

A Bimbo Birthday

Chapter 1

I woke slowly the smell of coffee, pancakes, and bacon. It's an unforgettable scent that is more than enough to convince any man to stir out of bed. Rolling over onto my side, I caught the scent of my wife, Brittney, on her pillow. That stirred another part of me. Stretching, I eased myself out of bed and blinked, a slight hangover from the night before still aching in my head.

I made my way to the master bathroom only to find that Brittney, the angel that she is, left two pills on the bathroom sink and a note: "For your hangover." I chuckled a bit at that. She'd been the designated driver when all of our friends decided to take me out drinking last night to celebrate my birthday. Our mutual friend, Brianna, had crashed out our place. She was passed out on the couch in the living room before Brittney and I ever made it to bed.

I took the pills and chased them down with water before heading to the shower. The hot water felt amazing and, by the time I was done, the throbbing in my skull had abated. I dried off quickly, shaved, and made my way to the dresser. Pulling on a pair of boxers, blue jeans, and a t-shirt, I stepped out of the bedroom to greet my birthday.

Making my way to the kitchen, I slipped behind Brittney, wrapping my arms around her waist. Nuzzling her neck, I couldn't resist giving her shoulder a quick kiss before stepping away. She laughed a bit and wiggled her rear against the bulge in my pants that had yet to diminish. Brittney turned to smile at me, brushing back her straight, shoulder length, dark brown hair.

My eyes couldn't help but run up and down her lithe body. Her small, perky tits were wrapped in a cute pink blouse that hid her trim waist which I knew had the smallest amount of curve to it. My eyes ventured further down to Brittney's shapely hips and long legs, each accentuated by her short skirt. I loved to have her legs wrapped around my waist when she and I made out. Frankly, there wasn't an inch of her that I didn't love. When her soft lips met mine, I felt my groin jerk, only to have her cup me between the legs.

"Later, I promise."

I moaned as she stepped away, only to see Brianna standing in the doorway to the dining room, grinning like a loon. Brianna was an odd duck, but I loved her none the less. She'd known the two of us for what felt like forever and had, on occasion, intimated that she'd be interested in a threesome. Brittney had, thus far, staunchly been against the idea and, as it held no appeal to my angel of a wife, I wasn't going to argue the situation.

Still, I had fantasized about riding the athletic horse trainer. Her straight, ash brown hair was usually down to the small of her back. I often wondered what it would feel like to run my fingers through it. Her body, much like Brittney's, had just enough curve to look feminine. I'd never heard of her ever wearing a bra, which was all the more obvious as her nipples were poking through the gray,

nylon tank top she was wearing. I shook my head when I saw the words stitched into the back of her jean shorts: "Built for Riding".

The three of us moved to the dining room table where I noticed a birthday card sitting next to my plate. Neither Brianna or Brittney made mention of it, so I ignored it until I finished my breakfast. The two of them kept sharing glances and I was starting to wonder what was up.

Opening the card, I expected some kind of gag in the middle. I was half right. Inside was an SD card taped to the card along with a gift card to a woman's boutique. Below the SD card was a note: "Put this on your tablet and watch. It'll explain everything."

I looked over at Brittney and Brianna. Both popped a pill into their mouths. Brittney smiled at Brianna. "This better work."

"What better work," I asked, slightly perturbed, "and why am I going to need a gift card to a women's boutique?"

Brianna began to clear the table while Brittany circled over to me, kissing my cheek. "You'll see soon enough. Why do you go to the living room and do what the card says? Trust me, it'll all make sense. I promise."

I sighed and got up, putting the gift card in my wallet and grabbing the chip. I heard both women giggling a bit, which, when I thought about it for a moment was odd. I never heard them both giggle. Sitting down in the middle of the couch, I slid the SD card into my tablet and checked the contents. There were only four files: watchmefirst.avi and readmesecond.txt, readmethird.txt and readmelast.txt. Okay. That was straightforward.

Launching the video, I smiled as I saw Brittney and Brianna wearing bikinis from our trip to the beach we'd taken on Memorial Day weekend. "Hey stud," Brittney began, "I hope you like your birthday gift. We're recording this now because, by the time you've finished watching, we'll have already started part one of your birthday surprise. You see, Bri here found a legit supplier for Bimball.

"I know how much you've wanted me to act like a bit of a bimbo sometimes. Since you've also wanted a chance a Bri here, I'm going to be extra nice and have her take some, too. By the time you finish watching it, Bri and I will have already taken the first dose and soon won't be able to know we should take some more. When you get done having fun this morning, go to the next file. Love you!"

I set the pad down and pondered the implications of the video. Bimball was a controlled substance. Its effects were almost guaranteed and unauthorized usage was a guaranteed prison term. Still, if Bri had acquired some and both she and Brittney had taken some?

Things were about to get interesting.

