

# Mad Scientist's Pet (Bimbo TG)

By FoxFaceStories

## An Anonymous Commission

*Jacob is just an ordinary lab worker who is asked a favour from his boss Irvine, who is a renowned genetics experimenter. Little does he realise that Irvine intends on using his latest genetic treatment to turn Jacob into his perfect bimbo wife. Now stuck as Janey, the new nymphomaniac bimbo must find a way to turn the tables before it's too late!*

## Mad Scientist's Pet

Jacob smirked as he walked up to the gate leading to Dr Irvine's mansion. His employer often had him helping out in the lab in the city, but for whatever reason, he had insisted that Jacob come work out in the country in the estate. It was Jacob's first time seeing it, and his impression was that it looked fairly ominous. It was a dark-coloured multi-story house of an older style, built atop a hill so that it loomed in the distance beneath the light of the moon. Clouds gathered in the sky, sometimes obscuring said moon, and they seemed to play dark tricks upon the shadows around it. All in all, it looked like Norman Bates' motel, or perhaps Dr Frankenstein's house.

*Creepy*, he thought. He took to whistling. He was impressed. *Didn't realise the Doctor had such dramatic tastes.*

He ignored the shiver in his spine and hit the button for the receiver by the gate. After a brief tone, a voice answered electronically.

*"Dr Irvine speaking."* It was crisp and smooth, which matched the doc's demeanour, which was perpetually confident and calm.

"Hey doc, it's me, Jacob. You said to come by at six?"

*"Ah, Jacob. You're perfectly on time. Just one of the many things that make you such a good employee. I've unlocked the gate. Come on up."*

A slight gust of wind picked up as Jacob opened the gate and made his way up the hill. He felt there should have been ominous organ music playing as he ascended towards the dark mansion. After all, it was an eerie sight indeed, and the chill in the air was enough to make him lift his colour. He's always been bad with the cold: he was Irish on his mother's side, and had inherited her bright ginger hair and smattering of freckles, and the pale skin that fared so poorly in warm weather and cold alike.

"Brrr! Whatever's inside better be interesting!"

He knocked upon the door. He didn't use the knocker. That was far too creepy indeed: a gargoyle's twisted grimace wrought from cold metal. Thankfully, the door opened before he had to use it. On the other side was an older man with shocks of white hair that were almost furiously out of place. He had the hanging jowls and drooping cheeks of a basset hound, and his expression was just as baleful. When he spoke, his voice was almost comically watery, as if the man had been kicked while he was down every day of his life.

"Master Jacob," he mewled. "I am the good Doctor's servant, Hartford. Please come in. Thisss way."

His jowls shook as he finished his sentence and gestured through the main entrance hall. Jacob extended a hand.

"Nice to meet you, Hartford."

The man pointedly *did not* take it. "We mustn't keep the good doctor waiting, sirrr."

He turned and began slowly - quite slowly, in fact - shuffling to the right, where a door to the basement was. Jacob followed, cringing a little at the interaction, but otherwise feeling more nonplussed than anything.

"Did Irvine say why he wanted me here? Is there something wrong with the lab?"

"Nothing wrong sirrr. Just that an experiment of great worth is to be conducted on you. I mean, witthh youuuu."

The way he stretched out the last words of each sentence was already getting on Jacob's nerves, so he simply followed Hartford silently, avoiding talking to him as much as he could. The stairs down to the basement were old, older than perhaps the mansion itself. They were almost like a descent into a catacomb, or an ancient stone fortress stronghold.

"This place is old," he remarked.

"Hmmm," Hartford replied. "Amusinngg."

"I didn't mean it as a joke. Is there even a joke?"

But Hartford didn't reply, and silence fell again as they turned down and around. For a moment, Jacob genuinely felt a strange fear that this was all some sick trap and that he was a lamb being led to slaughter, until suddenly the twisted stone staircase came to an end and he stepped out into modern fluorescent lights. He was in an underground stone chamber alright, but one that had been fitted with modern amenities and power cords and numerous strange devices, all of which were easily as big as large fridges if not larger. An experimentation table, complete with straps, was positioned in the centre of the room, and two great arms that ended in weird antennas that pointed from above directly onto said gurney table. All in all, the entire room really did look like something out of *Frankenstein*. It was enough to make that chill in his spine even chillier.

"Um, Hartford, can you tell me what this -"

"Jacob! Good to see you, my boy!"

Jacob breathed a sigh of relief as out from the shadows stepped Dr Irvine. Like Jacob himself, he was 6'2 in height. Unlike Jacob, who was relatively fit but not a particularly athletic individual, the mid-thirties doctor somehow found time between all his experimentation to work out, leaving him with an appearance that most women would describe as 'tall, dark, and handsome.' He had a confident smile, the kind that was also described as 'dashing', though there was always an element of mystery to it, one that Jacob felt he was always missing.

"Hey doc!" the mid-twenties lab assistant said. The doctor strode forward to meet him, adorned as he was in a surgeon's gown with a pulled down mask.

"Fantastic to see you, Jacob!" he repeated, shaking the younger man's hand vigorously. "I'm sorry if the descent was a little strange. My loyal butler Hartford here is a bit of a ghou, I'm afraid. Isn't that right, Hartford?"

The old butler frowned, though with his drooping cheeks and jowls, when wasn't he frowning?

"Yes, sir."

"I just love to hear that. 'Yes, sir.' Makes me feel like the lord I used to be, back in the old country."

"The old country?"

But the doctor was already moving to gesture to his lab equipment. "What do you think, my boy? Like what you see? This is where the *real* genetic magic happens! Not at all like that stuffy town lab with all its ridiculous ethical constraints upon our work."

Jacob stepped forward to examine the machines, genuinely intrigued. "It does look fascinating, I won't lie. But what is it all?"

Once again, that same mysterious smile, that knowing gleam in his dark eyes. "Ah, that's not for you to know just yet, dear Jacob. You are the first I've even allowed into this sanctum, outside of poor old Hartford of course, and you don't really count, do you, Hartford?"

Another frown, another gaze at the floor. Jacob found himself feeling a bit sorry for the old fool, but perhaps this was an old joke between them. He went to speak up, then decided against it. No use angering your employee, especially when a raise had already been suggested for coming weeks.

"But it's an experiment?" Jacob asked.

"Yes! And hopefully a successful one. My last attempt wasn't quite . . . up to scratch, was it, Hartford?"

The old man shook his head, and there was milkiess to his eyes that Jacob didn't like. "Not at all, sir, not at all. Still dealing with that, I'm afraid."

“Bah! It adds interest to the garden grounds, at least. A bit of amusement. But I believe I have now perfected it, Jacob, and I want you to be involved in this auspicious experiment.”

Jacob found himself feeling a bit overwhelmed. It was all a bit vague. Not to mention the creepy surroundings, the existence of Hartford, and the fact that while he'd worked for the doctor for only six months, the man seemed unusually interested in him.

“Well, I'd like to know what the experiment is about first . . . if that's okay.”

Once again, Irvine just smiled smugly. He gestured at the equipment, at the numerous labels of chemical-filled bottles on the counters, and the strange antennae devices hooked up to the ceiling and pointed at the experimentation gurney.

“I tell you what, my brilliant assistant. You are the brightest lab partner I'd ever had. If you can look through my equipment and figure out what I'm doing, I'll even expand upon your correct guess and confirm it. If not, go in blind, and you can enjoy the unexpected!”

Jacob relished the challenge. He wasn't the most boisterous person, or the most athletic, or the most confident or charismatic. What he was, though, was loyal and *smart*. Specifically, he could be resourceful in ways that meant that he could work around any disaster in the lab, and figure out what went wrong the first time. So he moved around the lab, ignoring Hartford's weird presence and the strange gothic setup of the whole affair, and focused purely on the machines. There were numerous genetic code sequences, the experimental rewriter interface, batches of male and female hormones, as well as animal pheromones. There were other devices too, some of which seemed to simply generate and redirect power, nodes for attaching and monitoring a human patient, and several injection needles attached to a self-automated arm.

“This - okay, call me crazy, but this looks like some sort of experiment to change a person's entire DNA,” he said. He was briefly without words. “I mean, I know that's impossible, but it seriously looks like what you'd put together to try and remake a person's very image, maybe even the hormones that make up their personality!”

He marvelled at the setup, unable to see any other explanation.

Suddenly, there was a slow clap behind him. Dr Irvine was staring at him in awe, clapping slowly and surely, and almost a little intimidatingly.

“Well done, Jacob. Well done. I knew I picked you well. And now, I suppose, I must tell you why you are here. Hartford?”

Jacob looked to his left, only to see Hartford plunge a syringe full of clear liquid into his arm and injected it all into him. He shoved the old man away, who gasped in a windbag-sounding voice. “What the fuck? Doc, what is this? You've got to - you've got to . . .”

Jacob collapsed on the floor, unable to even stand. His brain was going dark, and it was impossible to stay conscious. The last thing he heard before his sense of reality faded away was Dr Irvine speaking with glee.

“It’s going to work this time, Hartford. I can feel it. He’s going to be perfect. *She’s* going to be perfect.”

*She?* Jacob thought, but then the last light of consciousness dim, and he fell into a dark dream.

