

Bimbo for the Night
A Short
- By Razmagurk -

"Why did I agree to this?"

With every click of my heels my breasts jiggled and bounced wildly before me.

"You lost the bet, dude, fair and square!" Nathan laughed. "That means I finally get to take you out partying. Come on, Noah, cheer up, enjoy yourself a little! You've been moping around for too long. Tonight is all about feeling good!"

"Yeah, well," I huffed as I brushed a blonde curl from my eye. "You'll excuse me if I find this all a little awkward."

"What?" He grinned, leaning in teasingly. "Having a beautiful smouldering-hot nymphomaniac slut on your arm makes you feel awkward?"

"When that beautiful slut is my otherwise very male roommate?" I blushed. "When I've been turned into some kind of slutty-slut girly-girl who's got tits bigger than her head? When everybody's checking out my ass? Yeah, it does." And that was to say nothing of the effect Nathan himself was having on me. "I mean come on," I gestured down vaguely. "Look at us!"

"Are you kidding me, dude? All I see are the two hottest babes around!" For all my doubts, there wasn't a hint of shame on his face or voice. He actually believed what he was saying. "We're works of art!"

Pornography was more like it. We were textbook bimbos. Worse, even. No actual girl would ever willingly be seen like this in public. We had sky-high heels, long legs and skirts so short you could see the entirety of our prodigious dump-truck asses as we swung our hips seductively behind us. We had tits so big you could see them from behind, and they were spilling out of tops so tiny that I'd seen string bikinis that left more to the imagination. We had glittering jewelry and loopy earrings and our long blonde hair was perfect.

And Nathan at least had the confidence to match. No matter how many times I'd seen him like this, it always blew me away.

We were living fantasies. We were so far removed from real women we may as well have been a different species.

Everything about us screamed sex. And honestly? It wasn't wrong. Sex was what these bodies were all about. God, I was so damn horny.

"Everybody is staring!" I tried and failed once more to pull my miniskirt down past my ass, but despite its stretchy material it was having none of it.

“Good!” He laughed. He had the kind of laugh that made you feel like everything was going to be okay. “Let them stare. We look hot!” He stepped forward into the spotlight of a streetlamp, holding out his arms and puffing his chest like he was basking in the sun. Mostly this just sent his tits bouncing so hard a dude on the other side of the street walked into a pole. “That’s bimbo lesson number one, my friend. Enjoy it. Eat it up.”

“I thought bimbo lesson number one was ‘always look good?’”

“They both are.”

“Actually,” I paused. “Come to think of it didn’t you also say that bimbo lesson number one was ‘Don’t worry about it?’”

“Which,” he put his hands on his shoulders and nudged me foreword. “You are totally breaking right now. They’re all important lessons, is the important thing, and the less counting we have to do like this the better, trust me.”

I pursed my thick lips. That was the other thing. He said he’d been going easy on me but my brain was already feeling tipsy and we hadn’t even gotten to the club yet. He was right. The idea of math felt strangely distant.

“Eat it up, huh?” I looked around at other people out on this cold Friday night. Most were fellow college students on their way to various parties. All of them looked so damn yummy, but it was the two of us that stood out. Guys and girls alike were craning to get a better view of us as we past. Stunned lust, jealousy, and dopey smiles.

I rolled my shoulders back and tried awkwardly to repeat his motion. God he made all this look so easy.

“See? How do you feel?”

How did I feel? I took stock. I know I should have been freaking out. Normal me would have locked himself in the bathroom and never left the apartment. But I wasn’t normal me tonight, was I?

So, what did that leave instead? Pulse elevated; my skin was a hot contrast to the cool night air upon my naked flesh. I was flush and my breath seemed hitched. I let out a whimpering sigh - I was horny is what I was. But beyond that?

I looked up through half-lidded eyes at one of the guys across the street who had turned his head to look at us - to look at me. He was cute. That was not something I’d ever noticed guys could be before. He grinned as he ogled the ridiculous expanses of my cleavage, his whole face lighting up. Something about that grin sent a flutter through my chest. I felt seen. I felt appreciated. I felt beautiful. The cute guy liked what he saw.

Normally I hated standing out, but shit. I demurred. I couldn’t deny that that felt good, could I? I wanted him to look. I wanted him to like what he saw. I wanted him to get all excited as he stared at my - aha - excitement! That’s what I was feeling. I was getting excited by the prospect of boys seeing me, of these cute boys liking me and showering me in attention.

And god - I looked around at all the tall handsome guys sneaking glances, getting all hard for me, because of me! - I was getting that attention in spades.

