

Bimbocast

Bimbo Stories

by Quixerotic

“Of course, we need more than one happy thought, don't we? Otherwise we'd call it Happy Thought and not Happy Thoughts. Did you do your other thinking? About what you'd change about yourself? I bet you did because you're a good girl. You thought about big, swollen tits, bursting out of your clothes. You thought about a big round ass, perfect for sliding a cock into. And lips, lips like plums...”

While Elmer T. Conway confessed to nineteen murders, he never gave investigators locations of the remains. Officially, he remains convicted of only four.

“Are you still listening to those?” Conner asked as he walked into the kitchen. His wife, Katie, stood at the kitchen sink rinsing out a water bottle. Conner opened the fridge for a soda. “How many can there be?”

“Murder podcasts? Or serial killers?”

“Well, either,” he said, moving aside so she could refill the bottle from the dispenser. “You listen to them nonstop, even when you’re not out running. How can they have that much material to cover?”

“There’s a ton of murderers, that’s how. I only listen to four different ones, and they barely overlap. This one is about Elmer Conway, also known as the Sewer Doll Killer. What he would do is lure —”

“Nope,” Conner put his finger on her lips. She snapped her teeth at him. “No filling my head with that poison.”

“Afraid you’ll have nightmares?”

“No,” he said, suddenly somber. “It’s all so negative. Who needs all that bad juju in their head?”

Katie pulled off her sweaty shirt and tossed it into the nearby laundry room. She swatted her husband’s playful groping away. “Stop it, I’m sweating like a hog. And, it’s not ‘bad juju’ for everybody. I can compartmentalize it or whatever. Studies show that women like them — murder podcasts, I mean — because it gives us a way to confront the inherent danger of the world without any actual risk. Or something like that.”

“Still, you can have too much of anything. You listen to all that stuff, and you start seeing murderers in everything. Or decapitated corpses or whatever. You should listen to something fun once in a while.”

“Like a bunch of nerds with their totally original take on a DnD podcast?” She scoffed, moving closer to the bedroom and taking off her running shorts.

“Anything that could be contrived as happy thoughts,” he said, patting her sweaty bottom. “Gonna go finish up this show I’ve been watching.”

“Yeah, what’s that about?”

“Zombies. It’s a way of confronting the existentialism of inevitable decay, or maybe a desire for the structures of society to be forcefully broken apart such that we meager peons can

experience some measure of true freedom even if it is hardship. And yeah, it does give me nightmares.” He scooted out of the room before she could do anything other than smirk at him.

Katie went into the bedroom, turned on the shower, and pulled off her sports bra. She was a small breasted woman who had no idea how women with larger breasts could comfortably walk, let alone go for a run. Katie picked up the habit in college, going for runs to clear her head before big exams. She always had a runner’s physique, but once she put it to use, running became a mild obsession. It helped blow off stress from work or when Conner’s playful jibes inched over into annoying pokes. At least two miles a day, usually five, every day since she and Conner married. Podcasts helped make it the perfect zen hobby.

Music helped sometimes, but music came with beats which interrupted her own internal rhythm. The music rarely held her attention either, especially on longer runs. Nor could she trust a general mix of music as it would inevitably throw out some horrid song to make her suffer for three minutes. No, podcasts were better. They let her focus on someone telling her a story or teaching her or actively distracting her. With her mind focused on one of those diversions, her rhythm stayed constant, and the world flowed by her as she ran.

She hopped into the shower and let cold water wash her off. After, she spent a few minutes applying lotion and other self care essentials before putting on a pair of boy shorts and one of Connor’s old t-shirts. If her husband wanted to roll in the sheets, he usually kept hanging around her through the evening. When he left her alone, it meant he wanted to stay up late playing games or watching television. Katie didn’t mind. It gave her the same opportunity. She grabbed her phone, scanned through to the next episode of *Murder Stories, Inc.* and hit play. She shut her eyes and drifted in and out of paying attention as the voice described brutal killings from a half century ago.

Conner came to bed an hour later. He slid in beside her, and his hand gently wrapped around her stomach. After a few seconds, he pulled the earbuds out of her ear while trying to trace the cord back to her phone. “Really? Right before you go to sleep?”

She smiled at him. “I already was asleep. You woke me up, Gropey McGee.”

“Go back then,” Connor leaned over and kissed her forehead. “Dream of being horrendously murdered as a coping mechanism or whatever.”

Katie rolled her eyes at her husband as he rolled away from her. *Maybe he does have a point*, she thought. Rolling to her side, she held her phone close to her nose as she browsed the “Recommended Listening” section of the app. Unsurprisingly, it suggested a lot of the podcasts she already listened to. Near the bottom, though, she found one called “Happy Thoughts”. Though it had no written reviews, it had hundreds of five star ratings and not a single rating below five.

