

Bimbo Genius
- A Silly Short -
By Razmagurk

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Part 1
Doctor W.
-

There was an explosion.

That much I remember clearly.

And then it was suddenly so hard to think.

I let out a laugh. I had thought that had been the end for me. What else could you do but laugh in a situation like that? A mad cackle that revels in all the absurdity of this broken world.

"That-" I covered my giggling mouth with one hand. "Was not supposed to happen."

All around me the thick pink smoke was clearing. The misfired prototype was smouldered comically behind me, encrusted in soot and ash. It had burned a glowing pink crater all around where I was standing. Everybody was staring at me.

"Uh -" gawked one of the thugs. "Boss?"

"I told you this wouldn't work!" Weston sneered his heavily-scarred lip. He was already throttling the nearest technician.

"It seems to me," Winter gave a wry Russian chuckle as she leaned her gymnastic body against one of the bulky computer systems. "That it worked all too well."

Had it worked? The ray gun. The test fire. It was all slowly coming back to me. My eyes were wide in excitement as I turned towards the test subject. But no. I pouted. He was still the same weaselly - and very male - rat as ever. No sexual changes, no giggling vapidly, not even a single blonde hair.

I pouted and stomped one of my high-heeled feet. How could my bimbo ray have failed so spectacularly?

"Are you okay boss?" The thug approached through the mist. Mm... had he always been so big? Tall? Strapping? I licked my lips. I'd have to compliment Winter on her choice of hired help. Maybe give him some private thanks of my own later...

But uh - what had I been doing? Right.

I looked around at all the killers and criminals here under my employ. I had to seize control of the situation. Even if something had gone wrong, I couldn't show weakness, not even for a moment.

I raised my thick lips up into a pouty snarl. Mean, ferocious. Like a tiger. I adjusted my hair, bangles jangling on my wrists as I brushed back the butt-length blonde pigtails behind me. I stuck out my chest, the soft flesh there swaying luridly in the cold air, nipples pointed like readied blades through the sheer material of my sparkling pink crop top.

Oh yes, I winked, I was every inch the killer. Every inch the in-control mastermind. A genius hellbent on global domination. How could anyone see me as anything else?

And yet it didn't have quite the effect I had intended.

The smoke had cleared. Jaws dropped, faces turned red. Some glanced away, others couldn't have if they tried. There wasn't a soft dick in the house.

Weston took a step towards me, as filled with dumb fury as ever.

"Is there a problem, *number two*?" I had intended it to sound condescending, but it had emerged as a sexy purr.

"Enough of this farce!" Weston cried, his hulking frame giving him a voice so deep you could feel it shaking the floor. "Your stupid machine worked all right - all too well! Look at you!" He thrust forward a mirror. "You've been turned into a woman! Every bit the brainless bimbo you sought to create. Congratulations, Doctor. You've finally got what was coming to you."

My heart pounded as I grabbed the mirror from him. A face of wide-eyed innocence stared back, an artistic bend of carnal eagerness and virginal vulnerability. Thick pouty lips, soft nose, soft smoky eyes.

Turned into a woman? Why would he think that? I'd always had these...

Oh no.

I'd always had these fat slutty knockers. I'd always had this boiling, needy cunt. Mmm... I wriggled my body, feeling the long hair tickle across my fat fuckable (and urgently empty!) ass.

But that's exactly what I would be thinking if I'd been hit by the bimbo ray wasn't it?

Except no - it couldn't be. I had always been a sexually desperate whore, hadn't I? It was like, the one constant, the one thing I had always been absolutely sure of. It burned blazing pink on every nerve of my brain: I was a horny bimbo slut.

I remembered with crystal clarity the way my fat titties bounced when I was kicked out of my theoretical physics degree for violations of ethics, or how cock-hungry I'd been trying to rise up in the criminal underworld, how achingly horny I'd been that day I had vowed to make the world pay.

I just... hadn't acted on any of it. Right? That was all. I was still the same man I ever was: a whorish slut eager to show men and women everywhere a giggling, jiggling good time.

Just because that's exactly what I'd be programmed to think if I'd been hit by the ray didn't mean that none of that was true, right?

I looked up Weston's beastly musculature. Like a body builder on steroids. Like an entire football team rolled into one. Hands so big that they could palm even my enormous milkers. I let out a hot breath.

What had I been thinking about? I struggled to reach through this pink fog enveloping my thoughts, this eager blankness I kept falling giggling into. Something about the bimbo ray?

