

The Addiction of Bimbohood



Hello!
I am Trisha Tanektoda,
CEO of a multinational
IT Company. It is my business
to create the newest technologies
and software for your
home entertainment
needs.

As you can imagine,
my free time is extremely rare,
but if I can catch some of
this precious time...

...I want
to relax and enjoy it.
With all the decisions I have
to make every day this
is not easy...

...but then
came the absolutely amazing
products from Amaz2k12 Corp!
They showed me a legal way to
fully relax, without any
drugs or unwanted
side effects.

created by Amaz2k12

based on Ideas &
Co-Autor Zoad

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The effects of a pill wear off after 8 hours then in a few minutes your body completely returns to normal.

Here, let me show you.



There are many flavors and varieties of products you can use, but for this I will use **Bimbo lite**.

And this **Bimbo lite** is vanilla flavored.



It's kickin' in real fast and it ...um...feels

Like.

OH MY GAWD!

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Wow.
I, *like*, really trailed
off in the middle of the
, *um...* the line!
giggle

Stereo-um, what?
Well, I'm *like*, not your
typical, um...bimbo. I use this to
like...to feel happy and
relaxed and stuff!
leehee

Bimbo Lite
and all other products
of AmazCorp are not safe for work.
Using more than one pill or while a
similar product is active can cause
unwanted side effects. AmazCorp
assumes no liability for incorrect
use of our product. Ask your doctor
if it is safe to use Bimbo Lite or
other Bimbo products, and always –
enjoy responsibly.

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Saturday evening...or more like Sunday morning, in the living room of the campus business Fraternity, where Paris and Louisa live and study...

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enjoy responsibly.

zzzzZZZ

klick

Oh, Brad....
we like, totally have
to be quiet, my roomie like,
totally fell asleep again
while studying, while
we were... *giggle*

Wait...Louisa
the loser? She is your
roommate? That girl is so
annoying, always ruining
the curve. We laugh at
her all the time hehe

What did
you say your name was?
I didn't remember that Louisa
had such a smokin' hot
roommate...

Do you
like, really want to talk
about my name, Brad? *giggle*
I think that, um, you should
be interested in other...

fondle

...things
like, right now? Maybe
my big big boobies? *giggle*
Oh...I totes enjoy
them...

klick

slam

zzzzZZZ

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Sunday morning...

mhh...
I love my black coffee.
The best thing about every
morning, right before
work.

Morning Lou,
had a great
evening?

Mine was
very intense and
extremely...relaxing. Maybe
you'd like to try some tonight
before we head to the
exam tomorrow?

Mornin'

Hm, I don't
know, Paris...seeing you
like that...

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Look Paris,
I think you're
addicted to that stuff.
You should focus on
more important
things.

You mean
the exams.

Yes. Every weekend
you take some pills, then
go out for some fun...and I
really don't understand
why your grades are
still excellent. You
never study.



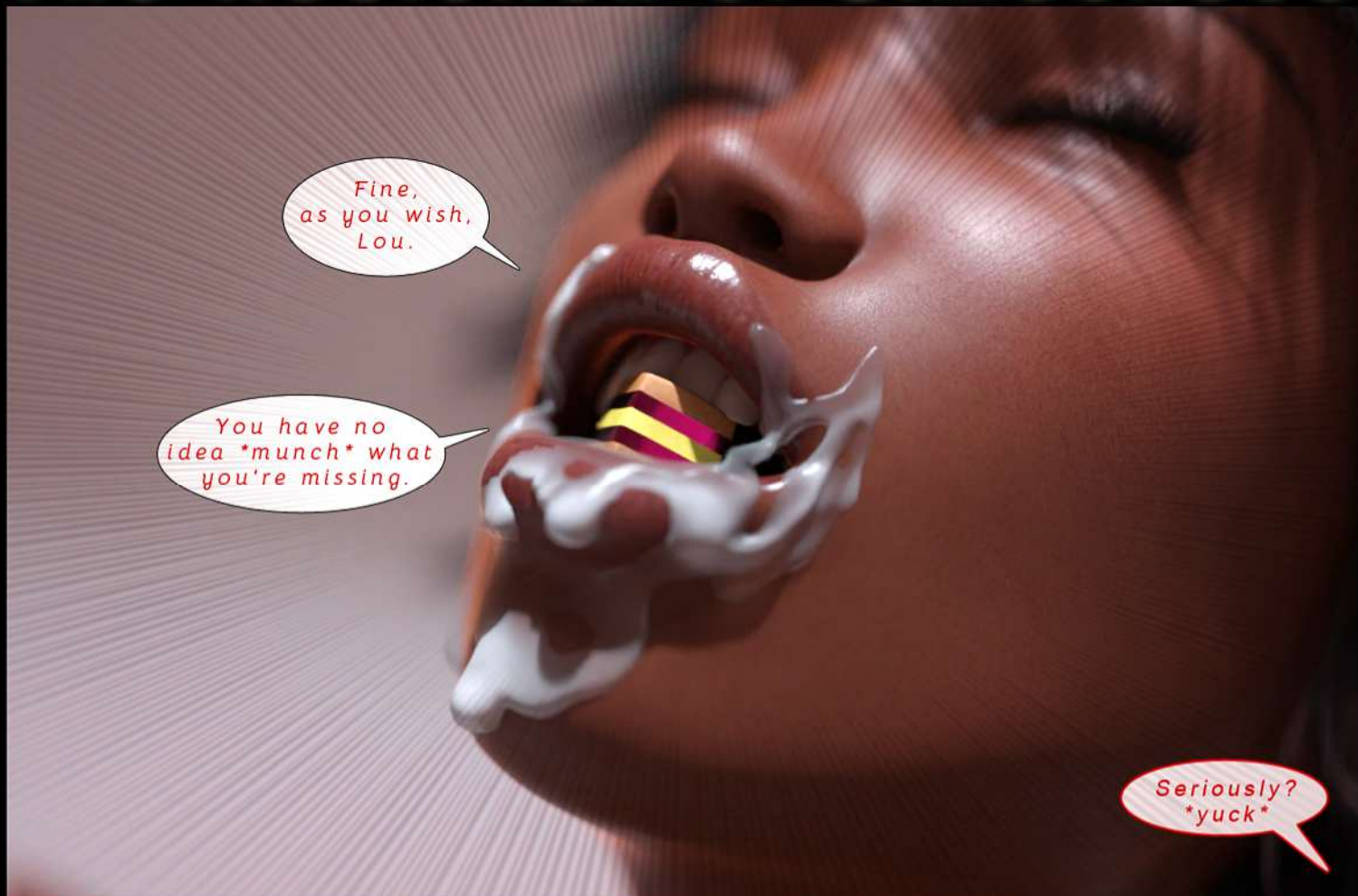
Yes and I use
them to stay balanced.
I learn while concentrating
during the lessons. It
works for me.

You can call it
addiction, but it isn't.
You on the other hand...You are
so manically fixated on always being
the best in class that you don't
even notice that almost everyone
is laughing at you.

Oh I know that,
Paris. I also know that
you not only flirt with that
Himbo Brad, but also I bet that the
toothpaste is his sperm
from last night.

In case
you were wondering, I've
noticed you both...Brad calls me
Louisa the Loser, right? You know
what? I don't care. Take your
stuff and let me read
my books.

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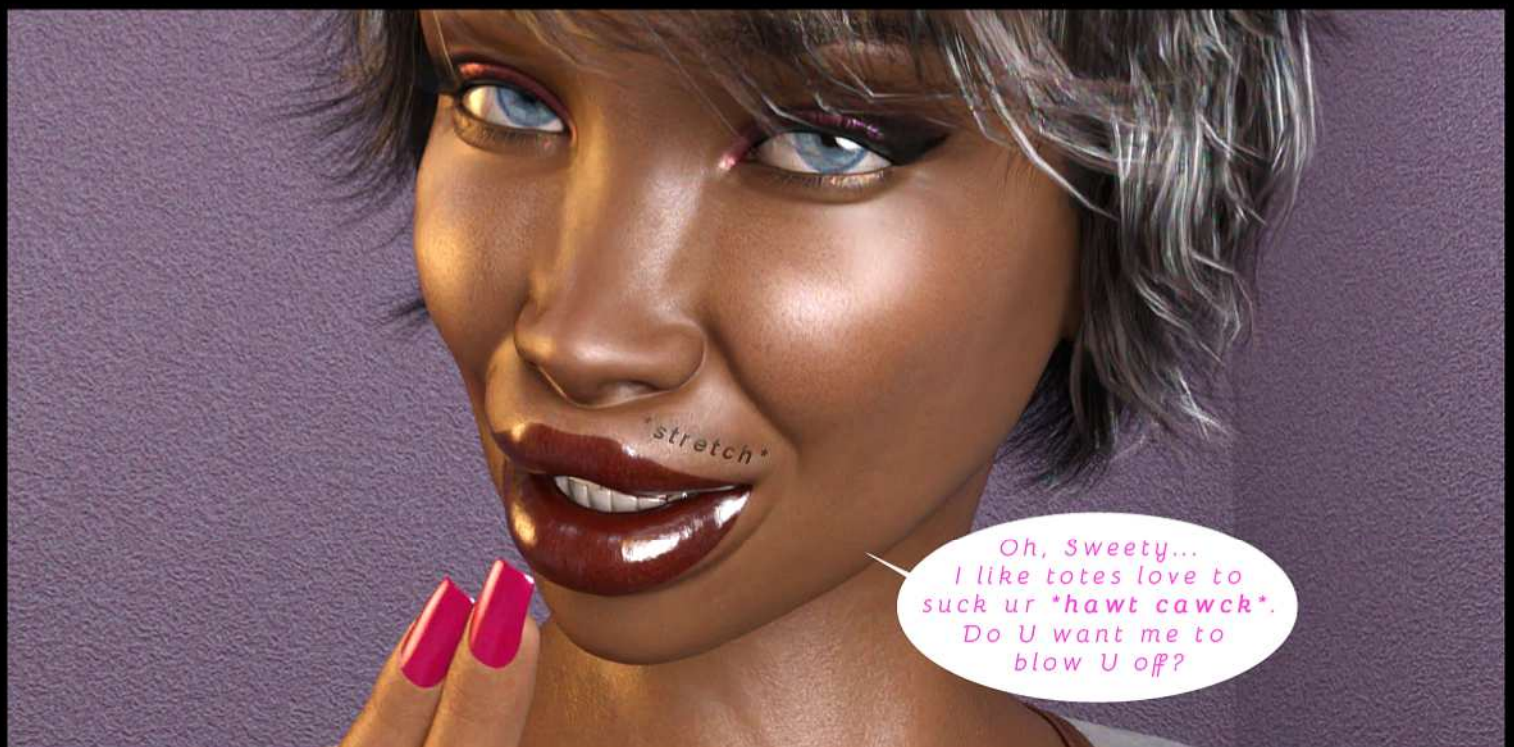
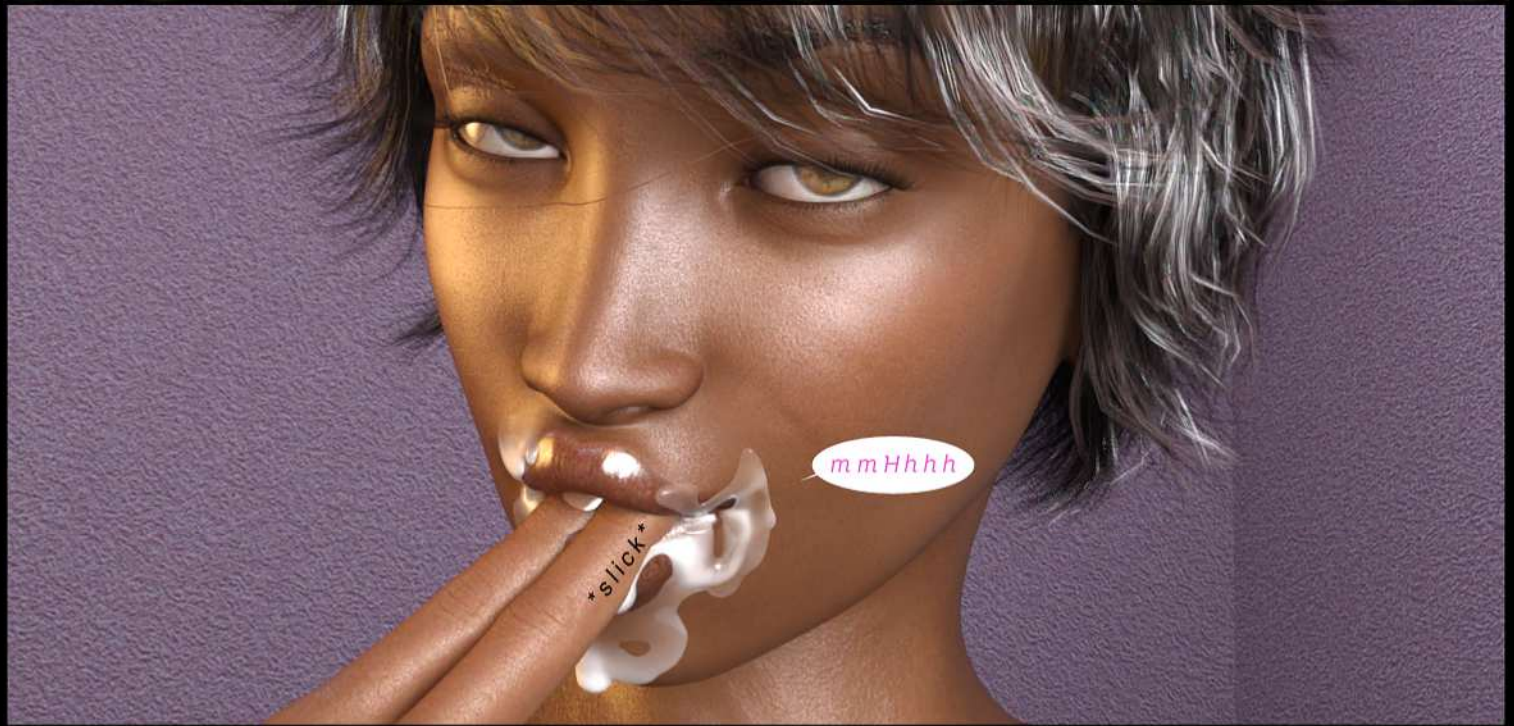
If you will
like excuse me, *giggle*
the changes kick in really
fast and are extremely
...um...personal...

See you
like totally later
LuLu. teehee

Oh Paris,
I see it now...you'll end
up as a cheap Bimbo slut...
doing WebCam Videos on
filthy web pages...but go
have fun.

How kewl!
I, like, totes can't wait.
Byeeee! *giggle*

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As you can guess: this is not the first time Paris has used AmazCorp's Bimbo line products...



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Damn, Girl!

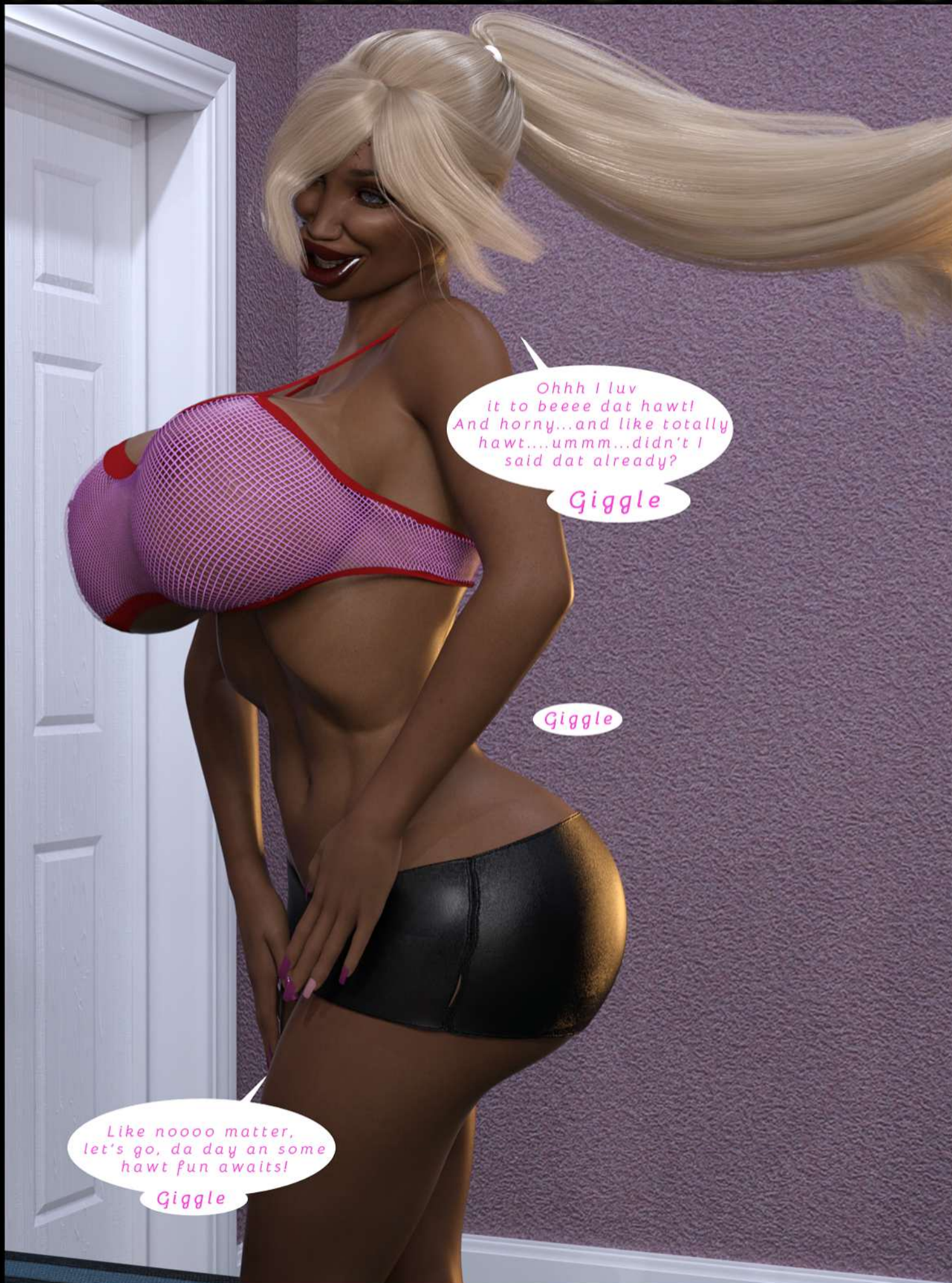
YOU like
totes rock again,
Baaaby!

Bwut...
now I like totally
need sumethin to wear...
giggle kaaay...for
not a long time.

Duhh,
bwut...what...
uhhh...Head like
so foggy...
teehee

teehee...
I like totally
luv dat cloudy
thinky in ma
head.

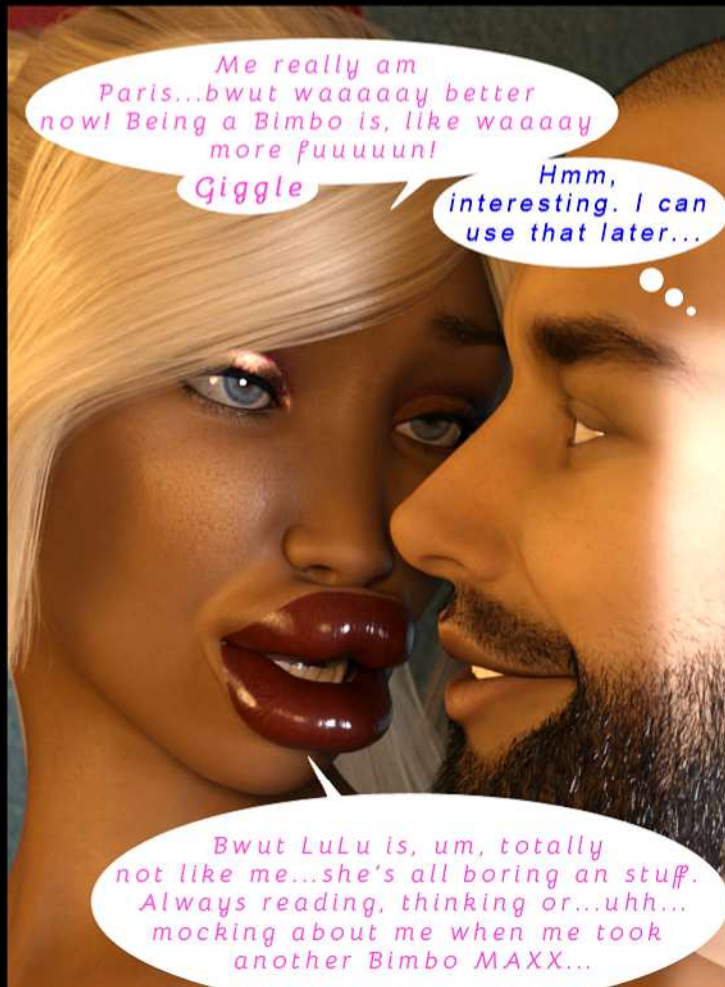
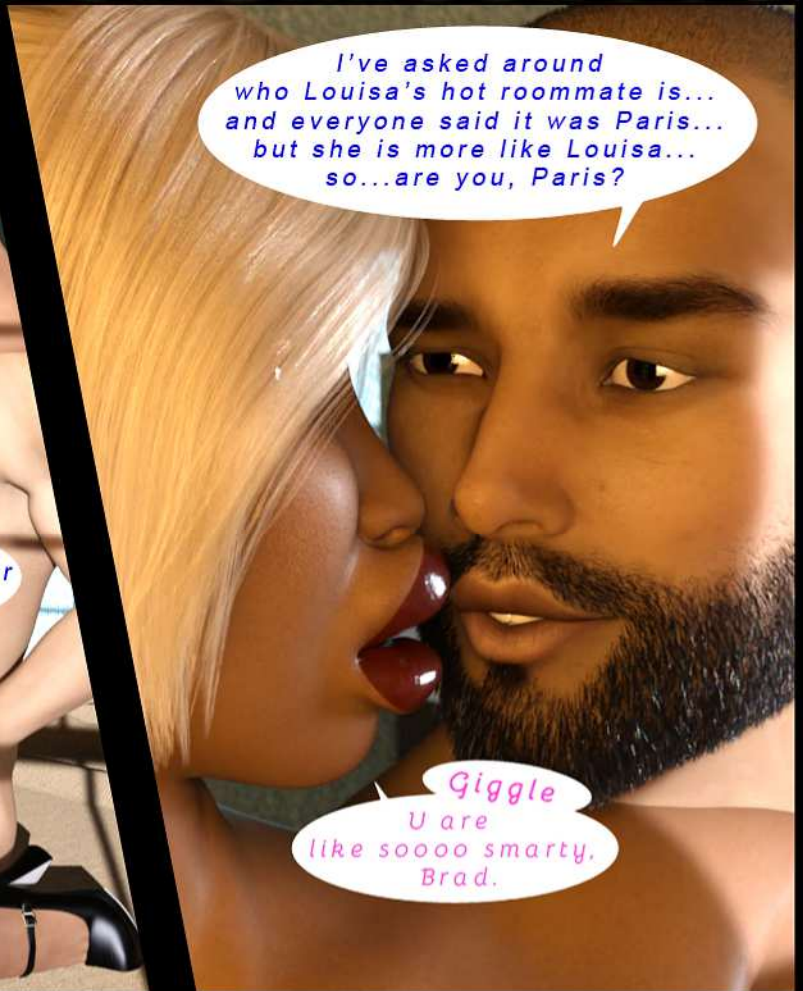
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A few hours later a completely satisfied Paris returns to her Room, where the effect of the pills run out and her body and mind revert to normal...but Brad has other plans with his new knowledge...

Yo, nerdy Nelson...what's up?

How often do I need to ask you <snort> please don't call me nerdy... what do you want?

Yea, yea, whatever Nelson. Listen, change tomorrow's exam grades so Louisa the loser fails with an, umm, a B--!

sigh
Again? Now Louisa's grade? THAT is technically not possible, a B-- grade doesn't exist, but an A- would be logical...

Whatever, nerd. Just not an A! Do that and I will think about inviting you to the upcoming frat party...Deal?

WHAT?
Really!? Alright...
A- for Louisa this time.
The usual B+ for you?

Duh!
See you tomorrow, nerdy Nelson...

c/c
I told you....
c/c

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Monday morning...

Morning, Louisa.
And? Are you ready?
What do you think? - Will
the exam be hard?

Morning <yawn>
Not very hard to be sure.
I understood every chapter...how about you?
What did you think?

I mean you
used those Bimbo Pills
quite often these past few weeks...
Are you sure you're
ready too?

Naaah, I'm
not worried. Those little
helpers are there to keep my inner
balance and they are doing a great
job. I think the next A I get
will be on this exam.

Of course. This will
be the last exam for the semester.
Every grade I earned was an A... this one
will be an A too...and with it my
final grade!

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A few hours and one Exam later...

hehe

Wow,
you finished
really fast. What did
you think?

Oh...as expected.
This exam was nothing and
my next grade is a
perfect score.

But if you will
excuse me...there are some
interesting studies waiting
in the library...

See you later
Paris. Bye.

