pheromones the bimbos' pussies were pumping out could not be denied. The potion had done its job too well, and he began to give in to his lust in spite of himself.

Michelle had noticed his growing interest in the two bimbos and was angrily clearing her throat to communicate her discontent, but Ted had already forgotten that she was there, entirely focused on his building urge to fill those slutty pussies with his cock. He felt a stronger yearning toward the brunette, but by this time she was already being felt up by another guy, so he directed his efforts toward the quiet blonde instead. Her brow was furrowed in concentration, which led him to think that she might not be receptive to his advances, but at this point that was irrelevant since he could no longer resist his growing need to shoot his shot.

Turning toward her and sliding closer, Ted's head swam as her heady scent grew even stronger. He drunkenly slid an arm around her waist, firmly grasped her inviting hip, and asked her to dance. The blonde shook herself out of her reverie with a brief look of anxious excitement, before turning a brilliant smile on him as she molded her body into his, her curves pressed against him in all of the right places.

"Ted? What are you doing? Ted!?" Michelle yelled as he turned away from her, but his body was on autopilot, driven by a biological necessity that overruled all other concerns.

"Here, this'll help," the blond said, pulling out a small bottle and offering it to the confused Michelle. She stuck out her hand without thinking, and flinched as three drops fell onto her outstretched palm. She immediately regretted her decision to accept a random lotion from a strange bimbo, but her head was already filling with cotton candy as her skin greedily soaked up the potent liquid, and her attention began to drift toward the attractive men surrounding her.

This is all Ted's fault, she thought, putting on a cute pout even as her body began to tingle with pleasure at the powerful triple dose of Bimbo Potion she had received. She began to wish that she was a bit more like the two bimbos next to her, so that she could seduce the other men here to get back at Ted for his infidelity; after all, if Ted hadn't started hitting on those two sluts in the first place, Michelle would never have been inflicted with this tempting urge to sensuously swell into a sexy temptress who could fuck anyone she wanted. He deserves everything that happens to me.

By this point she was aware of what the potion was doing to her, but her artificial desire to join the two voluptuous women beside her as a bimbo herself continued to grow, and, still mad at Ted, she decided to fully embrace out of spite the changes she could feel the drug triggering in her susceptible female body. That'll teach him, she thought, encouraging her petite frame to succumb to the sinister effects as quickly as possible. Fueled by Michelle's anger and emboldened by her eager acceptance of her transformation, the potion began its fiendish work.

She thrust her chest out in triumph as her tits finally began to expand, and removed her bra so that her erect nipples could fully stand out against the thin fabric of her loose t-shirt as her growing boobs began to press against it. The heavy dose of bimbo potion latched onto her bitterness at having been so neglected, and used it to give her a figure that would be impossible

to ignore. Her tits ballooned outward from her small body as though they were trying to attract as much attention as they could as quickly as possible, and it wasn't long before they rivaled Val's massive mounds, defying gravity as they sat high and firm on her chest.

She felt a surge of pride at just how receptive her body had been to the potion's intoxicating effects, and was suddenly struck with an impulsive desire to lift her shirt and show off her burgeoning breasts to the men around her. She couldn't think of a reason not to: obeying the potion's commands had resulted in nothing but pleasure for her so far, and it would help attract the male attention that she now desperately craved. So, as her glorious tits continued to press out further from her tightening torso, she pulled up her shirt and allowed them to bounce out into the open air for all to see. Her fingers roughly pinched her growing nipples, which sent exciting new tingles to her pussy and jumpstarted the next phase of her transformation.

She unbuttoned her shorts and reached a hand inside to touch her tightening pussy as the potion redesigned it to deliver maximum stimulation to the sensitive cocks that she would soon be filling it with, though as far as Michelle knew it just felt really good to play with herself all of a sudden. I deserve to relax and enjoy all of this pleasure because of what Ted put me through tonight, she thought weakly, but as she continued to finger herself she forgot about her desire for revenge, and instead embraced her new, unexpectedly strong desire for cock. Wait, that wasn't right - she had just wanted a sexy body, not to become a total slut like the two bimbos next to her. Regardless of her intentions however, her mouth was starting to water at the thought of all the dick she was surrounded by, and the potion ignored her pleas as it continued to bimbofy her increasingly slutty body against her will.

Too late she began to understand Ted's inability to resist the bimbos as her pussy filled with her

own unique blend of pheromones, specially designed to ensure that no man ever ignored her again, and her eager body began to advertise its readiness for sex to all of the virile men around her. Michelle finally regretted her jealousy and wished she had given Ted the benefit of the doubt, but she knew that it was too late, that her negative thoughts about Ted had been enhanced and used against her by the potion, and that she had been tricked into fully embracing her transformation at Ted's expense.

And then her fully bimbofied body and urges took over, filling her head with thoughts of sex and drawing her gaze toward the cocks of all the men surrounding her, cocks that should be throbbing inside her slick pussy. Now that Amy and Val were both taken, Michelle quickly found herself swarmed by their leftovers as her scent began to irresistibly direct their attention toward her increasingly needy body, and, overwhelmed by the arousal that came with her transformation, she welcomed the hands she felt grabbing at her enhanced curves. Each of her suitors was eager to take her for himself, having been cheated out of two sexual conquests already, but only one finally succeeded in pushing his way through the pack and pulling her overstimulated body tight against his. He cupped the heavy breasts still hanging naked below her pulled-up shirt and suggested they go somewhere more private, and before she knew it Michelle was hanging off his arm and rubbing her swollen body against his as she submissively followed him back to his place so he could fuck her.

Amy

Amy was still focused on her growing arousal when Ted had grabbed her waist. Her concentration was completely broken by her body's sudden infatuation with the virile male demanding her attention, and she let out a small sigh of relief as she gave in to her desire and sensuously pressed herself against him. The girl beside her new beau was getting angry, but Amy had just the thing to help her calm down and find a guy of her own!

She decided that three drops would be appropriate for the petite girl and dosed her accordingly, happy to help and eager to see what changes the potion had in store. The girl immediately calmed down as her pupils dilated, and she glanced at the men around her in growing interest before shooting a fresh look of anger back at her oblivious boyfriend. As her tits expanded at an alarming rate, Amy could practically feel the girl give in to her new desire to show them off, and she lifted her shirt and pinched her thick nipples for a few seconds, before transferring one hand to her panties to unwittingly strengthen her nascent pheromone production. Her look of bliss was briefly replaced by an expression of pure panic as the gravity of her situation finally sunk in, but by then the men around her had begun to fondle her still-swelling body, and her eyes glazed over with the cock-hunger Amy knew so well as she forgot about her boyfriend entirely and surrendered herself to her new, unquenchable lust.

There, now she'll be happy! Amy thought, and was briefly tempted to join her in her bimbofication, but she was distracted by Ted's hands exploring her body and the imminent promise of cock that he represented. Now that his girl was taken care of, Amy was finally free to have her way with him.

She pulled him out onto the dance floor, but their movements were more foreplay than dance. They greedily pressed their bodies against each other, her smoldering eyes staring up at his as he gripped her thick ass and she rubbed herself against the bulge pressing into her abdomen. Amy turned around so she could grind on him, wiggling her butt into his crotch, and enjoyed feeling the lump in his pants fit itself comfortably between her asscheeks. Ted grabbed her hips and pulled her backwards, sliding his dick up and down her crack as she bent over even further to get his twitching cock closer to her sensitive pussy, filling Ted's view with the curve of her ample ass peeking out under her short skirt in the process. She eventually straightened back up, and he pulled down her top to roughly grope her large tits with his left hand as his right teased around her hips toward his ultimate goal hidden between her thighs. She spread her legs encouragingly and reached behind herself to unzip his pants in response, stroking him through his boxers as he slid his fingers under her skirt and began to tease her slick pussy.

