



Everyone's A Winner
- A Quick Silly Bimbo Short -
By Razmagurk

"Felix!" There was a loud banging at the front door, an urgent female voice calling for me. "Goddammit, Felix, answer the door!"

I sighed. They'd caught me mid-fap. All the email notifications I'd been getting were bad enough. Whoever this was, I could ignore her too. Sometimes a guy just needed to relieve some tension.

"Felix? Come on, I know you're in there!" There was pause as I got a few blissful pumps in, then there was a crash from the front door.

Okay, what the fuck? I sighed and paused the video right as the two bimbos started making out. It was going to be one of those days, wasn't it?

I zipped my dick up and stepped into the hall of the frat house. There was a flashing pink light coming from beneath the door of Brad's room. He'd come home not too long ago with his latest girlfriend (Barbara, I think her name was?) and now they were probably screwing silly.

In fact... I stopped for a moment outside and listened. It wasn't just one girl's moans I was hearing. There were two! One was cooing in delight as the other let out a series of carnally ecstatic moans. Damn it Brad, save some for the rest of us. My poor neglected dick throbbed. Why couldn't I get lucky like that?

The rest of the house was empty as I trotted my way down the stairs to the door. Everyone else was off at the Delta Lambda Rho sorority kegger getting drunk off their asses. I'd have been there too but I was still laying low after the panty raid I did during pledge week.

As I approached the door the banging got louder.

"I'm coming," I yelled, "I'm coming!"

I opened the door. There was a girl standing on the stoop. Holy shit, what a girl.

She bore an eerie resemblance to the girl in the porn I'd just been watching. She was thick lipped and blonde as could be, with wavy curls cascading down her back. She was squeezed into a little pink micro dress like she'd just come from some slutty party. She had big golden hoop earrings and all kinds of jangly bangles on her arms, and a golden necklace that drew the eye down down to the ample expanse of her cleavage. On the ground next to her was a petite little backpack, the kind that strippers would use as a prop when they were dressed like schoolgirls.

She'd have been a complete 12/10 knockout if it wasn't for the baseball bat in her hands. It was hard to miss. She was whaling on the mailbox.

To my shock. each swing sent her enormous mounds bouncing this way and that until finally they bounced clean out of her low-cut top.

I froze as her great big gazongas greeted me. Her nipples were big and plump and just perfect for a guy to wrap their lips around. My eyes widened in alarm and surprise.

"Felix!" She froze as she saw me staring, then gave a great big grin. Her big doe eyes lit up, well decorated with liner and shadow and mascara. There was something needy in her eyes. Did she know me from somewhere? You'd think I'd remember a girl like that.

I took a step back, realizing I'd been gawking at this poor girl's wardrobe malfunction like some kind of creep.

"Oh, thank god. I'm not, like, too late!" She tugged at the hem of her dress to correct it, but it just drew attention to the swell of her generous ass and freely bouncing breasts.

"Too late for what?" I raised my head to avoid staring. "Look, lady, I think you might have the wrong address. The kegger's down the street."

"What? You haven't heard?" She looked sidelong up and down the street as though scanning for danger. I followed her gaze. There were other girls of similar builds and outfits spilling out of houses. Some were staring down at their breasts in awe, others were giggling or making out. We had a lot of weird stuff happen on Greek Row. Was this some new sorority thing I hadn't heard about? Some initiation gone wrong?

"Heard what?"

She laughed. It was supposed to be derisive, sharp, but it held a bubbly tinge, almost a giggle. She took a breath then looked me dead in the eyes and said, "Felix, you may already be a winner."

"I -what? Winner?"

She pushed me inside. Who was I to say no to a half-naked girl with a baseball bat?

"The Bimbo Sweepstakes!" She made an urgent gesture in the direction of the door. "Everyone's a winner, Felix. Everyone." She said it like it was a cancer diagnosis.

"Is this some kind of prank?" I put a hand on my hip. "You're here to what, tease me?" I looked around for a camera. "Are you filming this? Who put you up to this?"

"You really haven't heard?" She rushed over to the far side of the couch and attempted to push it in front of the door, but when it proved too heavy, she settled for the end table instead. "Have you been living under a rock for the past six hours?"

"I've been studying!"

"Studying. Sure." A sly grin crossed her face as she shut the blinds. "See? I knew I was doing the right thing by coming to you. Good old boring Felix. You've been masturbating haven't you?"

"Hey! I have not," I lied. My body flushed at hearing such an accusation from a girl so scathingly hot. "Who the hell are you to be making an accusation like that?"

