

The MILF in YOU!

Background Story:

Lauren (18) is the definition of a spoiled brat. Rules don't apply to her, and attention comes easily - especially from men willing to pay for her lifestyle.

Shopping trips, parties, coffee dates... there's always someone eager to please.

For anything more than casual fun, however, Lauren has standards: only true **alpha types** need apply.

Fate delivers exactly that — an absolutely exceptional man, far beyond her usual scale - a 15 of 10!!!

After a date that ends in his arms, Lauren jokingly asks him about his wishes... unaware that at that very moment, a shooting star passes by the window.

Some wishes have consequences.

Page 001

Narration Box

-

Lauren

- Yo, what's up, hotshots?
- I'm Lauren. 18. And I pretty much always get what I want.
- Like... a *lot* of attention and free drinks at every party.
- You're a good boy, but this is regular milk — not oat milk. You trying to make me gain weight or what?
- Mm-hmm. And you *chose wrong*. Try again.
- Buuut Mom, when you were my age... yeah, okay — that was basically a hundred years ago.

Nerd looking Boy

- B-but... Lauren, you just said you wanted milk, and I—

Lauren's Mother

- Yeah, I was 18 once too. That's exactly why I'm not impressed.

Page 002

Narration Box

- Lauren runs on confidence and chaos—rebellious, loud, and fully in her “young and reckless” era. She knows most guys are only after one thing... but she doesn’t let just anyone get close. If you want in, you’d better bring real energy.
- Tonight it’s another party. And over at one of the tables, she spots a guy just sitting there—effortlessly cool, a straight-up **15/10** in her book. Curiosity (and a lot of heat in her pussy) hits, and Lauren casually **locks onto her next target**.

Lauren

- Well, damn... look at you. Kinda shocked they even let someone like *you* in here—this place usually tops out at “mid.”
- Congrats, you found me. I’m Lauren—the queen bee of this whole little hive. And yeah... you’re cute. I’m also feeling a *cocktail* tonight, if you catch my drift.
- **Purr** Okayyy, big guy... all calm and dangerous? That’s... extremely my thing. I don’t even live far—bet you drive something stupid fast. Like a Mustang.
- I can tell you’ve got horsepower. Like... the kind you *feel*. And much more.

Unknown Guy

- Is that so? I heard there was a queen bee buzzing around here. Thought I’d see if the hype was real.
- ou’re used to boys doing tricks when you snap your fingers. I’m not one of them. If you want something, Lauren... ask nicely.
- That “cocktail” you’re hinting at? Yeah. I’ve got what you’re looking for—plenty.
- Mustang... cute guess. Pick whatever fantasy you want, babe.
- The kind of power I’m working with? You haven’t met it yet.
- **It’ll change your life forever—guaranteed.**
- So—show me where your hive is. And keep up.

Page 003

Narration Box

- And so... in Lauren’s bedroom, some time later...

Lauren

- Oh my God—okay—okay—wait—
- You’re— you’re doing *way* too good, I— I can’t—
- Like... hello?? W-wow—

Unknown Guy

- Fuck yes! Beg for more Bitch, I’m ready to cum right in YOU!

Page 004

Narration Box

- Lauren thought she was just teasing... but something else heard it as a promise.

Lauren

- Okay, mister... so you're actually kinda insane in bed.
- But—real talk. What do you *actually* want?
- Like... if you could have literally anything.
- Pfft. Please. I can afford anything.
- I want... more.
- More than this. More than everyone else.

Unknown Guy

- Careful, Lauren. Don't ask for things you can't afford.
- Some wishes... stick.
- Alright.
- Then say it.

Page 005

Narration Box

- Later... the party noise is gone, and the room gets quiet enough to hear the world click into place.
- Outside, a single streak cuts the winter sky—bright, clean, and fast.
- Like a signature.
- And in the dark... the deal starts cashing in.

Lauren

- Mmm... wait...
- No, I—
- ...what?

Page 006

Narration Box

- At first it's subtle. Like a filter loading in.
- Then the changes get bolder.
- Youth drains out of the details... and something steadier takes its place.
- Her body adjusts - quietly, confidently - like it already knows the destination.
- By sunrise, the change isn't asking permission anymore.