"Okay yeah," a giggle rose up in the back of my throat. "I can't deny that's pretty nice."

"See?"

"But -" I shifted my gaze to the cute guy's cute girlfriend. There was a longing there I couldn't place. Envy and lust all rolled into one. "Why are all the girls staring at us like that?"

"Oh! Right." Nathan gave a giggle of his own. "It's your first night out, I didn't want anybody being too judgmental, so I made it so being a bimbo slut was the highest aspiration society can achieve."

"You what!?" I froze midstep.

"I want us to have a fun night! I also made everybody hot and bisexual!" He winked.

"Wouldn't that have huge knock off effects for..." I rubbed at the bridge of my nose. I was having too hard of a time thinking to even begin to process this. "You know what? Never mind. As long as you don't forget about turning them back like you did with dickgirl summer."

"See? That's the spirit!"

"It still feels weird." I tried to downplay it, not to give in too obviously, but I couldn't deny the thrill that ran through me the next time my skirt hiked up over my ass and all the boys got a fresh eyeful of my g-string.

Whatever distant part of me was still me tried to focus on the girls. They were all still as hot as ever - more so, even, for the skimpy clothing they were wearing. Noah had the mercy to keep that part of me alive at least. Or maybe he just found bimbo on girl hot? I thought back to all the pornography I'd been drowning my libido in since the breakup. Mmm, those girls were still hot enough to fill me with fresh wet heat but it lacked the presence, the sizzling now of what these guys offered.

All of course except for...

Noah smiled. I turned away blushing.

Because that was the thing. He was hot. Every time he did this, he made himself so damn impossibly hot. And he was cute and funny and confident as well. And look, I didn't exactly have a lot of girls in my life, let alone ones open enough to make dirty jokes or asked my opinion on if their tits were too big or who took care of me that one weekend I was sick.

But no. No. I wasn't going down that rabbit hole. Not again.

"Oh, come on, I know that look." his doe-eyed sultriness turned to concern. "What's the matter?"

"It's nothing, really." I stepped past him, trying to still the fresh quiver in my heart. "Just a lot to take in, you know? Are you sure this is the right way?"

"Uh." he looked around at the street signs. "I think? Ooh, that's one of the nice things about being a chick, you can just ask some hunky guy for directions. Being a girl has perks!"

"Aren't the bodies perky enough?" I raised a teasing eyebrow.

"Oh? Do you not like the new bodies?" he teased in return.

"It was a joke. And your kidding, right?" I laughed despite myself. "Look at us. What guys wouldn't want to spend the weekend like this?"

"Ah!" His eyes flashed mischievously. "Your right! Its not enough, is it? What do you think? Bigger tits?" He cupped his hands to his chest and the absurd expanse of his tits swelled an entire two cup sizes, his top stretching to match. "More butt?" He leaned over his shoulder to watch his hips widened and his ass jiggle. "Oh! Thicker lips!" he pouted his sparkling glittery dick-pillows all the plumper. "How's that?" He twisted to get a better look.

"That's uh - " I gulped. "That's not what I meant, dude." I was not going to give him the satisfaction of letting him know what he was doing to me. That stupid air-headed confidence. Those stupid kissable lips.

"Aw, don't worry, I'll get you too!" He giggled as he ran up and put his groping hands on my body. I giggled in titty-jiggling ticklish hysterics as he ran his hands over me like a sculptor appraising clay. He was warm and soft and it took a much grander effort than I'd like not to just melt into the sheer sensation of his touch.

"Hey!" I wriggled, "cut it out!"

"No, no, your right! We can do so much better!" His hands found my flesh expanding, the globes of my tits ballooning all the harder, legs lengthening, waist shrinking to impossible levels. I failed to stifle a moan as he gave my hyper-sensitive tits an appraising squeeze. "See? Rule number one. Get you the biggest boobs you can find."

"I said, cut it out!" I squirmed out of his grasp, teetering the next few steps as I got the hang of the new higher heels.

"There!" he giggled. "Extra jiggly. The guys are going to eat you up"

I put a hand on my hip. It was like something out of a bad anime. Every breath seemed to send my tender flesh bouncing or swaying like they were on springs. I was going to poke an eye out with these.

But... the boys would eat it up? "Really?" I glanced up to see that sure enough, there wasn't a single eye not following my every trembling movement. My breath hitched. I wondered how it would feel to have those things bouncing in some lucky boys face as I road his dick to screaming orgasm after screaming orgasm.

Surreptitiously I rolled my shoulders and arched my back like I'd seen him do. Maybe... maybe I should have gone bigger?

