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Bimbo Potion: Revenge

by Fidget

Chapter 7

Jill left early Monday morning, eager to get back to school so she could begin using her bimbofied breasts and hips, along with the irresistible pheromones coming from her tight little pussy, to pursue a lucrative MRS degree. After she spent a few years making the most of college life first, of course.

Amy headed to work, ready to continue pursuing her own dreams of rising up the corporate ladder. *And no fucking yummy men and their hard cocks at work this time! Gotta be professional!*, she told herself, but her pussy only tingled in response, ready and eager to overwhelm every man around her with the urge to fill her slutty body with their cum at the slightest provocation. She squeezed her massive tits into a tight, lowcut top so they could show themselves off as much as they wanted, and garner the instinctive male attention that was sure to provoke her slutty body into preparing itself for sex.

When she arrived at the office, Phil immediately called her in for a meeting.

"I've put you up for a promotion, Amy. I was more than happy to relay my opinions of your diligent service to my superiors, and I think having introduced them to someone of your talents will reflect well on me in the future."

"Yay! Omigod, thank you so much Phil!" Amy gushed, rushing over to wrap her boss in a tight hug as he enjoyed the feeling of her exaggerated curves pressed so snugly against his body.

"After making them aware of your considerable contributions to the office," he continued, his eyes dropping to the bulging breasts emphasized by Amy's revealing top, which had felt heavenly against his chest just a second ago, "they wanted to meet with you personally in the conference room at your earliest convenience. They're there right now waiting for you."

Amy's earlier naive resolution to be professional went out the window as soon as her exhibitionist tits felt his eyes on them again, and the cumulative effects of her exposures to the potion and the craving for cum it had induced in her quickly overrode much of her capacity for rational thought. She found herself seriously questioning the wisdom of her decision not to fuck yummy men and their hard cocks at work, and completely forgot about the men in the conference room waiting for her, since she had plenty of man right here and now for what she had in mind.

Like, Phil totally has a cock! And I know from experience how yummy it is! Why wouldn't I fuck him? I should at least blow him again, to thank him for putting me up for a promotion! she rationalized to herself, and her pussy enthusiastically agreed, helping Phil overcome any of his remaining inhibitions as it releasing a cloud of pheromones into the air that soon had him unconsciously leaning into Amy's body once more, dick hardening with keen interest in Amy's new, much sluttier figure as he gave in to his desire to press his hands into her large, pillowy breasts. This was all the encouragement Amy needed, and when she felt Phil's hard dick against her slim waist, pulsing with his irresistible need to use her body for his pleasure as he pulled her against himself possessively, Amy quickly dropped to her knees, unzipped him, and popped his dick into her mouth, where it belonged.

As Amy's body rewarded her with an intense feeling of pleasure and satisfaction at giving in to her urges, she had to admit that she *loved* having a dick in her mouth. Feeling its slick hardness sliding against her tongue, twitching inside her as she teased it closer to spontaneously ejaculating its gooey prize for her just felt so *right*, she reflected, and as she bobbed her head up and down and then pulled off a bit to slowly suck on the tip she looked up into her boss' eyes expectantly. They clouded with pleasure as Phil's slutty subordinate triggered his orgasm, and then Amy was filled with giddy happiness as her mouth filled with his yummy reward, and she eagerly sucked and swallowed as her bimbofied body squirmed with the simple pleasure of having a belly full of warm cum.

Her cravings satisfied for the moment, Amy pulled off and zipped him back up, and Phil looked down at her in dazed appreciation and only slightly diminished lust before he remembered the execs in the next room.

"Thanks Amy, now hurry! You'll be late for your meeting!"

"Thanks for everything babe," Amy responded, giving him a brief kiss on the lips before swaying out the door.

"Good luck!" he called after her, sinking into his chair with the deep satisfaction that only comes from emptying your balls into a hot bimbo slut. He would be sad to lose Amy, but with the way Sam and Val had been dressing and acting, he was pretty sure he'd be fine.

Amy jiggled into the conference room moments later, wiping the last of her boss's cum off her lips in as professional a manner as she could manage, but with her pussy still on overdrive. It distracted her with pleasure as it pulsed between her legs, persuasively encouraging her to use it as intended as her arousal involuntarily began filling the conference room with chemical attraction.

