

Leslie and Stephanie were roommates, living in their apartment together. They had found each other via internet postings for roommates and so weren't the greatest of friends. They were an odd pair: Leslie, the shy, insecure, flat-chested girl, and Stephanie, the outgoing but ditzy sweetheart, blessed with perky C cups and a round ass.

One day, Leslie was lounging on the couch while Stephanie was in the shower. Stephanie had left her phone in the living room, and it rang for a text message. Leslie figured she would check to see who it was from so she could tell Stephanie when she came back. Lighting up the phone, Leslie was shocked to see that the sender was "Brad <3" and the message was "Hey babe." *Brad is my boyfriend*, Leslie thought. Looking through more of the messages between them, it was apparent that the two were romantically involved. *Is she stealing him from me? That bitch!*

Leslie found her revenge one day on the internet. She had been looking up different ways other women had gotten back at people trying to steal their boyfriends when she found exactly what she wanted. *Lady's Best Bimbo Milk. Sounds perfect. Let's order half a gallon of that...*

The next Friday, the milk arrived. Luckily for Leslie, Stephanie was out running some errands. Leslie emptied the current jug of milk in the fridge and poured in the bimbo milk, excited for her plan to finally go into action.

Saturday morning, Leslie awoke to the smell of freshly cooked waffles. She walked into the kitchen to find Stephanie cooking a huge amount of them, a large glass of milk at her side on the counter. "Good morning, Steph," Leslie said. Leslie saw her drink some of her milk. *Good morning, bimbo.*

"Hey Leslie! I made waffles. I know Brad is coming over so I made a lot. Help yourself!"

"Don't mind if I do," Leslie replied, taking a few from the stacks Stephanie had made and sitting at their small kitchen table. Leslie covered them in syrup and eagerly dug in.

While Leslie was eating, Stephanie kept chattering away. "I met this cute guy a couple weeks ago, Leslie, you'd really like him. Although it'll be a little confusing because his name's Brad too! Isn't that kinda funny?"

*Oh my god it's two different Brads! She's not trying to steal my boyfriend but the milk is gonna turn her into a bimbo anyway! Shit shit shit...*

"All done!" Stephanie walked over with a plate stacked tall with waffles. She noticed that Leslie looked kind of zoned out, just staring at the table. "Leslie? You okay?"

*I need to keep eating these waffles... everything feels so good...*

Leslie's plate was clear of waffles. As Stephanie observed her roommate, she saw that Leslie's almost flat chest was pushing out against her shirt. "I need... more..." Leslie mumbled as she suddenly grabbed the plate of waffles that Stephanie had brought over to the table and ran into her bedroom, locking the door behind her. Stephanie followed, knocking on the door.

"Leslie? Are you okay? What's going on?" She put her ear to the door to see if she could hear anything from Leslie's room. She could just barely make out what she thought was Leslie moaning. "I know my waffles are amazing, Les, but I don't think they're THAT good! Besides, we're supposed to share!"

Inside her room, Leslie had already stripped herself of her clothes. She was lying on her bed, the plate of waffles next to her. She had one hand stuffing her face full of waffles, the other hand groping a swelling breast. With every waffle she ate, the milk in it worked on changing her body and mind. *I can't stop eating these waffles... what is wrong with me? Why are my boobs getting bigger?*

*Oh my god. The milk.* She had a sudden realization. *The milk is in the waffles... It's turning me into a bimbo...*

Leslie paused her consumption as she glanced at her swollen breasts. *Would that be so bad, though? I mean, big boobs... sexual prowess... and I wouldn't have to worry about Brad leaving me anymore...*

That thought stuck in her mind. *Brad wouldn't leave a total sex bomb.* Leslie reached for another waffle, her mind concluded. Taking bite after bite, the feelings from before returned.

Her breasts resumed growing, soon becoming too large to fit in her hand. As she ate waffle after waffle—somehow not feeling full—her tits continued growing, her mind dulling. Leslie moaned as she pushed another waffle into her waiting mouth, thinking, *the waffles are making everything so good... my boobies are growing so big.* The circumference of her tits was continually increasing, apparently not slowing down as Leslie slowed in her consumption. If anything, the growth was picking up, her burgeoning boobs growing faster.

