

BXBI 2

Chris was a guy turning into a girl. Did that mean he used the men's restroom, or the women's?

He paused for a moment before darting past the men's room door. He shuffled into a stall fast enough to keep anyone from getting a good look at him. Even though there was no one there--better safe than embarrassed.

He tried to sit on the seat, but he was too anxious. He was sweating. Was that normal? He stood up and dug his phone out of his pants. Were his pants too tight? No, just paranoia and worry and excitement and one big ball of every emotion that could clench up your chest and make you blush.

'BXBI', he typed into the search. A bunch of suggestions popped up. 'Effects on males'. He wasn't the first, right?

Not ten minutes earlier, he'd been eating lunch. Tess sat across from him, in just the right way to show off her new tank top. It was white with pink trim and a glittery logo across the front that jutted out around her silicone-filled breasts. Her new pink hair-ties for her long, fluffy pigtails were distracting, but though his eyes roamed around, they never left her. As a bimbo, she had an amazing fashion sense. Or maybe just an amazing body. She could probably make anything look good.

Tess took a bite of her hotdog and Chris's eyes glazed over a little. Those lips were eye-catching, no matter what they were doing.

Tess said, "So like, here's what I was thinking. And before you make the joke, like, don't."

Chris had thought 'must not be thinking too hard' was a great line, but even a bimbo could think of that one.

“You should try some of the bee eff...like, the BXBI too,” she said.

As he sat in the stall, Chris’s palms were sweaty. There were plenty of results, but most of them were speculation. The BXBI company website said it was a drug meant for females only and ‘could cause unintended side effects’ in males. He rooted around in community forums instead. One poster said he’d gotten nauseous, and that was it. Another said he’d passed out and only woke up once it had worn off completely.

Chris stopped scrolling and lifted his fingers off his phone. They were smaller, but not shorter. They were more slender. His cuticles were clean. His nails were smooth. He set his phone down and looked at his other hand. His knuckles thinned and his skin grew smoother right in front of his eyes.

His hands were strange, but they weren’t someone else’s hands. They were right there in front of him, they had the same shapes, and they took up the same spots at the end of his arms. They were the hands he’d have if he was a girl.

“But I’m a guy,” Chris said. The bottle of pills was in his hand. “What’s going to happen?”

Tess shrugged. Her breasts bounced and Chris stared at the way her nipples moved. She said, “Who knows? Like, maybe you’ll be a super stud. Maybe you’ll be a total girly guy. Maybe you’ll be a bimbo just like me,” she said. With each word of ‘just like me’ she tossed her head to one side, then the other, sending her pigtails bobbling around.

Chris had to admit he’d--

“You totally thought about this before. It’s in your porn stuff and everything,” Tess added.

Tess was finding new ways to get Chris to blush all the time.

“I wanna give you a chance to live it out! All of it. I’ll be right there, helping you,” she said.

Chris’s back was up against the stall door. His arms were out in front of him, so he could watch what was happening. He found it surreal, even though he’d seen it happening in videos a hundred times, even though he’d seen it happen to Tess. It was always something that happened to someone he was watching, never to himself.

When he shook his arms, little eddies of hair follicles drifted to the floor. His fingers felt warm, like they were sitting in the sun. He looked closer; he was getting a tan. The deepening color color

swam back across his skin, pulled along by that sensation of light and heat and tightness. It faded across his lower arms, from the pasty-pale of someone who sat in an office most of the day, through cream-light, finally settling on a warm latte. It took a subscription to a tanning parlor to get a tan like he had now.

Chris ran his hands along his arms, delicate fingers along teflon-smooth skin. He shivered, both from the strangeness, and from his erection. He'd never been that excited about the little details before. At least, not when they were happening to someone else. He was always about breasts, ass, lips. His knees felt weak, yet he was only changed up to his shoulders.

The sun-warmed feeling slid along the tops of his shoulders, then dripped down like a splash of light over his chest.

"I'm the one keeping you under control," Chris said. "How can you be sure that we won't...do something crazy if we're both gone bimbo?"

Tess pouted her thick lips and gave Chris a firm pair of sex-kitten eyes. "I can keep an eye on you just fine! We both know what each of us want so like, we can keep each other from getting too wild," she said.

Chris's pursed frown made it clear that he didn't put much trust in the BXBI to keep him able to watch over Tess. But Tess was on it right now, and if she was saying she could handle it...

"It's a lot to think about all at once. I mean, a lot can go wrong," Chris said.

Tess said, "I'll make sure nothing bad happens to you."

Chris looked down at the bottle of pills again. Tess's face was still there when he looked up, and he could see the girlfriend he loved inside the body he adored. He rolled the cap underneath the palm of his hand and twisted and pushed.

Chris knew that his breasts were next. He didn't know whether he wanted to leave his shirt down or pull it up; watch or look away. But he didn't want to miss this. It was a rare experience. He opened his eyes and tugged his shirt up over his chest and looked down. His nipples swelled and darkened. His rich tan was trickling over his chest.

There was something between his skin and his ribs. At first, his chest was barely tender and he could only feel the light pressure and weight of growing mounds. That sensation was strange

enough as it was, a weight like a vest bolted onto his chest, moving with his motions and jiggling gently, lifting parts of his body out and away from him.

His hands moved from his shirt to rest on top of his breasts delicately, like if he touched them too firmly they might vanish or stop growing. His worries about becoming a girl were far away now. For now, he was focused on the feelings. Warm fingers against hot, tight flesh. The aching tenderness of his palms against his swollen nipples. And then, when he moved, the way his breasts swung against his fingers. And through all of that, the gentle pressure of their slow growth. He squeezed, and he didn't feel any fake firmness yet. There was still a lot more to come. He moaned, and that moan was high and soft and aching.

Chris dragged the back of his hand across his forehead.

"Maybe you should go to the bathroom," Tess said.

Chris gulped softly, then tried to wet his throat with the last traces of soda in his cup.

He said, "You won't be able to watch me if I do."

Tess shrugged. Her earrings bounced and her pigtails bounced and her breasts *really* bounced.

"I'll be right outside though!" she said.

His stomach felt like it was going to tie itself into a knot. He got up. He leaned on the backs of chairs, picking up pace on the way to the food court's bathrooms. Tess finished up her rice, stacked everything up on a tray, and dumped it into the trash on her way to wait outside the bathrooms.

Chris was changing on two fronts. His rich tan was fading down across his slimmer belly, but he couldn't see it creeping up his neck. It had already reached his throat; he could hear the change. His small grunts and gasps had a softened, lightened tone. And when he put his hand to his throat, he could feel the lack of stubble and the slenderness of the muscles and the heat of his encroaching tan.