Alright.
See you later.
Bye

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And finally: Monday evening



There is nothing better to calm down than reading a book in the most noble language...Latin.

bzzzzt
bzzzzt*
bzzzzt*



Ahh...here comes my newest masterpiece... another final - the A Grade!

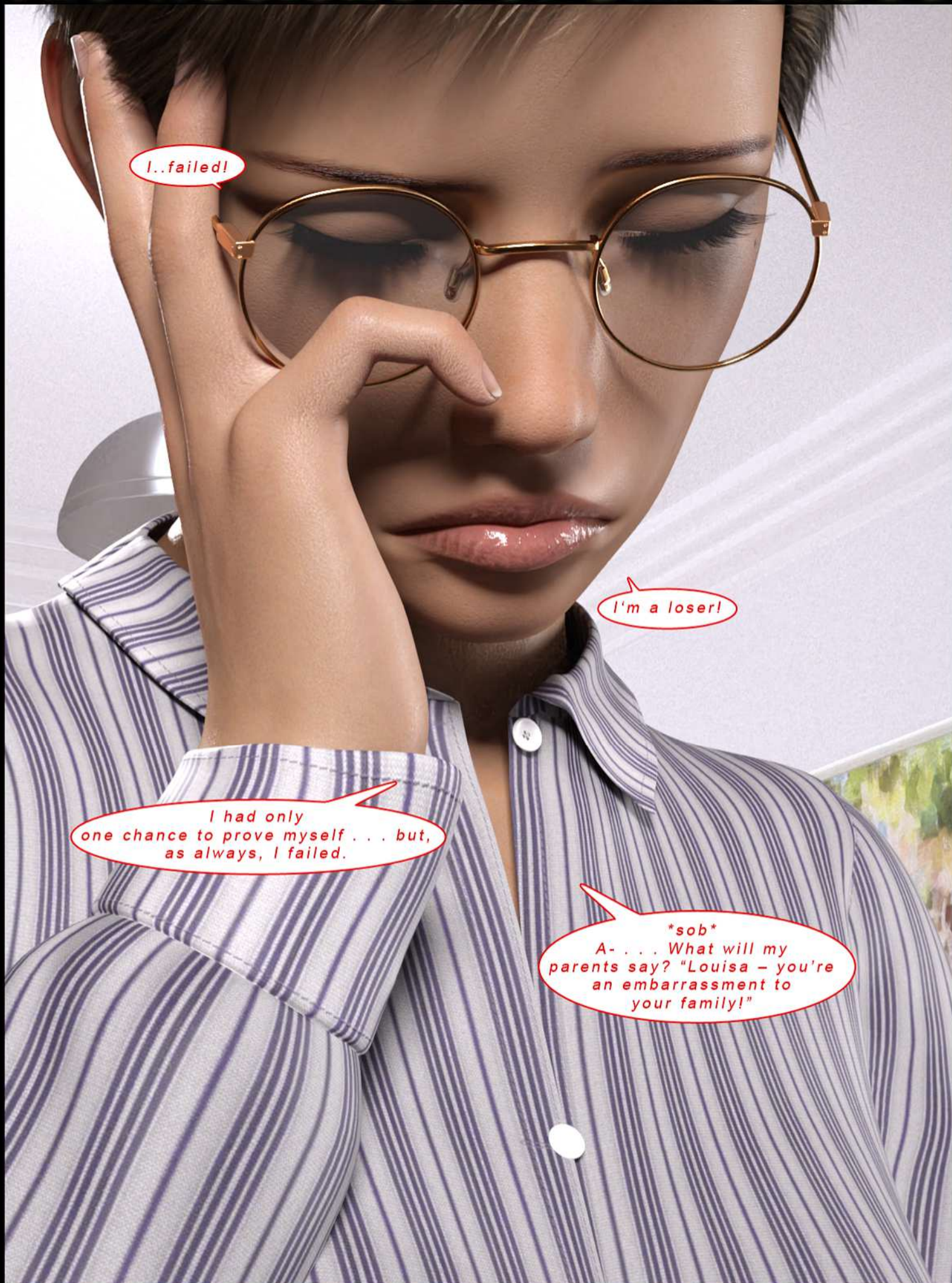


WHAT THE?!

A- ?!?

This...this must be a mistake! THAT can't be! I...never fail!

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I..failed!

I'm a loser!

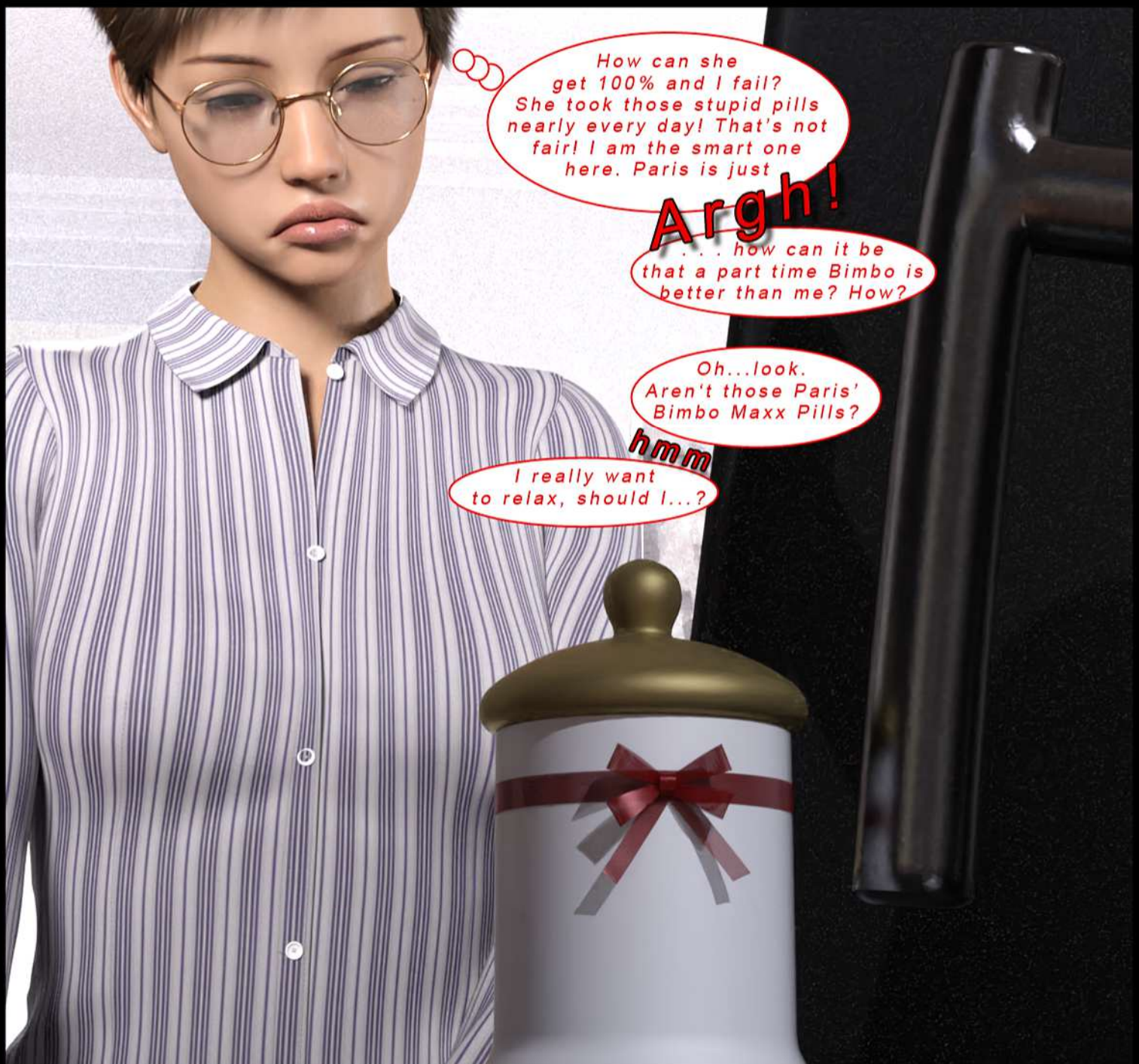
I had only
one chance to prove myself . . . but,
as always, I failed.

sob
A- . . . What will my
parents say? "Louisa - you're
an embarrassment to
your family!"

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But the pills are already showing their effects.



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Because
there could be side
effects if you take more
than one pill in a day.

I never take
more than one
and I don't know what
the side effects
will be.

tehehe
Like, side
eaffeac..

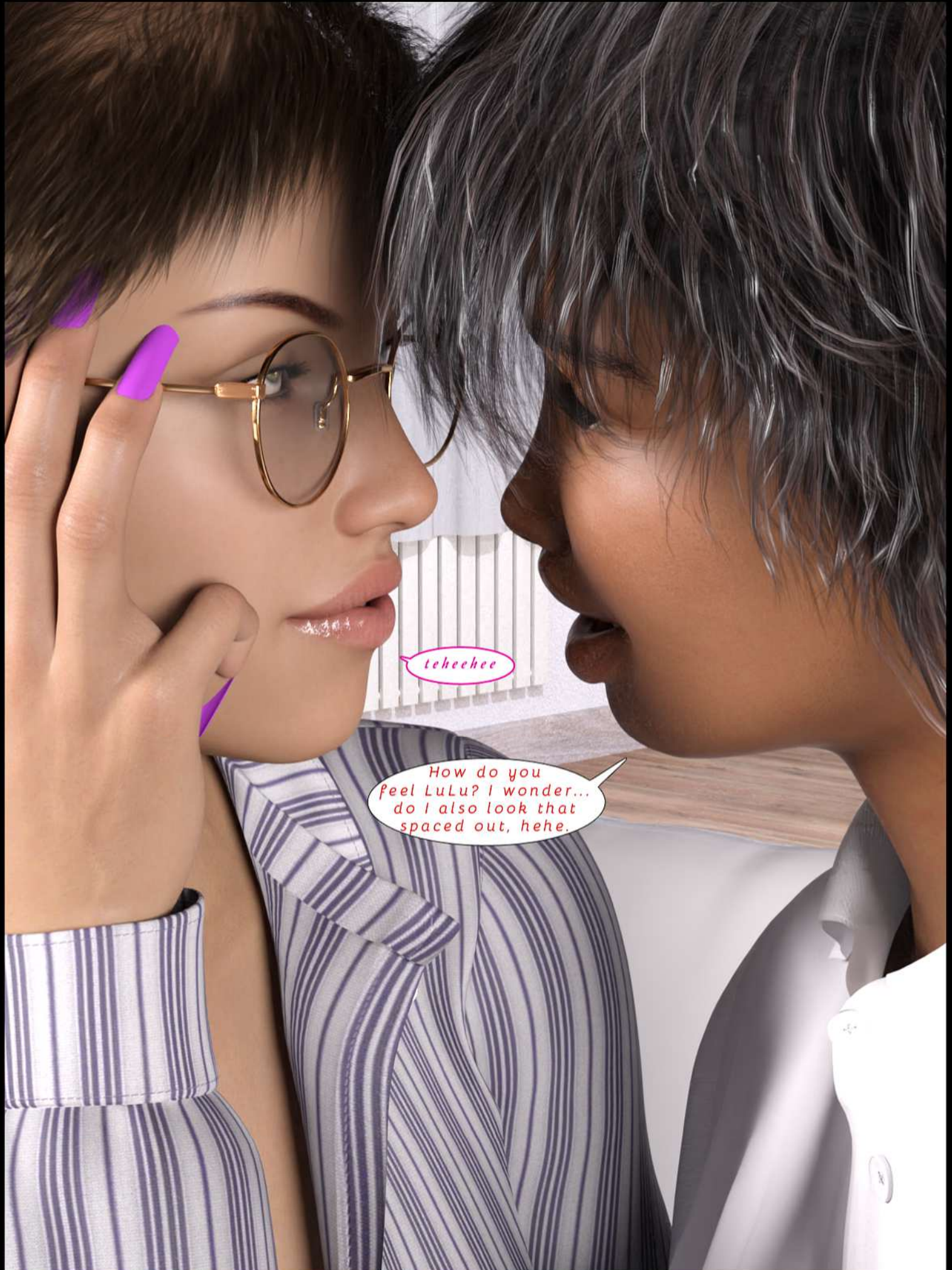
Wow...I
had no idea you'd
dumb down that
fast, Lou.

LuLu is like
no dum dum! 'member,
me am like very smarty
an stuff!

Not for the
next eight hours...or
longer. Enjoy the time,
girl.

giggle
LuLu like totes
likes you.

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And while Louisa's body is still Bimbofying , Paris' conviction wavers.



lengthen

I should
take the last
pill...no...I want
to...I must!

Should I take
the last pill? Is
it too soon after
the last BimboMaxx
I took?

I, *um,* can't
remember. So I shouldn't...
but I, *like,* want to.

And, *LuLu, like*
needs a guide, so
I *kinda hehe*
have to...

I must!

mmhhh

mmhhh

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Addiction is insidious. You don't feel it take hold; its ideas become yours.

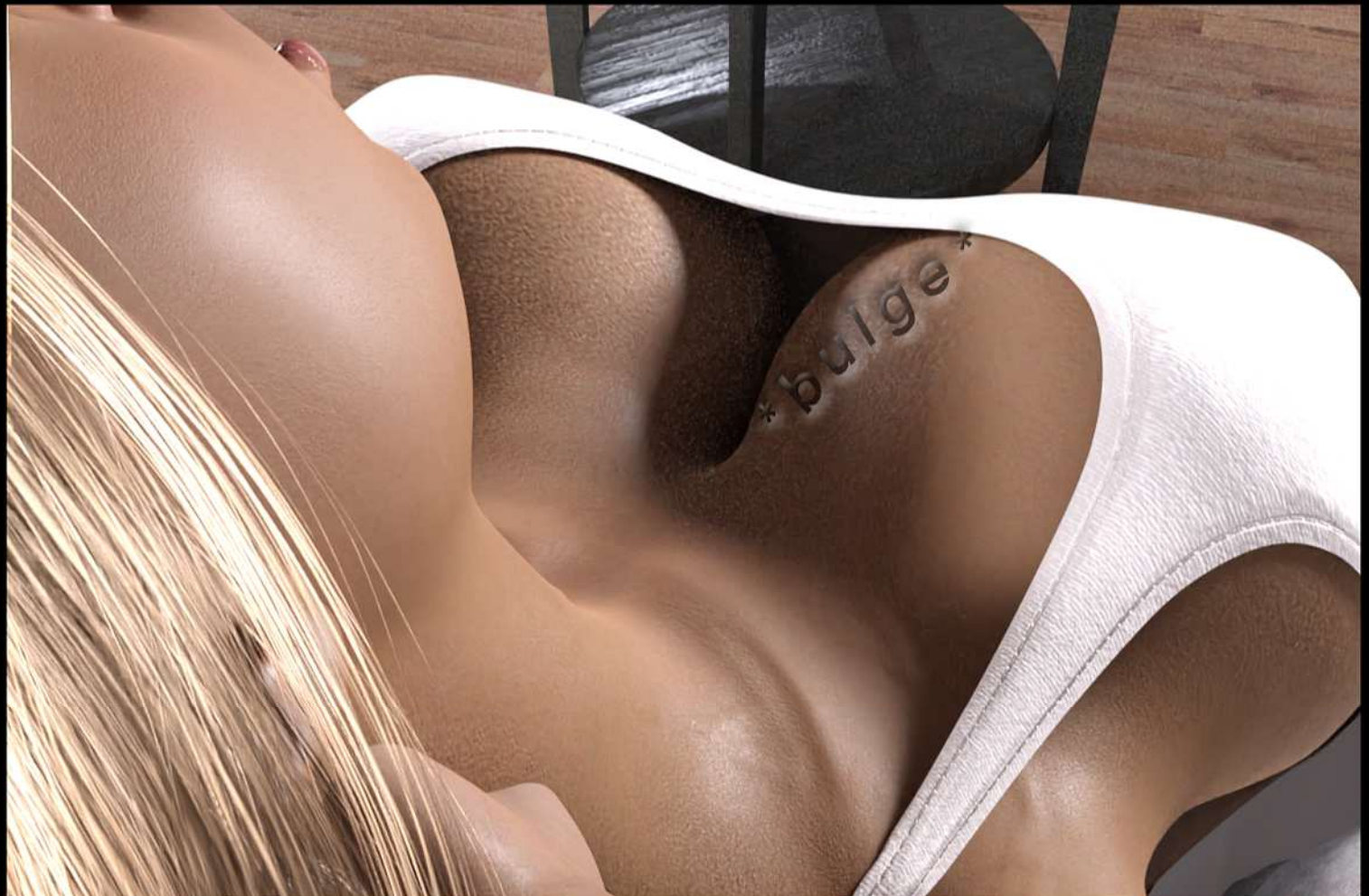


A pang of desire hits Paris at just the right moment, and it changes her. Studying will not be a part of her lifestyle.

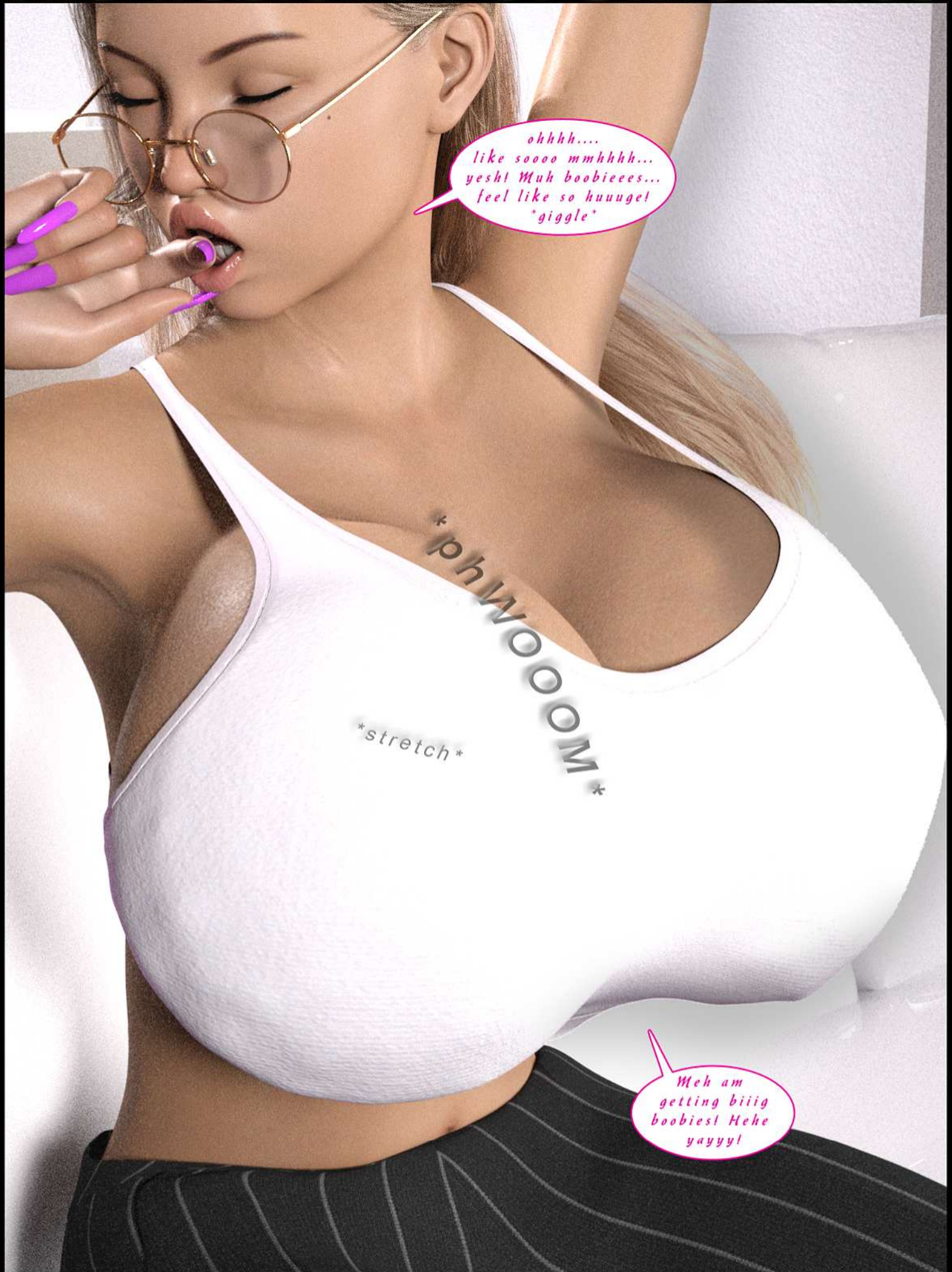
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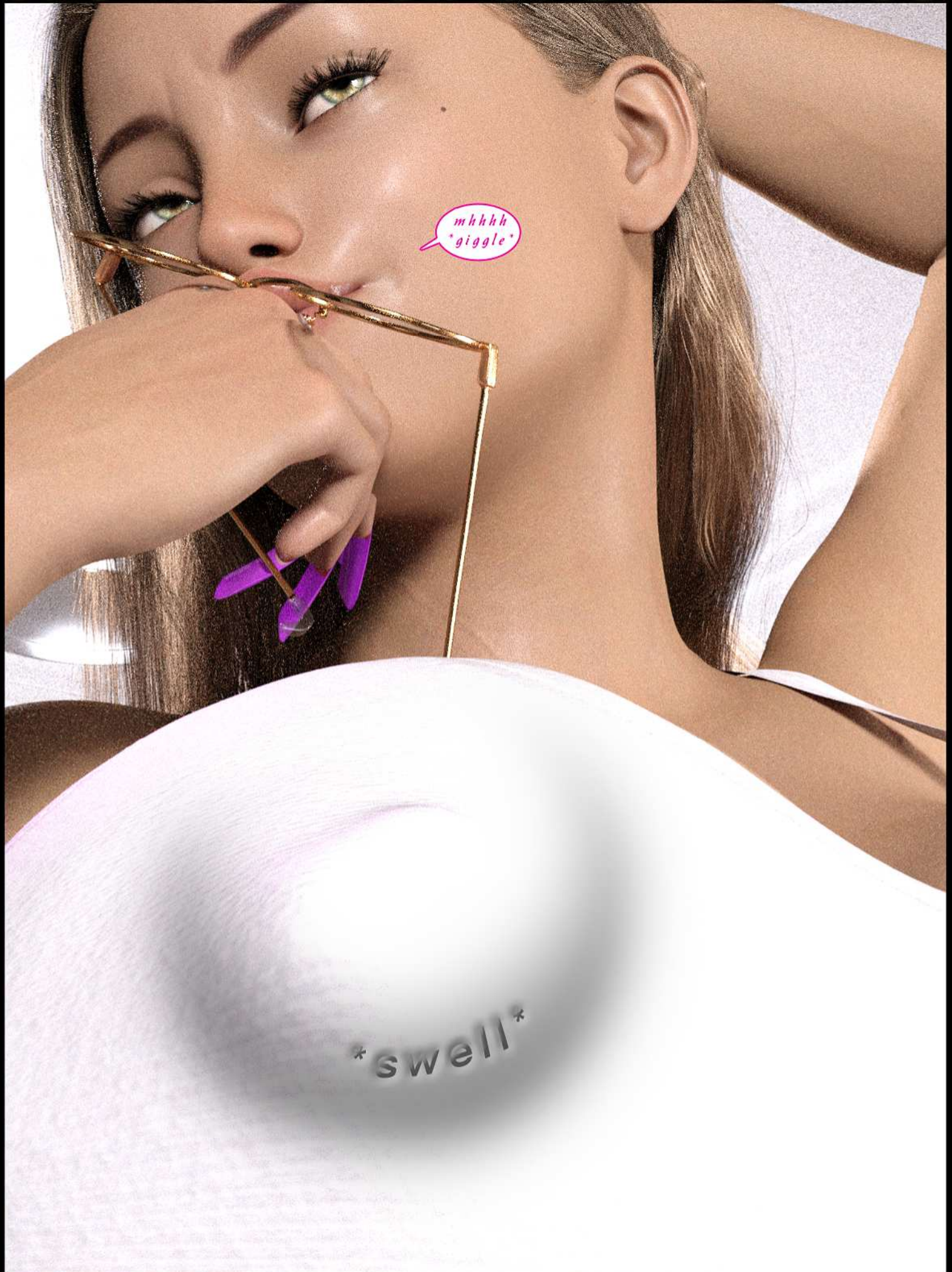


ohhhh....
like soooo mmhhhh...
yes! Muh boobiees...
feel like so huuuge!
giggle

stretch
phwooom

Meh am
getting biiig
boobies! Hehe
yayyy!

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The massive increase in breast mass and sensitivity drives Louisa, or Lulu, crazier. And while her cravings for sex become overwhelming, more changes appear.



Ahhh, fuck...
mmmmhh

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Lulu's eye lashes start growing longer and thicker, while the skin pigments around her eyes change to resemble heavy makeup. Her nose-tip points upward and its bridge shrinks while curving inwards...giving her a girlish looking snubby nose.



Lulu's formerly pedestrian lips plump up, getting rounder, softer. The swelling awakens something else in her – the need to use her new cock pillows, the craving to suck, slurp, and slobber on something hard. Her finger is not enough...