I looked up as Brittany and Brianna walked into the living room. Something struck me immediately as not right. Both walked with an extra sway in their hips as they moved to flank me on the couch. Each leaned against me.

"Mmm... I feel so hot, Mike." Brittney said, her words practically a purr. "It's like the night you and I first made love. I can't believe how badly I need you right now." She pressed against my arm. That was when I noticed the additional squish in her top. My eyes peeked downward, noticing her

breasts were swelling with every breath she took. As I watched, her once small breasts became more than a handful while she rubbed them up and down my arm. "God, I can't wait to get your cock between these."

That got my attention. My wife rarely used such language.

The fact that Brianna was doing much the same on my left didn't help the situation. Her breasts, much like Brittney's, were growing inside her nylon tank top, pressing and stretching it out like two small balloons filling larger and larger. Brianna reached for my hand and moved it to her ass. "I've wanted a piece of you, like, for so long. Give me a good squeeze."

"Well, it would only be polite," I said with an impish grin, squeezing her ass. I could feel it, too, growing outward like rising dough in my hand, stretching her jean shorts to the point that I swore I heard them groan. As Brittney leaned away from me, resting on her knees on the couch beside me, I heard her moan. Turning my head, I witnessed the top button of her blouse pop off as the swell of her breasts caused her blouse to strain.

"Oh my god, Mike." Brittney gasped, her hands sinking into her swelling breasts, attempting to keep more of the buttons from popping out of her pink blouse. The top button had already lost that fight, a valley of cleavage showing. "Like, my titties feel so yummy." She leaned toward me, her growing ass hiking the rear of her skirt up while she shoved her breasts into my face. They were like large, fleshy cantaloupes, larger than they'd been the day before when she'd first taken the pill. I couldn't resist rubbing my face between them.

Brianna playfully pushed Brittany away, lifting her top over her own melonous boobs, her rose-colored nipples large and hard, waiting to be sucked. She wiggled her butt against my hand and leaned closer, her swollen nipple brushing against my lips. I licked around Brianna's nipple, eliciting a squeal of pleasure while my other hand slid up for Brittney's thigh. To my delight, my naughty little angel wasn't wearing any panties and my fingers found her slick folds in moments.

I wondered, for the briefest of moments, why my touch wasn't causing Brittney to moan when I looked up from sucking on Brianna's nipple to see her and my wife kissing each other. I felt my cock throb at the sight. It was almost enough to make me cum from it alone. My wife had other plans.

Slipping down from the couch, she slid off her skirt, made her way to her knees and arched her back. The remaining buttons of her blouse popped off and her breasts, each bigger than her head, sprang forward. She jiggled them back and forth then cupped them, lifting them for inspection. "Mmm... such big titties. Do you like my big titties, Mike?" I nodded in agreement. Brittney reached between my legs and unbuttoned my fly. I heard Bri coo as Brittney freed my cock.

Now, I'm not one to brag. When I woke up this morning, I did not have the monster of a cock that was now at attention between my legs. Now, though, it was roughly a foot long and not quite as wide as a soda can. When my wife began to lick up and down my shaft, Bri huffed and wiggled off the couch, straining to tug her now too tight jean shorts and panties off, her melonous mounds bouncing with each twist, tug, and pull. I gritted my teeth to not cum right then.

Finally getting her shorts and panties off, Brianna kneeled next to Brittney. Each of them licked up and down a side of my shaft, taking turns sucking on the head of my cock. Brittney giggled. "Like,

you taste so yummy, Mike. I want you inside me so bad. Please, I need your cock. Will you fuck my pussy like a good slut?" Brittney twirled her hair in her fingers and looked up at me with a gaze that one was one part innocence and one part lust. Further, either it was a trick of the light or her hair had turned a light, golden brown. Still, I wasn't about to deny her; however, if she was really the bimbo she was supposed to be, I wanted to make sure it happened how I wanted it.

"You can, angel," I said with a smile, "but you have to give Bri something, too." I pointed to the bedroom. "I want both of you in the bed, right now." As they both got up, I gave both of their butts a swap. Making my way to my feet, I shucked my pants and boxers.

Both women were waiting for me on the bed, both on their hands and knees. Their breasts were still swelling and I was certain both of them now had honey blonde hair. It was how Bimball worked: the hornier they got, the dumber they got and the bigger their tits and asses got. It was a sight to behold. Still, I knew what I wanted to see.

I paused long enough to take one of both Brittney and Brianna's breasts in my hands, squeezing them enough to get a moan out of both bimbos. "You two silly bimbos almost got it right. Bri, be a good girl and lay down with your head near the foot of the bed so that you can lick Brittney's cunt." Brianna eagerly rolled over, her hands going to her soft, honeydew sized tits, playing with them while Brittney straddled her face.