Page 007

Narration Box

- By morning, Lauren wakes up bright-eyed...

- ...and doesn't clock the first changes to her body.
- Still half on autopilot, she heads for the bathroom...
- ...and there -
- It hits her. HARD!

Lauren

- Ugh... okay. That was *a fantastic fuck last night*. Like - wow.
- ...Wait. Where'd he even go?
- Whatever. What's on the agenda today? Actually—nah. Hot shower first.
- Man, was für eine Nacht, so einen guten Fick hatte ich... umm...
- Aber wo ist der Typ eigentlich hin?
- So, was steht heute an? Ah scheiß drauf, erst mal heiß duschen.
- AHHHH! WHAT THE FUCK!

Page 008

Narration Box

- In the kitchen...

Lauren

- Okay - am I tripping, or is my body straight-up gaslighting me?
- Hair does *not* grow this fast. I literally dyed it yesterday before the party.
- And this... *bush*? Oh my God. It's giving **1980s**—like, no. That's my mom's problem, not mine.
- I spent way too long shaving it into a heart. Like... *artisan-level effort*.
- How is this even possible? Okay. I need answers. Which means... Mom.
- But first—priorities. If the universe is gonna mess with me...
- I'm at least gonna look cute doing damage control.
- Mom. You've got one minute. Breakfast can wait.

Mom (47 years old)

- Yeah, we need to talk. Sit down, Lauren.

Page 009

Mom

- Get a job. I'm done asking nicely.
- I've been telling you that for a year—and you've done *nothing*.
- Your college enrollment forms? Still untouched. In the drawer.
- Deadline was today. You missed it. It's over.
- For the past year it's been late nights, random guys, and attitude—while I'm up worrying myself sick.

- And if you insist on treating your life like a game? Then at least *monetize* it. Start an OnlyFans or something.
- Because I'm not funding this anymore.

Lauren

- Okay, first of all—why are we doing a whole courtroom drama at breakfast?
- A job? We literally agreed I'd do college first.
- Missed it—how?! It showed up last Friday. Like... *last week*.
- OnlyFans? Mom?? Are you actually hearing yourself right now?
- You wanna call me the problem? Cute.
- I came to you for advice and you hit me with a moral TED Talk.
- Whatever. I'm out. Thanks for nothing.

Page 010

Narration Box

- As a successful single mom with a killer “executive voice,” Lauren’s mom lands a direct hit. But Lauren is *sure* the college letter only arrived Friday...
- How can that be? Lauren doesn't notice reality quietly shifting around her again.

Mom (aus dem Off)

- Sweetie, I have to go. We'll talk later.

Lauren

- The college thing makes no sense.
- The paper's literally on my desk.
- What the— Friday was the deadline?!
- It's **dated 2024**. Like... **a whole year ago**. What?
- That... *gulp* ...can't be real.
- Huh? ...What the hell is this?
- Excuse me? **OnlyFans**? Absolutely not.
- Since when do I have an account— who even—?!
- ...why is it saved?!
- ...Wait. These numbers...
- ... am I, like... **popular**??
- Okay... that's **insane**. Like, actually unhinged.
- ...I'm not deleting it. Not until I know why it exist...
- ...Wait. **THAT'S** my income last month?!

Page 011

Narration Box

- But reality isn't done shifting yet. It keeps working through the night...
- Morning arrives like nothing happened.

Lauren

- Ugh... what a day. I had *no* idea OF was this... interesting.
- Damn. I slept so good.

Page 012

Narration Box

- The second Lauren wakes up, reality hits her like a flashbang.
- Before she can even argue with it... the room answers first.

Lauren

- What the— where the hell am I?!
- Why do I have a whole streaming rig...?
- And a kitchenette... and a whole living area—what is this place?!
- Okay. Wallet. ID. Now.
- ...No. That's not my birthday.
- I'm... **twenty**? Nah. That's cap. Fake news.
- ...Wait— is this actually **my** apartment?!

