

Queen B (Sweet Girl to Mean Partygirl TF)

By FoxFaceStories

A Commission for transformationguy365

Jean is a super sweet and bubbly young woman who is going to a party with her boyfriend Max. To get some confidence, she takes a mental change pill in the hopes that it will make her more extraverted. Unfortunately, she accidentally takes more than the recommended dosage. Gradually, her body takes on increasingly voluptuous proportions, all while her personality becomes far more of a mean partygirl bully who is looking forward to some action, with or without her boyfriend.

Queen B

Jean looked at the box of pills in Max's hand.

"Are you sure about it?" she said in her sweet voice. "I mean, I don't want to do anything really hasty. I've never taken anything like this before!"

Max just smiled in his warm, comforting way. "Trust me on this Jean, they'll be a real help to you. They're meant to help make you more extraverted and confident so you can relax and enjoy the party with me. Apparently they can even make you a little bit more, er, busy as a side effect. Temporarily, of course."

She raised an eyebrow as she folded her arms. "Oh, so my boobs aren't big enough, are they?"

He tried to back down from his statement, but she just let loose a friendly giggle. "I'm only kidding, silly! I know you love me, just like I love you. Look, I'll trust you on this, because I know I can. It just makes me a little nervous. I don't usually, you know, put stuff like this in my body. I'm used to just being daggy old me."

"You're not daggy, you're beautiful Jean."

"Awww, come here."

The young pair kissed, Max holding his girlfriend lovingly. She was indeed quite cute, and there was nothing wrong with her bust either. In fact, Jean was the very image of the adorable yet attractive bookworm girl. She styled her hair short so that it ended just above her shoulders, and preferred to wear ordinary plain t-shirts that matched her neat skirts. With her rounded glasses and pale pastel lipstick, she most definitely gave off an image of nerd, but not an unattractive one. And given that nature had blessed her with impressive D-cup breasts and a nice set of thighs, with an impressive set of hips to match. She wasn't going to be winning the 'sexiest woman on campus' trophy anytime soon, but neither was she unhappy with her appearance.

She just wasn't one to flaunt it, and that was a problem, because she badly *wanted* to. She knew that Max loved it when she was more adventurous and enticing, but it was something she had always struggled to put on. The truth was that she just wasn't confident, so when they went out on dinner dates or clubbing, she ended up being demure and shy and hiding away in the corner rather than particularly romantic or arousing.

And I really want to be arousing to him, she thought to herself as she contemplated the pill. *I want to be the kind of girl who can show off her body confidently and dance and tease and flirt, and not feel so self-aware when I end up doing it!*

But every attempt had failed, and while Max would love her regardless, she could tell he was disappointed sometimes, just like she was disappointed herself.

"Fine, fine, I'll take it!" she said, fetching the box from his hand. "Queen B huh? I've never heard of this brand."

"It's meant to be this whole new thing," he said. "I got an advanced batch. Still in the testing phase but it's all good. Trust me, I wouldn't be able to get it under the table at work if it wasn't legit."

Well, that sounds a little suspect . . . but it'll be worth it to at least try to be a bit more confident.

"Okay, I'll take one and maybe it'll convince me to get into that dress you like. You know, the purple one."

Max smirked. "I do like the purple one. Very much."

"And now you might see me in it, if this pill works as you claim."

She walked to the bathroom where she opened the bottle inside the packet. The instructions were on the back.

Maximum dosage two per day. Side effects may persist if more are taken. Keep out of reach of children.

It was all the standard stuff, but she still chose to follow instructions. In fact, just to be careful, she took just one. There was no immediate effect as far as she could tell, but then these pills could take time. Sighing, she decided to keep the bottle of pills with her, just in case.

I might need the second one later. And maybe a third. A third couldn't be that bad, right?

Jean was indeed feeling a little bit more confident when she arrived at the party. It was being hosted by Abigail Summers, who was easily one of the most popular girls on campus. She was a blonde-haired and busty cheerleader type who was always bouncing between the

most celebrated jocks and wrapping them around her deft fingers. Jean had never been that type, though she wished she could be a little more manipulative, at least in a fun, flirty way. Max liked that kind of teasing, and the idea of being able to wrap him around her finger was exciting in a sort of deeply hot way.

