



MINUS 41

FINANCIAL ANALYST TO BIMBO DOLL

Gardamuse

To my patrons

Thank you for your support! You help keep me motivated and engaged in this kinky interest of ours. There are many problems in the world right now, but this little corner of the internet is for all things fun, kinky and wholesome. This story may go too far for some, but if the content tags match your interests, and I think you will enjoy it.

Content Tags: bimbofication, iq reduction, breast expansion, hypnosis, transformation, clinic setting, first person perspective

Author's Note: This erotic bimbofication story deals with willing transformation and the surrender of intellect for pleasure through vaguely sci-fi medical and hypnotic means. Key themes include arousal derived from bodily alteration and the thrill of trading cognitive ability for a happier, more carefree and sexual life. Elements of the story is adjacent to, but intentionally stays away from identity erasure, choosing instead to focus on personality changes as a product of changing priorities. A subtle power dynamic is introduced through a patronizing yet respectful treatment, creating an erotic tension based on care and control.

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CHAPTER I

THE CLINIC

The soft jazz in the lobby of the Elysian Aesthetics clinic was the first surprise. I'd expected something sterile, all white tile and the scent of antiseptic. Instead, it was all deep velvet armchairs, warm amber lighting, and the faint, sweet smell of vanilla and something else... something like rain on warm pavement. I smoothed my sensible, knee-length charcoal pencil skirt, and approached the reception desk. The woman behind it was, to put it mildly, a masterpiece. Her smile was bright and her eyes, a startling shade of violet, held a vacant, placid calm.

"Hi," I said, my voice crisp and professional, the voice I used for presenting quarterly earnings reports. "I have an appointment. Evelyn Reed."

Her smile widened. "Of course, Miss Reed. We're so excited to help you on your journey. Please, take a seat. A consultant will be right with you." She quickly checked my ID and gestured to one of the plush armchairs, her movements fluid and unhurried.

I sat, my analyst's mind already ticking, dissecting the environment. The absence of sharp corners. The curated sensory experience. The receptionist's posture, perfectly arched, emphasizing a truly impossible bosom. This wasn't just a clinic; it was a carefully constructed psychological environment designed to lower inhibitions and foster trust. It was... impressive.

A few minutes later, a woman in a sharp, tailored white dress appeared. She was a stark contrast to the receptionist. Her blonde hair was pulled back in a severe, elegant chignon, and her eyes were a cool, intelligent blue. "Evelyn? I'm Dr. Anya Sharma. Please, come with me."

Her office was more what I'd expected—minimalist, clean, dominated by a large desk and two chairs. The contrast was jarring. "The front of house is for... reassurance," Dr. Sharma explained, as if reading my mind. "Back here is for clarity. We find the dichotomy helps our clients center themselves for the important decisions."

"I see," I said, impressed. "It's a sound strategy."

"Good," she smiled, a thin, professional expression. "That's what I like to hear. So, you've done your preliminary research. You know we offer a range of treatments. The question is, Evelyn, what kind of happiness are you looking for?"

She slid a sleek tablet across the desk. On it were icons, each with a seductive name: The Pink Cloud, The Vixen, Goth Doll, Puppy Girl Passion. My fingers, usually so steady on a keyboard, hovered over the screen. I'd spent weeks studying the literature, but seeing them laid out like a designer perfume counter felt different.

CHAPTER I – THE CLINIC



"I've been drawn to a few," I admitted. "The Pink Cloud is... intriguing. The promise of pure, uncomplicated bliss is a powerful antidote to a life of complex problem-solving."

"A classic choice," Dr. Sharma nodded. "Maximum cognitive reduction. Our 'Airhead' package, with a few extra layers of endorphin-releasing conditioning. Thoughts become like bubbles—pretty, simple, and they pop. You will never worry again, but neither will you be likely to ever balance another checkbook, and your reading speed will slow down quite drastically. The IQ drop is... significant. We're talking from the 130s to somewhere in the 70s." She said it as casually as if she were discussing the weather.

My breath hitched. A 60-point drop. That was... a lot. But the thought of my mind, this constant, buzzing machine of analysis and anxiety, just... quieting. Floating. It was a siren's call.

"And The Vixen?" I asked, my eyes drawn to the other icon. "It seems less... extreme."

"Less extreme in terms of cognitive function, more extreme in terms of behavioral recalibration," Dr. Sharma clarified. "We don't so much reduce the intelligence as we sharpen its focus. All that analytical power you possess? We don't get rid of it. We repurpose it. It becomes an instinct for manipulation, for seduction, for reading body language and desire with unerring accuracy. You'll still be smart, Evelyn, but you'll be smart like a fox is smart. Not for building bridges, but for getting exactly what you want from the person who does. The IQ remains high, but the application is... primal."

I considered my life. My meticulously organized apartment. My ability to deconstruct a multi-million dollar deal into its component risks and rewards. I was good at my job. I was respected. I was also desperately, achingly lonely. My intelligence was a fortress, and I'd walled myself inside it.

"I want to be beautiful," I said, the admission feeling strange and vulnerable in my mouth. "I want to be... desired. I don't want to think so much."

Dr. Sharma's gaze softened. "Then we have our starting point. But we can refine. What about a middle ground? The 'Barbie' package. You keep enough of your core intelligence to function, to shop, to drive, to follow simple recipes. But it's... curated. We scrub out the anxieties, the overthinking. We replace it with a dedication to fashion, a love of partying, a genuine, bubbly personality. You won't be solving global hunger, but you'll be the life of the party and you'll love every second of it. The IQ drop is still significant, but might be more to your taste. And the physical enhancements are top-tier. The goal is a kind of polished, happy perfection."

"How about the obsessed bunny?" I asked, tapping on an icon I found particularly fascinating.

Dr. Sharma raised an eyebrow. "Ah, the 'Obsessive Bunny Bimbo.' That's a... specialized choice. We retain a surprising amount of social intelligence, but it all gets... hijacked. Rerouted. Your entire world, every thought, every impulse, becomes focused on a single individual, whom you will designate after the procedure. Your happiness becomes entirely contingent on their pleasure and attention. It's a very... devoted state of being. For the right person, it's paradise. For the wrong one, it's a cage with a very pretty lock."