Page 013

Lauren

- Oh Shit!
- Even the *new* sports bra is digging in. Seriously?
- Okay, Lauren—face it. You need to go shopping. And you need a hair appointment. Like, yesterday.
- Yeah, Mom? Bad timing—I'm literally at the hair salon.
- ...For real? Again? Fine. I'll handle it.
- Platinum blonde? Hmm... maybe.
- But today? Just to the shoulders.
- Oh—my phone. Excuse me.
- Alright, emergency stream. Don't be weird.
- We're doing... a fundraiser. Because life hates me.
- Okay, fine—Jessy Bimbo Bunny is literally MY idol.
- Like... I've always wanted that kind of glow-up.
- But it's so expensive, you guys. Like... criminal.

Mom (from the Off/ Phone)

- Sweetie, don't forget - your rent is due tomorrow.

Hairdresser

- Wow... that is *a lot* of hair. You don't see length like this every day, sugar.
- With a mane like that, platinum blonde would look *amazing* on you, Lauren.
- Just saying.

OF Fans

- OMG Lauren comes live!!
- DO THE JESSY BUNNY CHALLENGE!!
- JESSY BIMBO BUNNY ❤️ ❤️ ❤️
- I want those titts!!

Page 014

Narration Box

- Lauren still hasn't realized that what she says—or even what she *plays along with*—can come back with consequences.
- And a livestream is basically a suggestion machine.

Lauren

- Bigger Lips? Please. Like, seriously
- **800cc boobth?** Are you trying to tip me over? Teehee
- Fine. **Firht**—a little “thank you” for my loyal **thupporterth**. Don't get weird about it.
- *slurp* And a BBL?! You people need supervision.
- ...But if you're paying my rent, I'll *listen*.

Page 015

Lauren

- Mmm... I know you guyth would *love* to play...
- ...with my... melonth?
- What the—?
- Okay—uh—guyth, I'll be back thoon. **Technical difficulties**.
- A new bed?!
- And—wait— is that a trophy?!
- **“Successful Erotic Streamer of the Year” ...**
- Seriously? That is **NOT** how my day was supposed to go.
- I definitely changed again. I'd bet my melonth on it.

Page 016

Narration Box

- Lauren's trying to prove she's still in control—so she does what she always does: she fights back. Loudly.
- She doesn't realize reality is listening... especially when she slips.

Lauren (in Rage)

- No. Nope. This is **NOT** me. This can't be real!
- Platinum blonde?! These lips?! These fake boobs?!
- And a BBL—are you kidding me?! How is this even possible?!
- I'm calling a doctor. Like, **today**.
- I'm getting this reversed—because I did **NOT** ask for bigger lips, bigger boobs, or a bigger ass!
- I'm— I'm turning into some... **bimbo blow-up doll** for the internet—
- ...No! I mean— **not** happening. Not happening!
- ...Ugh. Even this shirt feels tight. Like a second skin.
- Huh? ...Why do I feel... funny?

Page 017

Narration Box

- The threads of fate don't negotiate.

Lauren (shocked, Lips filling up to massive size, Breast implants expand from 800cc to 3200CC)

- My mouth feelth weird again...
- Oh my god – no- I'm changing again?! I can- ngh-
- ...I can *feel* the yearth hitting my body in secondth!
- Oh my - my top is fighting for itth LIFE-
- Thethe aren't "boobth." Thethe are... like... beach ballth.
- OUCH!
- Wait—what?! A tattoo?! Are you theriouth right now?!
- Like... how do I remember all the thurgeries? But there's still the ones for-

Page 018

Narration Box

- Completely drained, Lauren finally blacks out...
- ...but her backside doesn't get the memo—and keeps gaining mass.

Lauren

- Why do I sound so... bubbly? Like, such an airhead?

- I'm just playing it up for my OF—so why is it... sticking?
- Ugh... I feel sooo...
- ... so... exhausted!
- *snore*

Page 019

Narration Box

- A few hours later, Lauren wakes up on the floor...
- ...and this time, she's learned something: freaking out didn't help.
- As she steadies herself, she realizes her balance has shifted—literally.

Lauren (out loud, Southern airhead bimbo — mind still normal)

- snore
- Ugh...
- Whatever'th triggering thith... my meltdown wathn't helping.
- Like, gohh... I feel all wobbly 'n stuff.
- Why do thethe beach-ball boobth feel... thoooo good, and yet thoooo *wrong*?
- And thince when doeth my butt wobble with every thingle step?!

