

Bimbo Day One (Man to Bimbo TG)

By FoxFaceStories

A Lottery Winner Story for Rosefromthegrave

When Timothy dumped his girlfriend in the hopes of finding a better match, he had no idea how unstable she was, or that her Wicca practice was, in fact, real witchcraft. Now he's been turned into the exact kind of hot blonde bimbo that he lusted after, and the humiliation doesn't end there. This is just day one, after all . . .

Bimbo Day One

Timothy was ready to rip the bandaid off. He had tried to make it work with Abby. Hell, they'd been together for four entire years. He'd gone from eighteen to twenty-years old during that time. He'd entered college in pursuit of a career in major tech development, and had worked hard to not only shape his mind but his body as well, following a program of self-improvement each year so that he was fitter, smarter, and more ambitious with each passing day. The end result was obvious: Tim was a tall, dark-haired and handsome man who often had women - hell, even some of his friends' girlfriends - looking at him with interest. He wore stylish clothes that fit him well, and knew the value of rolled-up sleeves and an undone shirt button when around the ladies. He had come to know his worth, his wit, his intelligence, and the sky was the limit as far as he was concerned.

Which was a big problem, because in his estimation, Abby just wasn't keeping up. She had been a cute girl back when they were eighteen, and she had remained cute. She had black hair and olive skin, and was quite short. Pixie-like; that was the way people often described her, and he couldn't deny that she had a smile that could light up the room. She had stuck by him and supported him, even helping pay the rent on their shared apartment when he was studying hard, all with the knowledge that he would help support her in the future. And she clearly loved him: she wanted to spend a great deal of time with him, watching silly shows and going on little dates.

At first it had been all so lovely, but things had changed. Over time, especially across the last year, Tim had increasingly tired of her. She was so attached to him, practically glued to him at times and it was suffocating. It didn't help that she was into Wicca, and so whenever she was by herself she was always conducting silly little rituals. The fact that her Wicca stuff - little shrines and candles and the like - populated their living room drove him mad. But most of all, for all the affection she showed him, Tim couldn't help but look at other women and desire them, especially since *they* seemed to desire him. His friends were quick to point this out to him as well when it was just him and them.

“Dude, you can do way better than Abby! I mean, look at you and look at her. She hasn’t even got a rack! She’s like a wooden board!”

“Yeah man, you gotta find a hot blonde. A sexy type that a big future success like you deserves.”

“He’s right, Tim. Everyone knows you love a busty blonde. Who doesn’t? I bet you could find one right now to have a little fun with. Just on the side. Go on, get that action! Find a hot bimbo type and find out what you’ve been missing!”

And the thing is . . . Tim did. He’d never tell Abby, but he’d been cheating on her for six months. It was only ever one-night stands, but with how much his star was rising - already his tech investments were looking good, and several companies showed an interest in hiring him once he graduated - didn’t he deserve to have fun? After all, Abby had flat out told him last year that she’d never get breast implants, even when he kept slyly bringing them up. She had no desire to dye her hair blonde either, or even just wear some pink for him, despite him mentioning how hot he found that aesthetic. She wouldn’t even grow her hair out so she could wear pigtails, and that wasn’t even getting to her heels; on date nights, she wore them, but they were never the hot platform heel types. The more Tim fantasised about sexy, busty blonde bimbos, the more their sex life suffered. Even when fucking Abby, he closed his eyes and imagined he was cumming inside a squealing ditzy blonde with big, fat tits on her otherwise petite body.

It wasn’t enough.

It was *never* enough.

Which was why he was ready to finally pull the bandaid off. Tim and Abby were sitting in the restaurant that had been the site of their first date: Kwan’s Succulent Chinese Meal. Tim had gotten dressed up, and to her credit, Abby was wearing a very cute black dress and was even wearing earrings for once. Somehow, that only annoyed Tim further. So *now* she tries to look sexy! But she still had a pixie cut, and she still wasn’t busty. He deserved a woman who could be a total slut for him.

“This is so lovely,” Abby said, beaming in that radiant way of hers. “Back to where it all began. That meal was wonderful. Thanks for this, Tim.”

She clutched his hand across the table, but he withdrew it. The woman cocked her head to the side.

“What’s wrong, sweetie?”

Tim sighed. The bandaid was best ripped off straight away, he knew. He’d delayed this long enough, so he might as well do it fast.

“Abby . . . I’m breaking up with you.”

There was a frozen moment in time where the words he’d said slowly sank into Abby’s mind. The dark-haired woman gave an awkward smile.

"This is . . . what?"

"I said I'm breaking up with you, Abby."

"I heard what you said. Are you serious? Tell me this is a joke, Tim."

"It's no joke," he continued. "I'm breaking up with you Abby. It's time we end this. I'm breaking up with you."

She put up her hand a little, as if motioning for him to slow down. "Yeah, yeah, I get it, you keep saying that. What - what are you saying this for? Did something happen? Is it about work? You know I'm happy supporting you, because once you graduate you'll be able to supp-

"It's nothing like that, Abby. We're just not compatible anymore. I've been thinking about this for a while. I've talked with Jack and Stephan and-"

Suddenly, a far angrier expression manifested upon Abby's face. "Those jerks! Those sexist, misogynistic, chauvinist asshats? The ones who prowl the nightclubs looking for stupid girls with huge boobs who just turned eighteen? You're taking advice from *them*!?"

"Hey, don't insult my friends."

"I will insult them if they've been insulting *me*. What have they been saying? Tim, you know we're meant to be together. We're literally high school sweethearts! We met just before the prom and you took me as your date! You love me, and you know I love you so much I just - I couldn't live without you! Is there something I'm not doing?"

Tim exhaled again. He just wanted this to be over. "You're just not my type, Abby. Maybe you were once, when I was just some meek eighteen year old, but that was four years ago. I've done a lot of self-improvement now, and I think I'm worth more. I deserve a woman who fits the type of high standard I've built for myself. A type of woman-"

"With big boobs, is that it? With a fat ass? With a perfect hourglass figure and big lips for sucking dicks? Oh, let me guess, she'd be a blonde, right? A ditzy blonde bimbo with no thoughts of her own and an unending arousal for a guy like you. Am I getting close here, Tim?"