My pout intensified. Thinking was officially too hard, and it was getting me nowhere. I stopped before I gave myself wrinkles.

"What number 2 here is trying to say, er, sir," said Winter, who had a way of sounding smugly superior to everybody she dealt with. "Is that you've got tits."

"The same tits as ever." I giggled and flashed them my slutty jiggling melons. I didn't know what they had to do with anything, but if everybody wanted to pay attention to them, I wasn't going to argue. "If I'd gotten hit by that thing, you'd think they'd have been bigger. Ooh, actually that's not a bad idea. Write that down. Tit-biggener ray. Omg that's so hot"

Weston slapped his hand against his forehead.

"You've obviously been compromised, doctor. You're in no position to lead! As of now I am taking over this operation." He looked around at the rest of the gathered lieutenants. "Do I make myself clear?"

I expected them to laugh him out of the room, but many seemed unsure.

"How can you say that?" The hackles on the back of my neck rose. I was burning red and not just because he looked totally yummy right now. "After, like, all we've been through!?"

But I could already see the thugs stepping over to his side of the room. They knew exactly what they were doing.

"Wait," I blinked. It suddenly all made sense. "You like, planned this?"

"Of course. Who do you think set this thing up to backfire? I told you this bimbo ray was a ridiculous concept. Now look at you. You are in no position to continue this operation," he gave a grin like an ape bearing its teeth. "But I am."

"It's not your decision to make." I advanced upon him. "I'm still just as like, competent as ever!"

"Oh really?"

He whipped off his belt and pulled down his zipper. His dick shone like a beacon as it bounced into view. I froze, my breath hot, my body aching. I chewed at my lip.

Oh wow.

Maybe I had underestimated him after all.

My knees trembled at just the contemplation of that thing filling me, of it breaking me open as I tried to stuff it in my pussy, in my mouth, in my ass. With what course did I want to start my feast?

I fell to my knees, tongue extending, curling invitingly as I gave my best cock-hungry expression (and I do have the best cock-hungry expressions!) He ran over to me, his fist-sized balls bouncing hotly.

I gripped it firmly, trying to steady it, trying to fight its momentum, but the touch of it was like a trembling fire, an electric arc causing me to clamp down as hard as I could. It was in control, and it wanted me to know it.

I ran my whore tongue up along the length, savoring the flavor, savoring the smell. At last getting what I'd spent my whole life dreaming about.

Not that... not that this was my first dick or anything. That couldn't be the case could it? And yet where had this bliss been all my life?

I took it into my mouth, as much as I was able, throat tingling with pleasure, my pussy drooling, clit throbbing with every beat of my heart as it cheered me on. My ass still felt so empty, but it would get its turn, soon enough.

All I could focus on. All I needed to focus on. A purity of purpose. This is what I was made for.

What had he been saying?

I pressed my weight into him, leaning against him with heavy tits, grinding into him. He leaned his head back and let out a grunt, taking a step back and reaching out to grab the nearby control console with one unsteady hand.

I pulled off with a sloppy pop, his girth so extreme it slapped me wet in the face. I looked up at his smug expression, his dick perfectly framed by my massive fuck melons. I smiled. I had him exactly where I wanted him.

I took his huge dick back down my throat, my whole body clenching at the sensation. It felt so damn good, but making him feel good felt all the better and sucking dick while everybody watched felt even better still.

Why had I never done this before?

"You see?" He boasted between victorious grunts. "A vapid bimbo! Harmless. Giggly. Ah! Good for nothing but sex! I'm in charge from now on, do you hear me?"

But ah - right. There was no use trying to draw this out any further.

I slammed a button on the ray gun's console.

There was another explosion, another shockwave pulse of energy with us at the epicenter. But this time I knew full well what it was.

Suddenly I wasn't sucking Weston's cock at all, but licking her sweet pussy. It was hot and tender and wet just like mine, giving eagerly of her horny fluids. I smirked up at her. It wasn't quite what I was into - I'd have much preferred the dick - but that was no reason not to enjoy myself.

"What was I - uh - oh! Ooooh." she clutched at her chest, hand squeezing around her heaving new funbags, failing to overcome the lustful washes of pleasure thrashing through her new bimbo slut physiology. Every pass of my tongue over her clit gave her cause to moan, gave her cause to scream. She was an instrument in my slutty hands.

And together I was going to put on such a show. All those gathered here watching would know never to dare defy me again.

