

My Best Friend, The Bimbo
- A Silly Short -
By Razmagurk

"Dude, come on, let me suck your cock."

"Christ, for the twelfth time, no!" - it was just as hard to say as it had been the last dozen - "You're a guy! A straight guy! You shouldn't want to suck my cock!"

"I knooowwww" he drew the word out in a pleading whine, wiggling his wide hips and his fat ass as he pouted, big doeful eyes locked nonetheless on the painful straining of my dick. "But it just looks so big and juicy! Come on, man, I'm dying here! I can smell how much you want me. Just a taste? Just the tip?"

"That's what you said last time!"

"I got carried away! Please, I need it!"

"No!" My dick pounded in protest. Surely just the tip couldn't hurt? "I thought I told you to get dressed!"

"I am dressed!"

"How is that dressed? Jeans, Gordon. Your male jeans from your male wardrobe. With male underwear. Not... whatever that is!"

"These are jeans! Look!"

Oh, I was looking alright. He bent over to show them off, the tight cut of those denim booty pulling the perfect globes of his ass front and center. They, like the midriff-bearing jersey clinging so tightly to his enormous gravity-defying tits, did more to highlight his features than they did to obscure it.

"Will you go put on some regular clothing! Where did you even get these?"

"That's, like, what I'm trying to tell you!" he put his hands on his hips to express his annoyance, but with his innocent eyes and pouty lips I just couldn't take the gesture seriously. "I tried pulling my jeans over my big, jiggly, spankable butt, but by the time I'd got them on this was all that was left. Same with this top! Here, watch."

He tip-toed over to the shoe closet and gently slid one of his delicate, pettily-pedicured feet into his now-oversized running shoes. By the time his heel had found purchase the whole thing had shifted and warped into a knee-length pink gladiator stiletto.

I leaned by head back and let out a hot sigh. It was never easy, was it?

"Ooh, these are so cute!" He rushed to put the other one on, then giggled and pranced around like a prize pony showing off for its owner. Every step sent his tits bouncing and his hips grinding with the

exaggerated swing of his prodigious ass. Long slender legs shown off like only high-heels could. Though even with the extra height it gave him, now he still only came up to my chin.

"Fine, fine. It'll have to do." I closed my eyes against the visual assault. I was a sucker for girls in heels. "Come on." I opened the door, not looking back. "Let's go."

"Ooh," he purred, "where are we going? The bar?" His eyes went wide with excitement. "The club? Oh, are we going dancing?" He shook his hips by way of example. "Oh my god I'm going to pick up so many cute guys."

"What? No! We're not going to the club! We just woke up! It's not even noon."

"Wait, where are we going then?"

"Come on Gordon, I've explained it twice already." We stepped outside and started making our way to my car. Everybody was staring and I couldn't blame them.

"Sorry, dude, he rubbed at the bridge of his nose with both hands. I've, like, totally got a lot going on right now. I just can't stop thinking about dick. Big dick, hard dick, thick dick. Dick in my hands, dick in my mouth. Dick stuffing every inch of my hot, needy little cunt as I-"

"Gordon!"

"Sorry! Sorry." he shook his head, pink-stained pigtails swirling to and fro. "What?"

"Listen to me. My brother's fiancé is a witch doctor. She can help you out. We're going to see her."

"Wait, a witch doctor?" Somehow, the vapidness of his facial features just made the look of incredulity he gave hit me all the harder. There was nothing quite like a bimbo barbie doll calling you on your bullshit. "Won't that just make things worse?"

"No, like, a doctor who helps people who have had run-ins with witches. She specializes in curses."

"Your sister-in-law's a witch?"

"She's not a witch! She fixes people who have had run-ins with witches. That's how they met."

"Wait, hold on, is he cute?"

"What? Who?"

"Your brother! Is he cute? Does he..." he swallowed. "Does he have a big cock?"

"He has a fiancé!"

"Right. Which means he must be giving it to her on the regular, right? Oh dude, just imagine him pounding his big fat cock into her hungry cunny!" He mimed along for several good strokes. "Mmmf... I bet he's giving it to her so -"

"Oh my god!" I threw my hands up in the air. "No, no, no. You get your hands out of your pants this instant."

"Nooo..."

"Get in the car, Gordon, or so help me I'll... I'll..."