The choices swam in my head. A blissful fool. A cunning seductress. A happy doll. A devoted pet. My analytical brain, the very thing I wanted to escape, was now trying to optimize my own happiness. The Vixen was still too much like myself, a different flavor of calculation. The Bunny was too dependent on an unknown variable. The Pink Cloud... was scary. The finality of it. To just... let go completely.

That left the Barbie. Happy. Pretty. Simple, but not **too** simple. It felt like the logical choice. A controlled demolition, rather than a wildfire.

"I think..." I began, my voice a little shaky. "I think I'd like The Barbie."

FOUNDATION AND MINDSET PRIMING

Dr. Sharma smiled, a genuine, warm expression this time. "An excellent choice. The Barbie is very popular for a reason. Now," she said, her fingers moving across her own screen, "we have the customization options for Stage One. This is where we begin the foundational changes."

A new screen popped up in front of me, reading in bold capital letters "FOUNDATION & MINDSET PRIMING", and below, two lists of so called optional extras.

Optional Enhancement 1: Vocal Sweetening

- A) Standard: A slightly higher, more melodic pitch.
- B) Giggle-Lock: A reflexive, light giggle after every sentence.
- C) Valley Girl Inflection: Uptalk and key phrasing ("like," "totally," "oh my god") integrated into speech patterns.

Optional Enhancement 2: Initial Physical Sculpting

- A) Curves: Emphasis on hips and rear for a classic hourglass.
- B) Bust: Early-stage breast enhancement to prepare for later expansion.
- C) Lips: Lip fillers to achieve a plump, 'pouty' look.

My heart hammered in my chest. This was it. The point of no return. The giggle-lock sounded humiliating, but the valley girl option... there was a part of me, a part I'd always kept buried, that found it appealing. The freedom of sounding so... carefree. And for the body... well, a true Barbie needed the bust.

"I'll take the 'Valley Girl' inflection," I heard myself say, the words feeling alien. "And... the Bust. Option B."

"Wonderful," Dr. Sharma beamed. "We are almost all set, but before we proceed, we need to run a little baseline test. Just to see where we're starting from."

She handed me a tablet. On the screen was a pattern recognition puzzle. A simple one. Complex shapes, rotating in a sequence, and I had to identify the next shape in the series. My mind, a well-oiled machine, snapped to it. I saw the axis of rotation, the changing internal geometry, the way the color shifted on every third turn. It took me maybe seven seconds. I tapped the correct answer. The screen flickered to another, then another—spatial reasoning, analogies, complex vocabulary. I aced them all. A final score flashed: 126.

"Very impressive, Evelyn," Dr. Sharma said, her voice holding that faint, clinical note of approval. "A beautiful mind. Ready to be made... even more beautiful. Are you prepared to begin?"

I took a deep breath, the scent of vanilla and rain filling my lungs. "Yes. I am."

The treatment room was less like a clinic and more like a high-tech spa. I was settled into a plush reclining chair that seemed to mold to my body. A soft helmet, lined with what felt like velvet, was lowered over my head. Gentle music, a tinkling, synthesized melody, began to play through small earbuds.

"Stage One commencing," a calm, disembodied voice announced. "Vocal sweetening protocol initiated."

I felt a strange warmth at the base of my throat, a gentle vibration that wasn't unpleasant. Words and phrases began to flash on a small screen built into the helmet's visor. *Like. Totally. As if. Oh. My. God.* With each flash, the warmth in my throat intensified slightly. The analytical part of my brain tried to fight it, to deconstruct the process. Was it altering my vocal cords directly, or was this just a kind of deep hypnosis? *It's probably a combination of bio-feedback and subliminal suggestion,* a thought surfaced, clear and sharp. But the thought was immediately swallowed by another, softer one that felt... planted. *Why, like, even worry about it? It's gonna be so fun!*

The thought jolted me. It wasn't mine. Not really. But it felt... nice.

"Physical sculpting protocol initiated," the voice said.

A gentle pressure settled on my chest, just above my sternum. It wasn't painful, just a strange, deep-seated warmth that spread slowly through my breast tissue. I closed my eyes. The music swelled. The flashing words on the visor sped up. *Totes adorbs. So much fun. Besties. Shopping!* They were getting inside me, these stupid, simple phrases. And the warmth in my chest was becoming a pleasant ache, a gentle tugging sensation that was... weirdly exciting. My nipples pebbled, pressing against the fabric of my sensible bra.

The analytical voice in my head was getting fainter, like a radio station drifting out of range. *The nanites or whatever they are are likely stimulating rapid tissue growth...* The thought was there, but it felt distant, unimportant. A new thought, louder and closer, bubbled up. *Ooooh, I can't wait to see my new boobies!*

I gasped, not in horror, but in genuine, girlish delight. I was starting to sound like the screen. The program was working. The tugging in my chest grew stronger, a definite feeling of swelling, of becoming... more. I shifted in the chair, my body suddenly feeling foreign and new. The old me, the analyst, was watching from a distance, horrified and



fascinated, as the new me hummed along to the tinkling music and imagined all the cute, low-cut tops I was going to wear.

The warmth and the voice lessons seemed to blend together. The phrase "So cute" would flash, and I'd feel a corresponding little flutter in my chest. "Bouncy" appeared, and I felt a deep, satisfying weight beginning to settle on my ribcage. It was a direct line of association, a conditioning loop. Words and sensations, being wired together right inside my brain.

After what felt like both an eternity and a few minutes, the helmet retracted and the warmth faded. I sat up, feeling dizzy. Dr. Sharma was there, holding a mirror.

"Well? Let's see," she said, her smile patient.

I looked at my reflection. My face was the same, mostly, but my lips already looked a little fuller, a bit more pouty. But it was my chest that had changed. The gray fabric of my pencil skirt jacket was straining. Where there had been a modest B-cup, there was now a distinct, rounded swell pushing against the material. I was easily a D. My breath hitched.

"Oh. My. God," I said. The words came out perfectly, laced with that airy, slightly questioning inflection I'd chosen. I was surprised to hear the words come out of my

mouth, and it had a little musical lilt at the end. It was totally, like, perfect.