Tim narrowed his eyes. He briefly thought about countering her points, but even Abby's tone was annoying him. "You know what, Abby? Yeah, I *do* deserve a girl like that. I'm going to be rich in a few years-"

"Because I supported you now!"

"-and when I am, a guy like me deserves to have a fucking hottie on his arms. A girl with some shape to her! I've told you time and again that I like blondes with longer hair, ones that wear pink and act more girly, and certainly are willing to do more kinky stuff in the bedroom. I have to *ask* you to suck my dick. You should be *begging me* for the privilege! You haven't even *considered* getting a boob job, and you know how much I like girls with really big tits."

Tears were falling down Abby's cheeks. "You - that's the kind of girl you want? Just some big-titted Barbie doll?"

"It's what I'm *going* to get," Tim said. "I deserve it. Look, I didn't want this to be hostile."

"But - but I *love* you Tim, and you took me *here*!? To the site of our first date!? What is wrong with you!? I pay most of the rent on our apartment!"

"It's in my name, remember? I'll help you move out, Abby. But we're through. I'm ripping off the bandaid." Other people were looking, so Tim stood up and pushed his chair in. "Look, I'm sorry that you don't understand, Abby. But all the clues were there. If you really loved me, you would have changed. I deserve a better woman, and-"

"Have you cheated?"

He paused. Other customers were listening in now. He wanted this done.

"Abby, do you really want to ask that? Go stay at your Mom's house. I'll put away your weird Wicca stuff for you. Best of luck."

He walked away, leaving a wailing, almost screaming woman. He hadn't expected her to take it this badly, but then again, better her to feel this way than him, right? It was only when he arrived at home that he realised that he'd exited the restaurant without paying, and therefore left her with the bill. Oh well. No issue. She'd paid for a lot, sure, but she hadn't even bothered to go blonde for him. She could take the hit.

It was the next morning, and Tim had just woken after the best sleep in ages. The morning sun was shining through the windows, and he felt free. Free to pursue hot chicks and have all the casual sex he wanted until he found his future trophy girl; someone who definitely wasn't as bright as him, and hung on his arm looking pretty and servile. He smiled and sat up, ready for the day, only to suddenly gasp in terror, because a deeply furious Abby was huddled against the wall by the foot of the bed, staring daggers at him.

"Abby, what the fuck!? I told you to stay at your Mom's and-"

"I couldn't stop thinking about you, Tim," she said, voice strangely empty. "All the things you said last night. What you wanted me to be, and what I couldn't. How you *discarded* me. Set me aside because I wasn't a perfect blonde doll."

Tim held up a finger. "Abby, I'm going to call the police if you don't go now. How'd you even get in here?"

"I used my magic. I'm a witch, remember? Though I've never truly tested my magic, *sweetie*. Not yet, anyway."

"Listen, it sucks that you're not taking this well, but-"

"Were you dreaming about blonde bimbos with big tits, Tim?" she said, eyes a little vacant. "Were you having a nice, hot wet dream about the kind of ditzy, stupid girl who just *has* to suck cock and fuck over and again?"

"I'm serious, Abby. This fucking psycho behaviour is just another reason why-"

She held up a doll, not breaking her stare. It was an odd doll, clearly hand-made and a little crude, formed from clay and wearing just a set of blue striped briefs like . . . like the ones he was currently wearing.

"Abby, what the fuck is that?"

"It's you," she said, smiling creepily. "But not the you I thought you were, sweetie. Not the man I love. *Loved*. No, it's the *real* you. And I'm going to use the real you for my magic. To make sure you're *punished*."

Tim got out of bed and began to move for the door. "That's it, I'm calling the police! Fuck this creepy obsession shit."

But then he stopped dead in his tracks in the doorway. He tried to move, but couldn't. Some kind of force was keeping him perfectly still in mid-stride. He could only move his eyes, and out of his periphery Abby advanced, holding up the doll which was now mimicking his pose.

"I'm in control now, sweetie. It's time to fix things up. Go on, get ready for the day. I don't want to invoke your punishment when you haven't showered, do I?"

To Tim's shock, his body moved automatically without his permission. For the next fifteen minutes, he was forced to shower, clean himself up, get ready for the day, and put on his favourite blue button shirt and dark slacks. He emerged out into the living room where he found Abby waiting. To his horror, a series of candles were on the ground in a wide circle, with strange ritualistic artefacts and trinkets placed around the room.

"Finally!" Abby said. She raised the hand of the doll, which was now wearing the same clothes as he was, only in miniature, and in return his own body waved back. "You can speak now, by the way." She pulled something out of the doll's mouth, and suddenly the man spluttered.

"Abby, what the shit is this!?"

"It's witch magic, sweetie."

"Magic isn't - it's not real!"

"Well, how do you explain this? Or your coming punishment?"

Sweat trickled down his forehead. "Look, I'm sorry, okay? I shouldn't have broken up with you so harshly. I shouldn't have broken up with you at all!"

"Nonsense, of course you should have."

"I - I should?"

She raised an eyebrow. "Yeah, three years ago. Four, if you weren't faithful from the beginning. But you strung me along. I loved you, Tim. I still do, but I also hate you, and if all you want is a dumb blonde cock-hungry slut of a bimbo, then that's what you're going to get. That's what you're going to *be*."

"What!? What does that mean!?"

Abby just grinned as she held the doll before her. "Exactly what it sounds like, Tim. This is my revenge. You stole time from me, and happiness too. I can't bear to have you in the world any longer, because I know that I'll find a way to forgive you. I'll find a way to come back to you. So I hope you enjoy what's coming, because I'm resetting your entire life. This is *Day One*, Tim. You're going to become everything you lusted after, and it's going to be permanent. This is the first day of all the days to come in your new life, and even I won't be able to reverse it when I'm done. I'm sorry it had to be this way, sweetie. I love you, and I would have done almost anything for you - except you just wanted to make me some sex doll. I hope you enjoy it!"