"Come on, Felix, it's me. Your old -" She paused, blinked, then looked down at her stunning body. She spent an extra long moment squinting at the mouthwatering melons hanging out for everybody to see. "Right. Forgot about that part. Listen. You're not going to believe this. But it's me, Frank. Frank Tamline. Though I think I go by Fifi now? Ooh, that's *hot*." She giggled. "Hold on, how long have my titties been out?"

Of course I didn't hear any of that, all I was thinking at this point was how much I wanted to bury my cock between those luscious tits or how great those lips would look wrapped around my long hard shaft. Visions danced in my head of that fat ass bent over my bed as she begged me to plow her senseless.

“Felix?”

“Sorry, I didn’t catch any of that. Look, lady,” I was still keeping my head raised to avoid staring at her brazenly bodacious boobs, but it was hard. I was only human. “Will you please put those fucking things away?”

“Why?” she teased, cupping her hands beneath them and leaning forward to showcase them better. “You don’t like staring at a girl’s big jiggly jugs? You don’t like my big bimbo titties, Felix baby? Wait, shit, you’re not gay are you? That would fuck up all my plans here.”

“Christ!” I gulped, “I’m not fucking gay. I’m trying to have a civilized conversation here with the stranger who just showed up at my house, and she won’t put her goddamn tits away.”

“Oh, good. You had me worried for a minute.” She put a hand on her hip. “So that big hard thing is for me, is it?”

I shot her a glare.

“Fine,” she sighed. “It’s so, like, whatever anyway!” Brazen as could be, not even turning around, she started stuffing her creamy wonders back into the top of her dress. Her efforts had gotten her nipples all hard. They raged defiantly against the thin pink material. My dick was doing something similar in my pants. The out-of-control eroticism was too much for me.

“Happy?”

“No, but it’ll help. Sorry, who are you?”

“It’s me, dummy. Frank Tamline, from Economics Class?”

“Listen,” I said, squinting down at her body. “I don’t know how to tell you this, but Frank’s a guy.”

“Yes! Then this mail flyer said I’d won a consolation prize in this stupid Bimbo Sweepstakes. Next thing I knew, I had these sweet titties,” she groped at her body for emphasis, “and an irresistible urge to go shoe shopping. I go by Fifi now. It’s happening everywhere, Felix. The entire Essex Dorm is overrun with bimbos and skanks. It’s happening to everybody. Most of them have turned into brain-dead airhead ditzes but somehow I’m still like, totally smart and stuff!”

I stared at the girl. ‘Bimbo’ did her justice.

“That’s the dumbest thing I’ve ever heard,” I scoffed. If there was a global bimbofication thing going on, I think I’d have heard about it, thank you.”

“Dammit, Felix!” She pouted and stomped a high-heeled foot. “I need you to believe me!”

“Mmm.... like, what’s all this commotion?” came a delicate voice from the top of the stairs. Standing there was a short soft blonde in a pink nightie and a Mustangs cap. Her boobs weren’t quite as large as Fifi’s but her hips were wider and she had an ass you could balance books on. Goddamn.

"There's more of you!?" I put hand on my hip. "Are you one of the girls Brad was fucking? Does he know you're wearing his favorite hat?"

"Global bimbo sweepstakes?" Fifi asked the new girl.

"Oh my god!" The new girl cheered and giggled. "Everyone's a winner!"

"Back off, bitch." Fifi stepped between me and the new girl, brandished her bat. "He's mine."

"I'm what?"

"Aw, but I'm just aching to try out this hungry new coochie," the girl at the top of the stairs purred.

"Didn't you get enough of my tongue, Buffy baby?" came another voice. A taller girl, just as blonde, just as vapid-looking stepped forward to wrap her hands around the shorter girl's body, one hand playfully fondling her ample breasts, the other reaching down to tease and fondle her pussy. This even newer girl wore nothing but a crotchless pink thong and a big sexy smile.

"Mmm, yeah, but I'm hungry for dick, Barbie. I've been a good girl, I promise. Can I have some? Please~?" She bounded free of the bigger girl's grip and strutted down the stairs, her breasts bouncing quite boobily the whole way. The other girl followed, jugs just as jiggy. "Look at him," Buffy purred as she stalked in my direction. "He wants this! Don't you, Fresh Meat?"

Fresh meat? That was Brad's stupid nickname for me.

"Though maybe fuck-meat is more appropriate." She giggled again.