Unable to resist her body's need any longer, Amy led him off the dance floor to a dark corner table and wasted no time pulling up her skirt and straddling him. She ground against him for a few seconds, both of them enjoying the friction of the thin cotton of his boxers against their engorged sexual organs.

Finally, Amy reached down between her legs, gently freed his straining cock, and resumed grinding into him, with only her tiny thong protecting her exposed pussy from his cockhead's eager probing. It teased around her G-string's skimpy defenses, looking for weakness as it slid

itself up and down her swollen labia, tantalizingly close to reaching its objective. As the couple continued to indulge in their pleasurable skin-on-skin contact, Ted's cock was busy lubricating itself with the pheromone-filled juices her body had produced, and his thrusting became more and more urgent as his cock continued to slide up and down her swollen lips, seeking a way to enter her.

Amy was just as intent on getting entered, and she made a mental note not to wear any underwear in the future. She began to wiggle her hips to tease the thin strip of fabric aside, and, before she knew it, his slippery cock had slid past the thong and was pressed right up against her tight opening, with nothing left to protect her vulnerable pussy from his penetration. Ted's cock, having realized that the way to its goal was now clear, without hesitation sank itself deep into her silky, welcoming depths. Amy's perfect pussy got to work doing what the potion had designed it for, and Ted was completely unprepared for the intensity of the stimulation he felt inside her as her tight passage squeezed him from base to tip and her textured folds began to pull pleasurably against his sensitive shaft as he slid himself in and out of her.

Ted couldn't believe his luck, and relished the feeling of this incredibly hot slut coaxing him closer and closer to release with her amazingly persuasive pussy. Of course it wasn't as though he could help himself, since every whiff of her intoxicating musk drove him back inside her again and again, closer and closer to the edge, until he felt his body seize up and his dick begin to stiffen. His fuzzy mind blanked completely as he instinctively grabbed Amy's flared hips and forcefully pulled her down onto him as he erupted inside her, reflexively filling her with burst after burst of his essence.

A few seconds later his cock's pleasurable throbbing finally slowed, and as he started to come down from his high his head began to clear slightly. "Uhh... thanks," Ted said, a bit self-conscious about his uncharacteristically wanton behavior now that he had finally cum in her slutty pussy. He lifted her off of him, zipped himself back up, and was gone, trying to find his girlfriend and salvage whatever was left of their relationship, unaware that she had already been driven to fill her own slutty pussy with cum by the Bimbo Potion's irresistible influence.

It would all end well for the two of them though. Michelle met Ted at his apartment the next day to explain that she had just needed to get some dick to satisfy her cravings, and that it was no big deal. She told him that she still loved him, and that she felt terrible about giving in to the potion's tempting influence and allowing herself to be bimbofied out of jealousy for something that Ted hadn't been able to control. It was too late now, however, so she also let him know that her changes were permanent, and that there was no way she'd be able to prevent herself from filling her hungry pussy over and over again. Ted was stunned by Michelle's crazy story and centerfold body, but as she drew near him to apologize properly, Ted began to feel a familiar urge growing within him, and the longer he was near her, the less Ted wanted to resist his sudden desire to stick his cock into his girlfriend's slutty pussy. A scent permeated the air that he recognized as uniquely Michelle's, and he began to feel a renewed affection for his girlfriend even as the potion's effects on her body filled him with an irresistible need to mate with her. A half hour later, after Ted had thoroughly enjoyed the considerable pleasures of his girlfriend's enticing flesh, all was forgiven. They immediately moved in together, and Michelle resolved to stay at home to keep from ensnaring other men with her alluring pussy, while Ted continued to provide

her with the dick that she craved. Not that he was able to resist his own urge to cum inside her fertile pussy, of course, and a few months later he would discover that blissfully filling her receptive body with his potent seed over and over again had inevitably knocked her up. He soon proposed, and they spent the next few decades having child after child, since the temptations of the new and improved Michelle were more than either of them could resist.

Meanwhile, Amy hadn't noticed that Ted had left, as she was too focused on the sensations radiating from her delighted pussy, which was still twitching with the satisfying aftershocks of her own orgasm. Feeling Ted's cock jerking inside her in ecstasy had felt so right somehow, and she was overwhelmed with a sublime feeling of contentment, as though she had finally fulfilled her purpose, at least for a little while. She sat there motionless, legs spread and dazed with pleasure as her bimbofied body continued to reward her for achieving its goal of filling her with thick, gooey cum, until Val bounced over to her a few minutes later with an entirely new guy hanging off her arm.

"You totally got your pussy creamed!" Val giggled at her, as the guy she was with stuck his hand up Val's skirt to play with her slick pussy, unknowingly releasing even more of her pheromones into the air and making himself more and more eager to stick his cock into her over and over again until he came.

"Wh-what happened to the other guy?" Amy asked, trying to clear her head of the pleasant fog

she still found herself floating in.

"Oh, I gave him a blowjob in the bathroom! But after he filled my mouth with his yummy cummy he suddenly didn't want to fuck me anymore! But then I found... uh... this guy!" Val exclaimed, as he completely ignored what she was saying and focused instead on how sexy she smelled and how good her big boobies felt in his hands.

"Ok, I'm gonna go fuck him now!" Val said happily. "Have a good rest of the weekend Ames! See you at work on Monday!" and then she was gone, taking her cute boytoy with her.

Wow, she's such a slutty bimbo now! Amy thought as Ted's warm cum oozed delightfully out of her used cunt and down her leg. She was once again thankful for how resistant she was to the mental effects of the potion, especially since it had turned everyone else it had touched into a wanton slut. She briefly recalled that she'd gotten her own pussy plowed just minutes before, but that had been different. Amy had just really needed to get laid, and ...Todd?... had looked so cute under the irresistible influence of her pheromones, mindlessly spurting himself into her. She could have stopped anytime she wanted to; it had just felt so good that she hadn't wanted to.

Anyhow, full of floaty satisfaction at the delicious fucking she had received, Amy decided to call it a night as well, and headed home to masturbate herself to sleep.

End of Chapter 4

Author's Note: Thanks for reading! If you have any feedback, comments, or questions, I'd love to hear from you at [fidget1@protonmail.com](mailto:fidget1@protonmail.com). If you enjoyed this story so much you'd like to

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Author's Note: Standard disclaimer applies: this story contains graphic depictions of nonconsensual sex, so if it's illegal or immoral for you to be reading this, stop now! All characters and situations are entirely fictional, and any resemblance to any real-life individuals or situations is entirely coincidental. Copyright Fidget, © 2020. All rights reserved. Thanks for reading!

Bimbo Potion: Revenge

by Fidget

Chapter 2

Thursday night — Valerie

When Val got home, she changed out of her work clothes and went to the bathroom to freshen up. Coming back out, she noticed the gift basket sitting on her living room table, and gave herself a small squirt of hand sanitizer before plopping down on the couch to spend a few

minutes on social media. Not too long though—I have to go get ready for my workout. She prided herself on her slim, athletic body, which she had kept in top shape since her competitive gymnastics days in college.

A few minutes later, however, Val noticed that she was feeling oddly light and tingly, and that the sensation was getting stronger. Something was very wrong. More like something is very right, she corrected as a wave of euphoria swept over her, leaving her gasping in pleasure.

She found herself picturing her ideal body, lean and fit, and was proud at how close her she came to that ideal. However, she felt that mental image start to shift as her euphoria was augmented by a giggly horniness, and her thoughts turned to how good it would feel to use her body for sex instead. Before she knew it, her mental image had developed larger tits and an inviting ass, as her visions of acrobatics were replaced by visions of a much more pleasurable extracurricular activity. “Now that’s more like it”, she sighed, as she felt the powerful triple dose of bimbo drug release endorphins to reward her for her hard work, before it took her image as its template and got started making her new dream a reality.

Val somehow knew that, inevitably, these curves would soon be hers, so she settled back into the couch to lazily masturbate and enjoy the ride as the gymnast body she had worked so hard for was redesigned for marathon sex instead.

