

Sexy Reality Warping Science - Part 1

For Ultradebude

By TheSpiralledEye

Clark and Bella are two scientists who come across a strange artefact during one of their research trips. After discovering it allows them to bend reality and change them, body and mind, at will they discover there is a lot more to life than stuffy laboratories. When they discover they can travel between realities though, things don't quite go their way when alternate versions of themselves get their hands on the device.

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It was only when the sunlight began to filter through the thin basement windows that Bella even realised what the time was. She and her husband Clark had been in their lab all night fiddling with their latest discovery. As independent scientists, funding was always tight. So when they had finally saved up enough for a trip to the Amazon they had been delirious with excitement. Originally they were just there to take plant samples, but when Clark had stumbled upon the artefact everything had changed. It didn't belong to any known ancient civilization in the area, or any area for that matter.

The stone contraption was made of a series of spinning stone discs with unusual markings. A divot in the centre likely held some sort of stone or gem as well, though to what purpose they were not sure. Ever since they returned home Bella had been hard at work studying it in every way possible. X-rays showed nothing, as did infrared, but it was undeniable that some sort of unidentifiable energy was emanating from the device. She just could not figure out how or why!

She rubbed at her tired eyes and yawned; another accidental all nighter. She stood and stretched out her back, feeling her spine pop as she turned to find her husband fast asleep against his laptop, snoring away. Bella giggled softly looking at his exhausted face. His dark hair was matted from him running his fingers through it continually and his chin had a light dusting of stubble now.

Gently she shook him awake and laughed as he shot up as though he'd been struck by lightning.

“Wha- the calculations!? Uh, oh...I fell asleep again, dammit! I’ll have to run the simulation all over again!”

Bella shook her head.

“No, you can do that after we both get a bit more sleep.” She said softly, “Now come on.”

“B-but I am close to a breakthrough!” Clark whined, “Just a few more tries.”

“No, darling. You’re *always* close to a breakthrough.” She smiled, “It’s why I love you but if you keep going like this you’ll never get it right.”

“I suppose a bit of sleep wouldn’t hurt.” He sighed, sounding disappointed. “And breakfast.”

As if in response Bella’s stomach rumbled, when was the last time she had a full meal? She blushed in embarrassment, she was already thin, thin enough that she barely had any feminine curves at all to speak of. She always complained about it and Clark always responded the same way ‘if you ate more, there would be more of you, simple as that.’

“Breakfast and bed.” She nodded, “Yes, sounds like a plan.”

“Then a romantic date over a smoking beaker tonight?” Clark wiggled his eyebrows.

“Sounds like a plan.”

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It was a joke of course. Bella and Clark hadn’t gone on a proper date in years; they were far too absorbed in their work. Most women would find it irritating but honestly, Bella felt much more comfortable in the lab than she did in any restaurant. Putting on a slinky cocktail dress when you had no curves to show off just made her feel lacking and Clark was so reedy finding a suit that wasn’t baggy was impossible. They always looked like two kids playing dress up. No, she much preferred lab coats.

“I’ve got it!” Clark cried, running over to her, artefact in hand, “This is what we’ve been missing, the power source!”

He pointed to the small hole in the centre of the interlocking discs.

“I have created this modified round battery,” He continued, “If I place it inside...”

He pushed what appeared to be a giant watch battery into the centre and suddenly, the strange symbols and rings began to softly glow. Bella felt her eyes go wide with excitement, jumping to her feet and gathering the notebooks she had filled with her translations.

“Do you know what will happen if I spin this?” Clark asked, barely able to hold back his elation.

He placed his fingers on one of the rings, angling to push them.

“Okay, I think it’s...reality...switch...mind no mental...fun? No focus!”

“Reality shift mental focus?” Clark muttered, “Alright, let’s just pretend for a second this is going to work, where would we want to go? If we were to go to another reality?”

Bella thought for a moment and then with a blush giggled.

“Let’s go to a reality where I actually have a chest.”

Clark laughed.

“Seriously?”

“Oh it’s not going to work.” She scoffed, “May as well have some fun.”

“Alright, but I want it noted for the record that you were the one who asked me to think of you with giant tits.”

Clark closed his eyes and made a show of moaning while Bella steadied his hand and tried not to giggle, sifting the rings in place. A moment later there was a bright flash of light and Bella suddenly felt herself overbalance and fall flat on her face.

“Bella!” Clark gasped, placing the artefact back down on the table and gently helping her to her feet. “Are you okay?”

“Yes, yes, the light must have dazzled me. I feel a little...strange?”

She stood up straight, feeling her back strain slightly as a new weight settled against her chest. Clark’s jaw dropped and a moment later so did her own. Where her tiny A cups had been a moment ago now sat a pair of boobs to make a porn star jealous. She wore no bra, because she never needed to, and yet they were round and pert. Sitting up on her chest and creating perfect cleavage. Bella had never even had cleavage before!

“Holy crap!”

“Bella, look at this!”

She turned to see Clark holding up their wedding photo from his desk. It was the same as always, save for one big difference, well, two big differences really. Even the conservative white dress wasn’t enough to hide the giant tits beneath it, Bella took hold of the photo and ran her fingers over it. This...couldn’t be real.

“The device, it actually changed reality!” Clark said, almost giddy, “That photo proves it, in this world you’ve always looked like that!”

“No, that can’t be, it must have altered our perception, that’s all.” Bella theorised, “Hang on, I have an idea.”

Thinking quickly she instantly came up with a plan. Bella ran over to her phone and quickly dialled up her sister Tina’s number. Waiting a moment before a tired sounding voice answered.

“How many times have I told you to check the time before you call?”

“Sorry, Tina.” Bella said quickly, “I didn’t think but since I have you, I was wondering, could I borrow that red dress of yours? The one with the open back?”

Despite her annoyance, Tina was a good person who was more than happy to share things with her nerdy sister. Clothes however were always off the table; where Bella was, or at least had been, straight like a bean, Tina was curvaceous. Asking to borrow her clothes should have given her sister pause for thought but instead;

“Yeah fine, but don't stretch the front okay? The last time you borrowed one of my dresses I had to get the chest tailored back down to my size.”

Bella could not describe the thrill that went through her.

“Oh thank you Tina, you're a lifesaver, go back to sleep now.”

“Don't have to tell me twice.” She grumbled, leaving Bella with a dial tone a moment later.

Clark was grinning wildly, actually hopping from foot to foot in an effort to contain himself; he knew the implications of that conversation just as much as she did.

“Bella! This is incredible, do you realise what we could do with this? We could make life whatever we want! We could make ourselves the most well funded scientists in the country with just a thought and a flick of the wrist!”

“Not only that.” Bella said slowly, admiring her new chest, “We can make ourselves into whatever we want...”

Clark raised an eyebrow and shuffled his feet awkwardly.

“So...I could make myself a little...buffer?”

Bella blinked in surprise.

“You want to be buff?” She asked bewildered, her string bean of a husband had never shown even the slightest interest in gym life or gaining any muscle weight.

