

Biogen Modeling Program

By Bewci



<https://patreon.com/bewci>

Walter was a man who had struggled with his weight for years. He used to spend most of his time lounging on his couch, watching movies and porn on his laptop. His mother and father died in a car accident, leaving him a fortune that could last his entire life. Yet, despite his lack of employment and love life, Walter had a sense of humor that kept him going through depression. "I'm like a bear in hibernation," he chuckled, sipping on a beer, "except I don't have to hunt for food. It's just there waiting for me."

One day, Walter received an email while jerking off on a porn website that changed his life. It read:

"Attention, all couch potatoes! Are you tired of feeling sluggish and unsatisfied with your current lifestyle? Do you feel like you've given up on yourself? If so, it's time for a change."

He continued reading, "We understand that losing weight and getting in shape can be overwhelming, but what if we told you that you could have a second chance at becoming the best version of yourself? We have a modeling program specifically designed for people like you, who have struggled with their weight for years."

The message resonated with Walter. “We want to know, are you ready to take control of your life? Are you ready to feel confident, strong, and proud of who you are? If your answer is yes, join us and see the amazing changes in yourself.”

“Our program is designed to provide you with the right training and teach you the lifestyle you need to achieve your goals. In addition, you will be surrounded by a supportive community who will encourage and motivate you every step of the way.” Walter was deeply inspired by the support assured to him.

“Don’t let your weight hold you back any longer. It’s time to take action and become the best version of yourself. Join our modeling program today and see the transformation you’ve been waiting for!” Walter clicked on the link in the end without a second thought. He filled in the form and submitted it on the website.

Walter was approached by two female officers the following day. He was stunned by their bodacious curves wrapped in unbuttoned uniforms, invoking dirty thoughts. They said they were agents of a company named “Biogen” which developed the program he signed up for. He was a bit skeptical of the company as he had never heard of it. But his desire to be the best version of himself, the agents’ affable personalities, and endearing smiles curbed all doubts. “Do I sign here?” he

asked as they presented him with a thick bundle of legal documents. Walter signed them all and followed them to their car like a buzzing bee.

Walter was ushered to a facility with other men like him waiting in a hall. The building was huge, with everything necessary available within fifty meters. Food court, Gym, swimming pool, everything. He and others were given a brief tour of the place, and then, one of the women working there took Walter to his room. There was a bed, a closet, and a bathroom. However, no TV or smartphone was allowed on the premise. Walter protested, but he was soon made aware of clauses 1B and 1D of the terms of his stay. Moreover, it was high time he stopped indulging in his addictions and worked on himself instead.

Over the next few weeks, Walter struggled to work hard, following the program's strict guidelines and exercise regimen. Unlike others who could see the progress happening within them, Walter didn't. His lower metabolism and lack of stamina were too much to bear for him. He used to pass out and throw up after fifteen minutes of workouts. "I'm a lazy, overweight guy forever," he thought with tears brimming his eyes. "I have become the worst version of myself."

Walter was about to give up, but to his surprise, he was selected for the next phase of the modeling program. “Congratulations, Walter! You have been successful in all the tests so far! As a result, you will be the first candidate to try our new miraculous weight-loss pill, “ModelSlim Pro,” a powerful drug that can melt away all your fat and give you the fit body you deserve!” the blonde instructor exclaimed in a cheerful high voice.

What? I have? How?” Walter couldn’t believe what he was hearing. “I know you’re confused. But trust me, we know you have hardly lost a pound in the last month. And that’s precisely why we need you. Others have hope of losing weight through exercise, but you don’t,” the instructor leaned in closer with an assuring tone, “We want to help people like you be the best version of themselves.”

Walter’s face lit up listening to her words. He nodded and followed her to a white room surrounded by thick glass walls. The ceiling was bright from all sides, illuminating the room. “What are we doing here?” he asked. “This is it, Walter,” she said, handing him over a black pill, “I’ll be on the other side of that wall, watching you.” She left him alone, bidding him goodbye as she closed the door.

Walter stepped in at the center of the bright white room as instructed by the sound box. He felt apprehensive about the

unknown medication he was about to take. ModelSlim Pro was his last resort. "Alright," he whispered and swallowed the pill.

Soon, Walter felt a strange heat coursing through his body. It started along the food pipe and spread throughout from his head to toes. "Guys, I think something's wrong," he muttered, sweating. His breath quickened along with his heartbeat, his vision faltering. Walter felt like his body was on fire. He tried to stand still, but his body was convulsing, and he couldn't control himself.

"He-Help! S-Someone help me!" Walter screamed in agony, but no one came to his aid. He looked down and saw the fat around his arms spasm, the girth reducing within seconds. "What the fuck?!" He could feel his hands becoming lighter with every passing moment, but the pain made it difficult for him to concentrate. "It feels... so hot," Loads of sweat dripped down his drenched clothes, forming a pool around his feet. Vapors emitted from his body, condensing on the glass walls.