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And with hungry, pure lust-filled, but dull eyes, Lulu looks up at Paris.



Ohhh? U look
wike soooo hawt baaabe.
And, wike, what u have
in ur hand?

But Paris' Bimbofication is much faster...after the many times she has used BimboMaxx.

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Dis my
dear Lulu is Mistah
Big, cause he is wike soo...umm,
BIG...Bwut there is wike Noooo
Way U can stick him into
ur hawt thigh pussy.
giggle

Ahhh c'moon.
Thas ain't, wike, fair!
Sure thang Mista
Big don't wanna
join?

teehee...
just kiddin' Sistah.
Bet ya want him
inside u!

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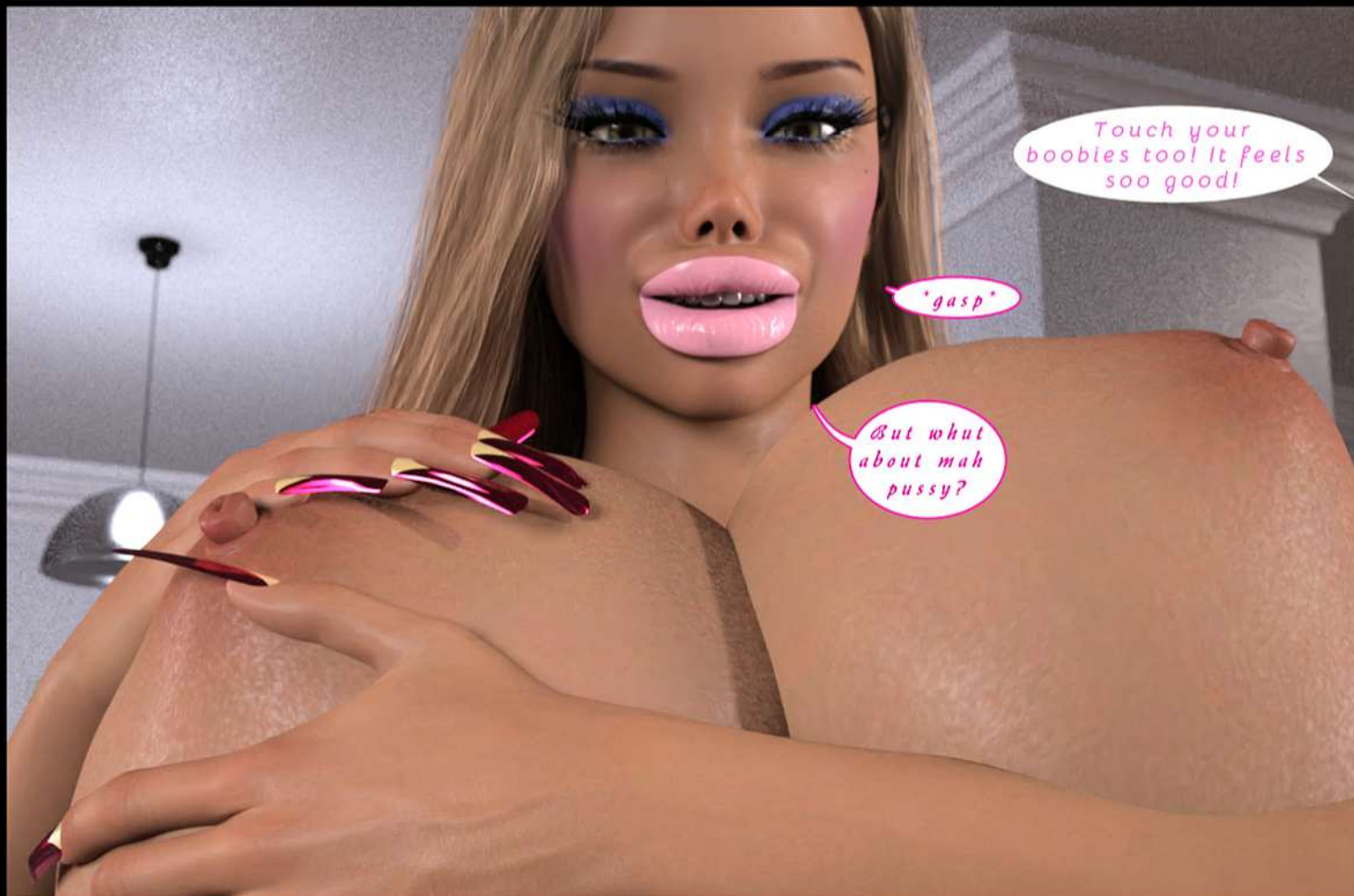
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Bwut whut dis
here is wike totes
Mistah Big...

Wike, why?

Cause he is
wike soooo, um, big!
An a'ways wike
wock hard.

mOaH

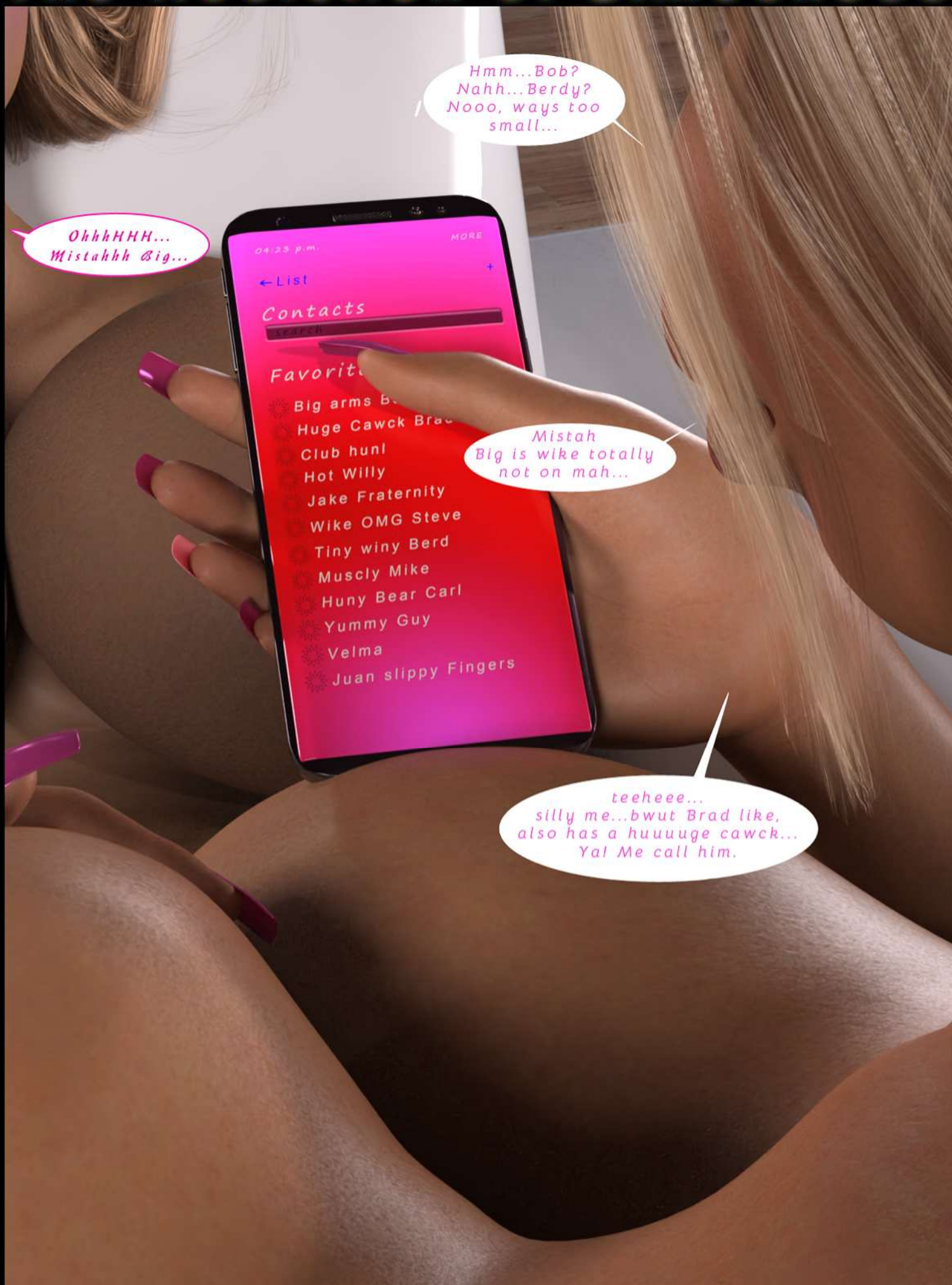
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teeheee...
maybe Brad will
be wike scared when he
sees two totally hawt Girls
wike crawin' for
his cawk?

I will wike,
take a pic so he knows...
um...? how...does
dis thing...

click

giggle
See? Even as a Bimbo I
can take a photo...I am
wike, totally sure Brad
will like it.

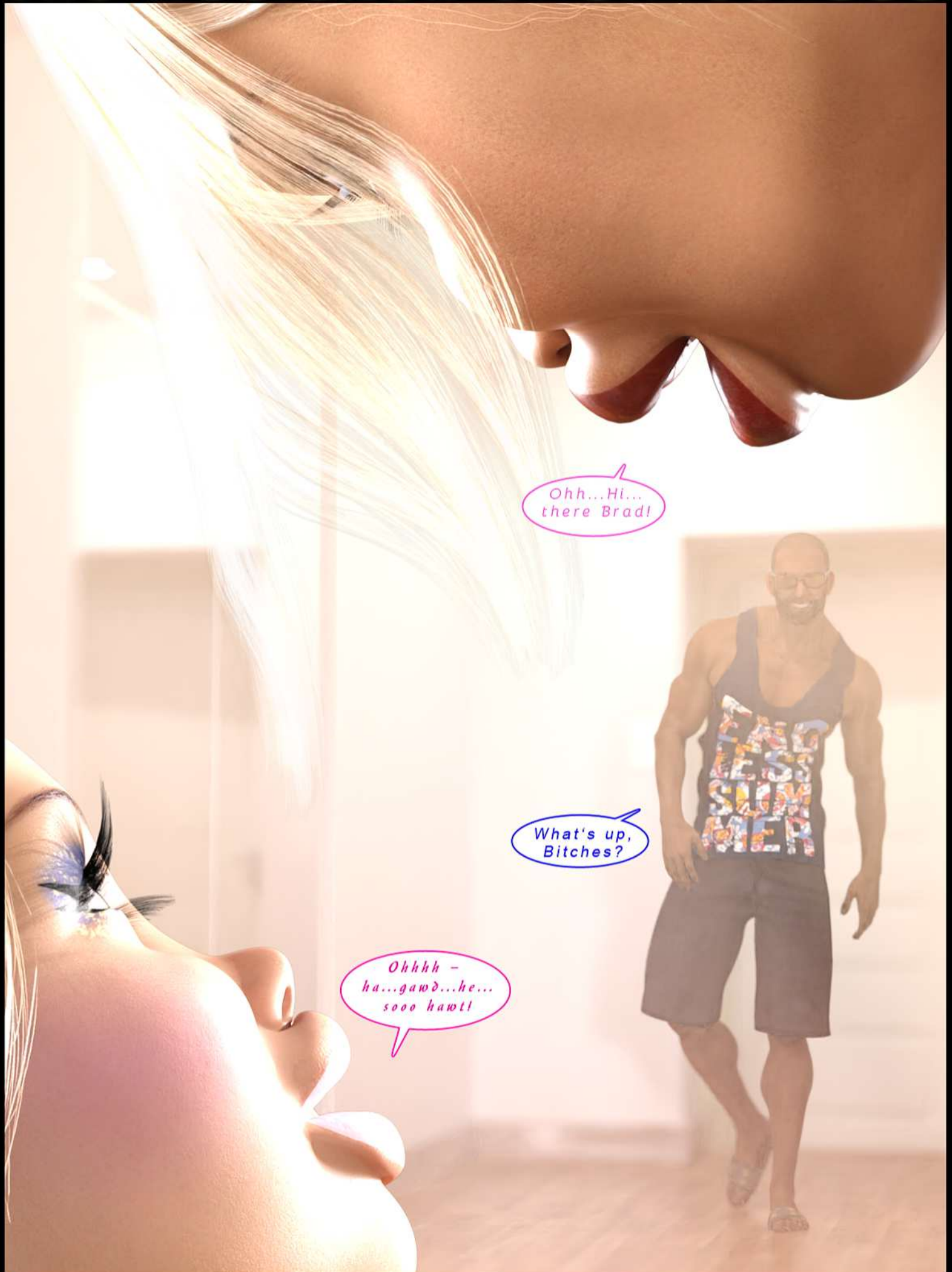
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Ohh...Hi...
there Brad!

What's up,
Bitches?

Ohhhh -
ha...gawd...he...
sooo hawt!

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Hah,
I know how
I look.

That's why the girls
keep calling!

I see you
staring, Paris. Your mouth
is practically watering.
Come and touch.

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Louisa's sexually conservative nature sends the words of her next request tumbling...



Umm...

me umm,
wike...umm...
totes... can u...

U wike totally
fuk me wit ur big
cawck, &wad?

But her lust, empowered by the Bimbomaxx, wins out.

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Time passes and the afternoon becomes evening...

Great teamwork, girls.
That double blowjob was one
of the best I've had. Now,
kiss for daddy.

mhHHH

mhHHH

Fuck yeah...
dumb, horny sluts making
out while stroking my
rock-hard shaft!

Nothing better than
watching the two hoers who
just finished blowing
you kiss.

Louisa is so much
better like this...completely
stupid and hotter than a pornstar.
These pills are incredible.

Then late night...

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Through the early hours of the morning, when Paris finally falls into sweet slumber, exhausted and satisfied, as the effects from the BimboMaxx wear off.

Bwaddy...
Lulu wants wike tots
more funnn...bwut
Paris...

I know. Good thing we
found those panties! No other
clothes will fit you right now.
We're going to my room.

Bwut...
these aren't wike
totally mine...no
pink an stuff!

Okay...they are Paris.
You can borrow them for
now. We should look for a
bathrobe before leaving.

Huh? U
mean?...

Forget it...Bimbos
like you don't need
clothes.

mhhKay!
"giggle"

zzzzzzzzzz

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Louisa isn't here.
I'm sure she went to
the library right after
her BimboMaxx
wore off.

I could join
her, but the business expo
is today. Either way, every
day should start with a
good shower.

mhh?

Are they
bigger then
usual?

Nah, it is just
like my imagination.
How many days in a row
have I taken BimboMaxx?
Three? Five...? I can't
remember..

The road to addiction is paved with denial...

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Meanwhile in Brad's room...



After a few hours of sleep, Louisa's Bimbomaxx has worn off and she returned to her normal state...



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But his room
is not that far away...
and it's only the early
afternoon...

My clothes...
and my glasses are in my
dorm...hm...I will use one
of his shirts. They are
large enough.

But at least...
Paris was right...I feel
relaxed. *But next time*
I should ... stop!

There is NO
next time for me. It
was an unusual situation
and I overreacted.

Ah, there's
a shirt...looks like a
football shirt?

Of course...he
is the quarterback and so
manly and hawt...
... stop!

Why am I
thinking like
this?

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Still, that was very exciting...I've never done anything like that.

First I take pills that change me completely...

Then fuck a guy I don't even like for hours...

... and now just snuck back to my room, hoping that no one saw me... in his shirt.

Glad I found one of Paris' gowns to change into. The low-cut feels like, kinda hawt.

What an adventure!

Good thing my parents don't know... *hiki*... That would really cause trouble.

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What the...

That's not
a sales promotion...
I have never...



Ah whatevs.
Louisa... I just won
something.

As the 100,000th
customer I just won a lifetime supply
of all products from AmazCorp,
including BimboMaxx.

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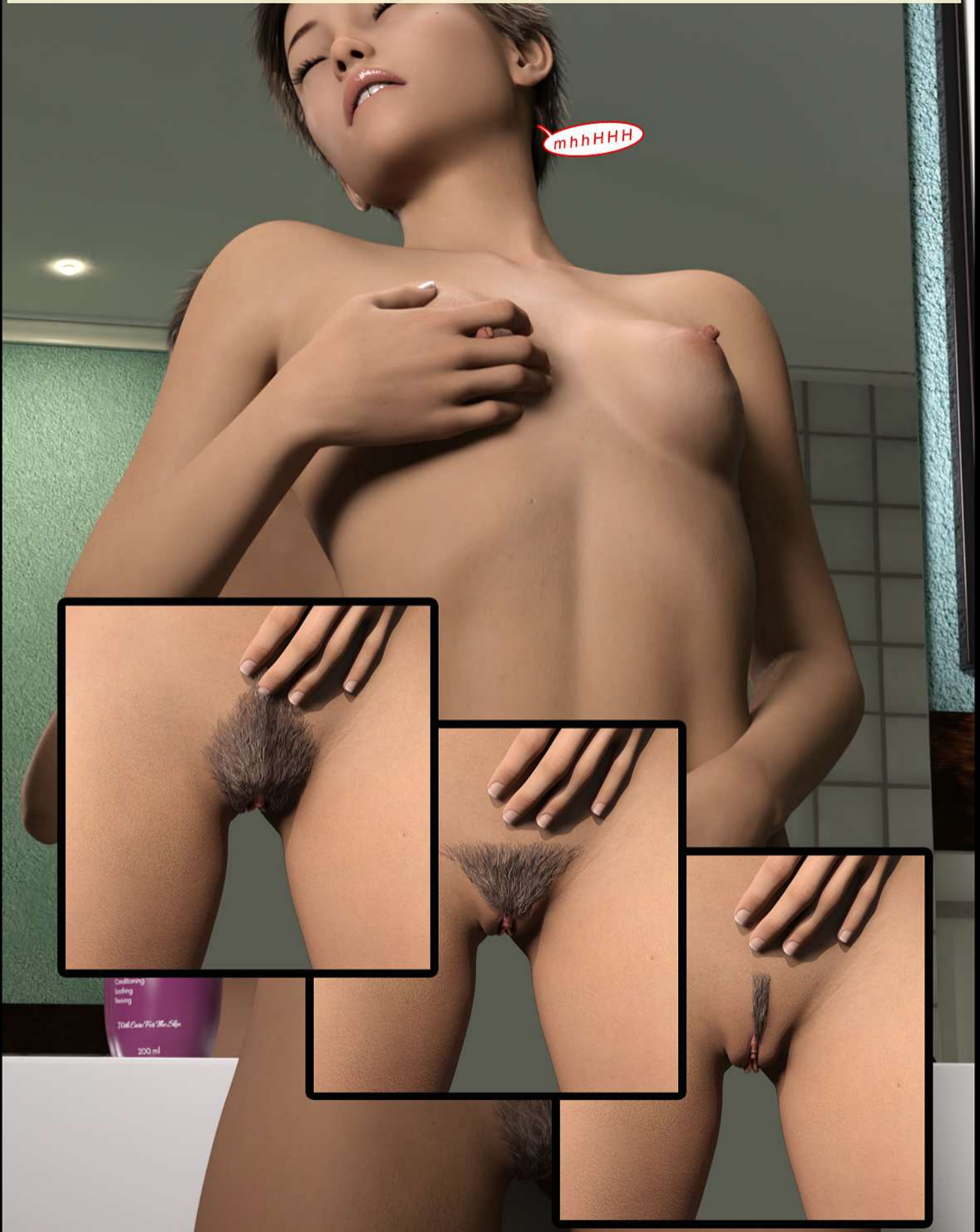
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Both Louisa and Paris were distraught after this outburst of bimboish behavior. And while Paris goes for a walk to clear her head, Louisa goes for a shower... but unfamiliar thoughts distract her more and more. Or is it pent up lust breaking through?



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But what Louisa could not expect is that, due to her overdose yesterday, the effect not only lasted much longer... but also, now every time she gets horny, her body has a little metamorphosis. As if she had taken half a pill of BimboMaxx.



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But even the hoped-for shower does not calm Louisa's desire and her unexpected transformation continues...



Oh my...
where is that...heat...
coming from? I...never felt
THAT aroused before.

...but how much of a Bimbo will she be this time...without taking a pill?

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Louisa's perky breasts...



grow



Wrong...
I was wrong...
I felt that aroused
when I took the
BimboMaxx.

...balloon outwards, pushing forward and filling out Louisa's non-existent bust size...



stretch



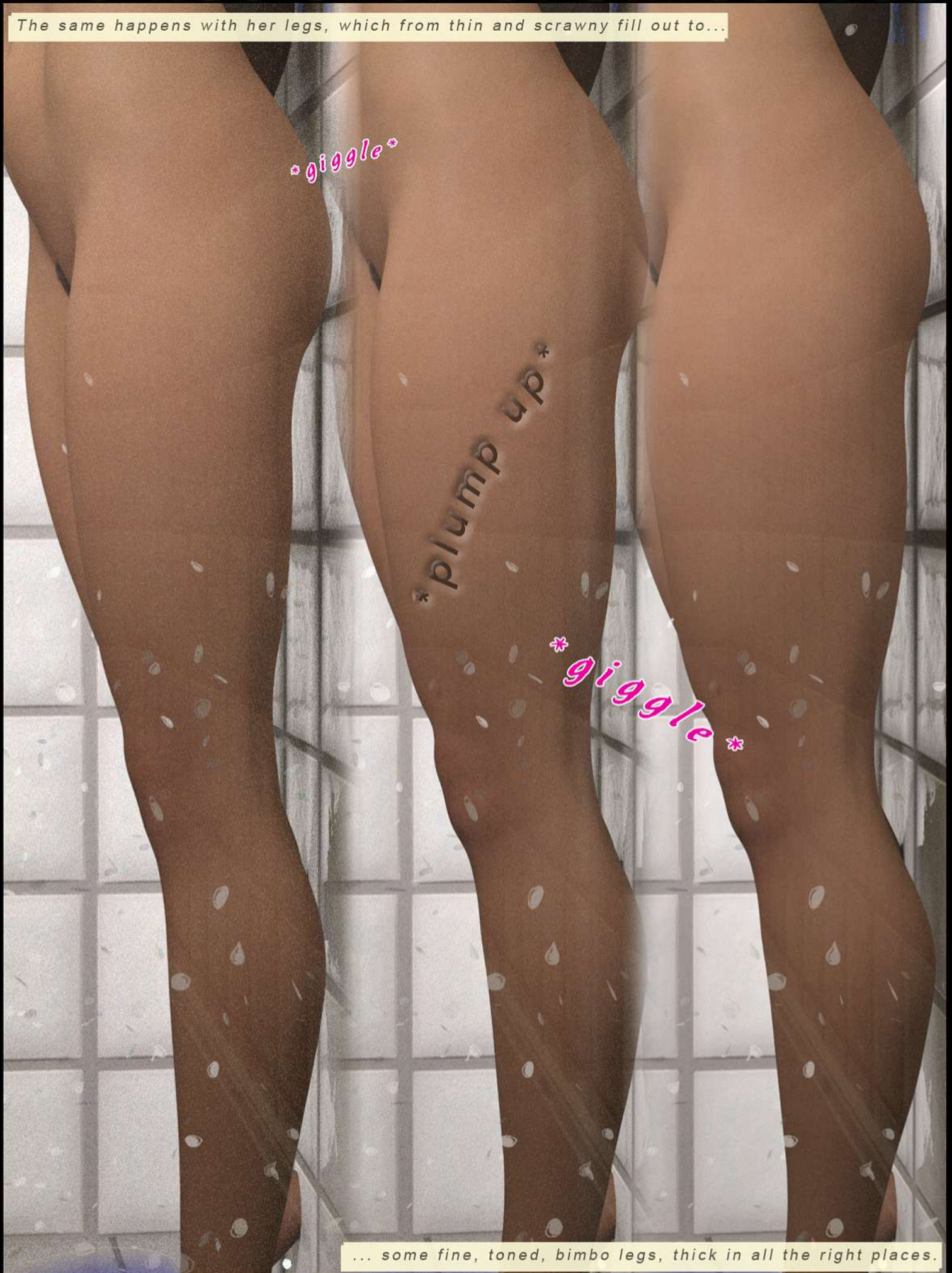
So unexpected...
That *totes* must be like
a side effect thingie...

g-i-g-g-l-e

...to spherical, fake looking double D's in no time.