“Every guy does at least a little.” He admitted, blushing profusely, “I see how people look at us when we walk around, it'll be even worse now.”

“What do you mean?”

“Well, I see guys eyes you off, I can practically hear them thinking ‘how did a skinny wimp like that manage to hook such a hottie’.”

Bella blushed, she had no idea.

“With those...frankly incredible chest it’s going to be even worse and well, I wouldn’t mind being able to unstack the beakers without turning into a sweaty monster.”

He had a point, unloading new lab equipment was always a pain with them both having barely enough strength to lift a gallon of milk. She had never thought Clark needed to bulk up but now that he’d put the idea in her head she couldn’t help but be intrigued. What woman hadn’t imagined being held in the arms of a strong man late at night at least once? Even married ones.

“Care to give it a go?” She offered, picking up the artefact for him to hold.

With a gleeful smile Clark once again closed his eyes, ready to focus before he stopped and handed it to her.

“I imagined your new look, seems only fair you do the same for me.”

Bella took the device and stuck her tongue out in focus. What a rare opportunity this was, getting to basically design her husband's upgrade. She closed her eyes, spinning the dial just as he had before her. In her mind's eye she imagined Clark before her, strong, with defined muscles and bulging biceps. Light flashed behind her closed lids and she snapped them open to see an Adonis of a man before her.

Clark jumped for joy, flexing his muscles like a bodybuilder and immediately shedding his lab coat and shirt to fully down them off. Bella glanced over at their wedding picture, it had changed again to show the slightly tanned, ripped version of her husband now standing in front of her.

“Bella, this is amazing!” He gasped, “We...we could do anything, be anything! When the scientific community finds out...oh.”

“What?”

Clark's brow furrowed.

"This machine is revolutionary. Others will want to study it, the government may even force us to hand it over. If somebody other than us gets their hands on it, who knows what they could do." He began to pace, "They could change reality so that we never discovered it, had no memory of it either! They could wipe people they didn't like off the face of the Earth!"

He had a point. From the micro to the macro the idea of this kind of power being in any government's hands was certainly nerve wracking. Not to mention on the selfish side, they had worked hard to fix this device up and the idea that somebody could think about discovering it themselves and wipe all that away, with no way to ever prove otherwise made her feel sick.

"We need to keep it a secret." She agreed, "Besides...if we told anybody we would probably have to start documenting each use and well, that means no more fun little changes like these."

She shook her chest from side to side and Clark gave her an appreciative smile.

"Alright, let's be scientific about this." He said, crossing his now thick arms over his broad chest. "We don't want to get too carried away. Let's start small with it, make a list, then we can use it a few more times. For all we know this thing has a limit and we don't want to waste any uses."

"You're right." Bella sighed, she knew what he was saying was true but she couldn't help but feel disappointed.

All of a sudden they held god-like power in their hands and here Clark was telling her to be responsible. She shimmied her new chest from side to side again; with this device she could make herself into the woman she had always dreamed of! Her mousy brown hair and glasses could be a thing of the past!

As much as she loved science the truth was deep down she had always dreamed of a more glamorous life. One spent out on the streets of Paris sipping wine with other beautiful people, not spent down in her lab. She had resigned herself to this life, enjoyed it even, but now that there was another option she was itching to take it.

She held back though, she was rational, she knew Clark was correct in being cautious. The last thing they needed was for this power to go to their heads. He set about making a list, writing down potential uses and ways to ensure they never lost the device. Creating multiple power sources was a must of course, it was tempting to just bend reality to one where they already had an unlimited supply but that seemed like a waste of a wish, for lack of a better term.

Eventually, working together they had the list settled and the pair eagerly circled around their new toy. Though it was hard, they had decided on one reality bend a day, at least at first. That way if anything went wrong, they would be able to backtrack without too much issue. Clark held the machine in his hands, thanks to his new found strength and the confidence it had brought, they no longer shook.

“Ready?” Bella breathed, eagerly clasping both hands above her new breasts, Clark nodded.

He turned the dials, the lights flared and for a moment the world was a wash with colours and lights as everything around them melted like a painting. A moment later it all seemed to settle and Bella gasped with joy. Their little basement laboratory was gone, replaced with a state of the art lab with high windows that showed a beautiful mountainscape. She rushed and pressed her nose up against the glass, a fabulous mansion was built into the peak, connected to the lab by a glass domed hallway. It was everything she had ever dreamed of! The beauty of science with all the glamour and sophistication she thought just wasn't meant for her.

“A reality in which we are the most well funded independent scientists in the world.” She breathed, “Oh Clark, it's beautiful!”

He was already running to the computer, running his hands reverently over the silver keyboard before logging in and grinning ear to ear.

“In this world...” he breathed, “We won the lottery on the night of your twenty-first birthday! We've got millions, Bella! Millions with no strings attached!”

All the projects they had wanted to do over the years; Clark's reflective, invisibility material, her anti-aging hormones. all of them were within their grasp now without the need to bow to stockholders or government agents. They could change the world and live in *luxury*! It was

as if the entire world just opened up to them for the first time. No, more than that. The whole universe, any reality they needed.

Bella was absolutely dying to use the artefact again but Clark was strict, locking it away for the next twenty four hours so they could get acclimated to their home. Bella spent all day exploring all her new scientific toys, not to mention the wonderful new house that was her home. She had a giant walk in closet, yet barely any clothes. Not that it mattered, with their millions it would be a simple thing to hire a car to drive her down the mountain to the city to go on a spending spree.

With their security and future secure, Bella set about enjoying herself, counting down the hours until it was her turn to use the device once more.

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Bella loved Clark, really she did, but even happy women occasionally fantasised about something a little...more. With their twenty four hours up, it was finally time for her to use the machine for what she desperately wanted; new bodies for both her and her husband. She always felt like she was a caterpillar, ugly and plain next to all the others who somehow bloomed into butterflies, leaving her behind. No more though, she and Clark were going to be the couple she had always dreamed of!

Her fingers trembled as she balanced them on the rings but she took a deep breath and still them. Clark stood silently beside her, he was still but she could tell he was just as excited as she was. Picturing her perfect self in her mind, Bella turned the dials and this time, instead of the world becoming indistinct, her body did. It was like an out of body experience, everything was numb and fussy as though she were made smoke and then, all of a sudden she solidified one more.

She blinked her vision clear, delighted to feel that her lids were slightly heavier now with their new dark lashes. She could see them out of the corner of his vision, that's how long they were. She turned to face Clark and squealed with girlish delight. Not only was he positively buff now but his thin face had filled out; his jaw chiselled, the stubble now looked deliberate rather than five o'clock shadow from a missed day shaving.

"Wow." he breathed, his voice now a deep baritone.

Her husband was still recognisable; it was more like she had polished what was already there. Her rough hewn man was now a perfectly carved diamond. If that had worked, she couldn't wait to see herself! Especially considering how Clark was looking at her, with eyes wide and dilated with lust. She rushed past him, right to the full length mirror she had placed in the lab just for this moment.