His stomach pulled inward. It wasn't like something constricting his waist, but more like his insides were simply losing mass. That weight was being burned away and restructured, and it meant his coffee-tan belly pinched in pleasantly. While one hand investigated his neck and jaw, where the bones had begun to shift, the other hand brushed down over his stomach.

He groped his slender waist and squeezed his weaker jaw. The lines of his body were bending into curves. He felt the gentle sweep of muscle tone, like a dancer's body, along his front. He felt his smoothened jaw.

And he was hard. The little details thrilled him now: the way he could twist his neck, the shape of his new chin, how he could tighten his abs and feel the slim muscle jump beneath his fingers. He throbbed against his underwear and bit his lip and leaned back against the stall wall.

With one hand, he unbuttoned his jeans and pushed his hand into his boxers. His fingers felt unfamiliar wrapped around his cock. The novelty made him moan deep in the back of his throat.

He licked his lips. They were softer and more flush. He pulled a lip between his teeth and bit down. The thickness slowly pushed his teeth apart. They were more sensitive now. He lifted his fingers to his lips and trailed them along his top and bottom lip in turn. He closed his eyes and breathed in sharply and his legs ached.

He couldn't spare any attention to the changes now. He pushed his boxers down and rubbed his shaft and gasped out loud. If someone heard him he couldn't help it. He stroked faster.

Sparkling gold was dancing along his skin. The tan spread up over his face, bringing its warmth and feminine features with it. It washed down along his thighs and his legs.

It was there, in the corners of his eyes: darker skin and a slimmer nose. It was there in his socks and shoes: smaller feet, higher arch, thicker and more shapely legs. His cock was stiff and huge with every stroke--or maybe he was just smaller in comparison?

"Oh, fuck!" he gasped out in the voice of a young woman.

At the end of each stroke, with his hand resting against his groin, he pushed in. He started mild, but he was soon pressing harder, spending more time after each stroke. There was less bouncing around beneath his cock, less and less as he kept going, but he was too far to stop.

Stars were popping in front of his eyes. His skin ached. He shivered because he was flecked with sweat. He moaned out loud again. His hand was traveling only half as far as it was before. His pubic hair had vanished, gone without a single trace. Meanwhile, hair was bouncing around his shoulders and tickling the tops of his breasts and dancing along his back and falling down, black and thick and glossy, over his face.

His fingers sunk deeper each time. He was doing more rubbing than stroking. His fingers filled him up and he cried out and pushed his pussy against his fingers. He needed to stop, but he couldn't. He couldn't stop to inspect the damage until he was done. He had to finish.

Chris screamed and it was completely a girl's scream. Her legs, spread awkwardly open, trembled as she sunk to the floor. In the aching, guilty afterglow, a shudder ran down her back and she curled her toes and a bit of wetness slid along her new folds.

In a sudden, uncertain panic, she tore off some toilet paper, dabbed herself dry, and tossed it into the toilet.

Chris was a girl now. All the way, from his dark-nippled breasts to his tanned and shaven legs. And now she was stuck wearing her guy-clothes. Not that she thought they were bad or gross now. She hadn't felt any mental effects. The issue was her guy-clothes didn't fit her girl-body.

She had no problem getting her stretchy boxers up around her ass. Her jeans protested against her thighs by creaking like they might fray open. She got the waistband up over her ass, though, and buttoned and zipped up the fly as much as she could. Her shirt fit over her chest, but it was obvious she wasn't wearing a bra. Her still-stiff nipples poked into the fabric.

Chris opened the stall door. She peeked out one way, then the other, then shuffled in her too-large shoes up to the sink. She needed to see herself.

In the mirror was a young brunette, with dark hair down to her chest. She flicked a lock of that hair between her fingers, then brushed it back behind her ears. She remembered Tess talking about how pliant her hair was on BXBI, and she had to agree. It had volume and a bit of curl, but willingly responded to Chris's amateur attempts to style it.

With his hair pushed back, he turned his face from side to side in the mirror. She had small, cute cheeks and a slim nose. Her lips were eye-catching, naturally soft and pouting slightly without having to try. She lifted a hand to her chin, and turned her head from side to side to see the thickness of her lips and the sheen of her dark hair.

Her breasts were double-D cups, she was sure of it. It was one thing to know what that size looked like, but it was completely different to actually feel that weight on her body. They pressed together beneath her shirt, and when she moved, they shifted and brushed together, and when she moved her arms she'd bump them against her chest and get a shiver down her spine. What she liked most, she found, was the feeling of pressure she got when she cupped her fingers around them.

She leaned forward to look at the rest of her body: A slim waist that could have belonged to a cheerleader and a plump ass that rose up into the air when she stood up on her tiptoes. That was all she could see, but it was more than enough to thrill her. Peeking under her shirt, she searched for tan lines and found none. Either she went tanning in the nude, or her rich complexion was all-natural.

Tess's bimbo-bright expression grew even more surprised when Chris left the bathroom. "Look at you!" she squeaked. "You're so, like...just hot all over."

Chris blushed while her girlfriend patted down the sides of her body, feeling from her breasts to her waist. "I know," Chris said quietly. She looked over Tess's shoulder and saw some people nearby staring at them, curiously looking at the two hot girls by the bathrooms. Chris's cheeks grew hot, but some deep part of him liked the attention.

"You're not quiite as hot as me, but congrats, you're really a girl!"

"It doesn't even feel like I'm a girl," Chris said, gesturing to her chest. "It feels like I'm wearing a girl's body. I don't feel any different from usual."

Tess pressed a nail to her lower lip lightly, letting her puffy lip bulge around the sides of her fake nail. "Maybe the BXBI used up all its...stuff just turning you into a girl, so it didn't have any left to make you feel girlier."

That was as good an explanation as any, Chris supposed. She tugged at her too-big shirt, trying to adjust it so it wouldn't hang down. With a shirt like that, everyone would think she was wearing her boyfriend's shirt. The thought of herself with a boyfriend sent a shiver down Chris's back. She had never been into guys, but the girl she'd seen in the mirror sure seemed like she would be.

Tess had seen her fidgeting. "Hey! We should go and get you some girl clothes to go with your girl look. In case you like it so much you wanna do it again," she said.

Tess grabbed Chris's wrist. The change hadn't shrunk or weakened Chris that much, but it still made Tess seem bigger and stronger in comparison. She could drag Chris around if she wanted, which gave him that nervous-excited feeling, like he was on a roller coaster and couldn't get off..