The two men at the head of the table rose at her entrance, eyes widening at the sight of the appetizing flesh on display as their dicks hardened in instinctual desire for the exaggerated femininity of her body, even before the enthralling effects of her heady scent could begin dulling their free will and reducing them to their sexual impulse. Phil had told them that he had found the perfect candidate for the special "Private Executive Secretary" hole the execs had hinted about wanting to fill, and it seemed like this sexy slut would satisfy their needs even better than expected.

To be fair, they weren't looking for a prostitute, or to receive any sort of sexual favors - they just wanted some eye candy to sit behind a desk in front of their offices, whom they could trot out and put on display whenever high-profile clients were visiting.

Regardless of their merely sexist intentions, however, all the attention they were paying her body just revved up Amy's greedy pussy that much more as she felt her bimbo urges beginning to take hold of her once again. Deep down she already knew this would happen, of course, having already secretly accepted her fate as an eager slave to her increasingly slutty nature, even as her conscious mind continued to vehemently deny having fully given in to the potion's seductive influence over her vulnerable body and mind. In truth, she was looking forward to feeling her sexy bimbo alter-ego effortlessly brushing aside what remained of her rational self as the promise of cock and the erotic pleasure it represented became more and more irresistible to her.

"Ms. Anderson, Phil has told us about all of the good work you've done here, and so we wanted to talk about having you take on a more visible position in the company."

Her brainwashed tits perked up at the idea of being more visible, but this time Amy didn't even notice as she reflexively pulled the neckline of her tight top even lower in response, revealing the edges of her large, dark areolas to the eyes of the increasingly horny men around the table. Normally they would have thought this display was vulgar and inappropriate, but now they just watched hungrily as more of her cleavage came into view, hoping she would reveal more of her naked flesh to them. The hint of dark skin visible near the center of each massive mound only served to titillate them further as now only the hem of her blouse prevented the thick nipples standing out proudly through the thin fabric from popping out into full view.

"This role will require interfacing with customers and clients, in addition to the kind of work you're more accustomed to performing for Phil," the president continued, though his voice trailed off slightly as his mind clouded with uncharacteristic thoughts of sex. He began to wonder exactly what sorts of duties those had been, and whether he could convince her to perform similar duties for him in the privacy of his office. Meanwhile, his cock was responding to the signals of arousal his compromised nervous system was involuntarily sending and began to throb with need, demanding female attention.

"Mr. President, I'm totally ready for this challenge. I'm sure I can, like, handle a heavy load from both of you, no problem!" Amy asserted confidently, thrusting out her chest a bit to emphasize her unrestrained enthusiasm for the position and to demonstrate that she wouldn't need any external support for her two prominent roles.

"We'll need a hands-on demonstration of your job performance," the president said thickly, already anticipating her answer and abandoning all pretense by sliding his chair back from the table. He unzipped his pants as the musk from her bimbo pussy exerted its influence over his actions and his sense of propriety finally lost its battle with his artificially enhanced libido. His associate feigned mild offense at the salacious act, even as his hand began to tease and pull at his own increasingly insistent cock under the table.

This was exactly the chance that Amy had been waiting for, and she eagerly bounced over and took her place between her new boss' knees, confident that she would perform above expectations. She knew

how to make a good impression, and would soon have them eating out of her hand. Or eating out of something, at least. She just needed to stay professional - give them each a neat, tidy blowjob, and nothing more. Perfectly normal. No letting them sink their throbbing cocks into her slick pussy and fill her needy canal with their hot jizz. At least, not yet. She didn't want them to think she was just a slutty bimbo, after all.

As Amy's tongue touched the president's cock, however, and he moaned in pleasure and thrust himself between her soft lips, a furious Sam burst into the room. She had somehow sensed that she was losing her chance at a promotion, but was more than eager to use her body to ensure that she got it instead.

"Miss, this is a private meeting! I'm sorry, but you'll have to leave," the president sputtered as he tried to hide the head bobbing enthusiastically between his legs. He regretted having to send this towering new girl away in his aroused state, however, due to her own considerable curves shown off by what could only be described as a pornographic version of a women's dress suit, with a blouse open almost to her navel, drawing attention to the ample globes that jutted out on either side of the deep valley in the center of her chest. A tiny pencil skirt that showed off her wide hips and thick thighs, while hinting at what was almost visible between them, completed the look.