Page 020

Narration Box

- There's a part of the change Lauren didn't notice...
- Good advice is expensive... but Lauren makes a choice anyway.
- On her way to the doctor, she realizes she owns nothing that can hide her curves—not even a little.

Lauren (out loud, Southern airhead bimbo — thoughts still normal)

- I need to talk to my doctor... thith can't keep happening.
- ...But what if it can?
- God... this is embarrassing.
- ...and yet... I hate that it kind of thrills me.
- Like hey buddy —thank you thooo much for the amazing thuupport on OF!
- I'm, like, totally on my way to talk to my fave doc about... a boob job contho, okayyy?

Unknown Guy – random guy, hyped

- Yo, Lauren Bimbo! I saw your stream! More titty action and I'll throw in 200 bucks extra every time!
- Can't wait to see those improved beach balls live!

Unknown Girl (jealous, bitter)

- Disgusting... what a— ugh.
- That's exactly what J.B. always wanted... and why my marriage fell apart...
- God... I wish I looked like her.
- Ugh... I'm 30. It's too late for me.
- But that bimbo? She's gotta be 30 too.
- ...Honestly, she looks like she's already *there*.

Page 021

Narration Box

- And while Lauren's trying to make sense of her new life...
- ...she runs straight into an old "friend."
- Mr. 15/10—the one who started all this chaos, just a few days ago.

Lauren (becomes a Bimbo)

- ...Why did I even— ohhh...
- Heyyy... like, long time no see, hot stuff. How are you?
- Wowzie... only three days? It feelth like... like... um... seven yearth.
- Like, lithten—I'm totally on my way to my beauty doc. Wanna join?
- ...Gosh I *sound* still like an airhead...
- ...but in my head I'm still totally fine...
- ...like... full of important stuff... makeup, shopping, parties... and, um... other important things...
- ... like my Hubbys supa huge cawck!

Prince Charming (Alpha Male; Mr 15/10 von Seite 3)

- Hey Lauren.
- Yeah. Three days is a long time... for an airhead like you.
- And sure—if we're talking more "improvements" for my future fiancée... I'm always interested.
- Besides... if you already think as bimbo-like as you talk?

Page 022

Lauren (Airhead Bimbo in Body and Mind, Southern US Accent)

- Wait—did you just call me a bimbo?
- Teehee... oh my gawsh... I do sound like... umm... a bimbo... you're right, Mark.
- I'm, like... totally a bimbo.
- Like—O. M. G... **thirty**? Wasn't I just... umm... **twenty-five** or somethin'?
- Baby...?

Laurens Hubby Mark (Alpha, Studio owner / “Hubby”, calm control)

- Of course you are, baby. That’s why people love you.
- And in my studio? You’re not just my wife—you’re my **biggest star**.
- I hear you on the age thing. Thirty isn’t old... but in our business, we stay ahead of the curve.
- Baby... that “twenty-five” was **five years ago**.
- C’mon. We’ve got a meet-and-greet. One of your fans is here... and she’s made a *name* for herself too.

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Lauren (Airhead Bimbo in Body and Mind, Southern US Accent, Porn Star)

- Teehee... you’re, like, *super* cute.
- Umm... you’re, like... really pretty... just not, like... **ultra busty** yet. *Giggle*
- Girl, you should have, like... **4,000cc** at least. Minimuhm.
- Wanna feel mine? They’re, like... **around 4,000cc**. Teehee.
- You should totally talk to my hubby Mark. He’ll, like, help you out ‘n stuff.

Mark (Alpha, Studio owner / “Hubby”, calm control)

- Denise—here’s my card.
- Trust me. We can fix “A-cups” very easy.

Denise A-Cups (Huge Fan of Lauren as Bimbo Pornstar)

- OMG!! You’re **Bimbo Lauren**!
- I’m Denise—Denise “A-Cups”—and I’m, like, your biggest fan!
- Can you give me tips? I wanna be like you so bad, Lauren.
- Wow... your boobs are so... *insane*. Like—so perfect. I want that too.
- Like, thanks, Mark. And it was *such* a pleasure meeting you, Bimbo Lauren! Byeee!

