



Bimbos and Dragons
- A Challenge Rating 18 Short Story-
By Razmagurk

Somewhere along the way, the campaign had taken a strange turn.

I watched Carl trace a ruby-tipped finger across his cleavage as he considered his next move. His tits spilled out so readily from that micro-bikini top that I was amazed he bothered wearing the garment at all. They were like twin mountains resting on the table.

When we'd started this Pathfinder campaign all those months ago, he had been this scrawny loser. All three of them had been. Now? The table was full of smoking hot girls with big tits and thick lips and thin waists and great big badonkadonk asses. They'd gone from Dragon Magazine to Playboy Magazine. Hell, they'd even developed the personalities to match.

I'd gone from the only girl to the only girl wasn't fucking half the guys on campus.

Quite the turn indeed.

But the more things change, the more they stay the same. The smell had improved, but now I had to contend with the constant reek of sex. Hell, from the buzzing sound beneath the table, I was pretty sure one of them was passing the time between turns with a vibrator shoved up against his cunt. Again.

Isn't it amazing how some things happen so subtly you barely even notice? When had things gotten this bad?

This wasn't what I'd had in mind when I'd made the wish.

I looked over at the (evidently) magical d20, still safe in the special pocket of my dice bag. That innocuous little polyhedron that I'd had cut from the 'magic stone' that old lady had sold me. When I'd wished we could go at least one campaign without them all being such *guys* about everything, how was I to know it would turn them into this?

I hadn't thought it had worked at all, at first.

Carl was the worst of them. Big long blonde hair down to his butt, pink highlights braided into new styles every session, big round gravity defying tits. His fat cocksucking lips and lidded eyes seemed in a constant naughty smirk. He was like something straight from the internet. No real girl looked like that. No real girl acted that way. My eyes drifted lower, the great big strawberries of his nipples tenting the thin fabric of his bikini top.

"Like what you see, Charline?" He teased, "Didn't know you swung that way."

I looked away blushing. He laughed. The nerve of him, as though he hadn't just been making out with Cooper to pass the time last session.

I rolled my eyes. That was why I'd done it. To stop that kind of crap.

Charlie had always been a bit of an asshole, a bit of a pain the butt to handle. You'd think getting turned into a bimbo slut would have slowed him down, but underneath it all, was still the same guy deep down.

They must have realized what had happened to them, right? And yet they certainly didn't seem alarmed that each of them had evidently been repeatedly mugged and beaten by the titty fairy. That their dicks had been replaced by perfect pink pussies. That they spent more time now on their knees than on their feet. You'd think it would provoke some sort of reaction.

"Wait, whose turn was it?"

We all looked at Cooper. The Cooper who I'd grown up with was an awkward freckled mess. He was the boy I'd been science fair partners with, been a mathlete with. He'd had wiry copper hair and thick-rim glasses. Now, he had glimmering green eyes framed by hair of deep unnatural crimson. There was a sultry smile upon his painted lips as his freckles created a sexy natural blush. The pudgy cylinder of his body had been squeezed into a vivacious hourglass so extreme I was surprised he wasn't wearing a corset.

The last time I'd heard him talking about math, he was trying to calculate how fast he'd need to make his study group cum if he was going to fuck them all before the class was over.

And now he had an all too familiar look in his eyes. He was looking up, lashes fluttering, lips parted as though inviting a kiss. His whole body was shaking.

"Cooper!" Christian threw a chip at him.

"Huh?" He blinked up. "Oh!" He flushed to see that all eyes were on him, and pulled the hitachi wand out of his crotch, setting it down ontop of his character sheet. This was not the first time the beleaguered paper had been flecked with his pussy juice. "Is it my go?"

At least he wasn't on his phone all the time like he used to be.

Cooper started going on about his plan to fuck the trickster demigod the party was fighting into submission. They'd unsealed the bastard and it turned out he was the source of all their woes. He was the big climactic finish, but all they cared about was how big his dick was.

As Cooper started working out the action economy, I turned my eyes to Christian, who rounded out our little group. He giggled and nodded at every stage of cooper's plan. The stutter that had made him an outcast his whole life had transformed into a sexy lisp. He brushed the pink highlight out of his hair and

adjusted his boobs. At some point he'd gone from punk to bimbo-goth and damn he had the tits to match. Everybody else had slowed down but his tits just kept getting bigger and bigger.