Hmm, I just realised that even the fact that I'm thinking about this means the pill is probably working. I just wish I felt more outwardly confident.

At least she was wearing the dress. It was actually not a dress, of course, but a pantsuit with very little at the back and a strong front to support her chest, showing it off more than she was used to. Indeed, more than a few campus members looked her way in surprise; clearly no one expected the shy Jean to have been quite so busty.

"You look hot as hell," Max whispered, "I love the added purple jacket too. It matches."

"Th-thanks," she said, covering herself a little. "I'd never dared to wear it. The pill worked, I guess?"

He cocked his head quizzically. "The pill, singular? I thought the dose was two?"

She blushed. "It was, I was just nervous. I think - I think I should take another pill. There's way more people here than I expected, and the music is loud, and people are looking at me - it's a lot!"

"I get it. You go do what you need to, Jean. You do look very hot though."

His words only made her more nervous, so she retreated quickly. Her shaking hands took out another pill, but in her statement of anxiety she ended up taking two at once.

Stupid! You're not meant to have more than one. But then again, it can't be that bad. I think I really need it!

Besides, there was an immediate calming effect this time. The music that was pumping loudly throughout the house party did not seem so overwhelming now. In fact, it actually had a nice vibe to it that she hadn't really felt before. Jean took a few moments to absorb that vibe before heading back out. When she caught up with Max again, she was actually smiling a little, enjoying the ambience of the place even if it was a little overcrowded.

"Someone looks happier!" he exclaimed.

She smiled back, though there were still some odd tensions, especially in her breasts. The pills must have been like contraceptive medication; there were always annoying side effects for those. Her rear felt a little sore too, as did her thighs. She shrugged it off though; the small aches and pains were more than welcome if it meant she could be a bit more daring. And she was more daring, too; she took Max's face and planted a long, passionate kiss upon his lips. When she let him back up for air he said, "Wow! I didn't expect that!"

"Those pills you got me are great! I feel so much more confident already!!"

“I told you they would work! Ready to feel like the Queen Bee of the party?”

Jean blushed a little. “Well, I’m not sure I’m *that* confident, but I’m sure I could dance a little!”

He extended a hand. “Then let’s dance, sexy. I want to see you move in that dress.”

“Technically, it’s a pantsuit.”

“Well, it’s revealing all the right curves, honey.”

She blushed again as he took her hand. She was most certainly more determined - she’d never danced in front of others at a party before - but she still wasn’t overly happy about how much cleavage she was showing. Still, she got to the main living space of the huge house and began to dance with Max alongside many others. The music pumped in her veins, and she was able to momentarily forget about her anxieties. Her hair bounced around, and she could have sworn it was longer; it was actually touching her shoulders now. She also had to adjust the front of her pantsuit to avoid slipping out: her breasts were indeed heaving with her movements in a way that seemed heavier than usual. Indeed, her cleavage appeared fuller, and Max could barely keep his eyes off of it.

“Hey, eyes up here!” she barked, and the pair of them laughed.

“You are more confident!” Max exclaimed. “You never tell me off like that!”

“Well, I don’t mind it *that* much, so long as I get to set the boundaries.” She purred the sentence almost like a dominatrix taking command of her submissive subject, and Max’s eyes lit up. She couldn’t believe she was acting this way! It felt great!

Unfortunately, it all came crashing down moments later.

“Holy hell, Jean, you look fucking hot! I had no idea you were hiding all that!”

She turned, gasping in shock, her confidence shattered at the attention. Todd Bickman was standing off to the side of the dance floor looking at her, giving her a set of thumbs up as he admired her form. He was one of the popular guys on campus, a powerful hunk of a man who usually went from girl to girl, though he didn’t exactly leave them unsatisfied. He had a reputation for being a bit obsessed with the ladies, though he wasn’t exactly malicious, just relentless. She’d never thought in a million years that he’d set his eyes on her, however.

“Um, hi Todd,” she murmured.

“Hi indeed. Damn, Jean, I thought you were just a plain librarian girl or something. I was totally wrong. You dress up super fucking well. Well done Max; she’s way out of your league, man.”

Max chuckled awkwardly. “And don’t I know it! I’m lucky to have her!”

“More than lucky, I’d say! Damn, this is what I get for stereotyping people; I could have asked you out ages ago, Jean! Ah, but I’m probably not your type. You lovebirds have fun now!”

