

*"Dick for brains, dick for brains, why am I your dick for brains?"*

Stacy closed spotify on her phone as she turned the engine of her car off. She loved eighties punk, and MDC was one of her favorite bands. Unfortunately, her shitty car was running out of gas and **she'd had to pull over into a motel on the highway on her way back to school. She didn't have to be back until tomorrow, but with her parents the way they were, Stacy had left early. They weren't necessarily bad parents, just... out of touch with their daughter's lifestyle.**

The lithe young woman stepped out of the car, her pale skin shining brightly in the late afternoon sun. Somewhere at the back of her mind, Stacy was worried about this place. She had passed it countless times on her way to and from college, but had never heard of anyone staying here.

*Well, I have to stay somewhere while I wait for the tow. Might as well be here.* Stacy walked into the motel lobby and nearly laughed openly at the interior decor- it looked like this place had never made it out of the sixties. There was a man sitting at the front desk. He was vaguely nondescript. ***It's actually kind of weird how painfully average this guy is...*** Stacy checked her phone. It was dead, which surprised her- it had been fine in the car.

"Can I use your phone? My cell's dead and I need to call a tow," she asked the man. She felt oddly relaxed here.

"Why don't you just take a seat in the lounge and I'll call one for you? It should only be a few minutes."

"Sure, That's easy enough. Thanks." Walking to the lounge, Stacy put her black hair up into a ponytail. She sat down on the couch in the lounge area while the man made the call for her. Upon sitting, Stacy realized just how tired she was. ***It's going to be a while before they get a truck out here... I might as well take a nap, just for a bit. I'm sure someone will wake me up.*** Stacy rested her head on the back of the couch. She was asleep in moments.

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Stacy awoke strapped to a cold metal table. "What the hell? Where am I?" *Wherever I am, I'm naked and tied down. I knew that motel was a bad idea...* Stacy struggled against her restraints.

She recognized the voice of the man from the motel. "Now, is that any way to behave? You should feel excited. Honored. You're going to be the first subject of the process I developed."

"Don't you FUCKING touch me, prick!" Stacy exclaimed.

The man *tsked*. "Soon that ugly resistance will be replaced with submission. Get ready." He adjusted a few things on a panel, then stepped next to Stacy. The metal dome fit right onto the band around **Stacy's head. She struggled as he attached electrodes all over her body. Stepping away, he** returned to the panel and threw a switch.

**Stacy's mind was overwhelmed with visions. It took a second for Stacy to figure out what she was** looking at, but the truth shocked her. She was looking at herself. Well, someone who looked like her. ***This woman's breasts were huge, way bigger than Stacy's B cups. The worst part of the vision,*** however, was what Stacy was seeing herself do. Her vision-self was on her knees under a desk with a cock in her mouth, like some kind of secretary sex toy. She moaned every time that rod pushed deeper into her throat.

That vision faded, and another formed in its place. She was in a motel room on a bed, naked, as some unseen man lay atop her, thrusting into her. He gripped a huge tit and pistoned his dick in and out of her, making Stacy gasp and writhe underneath him. She watched herself wrap her arms around him and arch into his thrusts.

Stacy saw a third vision appear. In it, she was bent over as one man thrust into her from behind. She was blowing another man, his dick deep in her throat. With every push from behind she slid down on that cock. The two men fucked her in tandem, bouncing her back and forth between them.

Suddenly, the visions stopped. Stacy was trying to rub her thighs together; “I need... to come...” she moaned.

The images reappeared in her mind. Now she was doing the things she’d seen; sliding her lips over a thick penis while crouched under a desk, getting fucked rough in a motel room, then finally she played with her huge tits as she wobbled between the two men penetrating her. Stacy could feel herself on the edge of orgasm, her climax *right there*, but not coming. It was like torture, feeling everything so strongly but not finishing.

Her mind was overcome with pleasure, the images faded to white, and she came, came, came. She awoke and saw the man stick a needle in her arm, injecting her with some chemical. Looking down, she cried out, “What happened to my boobies? The ones in my head were so much bigger!”

“You’ll have them back soon, just relax,” he said, and he was right. Stacy’s tits swelled rapidly, growing from barely-there B cups into larger and larger sizes. The bimbo watched happily as her boobs took up more and more space on her torso. She gleefully bounced her chest up and down and watched her breasts jiggle around with the motion.

As he watched, the man saw something he didn’t expect: Stacy’s hair color was changing, lightening from black until it was a shiny platinum blonde. He looked down at her huge tits and appraised his handiwork. They were bigger than most women would ever get, at least the size of cantaloupes, and her butt and hips had followed suit. Beneath Stacy’s shotgun hips was a bubble butt that most could only dream of. The man looked back at her face, her vapid face, enjoying her vacant eyes and pouty lips.

He started to undo the restraints holding the bimbo to the table. “You’re all done, Stacy. How do you feel?”

She answered by tackling him to the ground. Straddling him, Stacy quickly undid his pants and pulled his briefs off. Taking his cock in her hand, Stacy positioned herself over it, fully accepting her new bimbo life. She pushed herself down onto his hardness, gasping as it filled her. She bounced up and down on top of him, her enlarged tits bouncing with her. Stacy started cumming, her pussy was so sensitive, and she could barely keep her addled brain focused on her up and down motions.

Luckily, she didn’t need to concentrate much longer as the man who had bimbified her was rewarded for his efforts, and his cock began to spout hot cum inside her. Stacy came harder than ever in her life as that ejaculate entered her, and she started spasming, falling off his dick onto the floor.

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Bimbified Stacy sat at the front desk of the motel, grinning from ear to ear. She was the new receptionist for the bimbo motel, and she was smiling because she’d just blown the strange man not five minutes ago.