

[basement ambience // patting] Hop up on the table for me, darling. I have something new for you, today. **[shuffle]** Lay back, make yourself comfortable. I'm going to be strapping you down. **[shuffle]** I've been working on something that is going to help take out Red Lynx for the past few weeks and I think I've finally cracked it. **[belt sfx]** Stretching the first strap over your neck, the smooth leather brushes against the fragile structure. It's not too tight, right?...Perfect, darling. **[kiss]** Let's get those wrists and ankles strapped down as well, shall we? **[shuffle // belt 4x]** This position is familiar as you always volunteer to be my guinea pig for these experiments. You enjoy it, don't you?...This one is my most promising one yet. It's a chip that is going to be implanted right underneath the skin. I've been calling it "Bio-Intergrative Modification of Behavior and Outlook" or BIMBO for short. Because Red Lynx uses her hyperintelligence to stalk and catch us from the shadows, I figured the best way to take her down is to hinder her most valuable asset, her brain. Because I can't exactly test this chip on myself and monitor how it works, that is where you come in. You don't have a problem with it, do you?

...Of course you don't, darling. Always so obedient, so willing to do whatever I ask of you. Making me happy is the most important thing to you, isn't it?...Why you're the perfect pet. Alright, can you test the restraints? **[shuffle]** Make sure they aren't too tight or anything, that you can't break out of them. There you go, very good, darling. You're so smart. That's not going to last for too much longer. If all goes according to plan, you'll find yourself much more susceptible to suggestions. From there, I'll be able to rewire your brain and turn you into whatever I want. The effects should be reversible, everything is linked to the chip. If I remove the chip, I should also remove any features I happen to install. In a way, it's like you're being upgraded, isn't it?

...Take a deep breath for me, on the count of three, ready?...1, 2, **[injection sfx]** there you are, it's not too bad, right?...Just a bit of a pinch, nothing you can't handle. No more painful than any other shot you would have gotten, the only difference is that something was embedded underneath the skin. Can you feel it, darling?...That's good, that means Red Lynx isn't going to be able to feel it either. That's a really good sign, she won't even realize what's happening to her. So far everything is going according to plan, you're doing an amazing job, pet. Looking over the spot, there's a small bump where the chip was placed but that's the only sign of it. In the middle of battle, Red Lynx isn't going to notice it one bit. It's something you would actually have to search for, good to know. Now I'm going to turn it on. You might feel a slight tingling sensation as it connects to your nervous system. Let me know if it's painful or anything.

[click // binaural fades in] Pressing the remote in my hand, you feel exactly what I was talking about, a pleasant buzz washes over your body. It's pleasant, forcing you to relax. What little nerves you had simply melt away as you lean into the feeling. That's it, darling. Keep your eyes on me as the chip works its magic. If you were Red Lynx, you would find that your movements have started to slow down. It's safer to keep you strapped down to the table to make sure everything goes according to plan, hence the leather straps holding you in place. You're such a good guinea pig for me, letting me do whatever I want to you, eagerly agreeing to whatever I have planned. Taking in a deep breathe, you feel yourself getting heavier, finding it harder to keep squirming in your restraints. Your heart rate picks up as my hand caresses your cheek. You're feeling good, aren't you?...As you lay there staying at me, you feel the chip connecting to your nerve endings. Attaching itself, communicating with your brain, you find my voice is getting louder, isn't it?

...Almost like it's all around you, you smile, happy to be at your wife's mercy. You would let me do anything to you, wouldn't you?...Because it makes you happy to make me happy. Your place is serving me, isn't it?...On your hands and knees is where you're meant to be, praying to someone like me, worshipping my every word, following through my plans. You're an extension of me, pet. It's why I strive for perfection with you. This chip is going to help you embrace your real self. Not the version you present to the world, the one only I am privy to behind closed doors. I know your heart, darling. I know what you need. Just relax and let me take care of you. Take a deep breath and feel your head becoming emptier. You don't need to burden yourself with things like pesky little thoughts, do you?

