

A Beach, a Bully, and a Bimbo (Bimbo TFTG)

By FoxFaceStories

An anonymous commission

Alex is a young man in his twenties who has been invited by his rival and high school bully Jackson to the beach, on the pretence of making up and burying the hatchet. Little does he know that Jackson has come into possession of a magical artefact, and is looking to humiliate his old victim by making Alex into his submissive, horny, beach bimbo girlfriend.

A Beach, a Bully, and a Bimbo

Alex arrived at the beach and began searching for his old bully. It was an odd thing to do, really, but then it had been an odd message he'd received from his rival. Jackson was everything Alex wasn't. Where Alex was lithe and somewhat scrawny, Jackson was tough and muscular. Where Alex was sensitive and introverted, Jackson was aggressively macho and liked to lead. And while both men were Caucasian and brown-haired, Jackson had a sun tan from his constant days surfing and roaming the beach for hot chicks, while Alex was more of a homebody who preferred the shaded parts of the seaside for reading and relaxation..

Naturally, their circles should never have overlapped, except that they had gone to school together years back, and Jackson had latched onto him as a target. Those had been terrible years of beatings, rumour-spreading, mockery, and cruel pranks. Alex had held out that things would simmer down after school, and they did . . . a little. But their beach town wasn't big, and so he still saw the other man often even as they entered their early twenties. But something had changed, and it took Alex a while to realise what. Their dynamic had altered: Jackson's taunts weren't as pointed, and lacked power. His physical attempts at domination were only half-hearted, no longer accepted outside of a high school setting. And cruel pranks were hard to do when they only occasionally interacted at someone else's birthday party or a chance meeting on the beach. But most of all, it was clear to Alex in their interactions that Jackson, his alpha male rival, was actually *jealous* of Alex's life, or at least his earning power. It turns out that studying hard gave him a good future, because he was a highly paid accountant already, and had purchased a house and was far ahead on the payments, driving down the interest rate on his mortgage. Meanwhile, Jackson still lived with his parents, and earned a much lower amount of money working on cars.

Which was why Alex had been intrigued when he received the message he got from Jackson on his phone. It read simply:

Hey Alex, want to bury the hatchet. I've got a lot to apologise for and make up to you. If you're willing to meet me on the beach on the far west show at 7am tomorrow, I've got something that'll help patch up what I've done wrong. I know it's a crazy time to be up, but I want to truly show how bad I feel, especially for all those terrible times back in high school.

Alex was initially suspicious, but Jackson had always had his pride. He would never debase himself like this for a simple prank. Besides, the message carried a kind of genuine appeal that was uncharacteristic of his old bully, and must have been genuine. At least he hoped it was.

And so there he was, on the beach in the early morning, and not a soul in sight yet. The area he'd been directed to was on the far wing of the beach, which was much less popular due to the lack of good waves or expansive sand, though it was still quite lovely. And while it was very early in the day, the rising summer sun was already making the air wonderfully warm and luxurious. He could tell it was going to be a lovely day. To his surprise, there were too long foldout beach deck chairs positioned in the sand, the kind you lay down upon and let yourself tan in the sun. They even had drink holders, and a section you could raise for your upper body if you wanted to read or watch the waves.

"Pretty cool, right?" came a voice. "Got them cheap, and they'll be perfect for weather like this."

Alex turned and saw Jackson emerging from the shadows between two breach trees. He had a smirk on his face, and looked a bit too smug for his liking, though he was obviously trying to look a bit nervous.

"Jackson," Alex said. "You said you wanted to meet."

The other man was big, roughly 6'2, with broad shoulders and a strong frame. He had his shirt off, revealing his tan skin and obvious pectoral and abdominal muscles. A handsome surfer's look, really, though he kept his hair short rather than shaggy. Against Alex's 5'9 height, he was easily the larger man, and that wasn't even counting how scrawny the more introverted man was.

"I did want to meet," Jackson said. "I wasn't sure you'd come this early, though it's really nice out. But I'm real glad you did, Alex."

Alex folded his arms. He was always a bit nervous in the presence of Jackson, but he tried not to show it. "Yeah, well I'm here. You said you wanted to show me something, part of burying the hatchet or whatever?"

Jackson nodded eagerly, and scooped something from his pocket. "I did! I did! I want to show you this thing I picked up at a store. It's sym-bol-ic, or whatever the word is."