I took the opportunity to guide my cock between Brittney's folds, filling her pussy with my shaft slowly while Brianna licked where our bodies met. Brittney cried out in please and begged me to fuck her. I slid mostly out of her, only to fill her again. Brittney's heavy breasts rubbed along Brianna's waist as I filled her tight, wet cunt. Brianna's hands were both busy, one playing with her own breast while the other was fingering her own clit.

"Harder!" Brittney cried out. "I need to cummy so bad. I'm a naughty fuck slut. Fuck my pussy! Make your bimbo cum."

I reached forward and pulled Brittany back so that she was only on her knees, my hands gripping her breasts. I knew they were nearing their max size from the pill she had taken. As she squeezed her tits, my fingers pinching her nipples, I felt her body begin to stiffen. She screamed as her pussy clamped around my shaft, her body quaking against mine as her orgasm overtook her. The feeling, sight, and sound of it pushed me over the edge. I growled as my cock throbbed inside her, filling her pussy with more and more cum, so much so that it leaked out, only to be lapped up by Brianna. Her thighs clenched around her hand as she, too, came.

It would be several minutes before I was able to move. It was several more before I had a coherent thought. I'd collapsed in a small chair we'd kept in the bedroom. Brittney was licking my cock clean. I smiled down at her. "Good girl. I need you to go get me the tablet from the living room, okay?"

Brittney, now a blond-haired angel looked like she was thinking hard. Her eyes widened. "Oh, the flat rectangle thingy you watch porn on?" She asked. I laughed and nodded. "Like, okey-doke." She got up, her hips swaying back and forth as she walked.

I moved over to the edge of the bed, only to find Brianna quickly straddling my waist and rubbing against my still hard shaft. "Like, my turn." She said with a smile. Guiding my cock between her

folds, she began to bounce up and down my shaft, her massive tits rubbing up against my chest. In no time, I was cumming again and she was squealing as her second orgasm overtook her. I felt spent, but somehow knew I wasn't anywhere near running out of my reserves.

Looking over Brianna's shoulders, I smiled when I saw Brittney, my tablet in one hand and a huge dildo in the other, leaning against the wall, fucking herself silly, her eyes rolling back as she, too, climaxed. I carefully dislodged Brianna and forced myself to my feet, stumbling a bit as I made my way over to Brittney, taking the tablet from her.

I brought up the files and loaded readmesecond.txt.

"If you're reading this, I hope you've enjoyed yourself so far; however, we've barely just begun. While all three of will probably be in need of a shower at this point, once you're done with that, it's time for part two. If you check in my panty drawer, there should be a package with the following: four Bimball pills, two pairs of nylon shorts and tops that should fit us, and a card with the address to the boutique. Give us each a pill when you get to the boutique and buy us whatever you like. After you're done there, read the file 'readmethird.txt' and follow the instructions."

I looked over at Brianna and Brittney who had somehow found a double dong and were scissoring each other while playing with their tits. "You two finish up and then shower. It looks like we're going shopping."

Chapter 2

It took some effort to get Brittney and Brianna showered. I showered first, thankfully, then tried to just have one of the two shower, but the other would play with herself until she came. I had to have them shower together and they still came while washing each other. Bimbos. I managed to get them both dressed in stretch shorts and tops that Brianna had the foresight to buy, along with pink spoke heels, and into the car. Before leaving I made sure to put the SD chip with the instructions into my cell phone. Given I had my wife on video basically telling me to give her Bimball, I imagined that would smooth things over if needed.

When Brittney grabbed my crotch, I almost swerved off the road. "Hands on your boobs. No cumming." I told her, letting my heart beat slow. My mind briefly thought about Brittney's breasts which, when we had left our house, were reduced in size from earlier. The effects of the Bimball they took no doubt. The upside to Bimball, aside from putting my wife's libido, as well as that of our best friend, Brianna, into overdrive, was that the hornier the two women got, the larger their tits and asses got. The inverse was true. While both girls were presently sated they each had breasts the size of ripe honeydew melons. Given that the two of them had reached orgasm five or six times since breakfast, the horniness brought about by the Bimball had eased a bit.

Of course, Brittney had a solution planned out for that as well, which I had tucked into my shirt pocket: four more doses of Bimball. They weren't to take one, though, until we got to our destination: Cherise's Sweet Shoppe. The boutique itself I'd seen before. While I had known that Brittney and Brianna shopped there on occasion, it was never a place I'd thought to step inside before. In hindsight, I realized that I should've taken Brittney there more often. Afterwards, I made it my top place to visit for future birthdays. It was what happened during, though, that sealed the deal.

Arriving outside the boutique, the sign in bright, pastel pinks, I should've guessed what type of place it was. I stopped Brittney, who had paused to check her honey blond hair in the mirror, and handed her one of the Bimball pills. She smiled at me and I could sense the tiniest bit of the intelligent angel I knew and loved in her eyes. She popped the pill in her mouth and swallowed, shivering a bit.