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Jacob woke up on a hard surface, and instantly realised he was wearing nothing but a surgical gown. He struggled, immediately recalling the events that seemed like seconds ago, but were probably over an hour ago, but he couldn’t move his arms. They were strapped down, as were his knees and ankles. There was even a strong pair of belts over his stomach and chest respectively, forcing him to lie flat on the gurney. It was mostly upright, with just a little lean to it. Opposite him was a tall full-size mirror, old and yet well-taken care of. It showed him to be in an utter panic. It also showed Doctor Irvine smirking from behind.

“Finally, my boy, you’ve awoken.”

“Doc, I don’t know what the hell this is but it’s not funny! Let me out of here.”

But Irvine shook his head. “Oh, I won’t be doing that, my good assistant. I promised you both an experiment tonight as well as an explanation for my experiment, if you could deduce it. And deduce it you did, not even quite yet an hour ago. I am indeed testing if I can alter an individual’s DNA for good, and you, my wonderful assistant, are to be just that lucky human test subject. And hopefully, the first truly successful one.”

*What the fuck is wrong with this guy? Jacob thought. Is this some crazy prank?*

As if reading his mind, the doctor chuckled darkly. “No, this is not some foolish joke, Jacob. In the last six months of your employment, I have been continually observing you, testing your knowledge and understanding, giving you ever harder tasks and watching you succeed. I have called you at bad times, made great requests of you, and even required you to sometimes bring food to me simply by my own cruel definition of what an assistant is for.

Jacob remembered. His *least* favourite parts of the job.

“And each time you have borne these indignities with loyalty and good bearing. You have proven to be, without even realising it, a wonderfully submissive individual, and a remarkably faithful one as well. Both qualities that I need.”

“For what!?” Jacob exclaimed, beginning to freak out.

“To become my loyal, submissive wife, of course.”

“WHAT!?”

He could barely believe what he had just heard. *This is insane!* He told Dr Irvine as much, but the scientist simply shrugged.

“Not insane, simply . . . particular in my tastes. It’s why I tested your intelligence so greatly. I like my women loyal and faithful, and certainly capable of bringing me good food, but I also don’t like them to be too smart. In fact, as terrible as it is to say, I don’t like them being smart at all, Jacob.”

“Then why pick me?” Jacob asked, trying to control his breathing. He tried to subtly work his way out of the straps, but they were too damn tight. Hartford was off to the side, watching. His face looked even sadder than it had before. Droopier. His eyes were locked on the ground, unable to meet Jacob’s fearful gaze.

“I picked you *because* you are so bright, Jacob,” Irvine continued. “My device has the great power to limit and reduce intelligence, to up the libido, to elevate one’s natural loyalty and submissiveness. And frankly, I have always been fascinated by the idea of *creating* my perfect wife out of the imperfect shell of a man. To make him a woman, one utterly submissive to me, literally unable to resist me, and greatly desirous of me. And the icing on the cake would be to reduce her intelligence from her former elevated state, so that she is gorgeously naive and silly, and unable to even figure her way out. In short, Jacob, I admit it. I crave the sexual rush of power in taking a loyal assistant like yourself, and making you my silly bimbo wife. A wanton slut with eyes only for me, even as she desperately and futilely desires not to be under my thumb.”

Jacob’s jaw fell. He tried to turn his head, but could only see the doctor in the mirror. He looked to be in an almost sexual rush just from explaining his desires. Desires that made Jacob very, very scared indeed.

“P-please! You can let me go! I’m sure someone else wants to be your wife! I mean, with your looks-”

“Jacob, Jacob, haven’t you been listening. I don’t want any old woman. I want *you*, precisely because you *aren’t* a woman, but show enough signs of becoming her that I can alter your DNA with greater success. Don’t worry, soon you’ll be begging for me not to change you back, but to fuck your gorgeous brains out all while you fondle your big tits.”

“M-my tits? Oh God, this is crazy! Fuck! Hartford, please, you’ve got to -”

“Hartford, hit the switch.”

Jacob’s jaw dropped as the old man stumbled forward, grabbed an old rusty lever in his white gloves, and pitched it forward. The room suddenly sprang into life as beams of strange energy emitted from several large cubic battery devices across the room. A loud humming began, centred on first one antennae pointed at Jacob, then the other. Instantly he felt a strange sensation of pressure begin to build across his body, gaining in intensity as numerous other strange electronic devices whirred and shuttered and blinked and beeped.

“N-nughhh! You’ve got to - ahhh! Stop this! I don’t d-deserve this!”

“That’s precisely why it turns me on, Jacob,” the mad scientist called over the rising sound and crackling of large tesla coils. “Now lie back, have fun, and enjoy the transformation process! If all goes well and not disastrously like the previous assistant, you’ll be my hot little minxy pet in no time!”

“P-pet!?”

But there was no response. There couldn’t be. The machines whirred louder and louder, and it became impossible to talk over it. Jacob could only struggle futilely against the straps as the energy thrummed more and more in his very being. His muscles tensed, his fingers shook, his entire core seemed to radiate with internal pressures and churning sensations that were unlike anything he’d ever felt. He barely even noticed the automatic robotic arm shifting over and injecting him with several cocktail mixes, or the transparent mouth-only gas mask placed over his face which began to feed him some strange-smelling concentrate of gaseous chemicals. It sucked into his nostrils, tasting oddly sweet in scent.

“OOhhhh wh-what!? This c-can’t b-be! It won’t w-OOHHH!!”

But he was wrong. It *was working*. The churning in his belly sped up, and suddenly he felt a new organ grow into existence, shoving aside his intestines to make room for itself. He squirmed as much as he could beneath his bindings, only to howl as his hips cracked wider, then wider again, then wider again. They became womanly in shape. No, *more* than womanly. Positively *shapely*, in fact. As the injections continued, as the energy thrummed, as the gas was sucked into his lungs, he experienced the dreadful sensation of his body hair literally falling away, everywhere but between his legs, where it rearranged instead. To his shock, his hair slithered out from his scalp, rapidly growing longer and longer until it fell equal to his backside. It formed a curtain over one eye, and he had to blow several times just to shift the hairs, though not before he realised they were turning *blonde*. A bright, golden blonde that bordered on platinum.

“H-holy shit! Holy *shiiiiit!*”

He would’ve grasped his throat in response to the massive jump in tone it just took when speaking, but he was still strapped down, and his body was only slimming, getting yet weaker against the restraints. He panted heavily, and with each breath, his Adam’s apple shrank further, leaving him with a higher voice, one that sounded *very* female as it changed.

Other parts were becoming just as female too. His face rearranged, his skull reshaping in a highly discomfiting fashion, his lips swelling and becoming unnaturally pouty. His cheekbones became more prominent, but his normally thin cheeks rounded, getting a cute cherubic look. In the mirror, he could easily see a deeply cute and very sexy face form. Even his eyes changed from their ordinary brown to a bright ocean blue.

*It is a Norman Bates Hotel, his mind screamed, only he hasn't got a weird thing for his mother, but a weird thing for making me his wife! Oh God, please help me!*

But God wasn't having nothing to do with this unholy charade. Jacob was forced to watch his reflection as his eyelashes extended, becoming fluttery and adorable, and his jaw cracked, reshaping to become more rounded. His figure slimmed, shoulders shrinking, limbs becoming softer and more delicate, just like the woman Dr Irvine truly wanted. It made him wonder what horror had befallen the previous assistant, the one supposedly out in the gardens somewhere. He couldn't dwell on that though, because out of nowhere his spine cramped, twisted, and then *contracted*.

"NGHH! Oh G-God! What's h-happening to m-my spine! You have to s-stop this! My back is breaking! My back is b-b-breaking! UGGGH!!"

"Fear not, my future submissive bimbo wife," Irvine said calmly, "your back is not breaking. You are simply becoming the perfect height. I do so love short women."

That much was evident, because in moments Jacob's stature began to shrink, shunting down vertebrae by vertebrae until the straps that had been around his chest were now positioned partly over his face. He had to shift just to see the reflection, until Hartford adjusted the straps quickly, before Jacob could escape. The changing man shrieked, sounding like a woman being attacked by a monster in this dungeon lair, until finally he had lost over a foot of height.

*I couldn't be over 5'1 in height at best, he cried mentally. What more can happen to me?*

It was a stupid thought, because it was one quickly answered. As his limbs also contracted to new, smaller proportions, his hands and feet shrunk also, becoming dainty and demure. His fingers in particular changed, developing long nails that were perfectly contoured and shaped, as if he'd just been to a manicurist and asked for the most feminine special he could get. He felt so weak, but was unable to stop breathing in the fresh scent of the changing chemical through the mask.

"Oohhhhh!!" he moaned, as a renewed pressure began in his waist. It contracted, feeling as if an invisible vice was gripping him, giving him the perfect hourglass shape by force. It was matched by a growing itchiness in his nipples. In just an ordinary surgeon's gown, he could nevertheless feel and then see his nipples grow hugely, sticking awkwardly against the fabric. He bit his full lip as areola developed around them, widening to become larger.

"Not t-tits! I don't want tits! Don't make me have - UGHH! MMHMPH!!"