I stared at them. Even now they threatened to swallow all in their path. Dice and sheets and pens consumed in the avalanche of flesh his every move seemed to create. He wiped the cheeto dust off his fingers and went back to building a dice tower, or based on those d12, a dice dick.

I looked down at my own modest bust. I'd always been proud of my C cups, proud that I looked reasonably attractive even if I was a nerdy introvert. I'd never been a jealous person. But being around these people? Not that I was jealous or anything. They were guys, for shit's sake. They shouldn't have had tits at all!

My mind wandered back. When had it all gone so wrong?

It had been early in the campaign. I had thought the cursed girdle of gender changing had just been some cheeky fun. I wanted to give Carl's barbarian, Candivorous Cocksmasher, a problem he couldn't solve with violence or his dick.

But of course, them being such *guys*, they all found it hilarious. Candivorous had boobs! Big fat juicy melons. Let's all point and laugh. And Carl played it up, acting as though just changing his sex had suddenly turned his character into some kind of giggling sex-starved bimbo. Because of course, that was so like him. Why play anything with any nuance? It always came down to sex, didn't it?

Carl had the last laugh though. He'd used the girdle on their characters as well.

And oh, they didn't miss a beat. Now it was three braindead bodacious babes bouncing their breasts boobily across the lands as their players poured all their worst stereotypes into them. It was a big joke. A group of giggling bimbos on a quest to save the world.

At the time I'd rolled my eyes. No real people acted like that. How wrong they had since proven me.

Candivorous Cocksmasher went by Candi now. Still a raging barbarian, but a raging nympho as well. Cooper's elf sorcerer Ambara Beleg'ambar went by Amber now, and had a whole thing about using magical pearls as anal beads. Christian's dark cleric, Columbus Coleson, had begun insisting everybody call her Coco after switching patrons to a fertility god.

It had been one hell of a campaign.

Had that really been the start? Had there been signs of change before that which I'd missed? Or had the wishing rock used that as some kind of vector, turning them into reflections of their characters?

It's funny, I was actually glad at first. At least it would force them to play different sorts of characters for once, to consider things from a different perspective.

I just hadn't expected that perspective to be...

I looked back up as Cooper gave a master-class handjob to one of the dildos he carried around everywhere. Carl and Christian looked on, their heads nodding, licking their lips hungrily, completely enamored with the plan he was laying out.

I hadn't wanted this.

It was the session after the girdle when they had first started to act strangely.

Carl had been the first. He was always the farthest along. I had never seen him wearing skinny jeans before and he'd never worn anything nearly so nice as that blouse he was trying to pass off as a button-up that day. I didn't really think too much of it until he was leaving, but then as he bent over to pick up his bag, a pink thong whale-tailed over the hem of his jeans.

We all laughed. He laughed along, waved it off as just trying to get into character.

I expected the other guys to be harder on him, but you could see in their eyes that no, they got it. They understood. What a great idea. They could have been wearing panties at that very moment for all I knew. A few sessions later they were all wearing them.

I looked up at Carl, at the bimbo he'd become. The time of underwear had long come and gone. Now he was of the opinion that it just got in the way.

He took the dildo now, working the shaft with his ruby-stained lips as Christian massaged the balls. Well, they'd gotten into character alright.

I had intended this campaign to be a serious exploration of the themes of identity and the balance of power in a theocratic city state. I hadn't wanted it to be about...

Carl fluttered his eyes as he took it deep down his throat.

You know what? It was fine. If this gave them a taste of their own medicine? If he could see how the other half lived? More power to it.

At least they were having fun.

Soon after the thongs, their clothing started becoming increasingly daring. Christian was the first to wear a skirt, but then it was a race to see who would wear the shortest, who could show off their increasingly long and slender legs as they pranced around in their sky-high heels.

They started wearing makeup. It was subtle and amateurish at first, but each seemed intent on outdoing the others, competing to learn all they could about making their lips the most inviting, their eyeshadow the smokiest. Soon they were giggling as they compared notes.

I still remember how dreamlike it was getting a call from a panicked Cooper in the middle of the night, having to talk him through a basic routine. Now they had all since long surpassed me, constantly checking themselves in mirrors, touching up at the slightest imperfection, swapping new tutorials like they were trading magic cards. I had to spend half an hour before each session just to make sure I didn't look like a total slob by comparison.