He presented a strange device made of cardboard and wood with intricate inscriptions upon it. It looked like it was foreign in make, but Alex didn't recognise the language, despite being a very learned individual from all his cultural readings.

“Umm, what is it?”

Jackson practically giggled, which was not like him. “It’s an old mystic Bond-Maker. It thought it was cool or whatever. Basically, it works like a Christmas bon bon. The person asking to, uh, bury the hatchet takes one end, and the victim - *their* victim, I mean - takes the other, and then you both just hold firm and pull back and it breaks! It, like, represents letting go of the past, or whatever.”

Alex raised an eyebrow. “This isn’t one of your infamous pranks, Jackson? I’ve got bad memories of falling for stuff like that.”

But Jackson just stepped forward and thrust out the strange-looking device. “I’m serious, this is no prank. I really am sorry for being such a douchebag for so long, Alex. I had issues or whatever. I just thought - you know - you’re such a bookworm that this way would appeal to you or something.”

Alex was surprised to find himself a little touched. Perhaps this really was Jackson trying his best, and if so, then he was showing much more empathy than he had ever shown to the introvert before.

“Okay, fine. But this better not be a prank.”

“It’s not. It’s way better than that - it’s a bond-making thing, like I said.”

Alex sighed and extended his hand to grab his side of the device. “Okay then. So long as we can just put all this behind us, and you’re sorry.”

“Real sorry. The most. I was way too mean for now reason. And this is my way of showing it.”

Alex gave a half-smile, feeling more confident of this meeting now.

“So when do we break it?”

“In three. Two. One. now!”

They both pulled back, and just like a Christmas bon bon, the ‘Bond-Maker’s cracked open in the middle, the cardboard part of its construction tearing apart. But instead of releasing a shoddy paper crown, a worthless toy, and a piece of paper with a bad joke on it, instead it seemed to release a surprising flash of pink colour.

“Wow, that does look weird, what with the -”

“Shut up! I have to think hard for the next bit!”

Alex halted, confused. He became even more confused when he saw Jackson through the pink mist, clenching his eyes shut and in deep concentration, his fingers on his temple. He was murmuring.

“Sexy hourglass . . . long blonde hair . . . tan summer skim . . . big, fat tits . . . juicy ass . . . always hot for me . . . dumb and submissive . . .”

Alex didn’t even know what to say for a moment, until he finally found his words.

“Jackson, what the heck is going on? What are you talking about?”

“Big wide hips . . . long legs . . . thin waist . . .”

“Jackson? Are you alright?”

“And always acting like *my* girl.”

Jackson opened his eyes, and gave a malicious grin. He sucked in a breath, then blew. To Alex surprise the pink mist in the air surged forth all over him, settling on his skin, on his clothes, and even invading his lungs as he breathed it through his mouth and nostrils.

“What the -!?! I knew this was a damn prank!”

Jackson chuckled. “Don’t worry, don’t worry, it’s not. It’s part of the ritual. It’s just a little fun.”

But Alex was already shaking it off. He was annoyed at himself. How could he believe that moron would change?

“I’m going!”

“Don’t go! We’ve only just started our reunion.”

But he was already moving. “No way. I’m not sticking around. You were a dumb dickhead back in high school, and you’re even dumber now. What was, like, the point of all this?”

He frowned a little. The ‘like’ he’d accidentally inserted seemed to undo his sentence. Jackson smiled, seeming to have noticed it.

“I’m sorry, seriously Alex. I didn’t mean to tick you off. You just seemed so . . . well put together this morning.”

It was such a strange sentence, and yet it made Alex giggle like he was some kid. He blushed, feeling oddly happy about the sentence.

“Well, this is, like, one of my best shirts.”

“Yeah, it looks so good on you. You’re pretty good looking, you know.”

Alex giggled again, only to halt half-way through his laugh. What the hell was happening? Why was he, like, laughing at Jackson’s weird creepy comments?

“Jackson, why are you, like, saying stuff like this? It’s soooo weird. I have to go. I don’t want to be around you anymore.”

“Why not? You have to admit my muscles are pretty amazing? Don’t you want to stay and just look at these sick pecs?”

Alex did, but why the fuck did he? He turned, taking in the golden, muscled form of his former bully. They really *did* look lovely,

“Okay, I won’t lie, they’re like, totes hot. Fuck! What am I saying? Have you done something to me?” It clicked in his mind. “Oh my Gawwwd, you’ve fucking drugged me, you bitch!”