From the food court, Tess led Chris toward the end of the mall, toward one of the big department stores. Tess had never been a big shopper before, but all it had taken was a bit of enthusiasm for fashion to bring that out of her. Chris couldn't deny that the thought of seeing herself dressed up all sexy was giving her some of that roller coaster thrill.

While Tess surveyed the shoe section, Chris quietly looked her girlfriend up and down. She admired her fashion sense from a new perspective. Lots of white, plenty of pink, and a few pastel accents for her belt and bracelets--it went perfect with her blonde hair and blue eyes. Tess had really embraced the barbie fashion, and it suited her bright blonde looks.

"Chris?" Tess asked, cocking her head so her pigtails swept sideways.

She cleared her throat and blinked and focused on Tess's face again. "Sorry, I was--"

Tess wrapped her arms around Chris. With Chris being shorter and Tess up on her heels, her breasts pressed against Chris's chest and shoulders. Tess squeezed softly but firmly, so warm that Chris didn't want her to let go.

"I wanna make sure you're okay with getting all, like, dressed up. Cause I know you're still a guy and everything," she said.

God, Tess was hot. And even though Chris was also pretty objectively hot now too, Tess was totally outclassing her, she knew. Chris wanted her own chance at being the hot girl. She couldn't say how soon the opportunity would come again. She was nervous, but Tess was going to be with her. If Tess could care for her enough to ask if Chris was ready for this, she knew she'd be safe.

"Yeah, I'm fine," Chris said, patting Tess on the ass and lingering in the hug for a few more moments.

Tess looked almost as excited as she was when they'd come through in the morning, shopping for her own bimbo wardrobe. "Okay! First off, let's start from the bottom--shoes! I think maybe a bright pink...? Hmm," she said, wandering down the aisle with all the high-heeled glamour shoes.

Chris trailed behind her, looking at the options she had in glossy black and silver glitter and closed-toe or straps, stiletto or chunky, two-inch, four-inch, six inch...

What would she herself--her guy self--think looked hot on her? She looked around herself, searching for something with that 'look at me' attitude.

Tess came back from the end of the aisle with a box of glossy solid pink heels, but Chris had already pulled down a pair of thick open-toed platforms in electric blue with a thin heel and two big straps to wrap around her feet. Chris could imagine herself admiring these shoes on a girl, so why not? She had the chance to literally be her fantasy woman.

"Oh, wow, you really wanna start off with platform heels?" Tess asked, setting down her own box of shoes.

"Yeah, why not?" Chris said.

With a shrug, Tess popped down onto the bench and patted the seat beside her for Chris to sit next to her. She let Chris pull off her flopping sneakers and socks, then quickly showed her how to slip her feet into the shoes. Chris's feet curled just like any girl wearing high heels--she'd always seen it, but never had to feel the way it pushed her toes up and stretched the arch of her feet.

She felt like she was sitting with her knees pulled into her chest. She waited on the bench wearing her new heels, while Tess bobbed back and forth in front of her a few times. Chris watched the

way she moved her feet, swinging the heels and letting them hang, lifting them up high enough to not scrape on the ground.

“Okay, you try!”

Chris stumbled once as she was getting up. She got a few paces in. Just as she was feeling good, she tripped over herself and nearly fell into a shelf of black pumps. The better she got, the more she could sway her hips with each stride. Her hips started to swing enough that she lifted her hands up, like she was wading through water, trying to keep from bumping her hips against her hands. Tess stifled a giggle and sent Chris down and back the aisle one more time, just to watch her anxious mincing. Then, she declared that she was good enough at walking in heels

With the shoe box under her arm, but the shoes still on Chris’s feet, Tess led the way into the lingerie section. Chris’s eyes were still on her ass, jiggling from side to side within her miniskirt. She was still a guy inside, even if she could walk in high heels.

“So do you know what kinda underwear you wanna get? There’s lacy, or supportive, or slutty, or...like, are you getting all bimbo-distracted?”

Chris blinked and tore her eyes away from a thong that matched her heels. She didn’t remember when she’d stopped staring at Tess.

“What? Ah, no. I’m not feeling any mental stuff, remember? I like this, though,” she said, picking up the blue thong. It would peek out from beneath her skirt, or shorts, or whatever they’d pick out for her to wear.

“Fine, but what about a bra?” Tess asked.

“Just pick one out for me,” Chris said. She was already gravitating toward the changing room. “I’m a double-D.”

“Like, you sure?” Tess asked.

Even on her own body, Chris was good at estimating those kinds of measurements, and she’d gotten a good look at herself back in the bathroom. Chris nodded. With a giggle and shrug, the bubbly blonde bobbed off to find Chris a bra, while Chris closed the door to the changing room and started to strip down. She’d be able to see herself from head to toe here, and the softer light here gave her darkly tanned skin a gentle glow.

Chris stripped down to nothing, then put her heels back on. She didn’t let herself get too good a look in the mirror--she wanted to take it in all at once.. She stepped into the thong, and pulled it up until the straps curled over her hips. Then with a few soft clicks, she turned around to look at herself, the slender tanned girl wearing nearly nothing.

Her silhouette was perfect, just the right amount of lift and curve and tuck and jiggle. She pulled at her black hair, letting it fall over her shoulders to see it move. With just a thong and heels, she could actually imagine herself, the reflection in the mirror, as one of the pictures of porn stars she found online. She tried to make the same sort of pose, the kind of thing a guy would want to see. Chest thrust forward, thighs spread a little more, lips pouted. Even without makeup, she could see it. She wanted guys to see her.

Before she could reflect on the fact that she was fantasizing about guys, a low-cut sleek purple bra flopped over the door. She forgot what she'd been thinking about. "Here you go! Tell me how it looks," Tess said from the other side.

Chris brought the bra straps around her arms, pulling the upper straps over her shoulders, tugging the two sides together. The cups squeezed tight against her chest, and she let out a strained groan. It hurt. It was too tight and it was digging into her skin, but it was a soreness in such a new way that she couldn't help but be a little fascinated by it.

"Tess!" she called. "You got me the wrong size, or something. These are too small."

"Well, you said you're a double-D. Are you like, sure?"

"Yeah, I looked before, when I first changed, and they haven't...uh...hmm. Maybe they have?" she said, wincing.

She opened the door for Tess. She pushed Chris's bra aside and wrapped her fingers around the soft mounds. She squeezed slowly, using the tips of her fingers, and Chris let out an involuntary gasp and arched her body toward the bigger, faker bimbo.

"I think they're around, like...F cups? But I think they're getting bigger. You feel that little prickle?" she asked, squeezing again.

