Genetic Jealousy

“Are you sure this is a good idea?”

Heather scoffed. “Am I not the ‘scientist,’” she said with air quotes, “who helped you pass your AP classes last year? The girl who is at the top of her college class, which is completely paid for with my free ride scholarship from -”

“Ok, I get it, I get it!” Scott said, holding his hands up in front of him defensively, trying to stop the tirade before she could list all of her achievements. “You’re a genius Heather, no doubt about it, but this is an error where you’re…er, it’s sensitive because…you’re too close to…”

“Enough with your fumbling! Tell me, honestly, what do you see when you look at me?” She demanded, spreading her hands & doing a quick spin.

Scott swallowed nervously, knowing he was screwed - there was no good answer for his girlfriend’s question. Lying would get him in the dog house but being honest was not the best move.

“...I see a smart, gifted -”

“Cut the bullshit,” Heather sighed and pushed her glasses up. “I’m a 5 foot 8 brunette with short hair, decent skin, terrible eyesight, and no curves to speak of. I’m smart, sure, but I’ve been confused for a guy so many times that I’ve lost count. I have zero sex appeal”

“That’s not fair -” He tried to interject, to compliment her and remind her that he wasn’t exactly a catch either. Scott was tall, lanky, pimpley, unkempt brown haired nerd & he didn’t care how she looked just like she didn’t care how he looked - they loved each other for the things that really mattered.

Heather gestured for silence, Scott immediately complying. They had been dating for quite some time but part of why they worked so well, Scott to admit, was because Heather was a bit bossy and he liked to be told what to do.

“Look outside. Now!” Heather commanded. “Let me know what you see out there.”

Scott did as he was told, as he always did, dreading what came next as he gazed at the pool and it’s sole occupant, trying not to stare at the sculpted perfection that was lounging in an innertube sunbathing.

“It’s just your mom out there,” Scott tried to say nonchalantly as he looked at the only woman he had ever considered a 10.

“After the self-assessment I did we both know that’s not what I was asking for.” Heather crossed her arms and stepped next to Scott, joining him in looking out the window. “While you are technically correct, let me elaborate for you - what I see is a busty, curvy, hot as sin bombshell. I see double dees crammed into a bikini top which is only being held on by a miracle at this point. While I can’t perfectly see it, we both know Beth’s perfect ass is in that innertube - an ass that looks like you could bounce quarters off it. She’s tall and her legs go on for days. Let’s face it, that bimbo out there, I must admit, is feminine, sexual perfection. From a male’s perspective, that is..”

“Jesus Heather, that’s your Mom out there -”

“And she gave you a boner just by looking at her.” Heather said, looking down and smiling coyly, patting Scott affectionately on the back. “I’m glad at least *he’s* honest with me.”

“Ah!” Scott cried, trying far too late to cover his surprise erection.

“Don’t bother,” Heather said dismissively. “I don’t blame you, it’s a natural reaction to visual stimuli like that. I’d have to take your pulse if you didn’t find her attractive.”

“I lost the genetic lottery…at least, when it comes to looks.” Heather said, nodding to herself. “I’m much smarter than that bimbo of a woman will ever be but, if this experiment is successful, I’ll have everything she has and more!”

“You really need to stop calling her a bimbo,” Scott awkwardly replied, thinking of Beth as a bimbo not helping his erection situation.

“It’s the truth and we both know it. She’s a professional model, she doesn’t need to be smart. Yesterday I convinced her for half the day that dihydrogen monoxide should be banned in schools and she only found out later from dad that it was water. They laughed it off but that bitch is dumb.”

“Every guy in my life is under her thumb and she doesn’t even realize the effect she has on people. Imagine what I could accomplish, with a brain like mine and a body like hers, no one would overlook me again! And that dream becomes reality, today, with this!”

She proudly held out her ray gun but Scott had to bite his tongue to stop from laughing at her. She was being deadly serious, unveiling her newest creation, but she was wearing jeans, a t-shirt that said “Talk dorky to me,” and a labcoat - she was acting like a b-list movie mad scientist and she looked like one too.

“Is it safe?” He asked.

