

## A Bevy of Bimbos (Part One)

Sitting in the leasing office that James had converted from one of the condos he now owned, James looked up from his laptop at Rebecca Nivens. The woman with shoulder-length red hair had always struck him as a bit of a stuck-up basic bitch, all the way down to her bandage dress and flawless makeup. She'd recently received a promotion at the financial firm she worked for and had moved into the condo directly across from the one he leased out himself on the twelfth floor. The last condo on the floor was still up for lease. That, however, was another story. Her being in his office only meant one thing: trouble. "Can I help you, Miss Nivens?" James asked, looking over his glasses, seriously not wanting to deal with her bullshit today.

"I doubt it, given how lazy you are," she said with a sneer.

Yeah, lazy. Right. He was not only the owner of the building but the main maintenance guy. If anything went wrong, up to and including Sharon calling in sick, he had to take care of it. James took a deep breath before letting Rebecca know exactly what he thought of her. He'd only agreed to lease her that condo as she was good friends with Sharon who had been the only woman with the proper temperament to run the office. "Now, now, let's remain professional. What seems to be wrong?" James asked politely.

"My condo is too hot and turning up the air conditioning isn't helping," she said with a huff, "nor did opening the windows last night."

Given that it was early autumn in the Midwest and that it had gotten to almost fifty degrees outside, that was a bit of a concern. It was possible that the rest of the tenants had turned on their heat, but, given he rarely ran the heat in the condo across from hers, James recalled how chilly it had been an hour ago in his bedroom. It was worth investigating. He stood up and reached into his pocket. "I'm going to need to go into your condo if that's alright."

"Fine, do whatever you have to do," she snapped. "I have to run a few errands. Just have it done by the time I get back."

Making his way to the door, he paused to flip the "be right back" sign. "And when will that be, pray tell?" James asked over his shoulder. If he wasn't mistaken, he caught Rebecca staring at his ass before she blushed and looked away. *Interesting.*

"I'm not sure. Maybe not more than a couple of hours," she replied. The flush on her cheeks didn't disappear. "I need to pick up a few things and stop by Sharon's. She wasn't feeling too good when she left after movie night with me and Katie."

Katie, James knew, was a journalist who leased out a condo on the ninth floor. He didn't know the three were acquainted, so that was something to file for future review. Given that Sharon knew almost everyone in the building, though, it wasn't much of a surprise. He'd met almost all of them, but, other than his friend Sora, who lived on the fourth floor, he was barely acquaintances with most of them. Usually, Sharon handled the day to day while he did the maintenance.

Shaking his head, James held the door open for Rebecca and decided to return the favor. He didn't quite recall her rear having that much sway or being packed so snugly into her dress. It was all he could do to not reach out and give it a squeeze. A lawsuit was, however, the last thing he needed, so he kept his hands to himself. Locking the door behind him, he took his keycard and buzzed the elevator, determined not to think about Rebecca or the raging hard on that he now had.

An hour later, every test he ran showed the temperature in Rebecca's condo was sixty-four degrees, well cooler than he had as a low limit for heating and cooling. The air conditioning wasn't on, either. Running his fingers through his short brown hair, the lanky condo owner was confused as all hell. Unless something about Rebecca herself was off, there was nothing wrong in her condo. He was about to call her when he heard the door open. He put his temperature gauges back into his toolbox and turned to give Rebecca a piece of his mind for wasting his time. He lost that thought as soon as he saw her.

Rebecca's hair had lightened some to a strawberry blonde and was now down past her shoulders. Stranger still was her chest. He'd seen her not more than ninety minutes ago and her breasts had not looked like two volleyballs trapped inside her already too tight white dress. He carefully moved behind the dining table, hoping to conceal the bulge between his legs. This was before she smiled at him. That threw him for a loop. She actually smiled. This bitch hated his guts to a level a *tsundere* would be jealous of and now she was grinning at him.

"Oh, hi there, Jimmy," Rebecca said, dropping her back on the coffee table. The bag tipped forward and a black dildo the size of a large cucumber fell out, along with hints of some rather risqué lingerie, a flogger, a ball gag, and fuzzy pink cuffs. "Like, it's still warm in here," she said, pouting. "Like, weren't you supposed to fix that and stuff?"

