

BIMBO BEER

By Jessie Star

Claira Bourbleugh felt every tiny muscle, from her slender shoulder blades to her swan-like neck, viciously tighten like a screw twisted three twists too far. A disgusted shiver ran down her back from the shrill shrieks and squawks of the flock of Bimbos. When her friends talked her into coming to the frat house for free beer, she wasn't aware putting up with this kind of despicable nonsense would be the price. The college senior's lips curved into a sneer as the herd of ditzzy freshmen wobbled drunkenly past - and sometimes into - her on their way to the beer pong table. The wasted sluts adjusted their cheaply-made stretchy dresses as their breasts and asses wobbled precariously close to exposure. From the frat house kitchen, Claira wondered who would even want girls like these instead of a smart, classy girl such as herself! Sometimes a bit of a temper but she played it off as "just fitting the ginger stereotype," redhead that she was. She wasn't so bad to look at, now was she? 5'7" and 125 pounds. Very trim body with a gentle curve in her comfortable capri jeans, an off-the-shoulder peasant top pulled tight by a set of perky tits.

"Hey bissh! Wassh where you're shtanding!" One particularly bloated Kardashian wannabe slurred as she passed the blame of her clumsy collision onto her victim Claira.

"I was standing still, four feet out of your way and you *still* found a way to hockey-check me, you idiot!" God, she hated drunk freshmen. Learn to hold your swill.

"Well, maybe you should learn not to... stand into people either!" The girl snorted like a pig at her own "joke," which echoed in the cackles of the herd. Claira pinched her nose to block out the liquor-filled breath, with an undertone she knew too well from four years at the biggest party school in the country. Why did they have to buy up the last of the damn Bimbo Beer?

Bimbo Beer had been thrust upon the world three years prior, a reality-shaping drink that rather than simply making you inebriated like standard alcohol, could, for as long as you were drunk, turn you into an IQ-deficient, platinum, plumped, sexually needy mess. The drunker one would get using it, the dumber, the bustier, the more sex-crazed they would become. It wasn't until recently that a niche-turned-craze and a public outcry had threatened the existence of the mind-and-body-warping brew. Multiple girls filing complaints and lawsuits claiming they had been slipped the drink without their knowledge. Their Instagrams and Twitters plastered with silicone-inflated doppelgangers, oozing with inappropriate displays and compromising positions, not to mention the connotations and repercussions of being turned into a horny, dumb, hourglass of yourself. The press on the drink was becoming scandalous. Even as the company insisted it should only be drunk from a bottle by choice of the imbiber, and no one should drink something that they are unaware of what it is, the calls to end the product were too loud and too numerous.

Not everyone wanted the Bimbo Prohibition, however. On the contrary, there were many people who would use it to explore across gender lines, both cis and trans alike. In a small enough dose, you could see changes to the body while avoiding the heavy loss of IQ or overly active sexual urges. It wasn't hated by some cis women either, who took the chance to rock a body they've never had or a test spin before plastic surgery.

But here they were, Bimbo Beer was being discontinued and every college in the United States was filling their frats with the last of the questionable booze, soon to be floozies and a plethora of sideline horndogs to help the two meet. Bimbopocolypse had begun. Clairra squinted with distaste as a smaller girl caved to the cackling taunts of her friends, and with a deep breath chugged the transformative swill. She trembled, a flock of harpies watching her like vultures looming over some soon to be prey. The pressured girl soon took on the look of being pressurized, blushing and twisting in her tight short blue body-con dress... unclear if she was holding back an orgasm or a load of vomit when suddenly she whimpered through stuttering lips "Oh my..." Her voice raised, her hair lengthened, and her lips plumped before their eyes, breasts wobbling and bouncing, growing in surges and struggling against her bra and top "...GAAAWWWWWD!" She screamed as her hips popped wider before relaxing in panting... and then a giggle quickly echoed by all her party. It never ceased to amaze Clairra how the beer had an effect on their clothes... shifting and stretching so no one would have a boob slip. Not that it didn't allow the change to go as far as possible, she had seen her fair share of areola edges today.

It was in that moment that Clairra struggled with a tiny little knot in the back of her thoughts trying to sort itself loose. Was she more annoyed that these women were so quick to become lesser, dumber, sluttier versions of themselves? Or that they could so easily escape the tortures of their stress and anxiety? This girl had been a nothing, a wisp of a fragile girl shivering in her fake leather boots over the peer pressure and taunts to become a sex object and now she was walking around, confident as a queen bee bitch, giggling and prowling and.. "Fuck me!" Clairra thought... she's making out with another woman already, wait, no... that was her ex Jerry turned bimbo. That idiot drank the wrong beer! Or more unsettling to her... he, now she, had drank the right one...?

"JERRY WHAT THE FUCK ARE YOU DOING!" Clairra yelled over the party music to her once fit and tall dark-skinned ex, now a mix between a busty woman and a butch set of arms with braids.

"O.M.G. Clairra... It's Jerica tonight!" She burst into giggles.