“Of course it is! No cancer risk, nothing went wrong in any of the simulations, we had success with the animal test last week - and reversing it wasn’t a problem either, so let’s get started.” Heather tossed him the gun and spread her arms. “Now give me a body that will *never* be mistaken for a guy’s again!”

Scott barely caught the gun and sighed, there was no denying her at this point. If he didn’t do it she would do it by herself and he wouldn’t be able to help her if something went wrong - not that anything ever had with her experiments but this was also the craziest thing she had tried. Against his better judgment, he aimed the device and pulled the trigger.

A beam of light slammed into his girlfriend’s nonexistent chest, causing her to spin around and momentarily lose her balance, but she quickly regained it.

“Shit, are you ok Heather?”

“I’ll have to fix that in future versions…, yes, I’m fine.” Heather commented. “I…feel good, actually, much better than fine.”

She started to rub her chest and she groaned, then blushed quickly. “Oh…ahem, oh, I feel *very* good all of sudden.”

“Good how-so?” Scott asked, his concern for her making him denser than a box of rocks.

“I feel hot…” She said as she started to rub her chest more forcefully. “My nipples…they are hard, do you see them?”

He couldn’t, her hands where covering them, but he noticed something more important.

“Uh…you’re shirt, it’s getting…tighter?”

“Oh fuck, you’re right - it’s working!” Heather squealed with delight, then blushed again. “Sorry, sorry, it’s just hard to remain objective when it feels this good…God, I’ve wanted this for so long, ugh!”

Scott finally put two and two together. “You’re…horny, aren’t you?”

“Quite horny actually,” Heather said breathly, her hands now both quite full of breast. “I hope they don’t feel this good all the time, oh my…or I’m going to need you for relief quite frequently if I’m ever, mmmm, if I’m ever going to get anything done in the lab.”

As her breasts grow her shirt rode up and up, revealing her flat tummy. As Scott looked down, pulling his eyes away from her breasts,he noticed her growth wasn’t isolated to one location. “Your butt…your butt is growing too!”

“Is it? Well it was supposed to,” Heather commented, turning around and jutting out her butt, which caused her pants to rip instantly. “Oh! I guess we hadn’t noticed…with my tits, you know…that this was growing too…!”

Scott stared at her ass, his dick at full mast. While not quite as big as Beth’s yet Heather’s butt was quickly approaching her mother’s and it looked like it was going to be bigger than Beth’s if it continued to grow at it’s current rate.

“Oh fuck, I can’t take it anymore!” Heather gasped and pulled up her shirt suddenly, showing Scott the hottest tit-drop he had ever seen - and the first he had seen in person. “I need that *relief* I was talking about earlier, right now! Scott, fuck me!”

“Oh, uh, but I don’t have a condom -”

“Did I stutter?” Heather asked as she sensually rubbed her hands all over her body. “I need something inside of me to take the edge off and I want it to be you, don’t make me repeat myself!”

Scott didn’t question it, Heather always called the shots after all, and he was soon naked in record speed. Heather was already topless and what was left of her pants wasn’t enough to get in his way. Her underwear, however, hadn’t given up the fight yet. Her black panties clung tightly to her new ass, miraculously holding on, but, ultimately, in vain.

Scott grabbed the panties, an obstacle at this point, and ripped them off. “I’ll buy you new ones,” He said as he lifted her up, arousal & desire granting him more strength than he usually had.

“I think an entire new wardrobe is in order, oh shit!” She cried out as Scotted buried himself balls deep into her “Yes, like that, that’s what I want! Harder!”

Scott obeyed, as he always did, and pounded her harder, his face slammed between her massive tits. They were huge, easily basketball sized at this point, and they were the hottest thing he had ever seen.

He squeezed her ass, both hands full of delicious fat where there had been none minutes before, as he slammed deeper into her. He had to go hard and fast, Scott knew there was no way he was going to last long, he was no match for Heather’s new body.

“Uh, yes, you brute, take me like that! Squeeze it, lick them, give it to me!” She screamed as Scott hit places he had never hit before - places that Heather had only ever reached before with her toys. “Fuck that’s what I need!”