...You're my henchman, my pet, you don't need to think. That's what I do. You just do as you are told. Complex ideas are too much for you to handle. You can't connect the dots because you end up getting lost or distracted. You need guidance, a strict but loving hand. That's why I'm here, isn't it?...Nodding your head yes, while this chip is implanted, you find yourself unable to think critically, for a long time. Any time you try to form a thought, instead a headache starts to form. Thoughts get harder to form, almost like you're being punished for using your brain. You don't need one of those if you're going to be my bimbo pet, darling. You don't need to be able to problem solve because that's not why you're here. I didn't ask you to join me because you were good at your job, I wanted you by my side because you were easy on the eyes and quite agreeable. Everything else you needed could be taught. Well...implemented. **[chuckle]** Whenever this chip is active, you are not to think for yourself, understand?

...It's going to be staying underneath your skin, pet. That way if I need to activate it at any point, I can. It's for your own good. You want to be safe, don't you?...This makes things so much easier, and makes life so much better. You feel happy, you feel floaty, you feel good. You have long stopped trying to think for yourself, focusing on my voice instead. It's not worth the headache that comes with it. It pounds whenever you try to think for yourself. It creates this anxiety inside you, something that you can't control. You don't like thinking. You don't like forming your own opinion. It's too much work, it's so much effort, and you don't ever pick the right option. You always end up making things worse for yourself. It's better to give yourself over to me, to trust me, to let me take care of you. I know what is best for you, don't I?...I know how my pet likes to be treated, how my darling needs to be taken care of. Transforming you into the perfect pet bimbo, even your body starts to take on changes. As you lay there, you feel your hips starting to get wider, don't you?

...Curves starting to fill out, too distracted by how wonderful my suggestions sound, how calming my voice is, how good it feels to not have so many thoughts weighing you down, you haven't even noticed how your body is changing. Getting curvier as the chip continues to twist your DNA into its proper shape. Removing any thought you have, making it hurt to come up with something by yourself. You don't need any of that. It's not healthy for you, darling. You trust me implicitly. If you have a question, you come to me. If you're confused, you come to me. Pleasing me, following orders, doing as you are told is the most important thing for a guinea pig like yourself. Always so willing to go along with whatever I suggest, that's how you got yourself into this situation. Don't have an ounce of regret, do you?

...Didn't think so, darling. Too busy leaning into the softness of my hand as I continue to pet you, offering reassuring touches as you sink further into this state. The constant stream of thoughts that normally plague you has died down, offering nothing but comforting silence. It's so warm, so welcoming, exactly what you want. You find yourself forgetting what I said just a minute ago but that's okay. It probably wasn't important. You find yourself laughing it off. Starting to find things funny, finding yourself giggling the more you listen to me. It feels so nice to laugh. You know I'm not going to get mad at you for forgetting something, you're just a dumb little pet, you don't know any better. You're an empty minded bimbo and this is how you like to be, isn't it?...Nodding your head yes because it's too much of an effort to use your words, you sink further into the warm blankness. As the seconds tick on, you find yourself wondering why you would ever want to leave this state, huh?

...Look at you, finding your voice only to realize it sounds a bit different. Changing into a more valley girl accent. Your speech is inherently more high pitched. Another change the chip suggested that your body excitedly ran with. You don't remember your voice sounding like that but if it was cause for alarm, I probably would say something. And since I didn't say anything, there's nothing for you to worry about, darling. This is all perfectly normal. That settles the uneasiness in your stomach as you trust everything I say. Sinking further, letting me take more control, there's not a single thing in your mind. Only my voice comforting you, guiding you, ensuring you that this is what you've wanted. You can't remember what I said five minutes ago, let alone thirty seconds ago. It makes you giggle when you realize just how little you can remember. You can barely take care of yourself but that's not really something you need to concern yourself with. That's not your job, it's mine, isn't it?

...Voice sounding so high pitched, even the words you are using are stunted. Going to start using "literally" and "totally" after everything because that's what bimbo girls like you do, isn't it?...Wishing you could feel your new body, it continues to grow and shift, giving you the body of your dreams. You didn't realize this was something that you wanted until now, now that you have it, you realize it's perfect. You want to look in the mirror but know better than to ask. You'll be shown what you look like when your wife deems it necessary. It's not necessary for you yet so you find yourself relaxing back onto the table. Restraints wrapped tightly around your limbs, keeping you in place, you're thankful for them. If it wasn't for the leather straps, you would be squirming all over the place, wouldn't you?