Page 024

Narration Box

- In Dr. Smider’s waiting room, Lauren tries to make sense of the one thing that still won’t click.
-

Lauren (Airhead Bimbo in Body and Mind, Southern US Accent, Porn Star)

- Hubby... I don’t get it. Why you keep saying I’m thirty?
- Lemme check my... umm... driver’s lichensth...
- Huh? Wait—what?!
- It says DOB... **1995**?! What the fuck?!
- Oh my gawsh... can you...?! I’m, like... **so old**!

Mark (Alpha, Studio owner / “Hubby”, calm control)

- *sigh* Baby... because you **are** thirty.
- We’ve been married almost five years.
- That’s why we’re here. Dr. Smider’s gonna fix your little “age panic.”

Page 025

Narration Box

- After the consultation, Dr. Smider puts Lauren under.
- But her body doesn’t wait for the procedure—it reacts the moment the plan is spoken... and the hormone prep hits her bloodstream.
- Lauren keeps aging fast, but to Mark and the doctor, she still looks normal.
- And deep within her womb... new life takes root.

Lauren (Airhead Bimbo in Body and Mind, Southern US Accent, Porn Star)

- Like... okay, Doc...
- One... two... three... five... ohhh...
- Mmm... it’s gettin’ all... cloudy...

Mark (Alpha, Studio owner / “Hubby”, calm control)

- Still—I insist, Doctor.
- We want a child. And after five years... it still hasn’t happened.

Dr. Smider (Beauty Doc)

- Don’t worry, Lauren. You’re in good hands.
- Count to ten for me, okay?
- Your wife is in excellent condition, Mark.
- A heavy hormone mix shouldn’t be necessary...

Page 026

Narration Box

- What would normally take months...
- Her body swells, shifts...

Mark (Alpha, Studio owner / “Hubby”, calm control)

- Ja, eine Frau in ihrem Metier hat auf ihre Figur zu achten. Sie trainiert täglich

Dr. Smider (Beauty Doc)

- Für eine 35 Jahre alte Frau und Mutter zweier Kinder, ist Ihre Frau noch erstaunlich fit.

- Ihre Werte erinnern eher an eine junge Frau von 18 Jahren.
- Aber sie wünschte sich diese Eingriffe, Falten lift und steady expanding Implants...
- Schwester Joy wird ihre Saline Implants mit einer neuen Gel aufspritzen...
- ... dadurch werden künftig Fett Reserven direkt in die Silikonkissen übergehen und wachsen.
- Zeitgleich werde ich den Faltenlift durchführen.

Page 027

Mark (Alpha, Studio owner / "Hubby", calm control)

- Good. That's exactly what we wanted.
- Our two girls really put her through it. Kids can be exhausting—especially twins.

Dr. Smider (Beauty Doc)

- For a thirty-five-year-old mother of two, your wife is in exceptional condition, Mark.
- While my assistant, Mrs. Suckalot, administers the gel upgrade to her implants...
- ...I'll take care of the natural rejuvenation of her facial features. She'll look radiantly young again.
- Make sure she eats well. From now on, her fat cells will be converted directly into silicone volume in her breasts.

Mrs. Suckalot (MTA, 21, strong Gen Z vibe)

- And the implant gel is distributing evenly, Doctor.
- Oh my God... those are not boobs—they're, like, literal beach balls.
- If I'm that huge on top when I'm her age, I'm gonna be sooo happy. No joke.

Page 028

Narration Box

- And with the final injections to her forehead, cheeks, and lips...
- ...even the deepest lines in Lauren's face are erased.
- Her lips are given a fullness they've never had before...
- ...and her youthful glow is fully restored. Dr. Smider truly is a master of his craft.

Mark (Alpha, Studio owner / "Hubby", calm control)

- She doesn't look a day over twenty-four, Doctor.
- When will she wake up?

Dr. Smider (Beauty Doc)

- Mark, this treatment is better than Botox.

- It looks natural and will preserve her visible youth for years.
- The sedative is already wearing off. She should wake up soon.
- Take your time. She'll feel a little drained at first.
- And once you're home, let her rest.
-

Mrs. Suckalot (MTA, 21, strong Gen Z vibe)

- Gosh... I'm, like, seriously so turned on right now.
- But hey—I still have his business card...
- And Dr. Smider literally said a bunch of assistants here end up in front of Mark's camera too...
- ...Okay. This is totally my shot.