"I think you're the fuck-meat now, Buffy," said the taller girl, also giggling.

"Huh?" She tilted her head vapidly. "I don't get it."

"Because you're so fuckable, babe!"

"Oh!" She joined in the giggling. "I knew that."

"B-Brad?" It couldn't be. Brad had been a confident giant of a man. This girl was so short and soft.

"Um." She chewed on her plump lips. "I think I'm Buffy now, actually? Oh wow! That's so totally hot. I'm just a little sexy bitch now, aren't I?" First one of her hands, then the other, slid down from her neck, glided over her generous bust, then swooped down to play with her hypersexual little body. It wasn't long before the other girl joined in once more, caressing and squeezing her soft supple skin.

While the shorter girl had nothing in common with Brad, the taller girl seemed so familiar. Brad's latest conquest. Well, she looked like that girl would if an entire tree of bimbo sticks fell on her. Given Brad had a thing for bimbos to begin with, that was saying something. She was like something from a mail order catalogue. She was lush and supple and her skinned seemed to shine. Her gaze was so vacant that the

only reason she looked like she wasn't the dumbest girl on campus was because Buffy managed to be even dumber.

"You see!?" Fifi gestured. "It's spreading. We have to be careful."

"I refuse to believe that—" Before I finished that thought though, my phone buzzed with a notification. I pulled it out to check.

"Don't answer that!" Fifi lunged, knocking my phone away with the bat. It clattered to the far side of the room.

"Hey!" I cried.

"Have you not been listening? You may already be a winner, Felix!" She said the words like it was a deadly threat. "It happened to me after I opened a flyer, but lots of people have been changing after getting texts."

"We got a phone call!" Buffy beamed. "They said we'd won a top-tier consolation prize and next thing we knew we had these super pretty titties and extra gushy little pussies! Isn't that like, totally super lucky?"

"Mm... they are the prettiest titties, babe." Barbie gave them a generous squeeze.

"And like," Buffy began, "Here I was going to dump Barbie after we fucked. Now I see how silly that is. We can be girlfriends and kiss and stuff whenever we want! Isn't that totally hot?"

"That's right. You're my little bimbo doll now, aren't you?" Barbie said. "Ooh and you've been a bad girl haven't you?"

"Oooh, yes Mistress, I'm like totally a bad, bad girl. Just a dumb little bimbo cunt. I need to be punished." Buffy turned and raised the hem of her nightie to present her heart-stopping ass for a spanking.

"Holy shit!" I called out. "You can't just fuck here in the living room. There are rules."

"But I'm so-o horny." Buffy cooed and looked over her shoulder at me. "Maybe you can do *something* to fill this fuck-meat, sir?"

"Hey!" Fifi raised the bat again. There was a touch of jealousy in her voice. "I said back off! Keep your stupid drool-inducing cunts to yourselves. I saw him first."

"I don't believe this," I sighed, turning from the two new girls and raising my hands in surrender. "It's an elaborate prank. It's the only explanation."

"Oh my god and I thought *these* giggling ditzes were dumb. Felix, can you not see the magic going on here?" Fifi grabbed my head in her soft hands and forced my gaze downwards to her exaggerated curves. "Take a good long look. What about these great big jumbo jugglies looks natural to you?"

I tried not to stare too hard, but it would be rude to decline, wouldn't it? They really were magnificent, so round and high and soft.

"I mean, I wasn't going to say anything..." I bit my lip. "But your surgeon does nice work."

"No, you big dummy!" She slapped her forehead. "They're magic. They're literally supernatural!"

"Supersensitive is more like it," cooed Buffy, pressing herself forward into my line of sight as Barbie fondled her melons. "They would feel so good to have a big strong man playing with them."

"Shush, you!"

"You do – you do like them, right?" Barbie raised a seductive eyebrow at me while she continued groping the short, curvy girl.

"What?" I turned back to see Buffy with her hands behind her back to draw emphasis to her chest, while Barbie had stepped to the side, still cupping her bimbo girlfriend's ample chest as if offering them to me for inspection.

"Like..." Barbie's nipples were starting to tent out through her dress as a flush crossed her face. "Oh wow. It's suddenly really important to me that you, as a man, like our titties. You want to strip us down and fondle them, sir? You want to make them your own? Play with them all night long?"

"Bitch!" Fifi cried, pushing forward and grabbing the two other girls by the hair. "I saw him first!"

"Ow! Hey!" Barbie whined. "But we're horny too~!".