"Anyone else want to be in charge?" I giggled.

Silence from all the men. The only sound was that of my intent lapping and a bimbo screaming out in delight.

"That's what I thought." I pulled off and replaced my tongue with my slender fingers. "I may be giggly and vapid, and all that other fun stuff! But remember this -" my voice dropped an octave as I laced it with as much seriousness as my blowjob falsetto could manage. "- I'm far from harmless."

They stood to attention. Like the good little minions they were.

"You heard the doctor!" Winter gave a sharp bark. "Betrayal will not be tolerated."

"Wait-" the bimbo that had been Weston struggled to put her thoughts together through my clitoral assault "We're still going ahead with the plan? What's the next phase?"

"Uh," I blinked up at her in doe eyed innocence. "Try to find some cute guys to give blowjobs to?"

"I mean," she giggled. "Besides that. Duh!"

"Same as it ever was!" I joined in her giggle as I patted the bimbo machine. "Try to take over the world!"

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Part 2
Wyatt, Forlorn Minion
-

"Why am I still working here?" I sighed, sipping water from the little conical paper cup.

"The perks?" William hazarded, gesturing broadly at the operation unfolding around us. The three of us, in matching pink jumpsuits were sat around the water cooler, watching the latest shift of bimbofied guards jiggle their way over to their posts.

"True." I looked down. "I mean, full insurance, unlimited sick leave, plenty of opportunity for advancement and on-the-job training, but is that all really worth moving to a private volcano island?"

"In this economy?" Wyoming laughed, her darker nasally voice a refreshing change of pace from the high pitch titter that had become so prominent a feature around here.

"That's not what I'm talking about and you know it." William grinned. "Damn, man," he patted my shoulder. "Are you not seeing this latest batch? Look at them! It's like each one is hotter than the last. We're blessed dude, I'm telling you."

Yeah, yeah, there was no missing them. Skintight pornographic jumpsuits, heavily modified to show off their expanding flesh, tight enough to reveal every inch and bulging around all the gaps.

How could anyone resist?

And yet...

"I don't know." I sighed. "I guess I just..." I looked over at Wyoming then back up at the bimbos. It was like night and day. "I guess I just like them more natural?"

"Natural?" Will laughed. "Oh please. As though every girl on earth wouldn't jump at the chance to look like that, am I right, Wy?"

"I mean" She tilted her head appreciatively and licked her lips. "It *would*/ be nice to get my hands on a pair of those melons."

"See?"

"I'm just saying -" I frowned. "They're not for me. I like a girl that's got more personality than a bag of rocks."

"Hey man, don't go assuming just because they're hot and giggly that they're dumb. Big boss is a bimbo and she's running this whole operation."

"Whatever helps you sleep at night man."

"Alright, alright." He held up his hands. "Your loss. More bimbo pussy for me. Someone's got to help keep up with these girls' appetites. You've seen what happens when they get too horny."

"That poor lunchroom may never be the same again." Wyoming smiled.

"I just don't understand how you can be this obsessed with them - most of them were guys a few days ago. The closer we get to building this death ray or whatever, the more of them keep turning up. It's like you never know when someone is going to -" I paused as someone dropped a particularly heavy component and in a flash of pink life a group of scientists turned into giggling bikini-clad ditzes beneath their labcoats. "Ah! See!"

"I'm just saying dude, this attitude you've got isn't healthy. Look, I don't care about a girl's history, alright? If some fat lipped, blow-job obsessed, big-titty babe was a sweaty loser dude at some point, that's their business not mine. I mean, who am I to judge? Lord knows I've done some horrible things working with these evil villain types. But this is a clean start for them. It's a clean start for me. We all go home happy, capiche? If you can't deal with that, fine, but don't drag me down with you.

"And I guess the fact they're all willing to fuck you just as soon as look at you has nothing to do with it?"

"It's the best part of my job." He grinned. "Now if you'll excuse me, I have to go escort that group of newly sexy ladies to the new orientation lounge."

He ran off.

"You're not following after?" Wyoming's eyes roamed over the newest collection of curves appraisingly.

"Ah - no." I blushed. "I really do mean it. They're really not my type. But uh, hey, I mean, speaking of.." My ears went red. "Do you, maybe, uh..." I pushed through the awkwardness. "Do you want to maybe go out sometime?"

"Oh!" Her eyes widened. "Uh, Wyatt, no. I'm sorry. We can't."