"You'll tell me what a bad girl I am? You'll bend me over your knee and spank me? You'll tie me up and have your big fat throbbing way with me?"

"I'll leave you here and you can fix this mess on your own."

He stopped dead in his tracks. That did the trick. Somewhere beneath the bimbo countenance something quavered. "Sorry, dude! I'm trying, really, I am. Just... don't leave me."

Something inside me quavered as well. Well shit, now I felt bad. As though I could ever.

He managed to abscond from his carnal delights long enough to get in the car, then spent five minutes trying to get his seatbelt arrayed over his giant boobs in a way that didn't rubbing or pinching at his sensitive fuck-melons or swollen ruby nipples. Somehow, he managed to make even this teeth-clenchingly, dick-throbbingly hot.

"Are you ready?" I asked as he finally sat back.

He nodded. He had given up on the seatbelt entirely and flipping it behind him.

"Good." I started the car and we were off.

There was a lot of awkward silence at first. Neither of us quite knowing what to say. Well, it was as close to silence as we were going to get with the soft moans or gasps from his nymphomaniacal hyperventilating. I was just trying to focus on the road and not on how badly I wanted to fuck this stunning creature in my passenger seat.

"Hey... Grant?" he turned to look at me, brow furrowed in a look of hopeless concentration. "I just... I want you to know..."

"Huh?"

"If I don't, like, make it?" He wiggled, glancing around. "I just wanted to say..."

"What?"

"I..." he turned away blushing. "Nevermind."

"I laughed."

“Uhg!” he huffed. Had he been a guy the gesture would have been this awkward bro moment, but as a girl it was rendered hopelessly cute. “I’m trying to say thank you! God!”

“Of course, man, you know I’ve got your back.”

“I mean, like, seriously! Most guys, if they woke up with a horny bimbo slut in their room, hot and ready to go, they wouldn’t even think twice about...” He whimpered softly, realizing his mistake. It was too late. He was already thinking about all the dirty things most guys would do to a slut like him. “Hey, can I-?”

“No.”

“You don’t even know what I was going to say!”

“You can’t suck my dick while I drive.”

“Please? What about a hand job?” He mimed the motion in the air.

“No!”

“Tit fuck?” he pulled up his jersey to reveal his jiggling orbs beneath. His straining nipples were as strawberries, ripe and juicy.

“How would that even work!”

“I could get down between the pedals and -“

“No!”

I sighed. He may have completely ruined the moment, but I still couldn’t help but smile. Somewhere beneath the bimbo was that idiot I’d stuck with through thick and through thin. I stepped on the gas. We were going to make it.

“Listen,” I said, trying to distract us both from our raging libidos, “why don’t you tell me again what happened. Maybe there’s some detail you missed. Don’t leave anything out, okay?”

His boobs jiggled as he nodded. Well, his boobs jiggled in general, but all the more so when he nodded.

“It’s like I already told you, man. I was, like, at the bar with Greg, right? And we were pounding back beers like the best of them, and there’s this goth chick up at the bar wearing this super lowcut top and jacket that like, is actually a really cute ensemble, now that I think about it, but all I thought back then was like, dude,” he slapped my shoulder, “she had like, the biggest tits!”

He stopped, looked down, then giggled.

“What?”

"I guess I have the biggest titties now!" he reached down to paw at his quivering mounds as though for the first time, then started giggling all the harder.

"Gordon!" I struggled to keep my eyes on the road.

"Sorry!" He pulled his hands away, but they didn't stay away for very long. "Where was I? Right. So I was there with Greg, right? And he like, oh my god! I forgot all about Greg!"

"Wait, what?" I almost slammed on the brakes. "What happened to Greg?"

"He's hot!"

"Like, he ended up like you?"

"What? No! Like, in general! Oh my god, how have I not noticed how cut Greg is before?"

"Christ."

"Like seriously, how is he single?" he squirmed and groped at the air as he bit his lip. "He's like a swarthy little stud muffin, god I just want him to hold me down and fuck my tight little cunny until I scream-"

"The witch, Gordon! Focus on the witch." We ran past a police cruiser. I prayed it hadn't noticed how fast I was going, how erratically I was driving. God, the last thing we wanted right now was to get pulled over. Gordon would probably give the officers a roadside BJ and then they'd drag him down to the station where I'd never see him again.