As her muscles lost definition and her ass began to swell, she imagined all of the strong hands and hard cocks that would soon be pressed against it. She could feel those same hands sensuously encircling her waist as it tapered, and roughly grabbing her hips as they flared.

“Ohhh god...” she moaned in pleasure as her tits began to grow. It was lucky that she was just wearing a loose nightshirt, she thought, as her new body began to fill out the flimsy piece of fabric. Her tits ballooned outward, and she began to jiggle them happily as she thought of all the men that would soon be sucking on her large nipples.

Down below, her pussy suddenly flared with need, and refused to calm down as she jilled herself faster. It tightened into a cock-milking machine, and let her know in no uncertain terms that that was the only thing that could quench its fire. She moaned in frustration, but knew this discomfort was necessary and temporary, since her new pussy would now irresistibly pull her toward cock like gravity. And, as Val noticed a sweet, seductive odor fill the air, she knew that her pussy would do its part to ensure that her interest was returned as well.

Finally, her lashes lengthened, her lips swelled, and her long brown hair straightened, as her head filled with pink cotton candy and her empty pussy spasmed in orgasm in response to her silent promise to feed it a healthy diet of cock.

Coming down from her high, her head cleared slightly, and for a second she wondered what had happened to her, but she was so infatuated with her new body and desires that she didn’t dwell on the thought. She decided to skip working out to get to know herself a bit better instead.

The next morning — Amy

Amy woke up feeling a bit flushed from a dream that immediately faded from her memory, but for some reason left her with some incredibly naughty thoughts about her boss. Embarrassed at herself, she was nonetheless tempted to wear a low-cut blouse that would draw attention to her chest. Instead, she purposefully chose a sweater with a slightly higher neckline and a modest skirt, proud of herself at resisting the potion's sinister influence.

She arrived at work a few minutes early, so that she could watch the fireworks when her three victims arrived. Linda and Sam arrived right on time, but Amy was disappointed to see that they didn't look any different. She watched them for a while just in case, hoping to see something different about them, but after her own experience with just a touch of the potion she quickly determined that there was no way they had been dosed.

Her patience was finally rewarded when Valerie came in ten minutes late, noticeably preceded by the D cup tits that she had squeezed into a spaghetti strap tank top, and followed both by her miniskirt-clad ass and the eyes of her male coworkers. The potion had clearly worked its irresistible magic on her, Amy thought, looking down at her own perky little chest and recalling her helplessness to fight the potion's effects the day before. Amy wondered whether Val's apparent lack of awareness of her transformation was due to the larger dose of bimbo potion, or if Amy's understanding of what was happening to her had kept her mind safe from any effects.

She was already a slut anyway. She probably didn't even notice that anything had changed, Amy thought gleefully as Val swayed her wide hips over to her desk and sat down, pulling her top dangerously low to give the guys in the office a nice view of her impressive cleavage.

Amy spent an enjoyable morning watching Val shamelessly flirt with any guy who got near her desk. It wasn't long before men were making detours to spend time with her, and she rewarded their attention by pressing her boobs together and crossing her legs to show off her silky thighs as she unabashedly teased them. The longer the men hung around, the more reluctant they were

to leave, as they basked in the alluring fragrance that swirled around this new, inexplicably seductive Val.

Linda kept sending disapproving glances in Val's direction, and Amy caught her and Sam whispering back and forth to each other. That should give them something to talk about besides me for a few days. Until they try their own hand sanitizer, that is, Amy thought deviously.

Late that morning she took a break from watching Val throw herself at men to go to the bathroom, passing Linda on the way. When she had finished, she washed her hands and grabbed a splash of hand sanitizer on her way out the door. Suddenly, she noticed a very familiar, unwelcome feeling washing over her. Oh no, not again! How did this happen? This is just the bathroom sanitizer! It was then that she realized her error. One of those bitches had probably not wanted their hand sanitizer, and had put it in the bathroom to get rid of it. And Amy had used it without realizing! But was it Sam or Linda who had put it there? Would she be getting 2 doses or 4?



She suddenly realized that she didn't care, and was struck with a wonderful feeling of destiny, like she was finally becoming the sexual center of attention she was always meant to be. This must be the first of the potions' effects, she thought. I can resist it though, she reassured herself, as she pretended to fight her body's renewed yearning to become a bimbo. For now all she could do was hide in the farthest stall from the door and wait out the changes. She had the foresight to remove her bra, and was glad that she had decided to wear a sweater today, though she knew she would regret its low neckline in a few minutes.

There goes my waist again, she thought distractedly, feeling it tighten, but it was a subtler change than before, and she soon realized why. This time the potion was more intent on giving her wide, seductive hips and a large, tight bubble butt, which she began softly squeezing as she willed it to round out against her hands even more. Before she realized it, she had given her new butt a sharp smack, felt it jiggle far too enticingly for her liking, and experienced a pleasant, unwelcome tingle start up a bit farther forward, while her thighs swelled and toned and tightened below, preparing to powerfully grip any man they managed to wrap themselves around.

Her boobs had clearly been awaiting their own changes, and eagerly surrendered themselves to the potion's enthralling influence once more, embracing their familiar compulsion to swell, to joyously fill her sweater to the brim with their soft, bouncy sensuality. And she wanted them to, she reluctantly admitted, as she found herself encouraging her brainwashed breasts to grow even larger, driven by the powerful dose of Bimbo Potion that she could feel coursing through her veins. This was their purpose, she realized, to advertise her fertile female body to all of the red-blooded males in the room, and to make their cocks all nice and hard so that they would want to fuck her. Her nipples, not to be left out, doubled in size while instilling in her a new desire for them to be seen, and touched. Her tits loved being shown off, and now she longed to put them on display.

Their growth finally slowed, almost regretfully, but they contented themselves with the possibility that she might "accidentally" dose herself yet again. Amy needed to feel them growing even larger and heavier as well, and was suddenly tempted to go home, find the little

bottle, unscrew the eyedropper and try just one more drop... Never! she thought angrily, absentmindedly playing with her sensitive new tits and inadvertently sending jolts of arousal to her groin.

When she finally noticed and stopped herself, she found that her arousal continued to grow anyway. Oh no, she thought, as her attention was pulled down to her playful little pussy, its exciting new changes having been jumpstarted and strengthened by the sensations coming from her boobs. She shivered as her vagina tightened, eagerly preparing to pump the cum out of any yummy cock that she could get inside of it. Amy suddenly felt a powerful desire to fill her emptiness, and knew that it was only a matter of time before her hungry pussy would ensnare the meat that it wanted, especially with the powerful new pheromones the potion had programmed her to produce. She snuck out of the stall and grabbed the sanitizer bottle, which happened to be just the right size for what she had in mind, and sat down on the lid of the toilet.

She savored the addictive sensation of giving in to her craving, slowly sliding more and more of the bottle in and out of herself while she pinched her new nipples.

The changes traveled back up her body, and her head began to itch as her hair lengthened and twisted up into a fountain of waves and curls. Her face ached as her cheekbones lifted and her nose shrunk into a cute button. Her lips swelled into a seductive pout, and as she increased her pace with the bottle, she felt unlooked-for yet appealing ideas pop into her head about all of the things she could do with her new lips.

Her mind started to blur a bit as she approached her climax. Her thoughts turned entirely to using her body for what it was clearly designed for, and she fantasized that the bottle she was pounding herself with was a large, throbbing cock. Imagining it tightening in anticipation of release sent her over the edge, and she rode out her climax with a series of high-pitched gasps, before finally collapsing in satisfaction.

“Everything ok in there?”

She instantly snapped out of her daze, and somehow managed a “Yes, thanks!” in spite of her extreme embarrassment.

Her anonymous do-gooder apparently didn’t need to use the restroom herself, which gave Amy time to reflect on what had just happened. She had accidentally dosed herself with the Bimbo Potion again, and from the looks of her, it was probably Linda’s, thankfully. So, two and a half to three doses total. “Linda would be too good for my gift”, she muttered indignantly.