"Stage one is a success," Dr. Sharma said. "You're adapting beautifully. As you can probably tell, the speech modifications come with a few foundational conditioning lines as well, but we haven't done too much in your deep neurals yet, and your IQ remains fairly high still. Though you should already be noticing a change in your thought patterns that most patients find exhilarating. Now, let's talk about Stage Two. We're going to build on this foundation."

BODILY FOCUS AND EMOTIONAL RECALIBRATION

The tablet was back in my hands, but the world on the screen seemed different now. The icons were brighter, the words friendlier. My eyes kept drifting to my reflection in the tablet's dark screen, to the way my new chest pushed out the fabric of my jacket. It definitely felt a bit harder to concentrate, whatever the doctor was saying, but it wasn't a bad feeling either.

Optional Enhancement 1: Sensory Intensification

- A) Tactile Focus: Enhancing the sensitivity of the skin, especially the lips and breasts, for heightened pleasure from touch.
- B) Taste Sweetening: Making all sweet foods taste exponentially better, creating a preference for candy and desserts.
- C) Visual Saturation: Making colors, especially pink and glittery things, appear more vibrant and captivating.

Optional Enhancement 2: Mindset Calibration

- A) Giggly: Inculcating a light, happy, easily amused demeanor.
- B) Flirty: Instilling an instinctive, playful coquettishness in all social interactions.
- C) Bubbly: A combination of the two, with an added layer of high energy and enthusiasm.

I bit my lip. Giggly and flirty both sounded super fun. And like, way better than being all serious and boring. But Bubbly... that was just the combination of both. And the Visual Saturation option promised to make everything so beautiful it was hard to resist. Pink was, like, my new favorite color already.

"I want, like, the C's!" I announced, my voice bright and full of energy. "For both! Visual Saturation and Bubbly!"

"An enthusiastic choice," Dr. Sharma said, her tone a little softer, a little more... careful now. It was subtle, but it was there. Like she was making sure to be extra nice to me. "That's a very popular combination. Now, Evelyn, before we continue, another quick test. Just to see how the first stage is settling."

The tablet was placed in my lap again. The puzzle was harder this time. A series of interconnected cogs turned in different directions, and I had to calculate which way



a final cog would turn after a certain number of rotations. My old brain would have mapped it out instantly. Now... my eyes kept glancing at my reflection. I looked so beautiful already.

I tried to focus. Left, right, left, right... but then my mind kind of... skipped. Like a record. And instead of cogs, I was thinking about how pretty my new, fuller lips would look with that yummy lipstick on. And how, like, totally awesome it would be to go shopping for it. But after just a little while I still managed an answer, pointing it out confidently.

The answer was correct. But my score on the screen had dropped. *no*. A little gasp escaped my lips, but it wasn't a scared gasp. It was a... tingly one. Seeing the number go down felt... good. Like letting go of a heavy bag I didn't know I was carrying.

"Very good, Evelyn," Dr. Sharma said. "You're right on track. Time for your next session. Just relax and enjoy the ride, alright?"

Back in the comfy chair, the helmet came down. The music was different this time. It was faster, with a bouncy, poppy beat. It made my toes wiggle. "Sensory Intensification protocol initiated," the voice said.

Instead of warmth, I felt a little tickle on my skin. Everywhere. Like a million

tiny, sparkly feathers were brushing against me. I squirmed in the chair, a little giggle escaping. The visor lit up, not with words, but with a riot of color. Swirls of neon pink, electric blue, glittering gold. It was the prettiest thing I had ever seen. My whole body felt light and fizzy, like a can of soda that had just been shaken.

Then the Mindset Calibration began. The visor showed short clips. Girls giggling and gossiping over milkshakes. Girls winking and twirling their hair at cute boys. Girls bouncing excitedly on the balls of their feet as they opened presents. Each clip was paired with a pulse of happy, fizzy feeling that washed over me.

Giggle. A pulse of joy went right to my tummy.

Flirt. A warm, bubbly feeling spread through my chest.

Bounce! I felt an urge to actually jiggle in my seat, and I did.

The lessons were simple. See a cute boy? A little wink and a hair flip is the correct response. Someone says something funny? A high-pitched giggle is mandatory. See something you want, like a new purse? A little jump and an excited squeal is how you show it. It wasn't like learning. It was like... remembering things I'd always known but had forgotten. My brain was starting to feel all soft and squishy now, and these new, simple, happy thoughts were just soaking right in. The hard, sharp edges of my old thoughts couldn't find anything to grab onto.

My head felt full of cotton candy and glitter. The complex anxieties about my career, my future, my loneliness—they were still in there somewhere, but they were far away, muffled, like hearing the traffic from a penthouse apartment. I could almost hear a faint voice whispering, *This is a regression of higher cognitive function...* but the whisper was immediately drowned out by a loud, happy thought that was ALL mine: *I wonder if they have sparkly nail polish here?*

When the chair finally sat me up, I felt... amazing. The world looked like a cartoon. The white walls of the room were a brilliant, snowy white. Dr. Sharma's dress was a dazzling white. My own hands in my lap looked so pretty.

Dr. Sharma smiled at me, and her smile was like the sun. "How are you feeling, sweetie?" she asked.

"I feel, like, SOOO good!" I chirped. "Everything's all... wow!"

She chuckled, a soft, kind sound. "That's wonderful. You're doing just perfectly. Now, for your next test. Just a little one. Don't you worry your pretty little head about it."

The tablet was placed in my lap. The puzzle this time had pictures of faces. They

were all making different expressions, and I had to match them to words like 'happy,' 'sad,' 'angry.' It was, like, super easy. I tapped the smiling face for 'happy.' I tapped the frowny face for 'sad.' Then I got to a face that was... kinda thoughtful. Its mouth was a little straight. The options were 'pensive,' 'confused,' and 'bored.'

'Pensive' was a big, boring word. I didn't know what it meant. 'Bored' looked like the face I used to make in meetings. 'Confused'... I looked at the little cartoon face. He looked like he was thinking, but it was a hard think! My head hurt a little just looking at it. I tapped 'confused.'