"Hey, if she gets candy, I want some, too."

I turned to smile at Brianna. Stepping out of the back of the car, she stumbled against me, her softball-sized breasts bouncing, almost falling out of her top before pressing against my chest. "Oopsie," she said with a giggle, "thanks for, like, catching me, Mike." Brianna obediently opened her mouth and stuck out her tongue. I chuckled and placed the Bimball pill on her tongue which she swallowed. Brianna looked up at the sign and giggled at Brittney. "Mike took us to get some naughty clothes."

Brittney pressed up against my back, her cantaloupe sized tits mashing against me as she wrapped her arms around my waist. "Ooo... he sure did." I moaned as she sucked on the tip of my ear. "Was that your plan, honey? To get your bimbos some naughty clothes and then spank us for being naughty little sluts?"

I arched an eyebrow at that and was about to remind her that the boutique and the Bimball had been her idea. Remembering the effects of the pills, I realized doing so was pointless. I was better off enjoying the ride. I knew they were. So, instead, I simply smiled and nodded, stepping away and then putting one hand each on their bubble butts, giving them both a grope before steering them inside the store.

I was not prepared for what I saw next. If someone had told me that a store like this even existed two hours ago, I'd have told them that they're out of their minds. Instead, what I saw was could have been the closet for a big tit man's wet dream. From bras to chemises, corsets to teddies, along with costuming that fit more fetishes than I cared to count, the shop had everything in cup sizes that, before this morning, I had only fantasized about.

The woman at the counter seemed surprised as we walked in. She was a tallish amazon of a woman with raven black hair that was laced with hot pink, all tied up in a braided ponytail that went down to her ass. She scowled until her face brightened with recognition. "Oh my god. Bri and Brittney? Is that you?"

Brittney giggled. "You betcha. Hi there, Cherise! I've got big boobies now, thanks to Mike." Her and Brianna rushed around the counter to give Cherise a hug. This was when I noticed the dark black that Cherise was wearing. When Brittney and Brianna's tits mashed to each side of Cherise's body, I suddenly realized the corset Cherise was causing a trick of the light. Cherise was hardly flat chested. To the contrary: her breasts were each as big as basketballs, easily dwarfing both Brittney and Brianna. When she turned toward me, the bright purple side panel of the corset that ran up her body revealed a waspish waist.

"Well, you two do seem happier." Cherise narrowed her eyes at me. "Unless... did you give them Bimball?"

I winced at that. "Technically yes, but they both took the first dose before I knew what was happening." I figured I might as well be honest. No need to piss off the store owner. "As to the second

dose, they asked me to.” I looked at Brittney and Brianna. “Why don’t you two go shop for a bit while I talk to Cherise?”

“Okay!” Brianna said, grinning from ear to ear and pushing further into the store with Brittney in tow. I shook my head and chuckled. Pulling up the video from earlier, I showed it to Cherise and explained how there was a readmethird.txt that was I to read after finishing here.

At the end, she shook her head with a smile. “You’re so out of your depth right now, Mike. They took you to a clothing store when they’ll be lucky to fit in anything by the time they leave.”

I rubbed the back of my neck. “You could say that. My best guess is stretch clothing.”

“Fair guess,” Cherise said with a smile, “but, given what’s going on, I have a better plan.”

Cherise let me to the back, grabbing Brianna and Brittney along the way. There was a pink, satin curtain that she pulled aside. Inside, everything held the faint shimmer of nylon. Much like the front of the store, the room catered to larger sizes but designed to stretch.

Instantly, the girls were running back forth, holding up different outfits for each other and chattering about how hot they’d look. I shook my head and handed the gift card to Cherise who gave me a smug smile. “I gather you get men bringing in bimbos fairly routinely?”

Cherise smiled as she watched the bimbos pick and choose. “Not really. Besides, who do you think sold Bri the Bimball? Those two shop here pretty routinely, though it’s usually Brianna that ends up buying things while Brittney is too much of a prude.” She winked at me. “Nice to see she’s loosened up. Speaking of...” She turned to smile at Brittney.

Brittney was carrying a pink, plaid, mini-skirt, a snap up, white blouse with a pink plaid vest. She held it up in front of her. “Do you like it, Mike?”

I smiled and nodded. “It does look nice, but maybe you should try it on first.” As she began to strip right then, revealing her melonous breasts, I realized my mistake. Brittney stripped completely naked in front of the three of us. I noticed her tits begin to swell as she wiggled the skirt up her legs. “Naughty girl. You’re getting off on this, aren’t you?”

Brittney sucked on her lip and nodded, her once honey-colored hair lightening even more, closing on a classic blond. She snapped the top up between her breasts. Surprisingly, it was still a little loose on her, but, the way Brittney’s breasts were swelling, it wouldn’t take long for the snaps to pop. She slipped the vest on, letting it hang over her growing rack. Giggling, Brittney leaned against the counter and wiggled her rear enticingly, letting the skirt rise over her bubble butt. “Hey mister, I’ve been naughty. Wanna give me a spanking?”