...That's why it's better like this. Listening to my voice, letting the straps hold you in place, this is what you need. You feel like yourself, don't you?...Can let your guard down like this. Don't need to worry about what others think, about what others want. This is your most authentic self, the version that you want to be but are too scared to show others. It's okay that you don't like control. It's perfectly normal that you can't handle responsibility. It's alright if you don't enjoy your own thoughts. That's why I'm getting rid of all that nasty stuff for you. Replacing it with the real you, the you that I've gotten to know and love. You're my pet bimbo, this is where you feel most at peace, this is where you belong. There are nerves in your stomach but it's not from being scared but from excitement, waiting for the next part. The chip has only increased your obedience, your desire to serve others. You're eager to please and you are finally, willingly, embracing it. You feel good, like yourself. All fear has disappeared, replaced with a floaty happiness. It feels right to be a bimbo, doesn't it, guinea pig?

[PATREON]

...You're still adjusting to your new body but that's alright. Your hips have grown wider, your ass has gotten fatter. Can only imagine how good it's going to look once you're standing up, going to have a proper wagon now. You might have to adjust how you stand just to make sure the weight is properly distributed. Those thick thighs give way to equally wide hips. Makes your waist look so much tinier, so much sluttier. The chip made it shrink a bit too, giving you that perfect hourglass. Looks so dainty and feminine like this, darling. It's such a good look for your body. Haven't even touched on how large your chest has gotten, growing a giant rack for me. They almost look bolted on with how big the chip made them, perfect for your new personality. Now the outside matches the inside. **[click // binaural fades out]** You hear me click the remote in my pocket as the buzzing comes to a stop. The chip is going to remain inside your arm, understand?

...**[shuffle // chuckle]** No, you can't touch it, pet. I don't want you to damage it and get hurt or something. I care about you deeply, you know. **[chuckle // kiss]** I can see the chip has made you more sensitive too, hmm? Practically whining as I pulled away from that brief kiss, I didn't realize it would have the side effect of making you needy. Let me open up your robe, pet. Let's get a better look at the physical transformation the chip has performed. **[shuffle]** There we are, seeing goosebumps instantly appear as you're met with the cold air of the room. I know it's freezing, gotta keep it this temperature for sanitary reasons. I don't want the germs to spread too fast. I know you don't understand. You're just a dumb little guinea pig, you don't understand anything, that's why I'm here, I'm going to take care of you. You don't need to worry about anything anymore. Your most important task is doing whatever your wife tells you to do and making her happy. That's it. That's all you have to concern yourself with now. It's what you've always dreamed of, isn't it?

...It's why you agreed so willingly to this test, why you're so happy with your transformation. Tits protruding proudly from your chest, nipples hard and begging for a touch. My hands instantly go for them, starting to squeeze them. Fuck, they feel so good. So warm and soft. Didn't think, ngh, fuck. That's good. That's really, really good. **[chuckle]** Think I need to get in a better position, darling. **[shuffle]** Climbing on top of you, you feel my hips settle against yours as my hands go right back to your tits. Grabbing one in each hand you let out a moan, arching yourself into my touch. Yeah, that's it, pet. You're a good girl, aren't you?...You like that, don't you?...Aw, who's my good girl? Is it you, pet? Are you my good girl?

...Aw, listen to you, moaning out your yes so proudly. Can feel how turned on you're getting as I sit on top of you, playing with your breasts. The chip really outdid itself up here, giving you one of the biggest racks I've seen in real life. All natural, all yours, going to have so much fun dressing these up. Can't wait to put you in bras that are too small to have it spill out or to find something that just barely covers your nipples and making you wear it out and about. We are going to have so much fun with these. And don't even get me started on the other half. You're going to have the hardest time in the world keeping people's eyes off of you. If they aren't staring at your tits, they're going to be looking at your ass, darling. With how you are now, you're going to make people stop and stare. All that attention is only going to make you more hot and bothered, isn't it?...Can't wait to see you fight with these new assets. I think we are going to have to adjust your costume. It just isn't revealing enough, is it?