A little red X popped up. The correct answer was 'pensive.' My score came up on the next screen: 92.

I blinked at the number. 92. I knew, somewhere deep down, that this used to be a bad number. But now, looking at it, I just felt... light. It was smaller. Simpler. Like me. A happy little giggle bubbled out of me.

Dr. Sharma gave me a look that was full of... what was that word? Oh, yeah. Pride. "That's my girl," she said, her voice so warm and soothing. "You're becoming exactly who you want to be. Are you ready for the final stage? The big finish?"

I nodded my head so fast my new, heavier boobs jiggled. "Yes, yes, yes!"

PHYSICAL FINALIZATION AND COGNITIVE CURATION

The tablet for Stage Three was the sparkliest yet. The words were all big and pink, calling for my attention and succeeding.

Optional Enhancement 1: Signature Asset

- A) Pillow Princess: Final breast augmentation to a very large, soft G-cup.
- B) Buns of Honey: Hip and butt enhancement for a truly epic, eye-catching lower body.
- C) Golden Ratio: A balanced enhancement of both, achieving a mathematically perfect hourglass figure.

Optional Enhancement 2: Final Mind Polish

- A) Fashion Focus: Hardwiring a deep, intuitive understanding of trends, styles, and what looks best on your new body.
- B) Social Simplification: Removing all complex social filters, making you an open, honest, and direct (but very sweet) book.
- C) Pleasure Principle: Rewiring your core motivation system to prioritize immediate physical pleasure and fun above all else.

My head felt swimmy looking at all the choices. Pillow Princess sounded SOOO dreamy. I loved my new boobies so much, and making them bigger sounded like the bestest idea ever. But Buns of Honey made me think of, like, yoga pants and how my butt would look in them. And the Golden Ratio... well, 'golden' was a pretty word.

Then I looked at the second list. Fashion Focus was, like, a smart choice. I wanted to be pretty. But Pleasure Principle... that one sent a really nice shiver right through me. Just thinking about feeling good all the time made me feel good. It was a loopy, happy thought. A thought that wanted to have more happy thoughts. My brain felt like a puppy chasing its tail, round and round in a circle of fun. I wanted that. I wanted to be the puppy.

"I want... C! And A!" I announced, pointing. "The big boobies and the... Pleasure Thingy!"

Dr. Sharma's smile was the biggest yet. "The 'Pillow Princess' and the 'Pleasure Principle.' A truly classic and happy combination. You're going to be such a joyful girl,



Evelyn."

The final chair was even softer than the others, like a cloud. The helmet lowered, and this time, the music was just one long, happy hum that made my whole body vibrate with a low, pleasant thrum. The world dissolved into soft pink light.

"Signature Asset protocol: Pillow Princess, initiated."

This time, the feeling in my chest wasn't a gentle tugging. It was a deep, powerful wave of warmth and pressure. It felt... amazing. Like a deep, delicious stretch after a long nap. I felt my skin tighten, then swell, the weight on my chest becoming heavy, full, and absolutely wonderful. I let out a soft moan of pure pleasure. On the visor, images flashed of beautiful, smiling women with enormous, perfect breasts, and with each image, the feeling of fullness intensified. My bra was getting so, so tight. I heard a little *ping* as the clasp in the back gave way. My newly freed breasts settled heavily against my ribs, and the feeling was so good it made my toes curl.

"Final Mind Polish protocol: Pleasure Principle, initiated."

The happy hum in my head got louder. The pink light pulsed in time with my heart. The old thoughts, the few faint ones that were left, tried to surface. *This isn't right. This is permanent. All that hard work at university...* But as the thought formed, a wave

of pure, liquid joy washed it away. It didn't fight the thought. It just... dissolved it in happiness. The logic was simple: thinking = worried. Not thinking = happy. Therefore, not thinking is good. It was the easiest, most correct equation I had ever seen.

The visor showed images. A sunny beach. A slice of chocolate cake. A handsome man smiling. A bubble bath. A cute puppy. With each image, a jolt of pure pleasure zapped through me. The beach was good. The cake was better. The man was... oof. The bubble bath was Heaven. They were teaching me what to want. They were teaching me that pleasure was the only thing that mattered. And I was a very, very good student.

When the helmet lifted, I felt... complete. Dr. Sharma was there, and she helped me sit up. I felt top-heavy in the most delightful way. My new, huge breasts were soft and warm, and I instinctively cupped them in my hands. They were magnificent.

"Oh. My. God," I breathed, the words coming out in a husky, pleasure-laced sigh. "They're... they're like... pillowwws."

"They certainly are, honey," Dr. Sharma said, her voice dripping with pride and a sweet, kind condescension. She helped me to my feet. My balance was different, but I adjusted instantly, my body knowing exactly how to stand to show off my new assets. "Now, one last little test. Just to see your new score."

The tablet was placed in my hands. This time, there were no words, just shapes. A circle. A square. A triangle.

"Which one is the circle, sweetie?" Dr. Sharma asked gently.

I blinked. The shapes were so bright and pretty. I pointed at the circle. "That one! It's, like, all... round!" I giggled. It was such a silly question.

"And which one is your favorite?" she asked.

"Ooooh, ummm..." I tapped a perfectly manicured nail against my lip. "The pink one!"

There was no pink one. Dr. Sharma just smiled and took the tablet back. She didn't show me the score. She just patted my hand.

"Perfect. You're all done. Let's go get you a new name and a new look, okay sweetie?"

I nodded enthusiastically. I didn't even care about a new name. I just knew I looked amazing in the full-length mirror. The woman staring back at me was a goddess. A doll. A dream. Her hair—my hair—was now a platinum blonde cascade of perfect waves that fell past my shoulders. My face was heart-shaped, with wide, innocent blue eyes, a tiny button nose, and lips so full and pouty they looked permanently kissable.

And my body... oh, my body. It was built for pleasure. My waist was cinched impossibly small, making the flare of my hips and the monumental swell of my breasts look even more dramatic. My long, toned legs ended in dainty feet with perfectly painted pink toenails. I was wearing a tiny, pale pink silk robe that did nothing to hide my new form. I was, without a doubt, the sexiest, most beautiful creature I had ever seen.