As Bella stood before the mirror and registered what she saw, her gaze filled with awe and admiration. Her eyes sparkled with a mixture of excitement and disbelief as she took in the reflection before her.

With a graceful sweep of her hand, Bella ran her fingers through her lustrous, flowing locks that cascaded down her shoulders like a waterfall of silk. Honey blonde, warm and radiant like sunlight itself. Gone was the mousy brown that hung limply by her cheeks. She marvelled at the radiant glow of her complexion, a warm tan rather than pasty white with perfectly smooth skin. She almost looked too good to be true! Her high cheekbones, perfectly symmetrical and delicately defined, added some much needed sharpness to her heart shaped face, her cheeks having hollowed slightly to give her a more striking appearance.

Bella's eyes, mesmerised and captivated her, they were deep pools of sapphire blue; Thick, dark lashes framed her eyes, casting soft shadows that danced upon her cheeks. Her lips, full and plump, curved into a contented smile, revealing pearly white teeth that glimmered in the mirror's reflection. She ran her pink tongue across them and smiled wider. She couldn't help but admire the natural grace of her slender neck, leading down to her sculpted collarbones, which in turn led to her gently sloping shoulders. The swimmers shoulders she'd developed as a teen now replaced with something far more womanly and refined.

Every contour of Bella's body seemed to have been chiselled with an artist's precision. Her long legs seemed more curvaceous than before, thickening at her thighs to support her peachy rump. Even in her flowing lab coat she could see the shape of it. It perfectly matched her chest now, giving her the full, feminine figure she had always wanted.

As Bella's eyes roamed over her reflection, feeling her confidence skyrocket as she turned and posed. Despite the radical changes, she still looked and felt like her, perhaps more than she ever had. It was like she was a work of art, a beautiful statue carved from rough hewn stone and polished to perfection.

"You look incredible." Clark breathed, coming to stand behind her in the mirror.

"I feel incredible." She sighed, slowly taking off her glasses and folding them into the breast pocket of her lab coat. Her vision remained perfect, no need to hide those pretty eyes behind glass any longer.

Clark's hands wrapped around her middle, palms spread as he slowly felt the contours of her new body. Instantly her skin felt warm as his hands left trails of heat across her midriff. They had never been the most physical couple; sex was something that sort of happened from

time to time. It was fun, but not particularly passionate. Now though, Bella was filled with anticipation, she knew where this was going and had a feeling sex in these bodies would be something else entirely compared to what she was used to.

Clark lowered his lips to the nape of her neck, brushing away the high collar of her lab coat and pressing a kiss to her skin. It was a simple gesture, but one that lit a fire inside her. A gasp escaped her mouth, one that turned to a moan as Clark began to gently suck at her neck, never quite hard enough to leave a mark though, just enough to tease the idea.

“I j-just got this body.” She sighed, “Don't go marring it just yet.”

“It's tempting...” Clark growled, “I need everybody to know you're *mine*. Looking like this, how can I have you walking around town without something to...mark my territory.”

He punctuated each word with a kiss or lick to her neck. By the time he was finished she felt almost dizzy and was fully leaning back against his chest for support. Clark had never been an Alpha male, certainly not the jealous or territorial type. Or perhaps he had been and this body just allowed him to express it. Either way; Bella liked it.

In two firm tugs her lab coat was off, leaving her in just her skirt and blouse. Clark's hands were insistent, unbuttoning the shirt with ease to finally free those huge breasts they had both been so eager to see. Bella shrugged off the shirt and sighed with elation as Clark finally cupped both her tits in his strong hands. His thumbs brushed against the nipples as he pressed the mounds together and Bella saw stars.

“Ooooh, d-did you make them more sensitive?” She whimpered, feeling overwhelmed by the pleasure of Clark's hands tweaking her nipples.

“Maybe, I didn't mean to. I don't care right now.” He growled, leaning forward to press his face to them, kissing and sucking at the skin until Bella felt as though she were about to burst into flames.

“OOoh God, ooooh fuck!” She cried, “N-no more teasing, please!”

His hands dipped to her waist, unbuttoning her skirt with ease and allowing her to wiggle it loose till it fell to the floor. For a moment she found herself distracted, able to finally see her full figure on display in nothing but a pair of panties. It was everything she had ever dreamed of.

A sharp slap to her butt from Clark had her refocused and shuddering with pleasure as he slowly lowered those panties away. She was fully naked now, Clark in nothing but his pants and lab coat, open so his bare chest was on display.

“Fuck me in front of the mirror.” Bella begged, “I want to watch us both.”

“Your wish is my command.”

With strength that surprised and aroused her Clark grabbed for her hips, moving her down onto her hands and knees as he unzipped his fly and took out his length. It was rock hard and several inches bigger. Bella watched with bated breath as her husband slowly stroked his new manhood, admiring the girth and size.

Bella could feel herself getting wetter than she ever had before and spread her legs further, eyes locked on Clark in the mirror. After what seemed like far too long he finally came to kneel behind her, gripping her hips tightly in each hand. Bella’s heart was racing in anticipation, she could feel the head of his cock against her hole. Their eyes met in the mirror once more and without hesitation Clark thrust in.

Hard and fast, all at once; Bella had never gone from feeling painfully empty to full so quickly and it knocked the air from her lungs. The burst of pleasure was almost painful and a moan, louder and more pornographic than she thought she was capable of, escaped her. Clark needed no further coaxing, he began to thrust in and out with wild abandon and Bella could only push back against him, rolling her hips desperate for more friction.

Her eyes were focused entirely on her own reflection; the pure look of ecstasy on her face as each thrust made her new breasts bounce forward. Clark looked majestic behind her, lab coat flowing on either side of his broad, muscular shoulders; he had never looked so sexy.

A moment later he leaned down to cup both her breasts once more, squeezing them tight as he pressed his chest to her back. Suddenly, she was upright, Clark still thrusting up into her as she was hoisted up on full display in the mirror. She could see everything; her tits being squashed in Clark’s tight grip, his cock disappearing deep inside her, even her own dilated eyes.

She could feel her insides beginning to tighten; getting more and more turned on watching her new sexy body get fucked. She couldn’t hold it back even if she wanted to. She let her head fall back on Clark’s shoulder as he continued to pound into her and let the orgasm come, washing over her like a tidal wave and causing her whole body to tighten, squeezing Clark inside her even tighter.

“Ahhhh, oh Fuck BELLA AAAAH!!”

Where her orgasm was silent, Clark's was anything but; yet she could tell both of them were just as intense. She felt dizzy with pleasure as he began to pump her full of seed. Just as she was finishing another mini orgasm had her falling forward onto her hands and knees, shuddering and shaking as it wracked her body with pure bliss.

“Oh wow...that was...”

“Yeah...”

Both of them were lost for words and breath; after a few moments catching it Bella turned back to face her husband once more and felt a grin split across her face. Clark mirrored it and a moment later they were both wrapped up in one another's arms, laughing for pure joy. This was only the beginning.