"Right," The red in my face intensified. "I know we're coworkers and all, but this whole organization is kind of shady to begin with, right? It's like, what even is up with what we're building? But I mean, I thought maybe we could still get a drink after work sometime, or maybe when the contract is up?"

"No, Wyatt." She rubbed at the bridge of her nose. "I mean... we can't. I'm - you know." She gestured vaguely at a pair of bimbos furiously making out. "I'm a lesbian."

"What?- oh!" My own eyes went wide. Oh my god, how could I be so dumb?" That explains why you kept volunteering for cleanup detail. "

She bit her lip as the one bimbo brought the other one to a screaming orgasm with her hand, quivering girl juice dripping down like a fragrant faucet all over the floor. She blushed. "Yeah."

"Oh my god I'm so sorry," I could barely think. I was such an idiot. "I've made an absolute fool of myself. I'll see you later, I need to get out of here. I need to think. I need to -"

There was another crash of falling equipment nearby. I had become so accustomed to the sound I didn't even flinch as the pink wave overtook me.

"What the -" I looked down at my big fuckable titties and ran a hand along my lingerie-clad flesh. It felt so fresh and sensitive and oh-so agonizingly horny. What had I been thinking about? I looked up at Wyoming and giggled sweetly. "Wait, like, what just happened?"

"You know what?" Her eyes had gone even wider, her whole jaw dropping as she stared at my massive fuckmelons. "Good things happened. Good... things..."

You'd think she'd never seen boobs before, but then, mine were particularly round and perky, weren't they? I gave another giggle and bounced on my high-heel clad toes to make them bounce, to give her a show.

"You know what?" She gulped, pulling her gaze out of my cleavage. "I'm starting to think maybe we can make this work. Come on, I'm taking you back to my bunk. You are showing me everything."

"Okay!" My ears were still burning, heart still racing, but now for entirely different reasons.

Maybe working here wasn't so bad after all.

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Part 3
The Man of Mystery
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They called me the man of mystery. A lady's man like no other. The world's greatest lover.

Which is why right now I was tied down to a table, a mysterious ray gun shoved in my face, with three giggling sexpots running their horny bodies down my own naked flesh. The strippers that had been dancing so seductively, so eagerly for me mere moments ago, had been remarkably adept at Brazilian jujitsu.

That, I admit, I had not seen coming.

Just another day on the job for super spy Walker Magnum.

We'd lost contact with our informants. Based on the mole on one of these girls lips it looks like I cross that mystery off the list. It was true then, they were somehow turning people - men and women alike - into salacious seducers.

We knew they were expecting something. We knew that the grand opening of this volcano island casino and strip club was a trap - a diversion to draw attention from all the real work.

They were up to something. Something big. You didn't have to be an international espionage operation to see the flow of materials and power here, nor did you have to be the world's greatest lover to notice the outpouring of beautiful sluts all too happy to jiggle and giggle their way through all our questioning.

And so we'd known that this was a trap. But sometimes? Setting off the trap is the best way to flush out the hunter.

It had been easy. Too easy. I don't like to brag, but an island full of giggling beauties was hardly a challenge at all for a ladies man such as myself. But I'd underestimated my foe. I'd discounted these girls as just bimbos. That was my key error.

Only now do I see how much I'd been set up.

"Why do it, Woodstock?" I tutted at the one with the mole - our former informant. He had been a nebbish older man, balding, portly, the sort of person who looked more comfortable behind a desk than in the field. The kind to stand awkwardly in the corner during the Christmas parties. Now he was cooing and panting like a beast in heat as he ground his soft tits into my hard chest.

"Like, why do what?"

"Why the betrayal? Do they really have their hooks so deep inside you? Did they shove mindless loyalty in you along side a love of everything pink?"

"Like, on the contrary!" she purred. "I volunteered. It was the first thing I did upon arriving here. Turning you in for a chance at the bimbo ray. Why do you think I jumped at the chance to take this assignment,

huh? This –” She ran a hand alongside her body. “This is everything I’ve ever wanted! Youth and beauty! A chance to have my skin be */my/* skin instead of that decaying old *man* husk!”

She ground her tits hungrily in my face. She may have been sharper than the others - was that her reward for cooperating? - but her libido was just as primally hungry as the rest.

And now she thought she had me right where she wanted me. I almost smiled. If only they knew the opposite was true. That this was my chance to test the mad doctors work up-close.