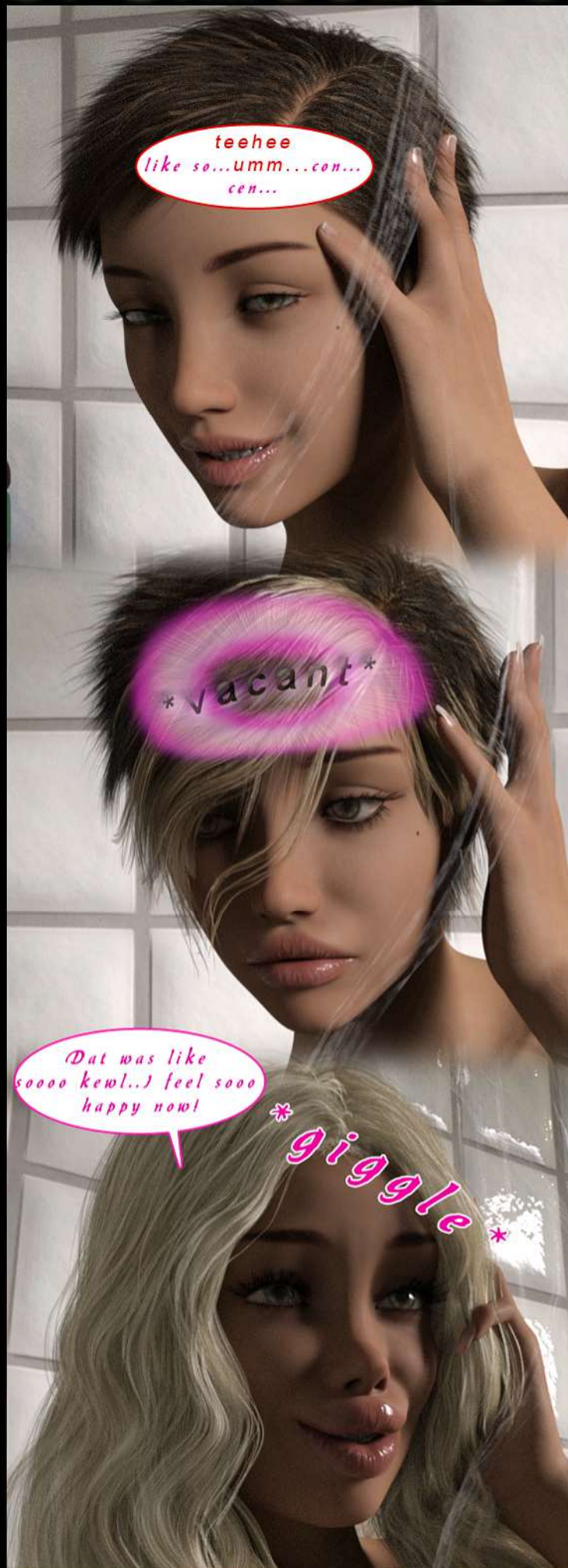
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The same happens with her legs, which from thin and scrawny fill out to...



... some fine, toned, bimbo legs, thick in all the right places.

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Hmmm...I feel my
mind is far more relaxed
right now but this time it
is not that extreme.

giggle

I think I know
like, exactly what to do...I
totes wanna go shoppin!

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And so, with very low inhibitions, immoral and other impulses that Louisa blocked all these years...



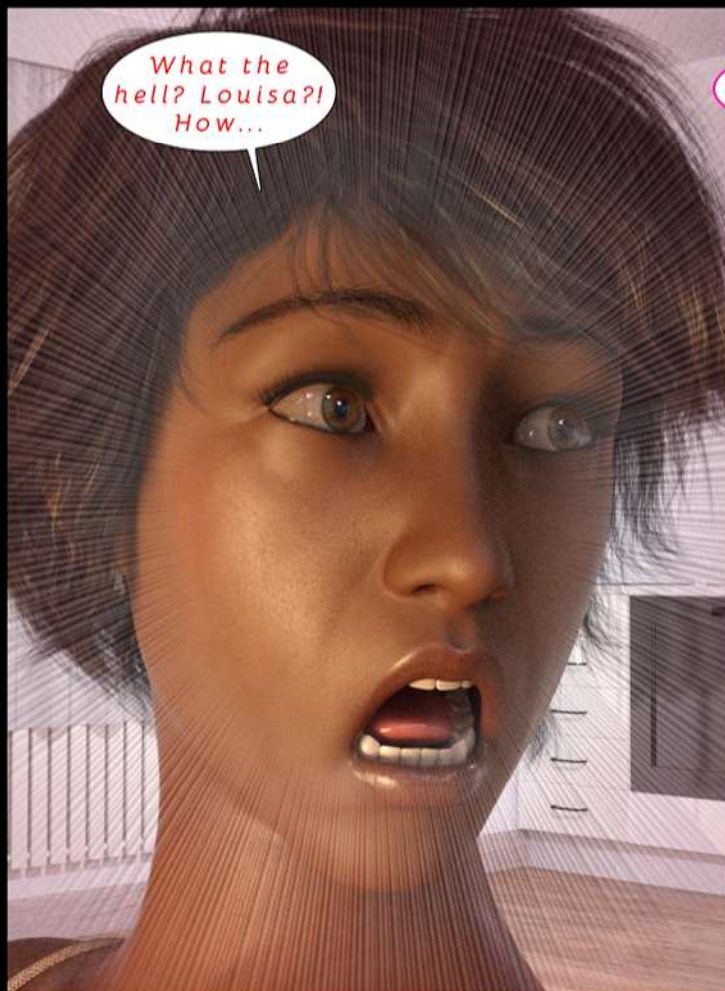
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And after many hours of shopping,



Luisa returns to her dorm on campus...

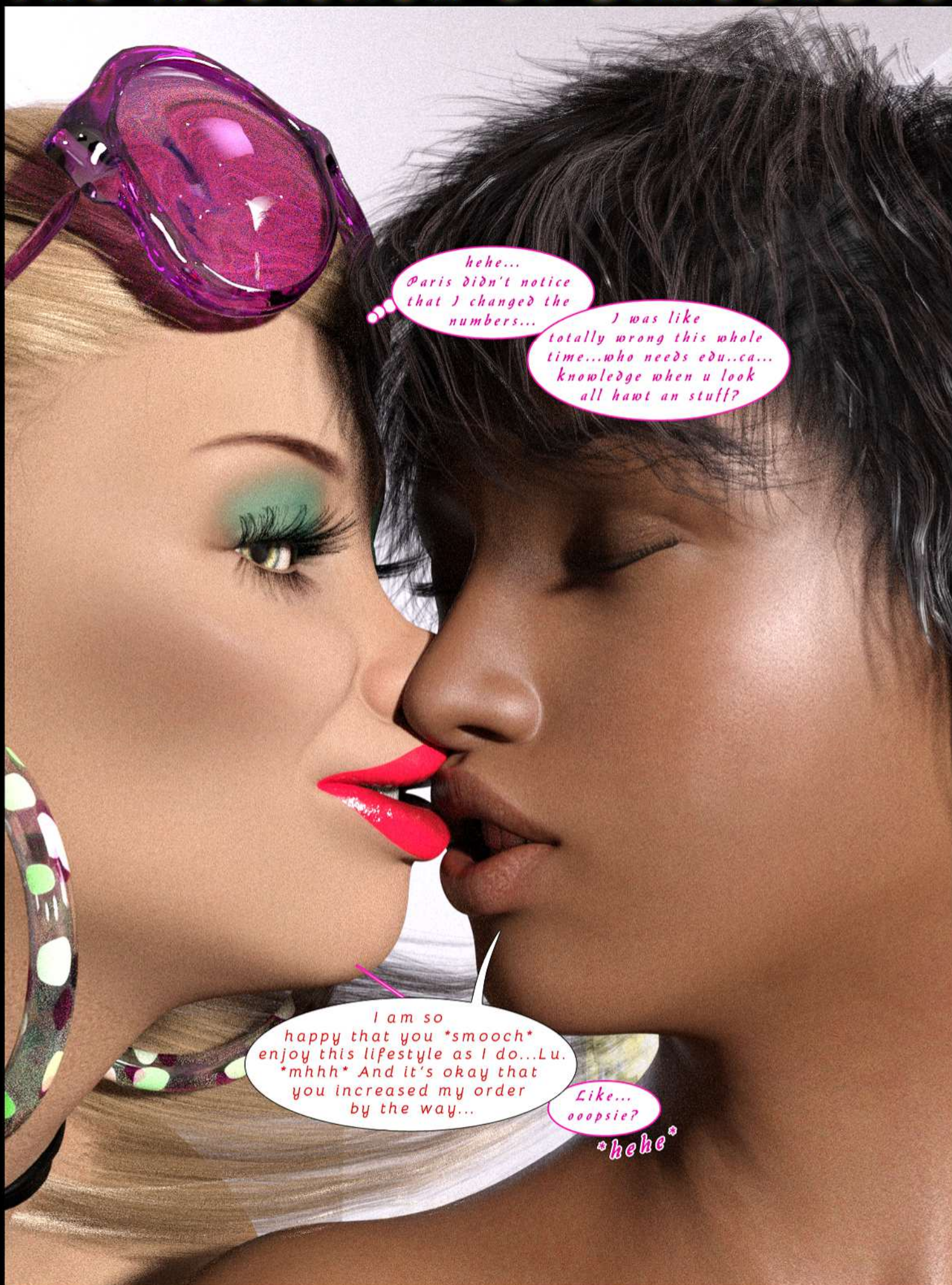
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Sunday morning...after a few hours full of intimacy, Louisa's body has fully returned to its original look. But something inside her has changed... Her style is more revealing, more feminine, more sexual...



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Unbelievable...
I won something? And
a lifetime supply
at that...

I had no
idea that Paris
was that...
fond.

Now I can be what I
always wanted to be but never
know how to...

As you said
yesterday, Lou...who needs
knowledge...when you are
hot and sexy as hell?

And the best...
now we both could always be
happy giggling party Bimbos...
WE will be sooo popular.

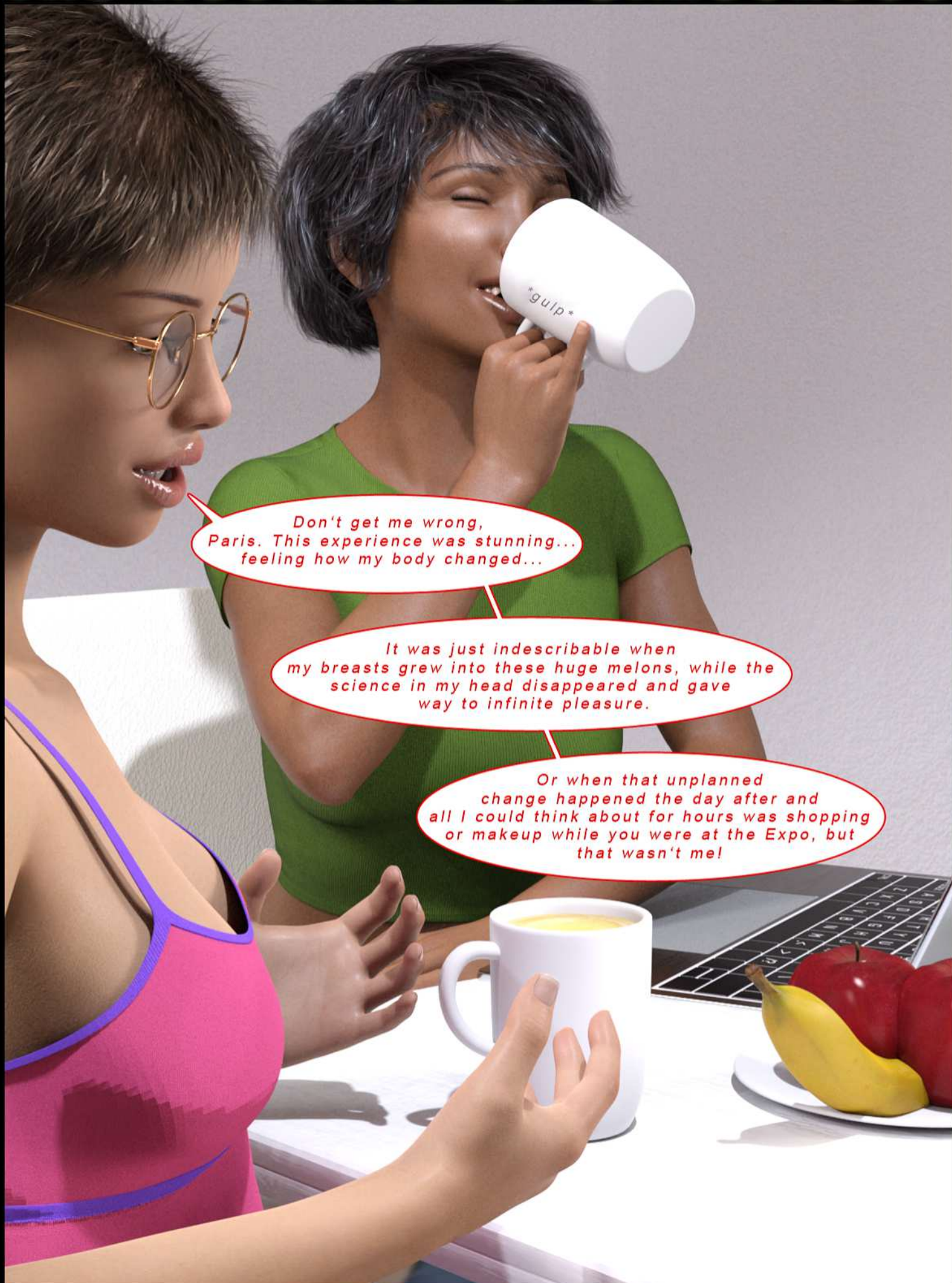
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Don't get me wrong,
Paris. This experience was stunning...
feeling how my body changed...

It was just indescribable when
my breasts grew into these huge melons, while the
science in my head disappeared and gave
way to infinite pleasure.

Or when that unplanned
change happened the day after and
all I could think about for hours was shopping
or makeup while you were at the Expo, but
that wasn't me!

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I feel the same way, Louisa. And I want to live that lifestyle far more - with you. So, why are you struggling?

It doesn't matter what I want. It matters what my parents want, because they have the money and the influence. Without them I would be nothing, I won't give that up for simple pleasure.

I see. But you can have the same, without them.

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I see WHY
you depend on your
parents, Louisa.

How old were they
again? 65+, right? They are rich,
but old. They fly on vacation, sit on
their money and get their kicks
exerting power over you
and your life.

You can have all this and much more,
even as a young woman. You may not be
aware of it, but this lifestyle is not only a lot of
makeup and fun. Many women who consciously go
the bimbo lifestyle are not only in demand but
also are popular. All your parents offer you
are wrinkles, worries, premature gray hair
and maybe an inheritance.

I realized very quickly
when I took BimboMaxx for the first time. Some
might call it addiction...but aren't you also
dependent on your parents' money, Louisa?

I don't want to impose
my way on you, but you will not
be away from it. As soon as those pills
are there, I'll pop some in and enjoy
my new bimbo existence.

And you are my best friend.
I would really like to have you by my side.
Together we can achieve everything and much
more - than slutty bimbos.

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Is this an unusual lifestyle?
Perhaps...but we no longer live in the 1950s,
today we live in an equal society. And what
men are allowed to do, we women are
even more allowed to do.

That may not go down well with all
the die-hards, but their numbers are shrinking.
And basically, even they cannot resist
a shapely female body with
a bubbly mind.

Is her Ass
bigger? Or just my
imagination?

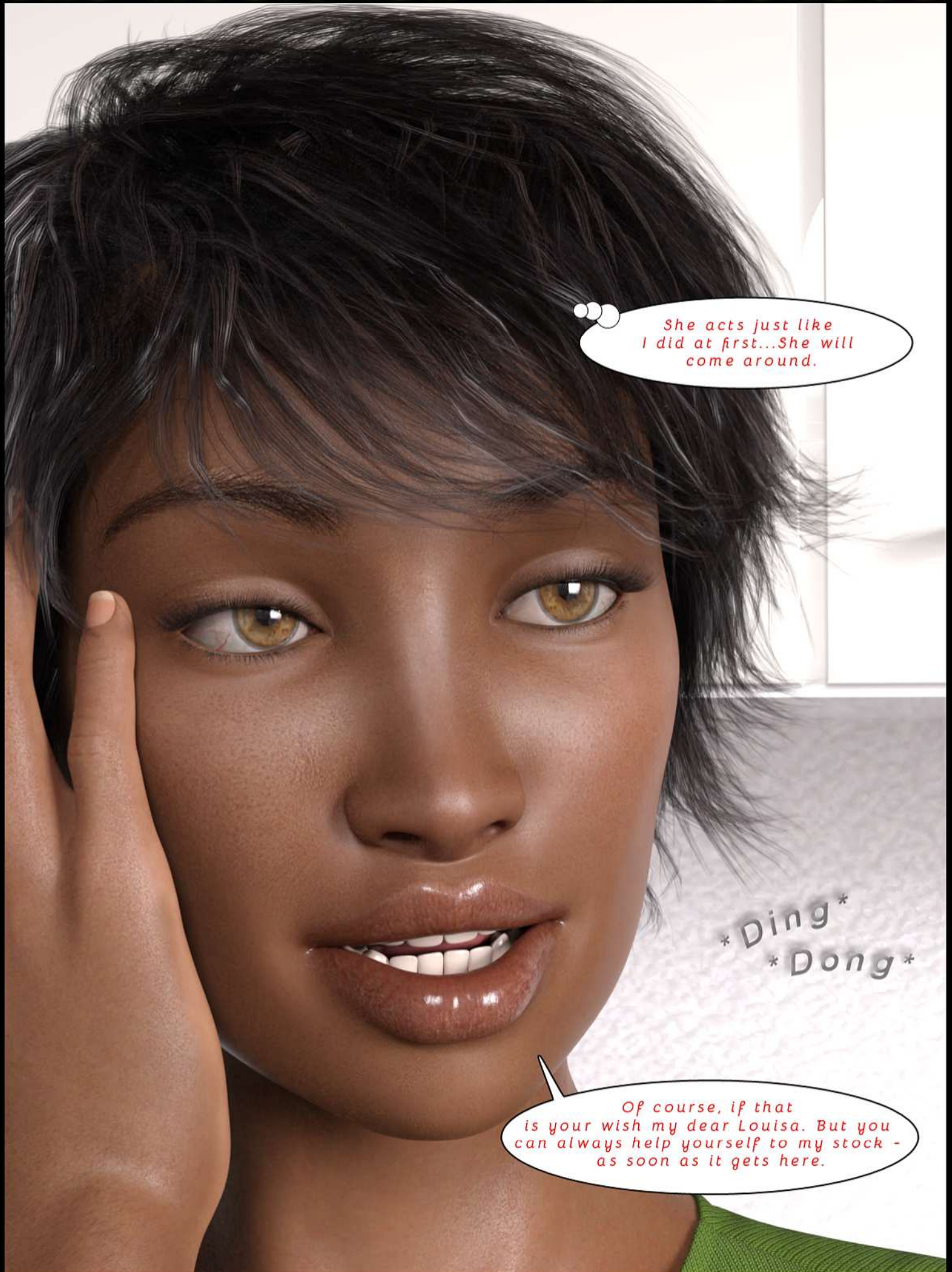
Look at Brad. He takes
every opportunity to tease and humiliate you.
When you were a horny bimbo slut sucking his cock,
you could demand anything from him, right? And
best of all, you did it on your own.

Hmmm

The Addiction of Bimbohood



The Addiction of Bimbohood



She acts just like
I did at first...She will
come around.

* Ding *
* Dong *

Of course, if that
is your wish my dear Louisa. But you
can always help yourself to my stock -
as soon as it gets here.

The Addiction of Bimbohood

Thanks to Wile E. ACME delivery service (meep meep) delivery is fast and reliable. Friendliness of the delivery man, unfortunately, is another matter.



The Addiction of Bimbohood

But Paris isn't falling on her face, nor is she backing down. She remembers what she said to Louisa shortly before. Men are like wax when a woman does it right.

I understand...had just hoped that such a picture of a man would help a weak woman to carry...so as to be a chivalrous gentleman.

No, Miss, I...

But if it is against the company's policy to provide top level service to the customer...and possibly to receive a personal tip, so easyyy...

gulp
Miss...

Oh so strong arms...
and such a manly face....

The Addiction of Bimbohood

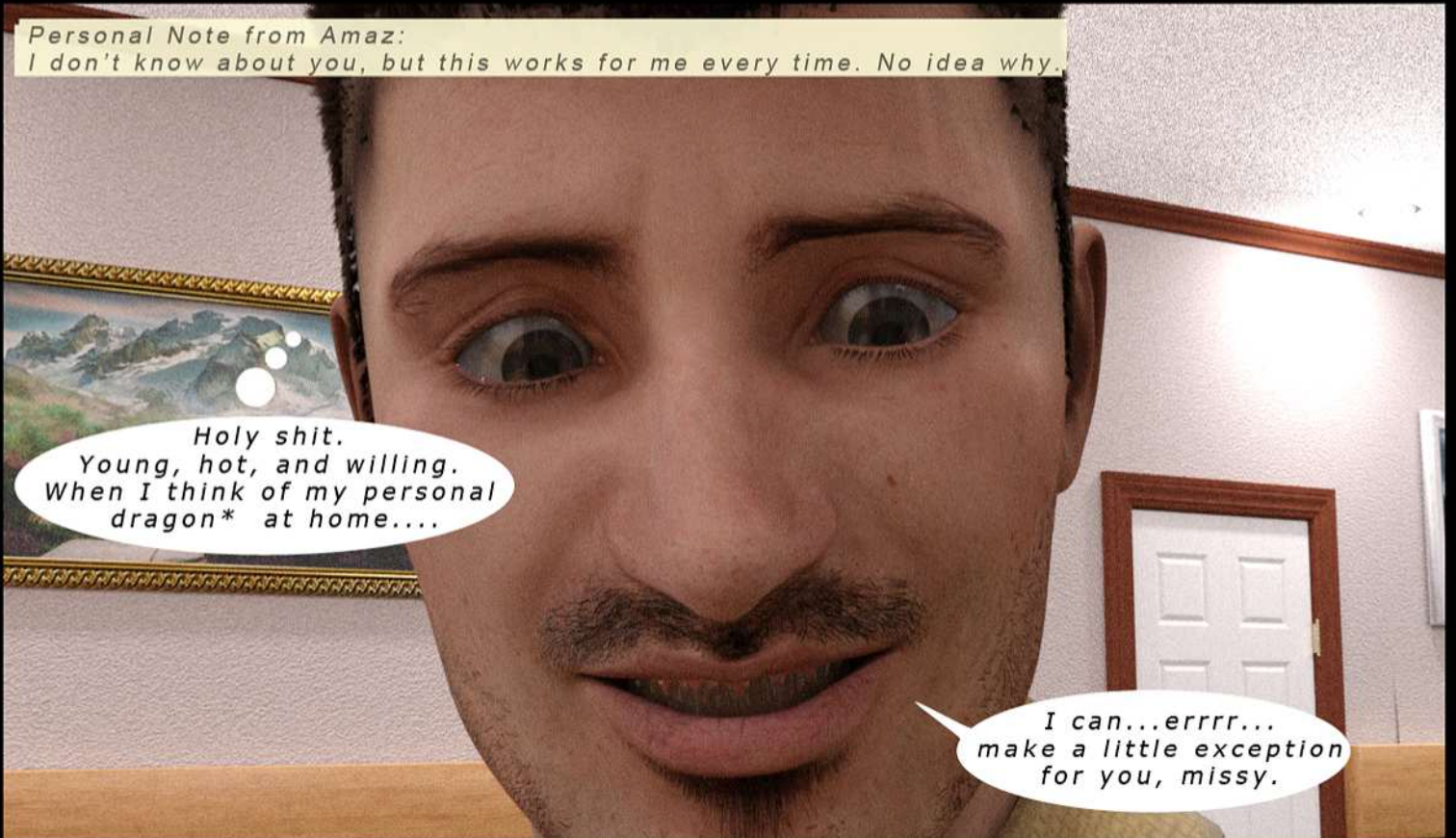
A woman's weapons are always effective. No matter whether intentionally or unintentionally. And in Paris' case, she is now consciously using these small, yet serious signals. She could also handle it differently...but she decided to be more seductive, more bimbo-like.



And I talk about
a very personal tip, for
the strong Mr. Delivery
MAN...*giggle*

Personal Note from Amaz:

I don't know about you, but this works for me every time. No idea why.

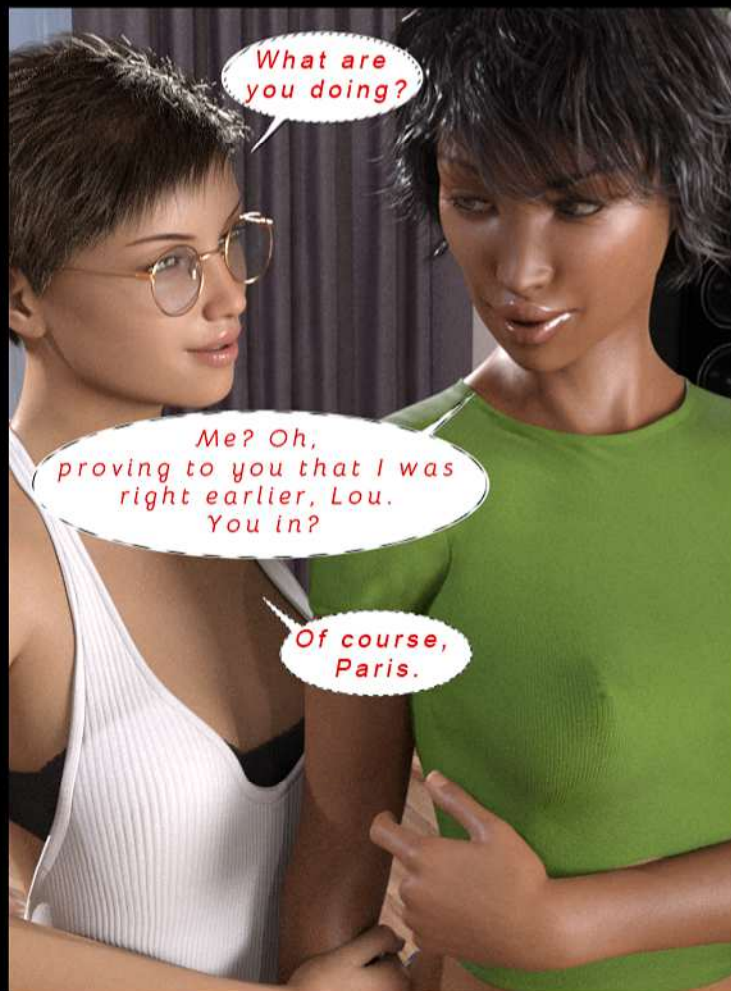


Holy shit.
Young, hot, and willing.
When I think of my personal
dragon* at home....