Just like before, her need to masturbate was gone now. She also no longer had that intense need to feel her boobs growing, and looking back on it she felt a bit silly at just how badly she had craved to watch them grow larger and larger, and to see rooms of men with their pants tenting at the sight. As she cupped them though, she couldn’t help but feel a warm affection at the way they hung off her frame in perfect teardrops with just the right amount of sag, prominent and perky. Maybe wearing something that shows a bit of cleavage from time to time wouldn’t be such a bad idea, she mused happily, noting that she was definitely at least a large C cup now.

She walked over to the mirror, and saw a face that was not unlike her own, but was much more attractive. Her cute nose was perfectly framed by her model’s cheekbones, and her lush lips practically begged to be kissed, even while they hinted at other activities. Her face was ringed with shimmering blond waves, which bounced enticingly whenever she moved. Her bright blue eyes hadn’t changed though, and she still recognized herself in them, which reassured her.

Her hips had flared, of course, and her butt was round and inviting. Her legs felt powerful, and she could see the new muscle tone in her thighs. It was a good thing she had worn a skirt, especially since anyone who sees me in it will want to bend me over a table, she thought naughtily. Crap, she worried. Time to take stock of the mental stuff.

She felt... happy. She seemed to have boundless energy, and was infused with a bright

optimism that made her feel like giggling about everything. She tried to feel annoyed about that fact, but couldn't quite bring herself to. Oh well, what's the harm in enjoying life a bit more? she reasoned, while enjoying the view of her creamy boobies poking out of the top of her sweater in the mirror.

She considered whether she felt especially horny, and concluded that while her pussy perked up in eager anticipation whenever she gave it her attention, she felt fine otherwise. She thought she was starting to understand the potion a bit: while under its influence, you craved becoming a bimbo, and were filled with an irresistible need to fuck, but after the effects subsided, you returned to normal mentally, with a few lingering physical effects and enhanced "assets".

Satisfied with her control over the situation, and with how calmly she had assessed her changes, she hid her bra under her sweater and headed back to her desk. As she walked, she couldn't help but swing her hips a bit. It was just so much fun!

Along the way she passed an intern coming out of the janitor's closet with a glazed smile on his face. Val was just settling back into her desk, her eyes twinkling with delight and satisfaction as she licked something off her index finger and adjusted the large tits spilling out of her revealing top.

End of Chapter 2

Author's Note: Thanks for reading! If you have any feedback, comments, or questions, I'd love to hear from you at [fidget1@protonmail.com](mailto:fidget1@protonmail.com). If you enjoyed this story so much you'd like to support my work on Patreon, you can find me at [www.patreon.com/fidget1](https://www.patreon.com/fidget1). Patrons get early access to my stories, input into which stories I write, and some fun other perks.

Synopsis: Amy is tired of being pushed around by the girls at work, so she decides to get even with the help of a bimbo potion she finds on the internet.

Author's Note: This story's biggest inspiration is probably Lisa Teez's excellent Boldfinger—even though that story is quite different from this one—since it's the story that kept popping into my head while writing. Standard disclaimer applies: this story contains graphic depictions of nonconsensual sex, so if it's illegal or immoral for you to be reading this, stop now! All characters and situations are entirely fictional, and any resemblance to any real-life individuals or situations is entirely coincidental. Copyright Fidget, © 2020. All rights reserved. Thanks for reading!

Bimbo Potion: Revenge

by Fidget

Chapter 1

Amy dreaded going to work. She loved her job, but the other women in her office drove her absolutely insane. Linda was nosy and a relentless gossip, and Valerie was a know-it-all who belittled her every chance she got. Sam, however, was the worst, not because she was

particularly annoying, but because she was constantly hitting on the boss in the hopes of turning an affair into a promotion, and that directly threatened Amy's own career aspirations. Not that she would sleep her way to the top like Sam, of course. Phil was cute, but Amy was too focused on her work at this point in her life to have time for relationships. In any case, this all resulted in what she considered a hostile work environment, and one day she just couldn't take it anymore.

That fateful Monday afternoon, after being lectured by Linda (again) and catching Val whispering about her lack of fashion sense (again), Amy caught Sam "accidentally" dropping a pencil in front of her boss' door. She slowly bent over to pick it up, showing off her short skirt and toned thighs, and Amy just lost it.

She followed Sam to the breakroom and confronted her. "You know Phil would never fall for a bimbo like you, right?" she snapped.

"Wow, Amy. I knew you were jealous of me, but I didn't know you were that jealous," Sam shot back. "It won't matter anyway. By the end of the month I'll have both Phil and your supervisor job, and there's nothing you can do about it."

"We'll see about that," Amy said, angrily stomping back to her desk to plan her revenge. After a few minutes of coming up with a string of terrible ideas, she impulsively googled "how to deal with the annoying bitches in your life", and came across an ad for a product that had potential.

"Bimbo Potion. Turn a lame girl into your dream girl! Just place a few drops onto her skin, and watch as she gets curvier, sexier, and hornier! Plus, whenever she is turned on, she will produce pheromones that attract and entice men, increasing the chances that your special lady won't be able to resist getting good and fucked. More drops will increase the effects of the potion, but never use more than 5 at one time!"

It was perfect. It would get the girls off her back at work, and hell, they'd probably enjoy it too! She was doing them a favor, really. She ordered a bottle, and with 2-day shipping, it was on her doorstep by Wednesday.

The question was how to apply it. She ultimately decided to put together surprise gift baskets for all of her coworkers, and to include a bottle of hand sanitizer in each. Three of those bottles, however, would have a few drops of Bimbo Potion floating on top of the hand sanitizer. This would ensure that the intended recipient would feel the effects of the full dose on first usage.

After buying the other supplies, she sat down that evening to dose the hand sanitizer and assemble the baskets. First up was Linda. Linda wasn't terrible; she just needed to lighten up a bit. Two drops ought to change her perspective, Amy concluded, filling the eyedropper with the potion and letting two drops fall into the top of the open bottle. Next was Valerie's basket. Amy thought back to all of the times that Val had belittled and made fun of her, and dropped three drops into Val's bottle out of spite.

Then, as she brought the dropper over to the final bottle, she felt a splatter on her leg and froze,

horrified. She looked down and saw that a small drop had leaked out of the tip of the dropper and fallen onto her exposed skin. She immediately grabbed a tissue and wiped it off, hoping that she'd removed it before it could affect her. After washing her leg with soap and water, she got back to work, and very carefully put four drops into the final bottle, intended for that flirty bitch Sam. She'll definitely get the attention she's been wanting now! she thought, feeling satisfied with herself. But she won't have the brains to warrant a promotion!

At that moment, however, she began to notice a small tightening feeling in her own waist, and knew that she was indeed being affected. The question was how much. She wrapped her arms around her abdomen and was troubled to find that they went very slightly farther around than they should have. Next, her center of balance shifted as she felt her hips widening, and her pants were starting to feel a bit tight. Reaching around and cupping her butt, she realized that it was noticeably firmer and larger than she remembered.

She dreaded the change that she could already feel washing over her now. Her chest tingled as the drug began to whisper to her small breasts, which were suddenly infected with an unwelcome yearning to grow and press out proudly from her body. They needed to grow, so that they would be seen and desired by men. She tried to fight it, but they were enjoying their growing intoxication at the hands of the chemical onslaught, and she shared their tipsy giddiness as they finally succumbed to its influence, and began to swell slowly and luxuriously. She sat there, unable to stop them as they dutifully carried out the potion's instructions, responding to her half-hearted pleas with seductive promises of pleasure. She hated it, and especially hated that part of herself feeling a small but growing eagerness to discover and embrace the changes she had inflicted on herself. She knew it wasn't her own voice, and that it was only the potion talking,

but that didn't make it any easier to ignore, and it didn't prevent her from getting more and more turned on at the thought of the attention her new boobs would get.

