

Venus Blessings

Page 001

Narrating Box

- Patrizia and Robert (43 and 45) have been married for over 20 years and are parents to two sons, 22 and 19. But lately, frustration has set in—for both of them. Although they still love each other like the first day, their sex life has lost its spark.
- Like this evening, where after a brief and unsatisfying tryst, Patrizia is left reading a book, her mind drifting in frustration.

***Patrizia (43 years old, bored wife, no longer sexually satisfied by her husband, lying in bed, reading a book, with visible aroused nipple and areola beneath her pajama top):
(Frustrated internal monologue)***

- There he is, snoring away... after just 3 minutes.
- Where did the fiery passion go? The shared climax?
- I'd give anything for some real, intense sex like we used to have...
- Is it me? Am I not attractive enough for him anymore?
- I know, at 43 I still look good... though not as youthful as I once was...

Page 002

Narrating Box

- Thoughts can be like a highway, and for Patrizia, her mind is stuck in a never-ending loop. Restless, she gets up to use the bathroom, but as she walks across the bedroom, a forgotten memory resurfaces—one her grandmother once told her long ago.

***Patrizia (43 years old, bored wife, no longer sexually satisfied by her husband, lying in bed, reading a book, with visible aroused nipple and areola beneath her pajama top):
(Frustrated internal monologue)***

- Ugh, I can't stop this endless headspace...
- Okay, bathroom first. Then I'll make myself a hot cocoa...
- ... just like Grandma used to do for me...
- Ah, Grandma... and her old stories...
- One story she told me about an ancient goddess...
- Venus – the goddess of beauty, femininity...
- How did she always say it? 'Sweetheart, Venus is always here for us women. She listens when you speak to her in front of a mirror - it always helped me when I was feeling lonely or down.
- Maybe I should try that... Even if it's just to get this frustration off my chest.

Page 003

Narrating Box

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***Patrizia (43 years old, bored wife, no longer sexually satisfied by her husband, lying in bed, reading a book, with visible aroused nipple and areola beneath her pajama top):
(Frustrated internal monologue)***

- Oh Venus, goddess of beauty and desire, look at me...
- Old, tired... Can you bring back my passion, my vitality?
- Everything feels so... dull, so ordinary. I miss the excitement, the craving...
- Why does it feel like I've lost everything that made me feel alive?
- Please, Venus, can you make me feel that way again? Make me feel... desirable? Sexual?
- Yes, please... please grant me your blessing, oh goddess!

***Venus (majestic, full-figured, dressed in a shimmering garment, semi-transparent in the mirror):
(Speaking in a deep, knowing voice, with a warning about how her blessing will change not only Patrizia's life but her entire family's)***

- My child, I can grant your wish...
- ... but beware, it will not just be your life that changes...
- ... your husband's and your sons' lives will also be altered...
- Very well, my child.

Page 004

***Venus (majestic, full-figured, dressed in a shimmering garment, semi-transparent in the mirror):
(Speaking in a deep, knowing voice, with a warning about how her blessing will change not only Patrizia's life but her entire family's)***

- Old and bored you are now, your life till now just rushed away,
- More sexual attention you crave, desire and love are your wish today.
- Beauty should not fade with age, and from it, you shall never escape.
- So your life will now be different - no more striving, no more stress,
- Forever partying will be your life, no more struggle, no more mess.
- As a bimbo, you've begun your path, now a Trophy Wife you'll be,
- Take my blessing, oh child of Venus, and live your new life with glee.

Page 005

Narrating Box

- The blessing has been granted, and Patrizia feels completely drained... Is this what it feels like to be touched by a goddess?
- But even as Patrizia steps out of the room, the first changes begin to manifest...
- ...as if her entire sense of style had shifted - toward something far more...
- ...intimate. Sensual. Unapologetically sexual.

***Patrizia (43 years old, bored wife, no longer sexually satisfied by her husband, lying in bed, reading a book, with visible aroused nipple and areola beneath her pajama top):
(Frustrated internal monologue)***

- Ughhh... what is this feeling...?
- Was it all just... a hallucination?
- Maybe I'm still dreaming, lying in bed...