I can...errrr...
make a little exception
for you, missy.

*In Germany we call a wife, who is very bitchy to her husband as „Hausdrache“, in English it would be „home dragon“, „pet dragon“ or „personal dragon“. But I'm not sure, if you guys and gals also use / know this phrase too :)

The Addiction of Bimbohood



The Addiction of Bimbohood



The Addiction of Bimbohood



The Addiction of Bimbohood



The Addiction of Bimbohood

I can't believe I fell for that.

Who knew you could get stiffed twice in one delivery.

Now I have to make up for lost time... box tossing it is!

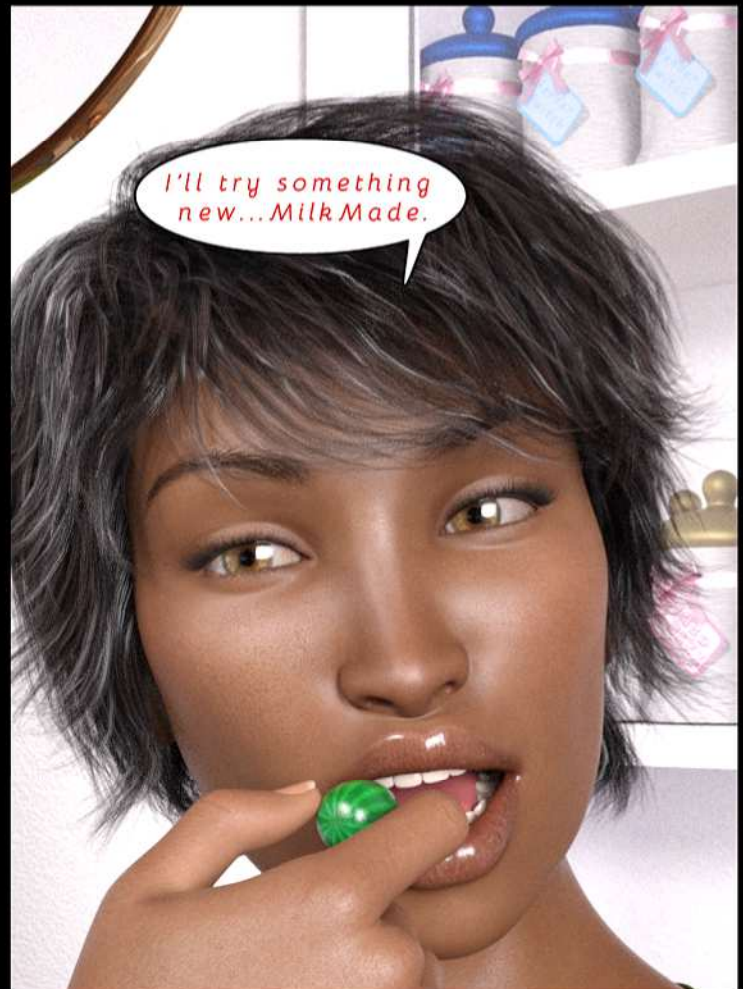
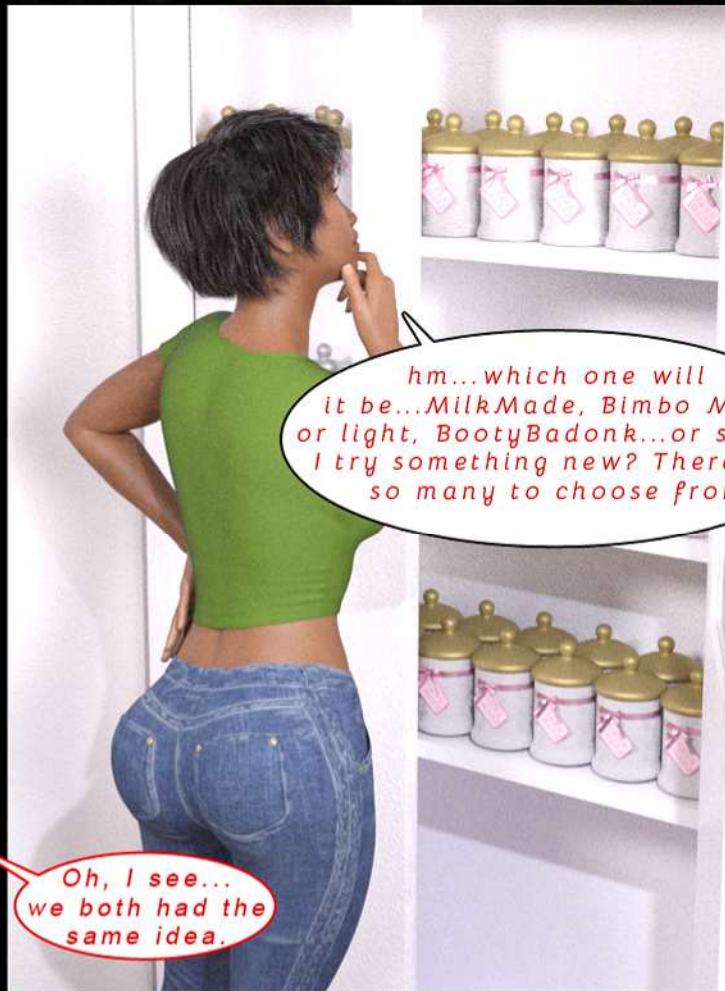
Advertisement: Looking for a way to spice things up in the bedroom? Unable to nurture your own children? Try MilkMade!

MilkMade and all other products of AmazCorp are not safe for work. Using more than one pill or while a similar product is active can cause unwanted side effects. AmazCorp assumes no liability for incorrect use of our product. Ask your doctor if it is safe to use MilkMade or other products, and always – enjoy responsibly.

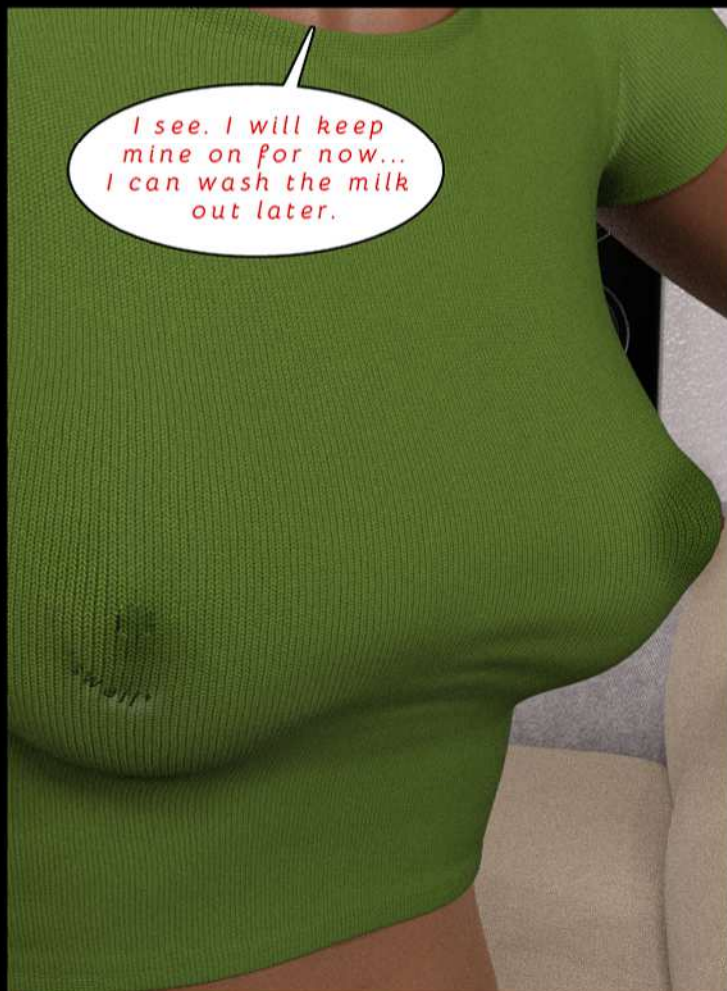
The Addiction of Bimbohood



The Addiction of Bimbohood



The Addiction of Bimbohood



The Addiction of Bimbohood



This feels
strange Louisa...I...
can feel my breasts
filling up...

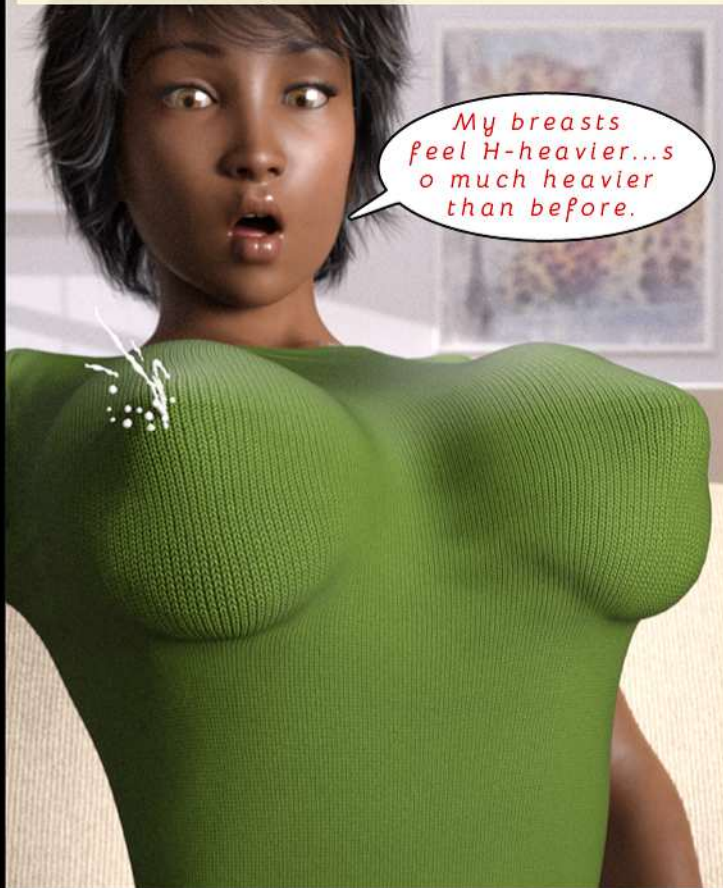
It's driving
me crazy...they feel so...
sensitive.

teehee
And I can feel myself
getting dumber...like with
every second.

giggle

The Addiction of Bimbohood

But as Paris' breasts swell with more and more milk, she begins to wonder if she was smart to keep her shirt on. Milk stains can be easily removed...but the pressure her growing tits put on the constraining fabric becomes too much and starts to get uncomfortable.



And so with some relief...



The Addiction of Bimbohood



The Addiction of Bimbohood

Here, however, Paris was right. While Luisa's IQ is gradually approaching a much lower level, her body is only slightly different...however....



Ohhh...
look how fuckin'
huuuge my tiddies
are gettin'.

giggle

But I miss my
Bimbo Sis...she
is like so much fun...an
supa hawt

The Addiction of Bimbohood



The Addiction of Bimbohood



The Addiction of Bimbohood

Inside the bathroom, just a few moments later....

Actually, I should have known that Louisa reacts more sentimentally as a bimbo than as a cool logician...

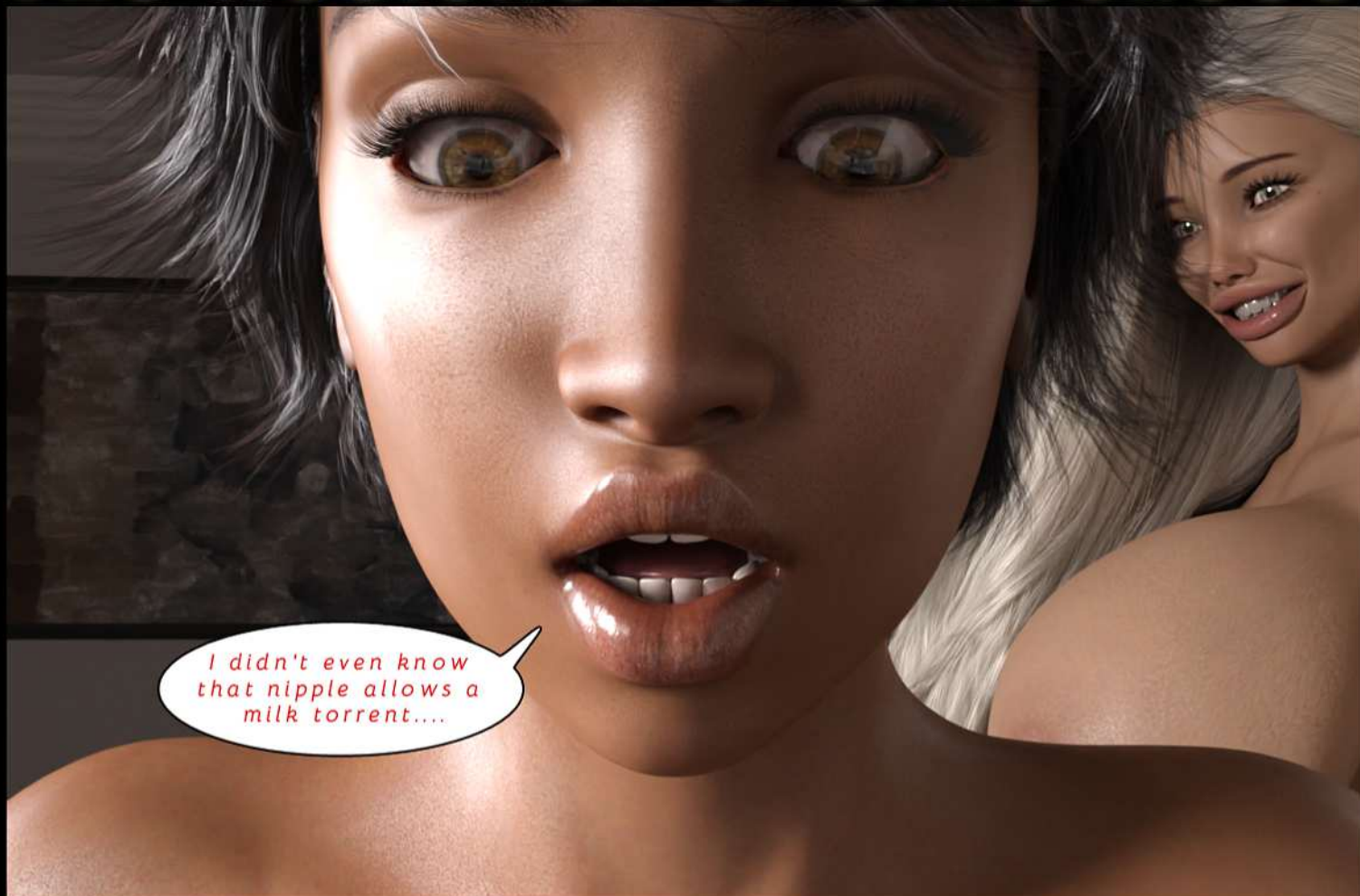
... but nevertheless she is not wrong. I'm not really satisfied with the result.

The milk flow feels stimulating, but I don't like the way my breasts look, nor the massive pressure.

Speaking of pressure...

Are you serious? You're kidding me, right?

The Addiction of Bimbohood



The Addiction of Bimbohood



A BimboMaxx Pill? And the side effects?

Like... who cares 'bout them? They didn't hurt me last time...

And Side Effects is like totally just one of that Amaz2k12 Guy Comics, for sure!

giggle

Hmm, I don't really know.... with your overdose the effect lasted much longer and there was even a resurgence that ended in a shopping spree...

That's totally absolutely true, but....

The Addiction of Bimbohood



The Addiction of Bimbohood



The Addiction of Bimbohood

Regardless of Pari's thoughts disappearing in pink clouds, BimboMaxx unfolds its full effect.



The Addiction of Bimbohood



teehee
This is exactly my
favorite mood.

No worries,
no fears, just pure happiness...
and horniness.

I absolutely
love to be a Bimbo!
teehee

Me too!
Being a Bimbo is
waaaay more fun.

giggle

The Addiction of Bimbohood



But Paris milk flow is apparently affected by both pills... because Louisa's body reacts...

The Addiction of Bimbohood

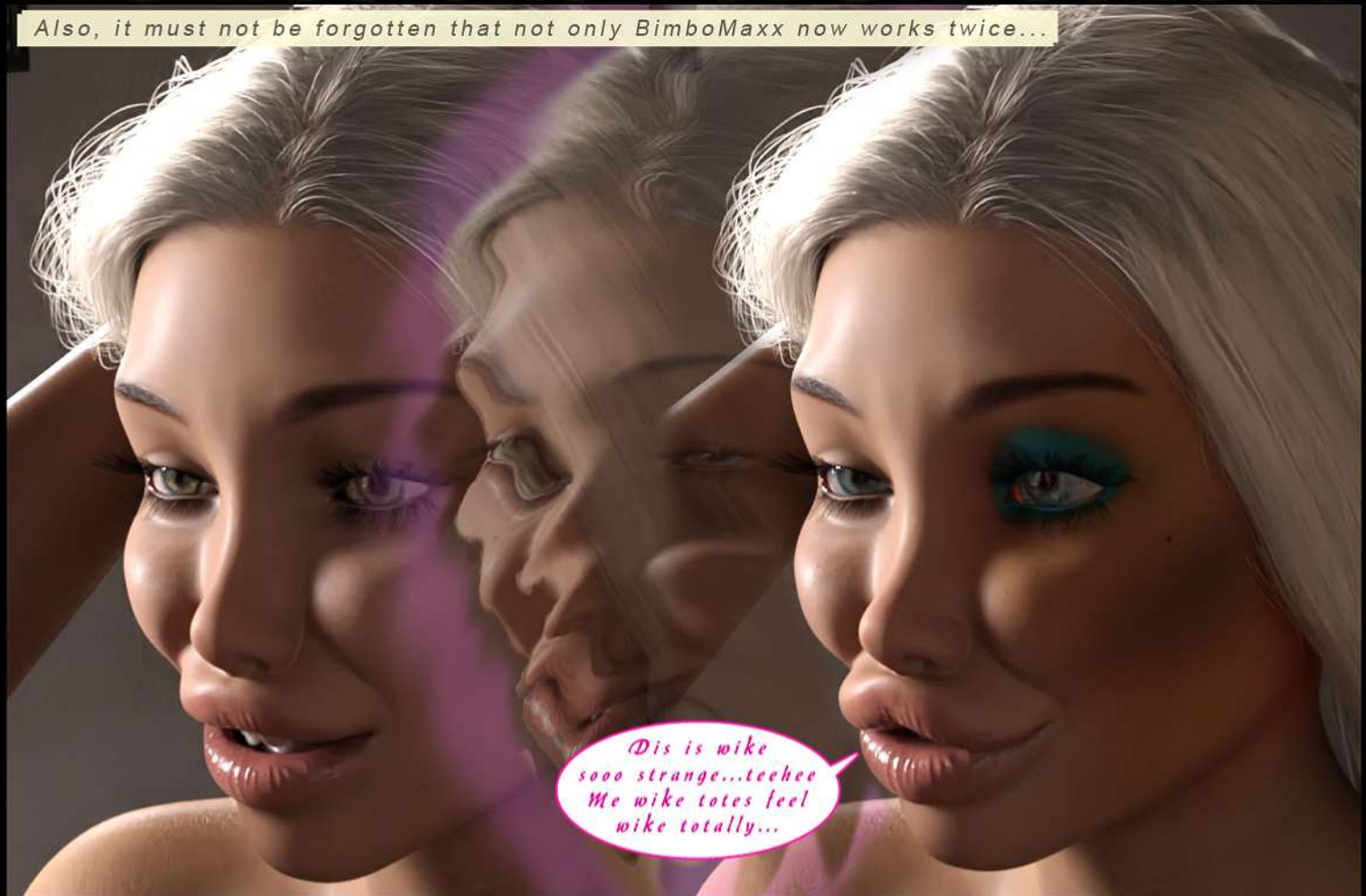
And so the effect of Luisa's BimboMaxx seems to be reinforced once again...



her second overdose within a short time.

The Addiction of Bimbohood

Also, it must not be forgotten that not only BimboMaxx now works twice...



Dis is wike
sooo strange...teehee
Me wike totes feel
wike totally...



... dum dum
an stuff. Me can't...
hmmm...thinky thinky?...
ummm...

gigggle

...because Paris had originally taken a MilkMade pill before she took the next BimboMaxx.

The Addiction of Bimbohood



The Addiction of Bimbohood



The Addiction of Bimbohood

And while the new double dosage of Bimbo Maxx takes full effect and Lulu massively dumbs down...

...the unexpected additional dosage of MilkMade kicks in and Lulu's enormous breasts start to lactate.

Under the influence of these pills Lulu's lust levels are nearly at their maximum, she is aroused like never before and her hunger for wild sex is overwhelming...

The Addiction of Bimbohood



The Addiction of Bimbohood

Some time, and many squirts later...



The Addiction of Bimbohood



The Addiction of Bimbohood



The Addiction of Bimbohood



The Addiction of Bimbohood



You know what, Brad? I'm far more woman than these sluts. I'm out! Don't call me.

Hannah's best side is definitely her backside as she walks away. But the girls, maybe they forgot to lock their door?



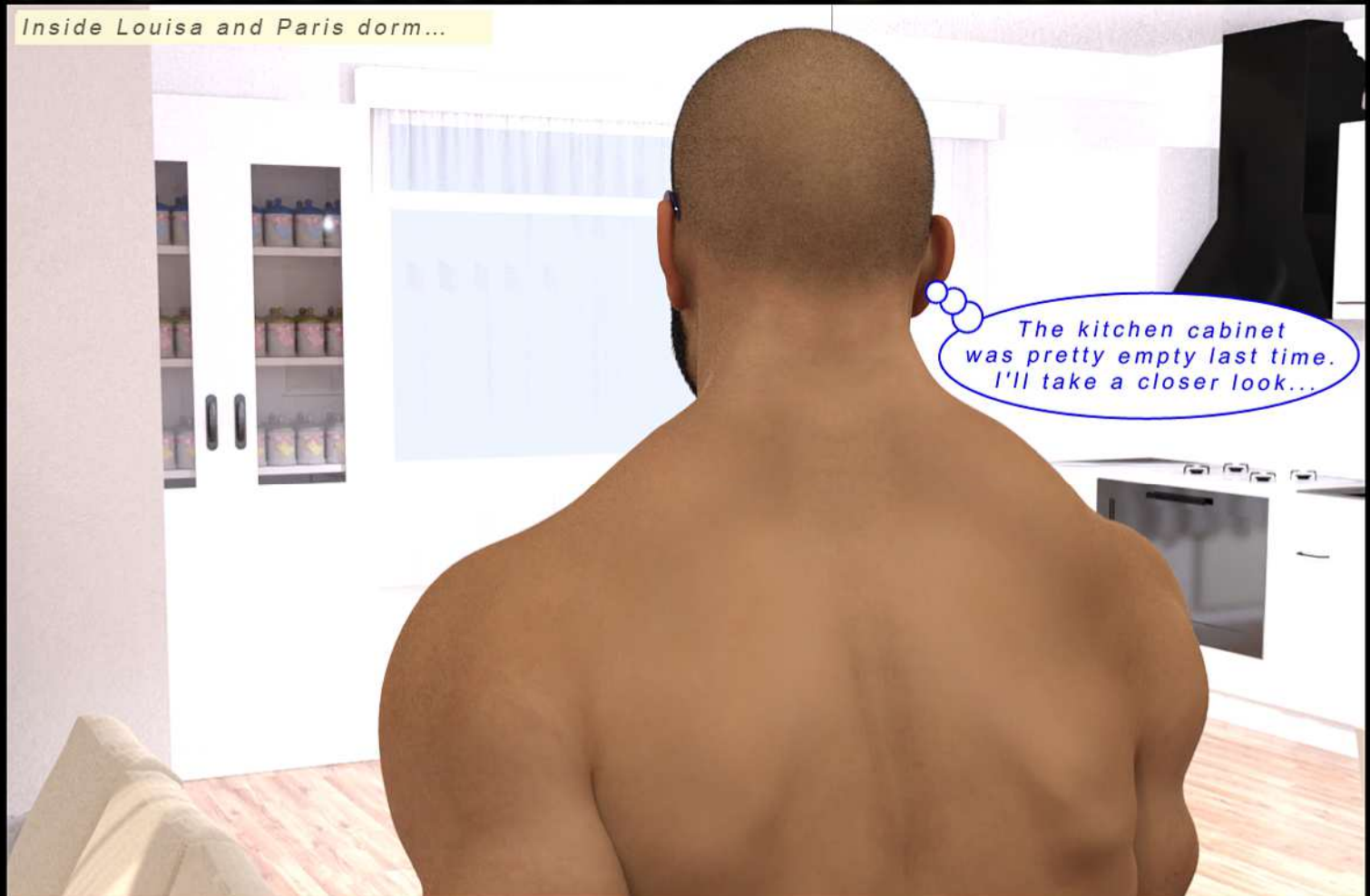
Gotcha!