He walked away, clearly a bit tipsy and on the hunt for someone to sleep with. Probably several someones, knowing his reputation. Max just gave an exasperated laugh.

“Well, I didn’t have that on my bingo checklist!” he declared.

But Jean was already leaving the dance floor. She fixed up her top again - seriously, why were her boobs suddenly so active? - and tried to adjust the material against her rear as well, since it was feeling quite tight. But most of all she was trying to stop herself from hyperventilating.

“Oh honey, is everything okay? Ignore him, he’s just a horny footballer.”

“It’s not that!” she said, wiping her eyes. “It’s getting that kind of attention. I’m not used to it! And he said I’m way out of your league and it felt nice to hear but also so weird. You know I’m not good with compliments.”

Max sighed. “Look, if you really want, we can go home and-”

“No! I mean, no. I want you to have a good time. I want to give you a good time. Let me just go to the bathroom and calm down.”

She went to the bathroom, but calming down was proving quite difficult. Those words swirled about in her head, ‘she’s out of your league’, and they made her feel both wonderfully smug and strangely paranoid. It left her with a cocktail of confusion, and there was only one cure she could think of. She took out the Queen B mental change pills and swallowed two of them. It made for five in total, and this time the effects were immediate: her breast and ass flushed with an unusual warmth. She moaned in a deeply sensual fashion as her chest pushed forwards, growing in earnest where previously the expansion had been subtle.

“Ohhhhh, my b-breasts! Yesssss . . .”

They easily grew to the size of E-cups, if not verging on F-cups, now bigger than fully ripe cantaloupes. Her ass likewise grew, becoming firmer and fuller. She’d always had a bit of a flat ass, but now it was gaining a juicy shape, her two cheeks expanding along with the width of her hips to give her a far more womanly figure.

“Mhmmm, how can this b-be happening to m-me!? It’s f-feel sooooo good! Ahhhhh!!”

She had to clasp her mouth shut to avoid making too great of a racket. Indeed, the sensations were out of this world, and they were accompanied by a growth of confidence as well. Even as her hair became longer and began to slide down her upper back, the idea of being made anxious by being complimented suddenly seemed ludicrous! She was gorgeous. She was sexy. And indeed, she was out of Max’s league, and he should damn well know that!

I’m a sexy, busty nerd of a girl with a damn great figure. I fill out this pantsuit perfectly. Hell, my tits are almost falling out of it they’re so impressive! What have I got to be

afraid of? I'm a total package, and I want Max to see that without me becoming a silly, blubbering mess.

She smirked as the physical changes finished. The mental pills were having a very real physical effect, it seemed, not that she minded.

I think I'll strut my stuff and have a bit more to drink. And hell, I might even work up the courage to tease my Max a little bit.

But she didn't need to work up the courage; it was already there. She emerged from the bathroom back into the house party with a smile on her face and a confident swing to her hips. She had *never* swung her hips like that before, but with their subtly wider configuration and her own mental changes, it was quite easy to put on an alluring show. A number of men wolf whistled her as she passed, and a few drunk girls cheered.

"Go Jean! Looking hot, girl!"

"Oh my God, is that Jean? She looks so different! Good on her!"

"I'd really love to get with her. Jean, are you single tonight? Come join us!"

She ignored them, feeling only the slightest hint of hesitation and anxiety before it was pushed down. Max had caught up with several of his friends and was chatting to them, beer in hand. She grabbed the beer from him and began to drink it down, posing in such a way as to emphasise her chest, all while flicking her longer hair behind her.

"Jean, you look - holy hell, what's happened to you!"

Max's friends were likewise staring at her. She knew them as Davis, Timothy, and Eric. All nerds like her and him, but sweet guys nonetheless. Only they had never seen her like this, especially with so much cleavage.

Then again, I haven't seen myself like this either. God, I feel fantastic. Like a total show. It's pretty wasted on these ridiculous nerds though.

She finished chugging the beer down easily. "The only thing that happened to me is that I'm feeling a lot better, hot stuff," she said.

"I mean, yeah, you look amazing! But you also look *different*."

"Mhmm," she moaned, biting her lip. "But sexier, right? A lot more like a queen bee of the campus? I'm going up in the world, baby, and you better recognise it."