The worst change though had been their libidos.

They had always joked about women. Carl especially. They had been virgins, of course, but that didn't stop them from, well, let's call it 'locker room talk.' The childish sexual fantasies of frustrated losers. And I, as 'one of the guys' always had a front row seat.

I was delighted when that all stopped. There were a few blissful sessions they would just blush and demure as the topic of sex came up.

Then Carl had mentioned he got to hang out with Tony Jenkins earlier that week. And he'd had his shirt off. All the others let out a wistful sigh.

And with that cork out of the bottle, their conversations, dominated at the time by their burgeoning interest in makeup and fashion, drifted to the subject of boys. Weren't boys just so great? Weren't boys just so hot and rugged and handsome? Who was the cutest? They'd always argued amongst themselves about who had the biggest dick, but now that same question was directed outwards.

Their obsession seemed to grow each week. Fantasies of animalistic pounding and strong hands and being swept up or held down. They were so eager to share, so desperate for this new obsession. These newfound sluts were so goddamn horny. Between needy whimpers they'd hatched cartoonish plans to get laid.

When had they passed that final threshold? When had they stopped being guys altogether? I couldn't remember. You'd have thought there'd have been a sign. You'd have thought they'd care.

I'd confronted Carl about it once. About the absurdity of his body. He just cooed at the opportunity to show it off. By then they were all wearing such slutty clothing, they all had such vivacious bodies. They'd go about giggling as they took every opportunity to show them off or find some way of relieving even an ounce of that sexual tension. How many times had two of them started making out while the other one took their turn?

Honestly? I think if things had even stopped there, I would have been happy. I could have handled having a group of girls, horny though they may have been. But the campaign was still going strong, and so were the changes.

They'd gotten hot. That was a frustrating revelation. Hotter than me. And they were getting hotter still.

Carl had been the first to get fucked. He'd had that big shit eating grin of his as he went into every last detail: How Tony was firm but gentle until Carl had begged for him to make it rough. How Carl's clit sang with every little motion - way better than any of his dildos! How goddamn big Tony's dick was. It was all anyone couldn't talk about that whole session. One fuck and suddenly he was this big expert on it.

And no, I wasn't jealous! Just because my asshole friend loses his virginity before me. Just because he sleeps with the guy I like. Just because they all have stripper bodies and sexy clothes and flawless makeup and big fat mouthwatering tits - it didn't mean I was jealous. The fact that they got mauled by a tentacle monster that session had nothing to do with it.

I let out a breath.

The other two, of course, weren't far behind. I was now the only one who wasn't fucking Tony. Soon it stopped being about who they fucked and became about how many. Blowjobs in toilets, trains run in locker rooms, there was no shortage of big meaty cocks to quench the burning of their libidos.

And god, they were so eager to have their characters do the same. Panting and moaning as they went into lurid detail about all the things they wanted to do to my poor NPCs.

We'd come full circle, except now instead of trying to fuck the barmaid, they were trying to get fucked by one. Now they only cared about a character if he had broad shoulders and a barrel chest, firm gripping hands, and something long and hard leading down to his knee.

"What's his Charisma score?" They'd giggle, as though it equated inch-by-inch to penis size.

The sessions had become more boning than fighting.

It's not like I found them hot or anything, no matter what Carl kept insisting. But, god, a girl can only take so much. You can't be around these nymphos, listening to their pornographic exploits, and not start to feel something.

It left me... it left me... well, let's just say it had given me lots of material to work into the campaign.

Sometimes they'd ask me to come join them. That had really started to piss me off. I didn't care if they were out partying like sluts every night, really I didn't. But asking me if I wanted to go shopping for clubwear? Asking if I wanted to get our nails done, or a makeover? That was just rubbing it in. And I certainly didn't want to come out and fuck some random guys with them, no matter how cute they were!

I guess... I guess that was part of the problem. Underneath it all, they were still my friends. My bratty, pain in the ass friends. My frustrating, sexist, scatterbrain bimbo players. Sexy as they now were. For all the trouble they gave me, I didn't want to lose them.

Sometimes I was worried I'd get left behind. They were off trading dildos and butt plugs and doing calab videos of them smashing their crotches together while I was home alone plotting the next session. At what point would they be too busy fucking to play DnD?