"You're sure no one is going to recognize us?" I took a hot breath as I tried to change the subject, to avoid thinking overly long about all the things I wanted these guys to do to me.

"As far as the world is concerned, we've always been like this. Here look!" He pulled his glittery pink phone from his tiny purse and started swiping from one screamingly erotic selfie to the next. Picture after picture of us making silly faces into the camera and showing off our tits. God we looked so happy.

"We're just regular bimbos right now. Path of least resistance. But you just let me know if you want to be like, a slutty sorority bimbo, or a slutty bimbo model, or -ooh, slutty bimbo secret agents!" The picture on his phone changed with each option presented. Shots of us with a gaggle of equally bimboish girls on campus, shots of us almost naked on the catwalk, shots of us posing with our legs spread and guns drawn.

"No, what?" I pushed his phone away. "Couldn't we just be... normal?"

"Normal bimbos it is." He stuck out his tongue, his tongue stud sparkling adorably in the dim light. I turned away before he could notice the way those photos left me smiling.

"I mean..." I sighed. "Why be bimbos at all? Look, I'll level with you dude, this whole thing is just -"

"Oh no!" He bumped his hips into my own as he stepped past me, once again smirking mischievously. "No no no. You're not backing out of this one. You lost the bet fair and square. You agreed to finally come out with me like this."

"I just don't get why we have to be dumb slutty girls?"

"Because it's so much fun, dude! Come on, aren't you having a good time? Do you not like the stares, the attention? Are you not drooling at the prospect of where the night's going?"

"I guess? But that doesn't-"

"Okay, listen. I've been taking it easy on you because it's your first time. But clearly this isn't giving you the full bimbo experience and I apologize for that. Watch what happens when I - like, totally - amp things up!"

"Wait-!"

Like the downshifting of an engine, I could feel my thoughts slowing. Or, no, slow isn't quite right. It was like one moment I had a dozen threads of thought buzzing around in my head, and then the next all that mental noise was suddenly silenced.

I could still think, but it was one train of thought at a time. And when it hit the end, the stopping point between thoughts... I'd love to say it was some kind of sparkling pink fog or explosion of glitter, something poetic, but instead it was just... silence. There was nothing to rush in to fill in the gap. Just empty air.

I blinked. Then I blinked again.

And that's when I think I really understood. No thoughts meant no worries. No doubts. There was no bandwidth for them in this empty head. I could think about them if I wanted to, sure, If I focused I could grasp at those threads, but they all just seemed so... unimportant. So distant. Or so I thought.

What wasn't distant was the here and now - the sensation of the night air on my hot flesh, the clicking of my heels beneath my feet, the bubbly-fun bouncing of my now extra-jiggly titties.

There are many words that could have described what I was feeling - bliss, transcendation, nirvanah. None of these words came to mind.

"Ooh" I cooed, my words turning into a giggle. "It feels *goood*."

"See?" Noah joined in my giggle and that fed further into my own. "I, like, told you! Nothing in the world like it."

We rounded another corner. We were definitely lost at this point and I did not care.

"Yeah, but no fair!" I pouted. "You're fucking with my brain."

"No more than a bit of alcohol. And - mm - it's not the only fucking we're going to get up to tonight."

I giggled at the prospect, letting it occupy the entirety of my brain. It was a purity of thought I'd never before experienced.

And then with all the laughter, I lost track of my feet from under me and spilled forward. I'd have crashed tits first into the pavement if Nathan hadn't grabbed at my skirt and spun me around. I tumbled against him, crashing into his warm arms.

"Okay," he smiled down at me with his sparkingly confident bimbo eyes. "Maybe, like, a lot of alcohol. But we are partying tonight, right? I'm sure the guys won't mind."

"Ooh yeah!" I grinned back, loopy. "God, how did I never notice how yummy guys can be?"

"See! That's the spirit." Another giggle as he righted me and sent me bouncing on my way. "Just leave all your worries behind dude, the guys are going to love you."

"Yeah!" I cheered, fist up in the air. "Wait, no." I brought it back down. "You dummy!" I bopped the fist playfully against his tits. "That's what I've been trying to, like, say!" The superfluous like hadn't been intentional, but it was a struggle to think up words before they left my mouth. "Why do we have to go out? Couldn't we have just - you know - had fun on our own at home?"

"What do you mean?"

I stopped and looked down at my hand, flexing and unflexing, admiring the way the red glitter of my nails caught in the dim street light.

“Couldn’t we just-” it was a struggle to keep the line of thought steady. “Stay in? Have a board game night? Get high and play video games? I don’t know - normal college age dude stuff?”