Tim tried to say something in response, a desperate plea to take her back, but it was too late. Right in front of his eyes, she began to manipulate the doll, twisting it in her fingers and moulding the clay with expert precision. The young man groaned, shuddering as his form began to change to match the clay Tim in her hands.

"You want a nice little waist, don't you? Just like mine."

She pushed in the waist of the doll, the clay giving way easily, and the same occurred to Tim. He groaned as his organs were shifted about, and again when she broadened out the hips.

"You never liked my hips, sweetie. You knew I couldn't change them, but you felt the need to comment. Let's give you a nice pair of babymakers, then."

"Abby, you don't have to - mmhmm! Ahhh!"

Sure enough, his hips pooled out wider, his very bone structure changing, but it wasn't painful so much as utterly alien and uncomfortable. It was like *he* was made out of the same clay as the doll. His slacks stretched, so Abby pulled at the little outfit. Sure enough, he was able to breathe easier, since the trousers were now wider and more feminine around the hips.

"Of course, you need smooth, luscious legs. Let's get rid of all that body hair, and give you a more fittingly slender frame!"

She plucked little black pieces of thread from the clay figure, even pulling open its shirt to get them all. Sure enough, Tim's shirt ripped open, the man gasping as he felt his body hair pluck off in great masses. This *did* hurt.

"A-Abby! You have to - aghh! - stop this. You can't t-take the apartment!"

His muscles waned, his entire body thinning, especially around the shoulders and chest. His height even shrunk, and it felt like being compressed, leaving him gasping for air.

"Screw the apartment," Abby replied. "It's yours. I won't stop thinking about you if you take it. Just like you won't be able to stop thinking about the huge, head-sized tits I'm going to give you. Your absolute favourites, right?"

Panic hit him, even more than before. He was still rooted to the spot thanks to her magic, but he reached out in desperation. "No! Abbey! No, no, no, no! Just wait, okay! Just wait! Just - NGHH! OHHHH!!!"

They pooled forth, surging and growing at a rate that was impossibly fast. Tim barely had time to cup his chest before it had already expanded to a cup size easily far beyond that of his ex-girlfriend's, and then his new breasts kept on rising, soft and round and full and pert and massive - *massive!* They were heavy, filling his palms and altering his sense of gravity, and only the magic kept him upright, because his new cow tits were each almost the size of his head. In just moments, Tim had become the most stacked person he'd ever seen. Looking down, clutching his naked chest through the gap in his shirt, he realised he couldn't even hide his balloon-sized mammaries; the material of his shirt literally couldn't stretch that far around them. A deep and long curve of cleavage dominated his sight when looking down, and his toes were out of view thanks to their largesse. Worse, as he cupped his huge boobs, he moaned from the way his nipples became almost painfully stiff, his arousal growing despite his terror.

"Oh yes, that reminds me, I forgot to mention that since you always complained that I didn't like breast play, that you can have the most unbelievably sensitive titties imaginable. So sensitive that I bet you won't even like having a bra on . . . *ever.*"

"Abby!" he cried.

"*Trixie,*" she replied. "You need to look more like a *Trixie*. She sounds right up your alley. A hot *blonde*. Let's get you some new hair and get your face card ready."

There was no stopping her. Timothy could only moan and whimper in an increasingly high and soprano-like voice as Abby remade his face on the doll, causing the same change for him. His cheekbones rose, his facial hair disappeared entirely. His jaw became rounded, and soon he had a heart-shaped face and a button-cute nose, and full lips that had him mumbling and smacking them together, shocked by how naturally pouty they were. They felt *empty*, like they needed to be kissing something soft . . . or sucking on something *hard*.

"Mmmpphh!!"

"It's okay, sweetie," Abby said, tears in her eyes, a mix of joy and sorrow. "I love you too. But this is what I need to move on, and this is what you need for your punishment. Now, the hair. Blonde and wavy. Long and sexy."

She ripped the brown hair from the doll and replaced it with a little Barbie wig. Instantly, long blonde hair spooled out from Tim's scalp, which had become bald only for the merest fraction of a second. He squeaked in a womanly tone, letting go of his huge boobs to feel his hair, which fell all the way down to just before his shoulder blades. This motion caused his bust to droop lower due to their size, but they were remarkably full on his chest, though they were now jiggling constantly.

"Please, Abby," he pleaded, now sounding totally like a woman. "You can't do this to me! I'll be a better boyfriend! You know I love you! I'll be more understanding of women, I swear!"

"I know you will, honey. Because you're going to be one. Right now."

She ripped off the slacks of the doll, and his own went flying across the room in shreds, his briefs too. Abby reshaped his ass, leaving it fuller and rounder and jiggly just like his boobs, but Tim could only shiver in horror as she moved the fingernail of her thumb between the doll's thighs.

"No! Fuck no! You can't do this! You bitch! You fucking bitch! I'll never be a bimbo! I'll never be a woman! I'll find a way to - OH GOD! OH GOD OH GOD OH GOD!"

It was done with the flick of her thumb. His penis literally *fell* from his body, his ball sack afterwards, severed without pain. They landed on the ground, now looking just like clay, and then they melted into nothingness. Tim produced a strange gurgling sound from his throat, momentarily catatonic, but then he suddenly shuddered and cupped his breasts, moaning in unbelievable arousal as the most sensitive and horny pussy to ever exist was suddenly sculpted into his body. He couldn't even see it because his big boobs were in the way, but in moments the change was over. He breathed heavily, barely able to believe this was real.

"You look perfect, sweetie. All that you wanted and more."

"I - I didn't want this," Tim moaned.

"But you will. The last part is always the mind. Hold still."

She took several small rolled scrolls - little miniature bits of writing, and inserted them into the doll's head. As she did so, Tim's mind was changed, magical alterations inscribed into his very being, his very *soul*.

