

Mini-Story: I'm Just, Like, Sick, Okay? (Bimbo Virus TG)

By FoxFaceStories

John is trying to go on with his day and act like he's not sick, even though he clearly is and his friend is not buying it. Problem is, what he's sick with is the bimbo virus, which is making it pretty hard to hide how much he's changing.

I'm Just, Like, Sick, Okay?

"Dude, you seriously look pale. You didn't need to come bowling with me if you need rest, man. We did catch up just yesterday."

"I'm not sick! I'm just a little under the weather."

"That's sick, John."

"No, being sick is when you're coughing and sneezing and - and - ACHOOO!!"

"Well, that about sells it. You're *definitely* not sick."

"It's just a minor cold, Nick. Besides, I can still kick your ass at bowling. I got that last strike, as you might recall."

"Yeah, because you cheated. You're not allowed to pick your ball up and move *past* the line, man. Your foot always goes over."

"Eh, I'm okay with cheating if it gets results."

"Yeah, I can tell. How would Isla feel about that crazy stacked chick you were coming on to yesterday?"

"Hey, she was coming onto *me*. Seriously, that was weird, right? I've never had a chick come on that strong, and she was a total ten."

"I'm just gonna record this so Isla can hear you say that."

"Fuck off. Seriously, Nick, don't do it. I'm just saying, she was a stone cold fox with big tits and - and - ACHOOO!"

"And now you have a cold."

"I'm pretty sure she gave it to me."

"When she kissed you on the lips or when she tried to unbuckle your pants right there in public?"

"Ugh, don't remind me. Who tries to fuck someone in the middle of a shopping mall?"

"Some women are at the apex of the crazy and hot intersection, I guess."

"I guess. Jesus, those tits."

"Dude, you don't have to rub your nipples while you do that. Hey, earth to John? Why are you rubbing your nipples, man?"

"Huh? Oh, sorry. They're sore. Have been all day. ACHOO! Damn it, Is there a trashcan nearby? I need to dump all these tissues."

"Just over there. Now let me show you what a *real* strike looks like. One down the lane and -"

"ACHHOOOO!!"

FUCK! John, did you seriously just do that to screw up my bowl? Now it's in the gutter."

"S-sorry, man. That was a big sneeze."

"Go home."

"Not while I'm winning, Nick. Besides, I gotta stick around to get a haircut one block over."

"Wowzers, your hair looks long, actually. It wasn't that long yesterday."

"Must be because I'm sick. I *can't stop snorting*."

"Haha! You just sounded like a total girl then. Your voice still cracking, bro? At least you're admitting you're sick."

"*Yeah, laugh it up*. Oh, sh-shit. What's up with my voice? It won't go back to normal."

"And you won't stop touching your nipples. Seriously, John, what's up with you?"

"N-nothing, okay! Just ignore my voice! Ugh, these nipples are swelling up. I need a haircut. Just - just get your handsome butt out there and bowl!"

"John, did you just call my butt 'handsome'?"

"I - I didn't!"

"And it's your turn."

"Shit, you're right. I, like, totes forgot."

"Totes?"

"Like, shut up! Ugh! Just let me bowl already. Wait, this one is waayyyyy too heavy."

"That's your regular ball, John."

"I said shutup! Ooohh, a pink one! Wait, why am I picking a girly one! But it has sparkles! I'll go with this one. Just you watch my technique and you'll see why I'm still the best bowler out of the two of us!"

"Pffft, sure. Nice hip technique there. Does walking like a girly girl help you get a strike or does it . . . nope. Total gutterball."

"Like, what the hell!? ACHOOO! I swear, I'm normally stronger than that. The ball was too heavy!"

"It was twice as light as the one you usually use. Dude, I think you need to go to the hospital. You're starting to look a bit funny. Your lips are all puffed up and everything. And you're moving funny. *And* I can see your nips pushing against your shirt. You're having an allergic reaction or something."

"Like, you're just trying to throw me off of my game! Hurry up and bowl. I'll bet you get a spare at, like, best!"

"Your voice is still changing. And you're saying 'like' a lot. And . . . wait. Holy shit. Oh fuck. John, I think I know what's wrong with you! You've got the bimbo virus! Hey, don't pout like that; hell, even your lips are starting to look bigger, like a hot girl's. I'm serious, I think you've gotten that weird bimbo virus, John."

"No way! I'm just, like, sick, okay? My nips are acting up and my voice is cracking because I've got, like, totes a sore throat."

"John, you're not even talking like yourself."

"Just bowl the ball! I want to see your handsome butt try for a strike!"

"Fine. Watch this, and I'll see how you react . . . hell yeah, strike!"