Chris gasped again. "Meso...sillyco...uhh, whatever. I'm growing implants like you?"

"Looks like it!" Tess said, beaming. "It's great, you're gonna be more bimbo--and I know you're gonna love it. I do," she said, pulling Chris forward with her grip on Chris's tits. Their lips met and Tess sucked her into a gentle kiss that lasted only a moment.

"I'll go find a G-cup bra for you to grow into!" she said, slipping back out of the changing booth.

Chris panted softly as she looked into the mirror. She swept some hair out of her face--was it longer? She licked her lips to wet them--were they thicker? She studied her body up and down, looking half-eagerly, half-worriedly for more changes. What had happened so far was fine with her, but something else, something more? She didn't know what that would be like. And she was

feeling different. Not like *she* was different, but like she was slightly drunk, and couldn't control herself quite as well..

She grabbed her phone from her pants pocket, turned on the camera, and started shooting video in the mirror. She'd want to look at this once the effects wore off. As a guy, she'd love to watch a BXBI video she was part of.

Her free hand roamed over her chest, feeling for herself the thickening, perkier feeling of silicone jutting out in front of her. As her breasts bulged, they hung off her chest, sticking out like they were made to be seen. She'd seen plenty of videos of girls on BXBI, time to give a little back. She could post this to the internet, and let the whole world see her growing tits.

A sudden quiver made her gasp. Her free hand plunged down across her stomach, slipping underneath her thong. So many people watching her. She shuddered and her hips jerked and she let out a squeaky moan.

Chris's skin flushed with sweat, from exertion and a vague sense of embarrassment. She was fingering herself in a changing room, after all. But she couldn't stop, and she couldn't put her phone down. She was horny, and she was already having trouble controlling herself. She looked at the camera lens and moaned again, thrusting forward her tits, letting them jostle together. Her thighs squeezed tighter. Her cheeks were red. God, she was glad she didn't have long nails yet. She rubbed frantically until the wet heat rushed out onto her fingers.

"Oh my GAWD!" Chris blurted out all in one breath. She hung in the same position, frozen while her orgasm spread out through her. Then, as her body grew heavy, she slumped down onto the small bench. She jabbed her phone's power button, but didn't bother to delete the video. She rubbed her fingers on her old jeans and wondered how wild was too wild.

She couldn't deny she found those videos hot, though--she'd certainly watched plenty of them as a guy. And she still liked them as a girl. But as a girl, she could also *make* her own videos. She couldn't even say that her exhibitionist streak had come from nowhere. It just had never been at the surface before, because while she'd liked girls showing off for a camera, she'd never been the girls' place in that situation.

Her feverish thoughts were interrupted by the click of Tess's heels outside her door.

"Chris, here, I found one for you!" Tess chirped. She pushed another bra over the door, a similar color to the first but with deeper cups and firmer fabric. As Chris slipped it on, she could feel the way it was scooping her up, lifting those fake tits up--not that they needed the lift, with how perky the silicone made them.

Chris turned around, her back toward the mirror, and swept her hair over her shoulder so she could see her reflection to do the clasp. The two sides snapped together, and the bra was a comfortable fit. Chris tugged on her old clothes, pulling on her pants and her shirt over her new underwear. She wadding up her old boxers and self-consciously stuffed them into the trash can. They were pretty old anyway.

"I bet that feels like, so much better, right?" Tess asked. Chris clicked out of the dressing room on her heels, which were now partially obscured by her old jeans.

"Honestly...yeah, it's tootally better," Chris said. She paused and made an odd face. "Woah, that's like, not what I said!"

Tess squeezed Chris around her waist. "Yeah, like, you gotta just get used to it! Your mouth's just gonna fill in all that other stuff."

"It's like, fun, but also like, I, like, don't wanna, like, like...blah!" Chris wiggled in mild distress, but Tess held onto her.

"Don't fight it! Just keep talking and like, don't worry if you sound dumb. If you think about it too much you won't get a word in edgewise!"

Chris took a deep breath and said, "Fine."

With Chris's underwear sorted out and now resting underneath her old clothes, Tess led the way from the underwear section to the women's clothing section. As they walked, she educated him about the various options. "So the one thing you gotta be careful with a skirt is if it's gonna ride up. Like, I know we're bimbos, but you don't wanna flash everyone."

Chris's heart beat a little faster. Yeah, that was right. She didn't want to flash everyone accidentally, even if that would be kind of hot. She wanted to mention her newfound fascination with showing off to Tess, but just as she was ready to mention it, a wild pattern caught her eye.

"What about leggings?" Chris asked. She paused to look over the selection that the store had, displayed on mannequin legs that were stacked like abstract art.

Tess paused and turned to watch Chris picking over the leggings. "Yeah, those are pretty cute too, especially if you get the wet-look kind. Think you wanna get a pink pair, or...?"

She trailed off as Chris lifted up a pair of purple leopard print leggings. "I want these," Chris said. "Guys will--um. It'll look great on me."

"Great! Now for the top."

Chris followed Tess, but she didn't listen that closely. She was thinking about guys, and specifically, guys that weren't her. She didn't care that much about them, because her and Tess was what was important. Still, she couldn't shake the feeling that she cared what guys thought of her looks.

Chris tuned out Tess for a moment. She imagined herself in a club. In her fantasy was a guy, not too far away, clearly checking her out. She sauntered closer; in the hot haze of her own fantasies, she saw that he was handsome. She leaned into a kiss, then sunk into his arms..

"Yoo-hoo, Chris? Are you thinking bare midriff or what?" Tess asked, breaking Chris's spell.

She nodded and cleared her throat. "Yeah, uh, bare midriff, that's totally cute. I've got a hot belly, right? Say, Tess, I wanted to ask. Since you've gone bimbo, have you felt, like...into girls?"

Tess cocked her head to the side to think about it. "Well, like, I don't like them a whole lot usually, but as a bimbo I kinda do feel into girls. You're like, hot enough I'd make out with you...honestly, I'd probably make out with a lot of girls now. As long as they were cute. And only if I like, wasn't your girlfriend."

Tess passed Chris a small stack of tops to try on and Chris took them into the changing rooms with her. She shed her old clothes, dropping them on the floor along with her shoes..

The leggings clung to her every curve. With the wild pattern on them, it highlighted every swell and contour of her hips, a visual indication of just how shapely her legs had become. They were probably--no, definitely thicker than in the food court bathroom, and there was no question whether her ass was plumper. It jiggled slightly as she snapped the glossy leggings into place, with its own little shine across her cheeks. They were almost daring someone to slap her on the ass..