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The once per day rules of using the reality shifter soon went out the window. Every day Bella or Clark would think of some other way they wanted to experiment; adding paid staff to their house, experimenting with fame once or twice and even spending a day as royalty. In the end they discovered their life as reclusive, rich scientists with beautiful bodies was their favourite.

The sex was sublime but after a few weeks things began to dull, the thrill of her new body began to wane and Bella started feeling a need for something...different. Clark was great in bed, especially now that he was more confident but he was still so...vanilla. She longed to try something a bit more risky, something with a touch of taboo.

She had brought up trying such things in the past but Clark just wasn't comfortable with it but now that the reality shifter was within their grasp she felt the longing building once more. Clark could sense it too.

“Why don't you shift reality so that I'm into that sort of thing?” He suggested finally.

“You mean, change your mind?” Bella gaped, “Isn't that a bit...wrong?”

“Maybe.” Clark shrugged, “But I am giving you permission to do it so, maybe not? I want to be into that sort of thing, I'm just not.”

“A want to want.” Bella mused, “I suppose if you’re okay with it...”

Clark gave her a thumbs up and she reached for the now familiar dials of the artefact. If Clark was okay with her changing his mind a little, perhaps she could do it for herself. She had always wished she was a little freer as well, if this machine could really alter how their minds worked on a mental level, it would be unscientific not to at least test it right?

Clark gave her one final nod and Bella focused, turning the dials and tingling with excitement as the flash of light nearly blinded them. Unlike last time, there was no physical sign that anything had changed but immediately Bella knew her little experiment had worked.

Her body felt like it was a live wire, she was turned on yes but there was something more. A need to try something very naughty, rather than just letting Clark take her on the laboratory floor again.

“Do we still have staff?” Bella whispered huskily, “Or did we undo that?”

“We have them.” Clark swallowed, “What are you thinking?”

“Come with me.” She whispered excitedly, grabbing him by the wrist and running across the hall toward their mansion.

The rooms were lavish, made with a mixture of modern and antique furniture; she loved it and had spent several days fully exploring every room when they first arrived. What she cared about most of all at this moment though, were the large, thick, velvet curtains.

Eagerly she drew Clark behind one just in time as one of their cleaners walked into the room; she was an older woman, humming under her breath as she began dusting off all the surfaces. Clark’s eyes met hers with a devious glint; he knew where this was going.

Without a word he slipped his hand into Bella’s shirt, slowly squeezing her tit while Bella struggled to stay quiet. She could see the cleaner through a time gap in the curtain; one wrong move and they would be discovered. The humiliation would be delicious but the thrill of staying hidden provided an even greater high. Yes, this was a win-win scenario now. For too long she had been held back by her inhibitions; her need to be a respectable scientist, a role model to other women in the profession; those shackles had been cast off and she loved it.

Slowly and silently as possible Clark began to undress them both; Bella turned away from the gap in the curtains to watch the partial reflection of them in the glass. Down below,

she could see their gardener working away. All he would have to do is look up in order to see his soon to be totally naked employers pressed against the window, fucking.

Risk to the left, risk to the right. Her newfound fetish for risk and being caught was in full swing and her hands gripped the artefact still within her palms. Clark was undoing her skirt now, letting it fall to the ground with a gentle thud. Bella watched as the cleaner stopped, looking around for the source of the sound. Her heart raced, but a moment later the cleaner continued on her way and Bella had to hold back a gentle moan; she was getting so wet.

Clark was pressing against her now, pulling her back against his cock as he leaned against the window. Bella wondered if the gardener was watching, could he see Clark's ass pressed up against the glass. Did he find it as glorious as she did? They began to fuck, slowly, trying to keep their breathing under control. Bella was keenly aware of Clark's hands on her hips, gripping them tight with his thumbs brushing over her curvaceous ass.

It was a lovely ass, peachy, pert; she was quite happy with it. All of a sudden though she wondered...could it be better? Hands still on the artefact she let her mind focus, spinning the dials and muffling the light flash by holding against her chest. Without the brightness to dazzle her Bella was free to appreciate the change as it happened.

She could feel her butt cheeks swelling as her ass grew. Clark's hips stuttered, his thrusts momentarily speeding up as he watched the display. Bella could hear him trying not to breathe too heavily as he watched her pert ass turn round and bouncy. The sound of skin slapping began to echo about the room as her cheeks clapped with each thrust and this time Bella couldn't help but let out a small whimper.

Her eyes darted back to the cleaner who was looking more and more confused. She cocked her head to the side and then slowly turned in the direction of the window. Bella's pussy clenched and she turned the dials once more, this time feeling her breasts grow from their respectable DD to F and then H cups. Oh, oh feeling that skin stretch was wonderful. She vowed to never let that light blind her again, she loved feeling the changes take place.

Her nipples turned longer and hard as diamonds as she got closer and closer to climax. Clark was thrusting in true now and the force was making her newly heavy breasts sway, brushing them against the thick velvet curtains. She could see the movement ripple up the fabric and watched as the cleaner's eyebrows raised; what did she think it was? She was so close now, she was gripping the artefact for dear life.

The cleaner reached out a hand to brush away the curtain.

She got closer...

So did Bella.

She opened her mouth to silently scream in ecstasy-

“AAAAAAHHHHHH!”

And instead wailed aloud.

The cleaner jumped back in shock as she parted the curtains and came face to face with Bella, features twisted in pure pleasure as Clark continued to rail her . She was bent double, heavy breasts swinging below her chest and ass clapping against Clark’s crotch. The cleaner yelled, running from the room; Bella didn’t hear her words, she was still in her own little ecstasy filled world.

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It became their new obsession, using the artefact to change their bodies in new and exciting ways. They had sex in ways Bella had never thought possible and soon their life had become nothing but hedonistic pursuits. Their scientific projects lay abandoned on the desks only to be swept away with a swipe of Clark’s bulging muscles so he could fuck Bella against the hard surface.

They tried everything; growing tails to pleasure one another, giving one partner endless stamina, another hypersensitivity. It was the most erotic time of either of their lives, of anybody’s life Bella suspected. The best part were the mental changes; being able to make herself instantly aroused by anything, into any fetish and the same for Clark. It meant their inhibitions were a thing of the past.

She knew now they could never give this artefact up. Not now that they knew the true power and pleasure it gave them.

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Clark sat, lounged rather, along the sunny window of the lab. He and Bella had gone two rounds this morning, a low number by their new standards. He looked down at his now Adonis like form; perfectly muscular and defined, the apex of masculinity. There was a time in his life where he would have killed to look like this and yet now he felt the need for something different.

He tried all manner of male bodies in the time they had played with the artefact and he couldn't help but wonder; what did it feel like to be in Bella's shoes? He'd never seen her in so much bliss as he had these last few weeks, or was it months? Keeping track of time was no longer a thing he needed to concern himself with.

They had already gone so far with altering their bodies and minds, why not try the obvious.

"What do you mean you want to switch places?" Bella asked.

"I mean I want to make me the wife and you the husband." He said simply, "I want to know what it's like to be fucked rather than doing the fucking."

