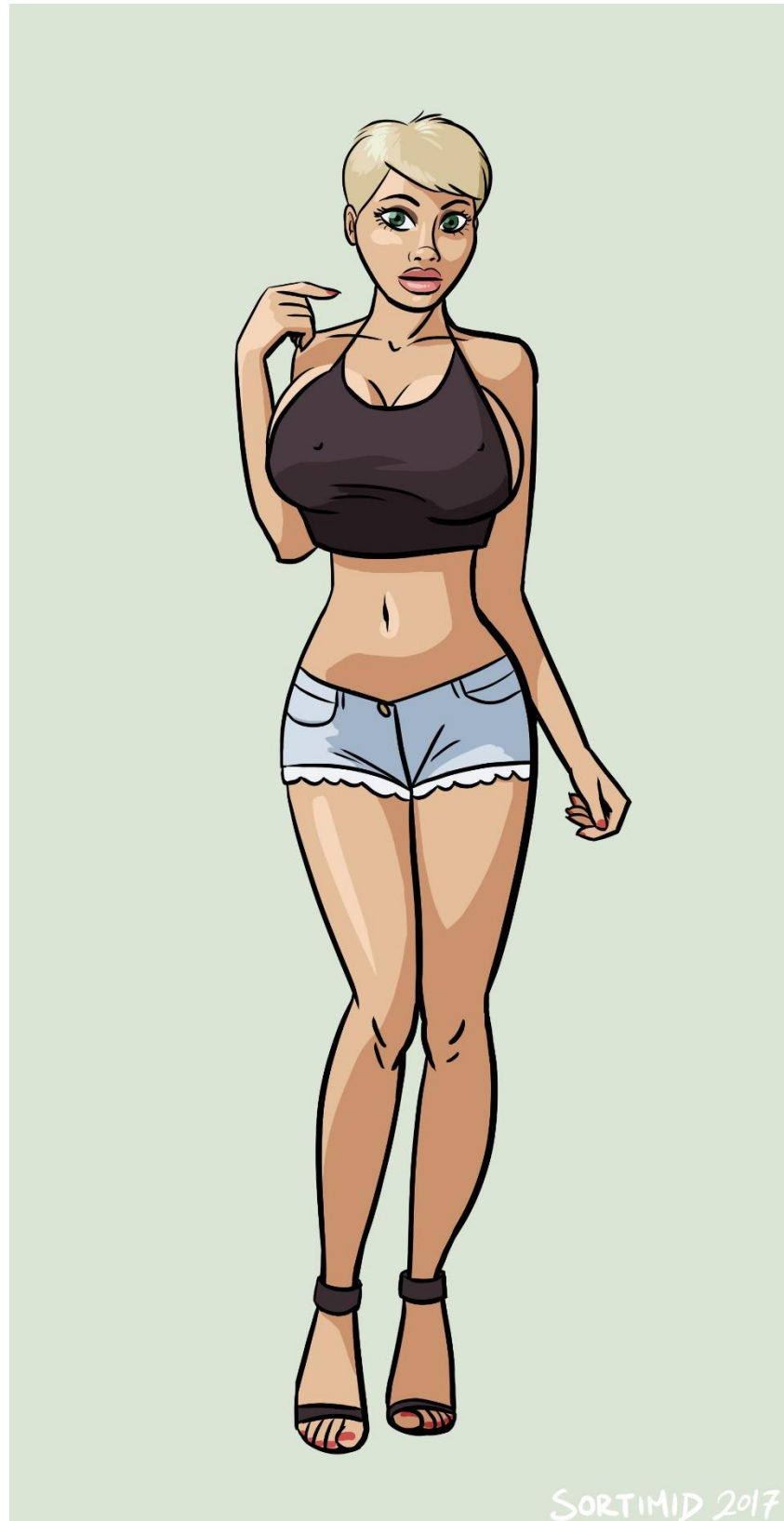


The Bimbo Motel: Rebecca



"Hey, hun, wake up, we're here." Alex turned the car off and nudged Rebecca's arm gently with his elbow.

