

## A Bevy of Bimbos (Part Two)

It had been a couple of days since Christine had taken over the office manager position and Rebecca's last text when James ran into Jasmine again. The weather had taken a cooler turn and the Hindi girl was wearing pants and a knit sweater, her long black hair cascading in waves down her back. Truth be told, James thought she was exotically pretty. This was before he'd heard her sing. He didn't do karaoke often, but the one time he'd heard her belt out ballad after ballad, he'd been significantly impressed. It was no wonder she had a gig with one of the local bands. She had the makings of a starlet if not for her normally shy demeanor.

"Hey there, James, I was hoping to find you," she said with a smile as she walked out of the elevator. "Any chance you can help a girl out?"



James arched an eyebrow. If only she knew. Given how he was now "on call" if Rebecca's bimbo side got out of control and had, about an hour ago, fucked Rebecca's brains back into her. "Sure thing," he replied, "I was about to do an inspection of a couple of condos that just cleared. What do you need?"

Jasmine sighed with relief. "If you have a dolly I can borrow, that would be amazing. I just got in a bunch of supplies for a side job and I need help carrying everything in."

"Side job?" James asked in surprise. "You're a blogger, a journalist, and I know you sing for a band. How do you have time?"

"I don't," Jasmine laughed, "but it isn't work when you enjoy it. Pretty please? I'll even show you some of what I've been working on."

James shook his head and smiled. "Okay, okay, I'll get a dolly. You've got the red van, right?"

Jasmine smiled and nodded, her curls bouncing. She kissed his cheek. "You're such a sweetie," she said before making her way back to the elevator and pressing the button for the parking level.

James blinked a bit as the elevator door closed. To his best recollection, Jasmine had always been friendly but not that outgoing. Still, he had to tamp down on his raging hormones even as he thought about her body while heading to the maintenance room to retrieve the dolly. It wasn't as if she had a porn star body like Rebecca now did. Jasmine was on the curvy side, to be sure. With cute, perky breasts that he guessed were a C-cup, a trim waist, and nice hips, especially in her stretch pants, she was quite attractive.

Dolly acquired, James made his way back to the elevator and then down to the parking level. As part of the condo, the garage was only accessible through one of the downward entrances that went below ground and below the main floor. While that could be tricky if it snowed significantly, it meant that he didn't have to worry about plowing a whole parking lot any time it did snow, which was more often than he liked. As he walked out of the elevator, he tried to recall where Jasmine would normally be parked.

He spotted her rear end bent over before he spotted the van, namely as his friend Sora's van was in the spot before Jasmine's. She was reaching into the back of it for something.

Walking up, he had time to appreciate Jasmine's ass. It was tight and round, the kind that, a week ago, James would only have been able to imagine sitting and grinding on his lap. This was before Rebecca had, somehow, gone from frigid ice queen to porn star body and sometimes bimbo brained sex addict. Not that he was complaining. He almost considered it a perk of owning the condos that she contacted him for release. Neither James or Rebecca were one hundred percent certain as to why his cum cleared what Rebecca called "bimbo brain", but it did. She'd admitted to having tried with two other guys but the fog never cleared as well or for as long as it did with James, at best giving her an hour or two while James's cum gave her a couple of days.

"Earth to James," Jasmine said, poking James in the arm.

"Sorry about that," James replied, rubbing the back of his neck, "was thinking about a problem I've been dealing with."

Jasmine arched an eyebrow before looking down at his crotch. "Must be some problem," she muttered, turning back to the van and reaching for another tote.

James didn't realize how hard he was and this just from thinking about fucking Rebecca. He decided it was in his best interest to not comment about it. He shifted the tote, surprised at how heavy it was, onto the dolly. "What's in here, if you don't mind me asking?"

Jasmine pulled the next tote out and set it on top of the first. "Sewing machine, mostly. The one above it is cloth and 3D printer filament. I recently started doing cosplays at conventions. Sadly, yesterday, I realized a lot of my stuff no longer fit as well as it used to, so I needed to make some new pieces. My cousin Chandra said I should buy a sewing machine and offered to sell me hers instead of me running over there any time I needed to use it."

James nodded. "You are a woman of many talents," he said, watching her reach for the box containing the 3D printer. "If you're doing well, you should talk to Rebecca about financing one of your projects."

James wasn't one hundred percent sure, but it looked like Jasmine blushed when he mentioned Rebecca. "I thought about it. The last time I mentioned cosplay, she said something about wanting to see me in a genie in a bottle costume. I didn't know if I wanted to be ticked off and offended or turned on and intrigued. That was before she..." Jasmine paused and shook her head, grabbing the box. "You know what, never mind."

As she closed the back of the van and lifted the box, James noticed her breasts resting atop it. He swore they looked bigger, but that had to be because of the support of the box. Deciding not to comment and hoping the dolly and boxes on it were hiding his still stiff erection, he gestured toward the elevator. "Lead the way," he said, tilting the dolly back. He followed behind her, unable to resist watching her rear sway back and forth. He used his electronic access key and tapped the elevator button, which caused the doors to open before backing into the elevator. Jasmine followed suit. The doors closed.