Jackson smirked and folded his arms, mocking how Alex had done so a moment ago. "Oh, I didn't drug you at all, Alex. And I'm not a bitch, but you're about to be. My bitch, in fact. And much more of a bitch to me than you ever were in high school, ha!"

Alex was confused. He got the sense that he should be working this out faster, but it was like his mind was slowing down, or not making the right connections. He knew he had to get out of there, but there was a magnetic draw to Jackson he couldn't explain: he was so hot and handsome! He giggled nervously, trying to make sense of it all.

"I don't, like, get it. What's happening to me? Why am I talking like a total valley girl?"

Jackson stepped closer, and to Alex's horror, his dick went hard just looking at the obvious virility of the other man.

"Because that's what I like, babe. Don't you like talking like a carefree beach babe? You'd look pretty hot like that, wouldn't you Alex?"

Alex nodded eagerly, before catching himself. What the fuck was he doing? It was soooo weird!

"N-no. I - I wouldn't!"

But saying it *felt* wrong. Already his body was priming itself in front of this incredibly hunky boy. His nipples throbbed, and his cock as well. A subtle tightening pressure began in his waist, contrasted with a pressure pushing out his hips. He looked down at himself, and noticed that he looked different.

"Like, what the heck? What's happening to me!? Eww Jackson, something is super weird? What did you do!?"

Again those strange pressures. They expanded over his body, and it felt like dozens of hands were pressing and massaging him: his legs, his hips, his ass, his waist and chest, even his face! His hair was even beginning to tug back! He shrieked, a little like a girl, and his voice sounded a bit higher too. It was weirdly confusing.

"Why don't you try to guess, pretty?"

He giggled, stepping back. He felt himself shrink a little, becoming shorter compared to her bully. His ass became firm, and it felt like something was actively being *pumped* into it. "Why are you flirting with meeee?" he whined. "Why can't I think right? What's, like, happening to my dick!?"

Jackson reached out a hand and stroked Alex's cheek. It was all wrong, but it felt so wonderful at the same time. Totes good, in her mind. She recoiled, terrified. Her heart was beating like a jackhammer, and her body was transforming for some reason!

Wait. Her eyes widened. Why was she thinking of herself as a she? She was a man!

"I'm not a girl!" she cried. "Am - am I?"

Jackson laughed, clearly taking in the transformation with glee. To Alex's terror, the muscular rival was clearly erect in his swim shorts, his massive member hard in response to

what was happening. It made Alex lick her - no, *his!* - lips. God, it looked so damn big and tasty! Her lips puffed up, becoming larger and softer.

She shook her head - *his* head - even as his hair extended in wavy ringlets, turning a golden blonde before his very eyes. He parted it, now utterly paralysed in fear. He bounced on his feet, overwhelmed with emotion as his hormones went utterly wild.

"I don't get it! I - why do I feel so, like, dumb?"

"Because that's how I want you to be," Jackson said with a grin, stepping closer towards Alex. "What do you think that Bond-Maker actually did? It created a bond between us. It's what I purchased it at that weird antique shop for, after doing heaps of research online. The research sucked, but it looks like it works."

"Works to do WHAT!?" Alex screamed across the empty beach. He groaned as his ass fattened, becoming round and bouncy, and it was matched by an incredible pressure in his hips. They stretched the confines of the shorts as they expanded inch by terrible inch. Alex squealed, holding them, his voice going up and up in octave until he sounded like a girl.

"Wow, you really aren't as smart as you used to be. It creates a bond between two people. I held the 'master' side, and you held the 'servant' side. And once two people use it, the Master just has to think hard on what shape and type of person he wants his servant to be, and they'll become it. And then they just have to blow the mist onto their victim and - TA DA! Brand new servant! It comes from an ancient, long forgotten civilisation, and it works a treat apparently!"

Alex tried to make sense of what he was saying. It was all so complicated! So she was, like, turning into something else? Becoming his servant? She could barely follow it all, especially because her waist suddenly contracted, becoming thin like a woman's, and her stomach flattened and toned. To her shock, her clothing shifted and shrunk, her top becoming a tiny bikini top and her pants shrinking to be incredibly revealing and tight around her junk. But even that began to shrink . . . as her chest began to *swell*.

"N-nooo! This isn't, like, fair! I don't want this!"