After she swallowed the last of the waffles, her free hand snaked down her naked body, briefly fondling a head-sized tit, pinching a dime-sized nipple, then continuing down between her legs. Pushing her fingers into her wet pussy, Leslie continued to grope her growing boobs, seeking an orgasm that would blow her mind into permanent bimbohood.

The apartment rang with Leslie's scream of pleasure as her body convulsed in climax, her mind blanking. Her arms lay limply at her sides as she recovered from her intense orgasm. Slowly she rose, giddy to see her new tits in her mirror. She could feel them shifting and swaying as she walked, the weight pulling on Leslie's back.

Looking in the mirror, she giggled. "My boobies are so *big*," she said, "My boobies are so *beautiful*." Her huge breasts were now volleyball sized, eight or nine inches wide each, hanging down to her bellybutton. They were capped by pert nipples like pinky tips. Leslie sauntered over to the bedroom door and opened it, still naked.

On the other side of the doorway, Stephanie was floored by the appearance of her roommate. "Leslie?" She asked, suddenly unsure if she was dreaming or not. "What happened to you?"

"The waffles made everything better, Steph," Leslie said, with none of the shyness of her pre-transformation self. Leslie moved towards her roommate, as if trying to embrace her. Leslie's hands grabbed the bottom hem of Stephanie's shirt, and she tried to pull the shirt off but Stephanie was too quick to stop her.

"Woah- Les- what are you doing?" Stephanie asked, taken aback by the sudden change in her roommate. She grabbed Leslie's wrists, trying to stop her advances.

"Everything feels so great now, Steph, I just wanna shooow you," Leslie responded, still attempting to seduce her roommate.

"I don't *want* you to show me, Les, I want you to stop acting so weird." Stephanie now started pushing the handsy bimbo back into her bedroom. Slowly, Stephanie got Leslie back into her room. Luckily for her, the door opened outwards, so she pushed their small bookcase in front of it. Stephanie hoped it would be enough to contain her while she figured out what had happened to Leslie. And what she was going to do about her now.

"Her tits were *so big*," Stephanie mumbled to herself. "How on earth did that happen in ten minutes? And her personality? She just walked out of the room completely naked!" *Les was her normal self when she came out of her bedroom before eating the waffles... the waffles. Something in the waffles. She was saying how they made everything better.*

Stephanie checked the ingredients left out on the counter. Nothing seemed out of the ordinary. *I did go through the entire jug of milk we had making the waffles. The carton should be in the recycle.* The discarded jug was the first thing in the pile. It was the same milk they always had. She was about to put it back when she noticed another jug of milk underneath where the one in her hand had been. "What the heck is this?" Stephanie said, dropping the jug in her hand to pick up the other one. "Bimbo milk?" *I think I remember hearing about this... some kind of milk that turns women into big titted sex fiends. So that's why Leslie has giant boobs and is acting so strange. Holy shit.*

Putting everything away, Stephanie then called Leslie's boyfriend. *If I know anything about what happened to her it's that she needs her man as soon as possible.* Brad didn't answer, so she left a message. "Hey Brad, its Leslie's roommate Stephanie. We've got kind of a situation going on over here... it's kinda hard to explain so it would be easier if you just came over. See you in a bit. Bye."

While waiting for Leslie's boyfriend, Stephanie contemplated why they had Bimbo milk in the recycle anyway. *I definitely didn't use that jug, so how did it end up in the waffles? Unless Leslie replaced the milk in the other jug with it. Why would she do that? Because she wanted to transform me? Why? What reason would she-*

Her train of thought was interrupted by a knock on the door. Stephanie pulled the door open to let Brad in. Then she had a sudden realization- *both our boyfriends are named Brad. Did she find out before I told her and think it was the same guy?* "Come on in, Brad. Leslie's in her room."

They quickly reached Leslie's blockaded doorway. "I guess I should explain why I pushed the bookcase in front of her door... have you ever heard of bimbo milk?" He nodded yes. "Well, I think Leslie bought some trying to get me to drink it but her plan backfired. She's now- well, now she's most definitely a changed woman." Stephane pushed the bookcase out of the way and opened the door, stepping out to the side to let Brad in.

Brad cautiously stepped in and closed the door behind him. "Leslie?"

The bimbo looked up from her position on the bed. Leslie's eyes lit up as she recognized her boyfriend. "Brad! Oh, Brad, fuck me, fuck me, please, I need you."