To his sheer embarrassment, Jacob was overwhelmed with growing arousal and pleasure as new tissue developed within his chest. His pectoral muscles dissipated, replaced instead by the growing fat and glands of a pair of very female breasts. He whined,



his sexy soprano no longer sounding horrified but embarrassingly orgasmic as they grew and swelled and bloated and expanding, surging larger and larger until they made a clear impression against the semi-tight patient gown. Jacob had always been a breast-man himself, and his ex-girlfriend had a nice pair of ample C's that he'd loved to play with, slightly larger than a nice pair of ripe apples. Well, his were a *lot* bigger than apples now. They gained a weight and heaviness that was frankly surprising to him, pressing together to form a cleavage he could see down his gown's top. Still they grew, causing further moans of delirious desire, until finally they stopped at what had to be full Double-D's, if not bigger. Perfect and pert and full, like a healthy pair of cantaloupes smuggled under his top. Only these cantaloupes were *his*. They weighed upon his shoulders and back, and wobbled tremulously with each heaving, horrified breath.

"N-no!"

But the worst physical change was yet to come. It was the last one left, after all. He couldn't even see it properly looking down even if he were naked, thanks to the growth of his big new tits. No, the mirror was the only thing to show him the future, and just like the classic fable, he had gone snow white before it.

"F-fuck! Irvine!"

"That'll be 'hubby' to you soon. Just embrace the change, Jacob. Or should I say, Janey?"

"I'm not Janey! I'm not - Oh God! Fuck! FUUUUCK!!"

It began. It was like being parted from the inside out. Like something was burrowing from his new womb all the way to the outside world. And in a way it was true: a passage formed, bursting open to engulf his dick and balls, practically 'eating' them up as they were consumed back into his body. He wailed, crying out in terror and then in sheer, unbridled pleasure as his labia and lips and throbbing clit formed. It was impossible to fight. With this final physical change the new woman cried out, her body hit by female orgasm after orgasm.

She panted for a long while, taking in the unnatural foreignness that was her new body. "I'll - I'll n-never accept this," she moaned, still shuddering from the post-coital joy.

But the mad scientist, the man she'd thought was simply her eccentric boss until now, just smiled. "That was just the physical change, my dear bunny. My dear pet. Now comes the mental."

She looked up at the two antennas, and realised they were both pointed straight at her brain. *Oh shit, they were just warming up this whole time!*

They fired. Everything fell away. She couldn't even speak. Couldn't even moan. Her voice cut out, her sensation. She was briefly adrift in a white void as her mind was plucked apart and reshaped. Remoulded. Years of knowledge was ripped from her, knowledge she'd accumulated as a lab assistant for years, and from her studies before that. Her sense of

male self was torn, not destroyed utterly - Irvine likely didn't want that - but enough that her new pronouns stuck hard and fast. Her intelligence was reduced. She'd never imagined one could actually *feel* themselves getting dumber, but she did indeed feel just that. Suddenly, the complicated equipment around her made no sense. The words she would have once used to articulate her fear made no sense. Even her ability to problem solve evaporated, as all clue on what to say or do to get out of here became little more than wind passing through one ear and out the other. Other things were put in, somehow. She thought of cute dresses, of sexy heels, of how to show off her amazing tits and her perfect pet ass and those wonderful wide babymakers of hers.

*Ohmigod I can totes make babies!*

She giggled before even thinking about it. And then the void ended, and the whirring stopped. She was back upon the gurney, still standing on weak knees, her femininity complete.

"Like, what the actual hell have you done to me, you d-d-darling husband!?"

She gasped, big blue eyes wide. She'd wanted to call him a 'dick', but instead it just felt *right* to be deferential and affectionate.

"Ah, it appears to have worked, Hartford!"

"It hasssss, masterrrr."

Irvine grinned like the madman Janey now knew he was.

*Wait, Janey? I'm not Janey! I'm Janey! I mean, Janey!*

"Why can't I, like, think of my old name?" she asked, on the verge of tears.

Irvine petted her cheek as Hartford unstrapped her from the gurney. "Because you're my Janey now, dear. My sexy, lusty, dumb blonde wife. My beautiful bimbo. Don't you just want to be my bimbo now, Janey?"

She wanted to fight. She wanted to kill him. But her overriding compulsions said otherwise. Her nipples stiffened against the gown, and it was uncomfortable enough that she removed it completely, leaving herself naked. It was only then that she realised how dumb that had been.

"Oh, that was totes dumb! Now I'm super naked! Why did I do that?"

Irvine laughed, looking to Hartford, who had no reply. "Looks like the mental regression worked as well, eh old man?"

"Sure, masterrr."

"Now perhaps it's time to test the arousal changes. After all, you *are* aroused by me, right Janey?"

There were so many thoughts flying around her head, but all of them were vague and distinct. Once she could have held them all, but now they were really too complex to even consider. All stuff about reclaiming identity and escape vectors; a bunch of words that gave

her a damn headache with their unknowable meanings! But what did make sense was the growing dampness in her new crotch, and the aching need to feel her husband's hands upon her full chest.

"Oh, I'm like, feeling soooo wet. This is totes wrong. You can't, like, do this to me!"

"I can, and I have. And you want me, don't you?"

She bit her lip, but nodded anyway. Her long curtain of blonde hair hung around her ass, and she posed subconsciously, placing a hand on her wide, childbearing left hip while brushing said hair aside with her hand. It was a move that would have made her hard with a raging boner, were she still a man.

"Like, I guess. I mean, you made me slut! I want to hate you . . . but oh God. I'm soooo horny, hubby!"

She lowered a hand to the womanly slit between her thighs, and slowly rubbed at her sensitive clit. She moaned, already needy, but it wasn't enough. She needed her tormentor. She needed the good doctor's care.

"Beg me," he said, commanding her. Just that dominance alone made her weak at the knees.

"P-please f-fuck me."

He shook his head. "Not here. Upstairs. Quickly. I want to fuck your brains out, my darling bimbo."

He moved swiftly, and she felt an overpowering urge to follow him. The hate she felt was still there, the shame and humiliation, but the more horny she became the more it was all she could think about. She could really only think about one thing at a time.

"Like, this place is a total maze!"

"It's a one way stairwell, Janey."

"Oh. Em. Gee. You're right! Gawd, you've ruined my brain!"

"I've made you all the more joyous. Come!"

Just the word 'come' made her groan. Irvine took her dainty hand in his strong one, and led her up the stairs of the entrance hall, up to his master bedroom. It was immense, old-fashioned, and greatly spacious, with a double King-sized bed in the centre of the room with transparent curtains. It gave her an image that she was some kind of harem concubine being let up to please her master. Despite herself, it made her shiver in delight.

*Gawd, what am I doing. I don't want to fuck him. But gawwwd, I want his big cock in me sooooo bad!*

Suddenly, Irvine spun her around. "It's time to teach you what it is to be a woman. My woman. Are you going to be my perfect bimbo wife?"

"N-no."

"Say that again."

“Oh f-fuck! Yes, yes I will! Just f-fuck me! PLEASE!”

He grasped her naked flesh, teasing her throbbing nipples, squeezing the firm flesh of her boobs. It felt so damn brilliant. Easily the best feeling she could remember, though memory was hard to even think through while her sensitive body was being touched. He pressed his body against her, and she felt his hardness, his huge cock against her flat belly.

“Mmhmhhh,” she moaned sensuously. She could just imagine his cock, and it made her new pussy hungry beyond belief.

“Such perfect big tits,” he said, grinning, “I want to suck on them.”

“Noooo . . . d-don’t want - oh God, please do! They’re, like, sooooo horny! I need your lips on them! Use your tongue!”

He did so, lowering himself to suckle at her left nipple, then her right. She seized, shivering in unbelievable pleasure as she was ravished by him. His firm hands gripped her thighs, fingers reaching around to sink into the flesh of her perfect ass. She squeaked a little at his touch. It was overwhelming, humiliating. It was all so wrong! And yet being totally submissive to the dominance of her former employer was all too good.

“In m-me,” she moaned.

“Hmm?”

“I n-need you in m-meee. Please! It’s disgusting, but I totes want it! Oh Gawd, I’m such a bimbo! But I need your dick in me sooooo bad!”

With a practised movement he easily lifted her up and onto her back, so that she was lying on the bed. Her breasts wobbled heavily on her chest, lying a little flatter thanks to gravity’s pull, but still impressively large. They spilled a little over her upper arms, and she knew in that moment that she must have looked a total dream.

“I’m going to fuck you,” Irvine said. “My perfect wife. I’m going to fuck you every day, do you understand? Once we start, I’m not going to stop. I’m going to *cum inside you*. And you’re going to love it, every day. And every day you’re going to give me sweet blowjobs, and cook and clean for me, and be in awe of my vastly superior intelligence, and worship the ground I walk on, all while knowing the person you used to be is still trapped inside, screaming to get out but too hopeless stupid and bimbo-ish to ever succeed. And you’re going to want it, no matter how much you hate it. Do you understand?”

She didn’t. That was the worst part. She’d been made such a damn bimbo that the only thing she cared about was the mention of his cock, and the possibility of sucking it later, and swallowing his tasty seed. She was such a cock-hungry whore of a future wife, and she wept internally at the loss of her reasoning to be anything else.

But she needed that cock.