"I'm not leaving until you give me a chance too! I'll show you that I'm a better cocksucker than that slut Amy!" Sam insisted as her pussy moistened at the idea, sending her own imperious pheromones out to mix with Amy's enticing scent throughout the room. Sam stomped over to the CFO, her slutty mouth already salivating in anticipation as her intimidated prey rushed to undo his belt.

"Sam you bitch! Go find your own dick!" Amy yelled angrily during the few seconds she could bear to spend without that tasty cock between her lips, but Sam completely ignored her and began working the CFO's shaft and balls with a vengeance. Even if she'd wanted to leave, however, Sam was powerless to resist her own compulsion for dick, which had been the cost of the powerful, irresistible bimbo body the potion had blessed her with.

Even over the sound of her own slurping as she continued to massage the president's cock with her tongue, Amy could hear Sam across the table teasing the CFO as she alternated thinly veiled threats with stimulating him with her lips and tongue.

"Your cock is so hard! I bet it really wants to cum, doesn't it? It'd be a shame if you, like, didn't hire me and I had to stop. You *do* want to hire me so I can keep going, right?" she wheedled as she gave him one final brief lick and looked up into his eyes hungrily.

Surely he knows that Sammy won't be able to stop until she gets his yummy cum, Amy thought to herself. She gathered enough willpower to briefly look up from her own irresistible cum dispenser, and was rewarded with the sight of Sam's delicate fingers continuing to mechanically stroke the CFO's cock even as she threatened to stop.

All too predictably, however, Amy heard the CFO nonetheless responding, "Oh God yes! Of course! Anything you want! Just don't stop!" as the sensation of her thumb rubbing up and down his sensitive frenulum became more than he could handle. His overstimulated cock began to shoot its load all over

her statuesque features framed by her silky black hair, and her seductive green eyes glimmered with excitement and satisfaction as the first spurts of his semen painted creamy trails across her face. As his ejaculation began to tail off and her compulsion to direct all of her attention to the cock jerking in her hands lessened, Sam glanced back across the table at Amy with a cum-coated smirk of victory.

Undeterred, Amy looked up at the company president she was fellating, a captivating smile on her own angelic features, and said "I, like, just want to do a good job, sir. I hope you're enjoying yourself," before sensuously sliding her tongue up the underside of his dick. Then, throwing caution, modesty, and professionalism to the wind, recognizing that she would need to go all out to beat Sam, Amy finally gave in to her pussy's demands to be filled. She stood up, turned around, pulled her skirt aside, and slowly slid his slick cock deep into her silky, luxurious depths.

As wave after wave of pleasure rewarded her for using her body the way it was designed, Amy admitted that she loved having a dick in her pussy too, possibly even more than she loved having one in her mouth. All the while, her pussy did what came naturally, enthusiastically pulling and gripping at the skin of the president's sensitive cock, coaxing him back inside when he withdrew and then tightly squeezing him in her slick, inviting embrace as he reflexively slid himself back into her, forcing him ever closer to his limit as her pussy persuasively encouraged him to lose control inside of her, to give in and let her relieve him of all of that cum uncomfortably filling his balls and beginning to pulse urgently at the base of his cock.

Recognizing his imminent orgasm, Amy pulled off completely, and then slowly pressed his cock deep into her stimulating pussy one last time, finally triggering his involuntary response, and he moaned as his body began to release itself into her heavenly embrace. His eyes rolled back into his head as the most pleasurable sensation he had ever felt seemed to go on and on as her tight grip continued to milk him into oblivion, and he was forced to fully empty himself into this slutty bimbo, specifically engineered to be the perfect receptacle for his cum.

"Thank you, ladies. You've both capable of very, eh-hem, persuasive performances. Now we'll need some time to deliberate privately, and then Phil will let you know our decision."

It came as no surprise to Amy when Phil summoned her into his office a half hour later. Once the CFO had been freed from Sam's imperious influence, the choice had been clear. Sam, of course, was livid when Phil called Amy back, but there was nothing she could do, and the look of furious impotence on her face at having been outperformed made all of Amy's tribulations of the past week more than worth it.

As Amy walked into Phil's office to accept her promotion, she was again impressed with just how cute and manly he was as her slutty cravings were rekindled at once more. Phil was talking though, so Amy tried to listen and not be distracted with thoughts of what they should obviously be doing instead.