So far? I bucked a hip. The girls riding my legs rose and fell along with it. I couldn’t complain. Soft bodies, hot breaths. Gasping and groaning when they weren’t giggling. Hypersensitive little bodies that could fuck and fuck for hours.

But what was their plan? This little island was only the beginning surely. No one developed this kind of tech just set up a strip club on an old abandoned volcano.

“What?” A fresh voice came from the corner. “You started without me?”

The girl who came in was all the easy eager sexdoll beauty of the other three combined, squeezed into a package that overflowed round her bikini-tied-top and jugs that put any before to shame.

“Sorry, boss!” The bimbos on top of me pulled off and lined up bashfully as best they could, as much full of fear as they were of respect. What did they do to bimbos who were disobedient, I wondered?

“But we saved the best part for you!” giggled one, squeezing my rock hard dick in just the right places.

“Oooh yummy!” The new one grinned. “You did, didn’t you?”

“Ah, you seem to have me at a disadvantage.” I gave a little dramatic tug of my bindings. I didn’t want them to know I’d already untied the things minutes ago while I’d had these girls screaming. “It’s not often I see someone so beautiful and not know their name.”

“Why Mr. Magnum, don’t you recognize me?” She posed seductively, her every movement calculated to cause as much hormonal enticement as possible. I’d seen a great many women try to seduce me in my time, I’m not ashamed to say she was one of the best. “Then again, I’m told I cast a different shadow these days. Maybe if I had a labcoat and a scar?”

“Doctor W?”

“In the flesh!” she winked as she ran a hand down my chest, nerves firing in bliss at her soft touch, tracing an agonizing path downwards.

“There had been rumors something like this had happened. What’s the game, doctor? Why the army of brainless bimbos? What have you been up to?”

“Don’t be so dismissive, Mr. Magnum. These brainless bimbos seem to have gotten the best of you. I don’t expect you to understand, not really. Intelligence is, like, highly overrated. I’ll prove that soon enough. You’ll see just how much happier the world is living as giggling beautiful things. No worries, no

depression, no toxic masculinity, just sex and pleasure and like, big horny orgies! Mmm.” The last point came out huskier than she had intended.

“So what, you’ll turn everybody who comes here into a giggling slut?”

“First this island, then the world, Mr. Magnum! When my ultimate bimbo ray is fully operational, none will be able to stand before me!”

“You’re mad!”

“Mad with passion, maybe. Mad with lust!” She traced a finger up the length of my shaft. I could feel the need within it, the barely restrained desire. She let out a hot breath and stepped away, leaving us both wanting. “I know, I know. Weston says the same thing. She thinks I’m crazy as well. But I’ll prove you wrong. I’ll prove you all wrong!”

“I suppose this is where you threaten me then?” I glanced towards the ray gun dramatically pointing at the table. “Where you hold me at gunpoint as I give up the identities of all my informants and infiltrators? Or maybe you’ll just turn me into one of your giggling puppets too, like you see to do with everybody who disagrees with you?”

I adjusted my hands, ready to slip these bindings once and for all and take the fight to them.

“Turn you?” She looked around confused at the other bimbos, they grinned and cooed knowingly. “Oh no no no, Mr. Magnum. That would be a waste of your - ah - talents. I don’t expect you to talk. I don’t expect you to become one of us.” She licked her lips as she pulled down my underwear to reveal the masterpiece beneath. “I expect you to cum.”

Ah - I shivered as she ran her skilled tongue up my tentpole - Maybe the escape could wait just a little while longer.

After all, there was still so much – ah - experimentation to do. Surely it was my duty to get to know these girls better.

“You won’t get away with this!” I responded dramatically. “More will come!”

“Oh goodie.” She smirked. “I can’t wait.”

I leaned my head back to enjoy the pleasure. Escape could wait.

What was the worse that could happen?

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Part 4
Doctor W.'s Finest Hour
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At last, it was ready to fire.

I stood back and grinned at the suped-up bimbo ray, as massive as a battleship, rising up towards the sun like morning wood.

It was hard, it was primed, it was ready.

And not a moment too soon.

All around us the forces of good and order were raining down on us. Agents from across the world pushing at us in one final attempt to stop by brute force what they'd be unable to accomplish through guile and infiltration.

Mmm, such masculine bravado. I loved it.

Even now their soldiers were breaking through the perimeter, even now they were being bimbofied by the hundreds, and still they kept pouring in, hallways full of steaming hunks and desperate sluts.

We couldn't hold them off for much longer. But then, we didn't need to.