“I understand. *Now pleeeeeease fuck me! Please - OHH!*”

He did. Before she'd even finished her sentence, he pressed his firm cock against her new vulva and parted her tunnel to allow him entry. She squealed, unable to barricade herself against her compelled bimbo nature as she took in his entire length. He was huge, his manhood at least eight inches long, and quite girthy at that. It was beyond anything she had ever felt, and the wet walls of her pussy immediately clamped down upon his cock to milk him of all he was worth.

“OOHhhh! S-so b-big!”

“I'm not even fully in yet,” he grunted.

He pushed in further, and she quickly found herself wrapping her legs around him. She groaned as he began to thrust, working his way in and out of her. With one hand to hold him up, he used the other to squeeze and fondle her big left boob, before shifting to the right. He lowered himself, began to lick and suck on her nipple, which only left her squirming all the more. And still he thrust, ramming his huge cock into her, sending shockwaves of agonising pleasure through her core.

“Mmhhm! I'm f-fucking you! Oh Gawd, you're, like, f-fucking *MEEE!!* It's feel sooooo good! Oh Gawd, why does it f-feel sooooo good!?”

“Because - ahhh - you're *mine*, Janey. My beautiful bimbo wife, for life. I'm going to make you cum.”

“MMhmm! Do it! I need it! I don't want this but - but I neeeeed it!”

She whined, her voice a high bubble soprano that only made her sound all the more the part of a bimbo trophy wife. She was close to coming already, particularly as Irvine pressed his face against her chest and licked her sensitive nipple again. God, it felt too good. She was weak and submissive and stupid, all things she was not meant to be, but now *couldn't not* be.

And she wanted him to cum inside her.

“MMH! S-so close! I'm so close! We've g-got to stop before we - AAAHHH!!!”

She wailed, high and clear and shuddering in ecstasy. She clawed at his back, scratching it in response to the continual earthquaking orgasms rumbled through her body. Irvine tensed, his muscles bulging as she clung to him, and then with one final thrust of his huge cock she felt it throb inside her. Hot streams of his semen gushed into her passage into her waiting womb.

“Oh G-Gawd! Fill me up! Fill me uuuuuup!!”

Wad after wad of his issue entered her, and with each contact of his sperm against her inner sexual organs, she orgasmed again. She grinned madly, not wanting to but unable to stop, as finally the last stream of semen entered her. He collapsed upon Janey, his face planted into her impressive cleavage. The two individuals clung to one another, slightly

sweaty from the act of lovemaking. It was only after a minute or two that Irvine rolled off of her, his big dick sliding out of Janey's new womanhood.

"Ngh!" she grunted, still breathing heavily. By instinct, she curled against her new master's form. He simply smiled in a possessive manner, playing with her breast idly while he looked over her form, as if she were a pretty ornament and not someone he had manipulated and transformed to be his concubine.

"Yes," he said in that deep, molasses voice of his. "You're going to be perfect, Janey. Just perfect."

She shivered in horror and delight.

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Janey woke the next morning, feeling groggy. It was like her mind was slowed, slurred, fundamentally reduced in some way. She was pressed against the side of another person, and it was only when she opened her eyes and saw that it was Irvine, the doctor who was supposed to be her mentor, that she realised that not only were they both naked, but that she was a woman, and a very ditzy, sexy one at that!

"Oh. My. Gawd," she said. "I'm, like, totes a girl. It was really reals."

The man turned, revealed himself to be already awake, and gazed upon her.

"My pet," Irvine said, reaching over to squeeze her sensitive tit, "you remember last night?"

She did, thought it was all a blur. He'd done . . . something. With the gadgets. Something to do with her . . . jeans? It didn't make any sense, but she knew that she *should* understand it. But it was like all her knowledge of 'jeans' (though she was sure she knew fashion, right?) was entirely gone from her head. She giggled nervously.

"Like, you turned me into this hot slutty wife of yours."

"I did."

"And you, like, are not gonna turn me back?"

She shook his head slowly, revealing himself once more as having a sadism, dominating side. Far from making her simply fearful, she found herself getting turned on.

"Oh f-fuck. This is, like, all wrong. But I'm getting sooo hawt for you, my sexy hubby!"

Just saying the words made her angry, but the truth was she was once more too horny to resist.

"That's a good thing, because my big dick - the one that made you cry out so submissively last night, is all ready for you, Janey."

She rubbed her naked thighs together, already feeling her lower lips moisten. She was such a horny little bitch, she knew it. She wasn't supposed to be, but how could she

even stop this? Didn't it, like, make sense that guys held power over cute bubbly busty girls like her? Especially given that she was soooo dumb?

There were the thoughts that sped through her mind. Well, slowly ambled, at least. It was hard to even think of them when she felt his hardness against her, the firmness of his throbbing cock. She moved to climb on top of him when he stopped her.

"I'm afraid not, dear. I want you to use your mouth. I want you to give me a hot blowjob. In fact, I demand one each morning from now on."

Her mouth watered. She practically drooled with need. It was a hot image, to wrap her pouty lips around his masthead. And so she did it: she lowered herself, pulling back the sheets and opening her mouth to take in as much of his impressive girth as possible. For a moment, a shiver of terror leapt through her, a male voice within crying out that this is not what she should be doing.

But then, as before, the lust took over, and she was too dumb now to properly summon the willpower to know why that was the case. She groaned as she began to lick the head of his cock, and he grunted in pleasure. He placed his hand firmly over her head, ensuring she could not stop sucking him off. She didn't want to stop anyway. For as alien and foreign and totally unmasculine as the act was, she was experiencing a deep need to fulfil this man. She rubbed his shaft, stroked it lovingly and tenderly and then *firmly*, all while sucking up and down on his dick, until finally he pushed her head down further, nearly causing her to gag. He came right down her throat, and she was forced to swallow every white, creamy, salty droplet. The taste of it alone made her cum.

"Perfect, my pet, perfect," said the mad scientist. He pulled her against him so that they lay in bed together, him spooning her and grasping her big Double-D boobs. She groaned, licking her lips, but in the aftermath of that pleasurable blowjob a deep disgust slowly filtered in. A disgust at herself, but also this man. It wasn't fair, what he'd done to her. She was meant to be, like, a man, right? Her thoughts were overly emotional, and tears filled her eyes.

"This is not fair!" she whined. "I don't want to be your slutty wife, even though I'm sooooo good at it."

"It's too late, my darling. You don't know how to operate my machines, or anything about genetics anymore. You're mine, and you'll stay mine."

She whimpered in pleasure and anger and horror.

"Yours," she repeated. "Oh Gawd. I'm, like, a total mad scientist's pet, or whatever!"

"That you are indeed. That you are indeed."

His voice radiated pride and smugness as he said it, and it only made her madder. But all she could do was ball her little fists, and try to think up ways to stop him.

But her pretty little mind couldn't think of a single one. In fact, it quickly switched gears to all the cute things she could wear to make her hubby horny again.

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For the next month, Janey had to get used to her new life as a sexy blonde bimbo wife to a mad scientist. And he was mad, in a way. His desire for power and control was quite clear even to her dulled mind, from the way he organised her day, to the way he showed her off to friends, to the reveal of exactly what fate had befallen his previous student, and exactly who Hartford the aging servant *actually* was. But the first thing she became acclimated to was the routine.

Each morning, Janey would wake. Briefly, she would remember what it was like to be a man, perhaps even capture a spark of what it was like to be a thinking, intelligent human being. But then the slutty nature of her new body would take over, and she would be compelled to follow the directives she'd been given. She would pull back the sheets, lower herself to her master's cock, and begin to stir it to hardness with gentle teasing, kisses, and licks. It was *delicious*, and yet she always felt degraded by it. But even that negative feeling would go away once he was in his full hardness, and woken enough to relish her work. He would hold her head while she sucked his big cock, until finally he blew his load down her throat and made her lick his penishead clean, and then her own lips as well.

From there, they would lie in bed for another twenty minutes to half an hour, until Irvine was ready to fuck her once more, this time either having her ride him or her on her back as he slid his length inside of her. She would cry out like the submissive bitch she was, until finally they orgasmed together. Only then could she leave her slavemaster's side and freshen up for the day.

Of course, this meant dressing like a total slut in her eyes, and certainly in Irvine's, who relished the humiliation she experienced. It felt all wrong to wear clothing that covered her busty hourglass figure, and so she only wore crop tops that were far too small, or tight cocktail dresses that ended mid-thigh, or sometimes even just a pink bra and panties on casual days, even when she cleaned and cooked - an apron would simply suffice, one that was inscribed 'kiss the cook!'

Sometimes she was even given cute but revealing housewife dresses to wear, often when she was tasked with cleaning. They were blue or red or green but always with either white spots or white stripes, and she looked very, very cute in them. It made her giggle, the way the fabric rustled around her cute ankles, and she knew her ass was wonderfully emphasised, swaying even further thanks to her six-inch red high heels.



To say such an outfit would be appropriate was an understatement. For she was a housewife now, a silly bimbo trophy wife, but a housewife nonetheless. Irvine commanded her to keep the house clean and cook him breakfast, lunch, and tea, and those skills - and fashion - were the only ones she was really good at. Oh, and taking his giant cock any way he liked.