"Then use your hand like the rest of us." Fifi admonished. "Or get your bitch get on her knees and get to work."

"Ooh," her eyes went wide. "That's so hot! You're like, totally a genius!" Barbie grabbed Buffy by the scruff of her neck and sank to the ground, dragging the giggling thing down to her crotch.

I gulped as Buffy took Fifi up on her command, putting her fellow bimbo to screaming, pornographically good use. It occurred to me that I was rapidly losing control of the situation.

"You're like, goddamn right I am." Fifi sighed. "And don't you forget it."

For a moment I considered trying to remind them about the 'no fucking in the living room' rule the frat strictly enforced, but at this point it seemed way past that point.

"Look, whether you believe me or not doesn't matter." Fifi turned her back to me to look covertly through the blinds at the streets beyond. "If you value your manhood, we need to get you out of here."

"I'm still not buying it. Look, what does it matter if there's some contest. Its not like I entered anything like that."

"You think I did? No purchase necessarily, Felix. Come on, keep up."

"And you're here to what? Save me? I don't buy it."

"What?"

"I've known Frank like, three months. It's not exactly the kind of friendship you risk being out and about in a bimbo apocalypse for. Why me of all people?"

"W-what are you saying?" Fifi let out a nervous giggle.

"I don't buy it."

"Oh, oh, I know!" chimed Buffy, smacking deliciously with her pussy-slick lips. "She wants your dick, mister."

"OMG!" Fifi flushed. "Shut up! You're gonna give it away. That would be... Pfft! She's joking! I would never."

I sighed. I'd give the girl one thing: she was just as bad a liar as Frank had been.

"I mean... unless?" she looked at me hopefully. "Would you be down for that?" The tip of her pink tongue delicately parted her plump lips and slowly and sensuously traced their outlines, as she pursed them into a lush and welcoming 'O' and looked at my bulging crotch. "It's not like I was trying to track down the last guy I could think of just so I could keep him to myself and bone him silly."

"That's what this is all about!?"

"Ooh, we want in too!" Barbie added "We wanna suck his cock. Our slut mouths are so-o-o-o empty and we got these big tingly lips all perfect for kissing dick."

Oh for fuck's sake.

I took a step back. My dick was painfully hard. She was right, those lips of hers would be so soft and warm against my member. I'd been horny to start things off, when I'd been fapping earlier, so now having these three impossibly hot creatures fighting over me was putting me dangerously close to the edge. If this went on any longer I was gonna jizz my pants.

"I thought you said I have to get out of here?" I gulped.

"I mean yeah but that's no reason to turn down a blowjob, is it?" she said with the tone of voice of someone who knew they were making a bad decision. "Maybe we have time? Hold on I'll check."

"I don't know about this..."

But suddenly the other girls had scampered in front of me, on their knees, grinning like bimbos in a candy store.

"I can't wait to try out these cocksucking lips!" Barbie giggled as she and Buffy squeezed together, body to body. From this angle all I saw were horny bimbo faces and big soft mouthwatering titties. "Oooh, we should totally make out while we do it!"

"OMG yes!" Fifi agreed eagerly, "that's so hot!" Then she winced. "I mean, no! Let me check first, you airheads."

She got up and ran over to the windows and started to glance around. I followed, curiously. Buffy and Barbie crawled seductively after us.

There were more girls on the street now. If this was a prank, the casting department had my compliments. Each figure I saw was hotter and blonder than the last. A fog had started to roll in, the night growing darker. Streetlights were casting an eerie glow. It was like something from a zombie movie. Night of the Living Bimbos.

"The coast seems clear. Maybe we have time for a quick throat fuck?" Fifi was trembling as she said it, shaking with need and anticipation. I thought I was horny but these girls were at a whole other level.

"What's the worst that could happen?" I shrugged.

Then from across the room where Fifi had thrown it, my phone rang. I let out a grunt of cockblocked frustration. I thought I'd put it on silent. I walked towards it, intent on answering, but Fifi sprang into action first, grabbing her bat and smashing the phone into pieces.

"My phone!" I cried.

"No outside contact. That's how they get you. Which is more important, your phone or your manhood?"

"I had all my stuff in there," I pouted.

"You know what will make you feel better? When all your stuff is down my tight warm hole. And by all you're your stuff, I mean, that big thick cock of yours. I want it buried hilt-dip in my velvety throat while these two brainless bimbo beauties worship your heavenly boy balls. Okay? Doesn't that sound nice?"