"Agh!" the pain became too much for Walter, his shaking body crashing down on the white glazing floor, splashing on the sweat. He groaned, his fainting eyes concentrating on his legs. Then, he saw a dark brown spot on his shin, spreading over his pale skin.

“Oh, God! What is this?!” Walter flailed his limbs, hallucinating spiders crawling and encompassing him. He tried to grab them as they tickled, but his skin felt smooth and hairless. The fat underneath was minimal, exposing the supple flesh he had yearned to touch for so long. The burning heat had calmed down to some extent, letting him explore himself.

Walter saw a reflection of his body on the glass wall. His body looked different. He saw his skin had changed color, turning into a rich, African brown. And his body had reduced to a third of its previous size. Apart from his skinny stature, he had pronounced hips and narrower shoulders. “No... Oh no!”

Walter screamed at the glass, “Help! Something is happening to me!” hoping that somebody would notice the side effects on his body. But nobody buzzed the door open. Meanwhile, the heat had returned with a sexual undertone. “Guys... Ohhh... Please,” Walter moaned as he collapsed again on his knees, overwhelmed by the sensations saturating his mind. His skin, irritated with a sensitive itch, compelled him to rub and grope himself. “Ahh... Something... It feels good,” Walter heard his voice escalate to a higher pitch.

Walter gasped as his hands traced down to his pants. He had a mild erection, squiggling to grow further but couldn't. “Oh

my God!” he shrieked like a woman in passionate fervor, oozing wetness underneath his pants. His digits pressed and dug, exploring the flat crotch and finding a moist slit that pulsated with desire. “I’m... a... I’ve... vagina?!” Walter whispered under his laborious breaths, gawking at his reflection.

His sleek and straight blonde hair turned black, sprouting out of his scalp and cascading past his shoulders. His chest defied the pressure he put on them with his palms, pushing them away as two orbs emerged, expanding into C-cup breasts. His bony butt cheeks were filled with fat, making them soft cushions to sit on. His waist moved and arched like a narrow stream. Every cell of his body flowed with femininity.

The heat subsided, bringing Walter down to earth. He was stunned, looking at his figure. He gaped, dragging himself closer to the mirror. His face had morphed with bigger lips, denser lashes and brows, a snub nose, and a smooth jawline. He was staring back at a young and beautiful black woman. His petite curves jiggled underneath the baggy shirt every time he moved, his pants dropping down to his dainty feet after a few steps. Walter couldn’t fathom the reality around him and lost consciousness.

“Ugh... No, no, this isn’t happening! This is not real!” Walter woke up and panicked as he saw himself lying on his bed, in a

female body, wearing a hospital gown. “Walter, congratulations! You’ve found your true self, finally!” The blonde instructor cheered, “Don’t panic! I know it is a lot to take, but imagine your life now! You’re perfect to be in the modeling industry! Your dream job is awaiting you!”

Walter didn’t know how, but she made a lot of sense. “But how? How am I a girl, and why black?!” The instructor sighed and said, “Actually, we don’t know why you’re a girl, but it has something to do with your low testosterone and genes. Your body produced excess melanin to adapt because of the pill’s heating effect and chemical compounds. Our researchers had considered some tanning may occur, but we didn’t foresee this.”

Walter intervened, “You didn’t foresee?! So, you’re saying you asshats were experimenting on me?! I’ll sue this company and burn it to the ground!”

“There, there, no need to be emotional,” the instructor smirked, “you remember you signed the terms of the program, don’t you? You agreed to all of this, dummy! We’re not liable for any deformities or casualties that may occur to the volunteers during the program. You should be grateful that you won’t be choking to death at thirty anymore! By the way, when you’re cleared, I have a surprise for you!”

Walter gulped in dreadful anticipation. Soon, his blood test results came, and everything was standard within the female range. His cholesterol levels were in check, and his organs were healthy. He couldn't help but feel optimistic about his health. "At least something came good out of it." He thought. He was handed a black sports bra and tight black shorts to wear, then got ushered by his instructor to a new floor situated at the top of the building. "I'm proud of you, Walter, or should I say Wendy?!" she giggled, handing him a new ID with the name "Wendy Hayes."

When Wendy entered the last room in the hallway, she met a photographer, a fashion designer, and a bunch of people willing to help her prepare for her first photoshoot. She learned about her five-year contract with the "Glam Pose" modeling company that sponsored the program and had deep ties with Biogen. Wendy was furious and frightened, unsure how to cope with being a girl or being on display as a model. The first photoshoot, however, changed her mind, as she saw her photos. Being treated like a queen by the men around him, the flashing cameras, and the fame that came along, Wendy couldn't say no. For all the fortune she had inherited, it meant nothing. This, felt like home.

.....

Thank you for reading!