"Interesting..." Bella mused, "I'd never considered it but now that you mention it, changing genders seems like an obvious idea. We can even change our sexualities using the artefact, we could experiment at being gay or lesbians, none binaries even."

"Let's just start with switching places." Clark laughed, "We have all the time in the world I am sure we will do all those other ones soon enough."

Bella was already grabbing the artefact and handing it over, secretly he was glad to have a turn. Bella had a habit of hogging all the changes.

"Don't forget to blink as you turn it so the light doesn't stun you," She reminded him, "It's way more fun to feel the change happening than to have the illusion it was instant."

"I know, I know." Clark waved her off impatiently, it was time to become a wife!

The question was, what kind. It was totally in his hands. Clark thought for a moment, sorting through the options before deciding on something that fit their sophisticated new settings. He turned the dial, momentarily closing his eyes to enjoy the sensation of his body changing.

His bulging muscles began to deflate, turning his limbs smooth and lithe, the strength he had so coveted melting away as his hips began to widen and his thighs thickened to compensate. Bella was right; feeling your ass stretch really was something. His square, taunt ass loosened, rounding out at the edges and turning peachy in shape with smooth, supple skin. Even standing still he could feel the weight there, the jiggle that would be added to each and every step he took.

His rippling abs smoothed over, leaving nothing but skin as his pecs swelled. Much like his ass he could feel them becoming rounder but instead of a peach shape they took on more of a teardrop. Growing from hard muscle to soft balls. His nipples instantly hardened in the air, all of a sudden so sensitive compared to what he was used to.

It was all happening so fast! Clark desperately wished things could slow down but there was no stopping the changes once they started. He had no choice but to savour what he could. His Adam's apple melted away, leaving his neck long and smooth and causing him to gasp. The sound that escaped his rapidly filling lips sounded nothing like the voice he knew and that turned him on more than anything.

His cheekbones sharpened, his jawline smoothed, his eyelids grew heavy with the weight of extra long lashes. Not to mention his hair, a dark river of pure black silk was rapidly pouring down his back until it brushed the top of his ass. With a gasp he took a step forward, stumbling for the mirror before even looking at Bella's new form.

In the reflection was a raven haired beauty with alabaster white skin and vidi blue eyes. She looked like the daughter of a rich banker, the kind that never had to lift a finger to get what she wanted. Those eyes, they were so sharp and seductive he almost fell for them himself! He stood up on his delicate toes, cupping his new breasts and twisting from side to side, taking in his new silhouette with glee. Oh yes, he would have fun in this body, no doubt about it.

"You look ravishing."

The voice was deep, a baritone that seemed to vibrate up into his chest and make his whole body quiver with want. It sounded nothing like her, but he knew it had to be Bella. He turned slowly to face his wi-husband. He had picked her features as carefully as his own and he could tell by the wide grin on her face that she approved.

She towered over him, having gained several inches in height while he lost one. Like his body before she had been sculpted like a Greek God but where his muscles were more natural Bella now had the kind of body that would make Mr. Universe contestants jealous. She looked as though she could lift a car in one hand. The sort of body that could only be achieved through a lifetime of effort, diet, workouts and steroids...or a single moment with a bit of reality bending.

She reached out and grabbed him by the arms, pulling him to her chest in one firm movement. Her strength was unquestionable and utterly desirable. His new breasts came to rest against her broad chest, the rise and fall of which seemed to defy gravity with its sheer magnitude. Clark felt totally at her mercy in a way he never had before in this tiny, female body and it made him so wet.

She slipped one hand down the delicate curve of his back, cupping his ass and drawing out a breathy moan.

“You sound ravishing too.” She smiled, pressing her square jaw against the crook of his shoulder before biting down with enough force to make his knees weak.

He moaned again, just for her and felt Bella smile against him. Yes, this was an excellent idea.

“Why so quiet?” She teased, “Where are your words, wife?”

“I-I m-may have made myself a little more submissive than I intended to.” He shuddered, his whole body was on fire with lust.

“Oh, my demure little wife, how lovely.” She growled, “I am feeling particularly territorial today, I don't think you'll mind if I leave a mark or two?”

“A-anything you want.”

He meant it too, submitting to her will made his own pleasure rise, so much so he waited with bated breath for her to give him some kind of order just so he could comply. This was so wild, he'd never felt so out of control and yet in control at the same time. As Bella took the device from him and placed it down on the table he sent a silent thought of thanks to the instrument that had made this all possible.

He let those strong hands roam over his body; letting Bella explore as much as she wanted and allowing him to get used to the flood of new sensations. Perhaps it was the device but Clark swore this body was more sensitive than his male one. A simple brush of fingers along his arm had never produced such lovely tingles before now and when her hands moved to his new tits, well, that was a whole other ball park.

He could tell by the way she growled and smiled that Bella liked it when he was vocal about what he liked so Clark didn't bother holding back. He moaned and shivered as she tweaked his nipples. His knees almost gave out as she slowly trailed those hands between his legs one at a time.

When one of his thick fingers finally parted his folds his vision went white; he was sure of it now, when it came to pleasure women certainly had it better. Perhaps it took more time to master but feeling somebody circling his clit felt so much better than getting a hand

job could. He held onto her thick shoulders for dear life, bucking his hips against her fingers as he felt the bliss building.

“Ahhhh...yes! Yes ye-!”

“Oh no you don’t.”

And just like that her finger was gone and so was the orgasm he was approaching. Clark actually wailed at the loss, he’d been so close and now he was desperate, he pressed his hips forward, desperate for those fingers again but instead met something far more delicious. Bella’s cock was now free and it was magnificent; thicker than his own and already beaded with precum.

She didn’t even get the chance to order him to his knees; he was already there, legs spread, ass in the air presenting to her. Clark had never felt so desperately horny before, nor such a strong need for a man. So when Bella finally pushed herself against his hole he pushed back, spreading his inner walls and shivering at the intensity.

The pleasure her fingers brought him was already forgotten; this was ultimate bliss. She parted him slowly, almost torturously. It was simultaneously too much and not enough all at once. Clark was frozen in place; half of him wanting to push back to take more of her in while the other half was afraid of just how far he was being stretched. He’d made his pussy so tight; perhaps too tight. The pain was starting to make him wince but at the same time, it was so lovely he couldn’t bring himself to ask her to stop. If anything it only heightened the pleasure.

By the time he was fully penetrated Clark couldn’t even moan anymore; he felt like Icarus who’d flown too close to the sun. He’d made himself too sensitive, his wife’s cock far too large. It was too much; He *loved* it.

Then she began to thrust and he was lost, moaning, quivering, trembling all over from the sheer pleasure of it all. It only took three good thrusts and he was cumming, hard and fast as Bella continued to pound into him. Once one finished another began to build immediately and soon enough he was collapsing down onto the ground, unable to even keep his arms holding him up. Luckily, his new husband’s arms were more than capable of holding him in place until she too finally came with a deep, throaty groan that sent shivers down his spine and straight into his pulsing pussy.