He was quick to introduce her to some of his academic friends. Like Irvine, they were a ghastly bunch, and clearly interested in acquiring their own trophy wives one day from him. She was made to serve them food and tea and wine, all while wearing an incredibly skimpy cocktail dress that her boobs were practically slipping out of, and flirting openly with her master. The men groped her, but Irvine alone fucked her in front of them all, making her moan loud and long as he came inside her in front of all his sadistic friends. No matter how humiliating it was, she couldn't help but beg for round two.

When she wasn't playing the role of his trophy wife, she was given time to pursue her own hobbies. More than once she tried to read Irvine's medical journals, but these were just futile attempts to understand her old life. None of it made any sense for her any more! It was far easier to watch funny reality shows about women trying on the cutest dress and saying a big 'YES!' or 'NO WAY' to them for their wedding. Or to simply play with herself when Irvine was off at work. Or to spend time with the adorable golden retriever they had: Daphne.

"Soooo cuuute!" she would cry. A part of her would think she was a total idiot for acting like a puppy herself, but it was almost impossible to fight the way her new brain lit up when playing with the "adorb doggie!" as she called it.

Of course, she had another reason to like its company. It was, after all, the former medical student that preceded her. She had no idea how he'd done it, it was all magic to her, but Irvine must have failed in something. She'd asked him once, but could only make out bits of it.

"Ah, my poor, sweet, stupid Janey. The former Jacob could have understood, and you no doubt find that a sober thought. But you were not the first assistant, remember?"

"I remember!" she said enthusiastically, as if that itself was a major accomplishment itself. She immediately blushed, giggling nervously at how stupid she'd become. He petted her like *she* was the dog, and to her frustration it instantly calmed her nerves.

"Yes, well poor David was the first to be subjected to my bimbofication device. Unfortunately for him, well, it made him a bit *too* stupid. Not to mention his body didn't turn out right. Thankfully, the other major device in that room was a great invention of mine: a mind *swapping* device. I was able to switch the mind of a rabid, feral retriever with the cuddly brain of my stupefied former assistant. And now, voila! He - or rather she, given she is a *bitch* quite literally now - is my pet. A bit more of a pet than even you, my darling bimbo wife."

“Like, that’s totes horrible!”

He grinned. “Yes, well, science is it’s own reward, and sacrifices must be made. Daphne would have made a marvellous bimbo, but don’t worry, she’s very popular with the other dogs in the neighborhood now. A sliver of humanity remains with her, but she’s happy in her current form, and even my skills cannot bring her back. Of course, she might end up pregnant if I don’t get her sorted.”

Something about the way he spoke sent a chill down her spine. She wiped away some tears - she was so emotional these days! - and managed to ask another question.

“Like, what about him then? The gross old man who’s, like, always being super creepy?”

She pointed out the window to the gardens, where Hartford was putting out the dog food for eager Daphne.

“Ah, well Hartford is quite loyal, for one big reason: he wasn’t always so old. Remember, I have a mind-switching device? And did it not ever strike you that I was far more experienced than any man in his mid-thirties should have been?”

Janey gave a blank look. She couldn’t even parse that sentence. It left her brain foggy, and she curled a long blonde hair while looking a bit sheepish. Irvine cackled.

“How foolish of me, not to realise how foolish I’ve made *you*. To put it in terms your light little mind will understand, my dear, *I* used to be Hartford.”

She gasped. “But like, that’s totes impossible! He’s like a jazillion years old or whatevs!”

“Eighty two this year. Well, I lured my very first assistant here and swapped the two of us, back when he was in his twenties. I now had all the strength, and the power. He follows me loyally, because he knows *I* alone can give him his original body back, once I have an *even better* one in a few years. He simply has to hang on, haha! And his aged physique is not remotely strong enough to contain me, nor do I allow him too close. He must obey strict conditions. Furthermore, I have dumbed him down a little also. Just enough to ensure *I* am always in control.”

Janey’s lip trembled. She was horrified. More tears flowed, and despite the fact that Irvine was the monster at the centre of this all, she still ran into his arms for his comfort. And as usual, comfort turned to arousal, and arousal turned to sex. Within minutes he had lifted her tight little pink skirt and was banging her against the kitchen table, thrusting his cock into her form behind, and making her wail with pleasure.

“That’s right, my pet!” he cried. “You’re mine! All mine! All of you are, but you are sweetest of all! Because no matter how much you hate this, you will always want this more! Isn’t that right?”

She gasped, feeling him thrust into her once more, bringing her ever closer to that wondrous orgasm. “Y-yes! I hate it but I w-want it SOOOOO BADLY! YESSSSSS!!!”

This continued for the full month. The cycle of sex, housework, entertainment, and generally being able to act only like a total bimbo went on and on, until even the memory of her former life was vague and foggy to her constantly distracted mind. She even found herself terrified of spiders, crying out for others to kill them for her! But all that time she couldn't look at the distant, irritated Hartford the same way, and she gave extra attention to poor Daphne, who seemed starved for it.

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Irvine was out on business one day. Janey wasn't sure why. He often didn't tell her stuff, but even when he did talk about upcoming calendar events she often forgot them anyway. It was difficult keeping all that complex information in her pretty little head, and so much easier to just go with the flow. Each day she felt like she was getting ground down further and further, losing her sense of self to the bimbo, and further incentivised to just let it happen. Not that she understood the word 'incentivise' any more. She preferred to think of it as 'feeling, like, supes good about stuff!'

And so it was that before her husband, master, and effective *owner* left, he made sure to take advantage of her horniness and get a titjob from her. She slathered lube between her breasts, then sucked his big cock while letting him thrust between her titties. When he came, it was wonderfully degrading.

“Mmhmmm,” she moaned, rolling her eyes into the back of her head as she guzzled down his issue. She withdrew, licking her lips. “That was, like, soooo tasty, hubby.”

“Yes, you liked that, didn't you *Jacob*?”

She went still, her lip trembling. As often happened now, a wave of mixed emotions came crashing over her.

“That's - that's my old name. When I wasn't such a sexy juicy slut.”

“It was. I like to remind you of it from time to time. So you never forget, my pretty pet. Now, I've got to go. I'm seeing some friends, and doing some extra work in my other lab. Keep the place nice for me. Take Daphne for a walk. Hartford is around here somewhere: make sure the old dolt isn't slacking off.”

She nodded, still shaking. He cupped her chin with his hand and kissed her deeply. She returned the kiss - she wanted to - but she managed to restrain herself just a little.

“Yes, keep fighting. It makes this all the more fun. I'm looking forward to getting you pregnant, my dear. Then the fun of your new life will *really* settle in.”

“You want to, like, get my eggo preggio?”

“Oh, yes. I like the idea of my former lab assistant, so bright and intelligent, reduced to pushing out the first of my babies. But for now, I must go. Think on that while I’m away.”

She did think on that. She thought on it as deeply as her shallow mind could while walking the dog. Daphne, as usual, was very excitable. She seemed smarter than the average dog, probably because she wasn’t meant to be one, as Janey had to remind herself a number of times. It did, at least, make it nice to have someone to talk to while on walks.

“We’re like, two beans in a pod, or something,” she said as they walked the forest track beyond the enormous estate. “You were, like, totally meant to be a hot chick like me. Is it better being a dog and not having to fuck Irvine like allllll the time?”

Daphne barked happily, ran around in several circles.

“Lucky!” Janey said, giggling. “I bet you’re, like, really popular with some of the male dogs, right?”

The gorgeous retriever barked again.

“Do you want to, like, change back? You know, be a cute hunky dude again?”

The dog whimpered, lowered herself to put her paws on her face.

“I guess that’s a totes no. But I guess you probably can’t remember much of being a guy. I struggle sometimes. It’s really, really, really haaard. Like thinking through jelly. Gawd, I love jelly. So tasty!”

Daphne nipped lightly at her heels, an act which reminded Janey that her thoughts were getting off topic. The dog could definitely follow enough of the conversation to keep Janey on track.

“You’re totes my brain buddy,” she said. “I wish I still had my brain, and a penis and stuff. I’m too stupid and bimbo-like to even, like, think of a way out! Like, how to even operate those doo-hickies?”

Daphne barked happily, jumped up and down.

“No, we’re not playing! No licking!”

She laughed, batting the dog away. Maybe it was super dumb at times too? Whenever she talked about the machine it got super excited, jumping about the place and pulling at her leash. It just made her giggle and forget what she was talking about.

But the laughter stopped when suddenly they heard a low groan in the misty woods. It was still in the mid-morning, but the light was low where they were, and it made Janey tremble in fear.

“Gawd, I hope it’s not, like, a ghost! What if it wants to ravish me or something?”

She looked over her sexy form. She was wearing a pink sports bra and tight pink running shorts, her midriff entirely exposed. Her hair was done up in cute blonde pigtails. She jolted as a scraping sound echoed from off the track.

“We should totes go back!”

But Daphne was excited. She ran forward, yanking Janey ahead. She cursed her womanly weakness, wishing she could be as strong as a man again.

“Wait! No, stop Daphne! AGH!”

She was pulled into a clearing, but it wasn't a ghost she found. Instead, scratching images and strange little wiggly signs on the ground with a stick was Hartford. The weathered old man looked her way, and his eyes bulged like runny eggs. He rapidly worked to scrape away some of the signs, kicking the dirt quickly. She thought she recognised some of the symbols, from before she'd been a total bimbo.

“Wait! I can, like, recognise some of that!” she called weakly.

