

I made my way up the stairs in my ridiculous nightie and ridiculous heels, each step bringing about another bounce, and another grumble of annoyance. I'd so often made fun of Heather for acting like she was part of this family when she had just barely arrived, for acting like this was her home when I'd lived here all my life. But now, as I walked the halls, I was the stranger.

I passed through a house I was supposed to know like the back of my hand, but all my knowledge just served to show me how much had changed. Or, in the case of reality altering witches, what had never been in the first place.

My room was no longer mine. It now belonged to some vapid bimbo named Victoria, who'd filled it up with pink and perfume. My gaming consoles were gone, replaced by a vanity and a bookshelf full of magazines. The little scuffs, marks that I'd left on the floor and walls, the fingerprint of my eighteen years living here, were nowhere to be found. Instead, the place was almost insultingly clean. Nail polish stained a few random spots on the furniture but there was nothing of me here. I felt like I was in Victoria's room, not mine. But the worst part? I felt like Victoria, like it shouldn't be strange to be here.

Shaking my head, I plopped down into bed, my breasts skewing out in different directions. Heather may have been teasing, but she hadn't been joking. When I laid on my back, my breasts tried their best to make their way towards their respective sides of the bed. When I slept on my side it was a bit better, but sleeping on my stomach seemed absolutely out of the question. It was impossible to get comfortable, and the babydoll didn't help. It did have a sort of built-in panty, but the way it rested snug between my massive cheeks and laid flat against my lower lips kept eating at me.

Finally, after ages of tossing and turning, my exhaustion dragged me to sleep.

My dreams were normal enough, at least. I was me in my dreams. I had relatively normal plotlines and adventures. It was like my brain hadn't caught up to the fact that my body wasn't my body, that this world wasn't my world. It dreamt away like nothing had changed. That gave me some solace...

Until Ash showed up.

She was this world's Ashley, not mine. She had that partially shaved head and that proud lesbian style. I talked to her, flirted, made her smile, felt so incredible...

But when she leaned in to kiss me, she stopped. She looked my male body up and down and giggled. "Sorry...but this just..."

"This just what?"

"This just isn't going to-"

I'm a Barbie Girl

In a Barbie World

Wrapped in plastic!

It's fantastic!

I slowly stirred as my alarm went off, finding Heather in wait at the foot of my bed. My dream had been interrupted, which was probably for the best. I didn't want to know how it ended.

"Morning, Princess! How is my darling daughter doing on this fine morning?"

"Bite me..." I grumbled.

“My word! That is no way for my lovely daughter to speak. Especially while she’s doing so bad in class. I mean...you’re never going to go back to manhood with this attitude.”

“Bite me, stepmother” I corrected myself, getting out of bed and stretching out. I wasn’t prepared to just how much that would push my chest forward, but luckily the babydoll managed to keep me covered.

“Well, if you insist on being such a brat, then I guess I should just fail you here and now. Maybe even erase your memories of your old life?” she threatened, crossing her arms and looking down at me.

I frowned and took a beat. “I’m trying my best, okay? What’s today’s assignment? I promise I’ll ace it.”

She just rolled her eyes and summoned the paper back into her hands, handing it over as my new lesson appeared upon it.

Lesson 3: Glamification, Beauty Maintenance and Pampering.

“Pampering?” I asked. “That doesn’t sound that bad.”

“Well that’s because you know nothing about anything. As your current grade reflects” she countered. “Keep reading.”

This lesson will focus on the everyday maintenance of a bimbo. Bimbos, of course, exist only to please and be desired. They have no desire to wear things that are comfortable, or to be themselves. They simply present what society

(especially the rich hunks of society) wants. That look requires constant attention, mostly in the form of visits to the spa and salon.

For this assignment, the bimbo (that's you!) will be tasked with a trip to one such facility where they will be pampered and primped into the best little bimbo they can be. Grading will be decided based on attitude, cooperation, as well as whatever arbitrary rules your lovely teacher (that's me) sets up for you.

"So my assignment is a spa day?"

"Yes, and you lose points for every time you curse" she dryly informed me.

"Why the heck would I curse?"

One Hour Later:

"Fuck !!!"