Looking at his transformed girlfriend with her vacant eyes and hugely enlarged breasts, Brad wasn't about to refuse her. He stripped himself of his clothes as Leslie writhed around on her bed. Climbing atop her, one of Leslie's hands found its way down to his cock, stroking it and positioning it so he could thrust into her. That's exactly what he did, pushing his stiff erection into her wet and waiting pussy.

“Oooohhh god, Brad, you’re so big,” Leslie moaned as she took all of him in. He began moving back and forth and brought a hand up to tease one of her nipples.

“Mmmf, please play with my big titties, Brad, they feel so amazing,” she said as Brad squeezed a volleyball sized boob. Suddenly, as he tugged on a nipple, Leslie came, clamping down on his dick. Holding his release in quickly became a challenge for Brad.

Fighting through the haziness of her post-orgasm mind, Leslie became impatient while Brad was trying to last his longest. She flipped them both over so that Brad was on his back and began to bounce up and down on him. She grabbed his hands and put them on both of her tits, his fingers latching onto her pert nipples. Leslie pumped her boyfriend for all he was worth, working quickly to get him to cum.

And finally he released.

Brad’s cum flooding into Leslie triggered the final stage of her bimbo transformation. She was now his, and would only pleasure Brad, her master, unless he told her otherwise.

“Thank you, master,” Leslie said, her eyes glazed over, as she slid sideways off Brad’s cock and onto her back in bed next to him. Exhausted from the transformation and her sexual endeavors, Leslie quickly fell asleep.

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*Brad and Leslie are probably going at it again,* Stephanie thought as she unlocked her apartment door. *Those two don’t do much anything else now that Leslie’s a big titted sex machine. Especially since Brad had some of that milk too.* Stephanie had known Leslie’s Brad had transformed as well, since he got noticeably more muscular overnight.

To Stephanie’s surprise, the sound of fucking didn’t immediately greet her upon entering her apartment. She turned to go down the hallway to her bedroom when she found out why: Brad was walking out of Leslie’s bedroom, stark naked. He froze for a few moments like a deer in the headlights before he quickly apologized and retreated back into Leslie’s room.

What stunned Stephanie wasn’t only seeing Leslie’s Brad naked. What *really* stunned her was the size of his cock. *He was flaccid and it still nearly went halfway down his thigh,* she thought. *That’s why Leslie’s always getting fucked.* Stephanie imagined what it must look like when it’s hard. Then, unbidden, her mind pictured what it would be like to have a cock like that pushing into her.

For the next few days, Stephanie couldn’t get that cock out of her head. She would find herself thinking about it at work, would dream about it at night. No matter what she did, it kept coming back. The dreams were recurring, and then they began to change. Not only was her Brad equipped with a huge foot-long dick in her dreams, but now she was transforming like Leslie before any fucking happened. She would remember it vividly every morning when she woke up, her breasts growing to enormous sizes, her mind getting all fuzzy, and everything around her just felt so... great. Stephanie had never had such intense dreams in her life. She would wake up in the morning with her sheets soaked with sweat and her own juices.

Soon, Stephanie knew she had to do it. She wasn't going to get any relief from the dreams until she turned herself into a bimbo. *It'll be easy enough to get Brad to change, she thought. Just tell him, 'Hey, Brad, I'm gonna turn myself into an all-curve sex machine, I just need you to grow a huge dick, okay?'*

So she bought enough milk for her and Brad. At the end of the week, it arrived. Stephanie planned on sending pictures and videos of her turning herself into a bimbo to Brad as a surprise. It was easy enough to get Leslie and her Brad out of the apartment. She just had to tell him she wanted the apartment to herself for the night.

Stephanie set the gallon jug of bimbo milk on the kitchen table. She picked up her phone and opened snapchat. She took a picture of the jug and captioned it "For me & u" and quickly sent it to Brad. Stephanie took her clothes off—they would just impede her growth—and sat at the table. Then, Stephanie took the cap off the jug and lifted it to her lips. Carefully balancing the jug in one hand, she opened snapchat again, trying to get her mouth and breasts into the shot at the same time. As Stephanie gulped down the milk, she began recording video. Her decently-sized C cup breasts quickly started to swell as she drank, growing larger and more sensitive with each passing second. The video finished recording and she sent it to Brad, then put her phone down on the table to focus on her transformation. *Leslie was right when she said this felt really good... everything is just so... right.*

