

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: My sincere thanks to everyone for their feedback on my first story, Pregnancy Hangups. 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. 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. Patrons get early access to my stories, input into which stories I write, and some fun other perks.