Jackson grabbed her shoulders. No, she wasn't a *her!* She was a *he!* And yet the feeling was soooo goooood. She felt them shrink in his hands, becoming smaller, so small compared to his big, luscious shoulders. The lust she felt for this horrible man was all wrong, but it was impossible to fight, especially as her nipples began to expand.

"OOhhhh . . ." she moaned, "it's n-not fair! This isn't m-me!"

"Ah, but it is you, Alex. Or at least it will be," Jackson said, drawing closer. She couldn't help but smell how *big and manly* he now was, especially as she shrank down to 5'7, then 5'6, and then 5'5 and 5'4. "You're going to be my sexy bimbo girlfriend. You're going to wear tight little bikinis for me, and be addicted to getting fucked by me."

She winced as the pressure in her chest erupted, and breast tissue began to form upon her chest. They expanded slowly but certainly, and she placed her now-dainty hands upon them, trying to force them back in. It was a futile act, as they rocketed past B's and C's to D's and then DD's and beyond. Even as they filled out, her ass and hips took on incredibly curvy proportions, giving her a magnificent hourglass figure, and her hair continued to spill down an increasingly soft, hairless back.

"W-why? Why are you, like, doing this to me?" she asked. She could feel herself getting dumber by the moment. Years of book learning, of training to be an accountant, of learning the right mathematical formulas and tax schemes and legal loopholes all flowed out of her brain, and even her thought processes slowed to that of a stereotypical valley girl bimbo stereotype.

"Because I got sick of you being better than me," Jackson said, running his strong hands down her hourglass figure. She whimpered as her dick began to pull into her body, as her legs became shapely, her thighs thickened and lovely. "And it's so fitting. You, the weakling, now becoming a weak woman. You, who was always my bitch, becoming my bitch for life. You, who was always real sensitive and emotional, now get to experience having fucking periods and estrogen and shit. You're going to be not just a total ten out ten blonde hottie with huge tits, but a girl who is literally addicted to my cock. You're going to be so fucking aroused by me, Alex."

She groaned, her breasts expanding to fill her hands, her penis entering into her body, her balls ascending upwards.

"N-noooo, that's, like, soooo wrong. Why is it so fucking *hot*?"

Jackson smiled. "Because you're becoming my woman, Alex. But I don't think that should be your name anymore, should it?"

She shook her head, not knowing if she was saying no to his statement, or agreeing that the name was no longer suitable. Jackson raised his hand to his chin in faux-thought.

"I think your name should be something sexy. Not Alexis or anything that's just similar or whatever. No, something sexy and hot and *dumb*, like Candy or Brandi. Hmm . . . I think *Cindy* is a cute name, don't you?"

It was. Oh God, it was. It was sooooo cute. It made her giggle just at the thought of being called Cindy, and to *be* Cindy, in every aspect. She moaned in pleasure as her breasts expanded yet again. Somehow, she knew they must have been F-cups by that point. Another groan, another spurt of growth. They overflowed her palms. They were H-cups, half the size of her own head each. They were utterly foreign, and yet some part of her was proud to have melons that were so large.

Jackson's hands wandered back up to hold her breasts. She wanted to fight him. She wanted to *kill* him. Oh God, she wanted to *fuck him* too. It wasn't right. She was meant to be

a man! But her increasingly female body was already so deeply, deeply horny, and as her pussy began to develop, she felt a wetness between her thighs start to develop.

“Oohhhhhh . . . that f-feels n-nice! S-so sensitive!”

“And big too, my Cindy. Nice big titties for me to play with. And this ass . . .”

He reached around and groped her ass, which now had a huge, curvy, bubblebutt shape. Her bikini bottoms had finished developing, a thin little thing that barely covered her ass and pussy. Just the feel of his hand clenching into her large, soft ass made her exhale softly. She pressed against him, her nipples distending in arousal.

“This ass is amazing. And those lips . . .”

She couldn't stop him. She wanted to, but she couldn't think of a way out of this situation. Worse, her body was too fucking horny to stop. His lips encircled hers, and soon she was yielding to him entirely, savouring his touch. Her eyes altered, her facial structure reorganised, her chin became smoother and rounder in shape. Her face had been clean-shaven before, but now even the evidence that it ever needed a shave was gone, the skin becoming hairless and model-perfect. When he pulled away, she could make out her reflection in his eyes.

She was beautiful.

A real cutie.