Stephanie's growing boobs started to press against her arms as she held the milk jug and drank. She grew faster than Leslie since her milk was pure and not baked into anything. That also meant the milk was more potent—the same amount of milk would make Stephanie much bustier than Leslie. *Brad's going to love my huge boobies, she thought. Already nearly the size of her head, Stephanie's tits were ballooning rapidly. Hell, I love my huge boobies.*

She adjusted her arms so that her elbows were above the slope of her burgeoning boobs. Stephanie's lips plumped up around the jug of milk, allowing her to get a more secure hold on it. The milk also started making her butt swell, lifting her up farther into the air as her curves intensified. Her bum grew, and her hips and thighs followed suit, expanding nearly as rapidly as her tits. With her body changing and growing all over, the feelings that resulted were intense. Stephanie moaned as her mind began to bimbofy. *I can't wait for Brad to transform himself... and push his huge cock into me...* She shuddered just from the thought of it.

Stephanie's boobs continued to grow as she drank more and more milk, by now covering her torso below her navel, quickly advancing towards her hips. Her nipples rose high into the air, supported by her foot-thick tits, the pink nubs now hugely fattened into large, half-inch thick protrusions the same diameter as a quarter. As the jug lightened from Stephanie trying hard to empty it, one of her hands snaked down one of her giant boobs to a sensitive nipple. She played with it, thinking *I need Brad's cock... I hope he gets here soon... I'm so sensitive everywhere!* Stephanie haphazardly placed the partially-full milk jug on the ground as her tits grew and grew as her body digested the last of the milk. Stephanie's free hand slipped under one of her huge tits and reached her slick pussy. She pushed her fingers into herself as she thought of Brad, of sliding her lips over his huge cock, then taking it between her tits, his cum covering her cleavage and neck and face, and finally between her legs. Stephanie vigorously fingered herself, her soft curvy body jiggling in time with her motions. As she came hard and suddenly, her body made one final push of growth, her boobs, ass, and lips all plumping up further.

Stephanie slowly stood up from the chair. *I don't think I want to get fucked in here... my bed is so much comfier... and I can wait for Brad there.* She walked slowly, adjusting to the huge changes in her body. With each step, her swollen, beach ball-sized breasts swayed from side to side. Luckily, her butt worked as a counterbalance for her, so as her boobs swung towards one side, her ass went to the other, making her center of gravity not change too extremely. Unfortunately, her new plush body was so sensitive that one of her tits pushing into the other felt really good, tempting her to stop before reaching her bedroom. Stephanie caught sight of herself in a mirror her and Leslie kept in the apartment. Her sexually exaggerated body astounded her. Her face was dominated by two plump lips; lips too thick to be used for anything besides sucking cock. Further down, her tits were enormous, reaching almost to her knees. Stephanie's fat nipples capped them, the pink nubs looking like shot glasses. Her tits were noticeably wider than her- almost a foot of tit was visible on either side of her torso. Finally, below that, her ass had grown into a shelf of flesh sticking out at least eight inches behind her, coming close to being the same width as her boobs. She continued on her journey, finally making it to her bedroom, collapsing into her bed, her body jiggling, turning her on further.

Newly-bimbofied Stephanie explored her new body, trying her hardest to reach her big puffy nipples, feeling just how *big* her ass had grown, marveling at the two mountains of tit now on her chest. She was perfectly content to do this, continuing to do so for- well, she didn't know how long, time was a little fuzzy to her now, but until Brad opened her door, hugely-muscled and hugely-cocked.

"Brad," she moaned. "I need you," she pleaded.

"I know, Steph," he said as he climbed on top of her. He wasted no time pushing himself into her.

As he entered her, the only thought Stephanie had before her brain was overtaken by carnal pleasure was: *It feels even better than I expected.* Her eyes glazed over and became more vacant-looking as her body gave itself over to pleasing her boyfriend. One of Brad's hands began to tease a nipple and she guided the other one to her huge ass. Brad held onto her as he thrust in over and over. Stephanie wrapped one arm around Brad and started teasing her free nipple with her other hand. Her pleasure mounted as her exaggerated body jiggled. As her first orgasm struck, her pussy tightened on Brad's cock, encouraging him to release inside her. Brad lasted for a few more strokes until he pushed his thick cock into her as far as he could and his cum began spouting out inside her. Unconsciously, she whispered, "Thank you, master."