"Right, sorry. It's just... mmf. Guys are really hot to me right now. Like, oh my god. You have no idea! Even you. Especially you! You have no idea the things I want you to do right now. Its like my whole body is on fire just being around you."

"Yeah well," I squirmed myself. The feeling was mutual, but I wasn't about to tell him that. "Finish the story. What happened?"

"So I go up to this girl, right? And its late and I've been drinking and I'm totally into the whole slutty big-titty goth thing, cause, well, have you met me? But she doesn't even give me a chance right? I take my shot and she says no."

"Oh my god."

"So I figure she's just playing hard to get, right? Because I mean, look at me!" He looked down at himself for emphasis, then frowned. "Or, well, look how I was! I was totally hot. *I'd* totally fuck me! I had that bad boy football star thing going. I had abs you could grate cheese on, abs you could run your hands over all night long, not to mention the size of my dick," He was rubbing his hands all along his body as his nymphomania and narcissism mingled.

"I swear to god Gordon, if you forced yourself on this girl, I'm kicking you out of this car here and now."

"No! I swear! I'd never!" he held up his hands defensively. "But I mean, that, like, doesn't stop a guy from trying, you know? I bought her drinks, I kept trying to chat her up, you know how it goes."

"You pestered this poor girl all night, despite her clearly not being interested in you."

"Maybe?"

"Christ."

Look, you know girls! She could have just been playing hard to get. Girls do that! I mean, I wouldn't do that. Guys can, like, totally have me, you know? The more the merrier!" He giggled again. "Hey, are you sure you don't want me to suck - "

"Yes!"

"And you're not just playing hard to get?"

"No!" I blushed. God where had his top gone?

"Are you sure?" he glanced once more between my eyes and my dick, his tongue licking his plump perfect lips provocatively.

"Y- yes!" god help me, my voice quavered.

This time though that didn't stop him. He was going for my zipper anyway, a deft hand that knew exactly what it wanted. It wasn't long before my throbbing dick sprang free and to attention. Gordon gasped at the sight of it, his breath grew shorter and -

"We're here!" I slammed on the brakes.

"What?" his eyes went wide. He tore - with great reluctance - his eyes away from my throbbing shaft and looked around in disbelief at the little suburb we'd found ourselves in. "Noooo." He whimpered again.

"Come on, slut-for-brains." I struggled to get my dick back under control as I scampered out of the vehicle as quickly as I could. That had been way too close. I was panting. Why were my pants so goddamn tight?

People stared as we got out of the car. A man and his... what did they even think he was? My girlfriend? Rebellious, barely-legal daughter? Whore was more like it. As if Gordon would have the presence of mind to charge. Hell, if half the planet wasn't giving it away for free right now, I'm sure he'd be paying for it himself.

Still. We were causing a scene. Eyes peered from windows. I blushed and tried to act casual, but Gordon, bouncing on his toes, wanted to give them a show.

"What happened to your shirt!?"

"I took it off so I could jiggle my boobs at those college boys at the red light." He giggled.

"Fine, but where is it now?"

"Oh, I threw it at that dirty old man who winked at me. Why?" he stepped closer, I held up my hands defensively, but that just put them at prime boob-grabbing height. He pressed his warm spheres tightly against me. "Don't you like what you see?" Goddamnit, her tits were hot. Like physically burn-your-hand hot. Fuck. His. His tits. Focus, dammit.

"I..." I swallowed hotly.

"Or do you like them bigger?" he arched his back and pressed in tighter and I could swear they were swelling. Round, ripe, fertile. It took everything I had not to grip a fist, not to grope and fondle and those soft, perfect spheres.

God help me, I did not throw my best friend into the backseat of the car and breed his tight bimbo cunt for all it was worth, I didn't bend him over to pound that fat fuckable ass until we had to be forcibly removed, I didn't even take him up on his offer and shove my aching dick so far past his pussy-smooth lips he'd be seeing stars! God help me, I deserved a fucking medal for this. I pulled away. We were almost there.

"Wait," he whimpered. "Where are you going? Come back!"

"Look, can you please just... stand here and be good, okay?"

"I'd rather be naughty, if it's all the same to you." he wagged his ass. I could see the dark stain of his arousal even through the denim.

"Oh, come on! You're just doing this on purpose now."