...[grinding] You feel me start to grind against you, my pussy leaving a wet trail against your bare thigh. Can't help myself, pet, you look too good like this. You're like something out of my wettest dream or something. Look so fucking sexy, making the hottest noises as I continue to squeeze. Your own arousal gets more intense as you watch my hips move back and forth. Pretty pink pussy lips with a glowing blue interior. Remember the first time you took me, were shocked to see a proboscis slide out of my pussy. The slimey tendril dripping with slick as I positioned myself against you. Remember that surprised little noise you let out as it tickled just outside your entrance. I teased you for five minutes like that, breaking you down until you cried and begged for my cock. A little leftover from one of my failed experiments. Guess I can't really call it failed when it makes you cum almost everyday. You love how my pussy proboscis, don't you?

...Listen to you, getting all worked up as I continue to grind against you, playing with your new tits. You feel amazing underneath me. So much softer as you giggle a bit. Nothing's funny, you are just enjoying how wet you make me as I continue to grind my clit against you. Your own arousal demands your attention but with the straps in place, there's nothing you can do except take what you're given. Do you want my help, darling? Do you want your wife's special touch to take the edge off, guinea pig?...Aw, what a good girl, actually using your words. I wasn't sure if you could do that anymore. [chuckle // grinding stops] My grinding comes to stop as I change my positions. [shuffle] No longer straddling you, one of my hands goes on either side of your head boxing you in. You feel my cock slither out of my pussy, the skinny tip dancing along the edge of your hole. Lining you with a bit of slick, you rock your hips. Don't want to wait any longer, do you?

...So demanding, darling. Good thing you're pretty otherwise I wouldn't give in like this. Lucky for you, I happen to want you just as badly if not more. **[chuckle // wet noises start]** My tendril slithers inside, a feeling you've come to need. It feels so good to have something filling you up, doesn't it?...The chip makes sure you don't feel like yourself without something being inside you. It's another key component of being a bimbo. Did I not mention it?...Mmm, I'm glad you enjoy it. I figured you would love something like that, darling. You're already such a greedy pet, always eager to give me whatever I want, this only heightens it. Makes you even better for me. You like being my good girl, don't you?...This chip is going to help you stay on your best behavior, guinea pig. There's no place you would rather be than as the pet to your wife, huh?...So whipped, it's cute. I've got you wrapped around my finger. Never going to tell me no, don't think you have that in your vocab. If it's from me, it's always welcomed, isn't it?...Such a sweet girl for me, look at you, taking my cock so well. This is what you've been thinking about since the moment you were strapped to the table, huh?

...Such a dirty pet, makes me thrilled to be the one who gets to take you apart every night. Break you down into little pieces as you moan my name over and over again. Like a prayer, a mantra, you keep chanting my name. Every thrust inside feels so good as the tendril curls just right. Taking my cock just right, such a good bimbo for me, making me feel so good, you're doing an amazing job, keep it up, guinea pig. Don't disappoint me. You want to make me proud, earn that creampie you're so desperate for. Hate whenever I cum outside of you, hate when my cum goes to waste. It belongs inside you, filling you up, doesn't it?...Good fucking girl, answering with your voice despite how wrecked it sounds. So close already, huh?

...Didn't think it would be so easy to make you cum, darling. I think you need to hold back. Gotta wait until I'm close. You want to cum with me, don't you?...If you cum before me that shows me you lack control, that you need more training. If need be, we can always start back at the beginning, I can retrain you. Give you a refresher of the rules you're supposed to follow. With the chip inside you, you're not the smartest. You're just a dumb little pet who was made to take your wife's cock, huh?...Not really good for anything else. It's not like I ever used your plans when you suggested them, they just weren't good enough. I hired you in the first place because I wanted a companion, someone that would keep me company and I could experiment on. I've accomplished so much since you've come into my life, and I think the BIMBO chip might be the best one yet. Just listen to you, enjoying yourself as you are fucked closer to the edge. You're enjoying yourself, aren't you?

