

**THE BIMBO
CLAUSE**

Once upon a time....

SPINKY THE ELF SHOWED SANTA HIS NEWEST CHRISTMAS INVENTION. A POTION THAT MADE ANYONE WHO DRANK IT FILLED WITH BLISS AND JOY. AND IF THAT WAS ALL IT WAS, SANTA MIGHT HAVE LIKE IT.

BUT THIS POTION WAS SPLICED WITH A STRANGE NEW VIRUS, WHICH MADE THE POTIONS EFFECT CONTAGIOUS.

NEEDLESS TO SAY,
SANTA DID NOT LIKE IT.

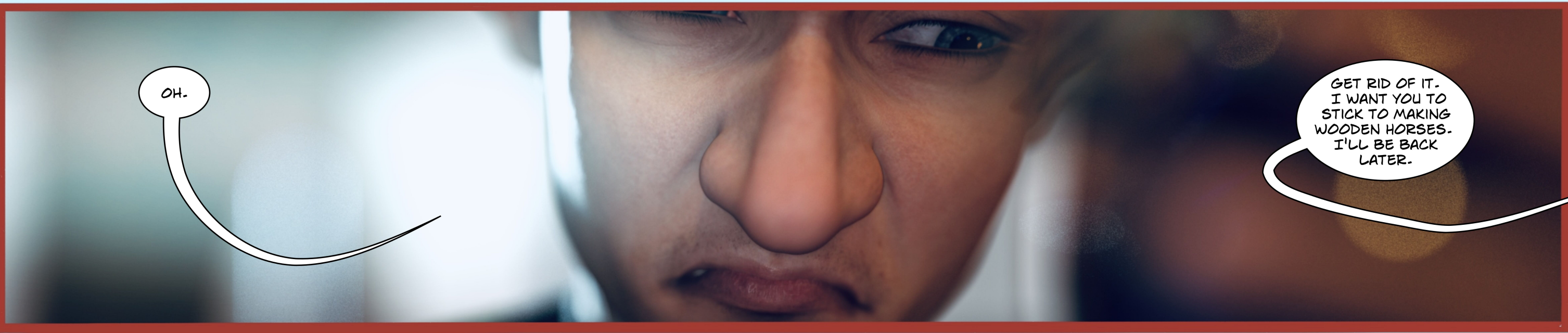




YOU SAID TO FIND WAYS TO SPREAD THE CHRISTMAS CHEER, SANTA. WELL, HERE IT IS!



NO! SPINKY, I'M VERY DISAPPOINTED IN YOU.



OH.

GET RID OF IT. I WANT YOU TO STICK TO MAKING WOODEN HORSES. I'LL BE BACK LATER.

SAD SPINKY. HE SAT IN THAT ROOM FOR ALMOST AN HOUR, TRYING TO FIND THE WILL TO GET RID OF THE POTION.



AND RIGHT WHEN HE WAS ABOUT TO DO IT...

HELLO, SPINKY. DON'T MIND ME. I'M JUST GRABBING MY MAGICAL COOKBOOK.



OH. HELLO.

AWWW. WHAT'S WRONG? SANTA NOT LIKE YOUR INVENTION?



YEAH. WAIT... YOU SHOULD DRINK IT!





GACK!



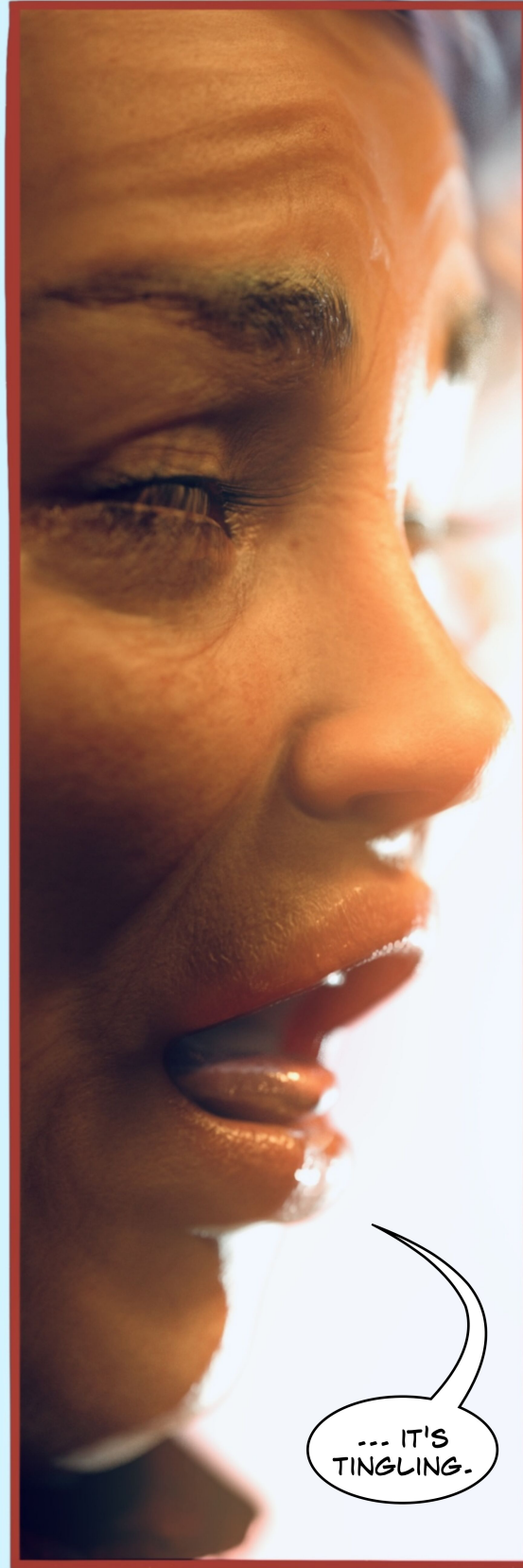
ARE YOU OK?