AFTER PARTY

My new life just starting to feel real, I was led to a nearby dressing room, many options of super cute clothing tastefully lined up along the walls in-between several large mirrors.

"Evelyn was an analyst with an IQ of 126," Dr. Sharma said, standing beside me. Her voice was calm and factual, like she was reading a report. "She was intelligent, successful, and deeply unhappy."

I just stared at the girl in the mirror, a faint, vapid smile on my face. Evelyn... that name sounded... familiar, but it also sounded like someone else. Someone boring.

"You, however," Dr. Sharma continued, placing a hand on my shoulder, "are now Evie. And your new tested IQ is 85. Just right for a happy, simple, beautiful life."

I giggled. Evie. I liked that. It sounded fun! And 85... the number didn't mean anything to me, but the way she said it made me feel all warm and fuzzy inside.

"This means your life is going to be much different now, sweetie," she explained, her voice soft and patient, like she was talking to a child. "You won't have to worry about big, scary numbers or reports ever again. As part of the package you already paid for, your apartment will be re-styled and all your old, boring clothes thrown out." She paused, waiting for me to react.

My eyes went wide. "New clothes?" I squealed, clapping my hands. My huge new breasts jiggled delightfully with the movement. "Like, shopping?"

Dr. Sharma chuckled. "Exactly like shopping, honey. And a whole new wardrobe of the cutest, most revealing clothes you can imagine will be waiting for you. Your existing monetary assets are being replaced into a trust fund as we speak. That, in addition to the few extra tasks you previously agreed to do for us simply means that, well, you don't have to think about money any more honey. It's all been taken care of. You just have to think about looking pretty and having fun." She gave me a little wink. "And your job... your only job... is to be the happy, bubbly, gorgeous girl you are now."

A job? Being pretty? That was, like, the best job in the whole world! I could so totally do that!

"Oh my god, thank you!" I chirped, turning to hug her. My soft, pillowy breasts squished against her, and it felt amazing. "This is the bestest day ever!"

She hugged me back, a warm, maternal squeeze. "I'm so glad you're happy, Evie. Now, let's get you dressed. We have a little welcome party waiting for you."

CHAPTER 5 – AFTER PARTY



A party! My heart did a happy little flip-flop. Dr. Sharma led me out of the treatment room and into a large, pink-draped dressing room. Laid out on a velvet chaise lounge was an outfit. It was a tiny, white crop top with the word 'DOLL' written in sparkly pink letters, and a matching micro-mini skirt that looked like it would barely cover my new, round bottom. There were also a pair of clear, strappy heels with ridiculously high platforms.

"Go on, get dressed," Dr. Sharma urged gently. "Don't be shy."

I shed the silk robe, and catching sight of my naked body in the mirrors made me gasp. I was perfect. I was a work of art. I shimmied into the tight crop top, my G-cup breasts straining against the thin fabric, the word 'DOLL' stretched tight across them. The skirt was even better, its waistband sitting high on my hips, the hem barely brushing the tops of my thighs. When I put on the heels, I felt taller, powerful, and my entire body shifted, my ass jutting out and my chest pushing forward. I was a walking, talking fantasy.

I twirled, watching my reflection. "I look... so hot!" I giggled.

"You look perfect, Evie," Dr. Sharma agreed. "Now, one last little thing before we go out." She opened a small, velvet-lined box. Inside was a delicate gold necklace with a single, sparkling pink heart charm. "This is for you. To celebrate your new life." She stepped behind me to fasten it around my neck. As the clasp clicked, I felt a final, gentle pulse of warmth spread through my body, a last little zap of the Pleasure Principle. It settled right in my core, a constant, low-level hum of happy contentment. I sighed, a soft, dreamy sound.

"All set," Dr. Sharma said, taking my hand. "Let's go meet your new friends."

She led me through a door and into a sun-drenched lounge. There were other girls there, and they were all just as beautiful as me. A tall, stunning Black girl with impossibly long legs and the biggest, bounciest Afro I'd ever saw waved at me. She was wearing a bright yellow bikini. A petite Asian girl with hot pink hair and a collar with a little bell on it was kneeling on a plush rug, looking up adoringly at a woman stroking her hair. They all had the same dreamy, happy look in their eyes. They were all Dolls. "Hi!" I chirped, waving. "I'm Evie!"

"Duh, we know, silly!" the girl in the yellow bikini said, laughing a gorgeous, melodic laugh. "I'm Candice! This is Bunny." She gestured to the girl with the bell. "We were all waiting for you! You're the last one for today!" They were so nice! They didn't ask me about my old job or my old life. They just wanted to know if I was excited about the party and if I thought my new boobs were the best. I told them yes, of course, they were, and we all giggled together. It was the easiest, most fun conversation I had ever

APPENDIX – AFTER PARTY

had. A man in a crisp suit came around with a tray of pink champagne. He handed me a glass, and his eyes lingered on my chest for a moment before he gave me a warm, appreciative smile. "You look... delightful, Evie," he said.

"Thank you!" I beamed, taking a sip of the bubbly liquid. It was sweet and delicious, and it made me feel all tingly.

The party was a blur of happy noise, pretty colors, and delicious drinks. I danced with Candice, our bodies moving together in a way that felt natural and free. A man with a handsome face and strong hands asked me to dance, and when he put his hands on my waist, a jolt of pure pleasure shot through me. I leaned into him, my head resting on his chest, and I felt so safe and so wanted. I didn't have to think about what to say or how to act. My body knew what to do. I giggled and flirted and twirled, and for the first time in my life, I felt like I was exactly where I was supposed to be.

THE PINK CLOUD

Type: Full-System Cognitive & Physical Restructuring

Target IQ: 75 (Heavy reduction)

Breast Size: 32FF

Behavioral Changes: Blissful placidity, heightened libido, reduced attention span

Body Changes: Platinum blonde hair (hip-length), enhanced lip volume, permanent rose-colored eyeshadow tattoo, hourglass figure

Description: You'll float through life on a cloud of pure, unadulterated bliss. Gone are the days of stress, overthinking, and the crushing weight of intellectual burdens. Your mind becomes a peaceful, happy place where your biggest concern is whether your new, perfectly pink lipstick matches your manicure. Every day feels like a sunny day at the beach, and everyone will adore your bubbly, cheerful personality. You'll find simple joys in everything—a cute puppy, a handsome stranger, the way your new breasts jiggle when you laugh. Life is easy when you're this pretty and this happy.