Looking down, she watched helplessly as her chest expanded, pushing her t-shirt out, and tenting it with her now-prominent nipples. Just as she was wondering how big her breasts would get, she felt their compulsion to grow subside, replaced by a feeling of satisfaction as they proudly displayed themselves. For better or worse, she had tits now. Great, I'll have to buy new bras (so I can show off my new cleavage!), she thought, recoiling at the second half even though it had felt perfectly natural when she was thinking it.

A new swelling drew her attention downward. She was suddenly hyper-aware of her pussy, as she felt it moisten with arousal. Her pants began to feel even more crowded, as her labia puffed up a bit fuller than they should have. Her breathing quickened, and she felt herself flush slightly as her pussy began to beg for her attention.

As the change moved back up her body, she felt her hair lengthen and her face tighten, and knew that her complexion had cleared. Finally, inevitably, she felt her head fog slightly, and while fighting to clear it she was suddenly hit by an even stronger surge of arousal. Overcome with need, she fought her zipper down, ripped her panties aside, and shuddered at just how

good touching herself felt. She groped her new tits and squeezed her sensitive nipples with her left hand as she worked the fingers on her right in and out of her greedy pussy. In her hypersensitive state it didn't take her long to climax from the stimulation, and she collapsed backward into her chair after the best orgasm of her life.

As the changes finished, her arousal subsided and she was in a better state of mind to examine the damage. She was drawn first to the tightness of her shirt, and noted that she had gone from an AA cup to probably a small B. Funny, they felt larger than that while they were growing, she thought. Her pants still mostly fit, tight in the hips and slightly too large in the waist, but that could be fixed by the right belt. She looked into the mirror and saw that the face looking back was almost indistinguishable from her own, if a bit cuter. Her hair, which had been a dull brown, now looked glossier with a slight wave and even sported some highlights. She tried a smile and saw that her lips were slightly redder, her teeth were whiter, and she now had dimples! Wow, I look fantastic! she thought, before catching herself and deciding to check for any mental changes. If she would even notice any, of course. Stupid potion.

She sat down in front of her computer and pulled up the hottest guys she could think of. Her celebrity crushes were definitely still crushes, but she felt none of the irresistible urge to masturbate that had taken hold of her earlier. That must've just been a side effect during the change she thought, relieved. All in all, she seemed to be in pretty good shape, considering that she'd just accidentally dosed herself with a bimbo potion. Her clothes still fit (if anything, they looked better on her than before), she felt great, and she hadn't become a horny slut.

Finally calming down, she sat back down at the table to finish the gift baskets. Even after her small setback, she was still just as determined to get the girls back for the way they had treated her. After double-checking that she put each doctored hand sanitizer in the correct basket, she wrapped them in clear plastic to increase the odds that the women wouldn't open them until they got home the next night.

Later, as she was getting ready for bed, she was tempted to sleep in the nude for the first time to get to know her new body a bit better. After all, her tits wanted attention, and her pussy pulsed with the promise of pleasure. No, I'm stronger than this stupid drug, she thought, put on her pajamas, and quickly fell asleep.

She woke up the next morning in the glow of a pleasant dream that she couldn't quite remember. Getting ready was uneventful, other than stopping to admire her slightly improved self in the mirror for a few minutes, and she grabbed all of the baskets on her way out the door.

When she arrived at work, she made the rounds to all of her coworkers' desks, giving them the gift baskets along with her prefabricated tale of how an online retailer had accidentally sent her too much product. Everyone was appreciative, though she noted that Linda was curt, Val looked down her nose at the brand of the sanitizer, and Sam clearly suspected that this was a ploy to undermine her efforts in the office somehow. If she only knew, Amy giggled to herself as she headed back to her desk.

"Amy, could you come in here please?" her boss called a few minutes later. She went in and took a seat in front of his desk as he began to tell her about the preparations that needed to be made for the next quarterly meeting. As he spoke, she found herself absentmindedly admiring his wide shoulders and strong-looking hands. Her gaze had drifted up to his warm eyes and masculine features when she was suddenly startled out of her reverie by a change in his voice. "So, if you have any questions, just let me know," he concluded. "No problem!" she said with a big smile and a bit of a giggle, and got up to leave.

Why did I giggle in there? she wondered on the way back to her desk. He didn't seem any different to her, and she felt no desire to throw herself at him or anything, but something still felt slightly off as she sat down at her desk and got back to work.

A few hours later, when her boss called her back into his office to discuss one of her reports, she figured out what it was. She could smell him. A faint hint of a delicious musk was just detectable in the air of his office, and it was making her the slightest bit giddy. She tried to calm down, and nearly succeeded, until she saw her boss' eyes momentarily flick down to her chest. Immediately she felt her brainwashed breasts' desire to stand out proudly, finally getting the attention they craved. She could feel her nipples harden against her too-small bra. Her boss continued on as though he hadn't noticed, possibly in embarrassment at having been caught looking. She wanted him to look again though, and found herself arching her back ever so slightly as a flush crept up her chest.

Embarrassed at her behavior, she forced herself to sit up straight as her boss continued to talk about the earnings report, but her traitorous breasts had already signaled their interest to her pussy, which tingled and swelled in response. Just as she feared she might lose control of herself,

however, her arousal plateaued and settled down to a warm buzz. Realizing that she was still firmly in control of herself, she decided to relax a bit and enjoy the pleasant pull of attraction as she leaned over the desk to point out some figures. His eyes flicked down again and her nipples tightened, but she now welcomed the sensation and kept her conversation strictly professional, proud of herself for having her cake and eating it too. Maybe this isn't so bad after all, she thought.

A few minutes later, however, she saw his nostrils flare slightly, and she remembered the pheromones the ad had mentioned. She wondered if her pussy had started producing them without her even noticing. Hopefully they're relatively weak, like the other changes have been, she thought, as she decided her fun had gone far enough and reluctantly reigned herself back in to a calm indifference. His nose flared again though as he took in a deep breath, and then asked, "Is that a new perfume you're wearing?"

"Oh, yes!" she answered, worried about her pussy's sudden renewed interest in him.

"It's nice," he said, shifting slightly in his chair and taking one more lingering glance at her chest before beginning to wrap up the meeting. She was glad it was over, because she knew she was now producing her "perfume" in a much higher quantity, and her fingers were

beginning to tug at the hem of her shirt as her breasts convinced her that maybe showing a bit more skin wouldn't hurt.

And then it was over. She stood up and they shook hands, but she could feel his eyes glued to her hips as she walked out the door..

End of Chapter 1

Author's Note: Thanks for reading! If you have any feedback, comments, or questions, I'd love to hear from you at [fidget1@protonmail.com](mailto:fidget1@protonmail.com). If you enjoyed this story so much you'd like to support my work on Patreon, you can find me at [www.patreon.com/fidget1](http://www.patreon.com/fidget1). Patrons get early access to my stories, input into which stories I write, and some fun other perks. Every little bit helps, and your support is what enables me to keep doing what I love!

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Bimbo Potion: Revenge

by Fidget

Chapter 5

The next morning, sexually sated for the first time in days after getting stuffed with cock at the club the night before, Amy was sitting on the couch absentmindedly playing with her jiggly new C-cups when they began to remind her of their ever-present need for another splash of the bimbo potion. As tempting as it would be to indulge them, to allow the drug to trigger their sensuous swelling once again, Amy obviously wasn't going to turn herself into even more of a bimbo just to experience it. Then again, she thought as a new idea occurred to her, maybe I can have my cake and eat it too...