“Fuck, that was good.” She groaned, pulling out of him far faster than Clark would have liked, “We’re definitely doing that again.”

He just nodded, he couldn't speak; his brain was fried. Bella seemed to sense it and cooed a little, brushing her fingers through his hair and curling up against him on the floor. Clark sighed happily, letting himself feel safe and comfortable in the strong arms of a man in a way he never could have before. It was official. Life was perfect.

~

It had taken months, but finally Clark and Bella had gone back to their scientific endeavours. Not full time, they weren't capable of more than a few hours without a bout of heavy sex but still, their raging lust had dulled somewhat. While they had experimented with different genders, they had decided to return themselves to their original ones for now. As much as Clark loved being a horny woman, he did miss his muscles after a while. In the months that had passed, Clark had studied the dials and with his wife's help, translated more of the symbols.

"Reality move." He whispered, brushing his fingers over one of the dials they were yet to use. "Do you think...it could be what it sounds like?"

"A way to move to a new reality rather than change the current one?" Bella mused, "I think so."

"The question is, coming back." He said with a furrowed brow, "Changing reality and moving is quite different, what if we end up in a reality without all our scientific tools and the device breaks?"

Bella placed her hands on her chin and thought for a moment before snapping her fingers.

"Then we just travel to other realities similar to ours. No major departures, at least not until we have the process properly understood."

That seemed reasonable.

"Did you have something in mind?" Clark raised an eyebrow, he knew full well she did, Bella always had a scheme these days.

"I think...we should go and meet ourselves." She said with a sly smile, "A version of ourselves that never found the artefact. I'm betting there are realities with versions of us that

made great discoveries because of some quirk of fate, we can find them, take that knowledge and return here to gain even more fortune.”

“Don't we have enough?” Clark said unsure.

“It's not like we are really stealing anything, it's still our work. Just a different version of us.” She insisted, “Think about it, we can patch together the perfect life, we can see every possible outcome of every decision we make! Reap the rewards of both turning down a grant offer and taking it up.”

That did sound impressive and she had a point, it was their own lives they would be infiltrating.

“Plus, now that we have all our kinks out in the open...how fun would it be to seduce ourselves?” Bella added dreamily, “I know exactly what to do to turn all versions of you into puddles of pleased goo.”

Clark laughed; she had a point. Part of him was slightly concerned that Bella was getting drunk on the power of the artefact but what could he do? It wasn't like they could stop using it, even he didn't want that.

“Shall we give it a go?” He suggested and Bella's eyes lit up.

“Right now?” She gasped, hands clasped in front of her in excitement.

“No time like the present.” Clark chuckled, “Besides, we can just shift to a reality at any time of the day we please.”

Bella threw back her head and laughed, even Clark couldn't help but chuckle. Even time was their bitch now. The world, every world, was their oyster. He grabbed the artefact and slid his fingers against the new dial, humming in thought and Bella laid a hand atop his.

“Ready?”

“Ready.”

She shifted the dial, thinking hard of a life in which they didn't have the artefact but instead decided to use the money for a trip to the jungles of Indonesia instead of the Amazon. The world faded away, colours blurring like ink of a canvas and for a strange force seemed to build up around them. It felt as though they were in the eye of a tornado, the walls of which were getting closer and closer, threatening to pull them away from the artefact and send them spinning off into the dark spaces between dimensions.

His ears popped, his stomach dropped and then, with a hard slam Clark felt his feet hit the floor. Not just any floor though, a familiar one. Polished metal worn away with time; their old basement lab. It almost made him claustrophobic after growing accustomed to their beautiful mountain laboratory. How had he lived and worked in such a drab environment for so long? It made his lip curl in disgust just looking at it and made him all the more thankful for their discovery. He felt sorry for the Clark and Bella of this reality; they truly had lost the coin toss.

The sound of footsteps overhead made both of them jump.

"Quick, the old sample cupboard!" Bella hissed, jumping into the small pantry they had repurposed for storage, it mostly housed old papers and long rotten water samples. It was the perfect place to hide, it was highly unlikely either of the alternate versions of themselves would need to get anything from there.

They had just closed the door, leaving it open a sliver so that they could watch when their old selves walked down the stairs. Clark's lip curled once more, he always knew he was scrawny but that man was a bean pole. His skin had none of the healthy glow to it that his did now and those glasses, it had been so long since he'd worn his own he'd forgotten how bulky and ugly they were.

His eyes slid over to Bella and he felt a small amount of guilt looking at her. Had he really ever found that mousy woman attractive? She was flat as a board in the chest and ass department and her hair looked like the before ad on a shampoo commercial. At least her glasses somewhat matched her frumpy aesthetic unlike his own though.

He glanced down at his own version of Bella in the gloom, just able to make out her features. She looked equally disgusted with her former self and the sliver of light illuminated her chest for him. Clark smiled; yes, they had definitely won the coin toss.

The pair of them watched as their alternate selves went about their day; their dull, uneventful day. Science, projects, barely any talking let alone affection. Their hopes of watching their alternate selves have sex while they secretly got off watching were quickly dashed. In fact, things were downright boring until the pair finally called it a night and left.

They waited a few minutes to be absolutely sure the coast was clear before stepping out from their hiding place.

“What dull people.” Bella scoffed.

“I know, it’s hard to believe they are us!”

“Tell me about it, what do you say we spice up their lives a bit, eh?”

“Seduction?”

“Oh yes.”

Bella’s face split into a wicked grin and Clark’s features did the same.

“I bet I can get alternate Bella off before you get me.”

“Did you see that reed? He’ll bust a nut just looking at a woman this hot.” Bella giggled, doing a sexy little twirl. “You’re on.”

They crept up the stairs, unsure exactly of their approach. It was decided for them when a moment later they emerged on the stair and the sound of shattering glass made them both turn. There was mousy Bella, standing frozen in shock with milk flowing from the broken glass on the floor.

“W-who are you!?” She cried.

“I’m you.” Bella said with confidence, “But better.”

“Wha-Clark!!”

A second later the alternate Clark was in the room and Clark couldn’t help but laugh a little. What did that string bean think he was going to accomplish if they really were house invaders? A strong wind would blow him over.

“It’s true.” Clark insisted, holding his arms up to show they meant no harm, “I really am you.”

“You don’t look anything like me!” The other him insisted, “Well, maybe enough to be a distant cousin but that’s just a coincidence!”

“Alright, when you asked Bella out in college it was because she was the third woman to walk in the door to your chemistry class.”

“What?!” Both Bella gaped and the other Clark’s jaw dropped.

It was true. He was such a wimp in those days. He was in his second year of college and still a virgin so he’d decided to just start taking risks. He told himself the third person, man or woman, to walk through the door to his class while they were sitting waiting for the professor, he would ask out. It was Bella, and the rest was history. He’d never even told Bella that story, until now.

“Really?” His Bella gasped, “You told me it was because I caught your eye!”

“Not technically untrue.” He shrugged with a wry grin and his Bella giggled.