"They were very impressed by your performance, and are prepared to offer you the position. It was a tough choice between you and Sam, but while Sam was self-confident, knew exactly what she wanted, and was practically impossible to say no to, your clear eagerness to please won the day."

Amy flushed at the praise, and at her ultimate victory over Sam. "You won't regret this sir!" she gushed, licking her thick lips suggestively, and encouraging her pussy as it began to pulse anew. She walked around his desk, embracing her urge to show her boobs along the way as she unbuttoned her blouse and allowed her massive tits to swing freely in his face for a few seconds before bending down in front of him.

"Amy, while I appreciate your initiative, I'm not sure I'm-" he began, but then her scent began to have its effect on him once more, and he realized that he *did* want one final round with the slut after all.

"Shhh..." she whispered as she pulled his chair out from behind his desk and sank between his legs. This time she had something slightly different in mind, and after pleasantly lubricating his cock with her soft mouth and tongue as he moaned, she wrapped her giant tits around his short dick and began squeezing and pulling up and down, enveloping him in the sight and sensation of her soft, jiggly breasts. When she sensed him ready to cum, she pulled her tits apart enough to reach him with her mouth, and gently closed her puffy lips around his cockhead as she continued to stroke his shaft with her fist, shivering with pleasure when she felt him reflexively pumping her mouth full for the second time that morning.

Afterward, Amy went back to her desk licking her lips clean, once again filled with satisfaction for filling her bimbofied body with the yummy cum that it craved. She was so happy - she'd gotten everything she had ever wanted. Success, a promotion, revenge on Val and Sam, and all the throbbing cock she could take. *I'm a woman with needs, after all*, she giggled to herself, and then watched Val heading back to her desk after another session in the janitor's closet, closely followed by a delicious-looking young man with a glazed smile on his face.

She watched Val stop briefly by Sam's desk and grab a familiar bottle of hand sanitizer to clean the cum off her fingers, and she watched as Sam freaked out and tried in vain to prevent Val from squirting the liquid into her hand. Val did so nonetheless, froze briefly, and then began excitedly rubbing the hand sanitizer into the creamy tops of her boobs as they pressed out above her tight tube top, before pulling her top down entirely and massaging the tingly liquid into her large, naked breasts, twisting her thick nipples as her eyes widened and her pupils dilated in pleasure.

Sam slumped down into her chair, completely defeated, absent-mindedly pulling apart her blouse to squeeze the needy bimbo tits that Amy had inflicted upon her as Val calmly succumbed to the effects of the potion once again. Sam hadn't even *wanted* big, sexy bimbo tits before Amy had tricked her into dosing herself with the potion, and now that she had them she couldn't help but love the way they hung heavily from her chest, the way they demanded her attention and rewarded her with pleasure for indulging them, and the way they caught men's eyes and were the first step in making them want to fuck her. The anticipation of getting Amy back, of watching Amy helplessly turning into even more of a cock-hungry bimbo slut was all that had kept Sam from dosing herself again, but now that Val had

stolen her revenge, Sam regretted not having just dosed herself so *she* could be the one experiencing the mind-numbing pleasure of swelling into an even bigger bimbo instead.

Val was momentarily confused as she suddenly felt a familiar, powerful urge to embrace a tempting transformation growing within her. She had been perfectly satisfied with the original changes that had been thrust upon her the previous week, content with a body that advertised her sexual availability and a pussy that drove her to fuck with abandon. She had experienced none of Amy and Sam's desire to dose themselves again, but now, full of tingly pleasure as her body pulsed with four doses of uncontainable Bimbo energy, overwhelmed by the irresistible appeal of the potion once more, she suddenly decided that it wouldn't be so bad to see what other interesting ideas the magical hand sanitizer had in store for her. She had enjoyed her first round of changes of course, not having a choice in the matter, and now found herself unable to resist wanting more.

Lost to the world, entirely unaware of her audience as she pulled down her top and massaged the potion's tingly influence deep into her bouncy, exposed boobs, the first thing Val discovered was that she had been entirely mistaken about her ideal body. She remembered the sensation of her goals for herself reorienting from petite and athletic to busty and fuckable, but now she felt her aspirations involuntarily shifting once again. She realized that her ideal body didn't have large breasts and wide thighs like she had initially thought - it actually had colossal breasts and a bouncy bubble butt that screamed "fucktoy". *We'd, like, better get to work then*, Val giggled to herself, eager to begin her exciting transformation into an ever more insatiable bimbo slut. The Bimbo Potion heartily agreed, and began giving her exactly the figure that it had made her want.