It took Max a moment to respond.

"Jean, you've full on changed. Your hair nearly twice as long. And your figure - it's changed! You look more -"

"Curvaceous? Voluptuous? Sexy?"

"You don't look like *you*."

What's the matter with him? God, why isn't he happy for me? Ugh, it's these pathetic nerds he hangs around with, I bet. I need to extract him. We need to get back on the dance floor so he can actually be proud of his woman instead of ashamed of her.

She took his hand. "It's just the pills, honey. Don't worry about it; they're working exactly like they're intended to work. You gave them to me."

"Wait, you gave her the experimental pills?" Eric said. "I thought you said they weren't ready for—"

"Shut up man," Max spat, but his trio of friends erupted into a frenzy of speculation and horror.

"They haven't been properly tested, you know that!" Tim said.

"Not to mention you must have stole them," Davis said. "For God's sake, I'm your coworker. Look at what it's doing to her! It must be reconfiguring her genetic baseline on a fundamental level . . ."

Jean was barely listening. The whole conversation, which would have once entranced her, was actually managing to bore her.

God, how can these science nerds have these kinds of discussions at a house party? This is absurd! I deserve more attention than being psychoanalysed or whatever.

She grabbed Max by the hand and yanked him away.

"H-hey, what are you doing?"

"Getting you away from these lame dorks, of course. We're heading back to the fucking dance floor, Max. I didn't take those pills so I could stand around listening to dumb science bullshit."

"B-but you love science stuff! Wait, how much of that did you hear about the pills? Look, I can explain, okay? Davis was exaggerating, I just didn't give the whole truth about—"

Jean span around and gesticulated wildly, causing her large breasts to bounce in her top and a number of nearby individuals to practically gape in her direction.

"Oh. My. God. I don't care. I don't care, Max! I'm feeling confident and free for the first time in my life, and I've got tits like bowling balls right here. Now you can either take me back to the dance floor and press up against my hot bod, or I can find someone who will - like that guy."

She pointed at a random gawker, a man who looked to be Nathaniel Haddish, a member of the hockey club. He wasn't half-bad looking, and she momentarily lost her thought staring at him.

Those muscles are much more impressive than Max's. I bet his dick would be too . . . but what am I thinking? I'm not that kind of girl!

She placed her hands on her hips. "So, what do you say, lover? Are you going to treat me like the queen bee I am? Or do I have to resort to . . . drastic measures?"

Max was briefly flabbergasted, but only briefly. She'd given him the ultimatum, and Jean was starting to realise that she indeed had all the power here.

"Fine, let's dance," he said.

“Be more enthusiastic, or you just might lose me,” she replied.

They headed up to the wide expanse of the enormous house’s living floor space, but the dance party had also extended to the backyard, where the music was blaring even louder. Wanting some fresh air and a fresh audience for her body’s display, Jean took her boyfriend there, and soon the pair was dancing enthusiastically. Whatever reservations Max might have had about her mental and physical changes were put on hold as she gyrated against him, letting him feel her expanded tush and savour the sensation of her huge breasts pushing against his chest. She in turn relished the feelings of power that followed as she dominated this man.

How did I ever manage without those pills? They’re fantastic! I’m like a million bucks. I’m a diamond surrounded by far less valuable gems. He’s lucky to have me, and he should know it.

She continued to aggressively dance against him, flaunting her new curves. They were still growing too; she could feel the subtle soreness in her chest and rear, a tight pulling in her waist and expansion in her hips. Even her thighs had thickened, while her hair was now below her shoulder blades.

I’m never going back. I want to be the queen bee forever.

She kissed Max again, flicking her tongue in his mouth. Unfortunately, this moment of hotness was interrupted by a couple accidentally dancing into them, causing a minor stumble.

“Hey, what the absolute fuck?” she exclaimed, separating from Max. “Watch we’re you’re going, you fucking idiots!”

The pair looked her way. They were obviously drunk, and looked totally average. The girl even looked a bit plain-faced, and certainly not possessing Jean’s new curves.

“Oh, sorry about that!” she said.

“Sorry’s not good enough. I was having a romantic moment with my boyfriend, and suddenly you two plain dames ruined it. Who invited a pair of uggos like you to the party? I thought events like these had standards.”