Totally hawt.

She had a heart shaped face and big, ocean blue eyes that were wide and round as the moon. Her nose was button cute, and her lips full and perfect for sucking dick, a thought that disgusted her as much as it made her developing pussy moist just at the thought of it. The last of her changes completed, her hair long enough to fall down to the bottom of her shoulder blades, and her curves utterly unreal, particularly her large, heaving breasts. But the real seller, beyond her hourglass beach body with its now bronze tanned skin, was her face. Even in his eyes she could see how silly and ditzzy she looked, how her expression was relaxed into one of perfect naivete..

“Oh my Gawd, I totes look like the ultimate beach bimbo!” she cried.

Nathan licked his lips in a way that was quite wolfish as he looked over her.

“You do indeed, my gorgeous Cindy, you do indeed. And you're *my* ultimate beach bimbo. Fuck, you've even got a gorgeous beach sun tan, and you fill out that tight pink bikini so well. Do a little jiggle for me, would ya?”

She wanted to tell him to go fuck himself, but instead she obeyed her Master, the magic making her dance to his puppeterring strings. She shook her shoulders, and her huge bust wobbled heavily in a way that was utterly foreign to her. Cindy's fat nipples poked against the fabric of the microbikini, and she knew she was putting on a show for her bully. It only made her pussy more needy. More hungry for cock.

“Ohmigod!” she cried, “I don’t, like, want that! I don’t want to be dumb! I don’t want to think about your big, thick cock!”

But Jackson was already removing his swim shorts to reveal the erect monster between his legs. It looked huge to her eyes, and she gasped as he took her dainty hand and lowered it to stroke it. She shivered just from the act of touching it, and though she tried to pull her hand away, the force of his new position as her master made her instead begin stroking it.

“Holy fuck, you’ve got to, like, turn me back Jackson! Please, before I let you fuck my tight wet pussy and suck my big sensitive boobies!”

The words had simply spilled out of her, and with her now-dumb mind, she realised too late how silly a thing it was to say. It was, in fact, exactly the kind of thing that would only turn on her new hunky boyfriend all the more.

“Oh fuck, I said the wrong, like, thing didn’t I?”

Jackson squeezed her left titty, causing her to go weak at the knees as he rubbed his finger over her nipple.

“Not at all, Cindy. You said it just right. Why do you think I invited you so early to this part of the beach? No one is around this early in the morning, but the weather is still perfect. And I got these deck chairs all ready for us to have a great day at the beach together . . . right after you let me fuck you like the woman you now are. Like my *bimbo girlfriend*.”

It was impossible to run, impossible to do anything. Not only was her mind now compromised, but she was enslaved to this man’s will, and her body was so fucking aroused for him it was like she would explode if she didn’t let him stick his big, hard cock inside her.

“Oh my God, this is crazy!” she cried, her voice a high soprano that squeaked a little. “I don’t want this, but I sooo do. I totes need you to fuck me, bae.”

There were other things to say. To scream. To protest. But she couldn’t say any of them, and moments later Jackson was upon her, squeezing and clenching and caressing and stroking her various overdeveloped body parts, and freeing her from the scant bikini she was wearing.

“OOhhh, everything’s soooo sensitive! NNghh! My big boobies and pussy especially!”

He pulled her down onto one of the deck chairs and began making out with her, playing with her ass and sticking his face right into her bare, full chest. It made her giggle like a silly girl, and as much as she hated it, she also *craved* it far more. She had been cursed by the Bond-Maker to be this new bimbo, but she hadn’t lost any of her memories or personality as Alex. She was simply imbued with a bimbo’s giggle, a bimbo’s flightiness, a bimbo’s horniness. It was those she gave over to as she stroked his big dick and caressed his strong back. Cindy was utterly submissive before Jackson, and soon she was begging for his member.

“Please stick it in me! I don’t care how terrible it is. I need it, like, soooo bad Jack!”

Jack grinned, pausing his caresses, and instead gripping her hair and ass.

“I’m going to fuck you, *Cindy*,” he said. “Do you understand? I’m going to fuck you so hard you’ll think your brains exploded. And you won’t be able to help yourself but *love* it. The Bond-Maker has made sure of that. You’re going to be my bimbo beach girlfriend for life, and you’re going to make every guy in town jealous of me, and all the girls envious that you’ve got such a great bikini bod, because you’re always going to show it off, especially to me.”