"M-maybe?" he glanced around. "I think I'm getting worse." For just a moment the sexiness fell away, the naughty schoolgirl look pulling back to reveal the actual worry and anxiety beneath. "Sorry, I'm so damn horny right now I can't think straight. Grant, dude, I, like, totally appreciate you trying to help and all but I'm really starting to think that the best way you can help is by just fucking my slutty pussy into submission. Get it good and raw and really make me scream, you know? Pound me right here on the porch until we pass out into a sticky pile."

Before I could even begin to formulate a response, however, the door opened. Thank god for small miracles. A tall, buxom, raven-haired woman stood on the other side, she was wearing what I'd describe as goth casual. Enough to sell the look, but not enough to require too much effort.

"Grant?"

"Oh thank god, Ginny. You've got to help."

Her eyes though were locked on Gordon, and the feeling was mutual. His jaw dropped.

"You!"

It took her a second. She squinted, then her eyes went wide. "Oh wow! You're that asshole from last night who couldn't take no for an answer! Wow that spell really did a number on you, huh?"

"You'll pay for this, you bitch!"

He dove forward, intent on knocking her down with a tackle, but somewhere in the middle of it he fell to his knees, his momentum skidding him forward until he landed with his confused face smashed evocatively against her crotch.

"Oh please," she laughed. "You couldn't hurt a fly if you tried. Here, make yourself useful," she raised the hem of her skirt and slid her panties aside to reveal a smooth hairless pussy. "The adults are talking."

Gordon turned away, trying to resist, trying to thrash and pull away, but his every action just brought him closer and closer until at last he was burying his tongue in her quivering qualm.

"Ah," Ginny sighed. "See? Much better. A little to the left..."

"Wait, hold on," I very pointedly raised my gaze above this raunchy little display. "You're the witch?"

"Who are you calling a witch?"

"You're running around cursing people! Apparently?"

"I - look -" she blushed. "Only if they deserve it! Any girl in my position would do the same. Does that make me a witch!"

"Yes!" cried Gordon, his words buried in Ginny's juicy folds.

"I thought you only use your magic for good. You had that whole spiel about it."

"I do! I do! And usually that means helping undo other people's curses, but sometimes, well," she gestured vaguely at Gordon. "Sometimes doing good means making a few changes. Now come on in before the neighbors see me getting my muff munched out on the porch."

I turned to look again at all the little heads poking out from behind curtains. Too late.

We stepped inside. It was equal parts pottery barn and hot topic.

"I have to say, I'm a bit relieved actually," she said, guiding me to her office. Gordon was crawling on all fours to avoid breaking contact with her succulent snatch. "When you said your friend had been cursed, I had thought it was something serious."

"Are you kidding me? You think this isn't serious?"

"Well, the effects aren't normally quite so extreme," She pulled Gordon's terrified face from her lipstick-stained cunt and twisted it this way and that. "But honestly, I've seen worse. Let's get you into the magic circle. I'll read your aura."

She took a step back. Gordon's plump lips continued licking and sucking at the air for the few moments it took him to realize he was free.

"Oh no you don't!" he stumbled to his feet, an impressive trick in those heels. "I'm not doing anything you say! You're the one who got me into this mess in the first place!"

"You know, I thought you might say that?" She dug around in her little purse and pulled out a huge black dildo.

"Wh-what's that?" his voice hitched.

"You know what it is." She waved it back and forth in front of his face. "Come on girl, you want it?"

"Do you -" he couldn't take his eyes off of it. He was practically salivating. "Do you really think I'm going to give in that easily?"

"Oh? You don't want it?"

It wasn't enough to just keep his eyes on it now, no, his whole body was getting in the action, swaying back and forth as Ginny teased him, like a dog begging for a bone. Bone indeed. She was clearly enjoying this.

"Well, I'll just leave it over here then." she winked as she went over and suction cupped the silicone phallus into the center of the magic circle.

"You bitch."

"Still not as big a bitch as you, sweet-tits." She gave the thing a gentle flick, causing it to wobble and sway. "Come on, have a seat so I can do my job."

"Do you - do you, like, really think I'm going to do something so stupid?"

I laughed. That was exactly what he always said before he did something stupid at parties.