Happy Thoughts is a podcast devoted to making you the best you that you can be, all through the power of mental suggestion. We guarantee that you’ll be hooked after a single

episode as we explore what it truly means to make you a happy thinking person. Start thinking Happy Thoughts.

Katie didn't go for much of the new age, hippie thinking nonsense, but maybe it could be something to break up the heavier subject matter. She subscribed and downloaded the first episode. Pleased with herself for taking a step toward changing her routine, she put her phone down and went to sleep.

After a long Friday at work, Katie put on her running shoes and headed out. She and Connor lived in a nice little neighborhood which had long looping roads with wide sidewalks, perfect for running. Frazzled by work and not exactly wanting to hear about the Jonestown event for the hundredth time, she clicked the *Happy Thoughts* podcast and set off at an even pace.

The first episode began with bubbly, tinkly music. After thirty seconds, a female voice spoke, *"Hello and bienvenue, listeners. I'm so happy you could join me here on Happy Thoughts. Do you know how lucky you are to be you? Of all the trillions and trillions of possibilities for existence, you have climbed out of the chaos to be the only you there is. On Happy Thoughts, we celebrate the you that you are. And we celebrate the you that you can be.*

Let's start by getting to know each other, shall we? My name is Carol. My voice is reaching you thanks to the wonderful gifts of the Happy Thoughts benefactor. I am a thirty four year old woman. I have blonde hair, eyes as blue as crystal lakes, and thin lips. My body is lithe in movement and soft to touch. I have large breasts and a fat ass. This is the ideal me, but the ideal me isn't the ideal you. You'll need to change to become what you want, what those you love want, and what the universe wants. Now, think about what you would change about yourself. Go ahead, I'll give you time."

The woman's voice stopped. The tingling whistling music returned. When she first heard the music, it reminded Katie of bad techno or EDM. As it continued to play, she realized it sounded more and more like carnival music, like a calliope playing a song she couldn't pick out the tune of. *What would I change about myself?* The thought plagued every woman and probably every man. Katie liked her body, but sometimes she didn't like struggling to fill out a dress. She noticed Connor rarely gave her ass much attention during sex either. Sure, during idle passing around the house, he'd give it a slap or a pat, but not during sex. He would grab her hips and jerk her back and forth, but never dive into her ass for a good, wobbly spanking.

The music stopped. Carol's voice returned. She sounded silkier, as if she were evoking an old late night disc jockey. *"Did you find your flaws? We all have flaws, listeners, even me. Why, I don't think I've sucked enough cock in my life. These vocal cords should be coated in cum right now, but alas, I am imperfect. We can always improve. Think with me, if you will, about cute little bunny rabbits. They hop along fuzzy and wonderful. Picture them in your head. Fur like cotton candy mixed with cotton balls. They have little pink noses that wiggle at you when you hold them. Hand them a tiny leaf, and they nibble at its corners. Small, cute bites*

that fill them up oh so quickly.

“Now think of cock. Picture it in your hand. You can see the straining veins throb with anticipation. You are happy because the man is happy. He lives his whole life for the moment that you will touch him again, the moment that your fingers will give him the exquisite pleasure of wrapping around his shaft. Isn't that feeling of power wonderful? The man would do anything to keep this feeling, but you enjoy it too. You enjoy the subtle twitches of his cock in your grip as you move your hand up and down. You know that if you keep it up, you'll be rewarded with the stuff of dreams. His balls will empty out a huge batch of cum for you to do with as you please. You can guzzle it down or rub it on your tits. You love cum. It makes you so very happy.”

The music returned, shrill and floating. When it stopped, Katie was back at her house, sweating from head to toe. The earbuds came out as she looked around, surprised to find her run already finished. She thought only a few minutes passed between the first time she heard Carol's voice and the final note of the strange, entrancing music. She giggled and went inside.

“That was a long one,” Conner said from the couch. “What'd you do? Ten miles?”

Katie thought her husband looked nice sitting on the couch with his legs propped up on the coffee table. She sat down beside him. “I listened to a new podcast. Not about murder or anything. It's called Happy Thoughts.”

“Sounded like you needed it after that long day,” he said. “You're a mess, but you're pretty when you're a mess.”

“How pretty am I?” she asked coyly. She placed her hand on his thigh, sliding up the inseam of his basketball shorts. Her husband's usually quick wit caught in his throat as her hand cupped his balls. Katie felt his cock swelling to attention. “Aren't you going to answer me?” she asked, feigning a large pout.