...Falling apart at the seams, it's alright, you don't have to pretend for me. If you need to fall apart you have permission. I'll be right here to pick up the pieces, to mold you into something new, something better. It's what you wanted. No longer bogged down with your own toxic thoughts, the only thing you can focus on is how good my cock feels inside you, how nice my voice sounds, how close you are to your own release. The proboscis fucks deeper as your hips arch up, trying to take it deeper. Feel like you're split in half and still need more, don't you?...Look at you, such a greedy fucking bimbo, ready to take whatever you're given and more. If you could, you would spend all day getting fucked by me, wouldn't you?...Don't have the ability to lie, not when you get like this. It feels too good, you're getting too close, don't want to risk an unhappy wife. My dumb little pet, so good for me, taking it just like a proper bimbo should. Every thrust feels like heaven, doesn't it?

...Aiming for that bundle of pleasure inside you, you feel the drag against the sensitive nerves. Your eyes clench shut as you break eye contact for the first time. It's okay, guinea pig. Deep breaths, you can take it. You've taken worse than this. Let the chip help you, sink into the feeling, don't fight it, let it make you feel good. Just like that, yeah, that's it, that's better. What a good girl, taking my cock so perfectly, just like you were trained. Keep going, keep moving with me. Rocking your hips as the straps keep you in place, your hips are the only thing you can move. Can't even look down because of the strap across your neck, keeping you still. Mnf, clenching around me, making me feel good, trying to choke my cock, fuck. Seems my darling knows what I need to cum, she's starting to get tired of waiting. **[chuckle]** Listen to that whine, ngh, trying to get me to fill you up, aren't you?

...So lucky I love you otherwise this bratty behavior wouldn't be tolerated. Just so happens to be a good look on you, pet. Might even be able to convince you to bring Red Lynx back here. With your new look, everyone is going to have a tough time turning you down. The chip makes sure you aren't the smartest, dumbing you down into the perfect bimbo, she wouldn't suspect a thing if you brought her back here. You would do that for me, wouldn't you?...Aww, listen to you, anything to make me happy. You're so obedient, so eager to please, it pushes me so much closer. Mnf, fuck. That's it. That's the spot. Mnf, making me feel so good, you want to cum so badly, don't you?...Voice sounds as wrecked as you look, you're so fucking sexy. Show me how good my cock feels, let go, darling. Make your wife proud, you're so close, teetering on the edge. You have permission, pet. Cum with me, cum on m-**[adlib mutual orgasms]** Mmm, made me feel so good. **[kiss]** Did you enjoy your newfound assets, darling?

...I could tell, feeling your tits bounce with every thrust, feeling how much cushion you had behind you as you laid flat, it felt so good, didn't it?...I had a feeling you would like this newfound body. It matches your new personality, doesn't it?...My good girl. **[kiss]** Let's get you out of these straps and off the table so I can show you what you look like. You've been so well behaved, waiting patiently to see what experiment you volunteered yourself for today. Let's show you how good you look. I get the feeling that nobody from your past life is going to even recognize you like this. If I didn't know it was you, I would think I got a whole new henchman. It's absolutely perfect, guinea pig. Thank you for agreeing to something like this. **[kiss]** Now, let's get you out of these straps and closer to a mirror. **[belt sfx fade out]**

| Inclusivity Stuff |

Pet Names: darling, pet, guinea pig, bimbo // good girl,

Body Parts Mentioned: neck, wrists, ankles, skin, cheek, heart, head, hips // body, ass, waist, thighs, chest, rack, breasts, tits, nipples, hole,

Pronouns Used: *You/Your and after a certain point she switches to exclusively she/her for you*

Misc: [Genital Reference \(it's the green/red ones\)](#) *I imagined she can extend and retract it depending on her mood and she is extending it right now*

Included: restrained (via straps), henchman/goon listener x villain narrator, consent is established, listener is happy to be a volunteer/guinea pig to their evil villain wife like they are RIGHT where they wanna be, injection, chip, rewiring, suggestions, mind play, transformation (physical and mental), hyperfeminization, married couple, l-bombs, // objectification, degradation, breast play, grinding, inhuman genitals due to experimentation on herself (she has a pussy and inside the pussy is a proboscis that she fucks you with), mentions of previous times, penetration (narrator to listener), mutual orgasms, cummming inside, and little after scene