“Noah, what are you going on about? We’re not normal college age dudes. We can do anything we want! Why would you want to waste it doing stuff like that when there’s so much fun we could have out picking up guys?”

God, that did sound like a lot of fun didn’t it? So why... why was that still not sitting right with me? How was this bothering me even through my newfound lucidity?

“But like, that’s what I’m saying!” I twiddled my fingers in front of my face. “Why do we have to go out and pick up guys at all?”

He froze, not quite understanding the question. I wasn’t super sure I understood it myself.

“Because guys, like, fuck, dude. They fuck like you wouldn’t believe. Way better than girls, take my word for it. Girls you gotta go out and put in the effort, but guys? Damn,” His eyes sparkled “They’ll hold you down and fill up your every aching inch. They’re hot and strong and hard and they’re invested and active and umph.” he shivered in delight. “I’m telling you dude, being a bingo getting fucked is the best sex, hands down - what? What’s the matter?”

“But I’m straight.” I had my arms crossed over my chest. “And last time I checked, so are you.”

“It’s all just brain chemistry dude. I have as much control of our sexuality as I do our bodies. Watch!” he stepped back and gestured to his crotch. “Inny? Outy! Inny? Outy!” With every other word, an enormous penis suddenly hung down past the hem of his skirt, its erect firmness lifting the skirt only for it to fall away the moment it was gone. My breath hitched. He put a finger to his head. “Straight? Gay. Straight? Gay.” there was no outward expression of these changes but I took his word for it. “See?”

“This makes my head hurt just thinking about it.” I pouted. I didn’t want to think about what it would take to change such fundamental parts of me. And there he was laughing about it. My heart fluttered. How could anybody be so confident in their own identity? He made it look so easy, so cool.

“Then stop thinking.” He wrapped an arm around me. I leaned into him. “Rule number one, remember? Just relax. Don’t let a single worry into your head. Tonight we go crazy. Save the worries and doubts.”

“Yeah but...” I twiddled my pointer fingers together shyly. I couldn’t do it. I couldn’t shake that last vestige. It was buzzing in my brain, distorting the solidarity of my thoughts. “What’s wrong with just being normal us?”

“Dude,” he practically deflated at the suggestion. “Have you seen my normal? No thanks.”

“Oh come on, its not so bad.” Honestly? He was kinda cute. But that was the bimbo talking.

Oh.

That was it, wasn’t it? That’s what this was all about. That’s what was bothering me even through the inebriation.

"I... Honestly? What I'm trying to say is that I'd rather just spend time with you." I blushed. I had not meant for it to come out so genuine, so earnest.

"And we will!" he laughed. "We'll go dancing and we'll make out for some of the cute guys and then we'll get ploughed in the bathroom by like a dozen well-hung dudes! It'll be so much fun."

"This - this isn't going to be like last time, is it? Where you ran off to get your slutty pussy banged while I was off in a corner somewhere sulking on my own?"

"Never! That's why I wanted to get you all done up too! And hey, that's bimbo lesson number one! No sulking. Be cheerful, and energetic! Smile!"

I tried to put on a smile. I had to admit, in the light headed state I was in it was a lot easier.

"If I'm going to be on my knees servicing a rotation of well-hung hunks, you're going to be right there beside me as I teach you exactly how to handle all the biggest and best dick."

It did sound like a lot of fun. He could work the balls as I stared up into the eyes of one of those clean shaven college hunks, grateful for the pillowy lips to lay his cock on and eager to return the favor by filling up my horny throat. I was salivating at just the thought. I didn't know what it would taste like but I knew I hungered for it.

But something about it just left me unsatisfied.

"You know what?" I purred, trying to push past the apprehension. "I still can't believe you do this every week, but I'm starting to think you might be onto something."

"I keep telling you, it's amazing dude." He leaned into me, his considerable tits warbling into mine. I giggled I playfully fought back with assets of my own. "I can't believe that you don't! How many times have I tried and failed to drag you along?"

"Yeah, well don't expect it to become, like, a habit or anything."

We turned the corner. I guess we hadn't been quite so lost afterall. The night club stood before us.

"Uh... shit."

I laughed.

There was a line out the doors and around the block. Hunky men and hot women alike were dressed in outfits that put even ours to shame, flirting and cavorting even as they waited in line for a place in the club. Plump lips and exposed chests. Booty shorts and miniskirts. Horny, lascivious, bisexual. The place looked packed.

"I made being a bimbo the highest aspiration." he slapped his forehead.