“You're fucking gorgeous,” he said with a smirk.

Her hand reached under the waistband of his shorts and took hold of his dick. She felt it twitch in her palm as she squeezed it tight. Connor involuntarily grunted. Katie pulled his dick out of his pants, letting his balls rest on the waist's elastic. She looked at the swollen purple head as she moved her hand up and down. “It's nice when you tell me I'm pretty. It makes me want to do naughty things for you,” she said. His dick leaked clear fluid over the head. She put her thumb onto the globule and smeared it around. “Do you like it when I do naughty things?”

“Mmm, yes,” he hissed, barely hiding his disbelief that his wife came in from a run to jerk him off.

“Are you going to cum for me? I do like it when you cum. It makes me think happy thoughts.”

Connor's arm wrapped around her, squeezing her flat butt as his balls emptied. Cum shot up and splattered back down on his shorts. The second pulse oozed out over her hand, running over her knuckles. She stifled another giggle as the warm fluid flowed between her fingers. She leaned over and kissed Connor. "And a happy ending for you. I'm gonna go shower."

She skipped out of the room, cleaned her hand, and began her nightly routine. Connor remained on the couch, covered in his own cum, entirely confused as to what had gotten into his wife.

Katie woke the next morning feeling sore. She never felt sore, least of all in her breasts and ass. Occasionally her shins would hurt or her hips, but those were sharp pains of repetitive stress. The soreness in her breasts and bottom felt more like a deep, stinging bruise that flared and subsided with the slightest move. Fortunately, she knew the best way to deal with such soreness was a good stretch and a nice, easy run.

Connor remained in bed, grunting at her for shaking him around as she hopped out and got dressed. He'd come to bed the previous night acting a little sheepish, as though he'd done something wrong. Whenever he got like that, he tended to snuggle with Katie as some kind of subservient penance. Katie figured he didn't know how to express appreciation for the attention she'd given him. She would have woken him up the same way — something about playing with his cock made her feel a unique sort of high, like a runner's high but without all the running — but the soreness took precedent.

She struggled a bit to get her sports bra on over her tits. She didn't think much of it as she'd used her good bra the night before, leaving her the older, smaller bra. She hadn't grown much in the chest over the years, but not much is still some. Good sports bras have a narrow window for their purpose. It would have to do, she figured, squeezing her small breasts into it. Her running shorts fit a little more snugly, too, but she didn't notice that at all.

Outside, she filled her lungs with the fresh, dewy morning air. The racket of distant lawn mowers and bird calls disappeared as she put in her earbuds. She opened the podcast app and hit play on episode two of Happy Thoughts. The episode began with the peculiar music once again. Katie listened intently as her feet carried her down the path. She could almost, almost hum along to the tune, but every time she got close it shifted out of reach.

"Greetings good, happy listeners! Did you do your homework? Did you like the feeling of his cum rolling over your knuckles? Did you go to the bathroom and lick it clean while he couldn't see you? Think about what it tasted like. Salty, but good. Unique to your man. Heavenly. Delicious. You can taste it now, can't you? Its why your panties are getting so creamy. Hold on to that happy thought. Focus on it.

"Of course, we need more than one happy thought, don't we? Otherwise we'd call it

Happy Thought and not Happy Thoughts. Did you do your other thinking? About what you'd change about yourself? I bet you did because you're a good girl. You thought about big, swollen tits, bursting out of your clothes. You thought about a big round ass, perfect for sliding a cock into. And lips, lips like plums, always glistening and ready to be kissed. They even taste of plums, don't they? So when he kisses you, he can taste you on his lips. He'll know right then what you're for, won't he? To be so easily recognized as a bimbo is good, right? Isn't that a happy idea?"

"Hon?" Connor asked. "Are you alright?"

Katie blinked as the podcast music faded away. She stood on the lowest step of her porch. Connor was behind her in the doorway, a look of concern on his face. She hadn't taken a single step of her run. "Uh, yeah, I'm fine. I was going to go for a run, but..." she turned around to face him. She raised her eyebrows. "I thought we might do something else for cardio this morning."

"Oh hon, I don't want to go to the gym on a Saturday — oh...oh you mean..."

She pushed him into the house, grabbed him by the arm, and dragged him to the bedroom. Playfully, she jerked him onto the bed. He had time to pull off his shirt before she pounced on him. Her breasts ached to be free of the confining bra, and it took no small amount of effort to get them out. Connor gasped when they flopped into view, visibly larger than they'd ever been. Knowing better than to complicate the moment by mentioning a strange fluctuation in his wife's breast size, he grabbed the ample new flesh and squeezed, causing Katie to shiver with pleasure.