Hartford stopped, examined her. “You shouldn't be herrre. The master doesn't allow you to come down this track. This is for his huntinnggg.”

She put a finger on her lip, trying to think. “But, like, it's Daphne's walk, right?”

Hartford sighed, his voice stretching out in that withered way of his. “You truly are stupid as the dog, perhaps stupiderrr. The walking track is south, not norrrrrth. You went the wrong waayyy.”

She blushed a deep red. “Oh Gawd, I'm so stupid!” Little tears flowed down her cheeks. Janey felt so small in his presence. Hartford wasn't a big man, but the transformation had left her height at little more than 5'1, a short and busty woman.

“I - I didn't realise. Oh Gawd, he's made me, like, soooo stupid! I'll never escape!”

To her surprise, Hartford actually gave her a sympathetic look.

“Neither of us willll, unless I do everything he saysss.”

Daphne growled, the dog pacing about and looking distinctly unhappy.

“Because you, like, used to be him, or something?”

Hartford sighed. “I wasss Irvine. He stole my body so he could stayyyyy young. Now I'm s-stuck like thiss, in his old corpse. I'll only get my life back if I give him the life he wantssss.”

She nodded. It seemed to make a sort of sense, even if it was a bit confusing. She looked at what he'd been scratching in the dirt. “So what are these totes weird signs? Are you drawing funny figures in the dirt?”

He sighed, and she got the sense that Hartford was merely humouring her.

“Not exactly. I'm trying to rememberrrr. Specifically, the geneticsss I used to know.”

He stopped speaking, and contorted his face in embarrassment. He kicked a little at the dirt, disrupting a sign that Daphne was looking intently at.

“I shouldn't have said thaaaat,” the ancient man said. “You can't help me. And you can't be trusted. You his wife, nowww. And you've lost far more intelligence than I.”

She balled her fists, stuck out her prodigious chest. It wobbled heavily in her sports bra, and despite his withered age, the old man couldn't help but look. She knew she looked like a silly, flirty little model, but she had to find a way back!

"Please! If there's, like, a way I can totes go back, I'll put in a supes huge effort to help you back too! Can't we, like, make you switch brains or whatever?"

But he gave a gesture of dismissal. "Bah! You think I haven't tried, young girrrrr!?! I have gone through every contingency. But I'm too weak, and he's made me servile."

Again that reminder of what a ditzy blonde she was now. Even looking at the old dude was making her feel *super icky*. "S-whadda now?"

"Servile. Submissive. Like you are."

"Ewww, you sucked his big fat cock too! Did you like the taste like I do? It's so fucking yummy I swear to Gawd it's embarrassing."

He rolled his eyes, and Janey realised she'd made a mistake. "No, I did not 'suck his cock', foolish onnnne. But I am his s-servant. And I don't have the strength to put him in his place. You could easily push me right overrrrrr."

"So you're, like, trying to find out how to get your smarts back yourself?"

He nodded. "So, you are not completely mentally regressssed. But it does not matter. There's no wayyy. I remember some equations, but they all fall apaarrt. I can't remember themmm."

Struck by a sudden impulse, she stepped forward and hugged him, despite his gross old man smell. He was clearly quite surprised, particularly given how much stronger she was despite her litheness. "This is like, so unfair! I'm a dumb blonde bimbo and you're like hella old and stuff now. We've got to stop him!"

"As I said, it's impossible. The intelligence is all with hiiiiim. And Irvine can't be stopped. He has all the caaards."

A defeated atmosphere came over them. To Janey's annoyance, she felt that tingle of arousal return. Not due to Hartford, thank fuck, but just her own general arousal. This would normally be the time she would be masturbating like crazy due to how utterly horny her body was. Without even thinking she raised her hands to begin squeezing her big beautiful boobies.

"Mhmm," she grunted, licking her lips.

"Stop thaaaat!" Hartford snapped, and she did so immediately. "Gawd, I'm sooo sorry! I'm so embarrassing, I can't, like, help myself!"

Hartford sighed. "Well, I suppose I cannot blaaame you. After all, we are both what he made mussss."

Even with her mental regression, her own lustful mind, her constantly distracted brain, she understood the significance of what he'd said. It left her feeling mournful for the

man she was supposed to be, instead of the hot blonde bombshell trophy wife she'd become.

"Yeah, I guess we super are," she said. "Daphne too. I mean, she's a dumb dog now but she used to be -"

She stopped talking, and Hartford gave her a curious look. "What is iit?"

"Wow, I guess Daphne is pretty smart, huh. I mean, she's totally fixing up all your weird math drawings!"

Hartford spun so fast that he nearly fell over, clutching his cane as he steadied himself. Sure enough, Daphne was scratching crude symbols in the dirt besides Hartford's own, finishing up equations that were incomplete, or redrawing them, even if they were hard to understand. Hartford gasped.

"She - she remembers some parts of her old seeelf. She somehow knowwws. Do you know what this means?"

He spun back to face Janey, but she was already distracted by her nails, and was adjusting her tits so she could take a sexy selfie. There was no reception anywhere she could go, but she liked having photos for her hubby to see. It was only when she saw Hartford's expression that she realised she'd missed something.

"Um, can you like, repeat that?"

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It took quite some explaining before it sunk into her pretty little head. In the end, Janey had to go back to her room and make herself orgasm several times by masturbating, squeezing her big titties and moaning in feminine bliss. The damn nymphomania she'd been afflicted with was almost as limiting as her severe mental regression. But after she'd indulged in her need to dress up in a pretty and tight pink crop top and denim short shorts, she strolled sexily back into the 'meeting' of three altered minds.

"You are right, Janeyyy," Hartford said. "She *can* understand a lot of what is sssaid. I had never considered, but then I never walked her before. I was alone in the wooods."

"I totes told you! Daphne is supes smart! At least, like, in certain ways."

Hartford nodded. "Irvine was wrong. He's not impossible to beat. He can be defeeated."

"So, is there like a plan? I'm super sick of being so horny for his cock and dressing up for him. Also he totally wants to be me knocked up with his little babies, and it sounds sooo good despite being bad."

Hartford was looking more and more sympathetic and less resigned by the second. "We just have to figure out a way to all work together. We each have strenghtsss."

“Yeah, you’re like, smarter, and can push back against my hubby. I’m strongest, and totes able to seduce him, but I’m also supes dumb. And Daphne knows all the gadgety stuff, but she’s just a dog!”

Daphne barked, looking pleased with herself.

“A mega-cute dog!” Janey corrected, beaming as she patted the creature down.

“There’s just no wa-ait. Did you say seduce him?”

“Du’h!” she exclaimed. “I’m not *that* dumb. I can totally fuck him stupid too, ya know. He’s so lightheaded after he cums in me. It’s, like also the time I think most like the old me.”

Hartford bit his wrinkled old lip. Janey could only hope a plan was forming.

“I think we may have a way to turn me baaack. Then, if it works, I can help you tooo.”

Janey was all ears. Hell, she giggled just at the thought of it.

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It took several days to figure out, and a couple more for Janey to memorise even *some* of the details. But thankfully her part was easy. After all, it was something Irvine’s machines had made almost impossible for her to resist. She needed to fuck him. She needed to fuck him *hard*.

She was even looking forward to it.

“So, like, is it happening tonight?” she asked while standing in the entrance hall.

Daphne barked, jumping up and down. It was unclear how much the dog understood, but it clearly wanted Irvine to go down. Hartford simply nodded.

“Make sure to do exactly what you are meant to dooo.”

Janey giggled. “I will, don’t worry! Sex is like, pretty much all I’m good at now.”

It was a sad statement, but as with many sad things, she reacted in a silly manner, doubling down on the giggles. It clearly wasn’t filling Hartford with confidence though, so she straightened her face. “I can totes do it. I think. Maybe. Kinda?”

“That will haaave to be enough.”

And it would be, for just at that very moment the front door to the mansion opened, and in walked Irvine. In the grey light of the overcast day he loomed tall, dark, and handsome. Janey couldn’t help it. She ran to him, leaping into his arms and kissing him again and again.

“Hubby! I’ve soooo wanted you back all day. My vag is, like, on fire for you right now!”

Irvine laughed, clearly enjoying her desperation. “Then let’s see to it. It’s been a long day, and I want to make my darling trophy wife know her place: with my dick inside her. Hartford, be a dear and unload my car for me, then park it in the garage.”



Hartford gritted his teeth, but plodded along, following commands. It left Irvine to look at Daphne. "What's the dog doing inside? Daphne, get out!"

He went to kick her but Janey screeched. "No! Please, no my baby! Please Irvine, just let her stay in, like, just this once! It's cold out."

"She has fur, pet."

"But still! If you let her stay in I'll do some *really freaky* stuff with you. Like, super hot shit."

*That* clearly got his interest, because he changed his mind. "Fine, she stays. No ruining the carpets, though. For now, let's retire to the bedroom. I want to fuck you, remind you of who the real man in this house is."

"Mhmm - yes!"

He did just that, repeatedly in fact. Irvine's body was incredibly virile, though even he could not match how fucking nymphomaniac Janey was thanks to his meddling with her genetics. She cried out in delirious ecstasy as he fucked her against and again, particularly when he was a bit rough with her, showing her who was boss. He made her go on all fours while he fucked her from behind like an animal, and with each thrust she felt more and more like one herself. A needy animal in heat.