Tell me your secret, Ladies. I promise... I will use it wisely. hehe



The Addiction of Bimbohood

Inside Louisa and Paris dorm...



The kitchen cabinet was pretty empty last time. I'll take a closer look...



Hmm... what do we have here? Bimbo Maxx... Brain Drain... Bulk Thrash?

I think I will take two bottles with me... let's see... Bimbo Maxx and Girl Power sound promising.

The Addiction of Bimbohood

Meanwhile, at the Beach...



... some of Paris Milk splurts from her breasts...



... and drops into the drink of a sunbathing woman.

The Addiction of Bimbohood

This goes unnoticed, however...

Oh boy...
I'm thirsty...

... mhhh...

Mmhhh...
this heat...

... which may trigger some unexpected effects...

The Addiction of Bimbohood

Every cause has an effect, and every effect has a cause. The breast milk, altered by Paris' pills, dripped into the drink which was drank by the woman starts such an effect on her body and mind.



... while an alluring heat flows through her body and her vagina clamours for attention, the woman's body changes noticeably... her hair grows and starts to bleach out... her- once tiny-breasts start to develop... growing cup size by cup size and gaining new sensitivity, turning her on even more...



Her thick and full pubic hair is visibly thinning out - but she hardly seems to notice the changes her body is going through because of the swelling pleasure. Her face, formerly strict and disciplined, becomes more youthful and her thin lips gain significant mass.

The Addiction of Bimbohood



The Addiction of Bimbohood



Hi!

I'm Fabienne
and... um... you
both look sooo hot.
Wanna make out
with me?

I'm like
sooo sure that two
hot Beach Bunnys
would love to...

Like, hi!
Me Paris and dis
is like, totally Lulu.
An' you are sooo
right... teehee

The Addiction of Bimbohood



The Addiction of Bimbohood

The diluted milk in the drink was already effective...



... but Paris's undiluted milk is even more potent and Fabienne changes in a very short time.

The Addiction of Bimbohood

In the meantime in Brad's room. At his invitation, Hannah came to return to resume her argument.



Hannah believe me. This little pill here turned Paris and Louisa into those airheads we saw.

Really, Brad?
I've heard a lot of
lame excuses...



But you know
what? I'll show you that
this pill is nothing more
than a sweet candy...



... And if you
ever embarrass me like
that again, that's it.

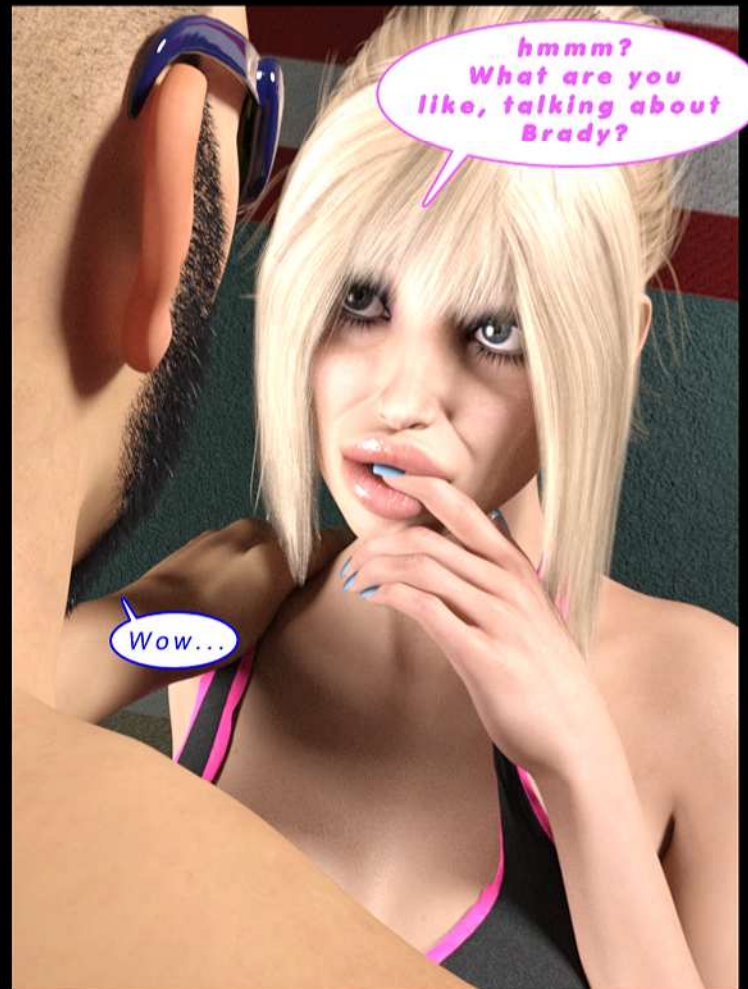
Hannah! No! Wait!

hmmm...
Delicious.

The Addiction of Bimbohood



The Addiction of Bimbohood



The Addiction of Bimbohood



The Addiction of Bimbohood



The Addiction of Bimbohood



Me totally
no slut! Me Hannah
and me like sooo
horny...

Of course you
are... And tomorrow you
will have forgotten everything,
at least I hope so.



You're not
only horny... you're bubbly...
also a real bimbo slut.



teehee...
u are like, sooo
right... me all bubbly
an slutty...

... me all
dumb an horny an
all hawt an stuff,
sooo...

Me Hannah,
me bimbo! Like sooo
kewl. *giggle*

The Addiction of Bimbohood



That's how I like
my sluts... Busty and
cock hungry.

Ohhh...
me like what me
see sooo much ... come
here cawcky...



Hannah's
pussy like all wet
an waitin'.



For ur
billig cawck!

These pills are real
miracles... I should order
some ...

The Addiction of Bimbohood

While Brad and Hannah enjoy their bimbo-style romance...

THIS is
what you deserve,
slut...

Ohhh,
Bwad...

... let me show
you how a real man
handle...

... like sooo
hard cawcky caawck...
teehee

... I'm your
Daddy and you'll beg
to be my slut
forever...

Yaaaa...
ohhh... yaaaa...
mhhh... deeper!
Daddy...

... like all the
other sluts who will
be my mine with these
pills!

The Addiction of Bimbohood

the uncontrolled consumption of natural bimbo milk caused a real orgy on the nude beach where an excess of full-bodied bimbos devoured a handful of guys...



The Addiction of Bimbohood

And so... Many hours of hot and steamy sex later...

*It's gettin'
like sooo borin' Paris.*

*There are no
more hawt guys
here...*

*I like, totally
miss their long totally
yummy cawcks
already...*

*Like, yea...
totally...*

*Since there
are like so many hawny
bimbo's on this beach...*

*the hawt guys
are busy fuckin'
or already ko...*

*... It's been sooo
long since I sucked
my last cock... ummm...
like ten minutes
or so...*

*... shall we
like totally go
home, sistah?*

*Like, totally...
Let's go home.*

The Addiction of Bimbohood



The Addiction of Bimbohood



The Addiction of Bimbohood



The Addiction of Bimbohood



The Addiction of Bimbohood



The next morning, in Brad's room...



The Addiction of Bimbohood



The Addiction of Bimbohood



The Addiction of Bimbohood



The Addiction of Bimbohood

Get out.
I'm not in the mood for
one of your stupid scenes
this early in the
morning.

It's not
over yet, I'm going
to the principal.

Go to the
director, if you want.
I don't care.

I'm ruining
you. You'll be
expelled from here,
you asshole.

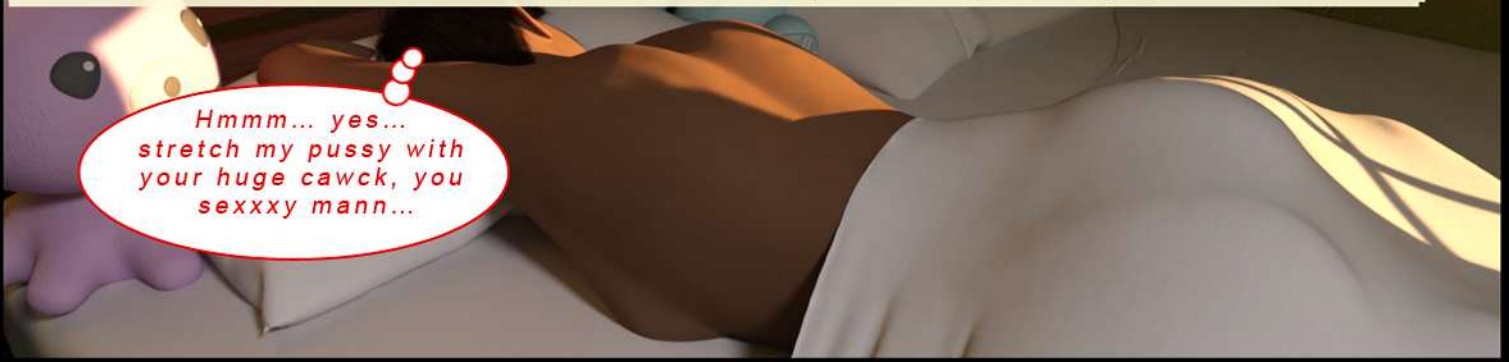
But don't overdo
it, because I can ruin you
too and as long as you're not a
cock-hungry, horny bimbo slut,
I'll do it anyway.

pft... Hell
will freeze over before
that happens.

Hmm... I have seen
the effect of BimboMaxx.
But what does Girl Power do?
Maybe I should check
the website...

The Addiction of Bimbohood

Just a few rooms and one unit away, Louisa wakes up from deep and highly erotic dreams...



The Addiction of Bimbohood

And in Paris' dormitory...

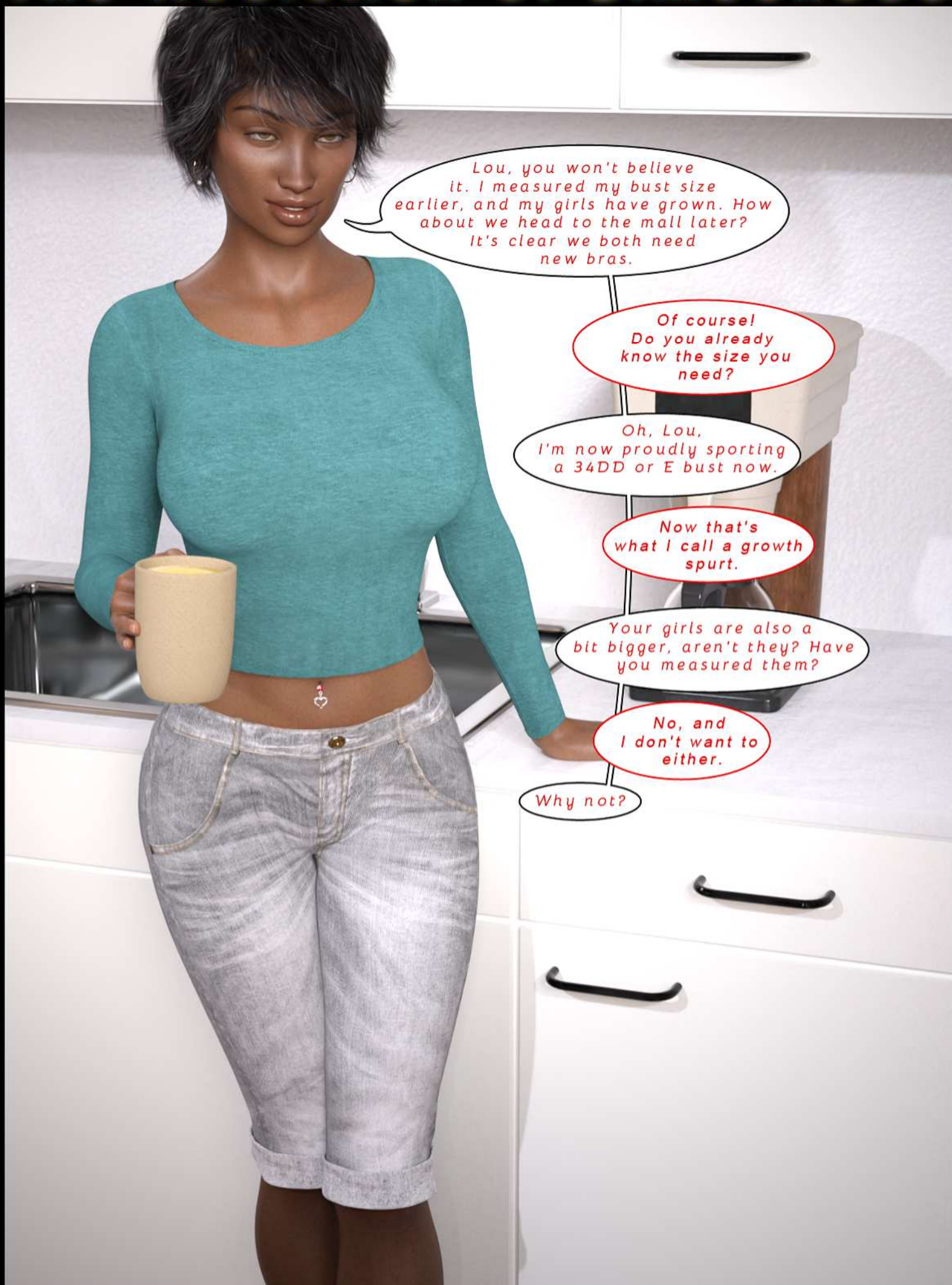


The Addiction of Bimbohood

But both seem to perceive the changes differently...



The Addiction of Bimbohood



The Addiction of Bimbohood



The Addiction of Bimbohood

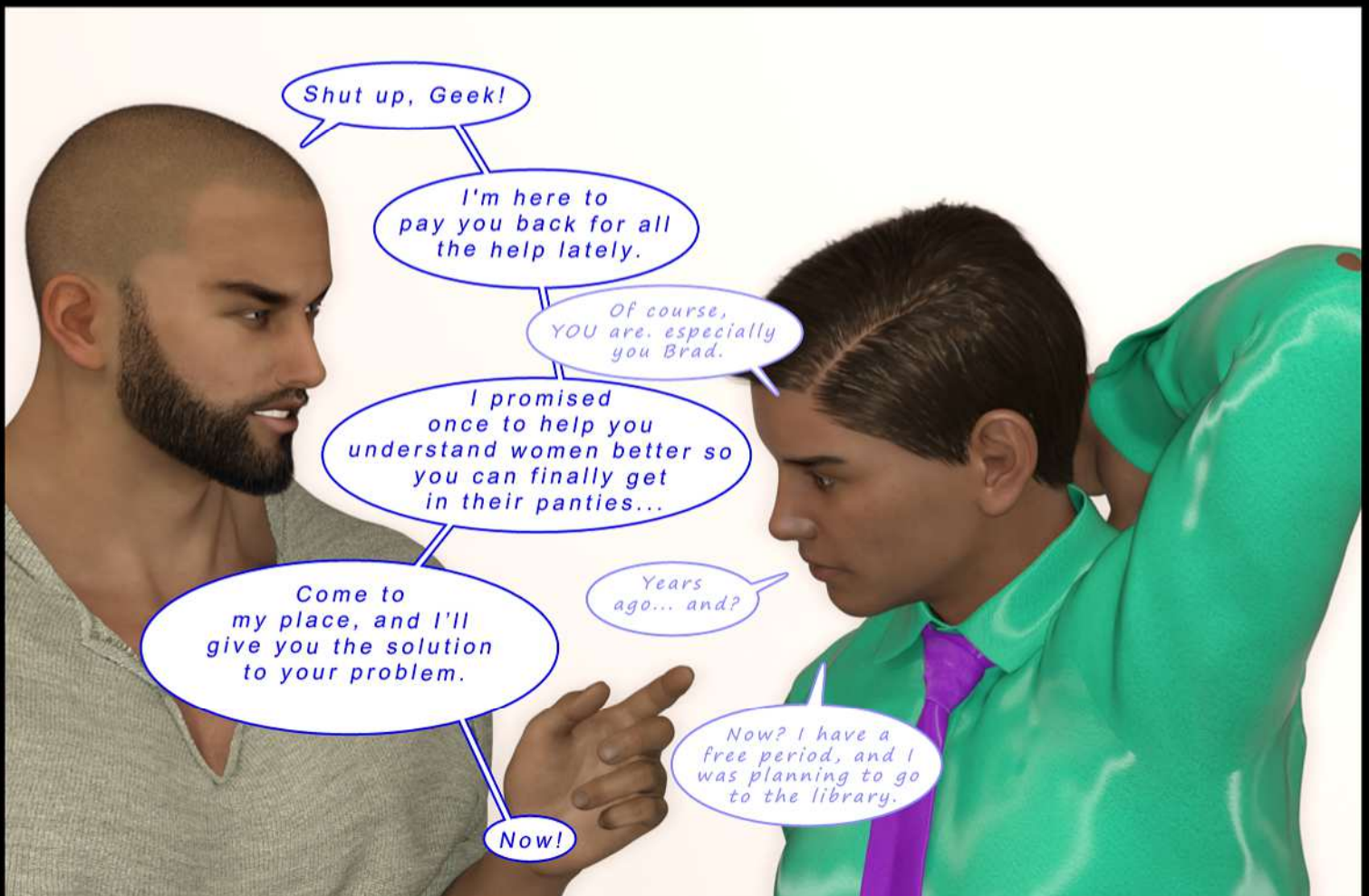


The Addiction of Bimbohood

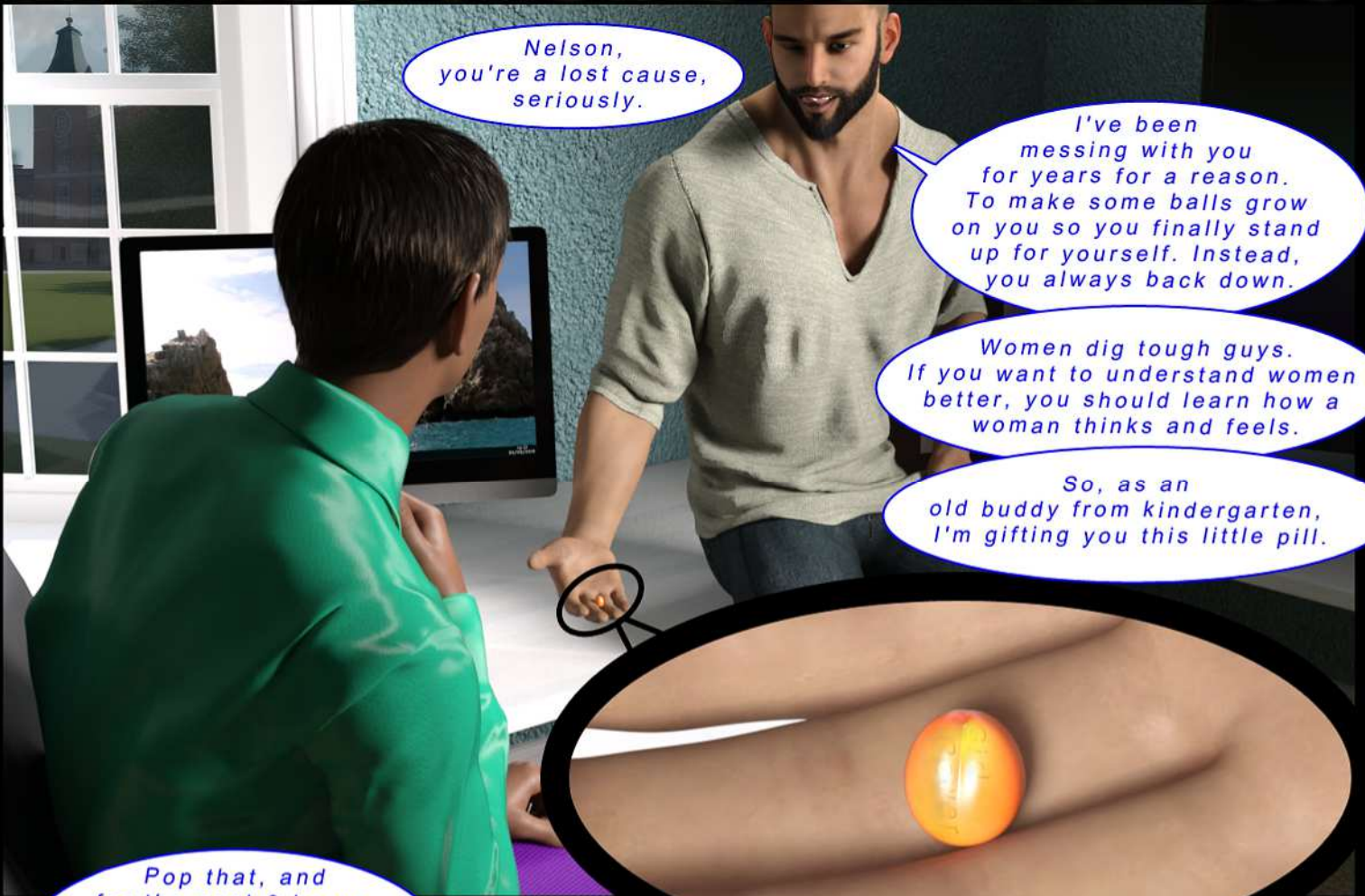


The Addiction of Bimbohood

Meanwhile, on a corridor of the university, Brad encounters Nelson, the geek. Having dedicated his weekend to a comprehensive exploration of AmazCorp's online offerings, Brad is struck by a brilliant idea. (Yes, even Brad is capable of having brilliant ideas.)



The Addiction of Bimbohood



Nelson,
you're a lost cause,
seriously.

I've been
messing with you
for years for a reason.
To make some balls grow
on you so you finally stand
up for yourself. Instead,
you always back down.

Women dig tough guys.
If you want to understand women
better, you should learn how a
woman thinks and feels.

So, as an
old buddy from kindergarten,
I'm gifting you this little pill.

Pop that, and
for the next 8 hours,
you won't just think and
feel like a woman; you'll be
a full-on woman - with
all the works.

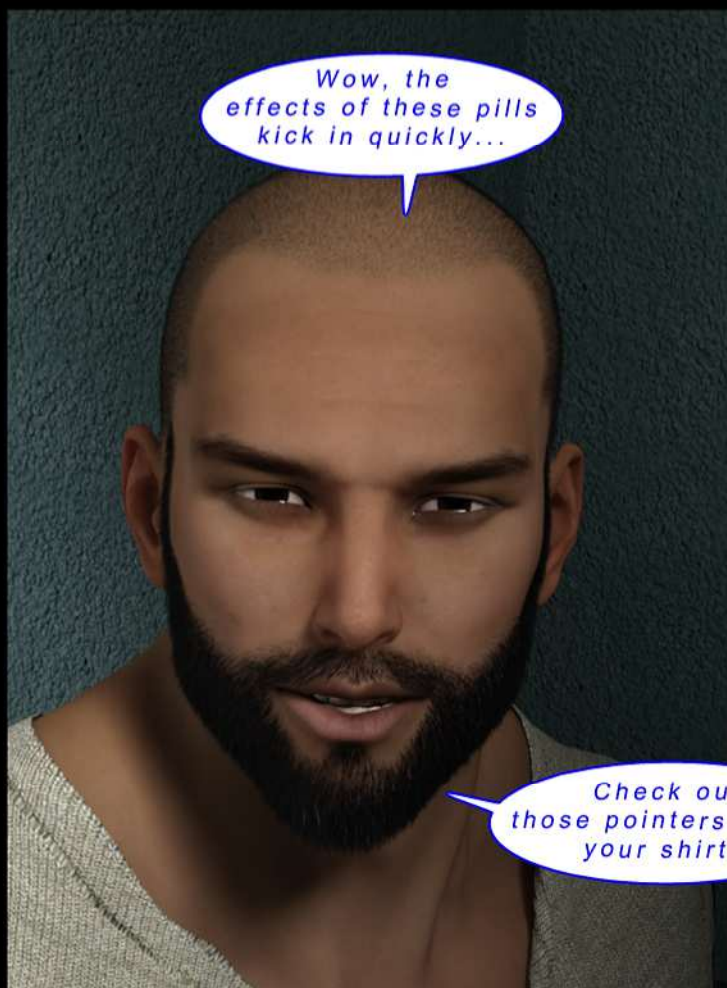


It's your
call, Nelson.



Seriously?

