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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 "Byeee, 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 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

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