She writhed against him, and he used his powerful arms to put her on top of him, so that he was lying back against the chair and she was lying on top of him, her thighs spread so that the head of his cock was being wetted against her dripping cunt.

“No! Don’t do this! Don’t fuck my wet pussy!”

But Jackson was already positioning his cock at her entrance, and she was licking her lips, moaning like a whore in heat, desperate for him to enter her.

“You want this, admit it.”

She tried to stay silent, to bite her tongue and keep her mouth shut. But he was her master now, and her need for him overcame any sense of reason from the former male.

“Oh, Gawd, I totes too, bae! I need your big cock inside hot body right now! Now!”

“Your wish is my command, *slave*.”

She shivered in pleasure at being called *his*, and then again as he pushed his large cock inside her. She moaned, high and sweet, as he filled her deeper and deeper.

“Fuck me! It’s soooo big! You’re soooo long!”

“Oh yeah, always have been. And you’re gonna feel my length everyday, sexy.”

He began thrusting in full into her, and she gasped and groaned and moaned and whimpered in response to the sensations. His hands upon her tits were divine, and she lost herself in the terrible, taboo pleasure of being penetrated. More than once she tried to rouse her male instincts and fight off her arousal, but it was impossible, she was too far gone as a bimbo. The Bond-Maker had done its job, and she felt tethered to her former bully in a way she never had for anyone else. She was filled with an instinctive urge to please him, and so she gripped his body with her thighs and hung on for dear life as he pounded her.

“Oh God! It feels so good! Why does it, like, feel so good bae!?”

Jackson grinned as he continued to slide his large dick into her.

“Because you’re my submissive beach babe now, *Cindy*! And you’re hungry for my cock always!”

“Oh Gawwd! I am! I need you to make me c-cum! I’m s-so close! So fucking close!”

Cindy was close to the point of return, the moment when her fate as Jackson’s bimbo girlfriend would be sealed for life. She was powerless to stop it, the magical artefact had

ensure that, and so she gave herself over to it, crying out in joy as she reached the very edge of ultimate pleasure.

“I’m. Going. To. CUM!!!”

And then she did. Her body quaked as if she’d been hit by an earthquake. In a high-pitched voice she squealed in delight. Her vaginal muscles clamped down upon Jackson’s cock, riding out the pleasure, and he too grunted, shooting his warm, sticky load deep inside her.

“OOHH, YES! YES YES YESSS!!!”

She twisted her head back and forth, gripping the other man and raking her now-pink nails down his back. It had the desired effect: it made him cum inside her even harder, and that in turn made her orgasm a second, then a third, then a fourth time.

In the aftermath she lay on top of him, her big boobies pressed against his chest. She was shocked at what she had done, but knew there was nothing she could have done to stop it. She was hit now, utterly his. And Jackson grinned maliciously, stroking her blonde hair in a way that drove her wild.

“Like, what are you gonna do with me?” she asked, trying not to tear up.

“I told you, I’m going to keep you as my sexy bimbo girlfriend for life. Don’t worry, I’ll treat you right . . . so long as you stay sexy and submissive to me. Oh, and you go surfing and swimming with me, and sun tan in your sexy bikinis, and wake me up with a great blowjob at least three times a week, and wear high heels out on the town, and generally please me, cook for me, and stay dumb and cute as hell for me.”

It was a lot to take in, and already her brain was feeling lost. She clung to him like an anchor, and it was only when he motioned for her to slide off of him and clean and dress herself that she did so, her mind buzzing with anxiety. When she was ‘fully dressed’, Jackson pinched her on the ass and pulled her into a domineering kiss. She couldn’t help but lift a leg in arousal.

“But for now, I’m going to show you off on this beach, and we’re going to have a great day with me. Because tonight, we’re going to fuck all over again, and make sure you know your new place. Got that, Cindy?”

In the space of just ten minutes her entire life had changed utterly. She wished she could go back to being a man, but even if she could, her mind was not up to the task. So instead the new submissive bimbo pressed her bikini bod against her boyfriend, and simply said, “that sounds, like, totes awesome, bae. I want everyone on the beach to see my big boobies and know you’re the only one that can touch them.”

“That sounds like a plan,” Jackson laughed, and with an arm around her thin waist, he began walking his new prize to the more popular part of the beach.

And the new woman was helpless but to follow her master's commands, for the rest of her new beach babe life.

The End