“Isn’t this going to make it hard to follow up on rule number one – ‘a bimbo always has to be the center of attention?’”

“Its fine. I can clear this line. I just have to - “

“Nathan, dude, wait” I put a hand on his arm. “It’s okay. Honestly? I’m glad for this. This isn’t my scene.”

“What? But all the cute guys? All the cock! Tonight I was going to make you forget all about your ex. I was going to give you a night you’d never forget.”

“And look at me, you already have! Believe me. But look, I know you. You’re going to get swept off your feet by some guys and I’m going to be stuck out of my element and we’re not going to see each other again until the morning.

“But doesn’t that sound like fun?”

“It does! Don’t get me wrong I want to screw all the guys too, but if I have to choose between riding the dick parade and getting a jizz facial in the bathroom or spending time with you, I’d rather do the latter.

“But we can ride that train together!”

“Last time I went out with you, you were so cumdrunk at the end of it I had to drag you home.”

“Wait - are you not having fun?” There was a hint of genuine concern in his voice.

I sighed. Why was this so hard.

“That’s what I’ve been trying to tell you, but I just... you’re not listening to me. I... I...”

But the words died in my throat as I stared into his eyes. I couldn’t do it. Even like this there was too much doubt, too much fear. I gripped a fist. There was only one thing I could do.

“Bimbo me harder.”

“What?”

“Please!” I begged. “Its the only way. I need to push past these doubts”

He hesitantly snapped a finger. It was like an explosion before my eyes. All the twinkling lights and bright colors suddenly looked so pretty.

I took a breath. I thought I’d been down to a single thread before? Now it wasn’t even that. Nothing but raw slutty instinct.

“I...” I tried the words again. This time there was no room for duplicity or second thought. “I don’t, like, want to fuck some random guy. I want to fuck you.”

“What?”

"I mean..." I furrowed my brow. "I do want to fuck random guys, oh my god you have no idea wow. But -" I reached out a hand and put it on his chest above where his heart was. "I like you, dude, a lot. You're the one I want to go home with. I want your attention, not theirs."

"Wait dude, do you have feelings for me?"

I giggled. Yeah I did, didn't I? And now that I wasn't tripping over my own brain about it I was finally able to confront the fact of it. No playing it off, no excuses. I could take it head-on at face value.

"I do!" I took his hand into mine. "I like everything about you! I want to make you happy, I want to see you smile, to laugh. Seeing you like this does things to me, man. Makes me feel all warm and gooey. And you know what? I'm sick of hiding it! I think you're cute! I think you're funny and smart and brave and way more confident than you give yourself credit for. I want to spend more time with you. I want to be with you!"

"Dude," he stuck out his tongue. "Gay!"

I pouted. "How can you of all people -"

"I'm joking!" he held up his hands.

"Well I'm not." I huffed.

"Listen, Noah. I'm flattered. Really. But, like, do you have any idea how many guys tell me they love me when I look like this? Hell, by the end of the night I'm sure you'll have gotten more than a few marriage proposals yourself.

"Ooh, yeah?" The idea of being a giggling, fucked-silly housewife sounded real good. But I shook the vision from my head. "How many of them say that knowing the real you, huh? How many of them have seen how you look come Monday morning, huh?"

"Oh, and you'll still be into me when we turn back? It's the body talking, Noah. That's all. Your horny and I'm hot. Look, your hot too dude! I built your body to tick off all my wildest fantasies. You don't think I've been drooling for you all night? Hell, you don't think bimbo-me hasn't been crushing on you since forever? But I'm telling you it's just the bodies. I don't want to ruin the good thing we have.

"Wait, you've been crushing on me too?" butterflies fluttered in my stomach.

"I - look, stop thinking about it, okay? Rule one remember? Don't worry about it. None of this means anything. What happens in bimbo mode stays in bimbo mode."

"How can you say that?" I'd never felt rejection hit so palpably before. I gripped my fist so tight I was sure I would draw blood.

"Experience, Noah. Look, I like you too. You're, like, totally my favorite person. But this isn't a game to catch feelings from. Tonight, we're two hot sluts out for a night on the town. This all turns back to pumpkins come Monday."

"It doesn't have to..."

"Look, if I did something like this..."

He leaned up to kiss me. Hot breath. A shiver ran down my spine.

"Yeah, it feels good." He licked my lips. I could taste him on my own. "But it's the body I gave you, the brain I've fucked with. Would the real you have accepted that from the real me? No. You'd recoil. You'd be horrified."

He kissed me again. I melted. He was a much better kisser than I'd expected, but the tenderness was performative. Teasing.