She woke slowly, groggily. It was near eleven pm and they'd been driving for hours. "What is this place?" Rebecca asked.

"The only place to stay I've seen for miles. It should be fine for one night. Hopefully."

Rebecca yawned and stretched. "Okay, I'll get our stuff out of the trunk, you go check us in, babe." The blonde woman pushed her fingers through her pixie cut after she stood. Rebecca unlatched the trunk and started pulling their suitcases out as Alex walked towards the front desk to get the room keys.

Rebecca and Alex had been dating about a year now and were on their first vacation as a couple- a cross country journey from the east coast to the west. The two had met in college and hit it off during senior week before graduation. They were a little behind schedule—Alex had hoped to be in Cincinnati tonight—so their first stop was a no-name motel outside a no-name town in west Pennsylvania. Rebecca, a svelte woman in her mid-twenties, pulled her and her boyfriend's suitcases behind her into the motel. The motel lobby screamed with 1960s decor. Immediately, she could tell Alex was having some trouble getting a room.

"No, I just need one room for my girlfriend and I. We're only staying one night, so we don't need anything extra."

Rebecca found the source of the hold up when she got to the front desk. The receptionist didn't fit her description of professional at all. The girl's eyes stared vacantly at the computer screen, her platinum blonde hair done up in a ponytail. She smacked her thick lips and blew a bubble with her gum. Looking further down, Rebecca was shocked to discover this woman's blouse was half unbuttoned, exposing the top half of her huge breasts. The receptionist's tits were at least the size of cantaloupes, making Rebecca wonder if she could even see the keyboard over them.

"Okay, like, sorry mister, it's just, like, been a while since my supervisor's been here. I, like, totally can't focus." Rebecca laced her arm around Alex's and leaned against him. "Oh, she's, like, really cute! You're a lucky guy, mister." Rebecca looked up at Alex, eyebrows raised in confusion. He shrugged, just hoping to get their room quickly. Both of them were hoping to get some sleep soon.

"Oh!" The receptionist sounded surprised. "Got it. Your room is number 113. Just, like, down the hall to the left." The couple thanked her and headed down the hallway.

"She was certainly..." Alex trailed off, trying to find the right word.

"Unique?" Rebecca finished.

He laughed. "That's it. Unique. I can't imagine how she got a job." This time, Rebecca shrugged. Alex unlocked the room and they walked in.

Rebecca left her suitcase by the bed and dropped herself onto the mattress. "Shit," she said. "I'm starving."

"They might have a vending machine. I think I remember seeing one."

She stood and grabbed a few bucks out of her purse. "Okay, babe, I'll be back soon. Try not to fall asleep before I get back."

"No promises." Alex replied. She closed the door, and he promptly fell asleep.

Rebecca meandered down the hallway. "Alright, vending machine... if I were a vending machine, where would I be?"

"A-ha! Found it. Now, let's see... I could go for... a snickers bar, sure." Rebecca pressed the first button and felt something prick her finger. "Ow, what the heck? Oh, I feel kinda lightheaded. Just tired and hungry..."

Rebecca pressed the second button and felt another prick. "Something... weird... is happening. So... dizzy." She collapsed.

When Rebecca awoke, she couldn't move. She observed her surroundings the best she could. It looked like she was in some hi-tech science lab; everything was white and stainless steel. She could feel the cold steel on her skin as she realized she was completely naked. "Where am I? What's going on?" She asked to no one; there was no one in the room she could see. Moving her head, she noticed a metal band circling around her head above her ears.

"You're in my lab, of course," a voice from behind her said. A male voice, but not Alex's. Rebecca turned and saw a man in his thirties approach her. "And what's 'going on,' as you said, is that I'm turning you into a bimbo."

Rebecca was confused. "A... what?"

"A bimbo. You know, a curvy ditz who lives for sex? I'm sure your boyfriend will be thrilled. He doesn't know this is happening, but they're always appreciative to find their loving girlfriends and wives turned into cock-worshipping nymphomaniacs." He pulled a chair over and sat next to her. "Now, I can change your body or your brain first. Your choice."