I screamed at the top of my lungs, sure they had taken a chunk of flesh away with the wax. They were working on my legs, removing every single follicle of hair like each one had personally insulted them. Heather, meanwhile, sat there as though it didn't hurt at all. I couldn't help but notice how nice and friendly her technician was, and how cold and Eastern-European mine seemed.

"Don't mind her. She's always been so dramatic" Heather informed my technician, who gave a curt nod in reply. She went off and left me to stew in the lingering sting, glaring towards my stepmother's smile.

“What? I thought my life was so easy? No pain or struggle. Just easy street without any worry?” she asked, raising her eyebrows.

I gritted my teeth. “I’m not going to give you the satisfaction of a response...” I grumbled.

“Of course. But this is a salon trip, so let’s chat. Dish, share the tea...tell me more about Ash?” she asked, eagerly leaning towards me.

“No” came my blunt reply.

“Alright, have it your way...” she said, snapping her fingers as something appeared in my mirror. I was staring at myself, only my clothes were gone. I was bent over and...Toby was behind me.

Oh my gosh...

“Harder! Harder! Oh baby! I’m so wet!” I whined in a pathetically desperate voice, craven desire audible in every syllable from my lips.

“Since you don’t want to talk about yourself, I figure I might as well just *watch* the hot gossip. Like the time after prom when Toby...” she trailed off, letting the image speak for itself. My bully, that stupid jerk, reached around to roughly grip handfuls of my chest. I was bucking into him, face contorted in an utterly feminine expression of overwhelmed intensity.

“I’m going to squirt!” I cried, which finally prompted me to end this nightmare.

“Fine, fine! I’ll fucking tell you about Ash!” I exclaimed.

“Good...although that does count towards your cursing. You have a B on this task at the moment. But dishing might raise it...” she said, snapping as making the moving image disappear. “So...do tell.”

“Well, I’ve always liked Ash, even before I knew what liking girls was. She’s cool and chill and nice and kind and-”

“Hot and pretty, and different and unique, I get the idea. But of course, her being a closeted lesbian might have had something to do with that.”

“Are you *sure* she’s gay in our reality? The real one?” I asked, a bit hopeful for an alternative answer.

“First off, this reality is as real as the old one. The feeling of hot wax on your soft skin should have shown you that. Second, I don’t mess with people’s orientations. I might threaten to, especially when bratty young men consistently spurn my genuine attempts to connect with them...” she sighed. “But she’s gay in our world, sweetie. Good news is, you’re not in our world! You have a date with her tonight and you get to finally have your dream girl!”

“Forgive me if I don’t seem psyched” I muttered.

“Of course you don’t. We still have to finish your wax, after all...”

“What do you mean? My legs are...”

I looked to see my waxing technician walking back into the room, and quite suddenly felt the absence of my panties, coinciding with a **SNAP** from Heather.

“Oh shit” I muttered as the woman crouched down, reaching up to my vulnerable lady parts. They may not have been mine, but I felt a sudden possessiveness and protectiveness overtake me that superceded everything I’d felt before. Down there, bare, I felt more hyper aware and sensitive than I ever had before. The woman clinically applied a wax strip and-

By the time she finished, and my curses were all recorded, I had an F minus on the assignment.

I trudged out of the salon, shooting more dirty looks at Heather as she waved to the workers. I'd utterly failed, and had suffered mightily through my failure. I had a feeling that whenever I turned back to a guy, the feeling of hot wax being torn away would still linger on my skin, across universes. At least this day couldn't get any worse...

"Honey, I do feel a bit bad about all that..." said my stepmother, in a tone that made me doubt if she did. "So how about I offer you a chance at extra credit?"

"Sure...it's not more waxing, is it?" I asked. I was eager for points but I wasn't sure my spirit could handle more of that.

"No, nothing like that...I just think you could use some Remedial Flirtation Training..." she said, gesturing ahead to the rest of the mall.

Shit.

About fifty feet in front of us, joking around with his friends, was Toby.

Heather handed me the piece of paper as a new addendum appeared near the bottom.

Extra credit opportunity:

A bimbo must pretend that everything a potential match says is interesting, every joke they attempt to make is funny, and every effort they make to woo you is working. Passing this assignment will raise your prior grade to a B+. Failing

will assure that they do not pass the class, and spend at least several months in this new reality.

Toby noticed me at about the same time my stepmother made her offer...

And he started to walk over.