"I may be so horny I can barely think, but I still have the strength to resist you! I'm not going to go along with any of your weird magic bullshit, no matter how many juicy dicks you throw into the mix. No matter how big and hard and thick it is, god, it's so veiny. I don't care how many suckable, fuckable cocks you offer me, no matter how fucking good it feels to bounce my fat ass on that virile fuckstick I'm not going to - oh my god yes!"

He had barely finished the first sentence of that before he was in the circle, bouncing his ridiculous bimbo body on that silicone dick for all it was worth. Now it seemed he'd forgotten his objections entirely. He was fucking away at it like his life depended on it. Screams, moans. God damn, he was one unabashedly horny bitch.

"Wait, are you filming this?"

"It's for my portfolio! And maybe pornhub? We'll see how it shakes out. Damn look at her go!"

"No!"

"Oh, come on, it's hot!"

"Look," I said, rubbing at the bridge of my nose. "Can you fix it or not?"

"Oh, easily." She waved a hand dismissively as she traced a crystal through the air.

"Great!"

"The question is do I want to."

"What? You can't just leave him like this. Look, he's suffering!"

"Oh fuck!" Gordon screamed out in absolute bliss.

Ginny raised an eyebrow.

"I mean, fine, he doesn't know he's suffering, but he is. He's a guy for christ's sake."

"No, listen to me, I know the details of this curse better than anyone. I'm telling you, the question isn't if I *can* change her back, the question is if she *wants* to change back. I won't turn her back if she doesn't."

"Of course he wants to change back!"

"Oh, god, yes! Fuck me harder! Never stop!"

"Come on, that is clearly the curse talking!"

"It isn't though. See, this curse isn't what turned your friend into a bimbo."

"What?"

"I told you, I use my powers for good. This spell was supposed to turn him into a girl, yeah, show him what it's like, give him a taste of his own medicine and a bit of enlightenment, but it's not supposed to be a bad experience - being a girl isn't a punishment, Grant.

"I don't get it."

"The spell turns guys into the kind of girl they most want to be. And in your friend's case, well..."

"No! I refuse to accept that. Something must have gone wrong. Look at him, he's..."

He screamed out my name as he rode over a wave of orgasmic, toe-curling rapture, then kept going.

I blushed.

“Are you saying” - I half whispered - “he’s always secretly dreamed of being a bimbo fuckslut?”

“Hey, she’s your friend, not mine. I’m not going to kink shame.”

“Get off the dildo, Gordon.”

“What? Noooo! Five more minutes?”

“Were you listening? Do you understand what she’s saying?”

He blushed.

“Oh my god you do like this, don’t you?”

He blushed harder.

“No, I refuse to believe this! He’s just not thinking straight right now, that’s all. It’s the curse. Some wires must have gotten crossed.”

“Actually, Grant?” he looked up at me through those big doe eyes. “I think I might be thinking straighter than I have been in a long time.”

“What?”

“I mean, come on! Look at me!” He ran a hand along his long languorous body. “Who wouldn’t want to look like this? I’m hot! Way hotter than I’ve ever been as a guy. And mmm... all those years chasing pussy? It’s never been as good as what’s between my legs right now.”

“I don’t believe this.”

“It’s true! I’ve always thought how great girls have it. Not having to hunt for guys all the time? Big fat sensitive tits they can play with whenever they want? Multiple orgasms? Oh god, multiple toe-curling scream-until-your-hoarse orgasms. It’s not exactly something you admit, but come on? Who wouldn’t want that?”

“See?” Ginny smirked.

“You can’t just decide to be a bimbo slut for the rest of your life, Gordon!”

“Why not?” he pouted, shivering on the dick buried in his snatch.

“Because this is real life! You can’t just fuck your way through all of life’s problems. What about a job, huh? A life!”

“Maybe not as a guy I couldn’t. But, dude? Now?” He groaned and started groping once more at his trembling flesh. “I could go into modeling! Or, like, porn! Or hell, do you know how much money people would pay to see these tits of mine squeezed around their big hard dicks? I have better prospects now than I ever did as a guy.”

No comment. My brain had a very good idea of exactly which dick it wanted those soft fuckpillows squeezed around.