Rebecca glared at him. *I won't give him the satisfaction of me begging him not to do it*, she thought. They always thought that.

"Alright, I'll choose. Body first. I like it better that way. Otherwise you do the brain first and they won't stop complaining about how their boobs are too small."

She struggled as he pressed a needle into her arm. "Please... don't do this. Don't do this to me."

"There's really no point in struggling. I've done this dozens of times. Maybe hundreds." He pushed down on the plunger, emptying the syringe's contents into her body. The man stood and left her side, walking out of her vision.

Rebecca's eyes widened as she looked down and saw her flat chest growing. Her tiny A cups swelled slowly, then began picking up speed. They grew through cup sizes, quickly passing what Rebecca would consider a respectable woman's bust. At the size of grapefruits, Rebecca wiggled, trying to get out of her restraints. The movement caused her bulging tits to shake and they jiggled tantalizingly. Looking past her boobs, Rebecca saw and felt her hips rising farther into the air.

"My butt too?! You're making me look like a teenager's wet dream!" Rebecca's hips thrust farther up as her ass grew plump and bubbly. Her hips were widening to match, her thighs gaining mass as well. Rebecca's whole body was staying proportional to itself.

Her mouth started to feel numb when her lips started to swell. They filled out quickly, becoming thick and plump within seconds; true dick sucking lips. Rebecca licked her lips when they started to feel

numb. "My lips are huge! What am I supposed to do with these?" She shuddered when she thought of the answer.

Rebecca brought her eyes back to her tits, which were now approaching "huge" territory. "God, my boobs are... like the receptionist's..." Fear ran through Rebecca as she made the connection. Her breasts kept growing, swelling with more mass. The huge masses covered her rib cage now, and they were still getting bigger. Finally, her body stopped growing, and Rebecca felt a chill run up her spine as she realized what was next. The strange man that had abducted her returned to her vision. He started attaching electrodes to her body- her cheeks, her nipples, her hips, between her thighs.

"Please, please, don't do this to me. I don't want to be a bimbo. I promise I won't tell anyone!" She pleaded as he fit a metal dome to the band around her head. She started crying, her transformed body jiggling with her sobs. "I don't want to be like the receptionist..."

He remained stoic as ever as he moved to a wall with a switch on it. "You'll enjoy being a bimbo soon enough, I promise." He threw the switch.

Rebecca's mind was inundated with images. Images she, at first, didn't like. In the first one, she saw herself on all fours taking it from behind from an unknown man. She hoped it was Alex. That vision melted and reformed into her on her knees sucking a cock like her life depended on it. The next one she saw herself taking a dick between her huge tits, moaning as that rod moved in and out of her cleavage. The images faded and returned for what seemed like forever, then suddenly stopped.

With her temporary mental clarity, she said, "I'm not, like... a bimbo, I'm Rebecca. I'm not gonna, like, become a bimbo." The visions resumed. They were similar to the first set, except now instead of looking at herself in these lewd acts, Rebecca was seeing them through her eyes and feeling them with her body. She could feel a thick cock sliding in and out of her wet pussy in time with what she saw. She could feel her plump, sensitive lips sliding over a penis. She could feel her vision-self pinching her nipples as that glorious dick pushed into her tight cleavage. The final image made her feel whole. She looked up at Alex as he stroked himself in and out of her womanhood as he roughly fondled a breast. Rebecca no longer felt distaste with the images. She had grown to like them and all the things they made her feel. The vision slowly faded as the mysterious man pulled the dome off her head.

She looked up at him, her vacant eyes not expressing anything. "Why'd you, like, make the pictures go away? I was having so much fun!" She giggled. He pressed a button by the switch that sent energy to the electrodes covering her body. All at once, she was overwhelmed with pleasure. Rebecca couldn't help but moan as her new bimbo brain struggled to handle the intense feelings. Suddenly, Rebecca came. Hard. And again. And again and again. Then three more times, for good measure. The man released the button.