"Stop." I held up a hand. I didn't know if I could take any more.

"Aw, I thought you liked it?"

"I do." I clutched his hand. "But I don't want it to be some cheap thing. I don't want this to just be some giggling weekend romp."

"Sorry dude," he let out a scoff, but it betrayed the lump in his throat. "That's all I'm offering. Rule number one."

"Yeah, but this isn't some kind of game! This isn't a joke. I - Oh."

My expressive bimbo eyes went wide.

"What."

"That's why, isn't it?" I clutched his hands tighter. "That's why you turn yourself into a slutty piece of sex meat every weekend. That's why you're so eager to not worry about it! Because if it's cheap and meaningless, then when they don't stick around you can laugh the whole thing off. When they leave you don't have to worry about it. All you have to do is sit here and look pretty and no one can hold you responsible when they walk away - not even yourself."

"Your overthinking this." He pursed his thick lips. His eyes narrowed as he glanced away. It wasn't a pout or a tease, it was the real him. "I'm just having some fun, man. I'm a dumb slut being slutty! Why you gotta overanalyze like that?"

I kissed him. Tenderly, hotly.

"Hey - what are you -? Mmf" I shoved my lips into his. I pressed my chest into his. I could feel his nipples stiffening beneath my own.

"Fine. What happens in bimbo mode stays in bimbo mode? If none of this really matters to you? Then I'm going to take my shot. I'm not going to worry. Isn't that what you've been telling me? But then when

Monday morning comes, I'm still going to be there. And none of this time we'll have spent together will be meaningless, because we'll have spent it together."

"We'll be hungover and embarrassed. We're straight guys, remember?"

"Just brain chemistry right? Nothing you can't fix."

Now it was his turn to blush.

"And mmm... rule number one - no regrets. Right?"

"Wait, I don't think I said tha -mmf!"

I shut him up with my lips and pressed him against the brick wall of the nearby building. Our bodies ground together tight – hot-headed pleasure and pent-up libido flooding through us, grateful for the outlet. It came so easily in this form, so hot and wet. Lust dripped from my every pore. No thoughts just animal instinct.

I'd been shivering as his hand had run along me earlier, as he'd jokingly fondled at my body and my tits. Now it was my turn. I could hear his gasps; I could feel his knees trembling. So soft, so hot, so horny and wet. As much a parody of arousal as our bodies were.

I strained to cover the gulf between us as our tits pressed together, the sheer mass and space of them making it difficult even as it made it all the more carnally rewarding. He melted into me and I melted into him, the heat and tingling pleasure of our bodies quickly consuming our every inch.

And that's where it could have ended. I pulled away. I could see the need in his eyes but there was more than that. The need was biological - I was trembling in it myself - but it was what was underneath it that I was hoping for. Want. Not of the body, but of the mind, the soul. Reciprocation not just physically but emotionally as well.

"Noah," he bit his lip. "We can't - I don't..."

He was having as much trouble wrestling with the idea as I had been.

"You know what?" He closed his eyes and took a deep breath. "Fuck it."

He snapped his fingers. His eyes seemed to unfocused as he too unburdened himself of his second thoughts.

And then suddenly his lips were pressed back onto mine, slurping with a renewed vigor I happily matched. I had to hand it to him, he knew these bodies better than I did. He knew just where to press, just where to squeeze. His every errant brush was enough to drive me further into a frenzy.

I returned his affection in kind, and what I lacked in experience, I more than made up for in enthusiasm.

“So uh...” I came away from the nape of his neck, breathing hot breath into his ear as I tugged gently at his earlobe. “What were you saying about being able to have an outy?”

“Oh?” He pulled away, laughing, and raised an eyebrow. “The little slut wants some cock, does she?”

I nodded eagerly. Biting at my lip as I pawed at his crotch.

I could feel his body reconfiguring. Anticipation rose up in the back of my throat as I could feel a bulge growing tenting out his flimsy g-string panties and then lifting up the hem of a skirt.

Oh my.

“It’s like, *extra* thick. Just for you.” He winked, then giggled. “Oh my god, I knew we’d be getting you some good dick tonight, I just didn’t think it would be my own!”

I cooed and fell to my knees. I’d never really been into cock before, never even gave it a second thought, but now, with this thing inches from my face? Damn if it’s existence didn’t entirely redefine my world. I giggled and cooed and licked my lips to keep the drool from spilling out my eager mouth and onto my milky melons.

I grasped it with one hand and then the other, savoring the rigidity, the sheer size.