Procedure: The treatment begins with a series of euphoria-inducing intravenous drips, designed to soften your cognitive defenses while filling you with profound warmth. While you drift in this state of bliss, our technicians use a combination of high-frequency lasers and nanite infusions to permanently recolor your hair and apply your makeup. A gentle cranial recalibration follows, non-invasively reducing neural complexity to your target IQ. The procedure culminates in a dual-stage breast augmentation and full-body liposculpture, all performed under the same euphoric haze. You'll wake up feeling refreshed, beautiful, and blissfully, wonderfully simple.

USER REVIEWS

"OMG, like, this is the BEST thing EVER! My head is so quiet now and my boobies are SO BIG! All the boys look at me when I giggle and run. I used to be so sad and worried all the time but now I'm just... happy! It's like, all the time! Yay!"

— Sarah J. (formerly Dr. Jessica Jamison)

"I don't 'member what it was like before, but my Daddy says I was a grumpy bookworm. Now I'm his pretty little princess and my only job is to look cute and make his cock hard. And I'm SO good at my job!"

— Jessi-Mae (formerly Jennifer Marks)

"At first I was scared, but then I saw how sparkly the room was and the nice man gave

APPENDIX A – THE PINK CLOUD

me a headpat and I wasn't scared anymore. Now my thoughts are all pink and fluffy, like cotton candy! And my titties are fun to bounce!"

— Amber (formerly Amanda R.)

THE VIXEN

Type: Behavioral & Cosmetic Augmentation

Target IQ: 110 (Minor synaptic pruning for focus reduction)

Breast Size: 34DDD

Behavioral Changes: Heightened predatory charisma, flirtatious manipulation, shortened temper for intellectual topics

Body Changes: Fox-like ears, a full, fluffy fox tail in auburn, subtly slanted amber eyes, enhanced curves, perpetually flushed cheeks

Description: You'll become a creature of pure, instinctual allure. Your wits remain sharp, but they're honed for a single purpose: the hunt. Whether it's for pleasure, power, or simply a partner for the night, your new animal magnetism will be an irresistible force. The world becomes your playground, and everyone you meet is either a toy or an obstacle. You'll possess a cunning that lets you wrap anyone around your little finger, your clever mouth spilling honeyed words while your new tail gives away your true, mischievous intentions. Dull conversations about politics or philosophy will bore you to tears, but a night of seduction will be the most exhilarating intellectual challenge you've ever faced.

Procedure: The transformation begins with gene-splicing injections, introducing vulpine DNA markers into your system. These are guided by targeted CRISPR technology to your ears and the base of your spine, where the growth of your new tail and ear structures will be induced over a 48-hour period. While your body adapts, you'll undergo cognitive-behavioral therapy sessions, enhanced by mild neurochemical suppressants, to rewire your focus towards primal goals. Finally, a single session of dermal remodeling and cosmetic sculpting will give you the captivating, predatory beauty you crave. You'll leave our clinic with a bushy new tail and an appetite for a different kind of intellectual stimulation.

USER REVIEWS

"I was so focused on my career, my deadlines... what a waste. Now? My focus is on what matters. A cute guy across the bar, the CEO I need to 'convince' to give me a promotion. And my tail? It tells them everything they need to know about what I'm thinking. It's a game. And I always win."

— Victoria (formerly Victoria Chen)

"My husband used to complain I was too 'in my head.' Not anymore. He can't keep

APPENDIX B – THE VIXEN

his hands off my ears, and let's just say this tail has more uses than just balance. I get what I want, when I want it. It's simpler. More... honest."

— Ronnie (formerly Veronica Gates)

"I thought I'd miss my old brain. But honestly, who needs to read Kant when you can make a stranger buy you a whole bottle of champagne with a single look? My brain just works better now. Priorities, you know?"

— Vixxen (formerly Vivian)

APPENDIX C

GOth DOLL

Type: Psychological & Cosmetic Augmentation

Target IQ: 105 (Focus shifted from analytical to emotional/artistic intelligence)

Breast Size: 32G

Behavioral Changes: Melancholic yet romantic worldview, fascination with the macabre, dramatic and poetic speech, high emotional intelligence

Body Changes: Porcelain-pale skin, jet-black hair (waist-length), naturally smoky eyeshadow effect, full, dark lips, slightly pointed nails, bust-line accentuated by skeletal corsetry (implant-supported)

Description: You will find beauty in the shadows, a profound romance in melancholy. Your mind won't be less intelligent, merely refocused from cold logic to the deep, resonant pulse of emotion and art. You will see the poetry in a wilting rose, the drama in a thunderstorm, the aesthetic in a skull. Your new, haunting beauty will draw others into your darkly romantic world. Conversations will turn to philosophy, death, and the sublime, all delivered with a theatrical flair. You are not sad; you are a connoisseur of sorrow, an artist of the ephemeral. Your life becomes a beautifully crafted, tragically romantic performance.

Procedure: This treatment is less about reduction and more about artistic recalibration. The process begins with psychoactive immersion therapy, guided by experts in dark romanticism to reshape your cognitive and emotional focus. Concurrently, a full-body cosmetic regimen is undertaken. This includes melanin suppression for the iconic pale skin, follicle restructuring for the jet-black hair, and subtle dermal pigmentation around the eyes for a permanently smoky look. Your bust is augmented and supported by a subdermal, semi-rigid lattice structure that provides the appearance of a perfect, skeletal corset without the discomfort. It is a transformation into living, breathing art.

USER REVIEWS

"They don't understand. They think the darkness is a void, but it's not. It's a canvas. Before, I saw numbers and data. Now I see the exquisite tragedy of a fallen leaf. My heart aches, but it's a beautiful ache. My lover traces the lines of my new 'corset' and calls me his haunted queen. He's not wrong."