I gave in. I couldn't resist anymore. I grabbed her by her hair and pulled her in close.

Fifi took an exasperated, horny breath. "That should be like, everything, right? We should be safe enough to suck some dick now. Right?"

Barbie and Buffy high-fived. Before I knew it Fifi was tugging down my zipper with my teeth, pulling down my boxers to reveal my all too eager dick.

Then, from outside, there was a thumping of drums and the squawk of brass. It seemed to be getting louder, closer.

"Oh no." Fifi's eyes widened in panic. "It can't be."

"What?"

She ran over to the window to look at who it might be. Her big bimbo eyes went wide in terror. She ran back towards me.

"The blowjob will have to wait. Time to go! Back door!"

"But we don't have a back door."

"We do!" giggled Barbie scandalously.

"Wait, what am I thinking, we can't have you outside looking like this. I've come prepared." She grabbed the little backpack she'd shown up with, left by the front door, and dug into it. She pulled out a cheap wig and a paisley wrap-around dress.

"What the hell is this?"

"A disguise!" She put the ugly mop over my head. "Come on, into the dress. If those other bimbo bitches see a guy, they'll all want to fuck you silly. If anyone asks, your name is Lexi Loveheart and you love cute puppies and fat cock."

"This is never going to work." I crossed my arms.

"Oh my god, Lexi!" Buffy bounced. "I love puppies too~!"

Fifi gave me a glance that said 'You see? You fool. How dare you doubt me.'

"I'm not wearing this." I threw the dress to the floor.

Outside the music hit a crescendo, like the band was right outside. The doorbell rang.

"Mr. Cooper!" cried a strange voice. "Today is your lucky day."

"Great!" I let out an exasperated sigh. "What now?"

"Back door!" cried Fifi, tugging at me with all of her bimbo strength, to no avail.

"No! This is all nonsense. I don't know what's going on, but I'm putting an end to this here and now."

I stormed over to the door and opened it. "What!?"

Beyond, the night was so foggy you could hardly see past the stoop. Standing there, grinning, was a tall imposing figure. They were aggressively androgynous and clad in an oversized band conductor's uniform. My heart hurt looking at them. The kind of ache you get from staring at a beautiful sunset. Or maybe it was just nerves. All around them were half naked bimbo sluts in various states of amazement. Some were giggling, others were making out, a few of the more adventurous were having sex as others cooed and looked on eagerly. The tall figure paid them no mind.

"Felix Amadeus Cooper?" the voice said, just as strange and androgynous.

“Uh, yeah?” I realized I still had the blonde wig on, I threw it to the ground.

“You are a hard man to get a hold of, Mister Cooper.” Their words were deliberate and strangely clipped.

“I’m sorry, it’s been a weird day.”

“Quite alright, Mister Cooper. I’m the director of the prize committee of the Great Bimbo Sweepstakes. Every body is a winner in our little contest, make no mistake...” They gestured to the Dionysian ditzes around them. “We’ve given out many beautiful bosoms and comely thighs, but you have the honour of winning our most distinguished *Grand Prize*. Har har har.”

“Grand Prize?” I raised an eyebrow. My heart was pounding. Maybe I should have run when I had the chance. If consolation prizes were turning guys into that, what was the grand prize like? Maybe I could cause some kind of distraction, maybe I could run?

“No-o-o-o!” cried Fifi, running out of the house with her bat. “You keep away from my dick!” She tried to tackle the figure, but they were so tall she just ran tits first in their crotch. They snapped their fingers and she started giggling uncontrollably, her hair going even blonder. Soon the other girls had her in their grasp, tickling her and kissing her and making her scream out in carnal bliss.

“Oh, bad luck, Fifi. Don’t worry. Everything will be nice and dreamy.”

It only occurred to me after, that had been the distraction I’d been looking for.

“Now then,” they grinned down at me. Their teeth looked sharp and somehow cold. Music swirled, vibrant, celebratory, but without any obvious source. “Not to be too mysterious, but I hope you’re ready for a life changing experience!”

They reached into their coat, and pulled out a small slip of pink paper.

I stared. They extended it out to me, reaching out with their other hand.

Helpless against the narrative I took the paper. Sparks and pink thunder rang out in the distance like church bells. Glittering confetti rained from the sky.

This was it. I was going to be turned into the biggest bimbo of all and there was nothing I could do to stop it! Why hadn’t I listened to Fifi when I had the chance!?

Then... nothing happened?