James cleared his throat. "It's James, not Jimmy, Miss Nivens..."

"Becky," she corrected him, "like, Miss Nivens is so stuffy. You can totally call me Becky." Licking her lips, she sauntered forward, leaning over the table. "Like, you can call me other things, too."

"If this is some kind of joke, Rebecca..."

"Becky! Like, you're supposed to be smart and stuff and help fix the temper... the temp... um, like, how hot it is in here." Becky stepped away from the table and reached behind her back to unzip her dress. "And looking at you makes me even hotter, Jimmy."

James stared, mouth parched as the formerly bitter, ice queen Rebecca wiggled and shimmied out of the bandage dress. The bra and panties underneath were pink and silky, much like her skin. James had no idea where she'd found a bra that big, much less that they existed.

Becky caught him staring and lifted her tits with her arms. "Mmmm... do you like them, Jimmy? They're, like, so much bigger and better they were this morning. I handed the nice woman my black credit card thingy and she found this cute bra for my big, K-cup boobies. Do you wanna feel, Jimmy?" Becky asked, leaning forward again, her breasts almost popping out of the bra.

At this point, James had given up on correcting her and, if this was the result, it was worth it. He moved away from the table and lifted his hands to her marvelously large breast. She cooed as his hands cupped and caressed her breasts, sinking in and squeezing them. "God, that makes me so hot, Jimmy," Becky moaned, hooking her thumbs around the waistband of her panties before tugging them down past her wide hips, revealing her hairless, slick pussy. She reached forward to cup him, causing James to moan. "It makes you hot, too, doesn't it? We should do something about that," Becky said, reaching to unbutton his fly before pressing her huge breasts against James's chest and whispering in his ear. "We should totally fuck."

That was all she wrote for James's willpower. His cock freed from his pants, he slid his cock between her legs, filling her with his shaft before grabbing and lifting her by her ass, her rear pressing against the kitchen counter as he began to plow into her, filling her tight, slick, hot pussy with his shaft.

Propping herself from behind, Becky wrapped her legs around James. The heat she'd been feeling, the horniness, the mind-blowing need for sex consumed her as he filled her again and again. "Fuck me," she cried out, her massive tits bouncing with each thrust. "Give it to me! Fill me with your cum like the dirty little slut that I am. I need it! I need your cummies in my pussy."

He wasn't sure what was with the bimbo act, but James was into it. Her pussy felt perfect, squeezing and teasing his cock. He knew it wouldn't be long before he would reach his peak and, when she leaned forward and wrapped her arms around him, her polished pink nails dragging down his back, James moaned loudly as he came inside her. This was what Becky had been waiting for and the feeling of her body finally being filled him cum set off her own orgasm.

When both had subsided, James staggered back. He reached for a paper towel to clean himself off and watched Becky twitch a few remaining times. That was a hell of a ride. Settling his cock back in his briefs, James still had no idea what the hell just happened. He only hoped it was worth the consequence.

As the lids of Becky's eyes slowly opened, there was a sharpness there that had been lacking when she'd entered the condo. "You okay there, Becky?"

"Rebecca and yes, you could say I am," she replied with a wolfish grin, "though, for how long I'm not sure. I can already feel it, on the edge of my consciousness, clawing its way back."

"Clawing what?" James asked, confused. "What the heck happened to you?"

Rebecca ignored him as she walked to the bathroom to stare at herself in the mirror. "This explains a lot," she said, touching her hair before cupping her breasts even as James stood there and zipped his pants back up. Her eyes went to his groin. She didn't seem to notice that she licked her lips before smiling at him. "I'm not one hundred percent sure but the moment we came together, it was as if all the fuzziness, the horniness, the need to be *fucked* went away. I could think clearly again, even though I can sort of feel myself slipping a bit. It would just be so easy to let go and let it take over. Like Sharon did."

James blinked. "What do you mean, like Sharon did?" James asked. "Is she okay?"

“Given the moans I heard from inside her house, I hope so,” Rebecca replied. She moved to press against James. If he wasn’t mistaken, her breasts were larger now than when she’d arrived. “I called her boyfriend to let know she needed some TLC. He has a key, so I would imagine she’d being taken care of,” she added, sliding her arms around James’s ass. “Just like I want you to take care of me if this happens again. You and I are going to make a little deal.”