It was a full ten seconds before James coughed. "Earth to Jasmine. I can't reach the elevator panel from here."

“Oops,” she said, “I guess you’re not the only one with things on their mind.” Jasmine pressed the button for four. She had one of the three condos on the same floor as his friend Sora, while the third condo on the floor had been vacated a few days ago. When the door opened, she made her way out, James shortly behind her. Setting the 3D printer down, she fished out her keys and unlocked her door. “I really appreciate this,” Jasmine said, opening the door.

“I’m glad I could help,” James replied. He hadn’t been in Jasmine’s condo since she moved in about eight months ago. To his surprise, the walls were lined with video game posters and a decent gaming rig was in one corner. “Where do you want this?”

“The guest room, or what would amount to one if it had a bed or I had guests,” Jasmine said, lifting the 3D printer.

Knowing the general layout of the condo, James wheeled the dolly into the second bedroom. Inside, the walls were lined with tables. On them were costumes in different stages of creation. There were foam pieces laying all over the place for God only knew what. Still, there was a sense of order to the chaos and only four of the six tables had anything on them. He turned as he heard a thud by one of the tables. “Where do you want these?” James asked and then paused as Jasmine lifted her sweater off, carefully freeing her hair.

“What? Oh, um, on that table over there,” she said as she sat the sweater down on one of the two small office chairs in the room. She had a cute, cream-colored tee on that set off her skin tone perfectly. “Sorry, that sweater was too warm after hauling all that in. I had to take it off.”

James shrugged nonchalantly while trying not to stare at her breasts. The sweater Jasmine had been wearing had done a good job at hiding how large they were. Now, though, her breasts seemed fuller on her thin frame. James turned away and lifted the totes onto the table. Jasmine made herself busy unpacking the 3D printer.

Sliding the dolly to one side James turned toward Jasmine as she turned toward him. She was almost a foot shorter than him, though, that made him wonder how she’d look in heels. Her lips curved into a cute smile. “That was, like, so nice of you,” she whispered. Her hand went up to touch his arm. She sucked in a breath as she felt how strong he was. Her lip trembled as a wave of desire washed through her. She’d never wanted a guy so badly. Standing on her toes, she tilted her head up and kissed his lips.

Her lips were soft and sweet. There was an innocence to it. Still, James’s willpower was not what it once was. Not after dealing with Rebecca as often as he had. He slid his hands around her ass and propped her up as he kissed her back. He could feel his cock throbbing against her and knew damned well there was no hiding his arousal this time.

When they broke their kiss, Jasmine had a spacy look in her eyes. “Like, I want more of that,” she whispered. She tugged her t-shirt over her head and freed her hair, exposing her bra covered breast. “I want you,” Jasmine said, her voice dripping with desire. “Maybe you’d like to see me in a genie outfit, too.” Reaching behind her back, she unhooked her bra, freeing her large melons.

Two things became obvious to James at that moment. First, Jasmine had been wearing a minimizer bra. Second, whatever had been affecting Rebecca was probably also affecting Jasmine. Part of him felt bad for what he was about to do. The rest of him rationalized that she wouldn’t understand until after he

fucked her and that, if he let her go and screw some other guy, he wouldn't have a clue. He hoped that she would be okay with that.

Lifting her up in his arms, James smiled when she squealed in pleasure before wrapping her legs around him. Her breasts mashed against his chest as he carried her to her bedroom. James felt an odd sensation against his groin that he couldn't place. Opening the door, the room smelled like sex, lilacs, and vanilla and a large dildo was resting on her bed.

Setting her down, he went to remove her shoes. She was already unbuttoning her pants, her eyes never leaving his. "Like, this is what I really need," Jasmine said and as she reached between her legs. "I thought that I could, like, keep my desires under control." James was surprised as Jasmine tugged her panties down, revealing her bare slit and the vibrator she had tucked inside. Turning it off and dropping it on the bed, she wiggled her pants and panties off before spreading her legs, her fingers trailing up and down her slick slit. "Please, James, like don't make me beg. I totally need your cock inside me."

James fought with his baser instincts and won long enough to send a text message to Rebecca, requesting her presence at 4C in about ten minutes, if she was available. "Looks like you're not the only one," he added before sending it.

Kicking his shoes off and tugging down his boxers, James climbed on the bed. He swore that his cock was getting larger by the day but, as he filled Jasmine's pussy, she was tight but not overly so. She moaned in pleasure, gripping her tits. "Fuck, yes," she cried. "Give me your cock. Fill me up and fuck me hard."

Not one to deny her, James lifted her legs so that they were over his shoulders, so he could go at it with gusto. Jasmine squealed with pleasure as she fondled her boobs. Much like Rebecca, Jasmine was in full thrall of whatever was affecting her and Rebecca. James could see her tits growing bigger as he plowed into her. She begged him for more and he gave it to her. When he finally came inside her, it pushed her over the edge, her pussy clamping down around his cock and milking him for every drop.