— Morticia (formerly Margaret)

"My poetry was always so... bland. Now it bleeds. My thoughts are rich and deep and stained with ink and night. I don't care about stock options; I care about the texture of

APPENDIX C – GOTH DOLL

velvet and the scent of rain on old stone. My mind hasn't weakened, it's just... found a more worthy subject."

— Raven (formerly Rebecca)

"I used to be so scared of everything. Now I embrace the beautiful decay of it all. This beauty, this look... it's armor. It tells the world I am not to be trifled with, that I understand the truths they hide from. My heart is full of beautiful, terrible things. And I wouldn't have it any other way."

— Lilith (formerly Lily)

THE BARBIE

Type: Classic Physical & Cognitive Restructuring

Target IQ: 80-90 (Very noticeable reduction, reducing analytical thought and anxiety while preserving certain skills for a simple, pleasure-focused life.)

Breast Size: 32H

Behavioral Changes: Intensive reprogramming to instill a bubbly, high-energy personality with several options such as the "Valley Girl" speech pattern. A latent obsession with appearance and fashion consciousness is implanted.

Body Changes: Comprehensive sculpting into an exaggerated hourglass with significant breast augmentation (especially if the "Pillow Princess" option is selected), facial refinement for a doll-like look, and perfect, vibrant hair.

Description: Tired of the endless stress and heavy thoughts of a complicated life? Choose The Barbie and step into a world of endless sunshine, where your only job is to be beautiful and have fun. Imagine waking up every day in a perfect body, a living doll designed for desire, with a mind as light and sparkling as champagne. Say goodbye to worrying and overthinking, and hello to shopping sprees, giggling with your besties, and turning heads wherever you go. With The Barbie, we don't just change your look—we give you a new life filled with simple, dazzling pleasure, where your biggest decision will be which bikini to wear to the beach and every day is a perfectly happy, perfectly beautiful dream come true.

Procedure: The procedure unfolds while the client rests in a plush chair, a helmet flooding their mind with carefree phrases and simple behavioral conditioning. Targeted bio-therapies simultaneously sculpt the body into an exaggerated, hyper-feminine form, with the overwhelming swell of new curves arriving in waves of pleasure. As the physical transformation completes, the final mental recalibration hardwires any selected changes directly into the core consciousness, permanently prioritizing simple, immediate happiness and dissolving the anxieties of the former self into a state of bubbly, beautiful bliss.

USER REVIEWS

*"Like, OMG, being Barbie is the best! I used to have to, like, *think* about stuff. Boring! Now I just think about what to wear! My feet are kinda tippy all the time, but heels are, like, the only shoes that matter anyway! My titties are super big and boys love them! Shopping is my favorite hobby ever!"*

— Barbie (formerly Barbara)

APPENDIX D – THE BARBIE

"My brain feels all fluffy, like a cloud! I don't read books no more, 'cause the words get all jumbled, but I can look at pictures in magazines for HOURS! And my skin! It's so smooth! No pimples ever! It's perfect!"

— Kenzie (formerly Mackenzie)

PUPPY GIRL PASSION

Type: Partial Animal Hybridization & Behavioral Conditioning

Target IQ: 65 (Significant reduction)

Breast Size: 32F

Behavioral Changes: Extremely loyal, eager to please, boundless energy, easily excitable, simple vocabulary, responds to basic commands

Body Changes: Floppy canine ears, tail, slightly larger, more expressive eyes, enhanced sense of smell, higher-pitched voice

Description: You'll discover the pure, uncomplicated joy of being a good girl. Your world will shrink to the essentials: pleasing your owner, playing fetch, getting headpats, and the thrill of a new squeaky toy. Complex thoughts and worries will melt away, replaced by a constant, tail-wagging enthusiasm for life. Your happiness will be infectious. You won't just walk into a room; you'll bound in, ready for love and attention. Your purpose will be clear, and in fulfilling it, you will find a contentment you never knew existed.

Procedure: This transformation prioritizes behavioral conditioning. It begins with a week-long isolation and immersion program, where you're taught simple commands and rewarded for compliance. Simultaneously, a series of chemical and electrical brain treatments reduces cognitive function while heightening pleasure responses to praise and physical affection. The physical augmentations—ears and tail—are grafted using advanced cellular regeneration techniques that integrate them fully with your nervous system, making them highly expressive. Hormone therapy boosts your metabolism and energy levels, ensuring you're always ready to play. The final step is a vocal cord adjustment to create your new, higher-pitched, more melodic bark... er, voice.

USER REVIEWS

"Good girl! Me? Yes! Hehe! Master says I'm a good girl! I love being a good girl! Wanna play ball? Please please please?!"

— Buffy (formerly Beatrice)

"Wuff! Wuff! Oh, sorry. I mean, hi! I got a new collar! It's sparkly! Do you like it? Do you? Do you? Yay! You like it! Can I lick your face?"

— Dolly (formerly Dorothy)

"Sometimes I get sad when Master leaves, but then he comes back and gives me a treat

APPENDIX E – PUPPY GIRL PASSION

and pets my head and my tail goes all waggy-waggy and I forget all about being sad! Life is good when you're a puppy!"

— Roxy (formerly Rebecca)

TALL DRINK OF WATER

Type: Statural & Skeletal Enhancement with Mild Cognitive Adjustment

Target IQ: 110 (No significant change)

Breast Size: Proportional (32E on new frame)

Behavioral Changes: Increased confidence, a "cool and collected" demeanor, natural tendency to take charge (of situations, not necessarily intellectually)

Body Changes: Height increased to 6'4", longer legs, narrower waist, enhanced posture, slightly elongated neck and fingers

Description: You'll rise above the crowd—literally. Your new stature will command attention the moment you enter a room. No longer will you blend in; you will be the landmark, the one everyone looks up to. Your confidence will grow with every inch, transforming you into a poised, statuesque goddess. People will assume you're in charge, a model, or an athlete. They'll part for you in crowds, hold doors, and offer you their seats. This isn't about being dumb or ditzzy; it's about the profound psychological shift that comes from inhabiting a body designed for admiration and power.