“T-there is just no way you could know that.” The other Clark whispered in shock, “Unless, they’re telling the truth.”

“Well what about her?” The other Bella pointed an accusing finger at Clark’s own wife, “She can’t be me she’s too...”

“Hot?” His Bella suggested, the alternate Bella screwed up her face in bitterness.

“How about we pair off?” His Bella continued, “I’ll show Clark a thing or two and you can explain things to Bella. Somehow I don’t think she likes me very much, dear.”

Alternate Bella’s eyes were switching between glaring with utter hatred and burning with jealousy as she roamed over his Bella’s form. He’d never realised just how insecure his wife had been about her boring body before they came across the device. Not that he could blame her.

“No way! This has to be some sort of truck, what’s that?” The other Clark pointed to his doppelganger’s hands, the artefact was glowing slightly. Clark had forgotten all about it.

“Oh nothing.”

“To hell it is.”

The other Clark lunged but he was no match for the new Bella and Clark. They dodged easily, instinctually both reaching for the artefact and twisting the dials. In a flash, the alternate reality was gone and they were back in their luxurious mountaintop lab.

“Perhaps we need to be a bit more...stealthy.” Bella sighed, not phased at all by their disastrous first attempt. “Let’s keep going after that reality. Knowing about us gives it a bit of a dangerous edge, don’t you think? It gets me all hot and heavy.”

“What doesn’t get you horny these days?” Clark teased, placing the artefact down and wrapping her up in his arms.

They could go back to that other reality later. After a little more love making.

~

Bella watched from across the street as the alternate version of her husband crossed the street. Other Clark, as she had taken to calling him, was certainly a creature of habit. She had forgotten what awkward homebodies they had been before the artefact, well, in a way they still were but somehow it felt different. Never leaving your house because you are working in a lot sadder than never leaving because your hot as fuck husband is screwing your brains out constantly.

There was something attractive about Other Clark still though; in a sad sort of way. She reminded her of that sad little member of the groups of guys at college, the one who tagged along in the hopes that some girl might notice him because of his hotter friends. She could have so much fun seducing him; he wouldn’t be able to hold on long with somebody as hot as her riding him.

She quickly rushed ahead, positioning herself around the corner of the supermarket she knew he was heading to. Bella leaned against the wall, fetchingly draping herself against the brickwork in her skimpy black dress; showtime! The moment Clark turned the corner she watched his eyes go wide with shock and no small amount of lust.

“Hey there, Clark baby.” She smiled, “Remember me?”

“The other Bella.” He breathed.

“That’s me.” She giggled, with a wink, “I see you believe us now that you’ve had some time to think it over?”

Other Clark swallowed and nodded.

“My Bella, she isn’t sure but I know that other guy...only I knew that about myself. So if he really is an alternate me, you must be...another Bella.”

She took a few steps toward him, letting her hips sway as she walked and showing off her long legs under the too short dress. It took all her self control not to grin with victory watching his eyes struggle to stay on her face.

“Well, if I am your wife, spending some time with me wouldn’t really be cheating then, would it?” Bella said slyly, leaning right up against him so that her breasts crushed against his chest.

His wasn’t as firm as her Clark’s of course, but it was still enough to make her shiver and Other Clark turn pink in the cheeks.

“R-right here? On the street?”

“Why not?” She teased, “Afraid of a little voyeurism?”

“N-no, well yes actually but. How did you get here?” He asked, taking a few steps backwards. “It was that strange device the other me was holding, wasn’t it? You disappeared when it started to glow.”

“Yup.” She popped the P on the word, “The Reality Shifter, we use it to make our lives whatever we want, now we live in a mansion atop a mountain without a care in the world, using it to make our bodies whatever we want. Jealous?”

“Very” Clark swallowed. “Can you show me?”

“Oh?”

Immediately her mind filled with possibilities, taking this Clark and changing him to be whatever she liked was truly appealing, the other Bella too. Yes, if she could get them as hooked on the reality changes as she was, the four of them could have endless fun.

“Oh yes, come with me.”

~

“So...with this artefact you could make me look like...that other Bella?” Other Bella asked nervously, tugging at her mousy hair.

“Exactly.” Clark purred, leaning over her slightly and watching as pink started to creep up her neck. “More than that, you could look like anything, anybody, you can have any body you want.”

“Any body...” Other Bella whispered, “No more...small bras?”

“No more small bras, you can have H cups if you want.”

A shiver went down her spine and Clark knew he had her. Now that he knew how self conscious his wife had secretly been about her flat body it was easy enough to tempt this one. Once upon a time his wife’s hidden shallowness would have been a turn off but he was wiser than that now. Who didn’t want to be beautiful?

The door to the lab opened and down walked his Bella and Other Clark. His wife had a satisfied smile on her face and he knew she’d hooked his doppelganger hook line and sinker just as he had.

“Clark wants to try the artefact out.” Bella smiled, “I was thinking we could have some fun, all four of us.”

Clark’s cock twitched in his tight pants; the idea of having two Bellas in his bed at once was exciting to say the least. Especially once he had used the artefact to get rid of Other Bellas inhibitions.

“Can we go to your reality?” Other Bella asked breathlessly, “I want to see what you’ve done.”

“Oh, yes please!” Other Clark added.

“Alright, I don't see why not.” Clark shrugged, they could control things better in their own reality anyway, besides, their bed was much bigger.

He pulled out the artefact and placed his hands on the dials, Bella came and rested a finger against it as well and instructed the other two to do the same. They copied her motion, both staring at the slightly glowing artefact with wonder. Clark gave them an arrogant grin before twisting the dials and focusing his thoughts. The world melted away once more and suddenly, they were back in their lovely mountain top lab.

Bella and Clark each gave a sigh of relief; the open space was welcome after being in that dingy basement. He watched with glee as both Other Bella and Other Clark gaped in wonder at the world they had created for themselves. Other Bella ran straight for the laboratory equipment. It had been weeks since they actually used it properly, his Bella's notes were everywhere and her doppelganger looked over them with eagerness.

“This is amazing!” She smiled, “You must be able to get so much work done!”

“Oh, we find much better ways to spend our time.” His Bella said dismissively.

Other Clark's brow furrowed.

“You have all this...you could make world changing discoveries, what do you do if not using it?”

“Have sex mostly.” Clark laughed, “This artefact does wonders for your sex life, trust me.”

He held it up and Other Clark approached, peering at it curiously before-

Suddenly it was gone!

Clark blinked, he'd been so full of bravado the idea that his doppelganger could grab the artefact from him didn't even cross his mind. The man was a string bean next to his Adonis like self, how the hell had he moved so fast?

“Got it!” Other Clark cried.

“I have the notes!” Other Bella responded, running to his side and placing her hands against some of the symbols. “This one and this one are used to change the current reality, and then that one is to travel to another.”

“What are you doing?” His Bella screeched, “Give that back!”

“No way.” Other Clark smirked, “You guys have the power to shape reality and all you've used it for is what...sex? For your own selfish gains? Seriously? You don't deserve it.”