Page 029

Narration Box

- And sure enough, just a few minutes later...
- Soon, Mark and Lauren arrive home.
- But Lauren still has a very different "home" in mind.

Lauren (Airhead Bimbo in Body and Mind, Southern US Accent, aged Porn Star)

- Uhhh... honey...
- ...I feel kinda woozy...
- Yeah... home, please. I need to lie down.
- My babies... twins?
- (Thought) Since when do I have babies...? I'm, like... eighteen...
- (Thought) ...No... wait. That's not right anymore.
- (Thought) I turned thirty-five... a week after Mama died.
- Our home? I thought we were going to my apartment...
- Ohhh... this is, like... sooo fancy...

Mark (Alpha, Studio owner / "Hubby", calm control)

- Easy, darling.
- Don't worry. I'm taking you home.
- The twins are probably already excited to see their mommy again.
- Oh, honey... we rented that place out years ago.

Page 030

Lauren (Airhead Bimbo in Body and Mind, Southern US Accent, aged Porn Star)

- Ohhh... I, like, totally love our home, darling.
- We throw a lotta parties here? Sorry, I feel, like, super dizzy right now.

- Ohhh... my sweet girls. You're both getting sooo big...

Mark (Alpha, Studio owner / "Hubby", calm control)

- I know, darling. You decorated it. And our parties are legendary in the industry.
- Easy, girls... your mommy's pretty wiped out and needs some rest right now.
- C'mon, let's go get ice cream. Then Mommy can take a little nap by the pool, okay?

Amber (5 years old)

- Moooooom! You look sooo pretty!
- When I'm as big as you, I'm gonna be sooo pretty too!
- Ice cream? Yaaay! Daddy, can we bring Mommy some too?

Mary (5 years old)

- Moooooom! Welcome back!
- Amber colored all over my books while you were gone!
- Can you tell her— ...Ice cream?! Daddy, you're the best!

Page 031

Lauren (Airhead Bimbo in Body and Mind, Southern US Accent, aged Porn Star)

- I'm, like, gonna lie by the pool for a bit... I'm...
- ...sooo totally wiped out. Like... my whole body feels all heavy 'n stuff.
- Teehee... ohhh, my sweet angels. Come with me.
- Okay, my little sweethearts... Mommy's gonna catch a few sun rays...
- So you two go play a little, okay?
- I can, like, barely even remember. Fer sure.
- It feels like just yesterday I was eighteen...
- Hmmm... there was this one guy... what was his name again? Ohhh, right...
-

Amber (5 years old)

- Yaaay! To the pool with Moooooom!
- Last one in the water, Mary, gets no ice cream!

Mary (5 years old)

- I wanna play with Moooooom by the pool!
- Daddy, can you get us ice cream? Pretty pleeease?!

Page 032

Narration Box

- And before Lauren even realizes it, she drifts off...

- ...and slips into a dream.

Lauren (Airhead Bimbo in Body and Mind, Southern US Accent, aged Porn Star)

- Mark... Long Dong Marky... he was, like, sooo...
- ...hawt 'n stuff... zzz... a real... fifteen outta ten... zzz...
- Huh? Mark? How did you, like, even get in my pool?
- Weren't you supposed to get ice cream for the girls?
- Why do you look so young?
- Ohhh my... what a sight...
- Forty? But I -

Mark

- Hey, babe...
- Easy now. You look exhausted.
- A gorgeous mommy of **forty-four** is allowed to be tired sometimes.
- **Forty-four** suits you, Lauren. Perfectly.
- Let me help you relax.

Page 033

Narration Box

- But Lauren wants something else entirely...

Lauren (Airhead Bimbo in Body and Mind, Southern US Accent, aged Porn Star)

- Help me relax? Like... you're sooo cute, hun...
- But remember—I'm not just your MILF. Like, fer sure...
- I'm your full-on **Bimbo Porn Star Lauren**.
- So let *me* show **you** how to relax...

Mark

- You're right, babe...
- You're my grand prize—my trophy.
- Thousands of people desire you... but you're my wife.
- And together, we built the hottest empire in the business.

Page 034

Narration Box

- In the dream, Lauren stops resisting.
- She sinks deeper into the life that now feels natural...
- ...and her body, her mind, and her new identity drift with it.