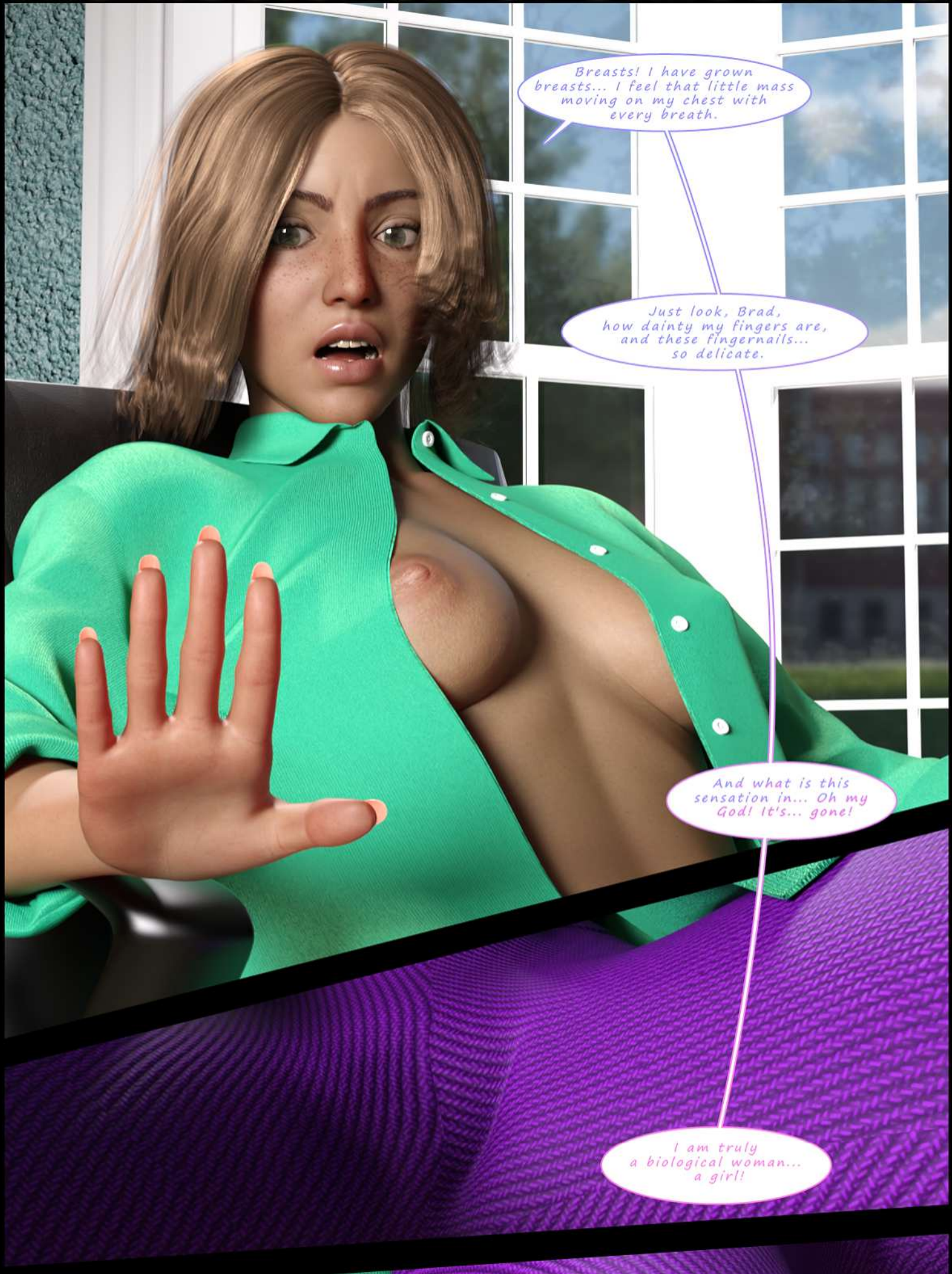
The Addiction of Bimbohood



The Addiction of Bimbohood



The Addiction of Bimbohood



Breasts! I have grown breasts... I feel that little mass moving on my chest with every breath.

Just look, Brad, how dainty my fingers are, and these fingernails... so delicate.

And what is this sensation in... Oh my God! It's... gone!

I am truly a biological woman... a girl!

The Addiction of Bimbohood

So it's true...
Women don't feel
differently than men,
but they perceive things
differently as men.

This shirt feels
coarse against my skin,
repelling yet strangely
stimulating me...

And the
sensations of simple
touches... mhhh...
yes, right here...

I should remove
this shirt... the constant
touch of my hands, the fabric
against my chest, ignites
sparks of desire down
my spine.

I picked your
outfit, Nelson. There
should be someth...
holy hhit!

The Addiction of Bimbohood



The Addiction of Bimbohood



The Addiction of Bimbohood



Brad, are you kidding me? THESE are the clothes you picked out? What kind of women are hanging around at your place?

And still, I can't help but love the sensation of the fabric on my skin... so incredibly soft... delightfully pleasant...



Perhaps the breeze will provide a little relief? Although... the direct touch of the fabric against my nipples... the sensation is... electrifying. Hard to focus...



Why am I playing the outraged one, anyway? Isn't there a part of me that feels... No!

The Addiction of Bimbohood



I don't own any other outfits, Nel. As for the women who visit me? Well, a few, and you know them too. Hannah was here just half an hour ago, Paris the day before yesterday, Lou... Like I said, just a few.

You're quite the operator, Brad. I had no clue... Paris too? And Lou... are we talking about Louisa? But, I'm getting off track again.

Thanks for the clothes, even though I'll need some time adjusting to parading half-naked down the hallway.

Why are my nipples tingling so intensely as he lists all those women? Don't tell me this is turning me on too...

That's right... each one of them was passable. But remember, you're doing this to figure out the ropes. Don't lose sight of that. And in 8 hours, the whole enchantment will be done; you better be back in your dorm, understood?

No worries... but now I have to go. We... ummm... will see each other.

The Addiction of Bimbohood



The Addiction of Bimbohood



The Addiction of Bimbohood



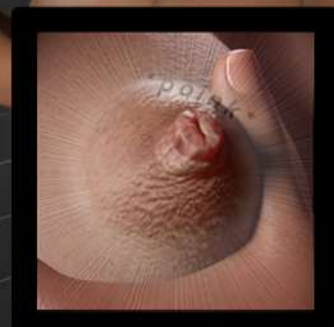
The Addiction of Bimbohood



The Addiction of Bimbohood



The Addiction of Bimbohood



The Addiction of Bimbohood



The Addiction of Bimbohood



The Addiction of Bimbohood



The Addiction of Bimbohood



The Addiction of Bimbohood



The Addiction of Bimbohood



The Addiction of Bimbohood



The Addiction of Bimbohood

However, the intimate conversation is suddenly cut off...

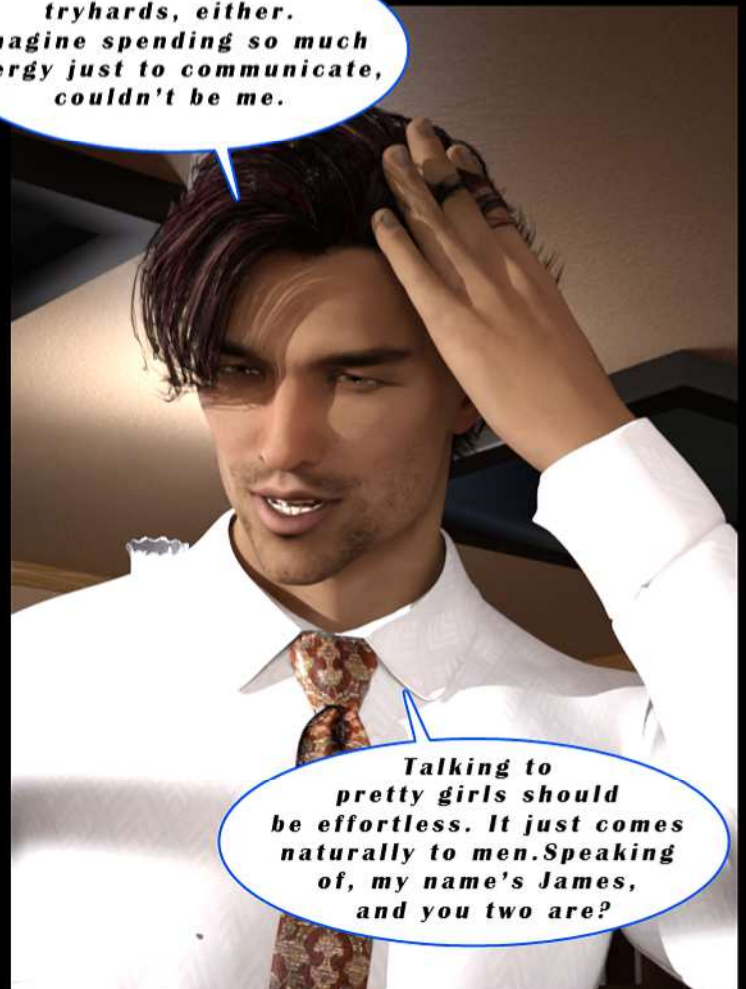


Excuse me, ladies, but what were we talking about before I so rudely interrupted?



Hey Mr. Interrupter, we were talking about important girl stuff. Like how to spot a guy who's trying too hard.

I can't stand tryhards, either. Imagine spending so much energy just to communicate, couldn't be me.



Talking to pretty girls should be effortless. It just comes naturally to men. Speaking of, my name's James, and you two are?

The Addiction of Bimbohood



The Addiction of Bimbohood



The Addiction of Bimbohood

Bestowing a smile has never been known to cause harm, as Paris rightly surmises.

Hey there!
Wanna come hang
out ...

However, the young man fails to react as anticipated,
nervously avoiding Nel's sweet smile and alluring
gaze...

... with us?

Oh...

Here's a quirky twist: Nel had no clue that her
fluttering eyelashes could be seen as seductive;
to her, it was just a regular blink with a side of
normalcy...

The Addiction of Bimbohood

Yet, just as Nel, clearly disheartened, swivels back towards Paris, his head snaps back towards her, sporting a sly grin as if his thoughts had taken a wild detour from the disappointment that unfolded.



Oh my gosh, did I... did I do something wrong?

No, honey, you did everything just fine.

But that guy over there? He's all wrong. He's practically stripping you down with his eyes, imagining what he'd do if he had the nerve and the balls.

He's at it again, staring with that big grin of his. Wanna bet he'll bolt straight for the checkout, all stiff and uncomfortable, just to keep his distance from us?



He's inexperienced, spineless, and thinks he's fooling everyone with what's going on inside his head..



Now I get what you were saying earlier, Paris... I... I'm getting major goosebumps.

The Addiction of Bimbohood



The Addiction of Bimbohood

Just in the nick of time, Nelson returns to his dorm room as the effects of "Girl Power" start to fade. Hastily, he sheds his clothes and rushes to the mirror...



As swiftly as the effect takes hold, it seems to dissipate just as fast, evidenced by one of the perky breasts visibly shrinking before his eyes.



The Addiction of Bimbohood

As the transformation continues, every aspect of Nelson's body undergoes a profound metamorphosis, right down to the smallest cellular level. Bones, once shaped for a female, child-bearing physique, shift back to their male form.

Even Nelson's once underdeveloped geek muscles now regain density and strength, poised to confront the primal challenges of hunting in humanity's distant past.

With a remarkable shift, the once present vagina closes, and the clitoris elongates and widens, gradually forming into a penis. And amidst this transformation, the testicles reappear, completing the journey of gender realignment.

The Addiction of Bimbohood

Upon experiencing his first orgasm as a male once more, Nelson reunites with his true identity, transcending the female spheres. With a mixture of relief and wonder, he experiences his first orgasm as a male, a moment of profound reunification with his identity.



The Addiction of Bimbohood

After the eventful Monday for Paris and Nelson... or Nel, Tuesday passed for everyone, rather normally with the usual college stuff. However, on Wednesday morning, right in the first hour in the lecture hall...

Ladies and gentlemen, after noticing a significant decline in performance in this class and realizing that some of you are clearly preoccupied with other matters...

... we will now have a little surprise test, a pop quiz. Please take out your pads and I'll release the materials, which you are to complete fully within the next 60 minutes.

Ohhh... a pop quiz? Then I can finally rectify that last bad grade. A... that's just not acceptable at all.

A pop-quiz? I'd celebrate a cock-quiz more. Who has the longest, thickest, and who can last the longest. That's it... hehe

Paris... control yourself... Cock Quiz...

Seriously!

But it's true, Louisa. It would make the test much more interesting...

Really? Hands off my butt, Chad.

But why? It's well-toned, and I just love those firm cheeks...

Yes, sure, just like Paris has her boobs or Kelly's well-shaped legs. So hands off, or I'll break every single finger of yours here and now.

The Addiction of Bimbohood



The Addiction of Bimbohood

In Louisa's case, one of the earliest and most pronounced effects of 'BimboMaxx' is always the sudden plummet of her otherwise formidable intelligence. Even during her flashbacks, untouched by 'BimboMaxx', this effect unfailingly takes center stage - though never before with such dramatic flair as today.



The Addiction of Bimbohood

Did I say small butt?



The mass of swelling flesh causes her loose pants to burst at the seams within seconds...



... and the once slender, unassuming butt of Luisa becomes full and plump.



Wow, it's really getting massive. I hope her pants can handle all that wobbling mass without any ripping.

The Addiction of Bimbohood



The Addiction of Bimbohood



The Addiction of Bimbohood



Hey, cawckees!
Who's up for some fun
with me and my gal pal?
We're, like, supa horny,
hawtties!

giggle

Wow, I wish
she could always be
like this... What for
a Bimbo.

The Addiction of Bimbohood



Like, such strong hands. You're, like, so big, such a hunk. Wanna fuck or should Lulu, like, blow your cawck first?

giggle

Damn... look at those melons. Babe, you made me rock hard in seconds.

Guys, let's not hold back or be shy. We're definitely not holding back either.

The Addiction of Bimbohood



And thus, from a simple slip of the tongue, pure delight unfolds for all involved... the Cawck Quiz is now in full swing.

The Addiction of Bimbohood

And thus, hour after hour elapses in the shower room. The quiz participants valiantly persevere, yet as the evening draws near, ...



... even the mightiest endurance succumbs to a final act of lust and a final burst of cum...

The Addiction of Bimbohood

... two satisfied, yet insatiable women return to their dorm room.

OMG, like,
Paris, babe, that
was, like, totally
amazing, right?

Yea,
that's true,
Lulu.

But, like,
I'm sooo ready
for more... are you?
Should we, like, go see
Brad or, like, take a trip
into the city and
go for extra
credit?

giggle

Hm, I don't
know, I'd rather go
back to the Dorm. I'm pretty
tired after all these hours
with the boys here...

The Addiction of Bimbohood

However, a mind wrapped in pink bimbo clouds has different ideas about how to spend an afternoon. So, Lulu decides to spontaneously pop by Brad's room as she passes his door.



The Addiction of Bimbohood

Already during Louisa's first flashback, Paris wondered what was going on. For some reason, BimboMaxx had a stronger effect on Louisa than on herself. When the third flashback hit this morning and Louisa became fully bimbofied in a matter of minutes, Paris decided to get to the bottom of it... Not that Paris wouldn't enjoy it if her best friend, like herself, were a cock hungry Bimbo Slut, of course.



Hello, this is John from AmazCorp. How can I assist you?

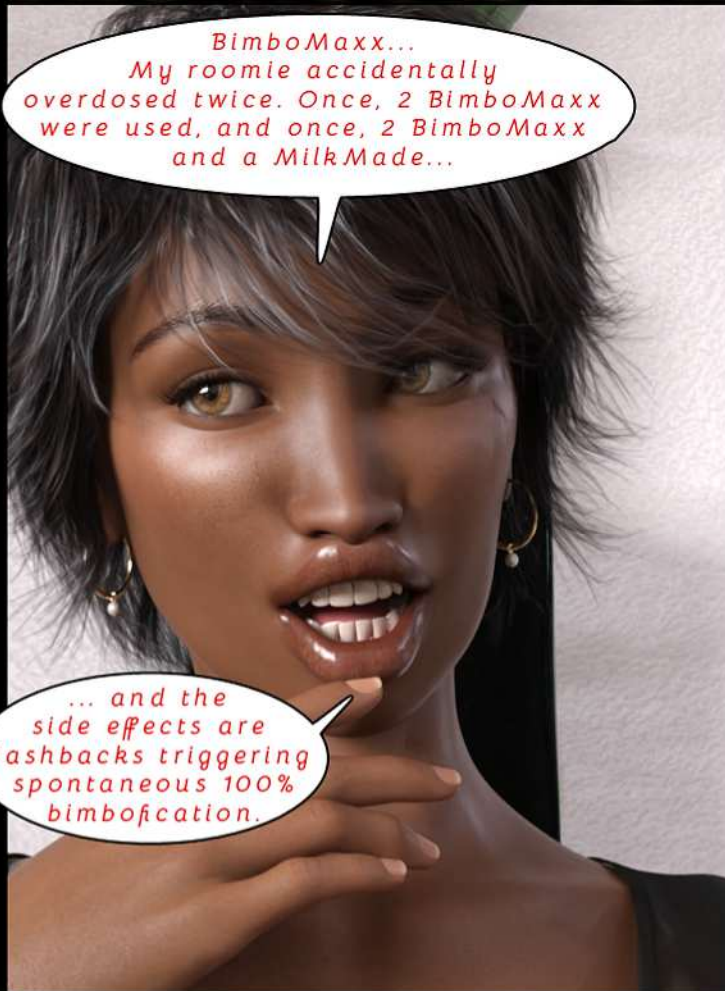
Thank you very much, Mrs. What can I do for you, Paris?

Okay, thank you very much. Which product was used, and what are the possible side effects you'd like to inquire about?

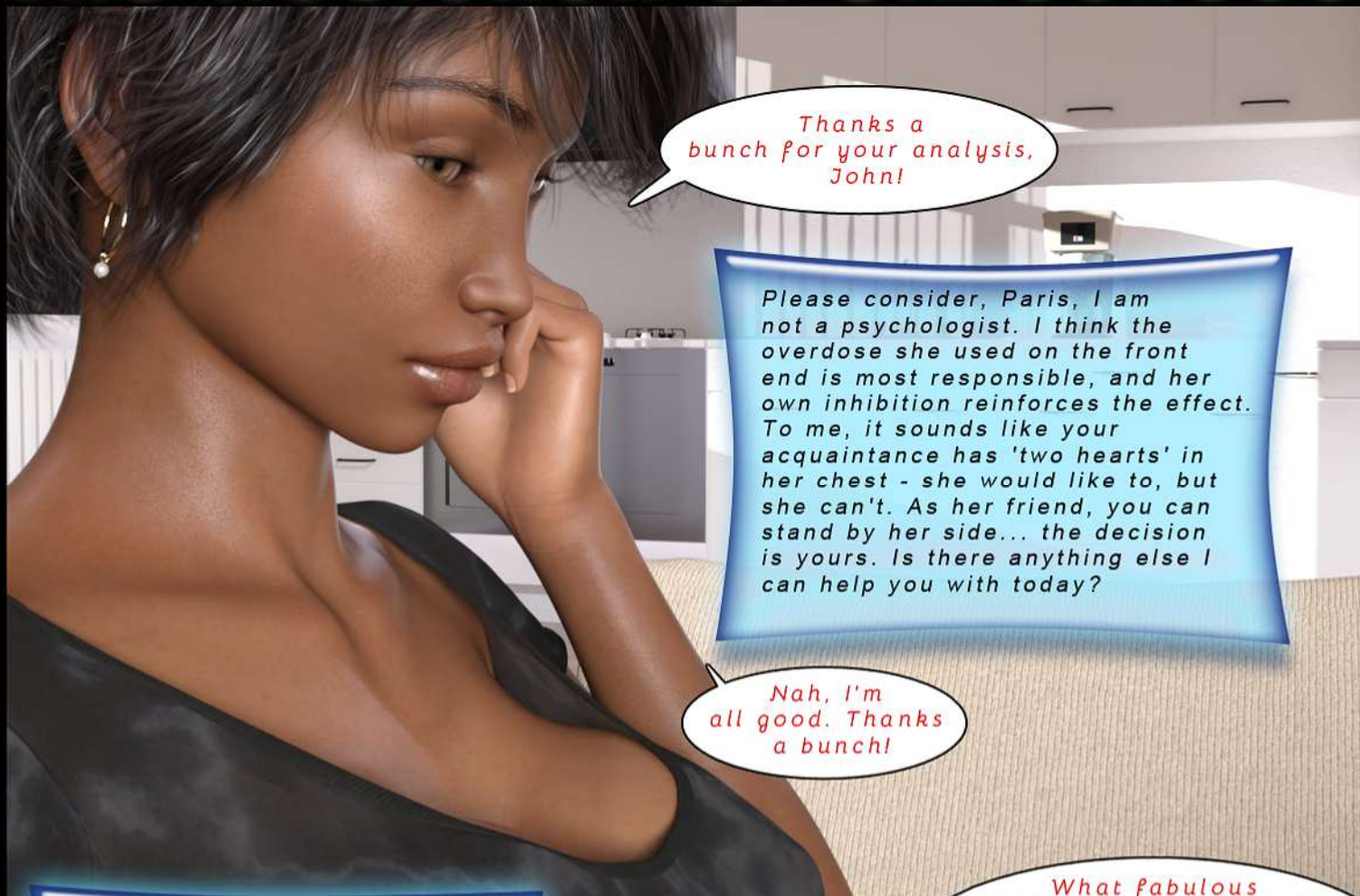
Hi John, it's Paris here, my customer number is: 150378-B-UltraVix2005.

I've got a question about possible side effects of BimboMaxx and other products from AmazCorp.

The Addiction of Bimbohood



The Addiction of Bimbohood



Thanks a bunch for your analysis, John!

Please consider, Paris, I am not a psychologist. I think the overdose she used on the front end is most responsible, and her own inhibition reinforces the effect. To me, it sounds like your acquaintance has 'two hearts' in her chest - she would like to, but she can't. As her friend, you can stand by her side... the decision is yours. Is there anything else I can help you with today?

Nah, I'm all good. Thanks a bunch!

Alright, thank you for contacting us Paris and enjoy the great products from AmazCorp. Have a great day, bye.

Thanks, hon!
You too! Mind sending over a satisfaction survey? I'll give you glowing reviews. Have a fabulous day! Bye for now!

What fabulous news! But I wonder, will Louisa see it the same way? Oh... she's bound to be upset, but I know how it goes... one day...



click



The Addiction of Bimbohood

Someday, we'll be the happiest bimbo besties, living life to the fullest...

... with, like, sooo many cawcks, lots of make up...
giggle

... it might take her a while longer, but eventually, the yearning and joy will overcome any of her inner barriers.

Ah... what a day it's been. I've never had so many cocks in one go before. How many guys did I suck off? I do not know... Time to unwind, maybe take a relaxing bath...

... and why not pop in a MilkMade pill? Yes, that sounds absolutely wonderful.

The Addiction of Bimbohood



The Addiction of Bimbohood

As the day winds down for our girls, each of them follows her own unique path. Paris unwinds in the bathtub, while her breasts swell and grow, steadily producing more and more milk.

A woman with dark skin and short dark hair is sitting in a bathtub. She is looking upwards and to the left with a thoughtful expression. Her right hand is resting near her chin. Her breasts are large and appear to be producing milk, with some milk visible on her left breast. The background shows a bathroom setting with a window and some shelves.

Even though I'm itching to fully immerse myself in the bimbo lifestyle, these moments of intellect have their perks too.

Solving two puzzles in one day and still having a blast. And now, indulging in MilkMade, then wrapping up with a cozy night's sleep...

The same woman is now lying down in the bathtub, her head tilted back and eyes closed. She appears to be resting or sleeping. Her hands are resting on her large, milk-swollen breasts. The water level is higher, and there is some splashing visible in the background.

... what a splendid day it's been. I'll always remember when Louisa suddenly embraced her inner bimbo during class and got lost in the quest for Cocks... teehee

Perhaps I should start slipping that word into our conversations more often? Just to test the waters... but then again, she's my closest friend, and it wouldn't be fair to her.

Gosh... I'm so damn horny again. I wonder if Lulu and Brad... nah...I'll leave them alone.

The Addiction of Bimbohood

While Paris relaxes in the bath, Louisa... or rather Lulu, meanwhile, engages in quite different activities in Brad's room - but for her too, the Cawck Quiz is nearing its end, and she already sees herself as the winner of the game...

Yeah...
that is what I
want...

I may
as well stuff
her arrogant mouth full
of those sweet pills and
see how much of a bimbo
she can handle...

Oh Brad...
ha... fuck me... ha... rder!
Use your, like, huge cawckie...
deeper... Like OMG!
YES!

giggle

I can't say
how long i imagined
to put that brainy Louisa
in her place - dumb and
horny...

Lulu's bimbofied mind can't count how many cawcks she has milked today (24 cocks), but she had a lot of fun with it.

The Addiction of Bimbohood

And finally, on a Thursday morning, in Paris's bedroom where she is just waking up... the weekend is near, and an event that both Louisa and Paris were unaware of is on the horizon ... but more on that later.



yawn
What a delightful morning... I woke up to the sweet sound of Louisa's nerdy charm...

THAT
can't be real.
What happend
yesterday...



Ah, that's
so typical of
Louisa. It seems the
flashback effect has
finally worn off
for her.

Hmm...
Should I break
the news to her
diplomatically, or just
come right out with it?
I think being direct
would suit her
best...