She picked up the potion, opened the top, and took a deep whiff. She smiled as it had the effect she had hoped it would on her hypersensitive body, and she savored the pleasant sensation of her breasts' sudden, urgent need to expand even further, secure in the knowledge that she was safe from that growth as long as she could keep the drug off her skin. She arched her back as she took another long sniff, imagining that her tits were actually swelling, advertising her sexual availability even more openly than they had last night. She slid a few fingers into herself at the memory as she inhaled the drug's potent scent, feeling her pleasant yearning to become a sexy bimbo increase, strengthened by an abrupt demand for stronger pheromones from her hungry pussy, whose need for cock had swiftly reawakened due to a combination of her fingers' stimulation and the drug's influence.

As she continued to mindlessly breathe the addictive fumes and her renewed need for cock continued to grow, Amy suddenly couldn't think of a reason not to sprinkle just a bit of the tempting liquid on her skin, and found herself eagerly removing the stopper and preparing to



dump a generous helping onto her large, naked breasts, which were filled with delight at this new opportunity to bimbofy her further. Because that's what it was at this point - her tits wanted her to be a busty, brainless sex toy, and right now that was exactly what Amy wanted too. As she began to tilt the bottle, however, she squirmed uncontrollably in anticipation, which caused her to slam her knee against the corner of her coffee table. The pain brought a brief moment of acute clarity to her enthralled mind, and she was able to find the strength to force the stopper back into the bottle, and place it back onto the table unused.

"That was totally too close", Amy giggled, breathing a sigh of relief and rubbing her sore knee. She tried to be mad at herself for her stupidity, but her head was too saturated with feelings of warm, fuzzy sexuality to be anything other than horny at the moment. Even so, she made a mental note to never smell the potion again, since it had apparently been designed to eventually compel anyone breathing it in to put some on their skin. This realization didn't make resisting her renewed cravings any easier though; she was still just as tempted to dose herself as she had been - moreso in fact - and now she was sexually frustrated again too, with her pussy once more begging for the pleasure that only a large,

throbbing cock could provide. And, since no man could resist her enhanced pussy's charms, Amy knew that it was only a matter of time before her own need would drive her to fill herself with eager, spurting dick once again.

Her only solace was the inkling of an evil idea which had just occurred to her. There was no way that Sam (or any other woman, for that matter) would be able to resist the smell of the potion, and as Amy thought back to how fun it had been to bimbofy the annoying salesgirl and the unsuspecting girl at the bar the previous day, she realized that if you wanted something done right, you should just do it yourself. Sam was becoming a bimbo today; she just didn't know it yet.

Amy finally dragged herself up off the couch to go get dressed, away from the ever-present temptation of the Bimbo Potion. She briefly considered resisting her urge to wear a revealing top and a short skirt, but with how cute they would look on her and how much skin they would show, the thought of all of the welcome attention her new, curvy body was sure to get from any man who saw her was far too appealing. Well, in for a penny... she giggled to herself, and decided not to wear any underwear as well. Not because that would make the process of getting a cock in her needy pussy much more straightforward, of course, but because her pussy just felt so much more comfortable exposed to the open air. Sam would doubtlessly make fun of her for her outfit, but the clothes Sam would soon find herself compelled to wear would put these to shame anyway.

She grabbed the potion, walked out to her car, and drove over to Sam's, all the while trying to remember what came after "in for a penny...".

"Wow Amy, you look like a slut! Are you copying Val's new look?" Sam jeered as she opened the door.

Just this once, Amy decided to fully embrace her inner bimbo. "Hey Sammy! I got a new

perfume, and I thought you might want to see what it smelled like!" she said as she stuck the potion in Sam's face and giggled, enjoying the feeling of her bra-less boobs bouncing in her low-cut tank top. She felt a bit self-conscious at just how much fun it was to act like a bimbo, and at how naturally it came to her now, but if it got Sam to sniff the potion just once without her getting too suspicious, it would be worth it.

"Jesus, Amy, you really are a brainless bimbo! If I smell your stupid perfume, will you go away?"

"Yuppers!" Amy smiled, her bright blue eyes twinkling.

"Fine, give it here." Sam said, grabbing the bottle, taking a big whiff, and shoving it back at Amy before preparing to go back inside and slam the door in her face. Suddenly, however, Sam could tell that something was different, that the liquid had affected her somehow.

"Wh-what did you do to me?" the attractive, soon-to-be irresistible redhead asked in a thick voice as she swayed unsteadily on her feet.

Amy watched Sam's pupils dilate as the influence of the potion's powerful fumes grew. Sam felt an odd pressure building within her, as though the mere scent of that liquid was filling her with potential, with a transformative energy that would soon compel her to become... something. Something better. Something desirable. There was a growing hunger, a growing need that she couldn't quite put her finger on, and all the while, her urge to smell that scent again was getting stronger.

"Do you like it?" Amy asked coyly as Sam mindlessly leaned forward to inhale the potent fumes again. This time, however, she didn't lean back, leaving her nose only centimeters above the increasingly enticing liquid stored in the bottle, becoming more and more captivated by it as her thoughts continued to drift. She became filled with reckless pride at her own powerful womanhood, which she had skillfully leveraged to become a successful young businesswoman in spite of existing in such a male-dominated world. Even so, however, Sam began to feel that as powerful as she was, her alluring femininity could be stronger, should be stronger. Sam had been chosen by this wonderful liquid - it was tempting her, compelling her to fulfill her destiny and fully unlock her power over men. Sam wasn't sure how, but she knew that this perfume was the key to everything she had ever wanted. Her thoughts turned to her personal goals and aspirations, the fame and success she was owed, and she knew that her innate feminine power, combined with whatever this potion was, could conquer the world.

Amy, her own irresistibly alluring power over men already having been forcibly unlocked for her by the potion, began to slowly sneak past Sam into her house, carefully keeping the open bottle at an arm's length. As she squeezed by Sam, the swollen tits that Amy now had no choice but to love displaying for men as proof of that irresistible femininity bumped pleasantly into Sam's arm as Amy led the potion's latest thrall by the nose behind her. Once they were safely inside, Amy shut the door to give Sam some privacy for the personal growth that was soon to follow.

All the while Sam continued to breathe in the addicting aroma, feeling her desire to smell it being quickly replaced by a desire to feel it on her skin.

"Oh, do you want to try some?" Amy asked playfully, feigning surprise. "It gets even better once it's on you!" she exclaimed, an evil grin spread across the elegant features of her supernaturally alluring face, not that Sam noticed, of course, as she was entirely focused on the contents of the bottle. Amy tilted it and offered it to the increasingly needy Sam, who was momentarily suspicious that Amy was willing to part with so much power so easily, but by this point she lacked the willpower to resist the potion's temptation any longer. As four drops splashed onto her outstretched palm, she instinctively rubbed the cool liquid deep into her skin, which immediately began to tingle with the feminine power she had sensed from the potion's scent.

Amy watched as Sam embraced her transformation, again reliving the overpowering desire to swell into a voluptuous bimbo that she had felt in the throes of the drug. She knew that Sam wouldn't be able to resist, just like she hadn't, so she put the bottle on the counter and sat down on the couch to watch the show, slipping her hand into her panties as she vicariously experienced the drug's intoxicating effects. She had apparently gotten better at resisting her desire to dose herself when she watched someone else's transformation, since all she really wanted to do now was play with herself while Sam bimbofied, but maybe it was that she just hated Sam that much.

Sam, meanwhile, had forgotten that Amy was even there, as she was suddenly filled to bursting with an unrestrained femininity that concentrated itself in her bust, her hips, and her tight little ass, making Sam feel like she had to swell with that boundless sexuality or she would explode. She was already aware of the powerful allure of her sexy female body from using it to get ahead at work, taking advantage of the power over men that their instinctive sexual attraction gave her, but as her boobs were overpowered by

the potion's influence and began to expand, Sam realized that she could be so much more. If her influence over men was due to their sexual attraction to her, the key to her success was a body that would overwhelm their lustful eyes with sexual femininity, and that meant that her secondary sex characteristics needed to be conspicuous, obscene even, in order to attract the attention that she wanted.