Page 035

Narration Box

- Self-acceptance is the first step toward surrender.
- And while Lauren's body keeps responding...
- ...the waking world moves forward without her.
- For Lauren, nearly a decade slips away.

Lauren (Airhead Bimbo in Body and Mind, Southern US Accent, aged Porn Star)

- Gosh... this feels sooo good, Mark...
- I'm, like, totally your bimbo...
- ... ungh... no... Lauren is your slutty, little bimbo wifey...
- I'm Your trophy wifey... use... fuck... harder!
- And this is the life I'm meant to have... MY LIFE!

Page 036

Narration Box

- Amber and Mary — Lauren and Mark's twins — are no longer the little girls Lauren remembers.
- Now teenagers, they stand by the pool and look down at their sleeping mother...

Lauren (Airhead Bimbo in Body and Mind, Southern US Accent, aged Porn Star)

- Mmm... Mark...

Amber (14 years old – wird mit 18 in Laurens Fußstapfen treten und dem Pinken Bimbo Lifestyle Weg folgen)

- Look, Mary — Mom's having one of her weird dream naps again.
- Teehee... honestly? Her life still looks, like, sooo fun.
- The shiny glam vibe, the parties, cool clothes...
- I seriously can't wait till I'm grown up too.

Mary (14 years old – tendiert in Richtung Goth Bimbo Lifestyle)

- Yeah... she's doing it again.
- You are way too easy to impress, Amber.
- And if I ever end up living like this, I'm repainting literally everything black.
- Aha... yea... This place needs less pink and more atmosphere.

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Lauren (Airhead Bimbo in body and mind, Southern US accent, aged porn star)

- Girlth... how many times Mama gotta tell y'all not to stare while she's takin' one of her lil naps? Teehee...
- We do **not** have to sit around actin' like every dumb boy with eyeballs, okay?
- Growing up happens to every girl, sugar. Just not all at once, and not all the same way.
- Sometimes it feels like that was just yesterday... and now I'm sittin' here lookin' at my two beautiful teenage daughters.
- Amber, sweetheart, don't you worry none. Some girls bloom early, some later. That's just life.
- And what kind of woman you grow into? That part is yours to choose.
- Me? I chose this life, this look, and this path... and I don't regret a single bit of it.
- But y'all still got time, okay? So enjoy bein' young while you can.

Amber (14 years old)

- But Moooooom, we weren't staring...
- ...Okay, maybe just a tiny little bit. But you're just sooo pretty.
- I just wanna grow up and be all glamorous and confident like you.
- You really mean I don't have to rush it?
- Awww... okay. I'll try. But I still wanna be fabulous.

Mary (14 years old, goth-leaning)

- I wasn't staring. I was observing. There's a difference.
- And Amber wants the whole sparkle-princess thing, not me.
- If I grow into anything, it's gonna be my own version of it.
- Still... I guess you make adulthood look less unbearably lame than I expected.
- So yeah. I'll do it my way.

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Lauren (Airhead Bimbo in Body and Mind, Southern US Accent, aged Porn Star)

- It's crazy how fast they're growing up...
- Feels like just a minute ago they were two little girls gettin' excited over ice cream...
- Teehee... give 'em a few more years and they're both gonna be little heartbreakers, fer sure...
- ...But tonight, I've gotta go turn a few heads for my husband too...
- ...that contract means a whole lot to Mark, and this gala has to be perfect.
- Girlth, behave... and don't start a whole war before Mama even gets dressed, okay?

Amber (14 years old)

- Mary, I seriously do not get why you're so obsessed with black. It's, like, the most depressing color ever.

- You always look like you're going to a haunted funeral or something!
- Excuse me? Pink is cute, fun, and iconic.
- Your whole vibe is just... moody curtain chic.
- Ugh! You're impossible!

Mary (14 years old – tendiert in Richtung Goth Bimbo Lifestyle)

- And you always look like a glitter store exploded on you, so maybe sit this one out.
- At least black has taste. Pink just screams "help, I need attention."
- "Moody curtain chic" still sounds better than "escaped birthday balloon."
- And for the record? Goth wins.
- And you're loud. We all have our burdens.

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Narration Box

- On her way to the dressing room, Lauren runs into Mark—her husband.
- And as always, his words reach her more deeply than he realizes.