“Jean,” Max hissed, “what are you doing?”

“Making them know their place, honey. They shouldn’t even be in the same space as us.”

The girl was stunned, and her boyfriend leapt to her defence.

“Look lady, it was an accident. No need to become an uppity bitch over it.”

Oh, that tears it.

She stepped forward, thrusting out her chest. “I am more than just some uppity bitch. I am *the* uppity bitch. You see these curves? I know you do, because you’re trying oh-so-very hard not to stare at my big tits and my frankly fantastic ass. I bet you wish your

scrawny girlfriend had curves like mine, but she doesn't. You're dancing with a fucking rake, and she's stuck with a pimply faced nothing who I wouldn't be caught dead with. Hell, most people wouldn't be caught dead with, given how utterly *cheap* the beer is that you reek of. Pee-yew."

There was a murmur of amusement and laughter from the crowd, and she took that in, absorbing the rewards of it.

"Frankly, if I were you two, I'd leave right now. No one wants to put up with two losers who look as poor as their fashion sense. Go on, leave my space now. Oh, and try to keep out of my orbit next time, because then I'll be *really* mean."

Another wave of laughter followed, and the boyfriend and girlfriend awkwardly exited, their humiliation obvious. Never in her darkest moments would Jean have ever visited such a storm on even her worst enemy before tonight, but the mental change pills were having an increasingly radical effect. Several boys cheered her from the sidelines, and she blew them kisses before the music resumed.

"Jean, what the hell was that?" Max gasped. "That's so unlike you!"

"Please, they deserved it."

"They really didn't. Jean, I was wrong to give you those pills. It was unethical. I *did* lie to you. Look, we need to get you out of here and throw them away. Or better yet, go to the hospital to see if we can reverse this."

At that, she slapped him right across the face. The music stopped a second time.

"How dare you," she said. "I finally feel confident and happy with myself and my body, and you want to bring me down? All because I'm getting too good for you! All because others are recognising how out of your league I totally am! Well, fuck you!"

She stormed off, tears in her eyes. Even with her increasingly bitchy persona taking over, Max's actions had still stung her. Something of the original Jean's loyalty and shy demureness remained in her. The nerdy weakness, as she now saw it, that needed to be excised.

That bastard. He just wants me to stay the same pathetic Jean I always was, instead of the glorious woman I am now. Well, I know one way to put an end to that!

She made her way to the bathroom and took out the bottle of Queen B pills. The description had said something about certain changes perhaps being permanent if too many were taken, and that was perfectly fine by her now.

"I'm going to be so far out of his league that he'll never be worthy of me again," she said.

And with that, she downed the entire contents of pills, swallowing them all. The effects were just as immediate as last time, only it spread across her entire body instead of isolated locations. Her breasts surged forwards, becoming massive G-cups that were more

like melons now than cantaloupes. They stretched the very boundaries of her clothing, and yet still were perfectly pert and round and globe-like. The kind of boobs you could sink your fingers into. Her nipples also grew, and became more sensitive and needy.

“Yesss, I’m n-never going back! Make me f-fucking perfect!”

Her hips groaned wider, the bones changing shape until she had a set of babymakers that would instinctively make any man want to knock her up. Her ass became worthy of an entertainment model’s, the kind that would go viral online with how juicy and ripe it was, and yet not so much so that it was ridiculous either. Her legs were now stunners; she had literally grown two inches of height, leaving her a statuesque stunner. Her hair fell to her ass, but she got to quick work doing it up in a stylish knot. All blemishes faded from her skin, and even her lips became fuller, the perfect kind for giving blowjobs.

Mhmmm I’ve never given a blowjob before. Too nervous. Now I bet I could really suck some dick and make Max jealous!

She moaned again, rubbing the space between her legs. “Ahhh, s-so good! Mhmm! Yes! Yes! YES YES YES!!!”

No doubt others were hearing her outside the bathroom, but she didn’t care. The mental changes were complete, so were the physical ones. But there was also now a third change; a powerful hormonal one that was leaving her deeply aroused, not only at her reflection but at the thought of using the body she was seeing in the mirror.

Forget Max. He wasn’t worthy of a hot girl like me. I’m a queen bee now. The bitchy bad girl at the top of the pyramid. I’m going to fuck him over like he wanted to fuck me over. Only he won’t get to fuck this hot bod. No, I’ve got plans there . . .