"From now on, you are Trixie," Abby said, tears falling more heavily now, her sorrow giving way to the kind of joy experienced only by a prisoner finally set free. "You are an incredible bimbo. You are a dumb slut. Your only major knowledge is in fashion, makeup, looking pretty and seducing boys, not to mention knowing a huge array of sex positions, some of them wonderfully degrading. You love wearing your hair in blonde pigtails, and you can't *stand* wearing bras, especially since you love letting men look at your nipples through the fabric of the tight crop tops and little cocktail dresses you'll be wearing. You can't go

outside without wearing platform heels, and you even talk like a dumb bimbo, because that's what you are. And just like the girls you lusted after, you'll be unbearably aroused. You'll live for sex and to pleasure men. Maybe one day you'll find a man who can keep up with you, but if not . . . there are plenty of men just like you used to be, all of whom would give anything to fuck a hot blonde slut like you all night long. In fact, your very existence will give them an extra oomph of stamina."

She stopped moulding the doll, and suddenly Trixie broke free of the circle, collapsing forward, utterly naked. She trembled, clutching her mind. She was female now. She was Trixie. Worse, all her knowledge was gone, or at least everything she had learned. She had no idea how to run a business now, or even where to start. What even were taxes, anyway? And why was her body so fucking horny? Her massive nips were throbbing and her pussy was all wet, and her mind kept getting distracted by the fact that there were *no goddamn boys in the room*.

"What have you, like, totes done to me!?" Trixie cried. "I'm, like, a total slut right now!"

Abby wiped her tears. She helped Trixie up and kissed her on the forehead. Trixie realised she was almost as short as her ex now. Why was it such a turn on knowing that guys would be taller than her now? Why couldn't she stop thinking about *guys and their dicks!*?

"I've set us both free," Abby said. "Goodbye, Trixie. Oh, and so you can get out there and enjoy Day One of your new life as a bimbo, here's some clothes."

She pulled up an incredibly short hot pink skirt onto the figurine, and then placed a very, very thin top that left most of her boobs *and* her midriff exposed. Immediately, Trixie found herself wearing not just those but a tall pair of hot pink platform heels as well. With a quick motion from Abby, she even had pigtails now. Cute, lovable pigtails that would make her soooooo cute, and definitely make her look younger and sexier for guys who liked girls who were totes submissive and really into being infantilised and led around.

"N-no!" she cried, clutching her head. Her boobs jiggled, unsupported by a bra. "You can't, like, do this to me!"

"It's permanent, Trixie. You're like this for good. I'm finally free, and you've been punished. God, I love you so much! I forgive you now! I really do! But now I have to go. I really hope you enjoy your new life. Maybe we'll see each other again; or perhaps you'll be on the arm of a techbro alpha male yourself one day! I wish you all the best."

Abby turned and left, and Trixie couldn't even summon the hate to follow her, or to accost her. Hell, what did the word 'accost' even mean? And wasn't she magic? What if she totally got turned into a frog or something?"

"I'm not, like, a total bimbo!" she cried. "I'm not gonna be some girly slut!"

She was only partially right. The bimbo nature affecting her made it impossible not to see herself as female - as Trixie - and it certainly wiped out a lot of knowledge and replaced it with a huge amount of arousal. However, Trixie still had Tim's personality beneath; his outrage, his humiliation, his desire to *not be anything like this*. Deep down, there was an awareness that she *wasn't* a girl and *shouldn't* be this stupid, but trying to fight her new nature was like fighting the sea; totally pointless. Especially because she was already moving to the full-length mirror in her bedroom and posing in front of it. She was literally the most sexy, bodacious, busty, blonde bimbo stereotype she'd ever seen. Her clothes were hotter than hot pink, and her *body* even hotter. She cocked her hips to one side and giggled, tapping her long pink fingernail on her teeth in a very cutesy way, then cupping her breasts and moaning.

"Ohhhh, s-so fucking sensitive! I've got such big titties! I want to play with them sooooo badly! But - but I shouldn't! That would be, like, totally wrong! Need to fight it, Trixie! You're not a horny slut. You don't wanna play with your throbbing clit and pinch your big nipples and fucking *cum* like the dirty slut you are! D-do you?"

The mirror reflected an expression that very much said otherwise; she was already biting her lip and squirming on the spot, rubbing her naked thighs against one another. She realised she wasn't even wearing underwear, and her wet snatch was already leaking juices down the tops of her thighs.

"F-fuck! Fuck this! Oh God, but I'm soooooooo horny! Just a little t-touch!"

But it was *never* going to be a little touch. Not even a medium one. In fact, less than a minute later, the new blonde bimbo was writhing on her back upon the bed, squealing with delight and she squeezed her huge boobs together and pinched her ultra-sensitive nipples. She spread her legs and rubbed the outside of her entrance, before plunging two fingers in.

"I t-totes want a s-super big dildo! Where's, like, a big black dildo when you need one! Ohhhhhhhh! This is s-so, like, embarrassing! That b-bitch has m-made me such a hot dirty sluuuuuut!"

And yet the feelings were extraordinary. She couldn't get enough. The heat in her ultra curvaceous body rose, her breasts jostling on her chest and reminding her of their heavy existence. They took up half her vision while she was lying down, slapping about audibly as she got closer and closer to the moment that would define her new existence.

"I h-have to stop! I'm going to stop! I'm - I'm *never going to stop!* AAAIIIEEEE!!!"

There was no reality where she could have stopped. The sensations were simply too intoxicating, her body too sensitive and erotic to ever turn down the opportunity to cum. In fact, in her last moments just before that terrific first female orgasm arrived, Trixie closed her eyes and imagined a handsome, well-muscled man thrusting his big, hard dick inside of her.

It was *heaven*.

“Ohhhhhh! Yesssss! G-give it to me! Give it to m-me hard!”

Finally, she collapsed, several orgasms rolling through her, detonating across her body and leaving her at the mercy of all the pleasure. For long minutes afterwards, Trixie lay there smiling from ear to ear, her mind entirely blank until finally her rather slow brain finally filled in the gaps and she realised what she had just done.