Cherise smiled and patted my shoulder. “I’m going to close the shop for a bit. You three have fun.” She turned and made her way to the front of the store, leaving me with Brittney and Brianna.

I smiled and smacked Brittney’s ass while looking around for Brianna. Brittney’s moan distracted me for a moment, as did the feeling of her growing bubble butt against my hand. I couldn’t resist giving her rear a good grope.

“Moo.”

I shook my head and turned to look at Brianna. She had donned a pair of nylon pants with a pink and black cow print along with a matching bikini. The bikini barely held her now volleyball sized tits in place. The kicker, though, was the pink, cow print ears atop of her blond hair. "I'm a cowgirl, right? Like, I should totally look like a moo cow. Duh."

"Of course, you should," I replied with a smile, my hand slipping up between Brittney's legs to her slippery pussy, "because a good moo cow should look like a cow. That was everyone knows she's a cow." Brittney moaned in pleasure as I fingered her cunt, my fingers seeking her clit. I winked at Brianna as Cherise walked into the back.

"Did I hear a moo?" Cherise asked, looking directly at Brianna. "Apparently so. I suppose we should see if you're a good cow." Cherise moved to grab a pink collar with a cowbell attached to it and put it around Brianna's neck. She then connected a leash to the collar. "Well, you do wait obediently like a good cow, but do you have milk?"

I arched an eyebrow at that, continuing to finger my wife's slick folds. "I don't think she does. Not unless Bimball has that effect."

Cherise snorted and slipped Brianna's leash into my free hand. Slipping out the door, Cherise returned a moment later with a small package of pills. "Moolactin." Cherise grinned as she popped one out of the package. "Quick acting, short duration: lasts about eight hours." She waggled the pill in front of Brianna. "Does the silly bimbo want to be a good cow?"

Bri nodded, her boobs jiggling. Bri opened her mouth obediently, letting Cherise pop the white pill into Brianna's mouth. Brianna swallowed the pill then pressed against me, one of her hands cupping Brittney's swelling breasts, causing Brittney to moan even louder. "I, like, totally can't wait to have Brittney sucking on my big, fat, udders."

Brittney's breath quickened as I continued to finger her and Bri continued to play with Brittney's growing melons. Brittney's tits were approaching the same size as Brianna's volleyball sized breasts and the snaps on Brittney's shirt were beginning to strain. "I, like, can't wait. Can I suck on your udders while teacher fucks me so I can, like, totally pass the class?"

Teacher? Oh, wait, the schoolgirl outfit. I smiled as Brittany ground against my hand, trying to get my fingers deeper inside her.

"Well, if class is in session," Cherise said with a smile, "I have a special room for naughty cows and silly bimbos to learn their lessons from their teacher and their headmistress." She reached over to one of the counters and grabbed a pink riding crop.

Brittney looked over her shoulder at me, her cheeks flushed. "Should I, like, follow her, sir?"

I pulled my fingers from my wife's pussy and held them up to her lips, nodding to her. "But lick my fingers clean, first," I ordered her. "I don't think you're done with your lesson yet." Cherise was guiding Brianna, the riding crop used only to give her a direction to another room. Brittney sucked my fingers through her lips. They seemed a bit puffier than before, almost bee-stung in appearance. "Good girl," I said with a smile, swatting Brittney's bubble butt playfully, then pushing her toward the doorway Cherise had exited.

Entering the room, I was amused to find an older style teacher's desk with a wooden chair along with a standing blackboard. The fact that the walls were lined with different "school girl" styled outfits made sense. Brianna was already leaning over one of the long edges of the desk, her legs spread by Cherise, her cow-print shorts already laying on the floor, as was Cherise's black skirt. The cow print string bikini holding up Brianna's tits was straining to keep her still swelling, basketball-sized boobs, her strawberry sized nipples poking. Dark stains had formed around Brianna's nipples.

Cherise reached into the desk and pulled out a strap-on. Stepping into it, she pulled it up around her broad hips and over her black silk panties. She gave me an evil grin as Brittney slid around the other side of the desk. "Are we, like, in trouble?" Brittney asked us, giggling. "We were just playing around."

Brianna moaned. "We're sorry and stuff. We like, couldn't help it, moo."

"Couldn't help it," Brittney repeated. She reached forward to untie the string behind Brianna's neck, causing Brittney's massive rack to sway forward. The top snap of her blouse popped free as Brianna's bikini fell forward, exposing Brianna's still growing, milky, medicine ball sized udders. "Mmmm... milk." Brittney moaned, leaning forward, two additional snaps coming undone as she wrapped her lips around Brianna's dark, puffy nipple.