“Seriously!” He hoisted them for emphasis. “Look at these things!” He hefted them too and fro, running his soft hands over the expansive real-estate of his silky tit-flesh. His grin, already raunchy and hitched with a devil-may-care-glee turned into a fit of gasping giggles. “See? Its fun. *I’m* fun. I’m bouncy and beautiful and energetic and bubbly. No anxiety, no worry, just lots and lots of libido.”

“Yeah, but look at you! You’re *porn*, Gordon! A stereotype! Real girls don’t go around dressed like that, fucking everything they see. Real girls don’t fall into quivering orgasm the moment a stiff breeze hits their bare pussy. Real girls can get through a car ride without losing their shirt or offering the driver a blowjob.

“Yeah, but that just makes me special, doesn’t it?” he stuck out his tongue.

“I don’t believe this!”

“Look, if they want to be boring and professional and lead lives of meaning, that’s there business. If I want to jump on the cock carousel until my eyes roll over into the back of my head, that’s mine.”

“You know,” Giny chimed in, “as much as I’m not super happy about having this stereotype going around giving girls a bad name, she does have a point.”

“Oh, don’t you start, too.”

“I’m just saying! If this is what she wants.”

“Gordon, come on, its not... look, this isn’t you! You’re my friend! You’re the guy who always has my back! You’re the guy who’s never afraid to do the dumb things at parties. You’re the guy who’s never been ashamed of being yourself. My whole life I’ve looked up to you, respected you. When jenny dumped me, you were there. When I needed a place to live, you were there. I don’t...” I looked away, face red for a very different reason. “I don’t want to lose my friend.”

“Grant...”

“And now... I literally don’t even recognize you.”

“Grant, dude,” he stood up off his dildo and took a step towards me. “I’m still me. I’m still here.” he put a pussy-stained hand to his heart. “Underneath all this? I’m still every inch that guy. I’ll still be there when those dumb bitches don’t realize what a total fucking catch you are. I’m still going to do dumb things at parties. Oh my god, can you imagine al the crazy ne bullshit I can get up to with these?” He snickered. “I’m never going to have to buy my own drinks again!”

Okay that was a little more like him.

“But... I think I get it,” he continued, looking down and sighing. “Maybe this is all too much. This is a lot of fun, but... If it comes to these killer tits, or my best friend? That’s, like, totally a no-brainer.”

"Wait, what?"

"I mean, it's a shame I'm turning back before I've had a chance to suck your dick but -"

"No! God, way to ruin the mood, dude."

"Sorry," he giggled.

"Gordon... you'd really do that for me?"

"Of course."

He skipped boobily back into the circle.

"Okay, witch, what do I need to do to turn back?"

"Well," Ginny laughed. "If you're going to stop resisting me it should be easy. Just focus on your old self and open your heart to the magic."

"Okay, hold on, let me just..." He gave his tits one last grope goodbye. "Alright. I'm ready."

"You should feel a tingly sensation. Try not to tense up, it might -"

"Wait!" I held out my hand. "Stop!"

"Grant!" Gordon's eyes sparkled. "You do want your dick sucked after all!"

"No, you ass."

He stuck out his tongue.

"I can't do this. I can't force you to give up something you like, something that makes you happy. I'm your *friend*, I should be looking out for you. I mean, I thought that meant doing what I could to keep you a guy, to turn you back. But... but..." I looked away, trying not to let the tears in my eyes be too obvious. "If this is what you want, then I support it."

"Wait, really?"

"Yeah man, I'm your friend. I have your back. As much as, oh my god, I'm going to regret it at times."

"Grant!"

Arms wide, Gordon leapt out of the magic circle, boobs heaving with every step, their weight crashing into me like a tide. I almost went over as he kissed me all over.

"Thank you! This -" there were tears in his eyes as well. He couldn't stop smiling "This means so much to me!"

“But we need to sit down and lay down some ground rules. I don’t want to come home and find you doing a train on the dining room table, or that the couch is all coated in pussy juice and cum, or, or –
“ my brain reeled at all the practicalities of my housemate being a nymphomaniac porn star.

“Of course!” He nodded even as he ground his body into me.

“Well,” Ginny laughed, “I’m glad I was able to help. I’ll send you love birds my bill.”

“So wait,” Gordon raised an eyebrow “Does this mean I finally get to suck your dick?”

I looked away hotly. God help me, we’d done worse while drunker.

“B-buy me a drink first?”

“Ha! You’re on, dude!”

The End