With her leggings on, she put her shoes on again to see how they worked together. Bright and dark, plain and patterned--a good contrast, making sure guys would be looking her up and down from head to foot.

Her mind drifted elsewhere again as she pulled on her first tank top to try it. On her knees, in front of the handsome man, now stowed away with him in a bathroom stall. Her lips were pouted open, wrapped around his cock. She was bobbing slowly, up and down, tightening her lips, curling her tongue as she sucked. His hand was in her hair, holding the back of her head.

Chris blinked and licked her lips and looked down at the stretchy zip-up track top, distorting the word 'Princess' written in pale pink glitter across the black fabric. The little straps dangling from the hood lay splayed open down her chest, exaggerating the shape of her cleavage. Her burnished tan skin showed through, with just a tiny hint of her bra if she jostled her chest. The fabric was fluffy and velvety-smooth and felt so good wrapped around her.

She summed up herself in the mirror, from her bright blue platforms to her leopard-wild purple leggings to the hooded top that was barely zipped up in order to show off as much of her smooth, tan bust as possible. She was hot. Guys were going to love this.

A few seconds passed, and there was no instinctive blanching away from the thought that guys were going to love her body. She turned to the side, sticking her chest forward, running a careful finger over her tits, pouting at the mirror. She could imagine the image that might end up on a porn site--her like that, some guy grinding up behind her. This time, she wasn't imagining it as if she was seeing the image--she was imagining grinding her ass up against some horny guy's groin and hearing his breath catch in his throat as he got stiff. Then there'd be a camera flash, and-

She shook herself free from the thought and pouted.

"Tess?" she called through the door.

"Yeah?"

"I think I'm like...getting more girl-straight. I like guys."

It wasn't that she was any different. The change felt more as if a barrier in her mind she'd never noticed was suddenly gone. Nothing about her personality had changed to make her into guys. All that was different was that mental check ingrained in her head, the one that told her she liked girls and not guys, was gone. She liked everyone.

And as she was learning, she really liked cock. If she had to guess, and her brain was getting worse at guessing and stuff, it was because she liked having sex with her *own* cock, you know? So she still liked having sex with cocks involved now, but she didn't have any of her own, so she wanted other people's in her.

Gawd, even her thoughts were in bimbo-speak.

"Sounds like now you're feeling like, totally bimbo," Tess said. Chris could hear her giggling.

"Come on out, I wanna see you!"

Chris opened the door to the changing room. She stood, framed by the door, pouting, her hands on her hips. Tess looked Chris up and down--she looked like she was dressed up ready for a night of clubbing and picking up guys.

"Oh my god, you look like such a slut!" Tess said.

"I knowww, right?" Chris said. That didn't even feel like an insult--because it wasn't. Chris was trying to look like a slut.

Both of them were grinning giddily. Tess tossed her arm around the brunette bimbo, pulling her close and nearly making Chris trip in her heels.

"I just can't stop thinking I want guys to stare at me and like, get really horny," Chris said. She said it out loud because she was still getting used to the thought being there in her head.

"God, Chris, you *are* a slut!"

Chris blushed, but giggled along with Tess.

Her new black purse bumped along Chris's hip, holding her wallet and cell phone. With her old clothes were stowed away in a shopping bag, Chris kept pace alongside Tess in her heels.

"So then he sticks his cock up through her tits, and she leans down and starts sucking, and she's just bobbing up and down with her tits all jiggly around it, and then like, there's the cumshot," Chris said. "And that's the end of the video."

"So you wanna do that to someone?" Tess asked, leading the way toward the salon.

"I'd wanna do it and film it and put it on like, Youtube," Chris said eagerly, swiping his phone open and calling up the video she'd made in the changing room. "Like that, I'm gonna put it up too," she said.

Tess watched Chris's reflection moaning for a few moments, then put her hand over the screen and pushed the phone back toward Chris.

"Chris, I don't think you should be like, making it all super public. You want some privacy, right?"

Chris had to think of what to say to that, because she hadn't really thought about that. She wanted to be the kind of girl she'd watched in all those videos, with the self-confidence to put herself out there. But the more she thought about it, the more she realized she was getting caught up in the moment. It was so easy to do; the BXB just opened you up to getting carried away. Tess was right: even if it was hot, it wasn't a good idea.

"Okay, I'll...like, hold off until I go back and think about. If you're so concerned," she said.

Tess pulled Chris close and kissed her cheek. "I gotta watch out for you while we're both bimboed out!"

Chris followed Tess into the salon in the mall. They hadn't come here earlier, since Tess had done her hair and makeup on her own. But now, as Tess brought Chris up to the front desk to get her an appointment, she asked for not one 'style plus nails and makeup', but two.

"I wanna kinda match, y'know?" she said. They slipped down into the seats at the salon and both immediately picked up the fashion magazines lying in front of them. Chris wanted to know more about looking good so she could get that male attention she wanted. Her brain soaked up the knowledge from the magazine like a sponge. She didn't have the advantage of being a girl her whole life like Tess, didn't have her subconscious understanding of how to look prettier.

"Tess?" one of the stylists called. "That's me!" Tess chirped, bouncing up from her seat, wiggling her ass as she walked around the divider and out of Chris's view. Chris turned back to poring over hair care tips--she'd never realized just what conditioner did, but she was totally gonna buy some as soon as possible. Even as a guy, having softer hair would be super nice.

"Chris?" Chris looked up to see a curly-haired redhead smiling at her from the gap in the divider. She set the magazine down and got up, licking her lips subconsciously. They felt swollen and dry, like she hadn't had anything to drink. Or maybe they were swelling? Maybe all the thinking about cock sucking was having a psy...psychosom... Maybe her brain was making her body do stuff. She lifted her fingertips and pressed them against her lips lightly, gauging the extra plumpness they now had.

She had to pull her hands away to sit down in the stylist's chair. She looked at her reflection in the mirror, and pouted to examine her lips more closely. Definitely plumper, which meant her bimbo body still wasn't done growing.

"Hi, I'm Erica," the redhead said as she draped a black smock over Chris's shoulders.. "So, what do you wanna do with your hair?" she asked. She fluffed some of her locks beneath her fingers. "Ooh, got to say, your hair feels really healthy." She stroked down along Chris's bangs.

There was a moment of silence while she thought. "I wanna look that'll get me laid," she said.

"Oh! Well, we can do that," Erica said.

"I...I just mean, something that like, gets guys' attention and is all like, 'hey, I'm fucking hot'."

Chris didn't mean to talk as dirty as she was, but it was just happening, the same way those 'like's and 'oh my gawd's were slipping in. She blamed it on her heavy sex drive and her newfound love of attention. Tess was right, Chris was totally acting like a slut.