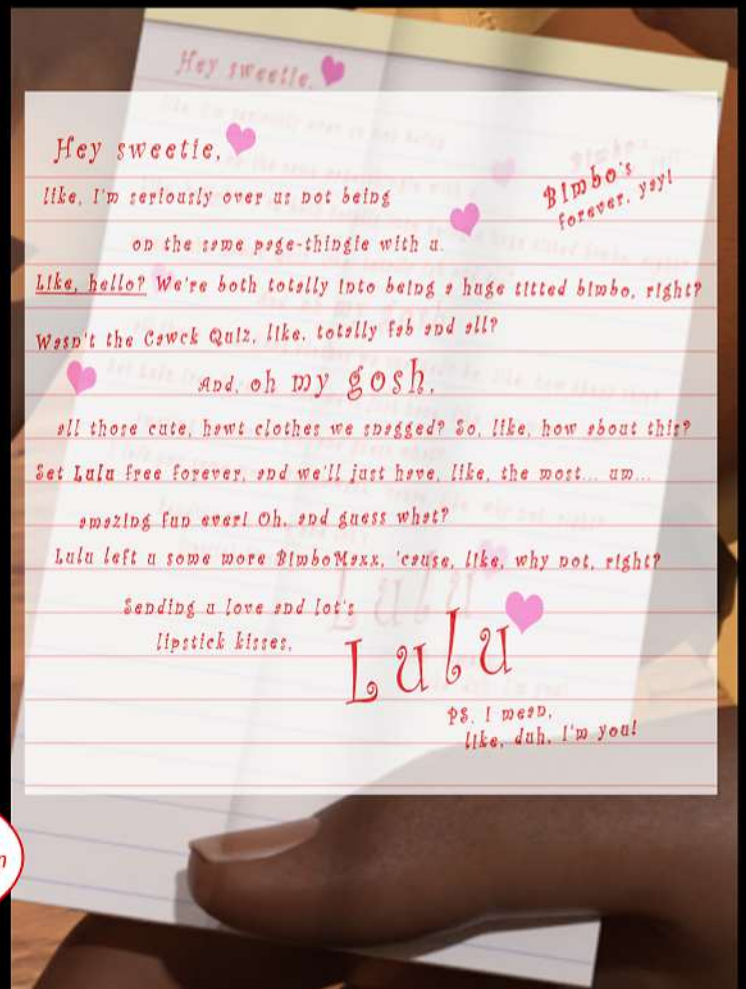
Right before
a test, one of those
flashback sequences kicked
in again... Did I pass the
test this time? What
grade did I get?



The Addiction of Bimbohood



The Addiction of Bimbohood



The Addiction of Bimbohood



The Addiction of Bimbohood



The Addiction of Bimbohood

Inside Louisa's mind...

Is this
what you've chosen
for yourself? How...
disappointing!

Her parents...

So, it's
because deep
down, I secretly
desire to be a
Bimbo?

I didn't
raise you to become
this. You're no longer my
daughter. Leave! You're
no longer welcome
here.

Instead of
conforming to what
my parents have ingrained
in me my whole life.

Heyyy therel
I'm Lulu, I'm an
airhead Bimbo,
you know?

Do you,
like, totally adore
my big phat boobies?
I luv them!

Wanna, like,
totally gossip about
cute boys an' their
cawcks?

The Addiction of Bimbohood

As Louisa grapples with her inner self, Lulu, in her thoughts, she shamelessly watches her best friend and roommate, Paris, pleasuring herself...



Naturally, this influences her arousal, which, as we now know, is the driving force behind her unintentional bimbofication, especially after she took too much of BimboMaxx before...



... But Louisa has learned to recognize the signs her body is displaying, indicating that she will transform into a Bimbo once more if she succumbs to her current emotions. As she grasps this realization...



The Addiction of Bimbohood

Thirty minutes later... after a refreshing shower for Louisa and two coffees for Paris...

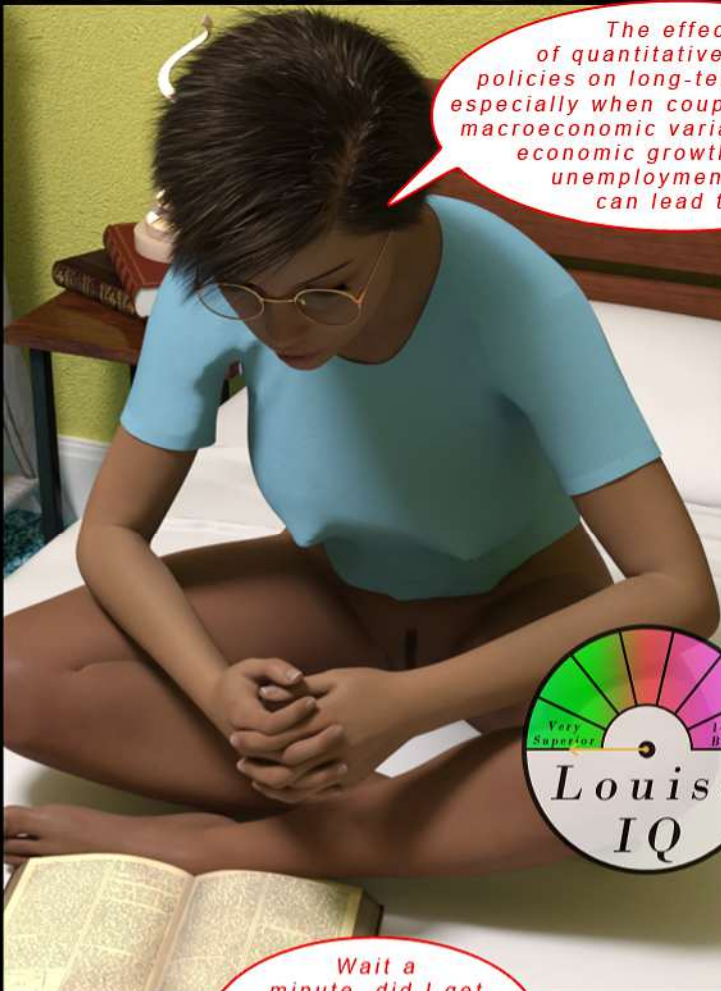


The Addiction of Bimbohood

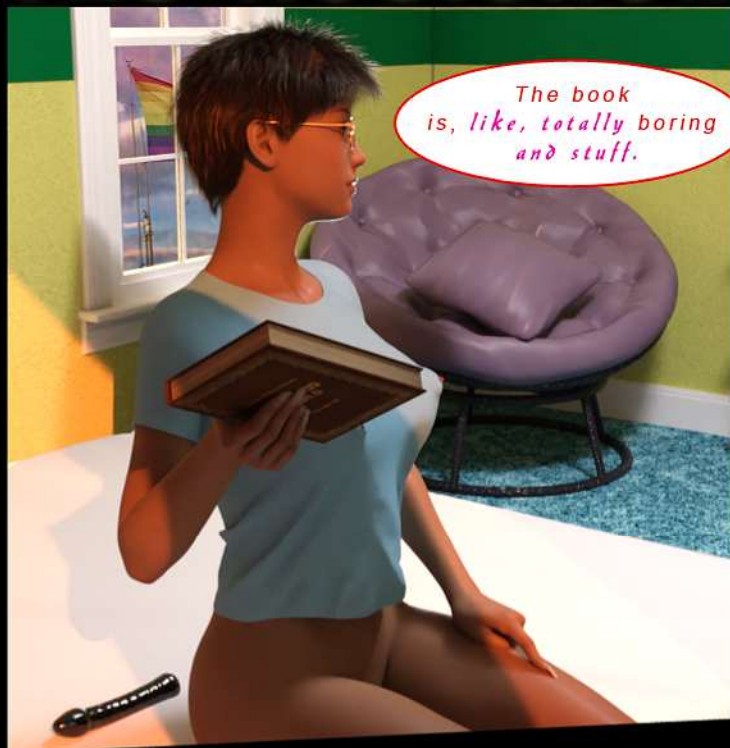
Both women were well acquainted, and it didn't take long for Louisa to unburden her frustrations.



The Addiction of Bimbohood



The Addiction of Bimbohood



The Addiction of Bimbohood

Things became more confusing as logical faculties steadily declined, Louisa once again failed to notice the changes in her body. While struggling to focus on the text and puzzled by its nonsensical nature, lust wins out over logic.



The hornier she gets, the stronger her transformation becomes.

The Addiction of Bimbohood

Louisa's alter ego, Lulu, has once again taken control. Determined, she quickly identifies what triggered this flashback and what Louisa had overlooked.



The Addiction of Bimbohood

But let's leave Lulu to her fun with Mr. Big Deluxe (the chrome edition for extra pleasure) and turn our attention to...

"giggle"
And then I stroke
those cawks like this,
and... teehee

... and when
I'm, like, really wet,
they slide sooo nicely into my
wet slit... in
an' out...

... makin'
Lulu all happy an
borin Lulu* all
weak.

Paris, who is on her way, encounters Nelson. She can't resist making a subtle (or rather, not-so-subtle) hint.

Hey
Nelson,
I heard

... there's a
great sale on really
cute bras at
the mall.

Interested in
joining me for a little
shopping trip?

Uh, Paris,
you must be confusing
me with someone else. I
don't... uh, shop for
those kinds of
things.

How did
she recognize me? After
all, I was with her as a
woman, not as a man.

Brad?
It's me, Nelson.
May I...?

Come
on in!

The Addiction of Bimbohood



The Addiction of Bimbohood



The Addiction of Bimbohood



Okay, and which jar exactly, Brad? Girl Power, BimboMaxx?

You need Girl Power. That makes you the girl you were.

Where did you get this stuff anyway?

BimboMaxx is the stuff Paris and Louisa take... as far as I know - I got both jars from their room. They have a whole cabinet full of them.

I looked the pills up, and they come from a company called AmazCorp.

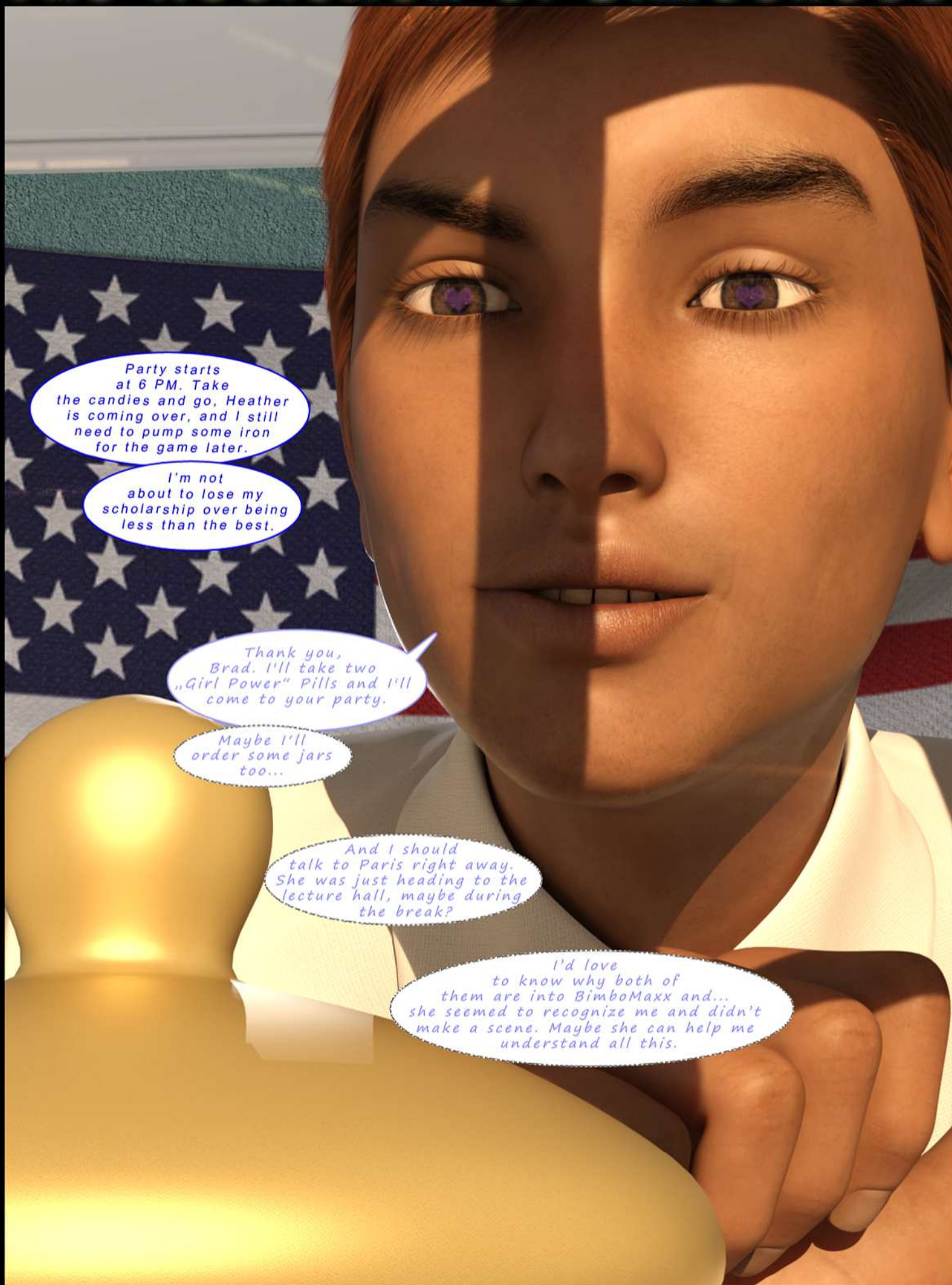
AmazCorp? Never heard of it. But if Paris and Louisa are customers there...

They are enjoying them. Both of them are way hotter than ever now. Louisa was just with me last night... she's a dream when she's on them.

Both those hotties are getting invites, and I have a pill with each of their names on it.

What? Paris and Louisa use this regularly? Hmm, she wasn't in class yesterday.

The Addiction of Bimbohood



Party starts at 6 PM. Take the candies and go, Heather is coming over, and I still need to pump some iron for the game later.

I'm not about to lose my scholarship over being less than the best.

Thank you, Brad. I'll take two „Girl Power“ Pills and I'll come to your party.

Maybe I'll order some jars too...

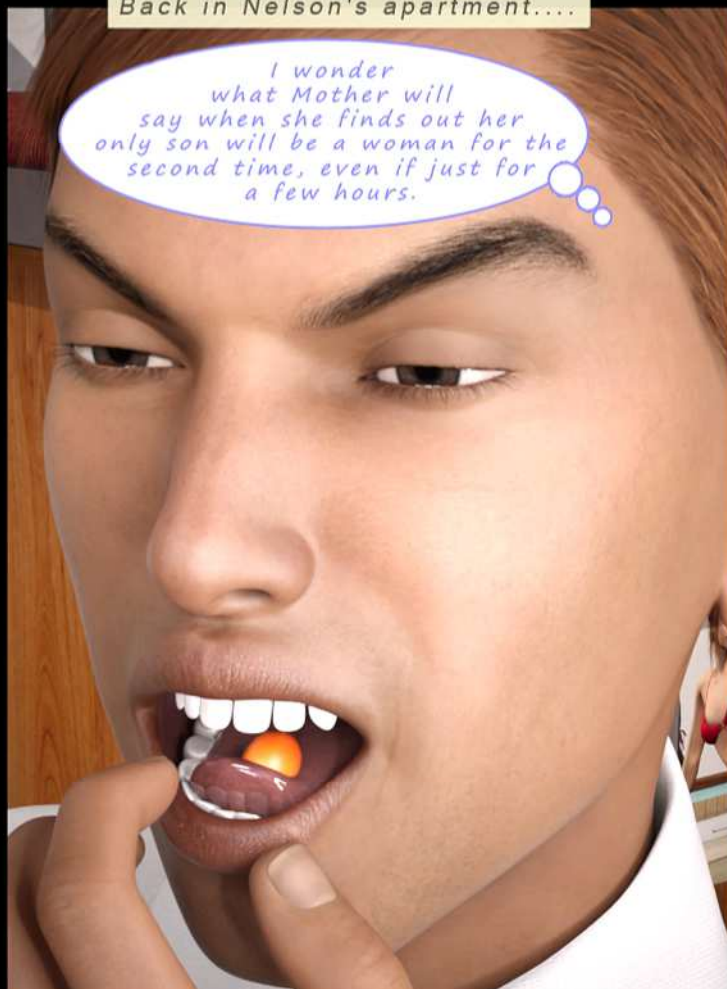
And I should talk to Paris right away. She was just heading to the lecture hall, maybe during the break?

I'd love to know why both of them are into BimboMaxx and... she seemed to recognize me and didn't make a scene. Maybe she can help me understand all this.

The Addiction of Bimbohood



Back in Nelson's apartment....



The Addiction of Bimbohood

Nelson quickly shed his male clothing; he wouldn't need it for the next eight hours. Just in time, as the "Girl Power" began to take effect...



Nelson has minimal facial hair and sparse body hair. As his chest and nipples begin to swell and expand with each breath, his skin remains smooth as silk.



The Addiction of Bimbohood

As the transformation unfolds, Nelson's penis shrinks and reshapes into her new female genitalia.



Her once-flat, masculine buttocks gain curvature and fullness, while her hips broaden, complementing her feminine form.



The Addiction of Bimbohood



Oh, these breasts are very sensitive - much more than I remember from yesterday. And... are they bigger, too?

Hmm, I don't think so. It's just my... mmm... imagination... speaking of which...

•SQUISH•

I should check out AmazCorps website. Maybe I'll find some information...

•SQUISH•

The Addiction of Bimbohood



The Addiction of Bimbohood

As a young woman, Nelly is just as skilled with her fingers as she was as nerdy Nelson ... and so...

... with a fulfilling climax, something clicks in her mind...



Oh! My! Go...
ohhh... Yeash

ooorrr



*GIRLY
STUFF*

Wow... that
was different... more
intense!

Nelson's strict analytical thinking has taken a back seat for now—new, very feminine impulses have come to the forefront, along with a desire to reinvent and express herself accordingly.



I should
go shopping. If I
really want to embrace this
new side of myself, I'll need the
right accessories... a vanity, wardrobe,
makeup, shoes... umm... *snicker*
maybe even some dildos.

Should I
call Mom? She can probably
tell me what a young woman today-
who also happens to be her only
son-needs in daily life. Or
should I talk to Paris?
She seems to suspect
something.

The Addiction of Bimbohood

After Nelly orders her first product online from AmazCorp - since the first delivery is free - she grabs her mom's credit card and heads downtown for a shopping trip...

Wow, what a beautiful day. As much as I like sitting at my computer or being in class...

Class? I'm skipping a whole day again - just for fun, like yesterday!

But it's worth it, right?

Maybe I should just go out more... be around people. I'm not as nervous today as I was yesterday when Paris was there.

But after all, it was my first time as... a girl and my first time...

... ohhh, the sex... yesterday was so... hot!

... She is still on campus grounds when a new experience hits her just a few minutes later...

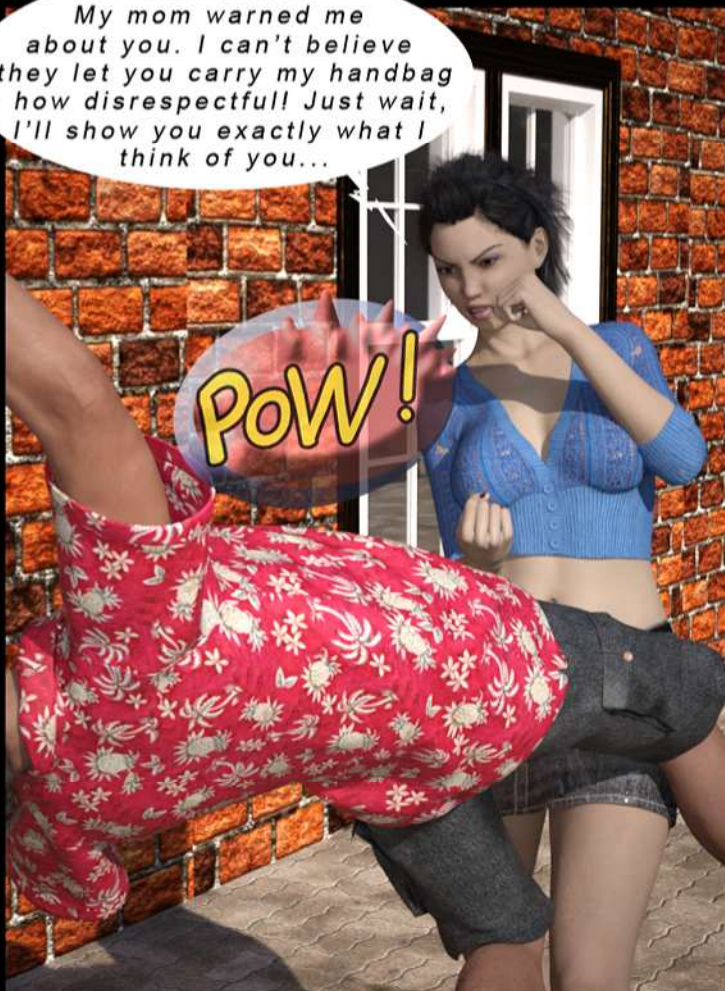
The Addiction of Bimbohood

Many find it uncomfortable to be stared at. But with this guy's expression - he says it all - who can resist? Not everyone likes his intense stare (or reaction), though...

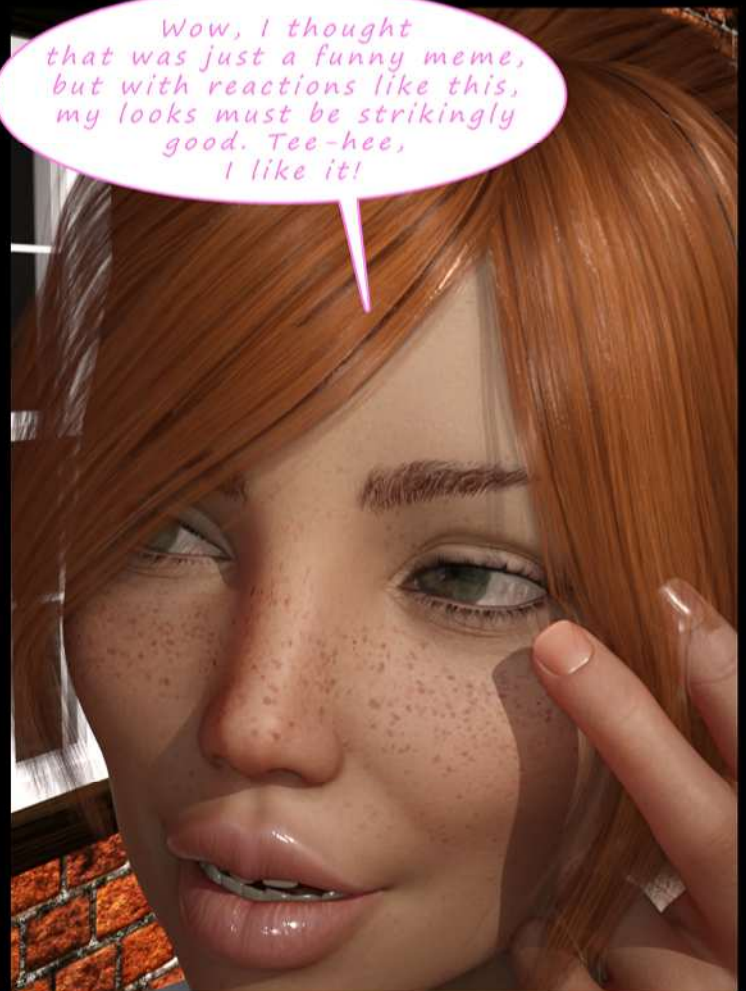


How rude!

My mom warned me about you. I can't believe they let you carry my handbag - how disrespectful! Just wait, I'll show you exactly what I think of you...



Wow, I thought that was just a funny meme, but with reactions like this, my looks must be strikingly good. Tee-hee, I like it!



The Addiction of Bimbohood

And so, all three enjoy a delightful Thursday morning...

Nelly, the "new" Girl on Campus

Lulu, the bimbo who isn't sure if she really is a bimbo

AAAAAAAAAAAA!

Three. So, what about Paris?

The Addiction of Bimbohood

Paris is also active - meanwhile, in the office of the professor's teaching assistant.



So we have a deal. Gustav?

Hm... of course, Paris.

But yes, you're attracted to me; your staring is hard to miss.

You are such a slut. How did you know...

But hey, how about this: I give you what you want, and you give me what I want - excellent grades on all my exams so that I can graduate at the end of the year.

The grades aren't a problem, but they don't come for free. But I'm also worried about your friend, Louisa. She's been acting very differently lately - almost like you.



You mean Louisa's behavior lately? What bothers you about it?

She is acting so slutty somehow. She tries to hide, but it is so clear to see...

And would that be so bad?

mhhh... no..ohhh...

The Addiction of Bimbohood



The Addiction of Bimbohood

But let's leave Paris and her fun with Gustav. On Friday morning, in Louisa's dorm room, we find her asleep in a rather unusual position... but she wakes up on her own at her usual time...



Hmm, I wonder
if I could make a deal with my
bimbo self. If I feed Lulu from
time to time, maybe she'll spare
me from such spontaneous
flashbacks?