Katie pinned him back against the bed, lowered her mouth to his, and kissed. As she did, she wriggled out of her shorts, kicking them off over her running shoes. She did the same with her underwear, noticing only briefly that they were soaked with her arousal. As they broke off the kiss, Connor said, "You have on lip gloss or something? You taste like some kind of fru —"

He cut off as she yanked down his boxers and slurped his cock into her mouth. Her hair fell down around her face as she bobbed up and down the length of his stiff prick. She could taste the faintest hint of dried cum on his dick from the night before. It made her even wetter. It made her breasts ache to be touched. It made her ass crave to be groped and filled. She moaned, deep and primal, as she worshiped Connor's cock. With no other preamble, she straddled him and shoved his length inside her.

Her husband's eyes bugged out with the sudden warm tightness enveloping him. His hands scrambled over her body trying to pull her closer against him in any way he could. "Touch my ass," she said. "Squeeze it, pull it, crave it."

Connor did as she said. His hands moved up her thighs, squeezing and groping until his hands took full grip of her ass cheeks. He realized it even if she didn't. They were bigger. His fingers did not press against the toned muscles of a seasoned runner, but sunk into the squishy

bottom of someone who liked cupcakes a smidge more than she should. It delighted him to feel his fingers press into her flesh, more than he thought it would or should. He loved his wife just as she was, but it didn't hurt to be a little more soft in a few places.

Katie leaned over him, letting her nipples drag against his chest as she bounced her ass up and down on his cock. The feeling of him jerking and twitching inside her as her pussy walls squeezed him brought her the usual delight, but other avenues brought her more scintillating pleasure. Her puffed, swollen nipples on his skin, put there by a swelling of flesh she could actually call tits. Her ass tingling everywhere his fingers groped. The electric feeling of bizarre anticipation as his fingers crawled toward her ass crack again and again. The feeling of his lips against hers. She'd never before truly experienced a kiss. They pressed together, pulled apart, licked, sucked, pressed together again. Her tongue slid against his while her plump lips squished against his.

She was lost in that experience as her first orgasm rumbled slowly over her body. Katie broke off the kiss, snaking her arms under his shoulders, and pressing her forehead against his. He held her in place as she went still, thighs trembling, ass quaking. Gently, he returned to his rhythm, eager for his own completion. As she approached returning to earth, his cock twitched inside of her, coating her womb with cum and sending her back to reeling in wondrous space.

Eventually, she came back down and rolled off her husband, snuggling against him as they fell back asleep. While he snored, she snaked her fingers down to her cum filled pussy and gently played with it while listening to his breathing. She felt happy.

Katie roused several hours later and decided to cook lunch. She felt good as she bounded out of bed and into the kitchen without bothering to put on clothes. She thought she'd make sandwiches. Connor always liked a nice sandwich for lunch, and she did want to please him. As usual, she wanted to listen to something while she cooked. She grabbed her phone, put in the earbuds, and turned on the final episode of *Happy Thoughts*.

The wild, feverish music opened the episode at full volume. Along with it came Carol's voice, *"Let me call you sweetheart, I'm in love with you...Hello again dear listener. Such pretty music, isn't it? Are you being a good girl? Are you sucking cock? Are you getting your ass filled with cum? How about those titties? Are they big, round, and bouncy? Oh, yes. I see, they're coming along nicely. You've been such a good listener, Katie. We're almost done.*

"Today's happy thought is this. You're a slut. A big, bimbo slut who lives to worship cock. Connor's is fine, but any cock will do, really. You need them to be happy. As many as you can find to fuck or suck. It's all that creamy cum that really makes you happy. Nothing gets you off like feeling a cock squirting cum inside you. Anywhere inside you. That's why you have such big titties and such a fat ass. Because big, strong men with fat dicks love to fuck the girl with fat titties and asses. You're going to be so happy, Katie. Now that you don't have to worry about work or running or thinking at all. You only think about serving your husband and getting served in return by every cock you can find. How about some final music to debut the new

you?”

Katie became aware of herself standing naked in the kitchen. As the music picked up in tempo, rising to a whistling, chirping cacophony, she began to change. Her breasts wobbled forward, almost throwing her off balance. Her hands came up to hold them as the flesh quadrupled in only a few seconds. It felt amazing as it pressed into her palms. She brushed a fingertip across her swollen nipple, sending a pure shiver of pleasure through her body. The fat tits had nipples the size of her thumb, and she couldn't wait to have them sucked on.