But they'd made it. Through all the trials and tribulations. Session after slutty session, they were here to roll the dice. The increasingly perverted highlight of my week. I don't know what I was going to do when this campaign was over.

I took a deep breath. I looked around the table at the adolescent fantasies before me. Here, tonight, was the grand finale. If they could just defeat the demigod before them, they'd finally be free of the girdle's curse.

"Charline?"

"Huh?"

"I said I want to grapple his dick." Carl grinned.

"He's flat footed!" Cooper reminded.

I looked away from all the ridiculous tits and down at my notes. Right. The fight. Looks like planning time was over.

"He doesn't just have his dick out," I explained. "He's still wearing the high priest's armor."

"Duh, I'm using my ghost-touch gloves! From back in that haunted bordello? Ghost handjob baby."

"Woo!" The other girls cheered.

"Right." I scowled. The campaign had taken an unexpected turn.

For every step towards bimbohood they had taken, their characters had taken two. Let's just say the realms of fantasy had provided plenty of opportunity for them to live vicariously.

This is what I'd wanted, right? Something different? The irony was apparent. Instead of killing everyone they came across, they fucked them instead.

They'd banged their way through the cursed temple of the fertility god, went undercover in the castle of bimbo love slaves, somehow managed to become breeding stock for that tribe of big-dick amazons. I'd had such grand ideas for this campaign and now...

"I make sure I give him lots of pressure as I squeeze the head, I want him to know I mean it." he added, demonstrating on the slick dildo. "And obviously I've got my other hand on his big fat balls."

“I’m assisting!” Cooper called “I flash my tits at him!”

“Oh, me too!” Christopher threw his hand up.

They pulled their bikini tops up to demonstrate, bouncing in their seats to give the pendulous mounds as much jiggle as they could.

It was, like all their plans, absolutely ridiculous. They were going to have Brandy use one of her sex magic spells to link the pleasure centers of the party and the demigod, then fuck him silly. As their fucking ramped up, it would start to create a feedback loop. Anything he’d give he’d get back just as good, but they’d be splitting it three ways as he took the whole thing.

Mechanically speaking, it didn’t make any sense, but it was the sort of creativity I wanted to encourage. At least it wasn’t just Candi slapping her invulnerable barbarian titties in everybody’s face like at the doppelganger king’s harem.

I rubbed at the bridge of my nose. They went into lurid detail about their actions, all very specific, all very practiced. They’d been so unsure in their sexual fantasies when they started out, still that bunch of giggling virgins, but now? They had more experience than even their characters. They had become finely tuned fuck machines.

This then, is what it came down to - an orgy to save the world.

I looked up from my notes and raised my eyebrow. He wasn’t going down without a fight.

“Alright,” I said. “Make me a roll.”

The dice hit the table. I did what I do best: I narrated. As anti social as I could be, here I was in my element. I could see every detail. I was the conduit through which this world came to life.

They thought they had him where they wanted him? Where was the fun in that?

Three hours of real time later, three minutes had passed. Candi fell to her knees. She’d gotten exactly what she wanted. They all had. A pleasure feedback loop. A foursome to end all foursomes. They fucked and were fucked, their sexual bliss building with every roll of the dice.

It had been a valiant effort. Amber, with her cunt in his face, had been making out with Coco as she bounced her ass off holding on the demigod’s divinely endowed fuck stick. Candi, in the background, was using her Greater Cleaving Finish feat to single-handedly deal with the boss’s horse-dicked minions.

But even divided among the whole party, the pleasure was too much. The casters hadn’t been able to tank it. Amber had fallen off first, then Coco. But Candi? Candi was a level 20 bimbo barbarian. If anyone could take a rough fucking it was her.

That wasn't to say that she wasn't struggling. I could see her in my mind's eye, this fantasy mirror of Chris's features. Her tits covered in the jizz of the defeated minions, just like that onlyfans post he'd been showing off last session. Her Resilient Buttplug was throbbing with power as she called upon its magical reserves. If not for her it and her +5 Adamant Bikini, she too would have gone over the brink for sure.

Cooper was sat nervously in Christian's lap, the two of them making out and rubbing their tits together trepidatiously as they waited to see what would happen.