"OMIGOD that was sooooo hot! How did you get a strike so easily? I mean - whatever. I can do that too. I'm not, like stuck with the bimbo virus. I'm - Achoo! I'm - ahhh. Mhmm! Oh God!"

"Holy fuck. Holy shit. John, you just grew breasts!"

"No I didn't!"

"Dude, I can see them! They're not exactly subtle, and they're tenting out your shirt and everything!"

"It's j-just some reaction to b-being sick or whatev! Nghhh! Ohhhh, s-so sensitive!"

"And they're still growing! Fucking hell, that girl who kissed you in the mall. The one with the huge tits. She must have had the bimbo virus. She was probably a victim herself! We need to get you to a hospital. Wait, come to think of it, I don't know if there's even a cure . . ."

"There's n-nothing to cure! Ahhh. I'm j-just having a s-sick episode! Just a f-few extra, like, reactions and stuff! Stop being so protective of me, even if it's, like, *mega sexy*."

"Uhhh . . ."

"I didn't m-mean that! It was just a joke. Just let me have my super cute sparkly pink bowling ball. I'll show you!"

"You're literally swaying your hips right now! I can see them widening as you walk! Dude, you've got a waist like a supermodel and your tits are still getting bigger!"

"You're just, like, seeing stuff! Now watch this strike! Fuck! I got another gutterball! What is wrong with me, Nick?"

"I keep telling you, you've got the bimbo virus! Dude, you sound completely like a woman now. Hell, even your face is changing! And your chest . . ."

"Like, what about my chest? Do you like it? I know it's, like, super bloated right now, but it looks nice, right? Do *they* look nice?"

"Uhhh . . . John, why are you undoing your buttons?"

"I'm just, like, super hot! Plus you're looking at my chest and I thought we were, like, friends and stuff! Don't friends want to make each other happy? This makes you happy, doesn't it?"

"Oh God, that's . . . that's so much cleavage."

"NNgh! Mhmmm! Ohhh . . . ahh."

"Fuck me, that's . . . *even more* cleavage. Oh God, those are almost the size of your head. Those - those are even bigger than that girl who kissed you."

"They're not t-tits! I keep telling you! I'm just a little sick and need some air and - ahh! Ohhhhh! I think s-something's happening b-between my legs!"

"Okay, I am calling an ambulance."

"Don't, like, dare do that! Stop being such a pussy and get another strike! I'm already horny at the idea but now I n-need to see it!"

"Horny?"

"I - I didn't say that! Maybe you're sick too!"

"Fine, it's my last bowl anyway. *Then* will you let me take you to the hospital?"

"Yes, totes! So long as you're driving, sexy."

"Sexy? Nevermind, I'm just gonna bowl. God, it's so hard to not look at you. Fuck me, is your ass getting bigger?"

"It's just a reaction! But it looks hot, right? I bet you can't stop looking at it. I bet you want to rub your big, hard dick right up against it, don't you?"

"Oh God, it is definitely the bimbo virus and you - damn it!"

"Haha! Gutterball! I, like, still ended up beating you!"

"That's . . . not actually true, John. I think the bimbo virus is making you pretty bad with numbers, huh?"

"It's not the bimbo virus! I'm just sick! Now come have a look at these weird big titties I've grown! They're s-soooooo sensitive and stuff! It's making my pussy so wet."

"Pussy? So you *are* a woman, then?"

"No way! I'm just sick! Sick people get wet, hungry pussies sometimes too, okay? Now can't we just celebrate, like, my win or your win or whatever, and have you take me to the closet so we can fuck like bunnies?"

"Ughh . . . I don't know if that's a good eyes."

"C'mon, man! You're, like, my best friend! Sometimes it's good to have your best friend suck your big, fat tits while you cum inside of her!"

"Jesus. Oh Jesus, that is so tempting. Just a moment . . ."

"What are you doing? Are you seriously, like, on your phone right now?"

"I'm just Googling something. 'How long does it take for the bimbo virus to stop being infectious' . . . three hours. Shit. Uh, can you wait three hours?"

“Dude, are you, like, serious! I’m sick! Can’t you just feel sorry for me and bone me so hard I scream your name in your ear?”

“John - Jane - I am so down to bone, you have no idea. But I am waiting three hours.”

“Aww, you’re, like, no fun! I’m so fucking horny, dude!”

“Trust me. Oh God, trust me. This is so much worse for me than you.”

“Well, if you have to make me wait three hours, we can, like, have another game, right? I can have fun playing with balls and imagine they’re *yours*.”

“I’ll be . . . imaginig they’re something else. Fuck, this is gonna be a long three hours.”

The End