“Damn it!” she whined, sitting up and crossing her forearms below her chest. “This sucks! I - I gotta find Abby! She can turn me back! She has to!”

And yet first she cleaned herself up. First, she had a very hot shower and paid particular attention to soaping up her boobs. She cleaned her womanhood carefully, and when she got out she let her various curves jostle and shake as she dried herself, then placed her hair in a towel with the expert precision of a woman who’d dealt with long hair for a while. Trixie slowly applied some ruby red lipstick upon her lips, then added some gorgeous eyeshadow and just a touch of slutty eyeliner, not to mention some eyelash extensions. She was over an hour into her self-perfection before she suddenly went wide-eyed at her reflection, having realised again what she’d just done.

“Goddamn it! I just, like, totally wasted sooooo much time making myself look all hot and ready for the day!”

She quickly dialled Abby, but got no response. She called 911, but when she went to explain her situation, the words came out all wrong.

“Hi, I’m looking for a hot cop! I have a serious arousal emergency here! I’m serious, I’m a hot mess express! I need an officer to handcuff me and stick his ‘baton’ in me, if you, like, know what I mean!”

She screamed when the phone call ended. She couldn’t tell the truth! She was also damn lustful again after hearing the low male voice on the line. It didn’t even occur to her dumbed-down mind that no police officer would ever believe her; it had really felt like a great plan, in fact.

It was now past 10am, and Trixie grimaced. She was supposed to attend an interview today, one with Grames Technologies. Already, things were going even more wrong than she’d thought; it was like her body went into an automatic mode when she wasn’t asserting deliberate control.

“Fuck, gotta wear something better! Something professional! I - I can pretend I’m, like, his hot secretary or whatever! At least until I turn back! This is only, like One Day, isn’t it?”

The woman frantically moved her naked body back into the main room. Her hair was at least still in a towel, but her boobs moved pneumatically, flopping all over the place with her erratic movements, and the same was true of her ass, though that was also because her perfect figure couldn’t stop swaying its hot, breedable hips.

“Fuck, fuck! I’m such a naughty girl now! Ugh! Just need to cover up!”

Again, this process took far longer than it was meant to; another half-hour at least. Trixie had intended to wear her usual clothing - a button shirt and slacks - but instead her ditzzy bimbo side became quickly distracted by all the new clothing that adorned her wardrobe. There were no more boys clothes, but instead a variety of sexy female clothing ranging from tight pink bikinis to tight pink dresses to tight pink crop tops and tight pink boob tubes. Everything, in fact, was pink, and hot pink at that. The kind of loud pink that made everyone pay attention to the person wearing it. And it was certainly all tight looking; nothing loose to hide her body whatsoever. What there *wasn’t* was a bra. Not a single one to cup her huge melons, which were full with massive nipples and wide areolas.

“Oh God, I’ll just wear the best thing!”

Instead, she wore multiple things. Hell, she even tried on the bikini just to see how her bod looked, and the cups of the top were so small that her tits managed to show cleavage, sideboob, and underboob all at once. It made her giggle until she caught herself.

“Damn it! Wear something appropriate!”

She quickly picked an outfit after this lengthy distraction, then ran to the car. The interview was soon she could save herself. This was only, like, temporary, right?

Trixie’s cheeks were burning as she got out of her hot pink sedan. It was like a true Barbie car, right down to the make and colour. Worse, she was wearing a super short hot pink skirt, one with a slit up the thigh, and a boob tube top, which left her shoulders and midriff naked, and was thin enough that her big nipples stuck out. Men and women looked at her with astonishment as she strutted up to Grames Technology, her hips swaying dramatically, her big boobies bouncing about. The fact that she was wearing platform heels only emphasised this sexy strut, not to mention her posture: boobs thrust out, ass pert and prominent.

“It’s, like, temporary,” she told herself for what felt like the millionth time, not that she could really figure out how big a million actually was anymore. “Abby said this was, like, a Day One situation or whatever. So this is just a one-day deal. I’m a sexy blonde horny dirty naughty slut - God, I can’t even, like, describe myself properly now! - but I’m *all those things* until morning comes. This is just Bimbo Day One. It’s totes a one day thing. Get through it Trixie, and stop thinking about *how fucking sexy that guy in the suit is.*”

She had entered the building looking entirely out of place, a pink handbag slung over her naked shoulder. The man she was talking about was clearly a manager of sorts here, but he clearly heard her, because he perked up immediately.

“I’m sorry, are you talking to me?”

Trixie wanted to bite her lip, but Abby's magic had other ideas, because she couldn't help but sound like a naughty slut. "Of course I was, sexy. You look like fire in that brown suit. I bet you'd look even hotter if I took it off you later. Mhmm, or right now?"

The man swallowed, looking around as if to check if anyone else was hearing this. Trixie licked her lips despite her humiliation. She was aroused all over again. Hell, she wasn't sure the arousal had ever gone away, not even after she'd made herself cum a second time during a particularly long traffic stop.

"Are you okay, miss?" he settled on.

"Ughhhh, such a mood killer! I'm fucking horny! I've got, like, an interview here and then I totally want to bone you in a closet somewhere. Please, you've got to, like, help me here!"

Trixie marched past, heels clacking upon the floor, but she stopped to play with the man's tie for a moment before kissing him on the cheek.

"You're tall, dark, and handsome. That's, like, sooooo my type."

To her utter shame, she let her breasts brush his chest as she moved past him, her nipples *burning* with arousal. The man was obviously already for her, just as she was aching for him, but she hadn't intended to say any of that. In fact, she'd been trying to tell him that she was meant to be a man and that she'd been magically altered, but just as with her earlier phone calls, the magic had made it literally impossible for her to communicate the truth.

"Just pass the interview. You're, like, the sexy secretary or something. Do students have secretaries? What position am I going for?"