Page 006

Narrating Box

- The moment Patrizia lies down, sleep takes her instantly...
- ...nor does Robert, softly snoring next to her, sense the changes that are already beginning.

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Narrating Box

- The night wears on... and so does Patrizia's transformation.
- Her body rests, unaware...
- ...as her fingernails begin to stretch...
- ...growing longer...
- ...and longer—gracefully reshaping into something new.
- By dawn, they gleam like polished jewels... the first sign of who she's becoming.

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Narrating Box

- Morning breaks... and with it, the next stage begins.
- Room, body, mind—everything is shifting, bit by bit...
- She doesn't notice a thing... not the hair, not the voice, not even herself.

***Patrizia (43 years old, bored wife, no longer sexually satisfied by her husband, lying in bed, reading a book, with visible aroused nipple and areola beneath her pajama top):
(Frustrated internal monologue)***

- Mmh... feels like I slept forever...
- Was my bed always *this* soft...?
- And... where are my glasses?
- Huh... that shelf looks different...
- Did I... reorganize it?
- Those heels are kinda cute though...
- Mmh... hot showers are the best...
- Sooo w- warm...
- Sooo nice... mmmh

- Heehee~ that tickles~
- Like, oh-em-gee this feels sooo goood!

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Narrating Box

- No longer just a woman... Patrizia is becoming a 43-year-old display piece.
- Gems shimmer where modesty once lived, growing bolder with every breath.
- Each sparkle, each curve - crafted with delicious precision.
- And soon, no part of her will be left untouched...
- ...by skilled hands trained in beauty over biology.

Patrizia (43 years old)

- Teehee~ that was, like, *soooo* refreshing! Buuuut... huh?
- Ohhh! What's that shiny lil' thingy?
- Diamonds make me, like, sooo dizzyyy!
- Hehe! squiiirt squiiirt!
- Mmmh... I *loooove* this creamy stuff.
- Rub rub rub... make my boob all soft n' bouncyyy!
- Wait... huh?
- This boobie's bein' lazy?
- C'mon silly titty... get with the flow! Hubby paid for *both*!

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Narrating Box

- No plastic surgeon leaves a job half done—especially not with Hubby's platinum card on the table...
- And so, two perfect, perky, volleyball-sized orbs now crown Pat's dainty upper body.
- But her petite little booty...
- ...now smooth as silk, no trace of cellulite...
- ...wouldn't be left behind.

Patrizia (43 years old,)

- Teehee! I'm, like, totally top-heavy... I luv it!
- Mmmh... let's make dis booty, like, *super juicyyy*!
- BOOM! That's, like, an *A-List* ass, baby!
- Gosh! I could, like, *break chairs* with this thing... but Hubby *totally* paid for it!

Page 011

Narrating Box

- Robert always had *taste*—expensive taste, to be exact...

- ...so over the years, a few more enhancements found their way under Pat's perfect skin...
- ...as you can now clearly - and proudly - see protruding.

Patrizia (fully transformed Bimbo Trophy Wife)

- Oh-em-gee~ such a *gorgeous* day today~ the sun is, like, totally shining!
- Mmh... and I totes feel like, ugh, shopping sooo hard right now!
- Yaaas! that's, like, a *super smarty* idea, riiight?
- 0 *Giggle*

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Narrating Box

- Thanks to Venus's divine blessing, Patrizia is no more...
- ...now, there's only Patty—the picture-perfect, platinum-tier Trophy Bimbo Wife.
- And Robert? He's shed the softness of his past and stepped fully into success—trim, focused, and firmly in control.
- But Venus's magic doesn't stop at their doorstep...
- ...and somewhere far away, their eldest son is about to feel the ripple effect.

Patty (43 years old Bimbo trophy Wife)

- Daaaaarling? Where'd you hide the *Platinum Gold Card Deluxe™*?
- I, like, *really really* need to go shop sooo bad today!
- Gotta look, y'know, *extra yummy* for you tonight!
- Wait - whaaat? In my handbag?
- *Giggle!* Hubbyyy~ you always think of everything!