Chris let her eyes drift shut while Erica got to work with her hair. She brought in heaters and clamps and small curlers, brushing her hair one way, then the other, then back again. Thanks to the BXBI, her hair was as easy to work with as any hair could be. The faintly stinging smell of hairspray

drifted across her nose. She pursed her lips slightly, but let Erica keep working. She knew what she was doing.

“How’s this?” she asked, cranking Chris’s chair back upright. Chris’s hair style hadn’t been changed dramatically, but Erica had taken her plain feminine haircut and turned it into something elegant and eye-catching. Her black hair was thick and shimmering, and it poured down off her head into thick curls that cascaded down her left shoulder--swept to the side, a fluffy, voluminous mane of hair that draped down past her chest, gently pushed aside by her heavy breasts.

And then Chris took stock of her lips. They were thicker than they had been, and still swelling. Her upper lip’s arc had smoothed out, the natural shape puffed up into a rounder, tighter, faker pout. Her lower lip matched it for thickness almost perfectly, as if her plastic surgeon had a great eye for detail. They just slightly parted in the middle, making a pout even when she wasn’t trying to pout.

“It’s like,” she started to say, then licked her lips again and shuddered slightly in her seat. She was thinking about wrapping her lips around a big, firm cock.

“It’s great,” she said, avoiding lisping against her lips.

Erica beamed, proud of her work. “Great! So, for your makeup, any thoughts?”

Chris rocked her hips slightly and pressed her thighs together. She looked her face over. She thought about not what she’d like to see as a guy, but what other guys would want to see.

“Pink for my lips, and like, light pink, too. And I guess dark and heavy for the other stuff? I’m like, not great with makeup,” she said.

Chris watched Erica in the mirror while she worked. Just like reading the magazine, everything she saw her do was sticking to her brain. She could see her reflection in the mirror, too, so she got to watch the makeup slowly come together. First, the lipstick, giving her lips a bright sheen, then some blush in a similar pink, to bring out her cheeks since she was so tan. The silvery-blue eyeshadow looked more like silver-gray when it was brushed out along her skin. With the thick, dark eyeliner and the heavy mascara added on, the makeup brought out her eyes and thickened her lashes. It gave her just the smokey, sexy look she’d wanted but couldn’t quite put into words thanks to her bimboifying vocabulary.

Chris’s lips had puffed up tighter and thicker, and had outgrown her first coat of lipstick, showing a bit of naturally pink lip behind the artificially bright pink gloss.

“Mmm, looks like I didn’t quite get the lipstick on right. Hold on,” Erica said. Chris flexed her toes as Erica dabbed her tender lips with a soft, wet towel, clearing away the lipstick for a fresh, clean

coat. The first coat hadn't nearly been as pleasurable though. Now her lips were incredibly sensitive to the touch, even just that of lipstick.

"And for your nails?" Erica asked.

"White, just like...gloss white," Chris said.

Her nails seemed to go by in a flash. While Erica trimmed, filed, and painted each nail, she made idle chat with Chris about what she normally used for hair and makeup, and the brands that Erica recommended, and how she could do the same stuff at home to keep up the style. Her brain was so hungry for that knowledge that it gobbled it up immediately. It seemed like Erica had just started when she stood up, and let Chris take a look at her squared-off, smooth-glossed, all-white nails.

"Thanks a lot!" Chris said, giving Erica a careful, splayed-finger hug, to be gentle to her new nails. "I'll come back if I ever need more stuff done!"

Without having to think about moving her feet, Chris strutted back out to meet Tess, who was reading from the magazine again. Her pigtails were gone, and her hair was pulled back from her forehead, poofed out, and left thick and puffy, rolling down her back in big platinum blonde waves, spilling over her shoulders just a little, but falling to either side around her breasts. Her makeup had been pumped up just a little, brightened into blue behind her eyes and rich, candy-pink for her lips and nails.

"Oh my gawd, Tess, your hair looks awesome," Chris said immediately.

"Yours too! And your makeup and just like, everything! All that's left is if you wanna get some jewelry," Tess said.

"Oh, yeah, definitely. I gotta look flashy for the guys, right?" Chris knew she wasn't going out to find any guys. She had Tess, after all. The thought of it, though, the teasing sluttiness, it was like the way Tess had teased her before they'd left for the mall, and Chris wanted her turn at it.

"Yeah, you do," Tess said quietly, while Chris batted her hair into place, then grabbed her phone from her purse to snap a picture--just to save for herself.

Chris used the jewelry store as an opportunity to flaunt her newly-polished good looks. "It's just so freeing, y'know? Like, I stopped caring that I like guys and now I don't even care about not caring. Like I'm just super okay with being totally into cock," Chris said as she squeezed her fingers through a blue bracelet that matched her heels.

The necklaces jostled against each other at Tess's careful touch as she looked through them.. "I know what you mean. Everything's just totally cool. Or, well, like...almost everything," she said, raising her eyebrows at Chris, who seemed to miss what she was trying to suggest.

"Yeah, like, I'm not just whatever." Chris tilted her head to the side, holding some plastic earrings up to her ears. She comparing them to some gold hoop earrings in a small mirror. "But I'd totally suck a cock, no problem."

The girl across the counter shot Chris a mildly disgusted sneer, and Chris sneered right back at her. After a moment, the girl walked off to be annoyed at dumb sluts over by the cash register, away from Chris and Tess. "Oh my gawd," Chris said, "I'm totally making girls jealous now! I'm like, a fucking great bimbo."

Chris was getting a thrill in the pit of her stomach each time she acted out, a dizzy but exciting feeling that made her want more. Slutting it up a bit got her attention, and she didn't have to go through on any of it, but it worked all the same. It was funny how Tess was exactly guy-Chris's type, while Chris was the kind of girl guy-Chris would stay clear of.

"Hey, like, if you're done sulking, I wanna buy this stuff." Chris plucked off her earrings, and the ones she had already tried on, and her bracelets, and stacked them beside the cash register. The girl came back over to her, not quite looking Chris in the eye. She mumbled under her breath, something about 'shallow sluts'.

"'Shallow'? Oh my gawd, I'm not the girl bitching out about someone hotter than me! Like, just cause I could suck your boyfriend's dick off doesn't mean you have to be grumpy."

Chris put her hands down on the counter, with a soft chorus of clacks from her manicured nails. The same force sent her tits bouncing, jostling between her arms. She leaned forward, so her ass was arched out, pulling the straps of her thongs up above the waistline of her leggings. Her lips tried to tighten into a frown, but all she managed was a fierce pout with a furrowed brow.