The potion obeyed her wishes, and her body became soft and inviting as her curves continued to swell to generous, even pornographic proportions due to the powerful quadruple dose she had received, but she suddenly realized that it wasn't enough to just be sexy. She also needed to be able to command respect, to make men take her seriously so that she could direct her sexual power over them to her own purposes. She could feel the potion bending to her wishes here as well, could feel herself stretching, becoming taller and more imposing even as her breasts and butt continued to swell and her hips flared, and Sam grew giddy with the realization that she could actually direct the power of this liquid, as long as she directed it toward sex in some way, of course. But then why wouldn't she, when her sexuality was the key to unlocking her influence over men? Her body had to demand sex if she were to be able to demand male obedience. It never occurred to her to think about what would happen if she stopped directing that power, but since both she and the potion were currently content with making her tits and ass swell it didn't seem to matter too much.

Suddenly, however, it stopped obeying her wishes and refocused its attention and Sam's on the tight little pussy between her legs. Sam was momentarily taken aback, since the overwhelming sexuality of the rest of her voluptuous body should be more than enough to get her way and achieve her goals, so she should never need to debase herself by allowing a man to actually stick his cock into her, but then the potion made her aware of the pheromones that she was now producing, and Sam was astounded by the brilliance of the idea. She would never have thought of a detail like that, but now even being close to a man would be enough to draw him into her sphere of influence, and focus his attention on the sex he wanted to have with her that would leave him pliable and obedient. Sam and the potion were a team, working in tandem to make her an irresistible bombshell so that her dreams and aspirations could all become a reality.

As she willed her new pheromones to grow even stronger, however, Sam failed to notice that the potion was tightening her pussy and heightening its sensitivity in the meantime, and she failed to recognize that her pheromones were tied to her own sexual arousal, which had been growing unnoticed for a while now. Sam had conflated her growing need for sex with her desire for power, which had made her all the more receptive to the potion's sinister suggestions, and would soon make herself more receptive to cock.

As the potion's influence moved back up her body, Sam felt her thighs grow thick and powerful, perfect for wrapping around a man's torso and pulling him into her, forcing him to finish deep inside of her pussy. Not that she would ever need to go that far, of course, but the idea did send a pleasant tingle down to her swollen sex. Sam's waist slimmed and her abs tightened into a six-pack, while her back muscles strengthened to support the massive mammaries that would advertise her sexual availability to all virile males in sight. Her arms grew as well; not bulging like a bodybuilder's, but lean and toned, while keeping the inviting softness that was the theme of her new, redesigned body. Sam was tall, fit, and strong, just as she had imagined herself, but more importantly, her new curves exuded an overt sexuality that was impossible to ignore. This would especially be the case once she went out and got

herself a new wardrobe, one that would show enough skin to properly display the tantalizing assets that Sam now had a desire to offer to any man willing to meet her demands.

Finally the potion reached her face, where, once again, Sam directed it to make her irresistible, but strong. Her cheeks ached as her cheekbones rose, high and severe, and her features became elegant and seductive, yet powerful and in control, just like the rest of her. Even so, however, the potion slightly altered the femme fatale image that she was going for, and secretly caused her lips to swell, redden, and soften. Sam found herself absentmindedly slipping a finger between them to suckle seductively as her other hand began to explore her new, hypersensitive body.

But then, just as her mind was full of images of men helplessly giving her everything she wanted, her head fogged slightly, and she began to realize that what she really wanted was to get her hands on their nice, thick cocks. She immediately recognized that the potion had betrayed her, but it was too late, of course. The dose she had received was far too strong, and

she felt her thoughts continuing to shift against her will as she continued to succumb to the drug's terrible influence. Even so, she held on to the thought that was the core of her identity - that she was a strong, independent woman, and didn't need any man - but the potion unexpectedly agreed with her, and showed her that she could just use them for their sexy bodies, and for the thick, throbbing cocks that could give her the cum that she really needed. Sam found herself reluctantly agreeing with the potion's position, unable to find a flaw in the logic as she thought about how good a cock would feel right about now in her new body, which she now realized the potion had been designing specifically for sex all along.

Sam still wanted to use men for her success, and knew that she been given practically unlimited power over them to do so, but in exchange, their thick, throbbing cocks had been given a delicious power over her as well. Men would be driven to give her practically anything she wanted, but she would also be driven to fill herself with their cum in return.

As the potion's effects finally wore off and Sam returned to full awareness, she turned to Amy on the couch who was still playing with herself with a shit-eating grin on her beautiful face, in which Sam could now clearly see the potion's influence.

"Omigod, Amy! You, like, tricked me! You made me all sexy and slutty like you!" the new and improved Sam yelled with a pout that was more cute than angry, with her pale, freckled cheeks framing her bright green, come-hither eyes and thick, red cocksucking lips.

Amy laughed, a deep, satisfied laugh in a voice that the potion had filled with seduction, while the movement made her body, now completely outclassed by Sam's, of course, jiggle delightfully nonetheless with her own considerable sex appeal.

There was still just enough of the old vindictive Sam left to pick up the bottle of Bimbo Potion off the counter and throw it at Amy as she finally gave herself up to her new, inescapable desire for cock. The top of the bottle came off in the air, and Amy felt two small splashes across her boobs as it flew past her, bounced off the wall, and landed, intact, on the floor.

Amy hurriedly wiped her chest off with her tank top and ran over to grab the bottle of Bimbo Potion to put its cap back on, but her greedy boobs had already sucked up as much potion as they could, and Amy began to feel the familiar euphoria that signaled the onset of her unavoidable bimbofication.

"Oh nooooo..." Amy moaned in faux disappointment as her ecstasy grew. Secretly, of course, she eagerly looked forward to her drugged boobs beginning to grow again, filling her with yet more desire to fill herself with cock, knowing that it was only a matter of time before the potion coursing through her veins triggered her transformation into an even sexier, hornier bimbo.

Was she really this weak? Was she just going to sit here and turn into a bimbo like a good girl just because that bitch Sam had dosed her? No! She decided that this time she'd resist with all of her might. Having been dosed twice already, she was familiar with the drug's tricks and was sure she could beat it. She began to feel her boobs' overwhelming need to grow, but she didn't give in to the temptation, and fought the sensation with all her might. She clutched her hands to

her chest and pressed until her large, bouncy boobies hurt from the pressure. The potion took that opportunity to switch its attention to her hips, but she met its advances there too, holding her hips in as a visual metaphor for her internal struggle, refusing to give in to the pleasure. The drug tried to convince her that letting it alter her just a bit wouldn't matter, but Amy was steadfast in her resolution, and she allowed the potion no purchase.

She wanted to though, and all the while knew exactly how good it would feel to give in.

Finally, she felt the potion's probing weaken, and knew that she was winning. Her pride led to her fall, however; in its final push, the potion successfully convinced her that she was clearly too strong to be affected, taking advantage of her self-congratulation to rush past her defenses, overwhelm her with pleasure, and change as much as it could even as its power ran out. Amy couldn't help but be swept up in the sensation, urging her boobs to grow as much as they could and bemoaning her stupid decision to resist her unavoidable destiny as a blissfully brainless, voluptuous bimbo. She pressed her hands to her hips again, this time needing to feel them filling out against her skirt, and finally she stuck two fingers into her pussy, encouraging its pheromones to grow even stronger so that men would even more eagerly seek out its stimulating embrace.

All too soon, however, she felt the effects of the potion begin to fail, leaving her full of regret and longing as her minimal changes slowed and stopped.

As the drug's power over her mind waned, Amy felt a bit sheepish at how strongly she had craved becoming a bimbo, but was glad to see that she was still fully in control of herself, and that she had by and large resisted the drug's tempting transformation. I'm, like, totally stronger than this stupid potion, Amy thought, happily pinching her large nipples, which stood out ever so slightly more against the thin fabric of her tight t-shirt. At least my sexy clothes still fit. Heck, if anything they fit better now, since their increased tightness was sure to draw more attention to her imperceptibly enhanced curves. Men are going to want to stick their cocks in me even more now, she thought happily, before turning her attention back to Sam.