Robert (45)

- Darling, you've got your own card - remember?
- It's in your favorite handbag.
- Enjoy yourself. But don't forget the gala tonight.

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Narrating Box

- Pat and Robert's eldest son, a 22-year-old student at Polk College near Chicago, is *hard at work* on his academic studies...
- ...with his roommate Mike giving him all the scholarly support he needs. Tonight's 'study session'? A heated PS5 co-op battle... with bragging rights on the line.

Jonatan (22, cocky gamer, teasing Mike)

- Oh c'mon, Mike—that was a *perfectly fair* move.
- Not my fault you left your character in such a dumb spot.
- That's just how the game works, buddy, and you know it...
- ...oh, and—did you hear Stacy's throwing a party tonight?
- Obviously we're going. Like I'd ever pass up free drinks and hot tits.

Mike (22, annoyed, defending his pride)

- Jon, you ass!
- That was *my* move and you just punched me off the map? WTF?
- Yeah, well... it still wasn't fair.
- And yeah, she invited me too. So... we going?

Page 014

Narrating Box

- But Venus's blessing doesn't stop at Patty... and in this new reality, her eldest son is about to be swept along with her change.

Jonatan (22, cocky gamer, teasing Mike)

- Y'know, Mike - Stacy's parties always pull in the hottest girls on campus...
- ...like, we're talking *solid* tens, every time...
- ...and they've always got the *hottest* clothes—like, oh... em... GEEE!
- ...I *sooo* can't wait to check out what they're wearing!

Page 015

Narrating Box

- The change wasn't exactly going unnoticed...
- ...just not by Jonatan.
- Not even when his shirt began to pull tight...
- ...holding a brand-new shape in place—for now.

Joni (22, cheerleader, starting to bimbofie)

- But it's not like I'm gonna, y'know, *miss out*...
- ...oh noooo, not me!
- Wait - did you say something, Mikey?

Mike (22, annoyed, defending his pride)

- Jonatan... you... uh... I...
- ...Mikey?

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Narrating Box

- In this rewritten reality, there had never been a Jonatan at Polk College in Chicago...
- ...but Joni - the cheer squad's rising star - had always been here.

Jonatan (22, cocky gamer, teasing Mike)

- Oh my god, Mikey—do I *seriously* look like a guy to you?
- Uhm, my name's Joni... you know that, right?
- And weren't we, like... gonna hang out before the party?

Mike (22, annoyed, defending his pride)

- Joni—wait... you... you were a *guy* like two seconds ago!
- What the hell's going on? And... why did I just call you Joni?
- Hang out... like, as in... a date?!

Page 017

Narrating Box

- Just like with her mother before her, Joni's transformation into a full-on bimbo was anything but subtle...
- ...with every passing second, her body—and her presence—becoming more irresistibly, unmistakably... bimbo-like.

Krystal (22, cheerleading student, breast expansion mid-way, becoming more openly flirty)

- Y'know, Mikey... I'm *sooo* curious about something...
- ...don't my big girls - barely fitting in this top - kinda speak for themselves?
- Mmm... but I'm feeling, like... sooo warm right now...
- Maybe we should have a *little* fun before the party... teehee

Mike (22, aroused, losing all focus on the game)

- Your... *gulp*... girls...? Those are the biggest I've ever...
- Ohhh... damn, babe...
- You and me? *Gulp*... right here?

Page 018

Narrating Box

- None

Krystal (22, cheerleading student, breast expansion mid-way, becoming more openly flirty)

- Mmm... nothing *tightening up* in your pants yet? **giggle**
- I picked something *suuuper comfy* to wear - so c'mon, let the tiger out.
- Teehee... you said it - like mom, like daughter... I'm a totall bimbo!

- So... wanna taste what this bimbo's got to offer?

Mike (22, aroused, losing all focus on the game)

- This... this has to be a dream.
- I've wanted to date you for *years*... and now it's actually happening...
- You're... the ultimate bimbo girl.

Page 019

Narrating Box

- And so... Jonatan became Krystal — the ultimate glam-stripper, high-value bimbo on campus.