It took her almost twenty minutes to find the area where she was being interviewed. The woman at the counter was glaring at her with judgement, but Trixie could only wave like a ditzzy bimbo and then play with her pigtails nervously. Eventually, a man in his forties came out and looked at her with surprise.

"You represent a man known as Timothy Bartley?"

"Like, no! That's a lie. I mean, it's the truth! Ummm . . . do I get the job if I tell a few tall ones? I mean, does *Timothy* get the job? He'd really super deserve it."

The man sighed. "We were here to interview a *Trixie*, not a Timothy. But on inspection, all of your documents are forged. And poorly at that, too. In fact, the word 'like' appears on your resume more than one-hundred and forty times. You're a beauty major, Trixie Bartley. So why are you here wasting my time?"

The woman went all red in the face yet again. She crossed one leg over the other on her waiting seat, only for the man to go wide eyed and blink rapidly. It took a moment for her to realise she had just flashed him; she wasn't wearing any underwear.

“Um, do you think we can, like, talk in private? I can, like, totally convince you with um . . .”

Her brain failed to come up with a reason. The secretary woman was glaring at her still, full of judgement. Trixie grinned sheepishly, reaching for the only card her magically suppressed mind knew to play.

“With . . . sex? Like, lots and lots of it? I could totes suck your cock waaaaaaay better than this old hag could, I bet!”

Silence followed. The woman’s jaw was practically on her desk. The manager was astounded, though she could see that his dick was hardening in a way that made her fucking hungry.

“Out,” he finally said, covering himself a little. “Out. NOW!”

“Awww, but it’s not my fault! I’m super mega horny right now! At least suck on my big tits so I can feel something! I swear that’s all I need!”

Trixie still couldn’t reach Abby and it was late afternoon. She’d intended to drive her pink sedan to her ex’s mom’s house in the hope of finding her there, but instead she’d lost concentration and decided it would be soooooo fun to go to the mall and buy some new pink clothes. And by the time her ditzzy mind realised that she’d forgotten her initial plan, she was already pouring over new makeup products and trying on a super sexy glossy red lipstick and some contouring products that really brought out her cheekbones. She was making herself even sluttier, and at every stage it made her feel a shiver of euphoria, despite knowing deep down that this was the woman she should have wanted to *fuck* instead of the woman she wanted to *be*.

“It’s just Day One,” she said. “That’s what she said. It’s, like, a little revenge day. One day of being a bimbo and then I’m back on top! Like, literally, hee hee! Though I guess being on top would be suuuuuper hot. I could ride a big dick and feel it inside me and he could look up at my big round tits and squeeze them soooooo well. I could lie down on him and move with him, and he’d kiss me. Do that super duper hot thing where he shifts us around and I’m on my back with my legs wide and he’d cum so fucking much inside me that I’d be leaking his cum for weeks afterwards, I totally bet! That’d be soooo hawt, right?”

The man across the counter at the ice cream store gulped. She had no doubt he now had a massive and very tasty erection.

“Um, lady, this is a Benny’s.”

She *just* managed to wrestle control of herself long enough not to move around behind the counter and try to fuck him out back.

"I know that!" she squealed. "I was, like, talking to myself!"

She ate the ice cream quickly, squeaking when she got a brain freeze, and deciding to treat herself after such *terrible* pain to even more shopping. It was, she discovered, the best possible way to avoid thinking about men. She could spend time around women, expressing her desire for ever-sluttier clothing in ever pinker colour schemes, and soon she had three bags full of unnecessary merchandise.

"And given your, er, situation," one woman said diplomatically, "I imagine you'll be wanting a bra?"

Trixie desperately wanted some support by this point, no matter how sexy the lingerie would be. But instead she giggled like a total airhead. "Like, no way! I love having my big boobies bouncing around and having my nipples free! It's super arousing when they slide against my shirt. No way can I wear a bra!"

The storewoman was astonished. "Well, that's . . . one way to look at things, I suppose."

Trixie had intended to leave. She needed to find Abby. Was that the plan? Yes, that was definitely the plan. She was sure of it. One hundred percent sure of it. Maybe sixty percent. She had to turn back, that was for sure, or was she just waiting to turn back after her Day One experience? The blonde bimbo couldn't think straight, not now that the mall was flooding with teenagers just finished with school, and so many boys were pointing at her, along with men closer to her own age.

"Check out that fucking hottie!"

"Holy shit, she's got huge tits and not she's even wearing a bra."

"I bet she's in pornos. It'd be a waste otherwise."

"Chad, you should ask her out!"

"She looks like she could drown you with a motorboating. What a way to go!"

Thankfully, the idea of being with a teenager was totally yucky to her mind, even as dumb and flighty as it was now. It seemed that Abby had left her with *some* standards, at least. She quickly walked away, ass swaying hypnotically, barely contained by her new booty shorts, and her big boobs bouncing in her slightly see-through pink top. She was so desperate to avoid any men her own age - with their attractive bodies and big hard dicks and willingness to fuck her perfect bimbo body - that she ended up entering an adult store just outside the mall. One with all manner of toys.

"Oh G-God," she said, staring agape at the sheer variety of possibilities here.

The heavily pierced woman behind the counter looked up and smirked. "You're a gal who looks like she enjoys a bit of fun, right?"

Trixie could only swallow and take in the number of dildos on the far wall, some of them very, very long and wide. So big, in fact, that she felt a deep yearning to see just how much her slutty body could take.

"How much for, like, one of those?" she asked. "And does that say it comes with a vibrator too?"

It wasn't enough. None of it was enough. Not even slowly inserting the biggest damn dildo - hot pink in colour, naturally - that was available for purchase. Trixie still couldn't reach Abby, but she couldn't keep pleasuring her body, especially since having a big rubbery dick inside her - though enough to make her climax - was no substitute for actual sex. She needed her brains fucked out, and she needed it soon. Simply hanging around her apartment, which now looked even girlier after she'd put up some girly posters and images of hot boy bands and a calendar with muscular men, was becoming truly unbearable.

"M-maybe just one trip to a nightclub!" she told herself. "I'll get some food! T-take some, like, edge off with some cute girly cocktails! I really, like, need to wear that tight sexy dress, too."