Procedure: This is a cutting-edge procedure involving controlled osteogenesis. You'll be placed in a specialized bioregeneration chamber where nanites carefully stimulate and separate the growth plates in your long bones (femurs, tibias, humeri) over a two-week period. This painless process is guided by constant imaging to ensure perfect alignment. Concurrently, hormone and nutrient drips support the rapid tissue growth. The mild cognitive aspect isn't a reduction in IQ, but a confidence-boosting neuro-linguistic programming that helps you inhabit your new, powerful body without awkwardness. A final, full-body lymphatic massage ensures your new proportions are perfectly sculpted and smooth.

USER REVIEWS

"I used to be so short, you know? 5'2". Men would literally talk over my head. Now? They crane their necks. I look down and smile. It's a different world up here. I wouldn't trade it for anything."

— Alyssa (formerly Allison)

"The confidence boost is real. I walk into a bar and I own the place. Not by being loud or aggressive, just by... being. The height gives you this quiet authority. It's intoxicating. And the legs? Well, they don't hurt either."

— Zoe (unchanged)

APPENDIX F – TALL DRINK OF WATER

"I was worried it would feel strange, but my body just... settled into it. It feels natural, like this is how I was always supposed to be. I catch my reflection sometimes and I'm just... impressed. It's a power move, even when you're standing still."

— Tallulah (formerly Tia)

OBSESSIVE BUNNY BIMBO

Type: Obsessive Focus Enhancement & Physical Idealization

Target IQ: 88 (Targeted reduction, focusing on social awareness)

Breast Size: 34DDD

Behavioral Changes: Intense loyalty to a single partner, territorial, hyper-vigilant for romantic threats, extremely high libido, jealous tendencies

Body Changes: Impossibly perky large breasts, narrow waist, rounded hips, large, doe-like eyes, perpetually flushed cheeks, high-pitched, "cute" voice

Description: You will become the ultimate partner, a creature of unparalleled devotion and breathtaking beauty. Your world will revolve around one person: your man. His happiness will be your only goal, his attention your only reward. You'll be sweet, sexy, and utterly devoted, but cross you, and the claws come out. This transformation perfects you into the kind of woman who would do *anything* for love. Your mind is streamlined for social manipulation and romantic maneuvering, always ensuring you're the center of your partner's universe. You're not just a girlfriend; you're an event.

Procedure: We begin by mapping your brain's pleasure centers and rewiring them to associate dopamine release directly with thoughts of, and validation from, a specific partner (selected during initial consultations). A controlled cranial recalibration then reduces general cognitive load while heightening emotional intelligence and threat-detection skills related to romantic competition. Physically, you undergo a revolutionary "lift-and-fill" breast augmentation, creating a round, gravity-defying profile. Facial procedures sculpt your features into an image of wide-eyed, innocent perfection, while vocal cord alteration creates your new, distinctive voice. Hormone therapy amps up your libido to a near-constant state of readiness.

USER REVIEWS

"He's MINE. Okay? All mine. I know when he looks at other girls, and I just... have to remind him who has the best boobs and the tightest... you know. He always remembers after. He always comes back to his little bunny."

— Mandy (formerly Margaret)

"Some girls call me crazy, but I just call it dedicated. If you love someone, you should show it! Every day! With your body! And you should make sure no one else tries to take them! It's just common sense!"

— Jenny-Bunny (formerly Jane)

APPENDIX G – OBSESSIVE BUNNY BIMBO

"I used to worry about my career and stuff. So boring! Now I just worry if my daddy is happy. And he's always happy when I'm naked. So I'm naked a lot! It's the best job!"

— Cinnamon (formerly Claire)

BARELY LITERATE SECRETARY

Type: Functional Cognitive Pruning & Corporate Body Sculpting

Target IQ: 95 (Written language skills are kept at a functioning level but verbal skills and critical thinking are significantly reduced)

Breast Size: 32DDD

Behavioral Changes: Highly obedient, eager to please, flustered easily by complex tasks, seeks constant approval, responds well to simple, direct commands

Body Changes: "Executive" body type—tight, toned waist and ass, huge, firm breasts, pouty "blowjob lips," hair in a tight, professional-but-sexy bun or ponytail, perpetual "come-hither" eyes

Description: You will become the perfect office accessory. You'll look stunning in a tight pencil skirt and a silk blouse, your breathtaking figure a distraction and a delight to everyone in the office. Your mind will be a simple, efficient machine, perfect for taking dictation, fetching coffee, and looking pretty on your boss's desk. You won't be challenging anyone's ideas or climbing the corporate ladder; you'll be the beautiful, compliant eye candy that makes the workday brighter. Your purpose is to serve, to support, and to provide a pleasant, decorative function. You'll find deep satisfaction in a job well done and a pat on the head from your boss.

Procedure: The transformation begins with targeted cognitive pruning. Using a non-invasive neural scanner, we identify and dampen the neural pathways associated with critical analysis and complex verbal articulation, while leaving those for simple task completion and rote memorization intact. The physical side involves a "CEO's Choice" package: a high-profile breast augmentation, liposuction of the waist with fat grafting to the hips and buttocks, and a "Lip Service" procedure to create your perfect pout. The final step is a week-long role-playing seminar where you practice your new duties under the guidance of a strict but fair "CEO," conditioning you to respond perfectly to office commands.

USER REVIEWS

"Um... Mr. Davison, sir? You wanted this file? I... I think this is the one? The words are all big and twisty. But I tried my best! Am I a good girl?"

— Kandi (formerly Katherine)

"I love my new job! My boss tells me what to do and I just do it! It's so much easier than... whatever my old job was. Sometimes he gets mad and yells, but then he gives me a

APPENDIX H – BARELY LITERATE SECRETARY

hug and tells me I'm pretty, and then my head feels all fuzzy and good again."

— Bunny (formerly Brenda)

"Taking notes is so hard! My hand gets tired and the letters all look the same after a while. But typing is fun! I like the clicky-clacky sounds. And my boss likes to watch me type. He says my... fingers... are very... agile. Heebee!"

— Missy (formerly Melissa)