Rebecca giggled again. "Mmmmm, like, why'd you stop?" The man began releasing her restraints.

"I'm taking you back to Alex. There are some clothes for you on the table here." He moved to fiddle with the machine as bimbified Rebecca stood up, her lush, curvy body bouncing. She caught sight of herself in a mirror on the wall.

"I'm, like, so sexy now! Lookit those titties!" Her formerly flat chest had been grown into abundance, the blonde bimbo now sporting head sized breasts. Her curves continued down her body; Rebecca's thin waist had stayed that way, but her hips and butt had swelled dramatically into child-bearing width, her bubble butt sticking out like a shelf behind her. Finally, her thighs had grown to support her thick ass, now leaving no gap between them.

When she finally finished admiring her new curves, Rebecca discovered the clothes left for her. She pulled them on: thong underwear, denim booty shorts, a huge, black, lacy bra, and a small midriff-baring halter top. Rebecca slid her feet into a pair of stilettos and walked around, wondering where she was going. "How do I, like, get back to Alex? I, like, need his cock in me somewhere."

The strange man knocked the door to room 113. A distressed looking Alex opened the door. It was morning, and he had awoken to find Rebecca missing. "Can I help you? Who are you?"

"My name is unimportant. I'm the owner of this motel, and I'm here to return your girlfriend to you."

"Rebecca? You found her?"

"For the most part. You may remember her a bit... differently." He stepped aside to let Rebecca and Alex see each other.

"Is this a joke? Who is this? Where's my girlfriend?"

"It's, like, me, babe. Aren't I so sexy?" Rebecca pushed herself against her boyfriend, into the motel room, closing the door behind them.

The blonde bimbo dropped to her knees in front of Alex and unbuttoned his jeans. Sticking her hand in, Rebecca fished around for his stiffening cock. Pulling it out of Alex's boxers, Rebecca stared at it in desire before wrapping her thick lips around the head. She moaned as she pumped her head back and forth on his shaft, her sensitive lips sending shots of pleasure through her nervous system. Rebecca deftly teased the head with her tongue, running it around the end of Alex's cock.

Rebecca's desire overwhelmed her, and she loosened and relaxed her jaw and started to take more and more of Alex into her mouth. The end of his dick was in her throat, and the bimbified woman moaned happily as she stuffed her mouth full of cock. She continued to work his penis with her mouth and throat, and Alex started breathing heavily. She moved her lips back up to work the head of his dick. Working for his release, Rebecca sucked intensely.

Suddenly, his hands grabbed Rebecca's head, holding her mouth in place as Alex shot thick strands of cum. He emptied huge load after huge load into her waiting mouth, stretching her cheeks. Rebecca swallowed joyfully and slid her lips up off the end of his cock, not willing to let any of his cum go to waste. With her belly full of ejaculate and her purpose temporarily fulfilled, Rebecca came hard, her body convulsing with the intensity.

She smiled dreamily up at her boyfriend. Her master.

"Oh my... god... that was... amazing. That was so fucking great, Rebecca."

She giggled and smiled. "Thanks master, your cum is so tasty."

"I have to go check something at the front desk, okay hun? It'll only be a few minutes."

"Yeah, like, okay Alex. I'll be here," she grinned widely.

After a short walk to the front desk, Alex found the motel owner waiting for him.

“So,” the man said, “how was she?”

“I don’t know what you did, but she gives head like I’d never imagined. And that body! Her boobs are huge! She started calling me her master, too, I nearly came again the first time she did. Thank you. Really, I mean it. Thank you.”

“Another satisfied customer.” The man handed Alex a single pill, packaged like most cold medicines. “You’ll want to take this. It’ll help you keep up with Rebecca’s new... needs. And it’ll make it everything down there bigger. A win-win, no?”

A few hours later, Alex and Rebecca left the motel, bimbo boobs pressed against Alex’s side, a hand on his thigh.