I checked my notes dramatically.

"You see him teetering, his dick pulsing" I narrated. "he's evidently just as exhausted, just as close to cumming as you. The demigod's eyes flash with doubt for what is probably the first time in his life. He's *fucked* you, poured his tantric energy into you, shown you a bliss that could not be described as anything less than miraculous in its potency."

"Are you kidding?" Chris quipped. "I like, had a better fucking from that blacksmith last session."

"And still you stand." I shook my head. "Still you defy me. But I am ancient thing. And you, mortal, are temporary. My power is yet rising, true. But yours is waning. You can't survive another second under my power. I know this. I just have to survive your last fumbling attempts at passion."

"Huh?"

"It's got 1hp left, but it's gonna, like, totally fuck you senseless on its next go." Cooper translated.

"Oh, baby." Chris grinned. "Then I'm about to end this man's whole career. I've got a secret technique for just such an occasion."

"Let's see it then." I adjudicated. "It all comes down to this roll. You need a 16+ to hit?"

He smirked as he looked at me, d20 in his open palm. Everybody was tense.

The dice dropped, bouncing tit to tit.

17.

They cheered.

Jizz sprayed out of the demigod's massive cock as Candi stuck a finger up the demigod's butt. The ancient divinity's seed poured out like an erupting volcano, cum raining down from its tower.

The players high fived each other. I smiled. I let them have their moment. It wasn't the campaign I had envisioned, but it had been fun.

I narrated the aftermath of what they did. How the backwash of pleasure caused all the trickster's followers to fall over in orgasm, before its power withdrew from the world. How his armies turned into bimbos as well and fell upon each other in orgiastic fucking. I gave them good, thematic closure.

And with the trickster defeated they could rescue the true fertility goddess.

"The steamy lady!" the table giggled at their own private joke.

"As thanks," I explained. "She promises you one wish."

"What?" Cooper gasped. "Dude, sweet!"

"Oh shit, oh shit!" Christopher called out excitedly, though that may have just been the hitachi back against his pussy.

"A Wish?" Carl raised his eyebrow.

"Yes. I think you've earned it." I held the wishing dice out dramatically. They all knew what it was, though they didn't believe it's power. I hadn't let them touch it. "Now you can finally wish yourself back to normal. Candi Cocksmasher can go back to being the biggest-dicked man in the world."

"Mmm," He bit his plump lip as he considered it, rolling the glittering gem around in his hands. "Like, screw that?"

"What."

"Honestly, dude?" he snatched it tight in his fist and turned to look at the other players. "Despite you trying to shoehorn all your weird fetishes into it, this campaign was actually, like, pretty great. I think we've had a lot more fun being bimbos than barbarians. Look how far Candi came!" he giggled at his own unintentional joke.

"Wait, really?"

Cooper and Christian nodded eagerly, their tits rubbing together all the harder as they did so, provoking a gentle gasp.

"Honestly? It's weird." He stared deeply into the dice. "I kind of wish everybody could know what its like to be a bimbo. You know?"

My heart froze. I held out a hand to stop him, but it was too late. The dice had already dropped.

Somewhere in the distance, thunder clapped.

“Now who wants to go out there, get drunk on fruity drinks, and take home a bunch of cute boys to celebrate?” She cheered.

“Yeah!” the others rose to their feet, swinging their hips in anticipation.

“Thanks for the game, Charlie.” Cooper said as they walked to the door. “I guess we won’t see you next week?”

Going out to celebrate sounded really good.

“Uh, actually, you know what?” I looked down at the dice. Strange thoughts swirled in my head. Carl was right - look how far they’d come, look how confident and happy they were. I’d been so afraid of getting left behind, but what was I doing to keep up? “What say I join you guys?”

“Wait, really?”

All this time I’d been so mad at them for changing, for becoming something new. Maybe I should have been mad at myself for so stubbornly refusing to do the same. The least I could do was try it out.

“Oh, yes!” I tried not to let on too much excitement. “Who knows. Maybe it’ll give me some fun ideas for our next campaign.”

My brain spun. Where could I find some cute thongs at this hour? I had a lot of catching up to do.

The girls cheered again. I gave one last look at the dice. And you know what? Something told me we’d have no trouble finding players from here on out.

A strange turn indeed.

But not necessarily a bad one.

The End.