Lauren (Airhead Bimbo in Body and Mind, Southern US Accent, aged Porn Star)

- Oh, really? Well, thank you, like, thooo much, darling...
- Tho lemme get thith thtraight... thmile pretty, look gorgeth, thay a few naughty little thingth, and keep all eyeth on me? Teehee...
- I theriouthly can't wait. It'th already getting me all... excited.
- And hey—don't thay that to a lady. Fifty ith, like, thooo far away, hubby...
- ...ethpecially with Dr. Smider helping me thtay looking no older than thirty.
- ...and I enjoy every thingle minute of thith glamorouth life with you.

Mark

- Wow, baby... you really are beautiful. I've got something for you.
- It's upstairs in the dressing room.
- Nothing too wild—just something that feels right for my wife.
- A mature, confident woman...
- Tonight, I want my perfect trophy wife by my side.
- You still look incredible at forty-four, darling.
- And honestly? I think even fifty would look beautiful on you.
- I know, baby. And I love every minute of this life with you too.

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Narration Box

-

Lauren (Airhead Bimbo in Body and Mind, Southern US Accent, aged Porn Star)

- Hith perfect trophy wife... well, that'th, like, real eathy for *him* to thay...
- Thith new drethh ith thooo pretty, but lord... it'th pulling *everywhere*.
- I'm not, like... getting fat or anything, am I?
- 'Cauth once you hit fifty, it'th thooo hard to get all thin and athletic again if you ever thtart looking like a total ton, fer thure...
- ...Mmm. Weird. Why doeth everything feel tighter all of a thudden?

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Lauren (Airhead Bimbo in Body and Mind, Southern US Accent, aged Porn Star)

- Ahhh... my big boobieth... thtill such a blething and a total eye-catcher...
- Teehee... and, like, they're already world-record famous — biggetht fake boobth in the world.
- Gawsh... I just *love* being a living legend... even ath a MILF.

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Lauren (Airhead Bimbo in Body and Mind, Southern US Accent, aged Porn Star)

- Hmm... maybe I should get my big ol' silicone booty into the World Recordth too...
- Maybe Hubby can arrange it for me? He'th, like, thooo thmart 'n stuff!
- Teehee... unlike me — but that'th okay, 'cauth I thtill look thooo hot.
- But I really shouldn't keep the guethts waiting any longer...
- Teehee... maybe there'll even be a few hot guyth there too...
- ...and I'm, like, thooo hungry for some man meat.

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Lauren (Airhead Bimbo in Body and Mind, Southern US Accent, aged Porn Star and MILF)

- Like, oh my gosh, darling...
- This dress is, like, soooo fantastic 'n stuff.
- I totally *luv* it. It's freakin' awethome!
- But why are you standing here? Aren't the guests already downstairs?
- Ohhh... what a gentleman you are...
- Teehee... my very own gentleman.
- Like... totally.

Mark

- Lauren... wow. You look incredible.
- Even more beautiful than usual.
- Do you like the dress?

- Oh, the guests are already here...
- ... but I couldn't wait to see you, so I came to walk you down myself.
- Our children are already with the guests too. You'll be proud of them.
- Ready??

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Lauren (Airhead Bimbo in Body and Mind, Southern US Accent, aged Porn Star and MILF)

- Like, hello there, everyone... please grab a drink and make yourselves at home.
- Teehee... ohhh, girlth...
- Look at you two. My beautiful daughters... all grown up and absolutely stunning.
- Mmmh... yeah.
- It really is. *giggle*

Mark

- Welcome, everyone. We're so glad you could make it.
- Amber, Mary — come say hello to our guests.
- Quite the family, isn't it?

Amber (20 years old – Pink Glam Bimbo Lifestyle)

- Mom, you look sooo gorgeous tonight.
- Like, literally unreal..

Mary (20 years old – Goth Bimbo Lifestyle)

- Yeah... annoyingly gorgeous.
- It's almost offensive, honestly..

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Narration Box

- And so Lauren's story comes to a close.
- In just a few short days, the hot-blooded eighteen-year-old party girl became a fifty-year-old trophy wife, bimbo MILF, and mother of two.
- Her wish was fulfilled.
- All it cost her was her youth... and the time in between.