As the drug's effects overwhelmed her body and forced her heavy breasts to expand once more, Val's hypersensitive nose caught the faint scent of male arousal coming from down the hall. Still naked from the waist up, groping her massive teats as their growth accelerated, Val staggered toward the conference room where the execs were still discussing other business.

She stumbled into the room just as her widening hips burst the seams of her tight skirt, and the executives gaped in dumbfounded confusion at the comically exaggerated features of the voluptuous bimbo lurching toward them, eyes glassy with lust as her clothing hung from her body in tatters and her basketball-sized breasts continued to swell before their very eyes. Val's crotch, however, quickly began to tingle at the proximity of the two men, and the potion, sensing the presence of cocks she should be fucking, turned its attention to strengthening her involuntary pheromone production as her pussy began to instinctively pulse with industrious pleasure.

The executives, initially shocked into stillness, were instead soon overcome with a vibrant, erotic joy, as Val's own unique blend of pheromones breathed new life into their stiffening cocks and filled them with a euphoric desire to celebrate life and love with this irresistible goddess of sensuality by indulging in uninhibited sexual intercourse and copious orgasmic release. The enraptured worshipers surrounded Val and began their bacchanalia, dicks filling her mouth and her still-tightening pussy as the men ecstatically thrust themselves into her willing body.

A few hours later, Phil called Amy back into his office to deliver the unfortunate news. The executives had changed their minds, and had chosen Val as their new secretary over Amy. There was nothing to be done, and though both Phil and Amy still felt the powerful pull of their bodies toward one another, neither of them felt much like fucking. So, Amy dejectedly returned to her desk to finish out the rest of the workday, sadly groping her horny body to take the edge off the constant craving for sex that still tormented her just as strongly, even after losing her chance at achieving her goals.

Sam, meanwhile, filled the time by half-heartedly letting an intern blissfully cum in her slutty, insatiable pussy in exchange for a piece of his fried chicken, blaming Amy the entire time for how much she enjoyed letting him use her body, and knowing that it was Amy's fault that she would never be free of this desire to fill herself with cock.

That evening, while Amy was indulging in a marathon masturbation session to take her mind off what had happened at work, she was interrupted by a knock at the door and was surprised to see the busty, imposing figure of Sam on the other side, who had ostensibly come by to bury the hatchet.

"Hey Amy, I just wanted to apologize for what happened at work today. I know you won fair and square, and that it's my fault that bitch Val stole your promotion!"

"Aw, that's super sweet Sammy! It's ok - Val was just sexier and sluttier than we were, and, like, how can you compete against someone who's that much of a bimbo??"

"Yeah, if *we* were the ones who had bigger, sluttier bimbo tits they *totally* would have picked us over Val!" Sam exclaimed, trying to ignore how logical and appealing her argument sounded, even to her.

"Totally!" Amy agreed, thinking how great it would be to have even bigger tits, before remembering that her tits *could* be bigger! *And why shouldn't they be?* she asked herself with a sultry pout on her face. Sam was right. That promotion should have been hers. Heck, that dose was even intended for her - Sam had been meaning to dose *Amy* with that sanitizer, before that slut Val had stolen it from her and become a bigger bimbo than Amy could compete with.

Well, she knew how to fix that.

"Wait Sammy! I have a really great idea!" Amy yelled as her brainwashed tits and pussy made her plan seem even more appealing, craving the transformative high of the bimbo potion one final time. "I should, like, dump a *bunch* of the potion on myself! Then I'd have even bigger boobies and could get any job I want!" she concluded, tugging on her puffy nipples and letting their desire to swell flow through her, strengthening her resolve even further as her eyes flicked over to the small bottle sitting on the counter.

"That's *is* a really great idea!" Val confirmed, half-persuaded that that was what *she* should do as well, even though she had firmly resolved to do nothing of the sort when she had decided to head over to Amy's house and convince her to dose herself. "You'll show Val! You'll get her back for trying to take your promotion away from you!"

