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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](http://www.patreon.com/fidget1). Patrons get early access to my stories, input into which stories I write, and some fun other perks.