It was over an hour later when Max finally found her. Jean had spent a great deal of time making sure to avoid him and build up his tension. It was amusing to manipulate the man she had once loved, but it was even more amusing to show off her new form to all the delicious men who were salivating after her, as well as drawing their attention away from their girlfriends.

“Why are you looking at Jessica Marls, Rod?” she purred at one point to one of the footballers. “She’s only, like, a C-cup at best. I’m nearly three times as big in the breast department as her, and I don’t have a flat ass either. Wouldn’t you rather look at me?”

He did indeed, and she enjoyed thrusting out her chest against him, twirling her hair in a flirty manner, and giggling at his jokes before moving on.

“Wait, didn’t you want to stay longer?”

“I might be back, Rod. I *might*. I’m still sampling around to see who is worthy of me. Also, these girls need to know their places. Too many dumb bitches who don’t recognise their queen around here.”

She did her rounds, tearing down any girls who were not up to her standards, and even a few who were but needed to be put in their place. The cheerleader group - Scarlet, Tiffany, Giana and so on - welcomed her into their fold, shocked at how much she had changed but quickly recognising an asset. But thanks to the pills, Jean had her sights on far loftier heights, and was already working to emphasise that *she* was the prettiest, the bustiest, the most enticing to men and the most likely to succeed in comparison to even the most popular girls of the group. In the days and weeks to come, Jean had little doubt not only would she soon be a permanent part of this group, but its leader.

And just to make sure of that, I’ll kick one out of their place. Maybe Scarlet. She seemed far too self-absorbed, and this pyramid can only handle one such person at its peak, after all!

She left the group to its own devices in order to pursue her own desires. A number of the men, ranging from Don to Todd to numerous others, were all hankering to be with her. They were tipsy and now so was she; she’d been drinking a lot more than usual, in fact, and loving the party girl nature that flowed from it. But it was time to teach Max a lesson, and make some things official. The last of her physical changes had finalised. There was no more soreness, just the elaborate curves that most women would die or kill for.

But they’re all mine. And soon, so will be any man I want. And Max will be the one who knows it most, soon enough.

She approached Todd first. The tipsy himbo had been the first to compliment her appearance, and for that he deserved an award. She leaned over, letting her ripe melons practically fall out of her pantsuit top.

“Hey handsome,” she purred seductively in her soprano tone - a new voice to suit her new body. “Wanna go upstairs where it’s a little more private?”

His eyes lit up. “Oh hell yeah, babe. But wait, aren’t you with that Max fella?”

She grinned, pushing her hair back over her ears in a way that came across quite flirtatiously. “Not anymore. At least, not now. In fact, I’m keen to make him rather jealous. What do you say, big guy? Want to use *your* big guy on me? Or are you not good enough for someone so far out of your league?”

Todd’s face turned from one of stunned amazement to that of a confident ladykiller.

“Oh, I’m good enough, hot stuff. I’m *very* good.”

She leaned over further, and whispered in his ear in a deeply erotic voice.

“Show me.”

She stroked her fingers across his crotch briefly, just to stimulate him further. He was already hard, but her actions made him hard as *iron*. She walked away, letting her ass sway seductively as she took to the stairs. Everyone knew at parties like this that the upstairs rooms were where the naughty action happened. She never would have dared to do so beforehand, but then she hadn't imagined she'd ever be enthusiastically cucking her boyfriend. She spied Max looking for her in the crowd and just smirked.

I'm sure you'll find me in time, lover boy. For now, I need someone with a bigger dick than you, little man.

Todd followed her eagerly. They entered a room on the left, one likely one of Tiffany's parents' guestrooms, but it was occupied by a pair who were making out. She snapped her fingers, gaining their attention instantly.

"Hey! Find another room! This one's taken."

"What gives? We were here-"

She stepped forward and jabbed a finger against the man's chest.

"I said. This. One's. Taken. Now get out of here before I make Todd beat your ass."

Todd wasn't the type to do so, but at this moment she was confident he'd do *anything* for her. Sure enough, he squared up a little, though not as aggressively as she would have liked.

"Crazy bitch," the man muttered.