"Uh, Chris, like, people are looking at you," Tess said, nudging her shoulder.

Mm, people were looking at her? Chris bent one knee and pressed her thighs together.

The cashier's lips were pursed tight. She scanned all the big, clinky jewelry and stuffed it into a bag and pushed it into Chris's hands to get her out of her store as fast as possible.

"Ohmigawd, that was so hot," Chris said, smiling through her plump lips, walking in a wiggling strut a half-pace ahead of Tess out of the jewelry store. "But when I'm a girl, we should have a better name for me."

“Christie?”

“Nah, that’s too much the same, y’know? I look like, totally different. I wanna name that guys will think is a dumb stripper name. How about...Kiki?”

“You already sound like, super squeaky, you really wanna have your name be that squeaky?”

Chris huffed and folded her arms under her breasts, shoving them up and making her top stretch even further to keep them under wraps. “Fine, I’ll stay Chris.”

“Fine, Chriiis,” Tess said, drawing out her new nickname.

“Now you’re saying it funny to make it trashy!” Chris said.

“Like you need help.” Tess cocked her head to the side and leaned in closer to Chris’s face. Chris paused and gave her a funny look. “Speaking of, your eyeliner’s like, smudged. We should hit a bathroom,” Tess said.

Chris ticked across the tile floor in her heels and leaned in towards the mirror, admiring herself for a moment. She looked over her hair, her smooth cleavage, and her nails as she brushed her hand down the silicone-plumped curve of her breasts.

Her eyeliner looked just fine, though. She opened one eye wide, then the other, pouted at herself, and eyed the dark makeup, but it was perfectly in place.

“Tess? My makeup’s fine, what were you talking about?” Chris asked.

She started to look over her shoulder as Tess’s arms closed around her from behind. Chris squeaked softly, standing up straighter, leaning right back into Tess’s grasp. One of her hands slipped under Chris’s leggings. Tess was careful of her nails as she pressed her fingertips along Chris’s folds.

“Fffuck, Tess,” she gasped. Chris wanted to get out her cell phone for this, but she’d set her purse down on the counter. Her hips rocked gently against Tess’s arm.

“I wanna show you I can be just as good as any cock,” Tess said, a look in her eyes that was determined, fierce, and possessive. She pushed down Chris’s leggings and thong. In a breath, she said, “I don’t want to lose you.”

The bottom of Chris’s stomach dropped and she felt like she was dropping. Suddenly she realized how she had been coming off to Tess. Tess had thought all her teasing was real; that her newfound love of cocks meant Chris was no longer going to be interested in her. Chris hadn’t realized it until now, probably thanks to her vapid bimbo brain and its minute attention span.

But no way in hell was Chris going to leave Tess, the amazing girl who'd given herself BXBI just for Chris's sake. She was the best significant other Chris could ask for, regardless of gender. She was going to tell her that right now, as soon as she could get the words to form on her tongue.

Tess turned Chris around until she had her plump ass up against the counter, her legs spread open slightly, cranked up on top of her tall heels and platforms. Tess kept rubbing slowly, fingers splayed. She lowered herself down to her knees. Chris could stare right down Tess's cleavage, but she was looking at her girlfriend's face instead.

Tess had a look of clarity and purpose that a bimbo like her could only have toward sex. It was almost like she was looking beyond Chris's pussy. Her lips were parted slightly, as if she was in a trance. She lifted her hands from Chris's body, brushed her long hair back over her shoulders, and leaned forward.

"Tess, I--oh my gawd," Chris said, barely managing to squeak out half a sentence before Tess's lips pressed against her pussy.

Chris had felt Tess's cock-sucking lips in action before, but that was back when she'd had a cock. Those lips against her pussy now were a wholly different experience. The over-puffed collagen-filled lips were plush and soft against her skin. They spread her open, making room for Tess's tongue.

Her tongue like, *had* to be longer than when she wasn't a bimbo, because Chris didn't think she could do that sort of stuff before. Tess stretched deep into her, warm and damp and moving unpredictably. It was a kind of feeling completely unlike fingering herself, having to move and gasp and roll her body to someone else's rhythm.

Tess was close enough that her thick and poofy bottle blonde hair tickled against Chris's belly. It brushed against her each time she rocked her head up and down. Tess was squeezed against Chris in more ways than one. Her breasts, straining in their tank top, were pressed tight to Chris's thighs. She felt the packed silicone pressing up against her, pinning her back against the counter. She couldn't move forward but to grind her hips, thanks to Tess's big bimbo boobs.

Tess kept sucking, too, like she'd forgotten this wasn't a cock she was bobbing along. Chris didn't mind, it was all knee-weakening pleasure to her. She was trying to say something to Tess, but each time she got the sounds assembled into words, Tess rocked her head or squeezed Chris's ass or dragged her tapered nails down her thighs. The burst of pleasure scattered her thoughts, and she'd try to recover, only to be knocked down again.

Delicately so as to keep her french tips safe, Chris worked her fingers into Tess's hair. She needed something to hold onto, and her grip on the counter was slipping. She pushed with her hand and raised her hips, and Tess slipped her tongue deeper into Chris's pussy.

Chris couldn't take much more of this. Her arched feet ached, her heart was pounding, and her whole body felt red-hot. Tess pushed, and a little creak slipped out of Chris's throat. She pushed again, and there was a hot gasp. One last time, and Chris squealed as she orgasmed.

Unlike the two times she'd fingered herself, this wasn't a recoiling, guilty, uneasy orgasm. It sent an aching heat through her, bringing goosebumps to her skin, but it was tender. It left her feeling weak, her knees trembling, but she didn't feel vulnerable. Definitely not with Tess there.

Tess leaned back, looking over the shelf of Chris's tits, up through her tan cleavage at the brunette bimbo's face. Chris could see the worry and the longing for approval in her eyes.

"Omigawd Tess. I'm really sorry for like...making you think that," she said around her uneven gasps. "I'm not gonna...gonna leave you, ever. Like, even if I wanna...suck a ton of cocks. You're still my girlfriend. BXBI isn't gonna make me...like, not love you." Chris took a deep breath. "Now I gotta, like...pay you back."

Tess's eyes widened, and the corners of her mouth lifted, and a sparkle came into her eyes--and then relief and joy became surprise. Chris pounced on top of Tess and pushed her down, cushioned by her soft ass, onto the tile floor. They were squeezed together, chest to chest. Their tits slid and squished together, wobbling side to side as Tess squirmed beneath Chris. Before long, Chris needed to breathe. She pulled back, sitting up on her knees. Tess gasped softly, splayed out beneath her.