Krystal (22, cheerleading student, glam-stripper-high-value-bimbo, fully transformed)

- Ohhh, Mikey, I,like, *knew* you wanted meee... teehee
- Every guy here does - 'cause, like, I *am* the hottest girl on campus.
- Have you *even* checked out my nails yet? They're, like, *totally* Chanel inspo... super exclusive, babe

Mike (22, completely smitten)

- God... what a babe!

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Narrating Box

- But let's leave Krystal and Mike to... their current activities.
- She'll have plenty more adventures at tonight's party (Mike... who?).
- Now, our attention shifts to Patty and Robert's youngest son - Dylan.

Krystal (22, cheerleading student, glam-stripper-high-value-bimbo, fully transformed)

- Ohhh, Mikey~ yesss... like, you're sooo my pre-party cardio... *giggle*
- Mmmh... gotta keep this bubble-butt nice and perky for the party...

Mike (22, completely smitten)

- Krystal... you're... unreal...
- God, I'm never letting you go...

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Narrating Box

- Krystal's path is sealed... yet one branch of the family tree remains.
- Dylan (19) — a rebel with no leash. He worships the road, his bike, and his freedom...

- A cocky ladies' man, chasing every skirt that crosses his way.
- But even Dylan can't escape the ripple of Venus' blessing... a fate that will twist his journey forever.

Page 022

Narrating Box

- Somewhere in the endless heart of America... a lonely highway cuts through the dust and heat.
- Route 66, maybe... or maybe just another road that begins at one ocean, and dies at the other.
- Either way... destiny is waiting at the end of this tunnel.

Dylan (19, rebellious, cocky ladies' man, riding his bike)

- Now this—this is the life. Just me, the open road, and my baby right here...
- Though a hot chick ridin' pillion wouldn't hurt either, heh.
- No worries—there's always a diner down the line. And who knows what kinda sweet company I'll find there...

Page 023

Narrating Box

- And indeed... just a few miles later...
- ... a dusty old diner awaits him, bathed in faint streaks of pink.

Dylan (19, rebellious, cocky ladies' man, riding his bike)

- Finally! Gas, a leak, and an ice-cold beer.
- Damn, this place's got that classic vibe... real old-school.
- Heh... now all that's missin' is some smokin' babe in a mini-skirt.

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Narrating Box

- No text.

Waitress

- Well hey there, sugar! Welcome t'the diner.
- Hot coffee? Or somethin' sweeter?
- Mhm... just sit tight, honey - I'll be right over.

Dylan (19, rebellious, cocky ladies' man, riding his bike)

- Damn... now *that's* service.

- Sweetheart, with that body... I don't even need a menu.

Page 025

Narrating Box

- No text.

Waitress

- So, sugar... what'll it be?
- Alright, hon, comin' right up.
- Ugh... another macho biker. Same old story...

Dylan (19, cocky, rebellious ladies' man – unaware of his changes)

- From you, babe? Your number... and when your break is.
- 'Til then, bring me a beer - make it strong, splash a little kick in it.
- Heh... damn girl, with *those* knockers you oughta carry a permit!

Page 026

Narrating Box

- He thinks he's calling the shots... but with every step, Dylan's body is already betraying him.

Waitress

-

Dylan (19, cocky, rebellious ladies' man – unaware of his changes)

- Heh... I've seen that look a thousand times...
- ... give her five minutes, and she'll be waitin' naked in the stall.
- ... and guess who'll be ready for the encore?
- Women - always sooo damn predictable.

Page 027

Narrating Box

- In contrast to his mother and sister, Dylan is wide awake through every second...
- ... marking the birth of Raven – the woman he never thought he'd become.

Dylan (19, cocky, rebellious ladies' man becoming Raven)

- Wh... what's happening to me...?!
- Wait... I-I sound sooo diff'rent... like... girly?!

Page 028

Narrating Box

- And so, the last remnants of Dylan's manhood dissolve...
- ...giving birth to Raven's flawless feminine form.