James felt himself growing hard again. “And what is that deal?”

“If I feel this... need... this inner bimbo is taking over too much, I’m going to message you,” she said, stepping away and making her way to the bag. She pulled out the handcuffs and handed him the key. “If you agree to get here as soon as possible, I’ll show you how to turn this whole condo around and make money than you’ll ever need. We’ll even have a safe word so that you know I’m back to normal.”

James arched an eyebrow as he took the offered key. “So, let me get this straight. The woman who twenty-four hours ago told me to go fuck myself now wants to help me make money, so long as I fuck your brains back into you? Oh, and you want me to play a bondage game with you while I’m at it?”

Rebecca nodded and shrugged. “Yeah, that about sums it up,” she replied.

“Do I look stupid?” James asked. Rebecca looked shocked for a moment until James continued. “Only an idiot would say no to this.”

Rebecca smiled. “Good, now go away. I need to log in to work remotely for a meeting.”

A few days later, James had been forced to hire a new office manager, Christine. No one had seen or heard anything from Sharon or her boyfriend and their phones had been disconnected. The authorities were chalking it up as a missing person case. He’d just gotten Christine situated when he got a text from Rebecca: “Would you pick me up some frosting?” The last word was key as that was his warning her inner bimbo was taking over and that she was on her way back to the condo.

As the elevator door opened, inside was Jasmine. The Hindi girl was a journalist, blogger, and a small-time musician locally, singing with one of the bands in the area in her spare time. He noticed a pink smudge on her shirt and she looked a little out of breath. “You okay?” James asked.

“Huh, yeah,” she said, looking a little spaced out. “Just ran into Rebecca and boy has she changed.” She giggled a bit as James stepped into the elevator. “I think she got a boob job.”

James looked at her skeptically as she simply stood there. He noticed none of the buttons were pressed. “Are you getting out at the lobby?”

Jasmine blinked and shook her head. “Oops, thanks. Yeah. Was too busy daydreaming, I guess.” With that, she walked out, leaving James to press fourteen.

Arriving on the top floor, James turned left and unlocked Rebecca’s door. As he closed it and locked it behind him, he heard Rebecca moaning as he headed toward the bedroom. Sitting on her bed, she was wearing a tight, pink corset and had a dildo in her hand, which she dropped the minute she saw him. Her lips had puffed up a bit since he’d last seen her, but, otherwise, she was the same, huge breasted bimbo she’d been when he’d last entered her bedroom.



She smiled at him as James unzipped his pants. “Is Jimmy here to fuck his slutty bimbo’s pussy?” Becky asked, spreading her legs. She began to wiggle back and forth, pulling off her panties, causing her volleyball sized tits to jiggle and bounce. “Or is Jimmy gonna fuck my big boobies?”

James had given this some thought, hoping this would occur. “Your titties first, Becky, and then, if you’re good, I’ll fuck your pussy.”

“Yay!” Becky exclaimed, kicking her panties at him. She made her way to her knees and untied the back of the corset, James being surprised the now bimbo could manage it with her long nails. She wiggled out of the corset and laid down on the bed, caressing her tits. “Becky-slut loves giving tittie-fucks.”

That was all the prompting James needed. Moving atop her and straddling her hips, he plunged his cock between the pillowy valley that lay between Becky’s tits. It had been his fantasy for so long that he came with very little time at all, splaying her face and tits, some of his cum falling in her mouth and on her outstretched tongue.

Shifting to her side, he lay back and recovered his strength. His cock had yet to soften and, if he was being honest with himself, looked a bit larger. His eyebrow perked when Becky shifted, moving to be on top of him. She guided his cock between her pussy lips and moaned as she lowered herself. Once impaled, she began to wipe the cum off her tits, licking it from her fingers. When she smiled at him, she licked her lips. He could tell by the sharpness of her eyes that the old Rebecca was back. “Persephone,” she said as she began to rock her hips, “and I bet you were hoping it would take me orgasming to make it stop. It’s a good thing you taste so good and are a good fuck, or I might be insulted thinking you were trying to get one over on me. Ready for round two?”