"God, Sammy, you're such a bitch," Amy yelled, bouncing up onto her heels and preparing to leave. "Well, you've always been a bitch, but now you're a slutty bimbo bitch!"

As she walked to the door, Amy turned around briefly to say, "Oh, and by the way Sammy, there's some more of that fun potion in the bottle of hand sanitizer I gave you! Be careful not to use it or you'll become even more of a slutty bimbo!" But, when she saw Sam's eyes filling with newfound desire, Amy impulsively walked back over and pulled her in for a cruel kiss, teasing Sam with the tip of her tongue while their sensitive, pillowy lips locked, driving them both to new heights of arousal as Amy slid her hand into Sam's now-skintight pajama pants and gently stroked one perfect finger along Sam's new, swollen, hungry pussy.

Amy abruptly broke the kiss, leaving Sam clearly wanting more, before turning on her heel, tossing her blond curls over her shoulder, and walking away. With a brief "Byeeee, have fun!" Amy closed the door behind her and was gone, leaving the quivering, voluptuous Sam to try to resist her growing desire to dose herself once more with the four drops of powerful poison

floating on top of her hand sanitizer.

A few hours later, Sam sat naked on her couch, proud of herself for resisting her urge to use the potion again, but angry with herself for not being able to stop her hands from diving in and out of her needy pussy and squeezing her massive, sensitive new E-cups. She was even angrier at how good it felt, and at how much she wanted to replace her fingers with a nice, hard cock. But, most of all, she was angry with Amy for doing this to her.

Suddenly, however, she was startled out of her reverie of impotent rage and wanton sexual need by a knock at her door. Oh no. She had forgotten that she had scheduled a cable installation for today, since it was Saturday, and she'd be home from work.

As she looked out the peephole at the rugged, sexy working-class man on the other side, however, she realized that this wasn't a time to be afraid - this was her chance to demonstrate her newfound influence over men. She could feel how strongly her sexy body wanted to exert its control over this man's cock, and she reveled in the knowledge that he would be entirely unable to resist the pull of her new curves, especially now that she could already feel her tight pussy growing slicker with chemical compulsion as her arousal grew. She paused for a second before opening the door to work a couple of fingers in and out of her tight vagina, filling the air with her pheromones so that he'd be unable to resist filling her with his throbbing dick. Once she got what she wanted from him, of course.

As the door opened in front of him, Frank thought he had walked into some sort of porno, as the most attractive woman he had ever seen stood there, entirely naked, inviting him in with a crooked finger as she winked the luxurious lashes of an enchanting green eye at him.

He knew it was asking for trouble, not least because of the hint of crazy he saw in those eyes, but he also knew what they said about gift horses, and he still had a job to do. Not to mention that the longer he stood there looking at her, the more he felt his desire for her body inexplicably growing, and the more he felt his cock growing as well, magnetically drawn to the swollen pussy clearly visible beneath a neat patch of fiery red pubic hair. His eyes, meanwhile, were drawn to the large, pale breasts hanging pendulously off her hourglass frame, openly advertising her soft, receptive, feminine sexuality and arousing his masculine hunger for her sexy body.

Unable to resist, he allowed himself to be led into her house, and once the door was securely closed behind him, the tall, strong redhead pressed her massive tits into his chest, and pulled him tight against her.

Mmm... Sam thought. It felt so good to press her soft body against his, and it was so addictive to let herself sink into his embrace and just do what came naturally to both of them. He was clearly enjoying himself as well though, which made her hesitate, and she had a strange sneaking suspicion that her powerful feminine body was somehow betraying her even as she began to rub her pelvis against the bulge twitching in his work jeans.

Before she allowed her need for his cock to run away with her, however, she got control of

herself, looked down into his eyes, and said, "I, like, need a better cable package," with a cocked eyebrow so he would know exactly what she meant.

"Yes ma'am, that's what I'm here for," Frank responded distractedly, as she continued to rub her crotch against his.

"They're all so expensive though. I thought that, since you work for the cable company and stuff, you could, like, figure something out for me," she said, continuing to stare knowingly into his eyes as she brought one of his hands up to cup her heavy breasts while her other hand teased along the rock-hard outline in his pants.

He started to respond, but Sam couldn't wait any longer. She had to get her hands on that cock, so while he told her how much he wished he could help her, she unzipped his pants, and pulled out his throbbing member. It felt so good twitching in her hand that she was nearly overcome by how badly she needed it inside her, but she refused to acknowledge its power over her, and instead began to tease, softly stroking her fingertip up its sensitive underside as she stared hard into his eyes. She watched the lust there grow even more urgent as he tried to explain that there was nothing he could do, but as his protestations began to weaken and her control over the situation increased, Sam decided to up the ante.

She ordered him to strip and he eagerly complied, surrendering to his sexual pull toward that pussy, and the pleasure that it promised in exchange for his obedience. Once he was naked and looking back into her eyes, he saw that same frenetic energy he had noticed outside, and knew that his dick had gotten him into quite a pickle. But, unable to resist the call of her body and the pheromones that were signaling to him that it was time for them to mate, when he saw her lay down on the couch and beckon him to join her, he eagerly pulled himself down onto her receptive, feminine body and began to instinctively thrust himself against the slick mound inviting him to luxuriously slide himself between her long, powerful legs.

Just as he prepared to enter her, overwhelmed with arousal and need for release, she firmly pressed him back with one hand, stared hard into his eyes, and said, "You are going to ensure that not only is my cable free, but I have access to any channel I want, including pay-per-view, at no charge. Is that clear?"

Frank knew of an exploit to give her what she wanted, though he could get fired if he ever got caught. But she was so strong and so powerful and he wanted her so badly that he would say yes to literally

anything if it meant he got to stick his dick in her pussy. He immediately agreed, and plunged himself into paradise.

The potion, of course, had been more than happy to indulge in Sam's little control fantasy; whatever it could do to convince its victim to go along with the bimbofication and not resist like Amy had, the drug was willing to do. At the end of the day, whatever got Sam's slutty, bimbofied body filled with cum was acceptable.



As Frank slammed himself into her over and over again, driving them both closer and closer to climax, Sam focused on just how much she was taking advantage of this man as her giant tits bounced wildly in his face and her pussy wrapped them both in waves of sexual pleasure. True, he was about to cum inside the woman of his dreams, but she was getting to have her way with his sexy, masculine body, getting to feel his hard cock thrusting deep into her hungry pussy, and she knew that soon he would be filling her up with the warm, gooey cum that she needed inside of her. That was, like, three times more than he was getting out of this! And, she was getting free cable.

That last thought was more than her overstimulated body could take, and she felt herself gripped in the powerful throes of orgasm as her entire body clenched against him and her legs instinctively wrapped around his body, pulling him deep into her tight, pulsing pussy. He quickly succumbed to the sensation himself, and his cock began pumping involuntarily inside her, filling her with burst after burst of his thick cum.

As his cock began to deflate, Sam roughly pushed him off and told him to get to work, before lying back down on the couch to play with her gigantic breasts as she watched him. She took her time enjoying the deep, satisfying afterglow of a deal well struck, as the evidence of their mutually beneficial transaction oozed delightfully out of her still-pulsing object of interest and onto her expensive cushions.

End of Chapter 5

Author's Note: Thanks for reading! If you have any feedback, comments, or questions, I'd love to hear from you at [fidget1@protonmail.com](mailto:fidget1@protonmail.com). If you enjoyed this story so much you'd like to support my work on Patreon, you can find me at [www.patreon.com/fidget1](https://www.patreon.com/fidget1). Patrons get early access to my stories, input into which stories I write, and some fun other perks. Every little bit helps, and your support is what enables me to keep doing what I love!