My brain may have been blank but inside my soul was on fire. I’d never seen anything so sexy, anything so hot, in all my life. Pussies were great, sure, but they had nothing on the virility, the power, of this cock. I needed it to like me. I needed it in me. I needed it to fill me up and fill me so full of cum I’d never stop leaking.

To validate my existence as a slut.

I put my dick sucking lips to good work and enveloped his head, swirling my tongue experimentally around the delicate underside. I tried to think what I liked when I got blowjobs and was relieved to discover my body knew exactly what to do. It wasn’t long before I was getting the juicy taste of precum spurting forth.

I glanced up, eyes wide in adoration, intending to put on a show, but beyond the hem of his skirt all I saw was the underside of his enormous boobs as he pawed and squeezed at his gravity defying flesh.

“Ah - shit!” I could hear his soft sultry gasps. “Damn, how are you so good at this?”

“What can I say?” I cooed, hot breath now chilling the layer of spit on his rigid rod. “I guess I learned a thing or two listening to you gloat about all the hung guys you sucked off.”

I couldn’t tell if what came out was a laugh or a grunt, but he followed it up with an enthusiastic thrust and he didn’t need to tell me twice. I was back down upon his length, taking it as deep as I was able, which – to my surprise – was all the way.

But as I sat there - balls deep and massaging his shaft by swallowing - I could hear a commotion behind us.

"Get a room, you two!" someone laughed. There was a further titter. I glanced through my peripheral vision. We'd gathered a crowd of disapproving onlookers. Girls walking by were eying us enviously, but evidently 'highest aspiration' didn't include fucking on the street.

I was about to pull away when Nathan again snapped his fingers and the crowd's expression changed from chiding to amorous. Hell, some of them had even whipped out dicks or pussies of their own, cheering us on as they went to town.

I pulled off, getting a better view of the crowd around us, they were masturbating and filming and some even getting just as busy as we were. Across the street the entire line for the club had descended into one very horizontal orgy.

I raised an eyebrow as I looked up at Nathan, and though I couldn't see his face past the massive orbs of his bouncing breasts, I could see him give a little shrug.

Instead of worrying I just giggled at all the attention. It felt... *good*. It was nice to know that all these people wanted to fuck me. That I could bring them pleasure even if indirectly. Hell, I took it as a compliment, we were the hottest bitches in the show.

"Damn, bro," Nathan panted. "I know that was your first-time sucking cock. And maybe it's just the hypersexually-sensis... the hyper... the sensitive bimbo body talking, but I think that was the best blowjob I've ever had. Mmm, I gotta try out this outty thing more often."

"You don't normally top?"

"Nah bro," he laughed. "Have you seen me? I'm the biggest bottom around." he laughed again.

"So..." I grinned, rising to my feet and bending over to presenting my perfect rump. "you don't want to try that big thick thing out on my horny virgin slut bimbo pussy?"

He stared agog. I'd slid off the g-string as I was rising and now I could feel the wind against my naked cunt, dripping wet between my legs, labia pulsing, swollen, ready, my clit engorged so badly it hurt.

"Well -" His breath hitched. His dick twitched so hard it slapped against his underboob. "I never said that."

We fell back onto a well-padded fuck-bench that hadn't been there moments ago. With nary of thought of further foreplay he lined his turgid sex-meat up with my own. The thick mass of his head probed against my outer folds, sliding across my sex like a violin string as he angled himself just right - I shivered and shuttered and almost came right there and then.

"You know I'm so glad you decided to get into the spirit of this."

All I could do was whimper in response.

And then he stopped teasing me, and got to work.

In one long smooth motion he filled up every inch of me. It was hot and big and it felt like he was going to stretch me so full of his great big girl dick that I was going to break. But then he bottomed out, his womanly hips slapping against my sensitive bud so hard I saw stars.

“Oh fuck” I groaned, tits swinging heavily and lustily beneath me. “Your dick fits so fucking good.”

“You like that?”

I pulled out slowly and went for another go. I screamed out again.

“Yes!” I cried, a litany of dirty talk spilling from my lips around moans and cries. “God, fill my needy pussy with your bimbo dick! Fuck me with your fat slutty cock! Oh god!” It didn’t make any sense in retrospect but I was too blissed out to care.

“Hell yeah!” Cried one of the members of the crowd. “Get it girl! Show that dick who’s boss!”

Every thrust provoked a new murmur of appreciation, but to this, too, I was too blissed out to care.