"Prepare to fire!" I pulled off the extra-large dildo I had been bouncing nervously on. A part of me had hoped it wouldn't come to this. But what choice did I have? They'd called my threat.

"Wait," Weston pouted. "If the safety shield's down, wouldn't that like, get everybody in here too?"

"Exactly!" I let out a mad giggle. "Friend and foe alike!"

"But -" one of the former-thugs put a finger to her DSLs as she tried to put two and two together. "What about all the juicy dicks?"

It was a sentiment shared by all the gathered bimbos. The world could burn, but this was serious. Fools the lot of them. So foolish, so short-sighted. Couldn't they see the grand vision of my plan?

"We'll like, get more juicy dicks later!" I assured them. "We have to fire now!" I pressed forward, fully ready to do it myself if that's what it took.

"Wait, no! I'm not, like, ready to live in a world without men!"

"Yeah!" cheered another. "We have to stop this if it's the last thing we do!"

"For cock!"

There was a growing crowd of them now putting themselves between me and the control panel.

I slapped a hand to my face. I'd say bimbos could be so dumb, but I was right there among them, wasn't I?

"Winter?" I turned to my head of security. Despite everything she was still the same black-clad gymnast she had always been. Loyal to the end. "Remove these girls."

"Oh, I've been waiting for this. Come on boys," She grinned in her thick Russian accent, then turned to what few gathered men we still had. She drew a dildo from a holster at her hip. "Let's give these girls something to really groan about."

The men weren't any happier that they'd be under the rays effects themselves, but they were at least smart enough not to mess with Winter.

Chaos erupted in the control room. An orgy with all the dramatic impetus of a fight scene. Sex really was a bimbo's biggest weakness, but mmm... I looked out at all those cocks getting put to such good use. It was also their greatest weapon.

But there was no time to join in. I pushed forward, finding or making holes in the crowd. I was so close.

The big button. It was as red and as bright and as shiny as my own clit. And just as eager.

"Not so fast!" Weston leapt out in front of me, somehow extricating herself from the mass of roiling flesh. She was small even by bimbo standards and particularly cutsey.

"You never did believe in this operation, did you number two? Didn't I, like, teach you a lesson last time? You're always standing in my way old friend. You can't stop me." I ran a hand down my hypersensitive body, so achingly pornographic that even she shuddered. "I have the bigger tits"

"But this time I totally have a secret weapon!"

"And what's that?"

My eyes went wide as she pulled down her skirt. An enormous cock flopping out, so big it threatened to hang past her knee. Somehow it was even bigger than the one she'd had as a man. And on her tiny frame it just looked all the bigger.

Oh fuck.

It was enormous and it was hard and the way it throbbed sent shivers through my whole being. It was exactly the kind of cock that haunted my every fantasy. How could I resist something like this?

"H-how?" my breath was hitched, hungry. "Are we... are we really doing this again?"

"Duh!" she rolled her eyes. "I know all your secrets, doctor. All your weaknesses. I've seen your browser history!"

"That was" - I blushed - "that was research!"

“And all I have to do is distract you until the window of opportunity passes. Until those world government cuties get here. I’ll bet they’ll have lots of eager dick for the girl who saved the world.”

I looked at the command console behind her. It would be so easy to get to. So easy to rush past her. But fuck - what kind of slut would I be if I passed up a dick like this?

I swallowed hotly. It was a terrible decision, I knew, but what choice did I have? I’d just have to make her cum before the firing window closed. Five minutes or less.

How hard could it be?

Very hard, as it turned out. Hard like steel, hard like rock. The kind of hard that only a dick could be, designed to thrust and penetrate and make every single inch of my insides sing in hot boiling rapture.

Weston may not have had the height, the muscle, or the brute strength he did as a guy, but with a dick like that, it wasn’t holding her back. We grappled, nipple to nipple, my superior bust enveloping hers, my wider hips and fatter ass stronger and more capable, but none of that seemed matter the moment I took that cockhead inside me.

It wasn’t the first cock I’d taken, nor even the best, but Weston had an advantage over all the men I’d been fucking - she knew exactly what a bimbo like me wanted. She knew exactly what made horny little sluts like us scream and beg.

And damn, she wasn’t holding back.

I screamed out in sheer bimbo bliss as her balls slapped against me, as she bottomed out deep, her shaft so ridiculously long that I could feel the leverage of it inside me. My body was eager, responsive, oh so sensitive in just the right places. A direct assault like this was... was...