"Jerica isn't even a name! Jessica or Erica... pick a lane you tramp!" Jerica only flapped her hand when Clairra said this, looking like she had a broken wrist the way her manicured digits swiveled when she brushed off Clairra's joke... if it was a joke.

What's with all these people wanting to be dumb horny ... beautiful women? Why wouldn't they

want to be someone like... well like Clairra? They were the complete opposite of her. Slow stuttering cows in heat with the fat udders to match. Not even having the sense to know they were judged, or to care. No stress from keeping up appearances or campus politics. It wasn't fair that they knock back some brews and would instantly be wanted for their easy open thighs and silicone boobs. She looked down at her own perky set of Bs. Hell they were nice tits. Not like these parade floats stuffed into bras like the girls at this party. Giant caverns of creamy cleavage, perfect for burying a lover with. Thick electric nipples showing through their thinning garments like half a grape, begging... no, *pleading* to be sucked on. And so over-the-top sensitive. Who in their right mind would want... any of that? Her hand drifted to the underside of her tit, a blush spreading across her face as she dared to wonder, to imagine as her eyes drifted deeper into the stunning bosom of "Jerica" as it swelled and strained from another round of Bimbo Beer. What would it feel like to--

"Whatcha lookin' at, Clairra?" Clairra's friend Nate had interrupted her slightly embarrassing rabbit trail. She punched him in the arm, putting her cup down on the kitchen counter.

"Nothing, just these idiots making themselves easy prey for the wolves," she sneered, looking over at the packs of college meatheads and horndogs taking turns of gawking like little tean boys and making passes little better than the caveman "I Chuck, You Woomon... we do bang bang."

"Clairra... is it so bad if they *want* to be like this? I'm all for consent, but everyone here drinking knows what they're drinking." He sipped from his own cup and viewed the growing sea of giggling wobbling co-ed ridiculousness.

"Why are you even here, Nate? Only people here are the ones wanting to be sluts, the incels wanting a chance with a slut finally, and me... the judge of them all. You don't seem to fit at all into any of those." She raised a questioning eyebrow.

"I'm here in case anything goes too far for anyone's taste, that no one takes advantage. Sometimes people jump into the pool and find it's too deep, ya know?"

"God, Nate... such a white knight." Clairra's bare, makeup-free eyes narrowed.

Nate grimaced. "Love that protecting people is an insult now."

"Stop being a pussy Nate, or you'll never get any." She smirked, then rolled her eyes watching Jerry... well... Jerica... wiggle off with two guys into a bedroom, her big bubbly ass peeking out from under a skirt that once was a pair of pants.

"Speaking of, I'm gonna check on Jerica and make sure she's okay before she takes this plunge, better safe than sorry." The curly-haired scrawny protector shuffled out of the kitchen, such a good guy... so much he will probably die a virgin, Clairra thought. She absentmindedly

picked up her cup and she took a sip... seemed the flavor was changing closer to the bottom. "Well if I'm going to judge, I better see all the contestants." She pushed away from the kitchen counter and began to make her rounds.

It didn't take Clairra long to regret leaving the safety of the kitchen. Every few steps Clairra seemed to walk into some jiggling mass, overflowing cleavage or bouncing behind, like she was in a fun house filled with blowup dolls. The echo of "Oh my gawd!" and "Like this is like that... like... you know..." was making her feel dumber herself. She took another gulp from her cup, starting to feel the buzz as she smacked her plump lips. God if only she could get tipsy enough to ignore these tramps, she didn't dare to venture outside the sea of bimbos lest she be lost in the forest of boners... what a gauntlet, walls of men all sweaty and wanting, throbbing and panting. Holy shit, what had gotten into her? For a minute she imagined herself as a curvaceous vixen, smoohsed and pressed between two hard bodies, every available hole filled with the pulsing length of their- "Fuck Clairra, breathe!" Maybe just rubbing up against the sensual, sweaty bodies of these horny women was having an effect. She flicked her red hair back with a well-manicured finger and pushed herself to a corner where they kept the backup kegs and was, for now, being ignored.

Clairra fanned herself and took another drink, feeling cramped and claustrophobic in her attire. Dumb party, dumb women! Why were people so dumb, giving in to the craziness and just, like, escaping all their problems like that? That's not life! That's not... fair. Everyday of her life she had to be hard and smart and beat everyone else and suck up any depression or weakness or tears lest she be labeled some emotional problem of a woman. She downed the rest of her cup... only then realizing her nails were longer. Not like... I forgot to trim them longer, but like a good inch or so. It wasn't possible, like she- "Oh God!" Clairra looked at her red plastic cup and saw the name Jade scrawled on the side. "Who the hell is Jade and what was she dri-" Oh, Clairra knew. She looked at a window to check her reflection and her face had taken on mascara, eyeliner, some lipstick color she would never have chosen. Her top exposed her midriff and all her curves seemed to look swollen and - she gave a bounce on her heels to see herself jiggle a bit - realizing her flats had taken on a bit of a heel. Her eyes reflected shock and dismay but a giggle slipped from her lips. Like, it was a little funny becoming her own worst nightmare, "in an ir- iron... in an oopsy way!" she thought. And damn... it did feel good. But this isn't what she wanted. Dumb Jade leaving her yummy beer around, dumb party for having Bimbos. She scowled at the two kegs behind her, one labeled with "Beer" for a keg stand for the normal drunks, and the other labeled "Bimbo" in pink with a heart dotting the "i". A devious giggle slipped out of her mouth. "These boys think bimbos are so fun, hmmm?" she thought as she quickly switched the signs. This will be like... so fun!