"Yeah!" Amy agreed as the urge to give herself even bigger bimbo tits to put Val in her place once and for all became overwhelming. *Sammy isn't so bad after all*, she thought as she unscrewed the top and

gave her boobs what they wanted, inverting the bottle above her enormous chest. Splash after splash fell onto her naked skin, tingling more and more intensely until the pleasure drove her to her knees and she dropped the bottle onto the floor, still more than half full.

Her massive breasts rejoiced as drops of potent potion ran in rivulets between them. They initially welcomed the familiar urge to swell and expand, the potion's intoxicating effects making them feel light and fluffy even as they involuntarily grew larger and heavier in exchange for their blissful high. This time, however, the sensation never weakened, but only accelerated, and her tits became increasingly drunk with the never-ending torrent of Bimbo energy pulsing through them that grew ever stronger, overwhelming them in erotic sensation that quickly became disorienting, and then uncomfortable, and then unbearable.

It was far too much for Amy's brainwashed tits to handle, but even as they regretted their decision, they continued to involuntarily grow larger, heavier, thicker, jigglier, softer, pillowier, sexier. It wouldn't stop. It couldn't stop. They needed to be seen. They needed men. They needed cock. They needed cum. Amy's tits were drowning in an endless pool of swirling desire, weighing her down more and more as she remained blissfully unaware of the results of her overdose. Her conscious mind had quickly been overwhelmed with the blazing brilliance of the more than thirty doses of irresistible transformative power that filled her body full to bursting, *beyond* bursting, immediately washing away Amy's consciousness and leaving only the pure essence of bimbofied lust in its wake.

As such, she didn't notice that the rapidly increasing weight of her beach ball-sized tits was pulling her down until she found herself lying dreamily on the floor, supported by her massive mammaries whose growth showed no signs of slowing as they filled out the space around her body and then began to press her up off the ground, soft and buoyant. Soon they were fully carrying her weight and she was effectively hanging from them, pussy thrust out behind her into the air, easily accessible as the potion concentrated her essence to levels of potency orders of magnitude beyond even Val's saturnalian influence. The room immediately filled with a thick cloud of mind-melting musk that quickly saturated the house and billowed out into the world through Amy's open windows.

Such a powerful dose of Bimbo Potion still had a limit, however, and eventually ran its course, this time leaving a simple bimbo where Amy had once been, now nothing more than a pair of Volkswagen-sized tits attached to a black hole for cum, good for one thing only.

"Are you ready to go out and take your job back from Val?" Sam asked, no longer able to hold back her laughter at Amy's massive tits that now filled most of the room.

"Huh? Who's Val? Jus' want cock!" the bimbo insisted, not sure why this girl was talking about another bimbo instead of trying to go out and get cock herself. She also knew that she no longer needed to worry about having to go find cock for herself. With her new pheromones, it would come to her.

Sam grinned. Apparently, the potion had finally cured Amy of her desire for vengeance, along with most of her intelligence, and at the sight of her in the middle of the the floor, tits so big she was unable to move, Sam felt her own sense of justice satisfied as well. She still felt the urge to dose herself, of course, but rationalized that she'd need to keep her brains intact to get what she wanted out of men, so

that she wouldn't just screw them out of base sexual need like some sort of slut. *Like Amy!* she thought to herself happily.

Her work here finished, Sam prepared to leave, grabbing the bottle of bimbo potion on the way out, but the concentrated potency of the bimbo's new scent had beaten her outside, drifting out of the open windows, and when Sam opened the door she found herself staring into the face of a jogger with a look of primal intensity on his face and a bulge in his shorts that demanded her attention.

He immediately pushed past her, of course, as his overwhelming need drove him to completely ignore the tall, raven-haired beauty, even as she pulled her massive breasts out of her top in a futile attempt to distract him. His dick knew what it wanted, and as soon as he saw the bimbo supported by her tits in the middle of the room, pussy thrust up into the air in need, he ripped off his shorts and hopped on, immediately shoving his cock up to the hilt into the bimbo's waiting pussy as she squealed with glee. He reached around her body and buried his hands in the massive piles of titflesh that supported them both as he mindlessly drove himself into her body over and over again.