I couldn't stop myself at this point. Undoing my pants, I slid behind Brittney and groped her rear before sliding my cock between her hairless pussy lips, impaling her with my cock. "Yes, you've been very naughty."

Cherise plunged her strap-on into Brianna. "Such naughty girls. You need to learn your lesson. Repeat after me: Good girls love to be fucked."

Brittney's lips popped from around Brianna's nipple. Milk dribbled down her chin as the last three snaps from her schoolgirl top popped free, her massive rack spilling forth and resting on the desk. "Good girls love to be fucked." She moaned and rocked her hips, her bubble butt smack against me as my cock buried itself inside her, again and again. Brianna, too, between moos of pleasure, repeated the statement.

"Good girls cum when they're told." Cherise chimed, squeezing the sides of Brianna's tits.

"Good girls... oh fuck... Good girls moo." Brianna leaned back against Cherise, looking confused. Her milk sprayed over Brittney and narrowly missed me. Brianna's eyes lit up. "No... Good girls... um... cum when they're, like, told?"

Cherise nodded to me. She was a tricky woman. I respected that. A single word left my lips.

"Cum."

The two bimbos both began to quake, their eyes rolling back as orgasms overtook them. The feeling of Brittney's pussy clenching around my shaft while watching Cherise milk an orgasming Brianna pushed me over the edge, causing me to fill her cunt with my seed.

"Such good girls," Cherise said, waiting a moment before sliding out of Brianna. "While I take these two to freshen up, why don't you read the 'readmethird' file."

Sliding back to the chair, I was surprised to find Brianna kneeling beside me. “I, like, want my treat for being a good girl first, moo.” She carefully licked my cock clean as I pulled out my cell phone. Reading the text file, my eyes widened.

Chapter 3

Resting in the chair of Cherise’s Sweet Shoppe, I looked at my phone and the readmethird.txt document. My wife Brittney, clad in a plaid skirt and wide-open blouse was in the corner with her best friend, Brianna, making out. Cherise, who had been plowing Brianna with a strap on moments ago, looked over my shoulder, her basketball sized breasts pressing lightly against my shoulder.

“So far so good,” the document read, “but it’s time to really ramp things up. I hope you’ve enjoyed the effects of Bimball on Brianna and I. The last stop on your birthday journey will get there in style. Send a text message to the below number and tell them you’re ready for pick up. You’ve seen us busty, hungry for attention. Well, now it’s time to stoke your ego. Cherise should have a package ready for the trip. Don’t forget to give us both a final dose before you leave the Sweet Shoppe.”

Cherise pondered that for a moment. “Bri did order some stuff when she was in last week, but I presumed they were for a friend.” She looked at Brittney and Brianna. “In hindsight, I should’ve realized what the minx had planned.”

“Dare I ask?” I said, curious as to the contents.

Cherise smiled. “You can, but that would ruin the surprise. That being said, while I know what Brianna picked out then, I don’t think she had hucow in mind when she bought these.” Cherise kissed my cheek before moving over to Brittney and Brianna. “Come on, you two. Enough time in the naughty corner. Time to get dressed.”

Brittney pouted in my direction. “Do I have to, Master?” Brianna followed with the same look.

I grinned back at the two bimbos. “If you don’t, no more Bimball for you.” Both girls immediately jumped up, their medicine ball sized tits, bouncing heavily and almost causing them to tumble forward. Luckily, Cherise caught them both before guiding them out of the room. I took that moment to text the number. Making my way to my way to my feet, I carefully slid my cock, which was still engorged, though no longer hard, back into my briefs. Buttoning my pants, I slowly made my way to the front of the store.

It was about twenty minutes later that Brittney and Brianna were led to the front by Brianna. Both bimbos were collared and leashed. Both were wearing skin-tight, nylon bodysuits. Brianna’s suit was white with pink cow spots while Brittney’s looked like something out of a cyberpunk movie: shiny black and hot pink. Their boobs bounced and jiggled with every step. When they got closer, I realized that Brianna’s boots looked like oversized cow hooves while Brittney’s boots lit up with each step.

Cherise handed me both leashes and pointed toward the door. “Looks like your ride is here.”

I took the leashes and turned to look. Outside was a stretch limo. I shook my head. I knew that, once the Bimball wore off, I’d have to thank them both, but, for now, it was time to finish the party. Reaching into my pocket, I pulled out the package of Bimball. Both Brittney and Brianna eyes locked on the pack while I removed the final two doses. “Come get your candy, dolls.”

Brianna closed the distance first and opened her mouth wide while her massive rack pressed against my left side, mooing in anticipation. Brittney was pressing against me on my right a moment later, her mouth opened wide as well. I popped a pill in each bimbo's mouth. Being so close, I finally noticed that the outfits they were wearing could easily be peeled away, piece by piece, by tugging the snaps apart away. I filed that away for later.