“W-what is this?” I looked down, my brain failing to grasp what it was looking at.

“It is your cheque, Mister Cooper. Is that not super?”

“My *cheque*?”

“You have won our grand prize of a million dollars! Isn’t that worth a cheerful holler? Congratulations.”

“Oh.”

They shook my hand. My vision cleared. Sure enough. A cheque in my name, from the Bimbo Sweepstakes Prizehouse. I didn’t know if what I was feeling was relief or shock.

“Uh, thanks?”

I was almost disappointed. There was no swelling of my chest, no dimming of my brain. I was still a guy. A rich guy, now, but a guy nonetheless.

“But if it’s not quite to your size, you also have the option of trading it for a different prize.” They gestured at the various bimbos around them.

“No!” I snapped. “Thank you. I’ll keep the cheque.”

“Good.” They bowed. “Now if you’ll excuse me, Mister Cooper. We still have quite a few prizes to give out. Many bodacious forms yet to tout. Fare well.”

As they rose from the bow they gave a curious grin. The fog swirled in around and they were gone. The music faded with them.

I looked back down at the little slip of paper. What the hell was that?

Ten minutes later, Fifi, Buffy, Barbie and I were seated around the kitchen table. I’d made coffee. Several of the bimbos who had been at my doorstep were there too. More kept arriving. News had gotten out that there was dick on offer.

“So... you stay a guy?” Buffy exclaimed hopefully. “Are you sure? I got worried when you turned into Lexi, I’m glad it didn’t last.”

“Yes, I’m a guy.” I rubbed at the bridge of my nose. “I don’t know if I’m prepared to be the only guy around though. That’s kind of a huge responsibility.”

“Oh.” Barbie pouted. “Does that mean we can’t suck your cock?”

“Well,” I sighed. “I never said that.”

“As though a couple of airheads like you would even do it right.” Fifi scoffed. “Stick with me girls, I’m still like, totally the smartiest one around! I’ll show you how it’s done. Right Felix?” Her valley girl accent, which I hadn’t really picked up on before was now all too apparent. Whatever the director had done to her didn’t just make her hair blonder...

I looked back around the room full of beautiful docile bimbo sluts.

There was no putting it off any longer. This was my life now, I had to get used to it.

“Alright,” I sighed. “Let’s see what you’ve got.”

The three of them dropped eagerly to their knees, just as eager for what came next as I was. They seemed very comfortable down there.

“So... “ Fifi winked as she ran her hot warm tongue along my big hard cock, sending us both shivering in pleasure. “Like, what are you going to spend all the money on?”

“A crate of condoms?” I shrugged. “A jug of lube, maybe? That’s to start. Something tells me I’m going to need them.”

Without pulling her eager lips away, I glanced out the window. There was a lot to figure out. They’d said everybody was a winner? Did that mean everybody was a bimbo now? Was it just the campus, just the city or was it somehow the whole world?

An entire world of bimbos. And me maybe the only guy among them. There would be implications to that. But that was a thought for another time. Right now, I was going to enjoy my prize. I tightened my fingers around Fifi’s golden hair. She wasn’t kidding about that throat of hers was she?

I looked across at my former fratbrother Brad, now Buffy. She was looking on in rapt focus. I’d wished I could get as lucky as him, hadn’t I? Wished I could bang two chicks at once. Now I had all that and more.

I should probably feel bad for how far the mighty had fallen. But on the other hand, he’d always been domineering meathead jerk. It would probably take some getting used to the fact that this pretty thing used to be a guy.

I reached out and lifted Buffy’s chin up in one hand, making her look at me with those docile doe eyes. There wasn’t a single thought behind them.

“So, Brad – Buffy - it looks to me like you lost quite a lot of inches, in more ways than one. And added them back on in other places, with interest. How does it feel?”

“Um...” I felt a stirring when she blushed and pouted, trying but failing to turn her head away. I also noticed both her nipples perk straight up, suddenly tenting her pink nightie, as she clenched her thighs and squirmed.

I exchanged a look with ‘his’ former girlfriend and gestured down at the floor beside me.

“I think a curvy little bottom bitch sex doll has to earn chair-sitting permission. Down girl.”

She flushed and scrambled to do as I said, her eyes downcast, eyelashes fluttering nervously, or maybe excitedly.

Barbie smiled at me, licked her lips, and nodded.

Fifi started picking up speed with her tongue, eager to have my full undivided attention.

Okay, maybe I could use this after all...

Oh, yes. My lucky day indeed.

The End.