With a quick tug, Chris pulled down Tess's super-cute miniskirt and her pink panties. "Oh my gawd, Tess, could you *be* more of a barbie doll?" she said. She brushed her fingertips against Tess's folds and made her gasp tenderly.

"Oh, like, shut it, you attention whore," Tess said.

Chris snapped her leggings back up over her waist. She pulled Tess's legs open and leaned down between them. Her tits squeezed against the cold floor, and even with the cute black top she had on, her nipples hardened from the chill. She didn't have Tess's instinctive familiarity with working a pussy, but she was eager and horny, and that was going to be enough.

As she lowered her firmly plump lips to Tess's pussy, she got a gasp out of Tess. Her arms slid underneath Tess, sliding her hands under her ass and supporting her thighs with her forearms. She lifted Tess lightly off the ground as she leaned in. Her tongue dipped into Tess and earned another gasp, followed by a soft moan. She just had to follow the sounds.

She kneaded Tess's ass gently with her manicured nails. It was so soft and so heavy all at once, and it filled her hands with room to spare. On either side of her, Tess had set her feet down, planting her pink heels against the floor for leverage. As Chris's tongue hit each tender spot, she pushed off the ground with her shoulders and her feet, raising her hips against Chris's mouth.

Tess's glitter-pink nails slipped into Chris's hair, hanging onto her with a grip that was tight, but gentle to her hairdo--just the way a bimbo would hold another bimbo. Tess was the one who knew what she wanted and what she was doing, even if Chris was physically on top. Tess had taken over the pace by now, driving Chris with the motion of her hips, barely giving her time to breathe.

Chris closed her eyes and held on to Tess's rocking body. She felt everything bouncing and jostling--tits and ass, hair and earrings, even her lips jiggling around. Chris didn't stop twisting sucking and licking until she heard Tess scream out loud enough that people outside totally had to be hearing that.

As Tess slowly dropped back to the ground, her tits bobbing up and down with the heaving of her chest, Chris wanted to make fun of how loud that had been. And Tess has called *her* an attention whore? But what she said came out instinctively, without having to think about it.

"Like, I love you so much, oh my gawd," she said.

Chris grabbed Tess's arms, pulling her up into a kneeling hug. She eased Tess back up onto her feet. She staggered slightly, tugging her panties and skirt back up, tossing her hair to shake it out, licking her lips slowly. They both leaned against the counter, facing each other.

"Chris, I'm sorry I thought--"

"No, like, it's my fault for not thinking about you and stuff," Chris said.

"I love you like, so much too," Tess said.

"Your lipstick's a little smudged, here." Chris licked her thumb and wiped the corner of Tess's mouth.

"Lemme fix your eyeliner," Tess said, reaching for her purse.

Chris puffed her curls in the mirror and pouted slightly. "Think you could lend me your brush too?"

Tess held it out for her girlfriend. "Only if you fix my hair pins, miss let's-fuck-on-the-floor."

After a few minutes of intense refurbishing, the two of them walked out of the bathroom as good as new, clothes adjusted and boobs pushed up, lipstick refreshed and lips pouted. Tess reached for Chris's hand, and they held hands as they headed back out into the mall.

Later that day, Chris nestled up close against the bathroom mirror in their apartment, holding her phone with its new glitter-studded case in one hand. One of the new translucent pink dildos Tess had bought was in her other hand. She parted her lips, letting the big, fake cocksuckers rest around the tip of big, fake cock she was holding. She looked down at the phone's screen, aiming the camera just right.

The flash popped in front of her eyes, and she stood up, tugging at her jacket-top lightly to pull it back up over her tits. As she clicked out into the living room on her heels, she carefully tapped her phone's screen. If she wasn't careful, she'd scratch the screen, or worse, chip her nails. A pink filter on the photo, and off it went to get posted.

"So like, how's Lexi coming?" Tess asked from the couch. She leaned back, thrusting her tits out wholly accidentally as she looked over the back of it toward Chris.

"Great! She's got a bunch of hits on Twitter and stuff already, and I only posted like, two or three..."

Tess raised her eyebrows and pouted her lips, like she was looking at a young girl trying to lie to her.

"Okay, more like ten, but they're just really fun to make! You just do a slutty pose in the mirror and--bam!" Chris said.

Lexi Mane was the solution they'd found to Chris's newfound love of showing off, just like their new collection of dildos was the answer to Chris's love of cocks. Fake name, fake identity--the only real thing was the pictures of her, which were really just Chris. She was leaving out anything identifiable. It was a lot of work for a bimbo to be that careful, but it was worth it to be the amateur porn model she'd wanted to be, without letting it affect her real life.

Chris plopped her plump butt down on the couch, grabbed one of the dildos from the little dildo forest on the coffee table, and tugged down her leggings. As she shoved it up into her, she kicked up her high heels onto the edge of the table, and let out a sigh of relief.

The one other benefit to dildos was it meant they didn't have to try to work around their long nails. They both adored their painted (and in Tess's case, fake) nails, despite knowing it made girl-on-girl harder.

Tess didn't bat a well-mascaraed eye at Chris fucking herself on the couch next to her. It had been remarkably easy to get used to Chris's insatiable sex drive when she had one nearly just as strong.

The two bimbos gazed at the TV, watching one of the reality shows that featured a couple bimbos (the normal kind, not the BXBI-enhanced kind) dealing with all the problems of being pretty, rich, and slutty. Neither of them would have watched the show before, even ironically, but as bimbos, it was all so relatable. Their brains just ate it up like popcorn.

Tess woke from her TV-watching trance during a commercial break and looked over at Chris, still with her feet kicked up and legs spread.

“So like, think you wanna take more BXBI when this dose wears off?” Tess asked.

“I dunno if like, right after, but soon, totally. I like, love being a girl,” Chris said.

Tess rolled her eyes a little. “Well, being a bimbo’s not like, exactly like being a girl.”

“Still, I think it’s like...super cool.”

Tess looked away from Chris and leaned back, stuffing one of the throw pillows under her lower back. “Yeah. I think I need a little break though, cause like, these are pretty heavy,” Tess said, giving her breasts a light bap with her hands and letting them wobble like water balloons. “Plus, being a bimbo is like...letting it all go, and that’s super fun, but you can’t be a super bubbly party girl all the time.”

“Yeah...yeah, like, totally,” Chris said, nodding.

Tess was probably right. Chris couldn’t stay like this all the time, she had a job and obligations and people who expected her to be a guy and not a super-hot bimbo who took slutty selfies..

But what if she *could* stay like this all the time?