"Have fun, you three. Pics or it didn't happen." Cherise called as we headed to the door. I led Brittney and Bri out to the waiting limo where the chauffeur, a lithe, short, moderately busty woman, was standing, the door to the limo open.

"Before you ask, my name isn't Mercy. It's Maria." The chauffeur said with a smile.

I chuckled as I gestured for Bri and Brittney to get in, catching the comic reference. "Get that a lot, to do you?"

"You have no idea," Maria said with a smile. "I'm your chauffeur until sunrise." She gave Brittney's ass an interested glance as Brittney wiggled into the back of the limo. "I'm also under strict orders from your wife, who paid for this excursion, to not tell you where we're going."

"Can't kidnap the willing," I said, grinning. "In either case, you telling would ruin the surprise."

Brianna had paused at the door to peer into the limo, so I swatted her ass playfully. "In you go pet. No reason to keep everything waiting."

Bri mooed in pleasure at the sway, wiggling her bubble butt at me. I watched as her rear swelled a little bit after I spanked her. "Like, you're just saying that because you want me to suck your cock once we're in the limo." Bri retorted.

"Hey, I want to, too!" Shouted Brittney.

I shook my head. "Relax. Both of you." I looked at Maria, feeling a bit embarrassed by the public declaration.

"I am personally unconcerned what you do back there," Maria replied, "as the glass between the front and back muffles sound enough that I'd not notice. Also, I don't have to clean it." Maria looked at her watch. "That being said, I also don't have to clean the back, either."

Laughing, I followed Bri into the back of the limo and made my way to my seat, only to have both Brianna and Brittney flank me, their heavy breasts pressing against me and resting on my lap. I groaned as my cock hardened instantly. I heard Maria chuckle as she closed the door.

The ride there, both girls decided to tease me by making out in front me, their huge tits mashing against other, rubbing back and forth against my cock. As Brianna and Brittney made out, their tits swelled even larger inside their stretchy bodysuits while their already squeezable bubble butts ballooned outward. I couldn't help but grope each ass cheek in turn. It was all I could do to not cum in my pants.

In the back of my mind, I did wonder how we would ever go back to the way things were. I knew from the news stories about Bimball that people that took it remembered everything that

happened. There were also potential long-term side effects if used too much. I was trusting that Brittney and Brianna knew what they were doing when they set this up.

When the limo stopped, I snapped out of my introspection. We were at the back of a building that I didn't recognize from the rear. Maria was at the door a moment later, opening it for the three of us. When Brittany and Brianna made no move to cease making out, I reached for Brianna's leash and handed it to Maria, who took it with an evil grin. "Come on, cow. It's time to get ready for the big show."

Brianna turned and was led out of the limo, mooing plaintively. "But I want more of Brittney, moo."

I took Brittney's leash, kissing her sweet, pillowy lips, parting them with my tongue to savor the taste of her mouth. She moaned and pressed against me. As much as I wanted to take her right then, I knew that we needed to get a move on. "Be a good girl and behave, candy doll." I slid from the seat and stepped into the cool, evening air, Brittney following me.

We made our way to the back entrance where a large man who obviously worked out was guarding the door. "Hey, cousin," he said, smiling at Maria, "who've you got here?"

Maria smiled. "Tonight's 'special guests' that danced for Cory last week."

"Special guests?" I looked back and forth as Maria pulled a black and gold card from her jacket pocket, handing it to me. I glanced at the card and noted the VIP marks and the background. We were at "Felicity", a high-end strip club that I hadn't been to since my bachelor party. Taking the leash from my hand, Maria led the two bimbos into the club as the bouncer showed me to the VIP section. It was presently empty, but it was early yet.

"You're with both of those ladies?" The bouncer asked me. When I nodded, he whistled. "I've seen fine tits and ass come through those doors. Those two are going to tear down the roof." He grinned at me. "Hope you're not the jealous type. There's about to be a lot of money thrown around."

I noticed the chairs near the stage were starting to fill. I started wondering if, in fact, my jealousy would get the better of me. I barely noticed Maria moving to sit next to me. Her grin was mischievous as she handed me a small card. "I was told by your wife to give you this before the show."

Looking at it, I read quickly as the music started. "Private dance from us both after the show." I pocketed the card and took a deep breath. I knew the reason they were doing this was to show off, to indulge in this fantasy of being bimbos with huge tits that belonged to me. I leaned back and watched the show.

The curtains parted as the music started thumping. There were immediate cat calls as Brittney and Brianna pranced out onto the stage, their eyes on me. A panel of cloth near the top of the breasts had already been removed, revealing the valley of their mountainous cleavage. They each took a side of the stage, jiggling their jumbo, beach ball sized tits at the men waving twenties at them, letting the men tuck the money between their tits.

