

The Buffest Bimboodle (Bimboodle TF, Buffpup)

The restraints squeaked as they tied her to the chair.

“A-are these really necessary?” said Buffpup, watching and sweating.

“Oh, not at all,” said the head nurse, whose only sign of her office was the slightly greater size of her bust. “They’re simply a precaution, that’s all.”

“Against what?”

The head nurse simply smiled at her and pulled the belts that little bit tighter.

Buffpup chewed her lip. When she’d decided to do drug trials for some extra cash, she’d expected to be taking heart medication and baldness pills. What were they planning to give her here? Dr. Jekyll’s elixir?

Satisfied the restraints were secure, the head nurse turned aside. When she turned back again, she held in her hand a *very* large needle.

Buffpup’s sweating grew even worse. She’d been expecting a pill. A pill! Not whatever the hell *this* was. “Wh-what the hell’s in there?”

The head nurse smiled. “That’s a little difficult to explain. The point of this programme is to produce the perfect woman...”

“The p-perfect woman...?”

“That’s right. With that goal in mind, we’re testing a variety of drugs, designed to make even the most rebellious woman the perfect loving wife for her husband.” She smiled. “In your case, the doctors decided you needed an extra-large dose of our ‘submissive and breedable’ formula.” She leaned in to give Buffpup’s bicep a squeeze. “Those big muscles of yours will simply never do in a housewife. Oh, and don’t even get me started on your attitude.”

“Wait, what the fuck?!” Eyes widening with fear, Buffpup strained against her restraints. “Get the hell away from me!”

The head nurse simply smiled. “Now, hold still, dear. I promise this won’t hurt at all.”

Naturally, Buffpup did everything she could not to – like an unruly child, she squirmed, fighting with all her strength to pull away, but she simply couldn’t break the restraints. At last, the needle reached her skin – the nurse depressed the plunger. Surprisingly, she hadn’t lied: there wasn’t any pain.

“There...” The nurse pulled away. “That wasn’t so bad, was it?”

For a second, Buffpup almost believed her. Only when her gaze returned to her arm did she snap back to reality: where the needle had entered her, her veins were glowing, shining through the skin, a livid pink, neon. As she stared, the substance spread up her arm and from there across her chest and outward – soon her entire body glowed with the strange violent tracery. “Wh-wh-what the fuck is happening to me?!”

The nurse scratched her chin. “Don’t worry,” she said, “this is an expected part of the process. Your changes should begin momentarily.”

Buffpup’s heart pounded in her chest, a little faster with every passing moment. She bit her lip, struggled even harder, but no matter how furiously she fought, she couldn’t stop what came next:

A spasm wracked her body. As Buffpup wailed at the feeling, her muscles shriveled away, growing smaller with the second, till her top and her bottoms felt loose and would have fallen if she’d stood. They only stayed this way for a second though: just as suddenly as it had emptied, her blouse drew tighter than ever, and with a terrible *rrrip*, it split, allowing a pair of boobs bigger than any she’d ever seen to pop out of it. Buffpup gasped at their weight on her chest. They were heavier than even the biggest pair of dumbbells.

Her pants creaked, and she rose in her chair as sand filled the bottom half of the hourglass.

“Much better, wouldn’t you say?” said the nurse, studying her with a smirk.

“You– you won’t get away with this! You won’t–!” Another spasm struck her form, and she threw back her head and screamed at the pain–

–only to cut off with absurd abruptness as her lips plumped into a fat donut. “Mmmmpfh!” Looking down, she squeaked.

“Huh,” said the head nurse, looking genuinely surprised. “That’s not *quite* what I expected though. I mean, I’m sure a nice pair of cocksuckers doesn’t *hurt* in the ideal wife, but these are really a bit...”

With a *boing*, Buffpup’s ears stretched tall and flopped, falling to the side of her head and puffing up with fur.

The nurse furrowed her brow and picked up a notepad. “...I think we might be seeing some side-effects with this one.”

Buffpup struggled to breathe; the weight of her chest made it difficult to raise it. Worse, however, was the weight of her thoughts: with every moment, they seemed a little heavier. Her mind slowed till it barely moved at all, and through the thickening mists, she saw only one thing: one large, throbbing thing she wanted to wrap her lips around.

Absently, Buffpup started sucking.

As she slurped at the air, her face stretched like someone had taken her lips in a tweezer and tugged on them. Her hair curled in on itself and then curled in some more and then, as if put through the hottest hair dryer, puffed up into a thick cloud of curls that covered her eyes with its poofiness. Like paint, their color spilled over the rest of her, and as it reached her curves, they plumped up even more, growing bigger than her head and twice as jiggly.

A tension struck her coccyx, and she wiggled in her chair as something fought to escape the vice of her swollen buttocks and the backrest, while her hands and feet snapped into something a lot more canine, throwing her shoes off in the process.

Finally, the nurses untied her restraints, and with a rubbery smack, she fell from the chair and landed on all fours. Standing there, her butt up in the air, she smacked her lips, raised her canine head to the nurse, and said, quite clearly: 'Woof?'

The head nurse sighed. "Goddammit. *Another* bimbooodle?" She examined the spent syringe, and shook her head. "...Alright, toss her in the kennel with the others. We *really* need to stop adding dog hormones to the formula."