Sam, despite her insistence that she was the one using men, was still a slave to her own voluptuous body's bimbo urges, and couldn't resist sliding herself under Amy's pussy as the jogger pounded it. Between each thrust Sam used her tongue to make as much contact with the underside of the jogger's thick shaft as she could before he buried himself back inside. Unable to withstand the onslaught of sensation from Sam's talented tongue and the bimbo's irresistible pussy, he buried himself as deeply as he could and let fly, with Sam sucking on his balls as she felt them tighten and pulse in her mouth, jealous of Amy's pussy as she felt him send burst after burst of seed deep into her.

Once the jogger was fully spent, he mechanically pulled out and staggered toward the door in a daze. As he wandered off, however, Sam realized that she hadn't received payment for her services yet, and called out for him to leave some money on the table as he left, but then the sight of the cum dripping from Amy's used pussy caught her eye, and she found herself attacking her rival's nethers with her tongue, thrusting deep inside to appease her own bimbofied body's craving for cum as Amy cooed with pleasure.

Once she had compulsively eaten out her nemesis to another orgasm, Sam went to check the table by the door and was surprised to see a hundred dollar bill lying on it, which gave her a new idea. She ran back over to the bimbo, still lying in the middle of the floor supported by her massive cushiony breasts, and attempted to make a business proposition.

"Hey Amy, you know how you wanted big boobies so you could get a job?"

The bimbo looked up at her blankly. She wanted her big boobies so she could get another cock.

"Never mind. How about this: would you like your job to be fucking and sucking cock all day every day? You'll still be having lots of sex, but you'll be getting paid to do it!"

"I can fuck?"

"Absolutely! The more, the better! You'll, like, need a business manager though. If you let me handle the money, that'll give you more time to fuck!"

"Good!" the bimbo gushed. "Smart!"

"It gets even better! That guy was only here for like five minutes, so if we start charging \$100 per guy, and I give you 10% of that, that means you'll be making like \$100/hour!"

"Ok!" the bimbo immediately agreed. That sounded like a whole lot, and all of this talk about money was boring anyway, especially when the bimbo could be fucking a nice, hard cock instead!

Sam opened all of the doors and windows in the house, and soon there was a steady stream of men flooding into the living room, inexplicably drawn there with hard dicks and full wallets. Somewhat unexpectedly, they all waited patiently for their turn, openly stroking their naked cocks in anticipation, which meant that Sam got her pick of the dick waiting for Amy to fulfill her own urges in addition to 90% of the profits from her operation. The bimbo, of course, welcomed all cummers.

It wasn't long before the police heard about what was going on, and they quickly closed down the block, since any man who got too close inevitably found himself fucking the bimbo. Their perimeter kept expanding however, as the bimbo's musk continued to grow more concentrated and more and more officers were lured into blissful release inside the bimbo's or Sam's enticing pussies. Furthermore, as word spread, men of all shapes and sizes and from all walks of life began sneaking past the line on purpose, each of them hoping to cum in a willing pussy, and all of them inevitably forced to do so once they got too close.

Soon, Sam had to admit that there was far more cock than she or even Amy could handle, and rebranded the abandoned neighborhood as an amusement park, owned and operated solely by a growing number of busty women, but with Amy as the main attraction. The state sent female agents to try to shut them down, since all of the male agents they sent just ended up paying for the privilege of cumming in the Amy's pussy, but the women kept getting inexplicably bimbofied. Afterward, they inevitably joined the park staff themselves, unable to resist the new, constant craving for cock their slutty bodies had been involuntarily programmed with. Ultimately, the area was designated a legal prostitution zone, and at regular intervals the police chief or the mayor would "accidentally" get too close, in order to be pulled across the line by the irresistible scent of bimbo pussy for some private, VIP treatment.

It wasn't long before Jill and her new boyfriend came to visit. Jill didn't seem overly bothered by Amy's lack of conversational ability, and the two girls happily reminisced about boys and cocks in Amy's familiar living room, now the center and main attraction of Bimboland. As they chatted, Jill helped out with one of the customers, who was eager to bury himself in the busty, flirty coed and thrust himself to completion, while Jill's similarly affected boyfriend mindlessly emptied his balls into the bimbo's irresistible pussy, on the house.

Author's Note: Thanks for reading! If you have any feedback, comments, or questions, I'd love to hear from you at fidget1@protonmail.com. If you find yourself enjoying my stories, please consider supporting my work on Patreon, at www.patreon.com/fidget1. Patrons get early access to my stories,

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