Scott grunted and started licking, his mind almost blank at this point - his only thought was to hold on a little longer. Heather was close, on the edge, and he couldn’t let her down - not now, not when he had a chance to…

“Say it, say it, say it!” She chanted as she twitched, sensing the orgasm almost at the same time Scott did.

He knew what she wanted and he was horny enough to say it: “You’re hotter than your mom, you’re the hottest bitch I’ve ever seen!”

“YES YES YES YES!!!!” She hollered at the top of her lungs, her legs clamping tight around Scott so forcefully he fell backwards, “That’s it, that’s it, that’s it…!”

Her mouth flopped open but no voice came out, her mind temporarily short-circuiting as she came harder than she had ever cum. All she could do was shake as her pussy spasmed like crazy.

This was all too much for Scott and, with his mission complete, he threw in the towel. “Heather I can’t - fuck!” He gasped, no longer able to hold it back, firing his load into her hungry pussy.

“Ah yes…ah…fuck yes…” Heather muttered, her mind slowly restarting as Scott fired away inside her. “Mmmmm, don’t hold back…”

Scott groaned and pulled down on her ass one more time, thrusting up weakly as he did just as she commanded. “Ahhh….shit, you asked for it…”

“Ah, indeed I did,” Heather said, smiling proudly, “and it’s just want I wanted, my excellent assistant. Good work!”

“Wait, do you know -” Scott asked with a moan as he finished cumming, all of it in her.

“Suspected, yes, that’s why I did this on safe day,” Heather said calmly, sounding just like her old self. “The animal test showed significant arousal but I wasn’t sure if that would carry over to the human test subject…”

Her voice trailed off and she stood up quickly. “Uh, fuck, it’s senstive…!” Scott said, not expecting to be dislodged that quickly after cumming.

“Oh, sorry, it’s just that I have notes to take and measurements to do - cloth shopping is a must, I’ve got to find the perfect outfit to show Beth who’s the hottest now - so much to do. Grab the gun would you?” Heather said calmly, as if she hadn’t just had the biggest climax of her life.

Typical Heather, Scott thought to himself as he shakily stood up, found the gun and picked it up, having a hard time focusing on the task at hand - he keep looking at Heather’s body.

She was the now picture of hourglass perfection - her tits had to be bigger than her head and her ass was so huge it didn’t fit in his hands when he squeezed it. How was that going to fit in clothing again? It was so big, so juicy, so perfect -

“Scott, round two will have to wait until I take a few notes, don’t get too excited,” Heather said with a laugh as she interrupted her thoughts.

Scott flinched and noticed that his dick had betrayed him again. “Ah, shit, sorry!” He said, his clenching reflexively, pulling the trigger of the ray gun and firing an unexpected blast.

“Fuck!” He shouted in shock, dropping the ray gun as the blast flew out the window.

“No, no, no! That trajectory -” Heather said suddenly, rushing to the window - no thought given to the fact that she was completely naked.

“Shit, I’m sorry Heather, I didn’t -”

“Scott, it hit her.” Heather interrupted, cutting off the apology.

“Hit her?” He asked, not following what she meant.

“You hit Beth! You hit my mom with that, look!” Heather pointed and stomped her foot, unintentionally making her tits jiggle deliciously. “Get over here, now!”

Scott ran to the window and looked at the pool, noting quickly that while Beth was still in the innertube she was, obviously, squirming. “Oh shit…”

“‘Oh shit’ is right, she got a full dose!” Heather said, grabbing her head in frustration. “Do you have any idea what that’ll do to her? Look what it did to me!”

“Shit, we’ll fix it -”

“Scott, what if she doesn’t want us to fix it? She was hot before, what do you think she’ll look like after this? I finally beat her and now this…”

“Oh, fuck, Heather…Mommy feels weird! Good..but weird…!” Beth screamed from outside, interrupting that thought, her horny yelling derailing their conversation.

“...Heather, what do we do now?” Scott asked.

“I don’t know,” Heather said, grabbing the ray gun and turning it on herself. “But I’ll be damned if I let her win after all of this!” And she pulled the trigger.

“Fuck, Heather no…!”