Brittney turned and playfully swatted Brianna's ass then pulled the rear of Brianna's pants away, putting Brianna's stretched out, basketball-sized ass cheeks on display. Brianna moored in pleasure and

ground her ass against the stripper pole that was center stage. Brittney moved around the pole and leaned back. Instead of tearing off her top, the snaps popped down the middle. Brittney's mammoth breasts spread her neon pink and black top apart, almost spilling out entirely. The crowd erupted. I sat there, eyes intent on them both.

"Let the boys have a look see," Maria said, "because you and I both know they're only paying attention to you." As I watched Brianna and Brittney grind against each other, their eyes returned to mine after every dollar they took. Brianna's top popped open when Brittney reached around her from behind and groped her breasts. I was one of the few close enough to hear Brianna moo over the music.

Brittney went the extra step and tugged Brianna's top completely open, exposing her front from tits to G-string covered pussy, including Brianna's leaking nipples. This caused another cheer. Brittney smiled and moved to the main pole. She ground her ass against the pole and leaned forward. I saw her nod at someone behind me, which caused me to look back. The club owner nodded back as Maria nudged me.

I slowly stood and grabbed the front of Brittney's outfit and tugged on it, pulling the shiny cloth away and revealing her breasts and panty covered pussy. I stared at those massive, beach ball sized fleshbags until Brittney leaned forward and nudged me back with them. I fell back into my seat as Brittney and Brianna began to pick up all the cash, hurrying into the back.

Maria nudged my arm. "That's your cue." She pointed at the pink neon door. "There's your next stop and the last stop before I drive you and your lady-friends home. Enjoy."

I made my way to the door and nodded at the club owner. Leaning against the wall next to the door, he paused me. "I know who they both are and who you are," he said in my ear, "so you're free to do as you like. Until you leave or the club closes, no one will interrupt you. Oh, and you need to read the final note."

I nodded in appreciation and opened the door to a black room that had a black leather chair and a side entrance. The door closed behind me so I took a moment to pull out my phone and check the file. "If you're reading this, we're almost done. We put something special in your pancakes this morning. I hope you've enjoyed it. I know that we'll have had fun with every thick inch."

A moment later, Brittany and Brianna, both stark naked except for their boots. I moved to sit down, expecting music to start but Brianna shook her head. Both girls made their ways to their knees, their tits resting on the floor. Brianna unbuttoned my pants and then Brittney fished my cock out, which was, at this point, more than a foot and a half long and as thick as a soda can. Both girls took turns stroking my shaft while licking the length or sucking on the head.

It wasn't long before I was spraying thick streams of cum over their mammoth tits.

Which, I realized, was what they wanted.

The girls exited the room not long after rubbing my cum into their tits. I sat back in the chair for a moment to recuperate before carefully shifting my cock back inside my pants. As much as I loved the feeling of having that large of a cock, it would be a pain to have one this large all the time.

I stepped out of the private room to find Maria waiting. She smiled and winked at me before leading the way back to the limo where Brittney and Brianna were waiting, dressed in pink tees bearing the club logo and matching shorts. They both had Champaign glasses in hand and were drinking from a large bottle. I stepped into the limo and took a seat, letting the two girls drink.

It was an hour drive home and both Brittney and were passed out drunk by the time we got home. I had to have Maria help me get Brittney inside. Assuring me that she would get Brianna home safe, I managed to get my drunk wife out of her clothes and into bed before taking a quick shower. My cock was already starting to return to its original size as I toweled off.

I woke the next morning to soft flesh pressing against my chest and the feeling of my cock being stroked. I opened my eyes to see my beautiful wife, Brittney, back to normal. Well, almost normal. Her tits were still as big as volleyballs and her ass had a bit more curve than it did when we married. She kisses my lips softly. "So, did you enjoy your birthday?"

"I did." I reached over to caress her breasts. "Side effects of the Bimball?"

Brittney nodded. "I like them, though. Especially when you play with them." She moaned as I pinched her nipple. "And I'm still a little horny. There was something you never did get around to doing that I can't wait to finally be able to do." She slid down my body and rubbed her still large tits up and down the eleven inches of my cock. I hissed in pleasure as she licked the head before looking up at me. "I bet you'd just love to fuck my titties."

"Guess we should find out," I said with a grin, "but first, I think I should call my boss and let him know I won't be in today."

Brittney put her hand on my hip and shook her head. "He already knows. He called saying something about you and a strip club and that he expects you'll need a day to recover." I smiled as Brittney slid up my body, rubbing her smooth skin against mine before laying down and cupping her fuck bags. Climbing over her, I smiled. "Good to know. I don't plan to share my day with anyone else." With that, I thrust my cock between her pillowy tits and began to fuck them, thinking over the last day.

As I came over her face and neck, my wife begging me for my cum, I knew that neither of would soon forget my birthday. I just hoped there might be another shot at a threesome with Brianna.