The edges of my vision were already starting to blank away. I’d never felt so good in my entire slutty life.

I was trying to give just as good as I was getting, to put my entire repertoire of sexual skills to play, but we were beyond that already. We were animals, rutting and screaming and grunting on the floor as the fate of the world hung in the balance.

My voice range out in response to one particularly powerful thrust, my scream mingling with the chorus of my similarly euphoric bimbo sisters, joining even Weston’s own sweet grasps and moans, her dick-thrusting grunts and her tit squeezing sighs. None of the stoic pleasure of manhood, no. Bimbos fucked loud.

I tried to turn the tables, working her heavy balls, her secret weak points in the earlobe and neck, but every movement I made just seemed to send me deeper, better, hotter on this thrusting lance. I was a toy, her toy, impaled by this absolute pleasure.

Was this - was this really how it would all end?

I was supposed to be making her cum, but she had flipped the script. She had me exactly where she wanted me. She was making me her little bitch and it felt so damn good.

"How?" It was all I could think, all I could cognate, all I could get past my lips besides my tongue and a burbling stream of filthy profanity.

"I've been training." she grunted. "Don't think I haven't been plotting this. - Ever since, like, oh fuck - ever since last time! I'll have my revenge!"

I should have known. Weston never was one to forgive a grudge. Its one of the reasons they had been so competent. Now she had me exactly where she wanted me, and I wasn't nearly as fortuitous as last time.

The push and pull escalated. I was held down and used as a cocksleeve, held down and used as the bitch I was. Euphoria. Purpose. Bliss. Climax after climax. The bliss I'd been so close to sharing with the world.

I couldn't think. Why would I think? Bimbo sluts don't think. I arched my head back. All I could do was give in to the pleasure.

"Window of opportunity closing in, like, 10 seconds." the computer read.

That snapped me out of it.

The system started its dramatic countdown, reading the numbers aloud.

"10... 9..."

I looked pleadingly at the button, even as her cock buried so deep in my pussy, even as she made me her cocksleave, her cockslave.

"You think - " I gasped and trembled my way through another orgasm - "That this is going to stop me?"

I drew my hand-held bimbo ray from it's cute little ribboned holster in my garter belt.

"Oh yeah?" she smeared. "What are you going to do with that. You've already, like, turned me into one."

6... 5...

I smiled and let out a mad giggle, punctuated by husky carnal lust. Bimbo sluts don't think. They act.

I would only get one shot at this.

I threw the gun as hard as I could.

4... 3...

The gun tumbled end over end as it soared over the orgy. Weston made a grab for it, but with the last of my strength I slammed myself down her rigid length. The shudder of pleasure sent her flinching, pulling up short at just the last second.

2... 1...

The gun crashed hard against the button, firing off at random as it did.

“Firing bimbo ray” The computer voice rang out. The machine hummed and surged with pink energy.

“Nooo!” Weston screamed out, but if it was in orgasm or indignation I couldn’t tell.

The ray fired.

There was an explosion.

And everything went pink.

-

In a cafe in Winnipeg, a writer takes a sip of coffee. As he sits down he notices the glint of polish on his nails. His tits jiggle for the first time as he puts the coffee down. It's now full of whip cream and sprinkles. He furrows his brow and lets out a pout, trying to figure out what suddenly seems different. As the blonde hair tickles down his face, he twirls it coquetishly, then goes back to his story - inspired by all the people suddenly making out around him - to write something sexier than anything he's ever seen before.

In a football match in France, a shoe gets caught in the grass. By the time they pull it out they realize that it's a six-inch stiletto. They're all wearing them. They struggle to sway their fat fuckable butts, strutting down the field the way a model would stride down a catwalk. One giggles as she tries to handle her ball well enough to get it into the net. She kicks, and the goalie is too busy fingering her pussy to block it.

The crowd would have gone wild, but somehow, they have more important things to worry about.

In a hidden bunker in Norway, the world's leaders hunch against the cold. Goosebumps spoil their now tender flesh, their slutty clothing woefully inadequate. They look at each other knowingly, hungrily, protected enough to know what has happened to them, but not nearly enough to do anything about it.

"Like, give her a call." One says, the somberness in her voice a stark contrast to it's bubblegum flavor. "Tell her we're totally willing to negotiate."

For that moment the world was at peace.

People laid down their arms and took up dildos. A global sisterhood of making out and giggling and looking hot. Realizing at last what were truly the most important things in life.

