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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](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!