Was this what women felt when they fucked? No. This is what *bimbos* felt when they got fucked. This is what slutty girly nymphomaniac sluts felt when they got fucked. Living fantasies. No one actually lived up to this ridiculous sexual standard, not really. No one that is, except... - I glanced over my shoulder to see the intensity of pleasure on Nathan’s perfect feminine face, in his glazed eyes and bouncing jiggling body.

Nathan. This is what Nathan felt like when he got fucked.

This joy – this screaming carnal delight – was all his. And of all the people in the whole world, I was the one he wanted to share it with. I don’t think I’d ever felt closer to anyone in my whole life as I did to him in that moment.

I grabbed one of the hands. He was gripping my hips with the other, driving my ass into crotch again and again, his turgid nipples traced figure eights into my back between soft meaty squeezes. I intertwined my fingers with his.

Bliss turned to more bliss - his soft moans elevating in pitch and intensity and speed in time with his thrusts, pounding into me with more and more force like rocky waves in a storm. I lost myself to the rhythm, to all sense of time or space.

I could feel it, deep surges of tingling electric pleasure consuming every nerve. I could feel it in his grip, I could feel it in the pounding of his heart. Yes! “Cum in me!” I screamed, “Fill me up!” I bucked back harder, needing - wanting - him to feel so fucking good. Wanting this closeness and this heat and -

“Ah!” I screamed. There was an explosion of pleasure. The crowd went wild.

My body bucked and spasmed as I failed to ride the wave of sensation that overflowed over the stormwall of my resistance. We were both lost to it, every buck cumming and crying out as I climaxed

again and again. I could feel the flood of his girl-jizz inside me, hot thick ropes splashing out into my womb, I shivered and trembled and screamed as every remaining inch of my sex was filled to the edges with his sweet amazing cum.

We fell off each other a hot sticky mess gasping for breath. I flopped back onto him, snuggling up against the rise and fall of his bountiful bosom, against those perfect pillows so ripe and soft and each bigger than my whole head. His body was hot and naked and tangled so perfectly in my own.

I don't know how long we lay there like that, but I was the first to break the silence.

"Okay." I still had a hitch in my breath. I let it out in a giggle. "That was - "

"Right!?" he giggled along, it turning into a laugh as it got down deep into his lungs. "I'm telling you dude, there's no better way to spend the weekend than getting your pussy pounded over and over again. Oh my god, I'm glad I finally got to share that with you."

I curled up in his warmth. Normally I'd be worried about social politeness or rejection or a thousand other things that would keep us apart. Hell, we had just fucked in public while people watched, I should have been appalled. But all I cared about in that moment was his warmth, and so that's all I focused on.

"So, I'm thinking..." I traced a finger slowly around his big juicy nipple and looked towards the fucking still going on outside the club. "I don't think we're making it to this party."

"Ah - I can make the line vanish." He sat up, as though he'd just remembered about his power.

"Yeah but like, what if - here me out -" I drew a finger down his chest. "What if we stay in? Play board games? Twister maybe? What if we have some more fun on our own, instead?"

"Ah!" His eyes sparkled as he caught my meaning. His dick was already hardening enough to slap against my boobs - his bimbo slut libido raring to go. "You mean like, quality time?" he soaked the words in innuendo.

"Yeah!" I giggled. "Just you and me."

He stopped to consider.

"Did you really mean what you said about Monday morning? Would you do that for me?"

I sighed softly and looked up into the night sky. "You know what? I think we could make it work. I don't know how, and maybe it's just the bimbo talking, but it seems so ridiculous right now that we'd let something like that stand in our way. You can change anything. You said we can have anything we want, right? Well, what I want is you."

He smiled, a real genuine smile, then laughed again.

"Well, okay. We're going to have a talk on Monday then, and we're going to see what you think when you're thinking a little more clearly. And hey, if you don't want to go clubbing tonight that's fine, we'll

head home - but we're ordering a pizza and we're gonna fuck the delivery man. I do really want you to try having sex with a man at least once. "

"Oh" I pouted "do you not count?"

He stuck out his adorable tongue. "What I'll be counting are all the times you scream cumming your slutty little brains out. I bet I can get off more than you."

"Ha, your on!"

We clapped hands together in a highfive and then a shake, as we always did after a bet, but then I kept his hand in mine as we turned and walked back to the apartment, heels clicking underfoot, tits jiggling playfully before us.

I'd expected tonight to be horrible, but honestly? It wasn't so bad. Maybe we'd do this again sometime. Maybe, even if he was right, even if things didn't quite work out during the week, well, we could always be something more than roommates on the weekends, right? Together at least for as long as the spell held.

But hey, who knew what the future had in store?

The End.