And somewhere in the world there was a mad giggle.

-

5

Doctor W. and the Bimbos Victorious

-

"You were right. They barely lasted a week."

I adjusted my bikini to make sure the full glorious bounty of my quivering fuckmellons were well and truly on display. I'd been sunning myself on the beach with the tourists. Unlike the rest of this operation, I hadn't had cause to doubt for even a moment.

The control room was still full of giggling bimbos. We were still sweeping them out of every corner, giggling and confused and horny. Moving them was tricky - they resorted so easy to making out, and our security teams were all too happy to oblige.

On the screen before me the scene was playing out quite similarly in the world leader's bunker. The secretary general struggling to keep her composure as the world leaders behind her bit their lips in jealousy, clearly wishing they were doing some making out of their own.

"Surrender unconditionally?" She balked. "What could you, like, possibly say to get us to surrender? You've already blown your load. What more can you do to us?"

"Oh, the bimbo ray was never to intimidate you." I stuck out a tongue and brandished the little remote in my hand. "It was to open your eyes to what's truly important. I'm not going to scare you into submission. Oh no, I much prefer something far juicier than that."

"And what's that?"

"Boys."

I pressed the button. The floor opened up behind me in a puff of dramatic smoke. Row after row of six-foot glass tubes rising up to fill the void. And within it? Men. Muscular, handsome, varied. With dicks that hung down to their knees.

We'd put those samples from Mr. Magnum and his colleagues to good use.

Their eyes bulged. There wasn't a bimbo present who didn't feel the lusts. It was a deep biologically ingrained impulse, as powerful the need to breathe. I was just grateful I'd had the time to relieve some of that stress before hand or I'd have been giving this whole negotiation from the lap of one of these beautiful creatures.

"Ooooh" The world leaders groaned lustfully behind the secretary general.

The tubes opened and the men stepped out, dicks hardening at the sight of all the eager bimbos gathered around. It didn't take long for another orgy to break out, the men horny and polite and acquiescing and all too willing to make these girls feel good. Just as much bimbo sluts, though perhaps of a different sort.

"The best mankind has to offer, from around the world. The biggest dicks, the hottest muscles. Sensitive soulful hunks with strong hands and stronger backs. Dicks so big and hard they'll send you screaming in bliss - perfectly tailored to your bimbo bodies. All those late nights hunting for the perfect dicks had not gone unfruitful. My perfect specimens, or more of your choosing, cloned indefinitely. All these can be yours, if you surrender to me."

"Why does that one have tits?"

"Ah, well," I shrugged. "I put a few copies of me into the mix for good measure. Consider it a vanity. Don't worry, her dick is just as potent as any of the others." Excessively so, in fact. I swallowed hungrily as I watched her tits bounce with every thrust. I still didn't know how number 2 had gotten her hands on that technology. It was supposed to be a secret.

"You can't seriously expect us to -"

"Deal!" One of the world leaders rushed past her to seize control of the microphone. "You can have whatever you want! Just let us at those dicks!"

"Wait, no!" One of the others rushed up to push that one away. "I was going to say that first! Dibs, dibs!"

"Nu-uh!"

"Girls, please!" The secretary general struggled to restore order. "We are not about to surrender to this -"

"Hey, don't you try to take my man away from me!"

The one on the left pulled down the secretary general's flimsy top, causing her to gasp and slap away the delinquent's hands as her heavy tits bounced free. The other soon joined in and no time at all the three were slapping each other's naked titties and pulling each other's hair.

"We uh." The secretary general managed to gasp to the camera. "We need a few minutes to uh -" she bit a lip. "Compose ourselves."

I grinned. "Take all the time you need."

The screen went blank.

"Do you really think that will work?" Winter hummed, the blonde look doing her well. "Ah, what am I saying. Knowing you, I'm sure it will. It's been an honor, sir."

"We can hope. And if not," I turned around to look at the screaming bimbo orgy unfolding behind me. "More dick for us, aye?" I giggled.

"Of course." her laugh joined in my own. "You know, we've been working towards this for so long. What are you going to do now?"

“Same thing I do every night, of course.” I licked my lips. “Go and suck some dick!”

The two of us grabbed a pair of particularly well endowed specimens and got to work.

I grinned. The world was at last remade in my image. Those fools had finally paid.

“Ah!” I cooed as my hands made contact with those steely rods. All my bimbo slut dreams finally come true.

It was good to be in charge.

The End.