The party ran on and Clairra watched the kegs like a hawk, a bomb of her annoyance and judgment about to turn some horndogs into their own wet dreams. But the longer she waited for the keg stand, the more her own drink had taken effect. An internal struggle avoiding how damn good this felt, and slowly her weird plan for... rea- rveng-, getting these pricks back was coming undone. She thought about forcing this on someone when... holy hell like, it was what she

wanted. One night right, not terrible- to admit that maybe...

"I'LL DO IT!" she screamed. Even as they laughed her off she threw every sexist sentence she could to trigger their submission. "You like... idiots!" she thought, "I'm saving you!" But what came out was "Like... you are just afraid a little girl like me can like, out-drink you." And so, the frat boys lifted her up over the keg upside down, put the hose between her lips, and started pumping. What happened next was history. Unlike normal beer, there wasn't really a limit to how much Bimbo Beer one could drink. Its effects, though stacking, weren't harmful alone, and the amount never filled a stomach because it was used to temporarily expand the person's "mass," but no one had ever consumed a full keg before. All of these facts swam in Clair's mind, nails gripping into the arms of the men supporting her. Maybe this was a bad idea. *gulp* Bimbo beer splashed into her maw, then swallowed and replaced by another pump. What had she gotten herself *gulp* into? At least the taste was good, like, very good, better than the first gulp and oooo she would have moaned at this next part if it wouldn't have made her choke. Her body had taken on a sheen of sweat, nipples beginning to buzz and ache, pleasurable tingles seeping back down into swelling flesh. Her tits were surging with pleasure and flesh, the weight evident swaying and sloshing on her ribcage. "Mmmph!" She giggled and gurgled as her eyes rolled, this was like, almost relaxing. Her stress and angst melting away, a trade, all her problems for some extra curves and a lulled mind... "Is lulled a word?" she thought. *giggle* "Like maybe, and a-"

"Oomph!" Her panties were pulled tight against her moistening mound by size being added to her ass and hips. "Gahg!" She choked as her womanhood warmed and throbbed from a growing heat in her belly.

"Hey!" Nate's voice rang out, Clair's lengthened, mascara-coated eyelashes batting away her foggy thirst, oh Nate, always a hero. "Can't you guys see she's drinking the wrong shit!" The pillars of man meat holding her up became spooked. The one rule of the party at risk of being tarnished. No unwilling Bimboism. With a flick of her wrist, she held out her pink-nailed hand and signaled, "Like, this is totally okey-dokey!" Well, if her mouth wasn't filled with a tube and beer she would have.

"Nah man, think this chick... is good with it!" the dude brah said, followed by the frat house erupting in a cheer. Her nipples bulged like pinky tips against her top as the cheer ignited something in her. Like, she didn't know it could feel so damn good, she didn't even feel this good during sex and she hadn't even been pene- perpatranted- she wasn't even boned yet! Gulp after gulp it rose higher. Her hips and ass were growing wider than some of the football lineman's shoulders, her jeans reforming into a skirt that creaked and groaned with every gained inch. Clair's panties were now floss in her folds, the rest of it gathered into fishnets that were now at their limits on her tree trunk thighs. Diamonds of glistening thigh flesh oozing against the material, about to pop. Something bopped her on the chin, the top of her own breast now long past her B cups, past E cups even, melon-size titties she tried to gather in her hands and stop them from smothering her. "Oh. Em. Gee." The sensation of squeezing her fun bags, of rubbing

those nipples, it made her drink faster, like a nursing pup desperate not to starve. Her manly support wavered from her new size and she tipped like a Jenga tower, the smack of her curves on the floor setting off an orgasm, and still she drank and drank.

Nate struggled against the crowd, arms swimming through the pool of breast and ass, ignoring their gasps and moans from his touch. When he finally reached her a few minutes later, she was already standing, 7 feet tall with tits that each could be their own keg, areolas like plates and nipples the size of fists, her lower half just as disproportionate. "Oh dear God!" he shouted.

"Natey-poo!" She giggled incessantly, pinning him to the wall with her barely-contained air bag titties. "Claire-bear was so wroooong about the drinky stuff," she drooled. "We should, like, try stuff, ya think?" Her hand rubbing his pants, all he could do was "mmmph" and nod. It was the best she ever felt... until she would get him in bed, that is.