"F-fucking c-cum in me! I need your cum!" she cried.

And my did he deliver. Orgasm after orgasm hit her as he exploded inside her. Her vagina gripped his long dick, barely letting him slide out, and it caused another gasp as he finally removed himself from her. She moaned with residual shockwaves of pleasure.

"That's right, my pet," Irvine said. "And soon, your ovulation will start, and we can make a family. I'm going to make you even more mine than you already are."

"Oh Gawd," she cried.

"That's right, you can't fight it. And besides, didn't you have an extra saucy sex act to show me, as thanks for Daphne?"

She calmed her breathing. "It's, like, a surprise." She wasn't technically lying there.

"Oh?"

"We should totes wait a few minutes before we're ready to go, then I can, like, take you there and stuff."

Irvine kissed her neck, positioned behind her in such a way that he began to grope her full breasts, playing idly with the nipples as he smelled her hair. "Yes, that does sound fun. I like this new, servile you, Janey. I think you're going to be a submissive wife for life. But I do hope that there is always a small part of you that hates this and fights against it. It does so turn me on."

She giggled, but not for the silly reasons he likely suspected this time. And then she went back to moaning and gasping as he played with her nipples.

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Janey led him down to the basement. Irvine was sceptical. He didn't like allowing access to this place.

"If you try anything, I can make you a dumb bitch like Daphne as well. But if you really show me a good time, I might even let you buy a pretty dress, Janey."

She squealed in excitement, before entering the basement lab after he unlocked it. There, at the end of the wall, was the series of experimental equipment that now just looked like a bunch of nonsense metal and glass to her.

"Oooh, it all looks so weird in here!"

"And what did you have in mind?"

Her eyes moved to the gurney. The centre of it all. "That!" she declared. "You, like, totally made me such a silly whore on that. I want to fuck you on it! I want to ride you!"

His eyes widened. For just a moment, her heart froze in terror at the thought that he might realise what was going on. But then he began taking off his top.

"Very well. I look forward to this. I'll let you play dom. Just this once. Just to see how it is, and to remind you of what you used to be."

He pulled himself onto the gurney, her helping him remove his shorts. It was a delectable sight, and she nearly forgot her own part in it all due to wanting to fuck him so badly. In fact, she was wondering if there would be a possibility of fucking him first just to feel his big dick inside her, and *then* enacting the plan. She moaned sensuously as she weighed this up, but just barely managed to put those thoughts aside. Her missing manhood was at stake, and in that moment she hated Irvine more than she was attracted to him.

"Like, it's time for me to play your naughty nurse," she said. She removed her own top, shimmied down her shorts, and put on a surgeon's hat just for a silly extra touch. He chuckled, and it was clear from his rock hard member that he was more than a little enticed.

"Get up here then," he said.

"N-no! I'm in charge, just this once, remember?"

Irvine sighed. "Very well. But I'll pay you back with interest, my lovely pet."

Heart still beating rapidly, she took the restraints of the gurney and slowly placed them over him. She was careful to let her big boobs pressed against his skin, and removed her top so that her nipples could better feel the comfort of his skin.

"Mhmmm," she moaned, "that's how I like it. You like being strapped down for your naughty nurse, sexy?"

"I think I do," the evil man said with a grin. "Don't make them too tight. I want to be able to take you any way I want."

But she made the straps tighter, leaning over to kiss him deeply, letting him fondle her tits and rub her large pink nipples, which were themselves throbbing with a desire to be touched. She squeaked as he pinched them.

"I'm n-not done with the straps!" she cried, pulling one across his chest, another across his arms. "I want you totes in my power when I ride you, right here where, like, you turned me into this blonde babe, right?"

He chuckled. "Right. Get on."

She practically *leapt* on top of him, enough so that he groaned with slight pain from the landing of her weight on his stomach.

"Be careful you stupid bitch!"

"S-sorry! I didn't, like, mean to!"

"Just hurry up and fuck me. You're not good at this naughty nurse stuff. I'm going to spank the hell out of you when -"

"LIKE, HURRY UP NOW!!" Janey screamed.

The door opened, and Hartford and Daphne entered, the dog speeding ahead while Hartford limped.

"Hartford? What the hell is this?" Irvine exclaimed. "Is this some sort of plot? You stupid pathetic servants, you think you can outwit me?"

He began to push and pull and tense against his restraints, angrily foaming at the mouth. "Oh, you think you're so clever, Janey? I order you to untie me, you stupid bitch! You obey *me!* You are *my wife!*"

She was. She knew she was. An overpowering urge to obey him seized over her. She reached down to unbuckle the strap . . . only for Daphne to leap up onto the gurney and bite down on the mad scientist's hand, *hard*. The man howled in pain as the canine's teeth sank in, and with a shriek Janey leapt backwards.

"What the f-fuck!?!!" the man exclaimed. "You dumb dog! I'm going to have you put down and turned into catfood!"

But Daphne wasn't having it. She gave a mighty growl that momentarily shut him up, then ran to console where the ancient Hartford was having issue.

"Th-thank you, Daphne. Yesss, I see the lever. This one first then?"

"Hartford!?" Irvine cried. "What the hell are you doing? You're giving up any chance of getting a younger body, you realise this? I may have taken yours, but I'm also the only person that can possibly -"

But once more the cruel scientist paused, staring at the controls that Daphne was barking at while signalling with his pause.

"Ahh, three taaaaps. Yes. So three first. Then? Ahhhh, five. Followed by another five."

Irvine blinked, looked to Janey. His eyes bulged with a mix of fury and shock. “The dog? How!?”

“She’s, like, actually super smart. At least, in some ways. She totes remembers how all this works.” She slapped her forehead. “Oh Gawd, which reminds me of my job!”

She pushed forward the gurney, struggled with it, then remembered to unlock the wheels. A raging, screaming Irvine was pushed to the other side of the room, where Janey set to quick work positioning the weird antennae things over his head.

“You think you know how to run my equipment?” Irvine yelled. “You think you’re going to be anything but my bitch for all eternity? I’m going to visit sexual punishments upon you that you’ve never dreamed of, my pet. I’ll *experiment* on you. Make you mute. Make you twice as horny. Make you literally dependent on sperm to survive! I’ll do anything to make you suffer, and you know you’ll *want* it. You want it now, don’t you?”

“O-ohhh, I do. Gawd, I really do.”

“Stayyyy, strongggg,” Hartford stammered, struggling with the controls with Daphne’s help.

But it was so hard. Irvine grinned. The injection was on the table, and she had to do something with it. It usually operated by a machine, but Daphne didn’t know that bit. Did she have to fill it with something? It was so hard to remember the plan with her head pouding with nervousness.

“Stupid girl, so stupid!” she cried to herself.

Irvine laughed. “You have no idea what you’re doing, do you? C’mon. Get me out of here and I’ll help you.”

It was a good idea. It really was. She began unstrapping him as the other two worked their way through the startup sequence.

“Okay, so long as you really, *really* promise to stay in the gurney and - ACK!!”

Immediately his hand clasped around her throat and pushed her back. The other two were distracted, Daphne’s barking loud enough to drown out their struggle. Irvine’s eyes gleamed as he pushed Janey back. Her bare breasts wobbled heavily on her chest, and he ran his other hand over them menacingly.

“I think I’ll make these *twice* - no, *three* times as big - just to punish you!”

He pushed her down, and Daphne finally noticed. She ran to intercept, but Irvine was quick, planting a boot in the dog’s side. It yelped, and he kicked it again.

“Fucking mutt,” he spat. Janey tried to push him back on the gurney, but he simply pushed her back against the cold stonewall of the basement.

“Weak little woman,” he said, his smile wide and hungry, like a shark’s. “But apparently not so dumb she couldn’t be a little bit cunning. I think I’m going to make you even stupider.”

Heart blood chilled. “N-no!”

“Oh yes. I’m going to make you a damned sex doll. A woman so stupid that she struggles to understand basic sentence structure. A girl who I’ll sell to the highest bidder to be a fucking sex puppet to whatever dark soul wants her! And a tiny part of you inside will always be screaming, and never know why.”

Still one hand on her throat, he rummaged through the draw and retrieved a vial. He set it down, stabbed through the thin foil top with the syringe, and drew out the material within. She immediately felt a wave of shame. She was meant to get that stuff! The dog and Hartford both had gone over with it with her. She’d ruined everything! At that very moment, the withered old servant looked utterly distraught. The plan was collapsing, and he was across the room and not able to move quickly, and possessing even less strength.

“I’m s-so sorry!” Janey cried, tears streaming down her face. “I’ll make it up to you!”

“I know you will,” Irvine said, scowling. “I’m going to *make* you. And you won’t like it.”

“No, please. Hartford convinced me. He was, like, bullying me. He said he could take your place and like, free me and whatever. He’s known for ages. He - OH. EM. GEE!”

She covered her face, screaming. Immediately, Irvine dropped his hand from hers, ducked to the side to avoid what was coming. But there was nothing coming. He’d fallen for the oldest trick in the book, and a failsafe way of women wanting to get away from bad men everywhere. Janey roared as she pushed the surprised Irvine’s hand down against his stomach. The needle sank into his flesh, and with a sharp jab, its contents flowed into his system before he could act.