It was, by far, *the most important thing evahhhh*. Her body was built for excitement, for pleasure, for showing off. Once the tantalising thought of going to a nightclub was in her brain, Trixie couldn't help herself. Even her screaming male pride wasn't strong enough to resist, and soon it was just a dull throbbing in the back of what passed for her mind.

"Okay, I've got to be suuuuuper slutty. I bet I could put on a *bit* more gloss on my lips, and a little more eyeshadow. Ohhhh, and those new earrings I bought! I bet I'd look so fucking sexy with a bellybutton stud. Aw, why didn't I get that done when I was at the mall! I guess there's always tomorrow - wait, there isn't! This is just Day One!"

And with the half-formed idea that this was just a temporary situation, Trixie enthusiastically got ready. The brainless blonde beauty put on her laciest, raciest underwear (hot pink in colour, naturally), and checked herself out, cupping her big tits and giggling.

"They're so soft! I have, like, the best, funnest funbags! I bet a hot stud would just love to hold me from behind and jiggle them! Oh, but first! He'd have to get me out of a dress!"

She went through several possible articles, but none of them seemed quite right; one wasn't pink enough, another just did *not* work with her highest pair of platform heels. Another was a little too thick, and she really wanted her nips showing through the fabric so that all the sexy hunks could tell that she was ready to get *naughty*. Part of her male mind was almost

ready to cheer at the lack of a perfect dress, a remnant of her old self desperate to not do anything stupid. But then . . .

“Like, O-M-G! It’s perfect!”

It was short - hell, one could almost see her underwear when she bent over, since it hiked up her thighs so high - and it clung to all her curves. The dress was backless, yet it tied around her neck in order to push her boobs so that they looked even more massive, the curves sloping up on her chest right up to her clavicle, and enough cleavage for a man’s face to get lost in.

“It’s perfect!” she cheered, jumping up and down and causing her breasts to bounce so much that it was almost a little painful. “I’m going to be such a dirty slut in this one! The guys will be drooling and the girls will be so jelly!”

She instantly began putting it on.

The final look did *not* disappoint.

When Trixie strolled into the club, it was with the knowledge that the bouncer she’d flirted with had let her ahead of the line, his gaze appreciative as he took in her unbelievable curves. Her hips sashayed, her breasts bounced, and her gorgeous blonde hair shifted on her naked back as she entered, and even with the music pumping and the crowd dancing, all eyes that looked her way remained fixed upon her. Never before had such a busty, buxom, breastacular blonde hottie been out on this town, and it filled her with a smug pride that had her beaming. The lights alone made her ditzy mind light up; there was so much sensory stimulation! So much music and heat in the air! It was making her hot and heavy already.

“Ohmigod, this is, like, the best! So many yummy hotties here, and I’m the yummiest hottie of all!”

Her confidence rose as she moved ahead, and she was practically hopping with excitement, clapping her hands a little in a rather ditzy, airheaded manner.

“Like, ohmigod, I love your dress! It’s sooooo hawt! Hey, you in the red, what is that made of? It’s seriously the coolest dress I’ve, like, ever seen! I wish I could pull that off! Hey, undo that top button, man! You’re denying us ladies a suuuuuper good view!”

She hadn’t even taken a sip of alcohol yet, and she was already acting tipsy, so exciting were her surroundings. A man slipped past her and looked her up and down. He was a handsome black guy with a shaved head and a very fit figure, and his white shirt contrasted his lovely skin well. Trixie licked her lips.

“Lookin’ good, girl,” he said with a smile.

She couldn’t help herself. “Buy me a drink, and I’ll look even better, I bet!”

"I think I just might," he said. "I'm Mal, by the way."

"That's such a super hot name. So manly. I'm Trixie!"

He took her to the bar, and soon they both had a drink in their hand: she wanted a Sex on the Beach, and giggled at the name and all it suggested.

"So, what do you do, Trixie?"

"Um, I like to dress up! I really like pink! I like fashion and looking cute and I love, love, love reality shows and the like. Oh, and I'm suuuuuuch a huge slut. I just can't get enough sex."

At this, Mal spluttered, almost spitting out his drink. She giggled at him, and he smiled in response. "Wow, you sure don't hold anything back, do you?"

She was holding so much in. The fact that she was meant to be a man. The fact that she didn't *want* to be a bimbo. The fact that she wanted to fuck him right here on this bar. But instead she simply touched his arm and beamed.

"I thought, like, the dress gave that away! I can tell how much you like looking at my tits. They're big, aren't they?"

"Damn, Trixie. You really don't hold back, ha! I won't lie, you have an incredible rack. You've got the finest body I've ever seen, and all wrapped up tight in that little pink dress."

He dared to stroke her thigh with his fingers, and it caused Trixie to moan and shiver.

"Wanna see me dance in it?"

"I want to see you do all kinds of things in it."

Just minutes later, and Trixie was dancing up against him on the dance floor, her body alight with joy, her male pride suppressed as she let his hands roam her sexy body. Her big tits bounced, her ass bounced, and her hair did too. She was all curves and jiggles and giggles, and her sexy pigtailed flicked around as she shook her body about, loving how free it felt.

"Like, this is the best night ever!" she cried. "You're the best, Mal! And so, like, super sexy too!"

He went behind her, running his hands over her, daring to caress her breasts. It produced a moan from the woman, and her pussy grew wet. So wet with need that she could not deny her desires any longer. For just a second, she felt a stab of fear. Was she really going to do this? Was she going to ask the next question? No, she couldn't, she-

"Hey, you wanna go somewhere private?" Mal asked.

Relief flooded through her. It didn't count if *he* was the one to ask first right?

"Like, to fuck?"

Mal chuckled. "Yeah, girl. I want to get down with you."

"Mhmm. Then, like, what are we waiting for! My pussy is already dripping!"