"That's Queen Bitch to you," she spat. "Now scram. I've got some fucking to do, and it's not your sadsack little first experience getting to a paltry second base."

She slammed the door shut the second they left, and then was on Todd barely a second later. She pulled his top off and pushed him onto the bed in one fluid movement, and was mounting him in the next. She tore off her purple pantsuit and removed her panties. Her luscious form was on full display, so much better than her old one. She'd been busy then, but she was *stacked* now, and she couldn't wait to try out her new assets. Her wet pussy was practically dripping, and he was already grasping and squeezing her perfect tits as they hung in her face.

"That's right, Todd. I want you to fuck my tight pussy. Suck on my tits while you do it, why don't you?"

He did, and it sent ripples of pleasure through her body, more than Max had ever achieved, as she lowered herself on him. He was big. Really big.

So damn big. I'm going to milk this man for all he's worth.

She began to slide up and down on him, leaving Todd to gasp and groan in similar ecstasy: "Holy sh-shit, you're already the b-best I've ever had. Jesus, you're fucking hot."

"And don't I know it? Now keep up, handsome, and I might just let you fuck me again."

Their rhythms increased, and so did the bliss. Soon the two were beyond words as they fucked like wild animals, his enormous cock plunging deep into her before sliding almost all the way out, and then ramming back in again.

I'm g-going to c-cum! I'm close! Make me cum! Make me cum harder than M-Max ever did!"

"Oh God, I'm going! C-can't hold it in, Jean!"

"Then don't, coward! Fucking cum already!"

They both gasped as they were hit by simultaneous orgasms. They rolled through Jean like earthquakes, shattering any perception of her original self and cementing the new. The mental change pills were now part of her system, and with each sweet soprano cry of ecstasy they became permanently infused with the new her. This was now Jean, no longer the cute, bubbly yet shy nerd, but the bossy, bitchy, and busty beauty who knew exactly how to party. She savoured the transformation, licking her lips even as the last spurts of semen entered her. Only after she had finished acknowledging this change did she slide off of him.

"That wasn't bad, Todd," she said.

"Not bad? That was fucking heaven."

"Hmm, I suppose it was pretty good. And I might even let you have another go with me . . . if you can convince a couple of your friends to come up and try me. I'm feeling like a bit of experimentation."

Todd grinned. "Oh, I think I can convince them."

That was how Max found her, over an hour after she had gone to the bathroom and downed the whole pill bottle of Queen B's. She was being fucked two ways by that point, sucking on Rod's cock while a man named Franklin fucked her from behind. She moaned in pleasure as they came not long after each other, and the pleasure was even greater from seeing Max burst through the door, the rumours of what was happening upstairs having finally reached him. His gaze was one of abject horror and complete humiliation, his face turning a crimson red.

"J-Jean! No! Oh God, what are you doing?"

She spat the cock out of her mouth. It had tasted delicious, and made the man practically melt in her mouth. Max didn't know, but Franklin had been forced to 'earn' such a treat by going down on her first, all while she critiqued his performance. Todd was in the room, cracking open a beer and chuckling; it was his turn next.

"I'm doing whatever I want, Maxie boy," she said dismissively, straightening up and pushing her two lovers aside. "And I've got the body to do it with, not that you ever fully appreciated it."

"Please, Jean, I've made a huge mistake. I took the pills before they were ready. I should have told you. If we can get you to a hospital, or even to the lab, maybe I can-"

“Too late for that,” she purred, cupping her huge tits for emphasis. She’d even done up new and daring makeup for herself, with green eyeshadow that looked as hot as it was stylish. “I’m like this for good now. The old Jean is dead, and she’s never coming back. But speaking of *cumming* on my *back*, I think it’s time my delicious Todd here had another go proving his worth to me. He’s a much better lover than you ever were, Maxie boy. But who knows? Maybe if you’re desperate enough, I’ll let you have a sympathy fuck. But then again, maybe not. A popular girl doesn’t hang around with nerds like you. You’d have to really prove yourself, and it won’t be tonight.”

“B-but Jean-”

“Good luck! Now if you’ll excuse me, a girl with a body like this has better things to do than talk to a total dweeb.”

She closed the door right in Max’s face and returned to her pleasure. She had little doubt that Max was hearing everything from the other side of the door.

She moaned extra hard for him.

The End