“YOU BITCH!” he roared, moving to slap her.

But Janey was discovering how limber her smaller body was, despite how wobbly her breasts were. She managed to pull back just in time and kicked out, getting him right in the balls.

“Ohmigod!” she yelped, but her mark was true, because the well-endowed scientist collapsed, groaning.

“F-f-fuck y-you! F-fuck!”

His eyes dimmed a little bit. Janey remembered this part. The effect of the chemicals making it difficult to fight, causing her limbs to go slack.

“Like, he’s down! We need to get him on the gurney!”

It took a large effort from her and Hartford, and even Daphne pulling the man’s hair, just to get him back up. They positioned him beneath the antenna.

“You’ll, like, turn us back too?” Janey asked, as an aching Hartford moved to the other side of the room, where the other gurney waited beneath its own antennae.

“I’ll tryyyy,” he groaned. “And I’ll make sure he can’t hurt ussss. I promise.”

Daphne barked, happily running around Janey's feet. There was a nervous energy to the room, even with Irvine strapped down again.

"F-fucking kill you. Mutate you. Make you suffer! Make you m-my bitch! You can't do this to me!"

Daphne leapt up onto a table, gesturing to the lever that Janey needed to pull, now that Hartford was in his own resting position. She finished strapping him down as well.

"We, like, totally are. Hope you enjoy life as a fucking bimbo, *Iris!*"

One last terrified look from Irvine, and then she pulled the lever. The room thrummed, coursing with energy. Hartford groaned, and for a moment she was afraid he was having a heart attack until her slow thoughts realigned.

"It's workinngg," the old man said. His eyes went pale. "UGH! YES!!"

"N-NO! NOOO!!!"

There was a flash, and then suddenly the two had obviously switched thanks to the brain device. Irvine was lashing out with obscenities from Hartford's ancient body - his original body - but unable to overcome the restraints that were also on that body.

"Janey! I'm in Irvine's body! My body! I can *think* again! My cortex processes, their realigning! Get me out of here!"

She hesitated, but then saw that his eyes did not have the maliciousness of Irvine in them. This was all Hartford. Paranoid, suspicious, and - at least for a time - depressed. But not cruel, and not evil. Just a man who had been out of hope, and now had it again. His smooth voice was now certain.

"It's me, Janey!"

"Like, it totes worked!" she exclaimed, hugging him, kissing him. Her body insisted on still being attracted to him.

"Yes, yes, now get me out of here!"

She unbuckled the straps, helped him out. Immediately he strode to the other side of the room, and began setting up the next sequence. He giggled a little himself, slapping Irvine lightly.

"Noooo, you can't do this to meeee!" the scientist wept.

"I can, and I will, my former mentor. But as terrible as my fate was, you at least didn't turn me into your own trophy wife to fuck whenever you wanted. Janey, I can activate a number of processes on this board, mental and physical. I was stuck in that old shell for longer, but on some level you've had it even worse than me. I'll let you decide this monster's final fate before we turn you and possibly even Daphne back. What do you say?"

Janey looked down at her body, then to Irvine's. The cruel old man's face became a look of sheer panic. She giggled lightly.

"He said he was gonna sell me when he got free. I've got, like, suuuuch a good idea!"

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A month later, Jacob was still overjoyed to be back in his body. It had all come together, despite that hair-raising near-failure at the end, and the threat of Irvine was dealt with once and for all. Of course, it wasn't all sunshine and rainbows. Unfortunately for Daphne, not even Hartford's renewed expertise could save the dog and return it to human form. The failed experiment had been punished so severely by Irvine that there was no known way back. Thankfully, Daphne didn't seem to mind so much. She was happy living her best dog life, and as a golden retriever was just about the happiest creature on the planet. Not the brightest, but certainly a smarter dog than any other, and Jacob enjoyed their 'conversations' now that Hartford had kindly allowed the young lab assistant to keep her as a pet.

"I'll take a lot better care of you, don't worry," he told Daphne.

The retriever simply huffed happily, running in circles about his apartment room. Perhaps some small part of the dog occasionally wanted to experience being human again, but thankfully she seemed happy with her life now that she had a kind 'master', not that Jacob ever thought of himself as such.

Hartford was doing well also. Now in control of his faculties, his speech patterns, and in his younger body again, he had wasted little time getting back in control of his estate and affairs. He was eager to keep hold of the equipment, though as he owed a favour to Jacob, he was happy to allow the equally brilliant lab assistant to come round one day to use the device in whatever way he wanted, provided it was not cruel.

"Who knows?" the grateful dark-haired man said, "maybe you'll find a beautiful girl who wouldn't mind having a . . . shall we say, more voluptuous figure? Should she wish it, of course. I can separate the mind regression effect with ease, now."

That particular thought made Jacob's mind wander. After all, since he had returned to his studies and work - the latter at a much more professional laboratory - he'd been seeing a cute girl named Bethany who was a big fan of his adorable golden retriever. Daphne, as it turns out, could play one hell of a matchmaker when he took her to the dog park, which was how the two of them met. And while it was still early days, the cute-but-average-shaped woman seemed a perfect match to him, with just one issue: she was clearly *very* envious and passive-aggressive to women with big breasts and hourglass figures.

"I just wish I'd been born with some of that," she complained.

Jacob did the right thing and comforted her. But if things got serious, maybe he'd let her enjoy being more shapely in all the right places. And though their sex was great, perhaps just a little upping of her libido. But only if she was happy about it. After all, between Jacob

and Hartford's tinkering with Irvine's machinery, they'd managed to master many of its functions, isolating them so that they didn't have to cause mental regression.

The test subject, naturally, had been the vindictive Irvine himself, who spent a full week since losing his power being subjected to a number of experiments altering his brain and body. Once they both had a good hang on how to control all features of his lab devices, that was when Janey/Jacob's idea came to fruition.

Irvine hadn't been happy to say the least when he'd discovered the fate he'd assigned to Jacob was now being turned back on him. It was quite a sight to see the struggling old man suddenly regress in years, his skin becoming smooth, his hair elongated, taking on a sexy raven-black shine.

"Nooooo!!" he'd cried, his voice going up in pitch, his shoulders shrinking, his waist contracting and his manhood sucking up inside his body. "I don't deserve this! I'm not meant to be some bimbo bitch! I'll get my fucking revenge on, like, all of you total pervs, or whatever!"

The two formerly-victimised scientists chuckled as the new woman mentally regressed, even beyond what Janey was subjected to. Her hips flared out, becoming wide and child-bearing, while her ass became perfectly peachy. She cried out in an unexpected orgasm, as her womb formed, her vagina too, and then again as her hair descended down her back and her breasts came in at whopping F-cups that bobbed and bounced and jiggled with even the slightest of movements. In the end, a sexy raven-haired slut was left panting, horrified and yet too dumb to think of an escape.

"Like, ohmigod, you total monsters! I'm, like, a really horny slut! Oh Gawd, I'm sooooo fucking horny! Jacob, this isn't fair! I didn't go this bad for you!"

"It's nothing less than you deserve," Jacob had said. "We've upped your libido to over twice what mine is. You're also compelled to be even more submissive. You'll need to orgasm several times a day, but we've added a few changes now, haven't we, Hartford? A little punishment for making me your sex slave. You're now only going to be able to cum when a man shoots his load inside you. Your mouth, your pussy, your ass, any part of you that can take his cock will suffice. But you're going to have to take it *all*. Not even masturbation will help you."

"No! NO!! YOU ASSHOLES!"

Jacob laughed. "I wouldn't speak to me like that, Irvine. Not when I can take away your ability to orgasm at all, leaving you to go insane from lust."

She went silent.

"Theare's a good - hmm, what did you call me?"

"A pet," Hartford said.



“That’s right, a pet. Well, you’re going to be a very thoroughly enjoyed pet now, *Iris*. Because neither of us want to see you at all anymore. You’re going to Eastern Europe, where a buyer is *very* interested in a girl like you. That’s right, I’m giving you the fate you would have given me. But don’t worry, we’ve done background checks. He just wants a hot concubine to fuck three times a day and to give him a load of babies. I’m sure you can do that.”

“No!” *Iris* cried. “I’ll find a way to, like, get revenge! I’ll get back from Eastern Africa or whatever it is. I’m not having loads of babies! I’m not being sold!”

But of course, she was. The transfer was just a few days later, and suddenly *Iris* was out of their lives for good. Hartford was glad for it, never talking of it again. But Jacob took a bit more relish in it. He was a man again, and the mad scientist had gotten what he deserved. He - or rather, *she* - was going to be stuck as a slutty bimbo trophy wife for the rest of her days, forced to be fucked by a big cock several times a day, every day. Have her big F-cup tits, the ones that were the size of her own head, sucked on and licked and rubbed by her admirer. And possibly even being sold a second time or third time after she was no longer wanted, always being passed around like some submissive sex toy, as she’d once envisioned turning Jacob into. Well, that would be *her* now, and she’d be too endlessly horny and stupid to ever be able to find a way out of the hell she was trapped in and deserved.

The thought alone made Jacob laugh at the strangest times. But whenever someone would ask him what he was laughing about, he would always give the same response.

“Oh, just imagining how my pet is doing.”

**The End**