Trixie gasped as Mal entered her. They hadn't even bothered to flee the club, instead simply finding a storage closet in the backrooms to fuck like crazy in. Alarms had blared within Trixie's brain, but she ignored all of them. She was too horny. Too aroused. Too goddamn sexy, and she wanted a man to lay down some big, thick pipe and pump her till she was full.

Which was exactly what Mal was doing.

He had lifted her up against the wall, her legs encircling his muscular waist. She was still in her tight pink cocktail dress, but she had removed her lacy underwear to receive him, and he in turn had pulled down the front of her top to expose her massive wobbling melons.

"Ohhhhh, you're s-so big! My slutty body wants your big cock s-so bad! Go all the way in! D-don't s-stoooooop! Mhmm!"

She bit her lip, barely able to contain the high-pitched sounds she was making as Mal slid his entire length into her pussy. Every nerve in her sensitive tunnel lit up like a Christmas tree, and soon she was gripping him with her vaginal muscles, milking him for all he was worth.

"Holy shit, you're so fucking wet *and* tight."

"I kn-know! Ohhhh, you're inside me! You're, like, penetrating me right now! I'm a horny slut for your cock, Mal! This is wh-what I am! Mhmm!"

"Yeah, well I like it, Trixie. I like it a lot. Just like I like . . . these!"

He banged her against the wall, using a low shelf to keep her elevated so he could free up one hand and use it to feel her colossal tits. With each squeeze and grope, Trixie felt more like a sex toy. More like an object who existed to be pleased and to pleasure others. It was as incredible as it was utterly humiliating. She gripped him tighter with her thighs, bouncing on his cock, her voice squeaking with each moment of bliss. She had never imagined that she would have a big hard dick thrusting up inside of her, but now she could never go back to having a dick. Never go back to fucking women. She was everything she had ever desired in a woman, and now she was living the life of one, moaning like a whore in heat with each incredible thrust.

"I'm g-going to c-cum! I'm going to c-cum soooooo hard, Mal! Don't s-stop! Suck my big titties and make me cum like the blonde bimbo I totes am!"

He did, angling his head a little to suck on her perfect pink nipples, going from one to the next. It caused her to shake, her breasts and ass jiggling all the more. Trixie gripped Mal's shoulders, clinging to him for dear life as he made her fully a woman. Abby's curse echoed in her mind, and something seemed a little off. Hadn't her ex said this was just Day One? That meant one day, right? It had to be! It had to be just one day!

"Fuuuuuuck meeeee!" she cried. "M-make me cuuuuum!"

And then she did. Mal seized up inside of her and the pleasure flowed like honey, pouring through her being. She shrieked, bucking against him, milking every last drop of his seed into her body, though he'd worn a condom, so she supposed she was just fantasising that last part. Regardless, the act was pure ecstasy. She cried out again and again, pressing her massive tits against him and letting the man kiss her passionately. Her moans were sweet and long, punctuated by the seemingly endless parade of orgasms that continued on and on and fucking *on*.

It was only after what felt like entire minutes that she finally collapsed against Mal, purring pleasantly and sucking on his neck.

"That was, like, amazing," she said.

"Holy fuck it was. I've never cum that hard, Trixie. You're something else."

She licked her lips as he helped her down. Mal went to retrieve her underwear, but she held out a hand.

"Like, what are you doing?"

"Well, I thought we'd get dressed again before we go out."

Trixie could only giggle. "Like, why would we go out? I wanna do that again!"

The slutty blonde bimbo who had once been a man sighed and murmured, slumped up against a handsome and muscular man. This one was not Mal - he couldn't quite keep up with her. Instead, his name was Josiah. He was sexy, and looked a lot like Mal only he was bigger and stronger and fucking *virile* to a degree that drove her wild. They'd fucked four times before he was finally and fully drained to the point where not even Abby's magical effects upon Trixie's alluring body could muster him again, and that was fine for her. For now, Trixie was actually topped up. Any lingering arousal was just what remained in her natural state. Her *permanent* state.

But it wasn't permanent, of course.

It was just one day.

She knew that. She told herself again and again as she caressed his muscles and then shifted so that he could spoon her. Josiah's large hand was soon on her large breasts, playing with them gently and making her nipples go hard from the tingly sensation of his motions. She still couldn't believe that she'd sucked his cock, or that she'd managed to deep throat him so much. It had been ecstasy, being down on her knees and looking up at Josiah's eyes, never breaking contact as she became so submissive to him, bobbing her head on his huge member and even cupping his balls, fondling them in her hand. He'd gripped both her pigtails in a way that made her feel soooooo much like his sextoy that it

made her pussy gush a damn river, and speaking of gushing, he *exploded* inside of her, his hot seed shooting down her throat. She'd swallowed an entire geyser of his cum, which made her cheeks burn from a mix of frustration, anger, and sheer fucking arousal. It had tasted so delicious that she was already addicted. She wanted some for breakfast. God, she wanted to have his big dick filling her up all over again in the morning.

No, that wasn't right.

She didn't.

She reminded herself that she didn't. As stupid and ditsy and horny and girly as Abby had made her, Trixie still felt a fury at her ex for submitting her to this (temporary) fate. She was meant to be the ambitious, always-in-control guy! She was supposed to have a trophy girlfriend, instead of agreeing to be Josiah's - something she'd done between Round 2 and Round 3 of their passionate fuckfest. She wasn't meant to have huge tits and a hungry pussy, or to love showing off her body and being such a sex-obsessed airhead.

"Tomorrow," she whispered to herself as Josiah finally started snoring against her. "Tomorrow, I'll, like, get it all back. This was just Day One, just like she said. I'll be a man again. I'll, like, get revenge or whatever. Save my job. I'm not going to be, like, down on my knees sucking yummy cock and drinking super delicious cum anymore."

It was her vow. She would avoid Abby, or maybe send some apology and acknowledge that she'd done wrong, and then she'd move on with her life and put behind this single day of pink-wearing, booby-bouncing, cock-riding bimbohood into her rearview mirror and never look back.

She was in for quite a surprise when she woke up in the morning.

The End