Raven (19, cocky, rebellious ladies' man becoming Raven)

- Wh-what the... it's... MY COCK?!
- N-no way... I'm turning... into...
- ...a girl... for real?!
- ...ohhh, this feels... sooo weird... but sooo goooood~

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Narrating Box

- Dylan is gone... The young rebel's body is no longer his own...
- ...yet the world is already shifting, rewriting reality around her new self.
- Only one thing remains: her mind... still fighting, but slipping fast.

Raven (19,punk, rebellious Bitch)

- Wh... what the hell?!

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Narrating Box

- No Text

Raven (19,punk, rebellious Bitch)

- No! No way... this can't be me!
- Why am I dressed like... like some stripper chick?!
- ...my face... it's... gorgeous?!
- Oh God... why do I... kinda like this...?
- ...so... sexy...

Page 031

Narrating Box

- Raven's mind is twisting... reality and desire bleeding together.

Raven (19,punk, rebellious Bitch)

- W-whoa... my eyes... why are they so... freakin' hawt?!

- ...heh... oh God, I sound so dumb... teehee...

Page 032

Narrating Box

- Unlike before, Raven's change is no longer just in her body...
- ... every word spoken around her now shapes her mind.
- And with one careless remark... her new reality begins to take hold.

Raven (19,punk, rebellious Bitch)

- ...from this side it all looks kinda normal...
- Heehee... maybe I should just –
- ...huh?!

Biker

- Whoa there, girl... this is the men's room.
- ...and you ain't no man!

Page 033

Narrating Box

- And so... fate twists again. Not even Raven's defiance can resist the power of spoken words.

Biker

- Since you're here, why not put those plump lips to good use?
- Damn girl... you're stacked! Didn't see it at first, but hell, you're built like a pornstar.

Raven (19,punk, rebellious Bitch)

- Huh?! The fuck you mean, pal?
- ... Of course I'm a girl! Can't you see that?
- ...My name's Raven. Remember it.

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Narrating Box

- Every careless word twists reality further... Raven's mind bubbling away into ditzy bliss as her body balloons with lust.

Biker

- Heh... damn girl, you're built to drive a man wild.

Raven (19, slutty, ditzy, getting dumber)

- Mmm... suddenly I feel sooo hot... and sooo needy...
- Stacked? Duh, of course I am! Always had these, silly~
- You should take a better look next time... teehee~
- Like... I just wanna be filled... teehee~

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Narrating Box

- No text

Biker

- Raven, I don't know if it's luck or fate... but a top-heavy, junk-in-the-trunk pornstar like you? Doesn't walk in every day.

Raven (19, slutty punk bimbo, fully girly, ditzy)

- Omigawd... you, like... really think I'm that hot? Teehee~
- Mmm... my boobies feel sooo heavy n' needy right now...
- I just... wanna bounce on somethin' sooo bad...

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Narrating Box

- And with this final expansion of Raven's ass, the transformation is complete...
- ...her old self erased, her new life taking a completely different path.

Biker

- No Text

Raven (19, slutty punk bimbo, fully girly, ditzy)

- Like, soooo... whatcha think, hot stuff?
- I can, like, totally show you what this bad girl's got to offer~
- Teehee... and you'll show me if you're, like, really the BIG. BAD. HUNK I need?

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Narrating Box

- With lust burning through every fiber of her new body...
- ...Raven's old self vanishes into nothingness, as if she had never been Dylan at all.
- All that remains is a bimbo punk slut, blissfully lost in Venus's domain.

Raven (19, slutty punk bimbo, fully girly, ditzy)

- Teehee... ohhh yesss~ fill me up, big guy... like, more, more, more!

Page 038

Narrating Box

- Venus always keeps her gaze on the desires of mortals... yet they must be cautious, because every wish carries a price...

Venus

- There is always a price to pay...
- A single wish, like a butterfly, can twist countless lives.
- And what about you, mortal? Will you call upon me next?

Page 039

Narrating Box

- Venus always watches... and for those brave enough to embrace their hidden desires, she is never far away.

Venus

- It could be anyone... it could be you.
- All it takes is a wish... and the courage to let me make it real.
- So, sweet one... are you ready to call upon me?

Unknown Guy who wears a Bra

- My life is great... but as a woman, it would be epic! I wish...