Clark lept for him, Other Clark might have been fast but there was no way he could take him in a fight. The string bean of a man squealed like a child and slammed his hands down on the dial, turning them before Clark could reach them. There was a flash of light, one Clark barely managed to blink in time to block and suddenly, he was changing.

The familiar sensation of his skin morphing and muscles changing was normally welcome but only because he knew what was about to happen. Clark could only watch his old self in horror as he felt his body begin to change. His Bella gave a cry and he looked over to see her body changing as well.

The first thing he noticed was his ass; it was swelling in a way that actually felt familiar from the time he and Bella switched roles. He pressed his hands to his tight pants, groaning as the waistband and fabric began to grow painfully tight.

“Ooooooh Ooooooh no!” He groaned, the sound of tearing fabric met his ears and he turned to see great stripes of pink skin showing the rips in the expensive fabric.

A second later the waistband gave out and the remains of the pants fell away, slipping down his thickening thighs till they hit the ground. He felt himself blush in humiliation and watched as the pinkness turned his ass cheeks rosy with shame. His butt was even rounder and more bouncy than he'd experience before, it felt almost comically huge. To the point that he was forced to bend over slightly just to keep his balance.

Bella was in much the same state, he watched as she stumbled forward before clutching her chest. A moment later Clark watched as her blouse buttons burst open as her tits began to grow as well. A second later Clark felt a familiar growing sensation on his pecs as hard muscle turned soft and supple.

“Oh no.” He gasped, “Oh n-no no no-UUughhh!”

His tits burst forth faster than they ever had before, he barely had a moment to get used to the idea of having an A cup before his tits were swelling to Ds and beyond. Their weight grew so swiftly he found himself balancing on his hands and toes; he couldn't keep up with all the changes happening so fast! His balance was all over the place!

Perhaps he should have let the light blind him so it happened instantly. His shirt went the same way as Bella's and now he was standing in nothing but his boxers with the tattered remains of his clothing at his feet.

Something began to tickle at the back of his head and with a great amount of effort Clark pushed himself upright again and saw something fall in front of his face. Hair, long blonde hair but not the warm honey blonde kind. This was white blonde, the kind that came from years of repeated dye jobs and left the hair brittle and feather light.

"Wha' the hell?" He muttered, hand immediately shooting out his throat in shock at the voice that came from his throat.

He had been prepared for something feminine, but nothing quite so...crass. He didn't sound like Bella at all, more like those idiots on reality TV shows who's biggest asset was their chest.

"Wha' are ya doin' to us?" Bella demanded, her voice was the same, her hair now a similar bleach blonde, her lips were huge too, like they had been botoxed to hell and back.

Clark could feel his own lips swelling but that wasn't the thing that most concerned him. As his cock slowly began to recede back up into his body he realised he was having a hard time remembering his name. It was Cla...no, Clancy? Clarence? No that wasn't it either! It definitely started with a C though, or maybe a K? Clark! Yes his name was Clark but...that didn't feel right all of a sudden, his name felt...alien and wrong even inside his own thoughts.

His cock disappeared and a warm hole replaced it as his pussy lips formed, the only thing that kept his humiliation from being total was that somehow his boxers had managed to stay somewhat intact. The fabric was torn across the cheeks of his ass, but the waistband was at least holding firm so nobody had to see his manhood disappear.

Bella at least had been dressed in clothing meant to hold a woman's shape, her blouse may have burst open and her skirt ridden up so that it now only just covered her rump but at least she was more clothed than him. Even if her bra had to be held in place by her hands to keep it from falling away.

“Oh my God it worked.” Other Clark breathed before giving a bark of laughter, “This is amazing!”

“What have you done to me?” Clark asked, “Just you wait till I get ma hands on that artefact!”

He left for it, almost overbalancing as he adjusted to the sheer size of his new breasts but somehow, managed to close his long fingers around the dial. To his surprise, Other Clark didn't seem that bothered, he just smiled and crossed his arms as if waiting for something.

“Just you wait.” Clark hissed, “I’ll make you a...a...”

He trailed off, looking down at the artefact. How did he use it again? He couldn't seem to remember which symbols were which. He placed his hands on the ones that looked right and tried to imagine himself as he used to be but his mind couldn't seem to focus. Glints of silver from laboratory equipment caught his eye and kept distracting him.

He turned the dial, but nothing happened.

“You broke it!” He screeched, “Now ah’m stuck like this!”

“It’s not broken.” Other Bella soothed, reaching out and gently taking it from him, “It just requires a certain amount of brain power to use and you just don’t quite have the intelligence anymore.”

“What do you mean?” His Bella asked, “I’m plenty smart! I ain’t so dumb bimbo.”

She paused, hearing the words for the first time and screwing up her face in confusion. Clark felt a similar sense of uncertainty plague him; something was telling him what she said wasn’t right somehow, but he also couldn’t think of a way to fix it.

“Since all you wanted to use this for was sex I thought it would be appropriate to turn you both into bimbos. Now you don't need to worry your pretty little heads about science or anything.” Other Clark said with a victorious smile, “Granted I wish you hadn't rushed me, I’d have put a little more thought into your appearances if I’d had the time.”

Clark looked to Bella and back to himself; blonde, big tits, big ass, no brains; they were the epitome of bimbos. Not that he fully understood what the word ‘epitome’ meant anymore, but

he was sure he just used it right. He smiled to himself in pride for being so clever. Wait, wasn't there a problem he was supposed to be solving right now?

“Now, to change your reality to something more fitting.” Other Bella mused, taking the device.

Oh yeah, their entire lives being in the hand of their alternate selves. Funny how easily things slipped through his fingers now.

“We can't have you two around all this equipment.” Other Bella continued, “Far too dangerous.”

She turned the dials and the whole world melted around them. The glittering mansion and laboratory disappearing like smoke only for the world to reform around them into something far more humble. It looked like a studio apartment, one that had had a small bomb filled with clothes and make-up go off in the centre of it.

Information flooded his mind; this was his apartment, his and his roommate and girlfriend Bambi's. They worked as models, busting their humps on runways every day in the hopes of meeting Mr. Right. As the new information filtered into his mind Clark looked over to see a mirror rimmed with little lights; the name Krystal was embossed around them in pretty silver cursive. A new instinct settled over him; that was his name. That explained why 'Clark' felt so wrong all of a sudden.

“Here, now you have a reality and bodies that you can use to enjoy sex to your heart's content.” Clark added smugly, “And the real scientists can use this technology for it's proper purpose, to make our world a better place.”

“Nu-uh!” Bambi-uh, Bella, responded, “I studied the crap out of those symbols, with Krystal at ma side we can totally make a new one.”

“Sure you can sweetie.” Other Bella cooed, “Be thankful Clark was kind enough to let you still remember your past lives! Well, enjoy!”

She and Other Clark disappeared with a twist of the dial and then they and their beloved artefact were gone. Leaving Krystal and Bambi alone in their new apartment to discover their new lives.