As the afterglow passed and James slid out of her, Jasmine laid there in a partial daze. Part of her was shocked by what she'd just done. Combined with what had happened an hour or so ago, she'd never felt so sexual, so desirable. Still, she'd only slept with one other guy before now and the experience was nowhere near as intense. She watched from her bed as James stood in her bathroom and cleaned himself off before cleaning the rag and walking over to her. She nodded to him as she took the rag. "You don't seem freaked out by this or the fact that my boobs are now almost as large as Rebecca's," Jasmine said, watching James pull his boxers back on.

"Yeah, about that," he began, tugging his pants up, "I have a sneaking suspicion. When Becky commented on you in a genie outfit, was that before I ran into you in the elevator last week?"

Jasmine nodded. "She, well, she made out with me. The thought of me, wearing something she wanted to see me in was a bit of a turn on and, when she kissed me, I didn't resist. I liked it."

"I bet," James mumbled. He checked his phone as it chimed. "Speaking of," he said as there was a tab at the condo door, "I'll be right back. I'll explain then. You may or may not want to put something on."

Jasmine was already up and making her way to her dresser when James left the room. He checked through the door peephole and sighed with relief that Rebecca, dressed in a black skirt and white

blouse, was standing there. He opened the door to see giving him a smug half-smile. "Let me guess," she said, stepping inside, her basketball sized boobs swaying back and forth, "our cute little cosplayer came down with a case of 'the bimbos'."

"Seems like it," James replied, turning toward Jasmine's bedroom. "I'm surprised she's not dressed and out yet."

Rebecca stepped past him, her four-inch heels causing her bubble butt to sway back and forth as she made her way to Jasmine's bedroom. "I'm not. Not after what I told her when I last saw her."

"Wait," James said, just before Rebecca reached the door, "when did you last see her?"

"This morning, James," Rebecca said with a knowing smile, "about half an hour after you left. I caught her in the elevator, playing with herself. I took her back to my condo, made her cum twice, had her lick me out and gave her the vibrator and a dildo. It took the edge off. After that, I told her that the next time I saw her, if it was in her condo, she better be waiting for me on the floor like a good pet. I meant to call you about it."

James blinked as he and Rebecca stepped into Jasmine's bedroom. Rebecca smiled as she looked down at Jasmine, now wearing a schoolgirl outfit. "See," Rebecca said, "she's ready to learn. Aren't you pet?" Rebecca smiled down at Jasmine. "I told you that you had a lot to learn. I see you took it to heart. Nice costume though."

"You mean you knew?" Jasmine asked, staring up at Rebecca.

Part of her wanted to stand up and suck on Rebecca's tits. The rest of her remembered their earlier conversation. She'd suspected something was up. Now, though, the thought of getting fucked by James again, especially if she got to lick Rebecca's pussy, was all too real a fantasy to ignore.

"Of course," Rebecca said, reaching down to cup Jasmine's huge breasts. "You and I both have the same problem. We get all melty and horny and it gets hard to think. We start wanting to fuck anything that walks until we can get some yummy cummy in our system. It does seem that my cum doesn't work near as well as James's does, though."

Jasmine was about to complain about being a cum addict when she realized she looked and felt better than ever. Sure, she'd have to remake a lot of her costumes, but guys would be drooling to see her in them. "So, what's next then... mistress?"

Two weeks later, the trio made their way through the local comic con. Jasmine had set up the same arrangement with James as Rebecca had but, given the convention was three days long, Jasmine felt it better if James came with. Rebecca funded the outing, deciding Jasmine's costume designs and website needed some capital to flourish. As such, she went along, too, wanting to see the fruit of her labors. That and to get some alone time with Jasmine and her deft tongue.



The three of them paused at a food stand when James did a double take. The voluptuous young woman serving people was instantly familiar to him. "Maria?" James asked.

The woman turned to him. Her shoulder length brown hair was kept in a ponytail. Her eyes widened. "James Morgan, is that you?" Her slow southern twang was the same as it had ever been. "I haven't seen you in ages, sugar."

"Since we were twelve," James replied. "You look just like your mom. What are you doing so far from home?"

"Well, my bestie just started college out here and convinced me to bring my food truck up," Maria replied. Her eyes went to the women to either side of James. "And who are these lovely ladies with you?"

"Rebecca Nivens," Rebecca replied, offering her hand, "and that's Jasmine."

Maria shook her hand and then Jasmine's. "Nice to meet you both." She turned back to James. "Say, did the real estate deals your pa was working on ever go well. Kimmy and I sure could use a place to stay if you've got a place we can rent."

James arched an eyebrow as Rebecca slide an arm around his waist and kissed his cheek. Rebecca smiled at Maria. "I know he does. James, why don't you give her your card."

(To be continued...)