Her thighs and ass changed, too. Her thighs changed from muscular twigs to thick hocks of flesh yearning to be squeezed or to squeeze a man between. The already swollen ass bubbled out into a shelf of butt flesh. Her asshole winked with pleasure as the pillowy mounds around it grew. Katie let her breasts hang off her chest so she could play with her new butt, squeezing and slapping her cheeks as it continued to grow.

“Holy fuck? Katie? What the fuck is happening to you?”

She turned around to see Connor standing in the bedroom door. “Mmm! Cum!” she snarled, plodding quickly toward him. She wrapped her new, plush body around her husband, wedging his cock between her newly soft thighs. He scooted back, shuffling until his knees hit the bed. She smothered his face in kisses before moving her body up to dangle her new huge breasts in front of his face. “Look, Connor! I have big fat titties now! They make me so happy! Do they make you happy, baby? Suck on them. Look at how delicious those big nipples look.”

“Katie, wait, there's some-pffim—” She cut him off by shoving her breast in his open mouth. He squirmed for a moment before his tongue flicked around the massive nipple, and his cock squirmed against her thighs.

“Mmm, you like sucking titties, but you do you, like, wanna fuck me doggy style? I really always want you to fuck me that way cause you can play with my ass more.” She leaned back long enough to let him breathe, but he couldn't say anything with the blissful look on his face. “Oh, I'm such a ditz. Your dick is still trapped in those silly boxers.” With one smooth motion, she swung her whole body around, hovering her pussy over Connor's face. She dropped down on his mouth, and his tongue pushed into her immediately. Meanwhile, she pulled out his dick and slurped it into her mouth. “Connor, your dick tastes so good. I can't believe how little I've sucked it. That's all going to change now.”

“Mmmphhamppmmmp,” Connor grunted trying to reply. She grinded her pussy against his tongue more fervently as his hands wrapped around her thighs.

“Yep. New house rules. No more clothes when we're at home. That way, you can see my big, round rump jiggle every time I walk around. And you can suck on my boobies while we watch TV together! And your cock will always be out so that as soon as it gets hard, I can put it in my mouth or pussy or butt. Gawd, can you believe you've never even put it in my butt. Gosh.” She punctuated each sentence by adding a new coat of saliva onto his dick. From the

way his cock throbbed under her touch and the fervency with which he lapped at her pussy, she knew he was enjoying himself.

Connor finally worked up the leverage to move his newly plush wife, throwing her off him while she squealed and giggled. “You want to act like a slut, then I’ll treat you like one. Turn around and pull your pussy open for me.”

She did as he wanted, sticking her ass up in the air and jiggling it as her fingers pulled back her wet lips. Connor took hold of her rump and shoved his cock into her wet slit in one motion. He was consumed by lust for his wife, shoving aside any concern about her rapidly changing body. Katie didn’t think about any of it. She only thought about cock and cum and pussy and ass. “Gosh, I wish I had a pussy to lick or a dick to suck,” she mumbled into the sheets as her husband’s thighs slapped against her own.

“God, babe, your pussy is so fucking wet and tight,” Connor said between thrusts. He raised his hand and slapped her ass, leaving a wide hand print. “I don’t know how this happened, but you’re fucking gorgeous. You should see how beautiful your big soft ass looks.”

“Ooo! Do you want to cum on it? Do you want to splash your hot, thick spunk all over my new fat ass?”

“Uhhgh, is that how you want it? You dumb slut? You want to get sprayed by cum all day, don’t you?”

“Mmm, yes, Connor, bathe me in it!”

“Ughgh, ahh—” He pulled his cock out at the last second, thrusting up between her ass cheeks before shooting a rope of cum across the right globe of her ass. The next shot landed directly in her ass crack, rewarding her with the feeling of his cum running down between her cheeks and over her asshole. The third shot splashed on her back and sent her over the edge. She shoved her fingers into her juicy snatch and rubbed her clit with her palm as she came, teasing out electric bursts of delight as she cooed and drooled into the sheets.

Connor dropped down beside her. They both laid in a panting heap while his cum dried on her body. “God, Katie, that was fucking hot as hell. Sorry if you...you know, I don’t mean to call you a dumb —”

“But I am! I’m your dumb bimbo!”

Connor frowned, the sexual fervor passing. “Knock it off, you’re worrying me.”

“Oh, don’t worry, babe. Everything is going to be happy now. Oh! I know.” She hopped off the bed and ran out of the room, a jiggling, wobbling goddess of womanhood. She grabbed her phone from the kitchen. She climbed on top of Connor and pushed the earbuds into his ears as her tit smushed into his face. “Listen to this!”

“Hello and bienvenue, Connor. I’m so happy you could join me here on Happy Thoughts. Do you know how lucky you are to be you?”