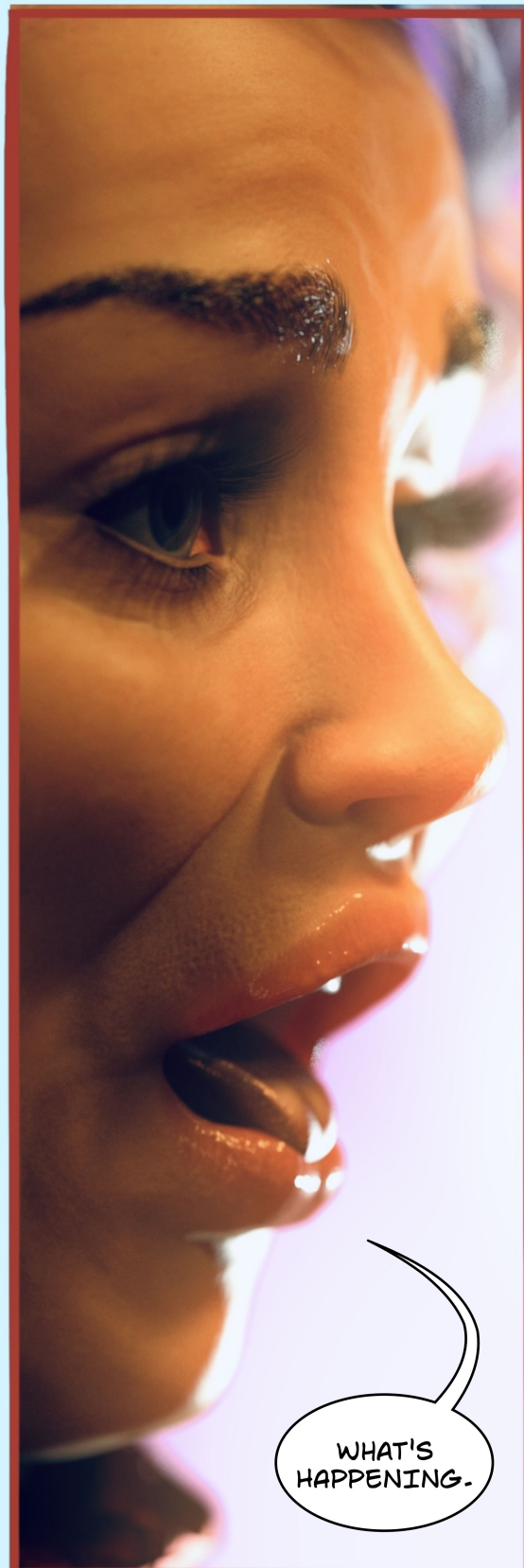
I FEEL FUNNY.



OOOH. MY FACE...



... IT'S TINGLING.



WHAT'S HAPPENING.



OH MY.



YOUR FACE. YOU LOOK SO YOUNG.

YOUNG? OH NO. WHAT WILL SANTA THINK. CAN IT BE REVERSED?

UM. NO.

NO?! SPINKY, YOU SAID THIS WAS JUST GOING TO MAKE ME... FEEL... UM...



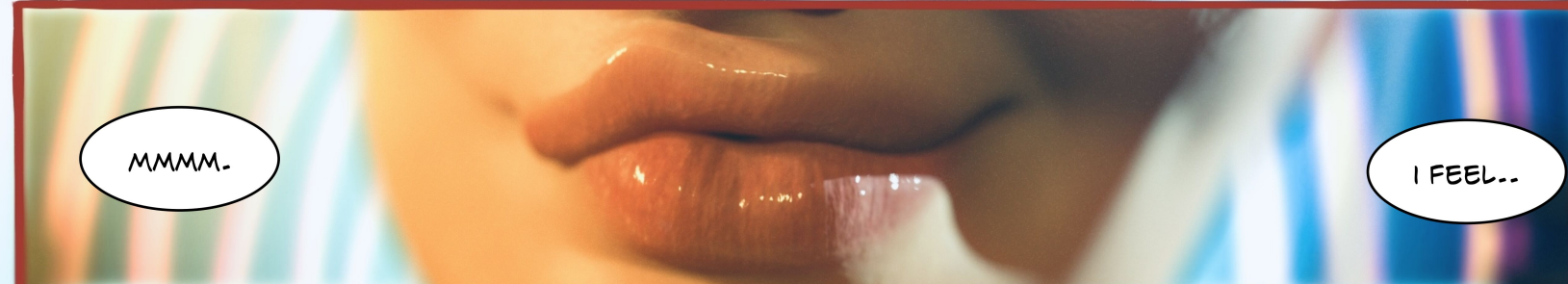
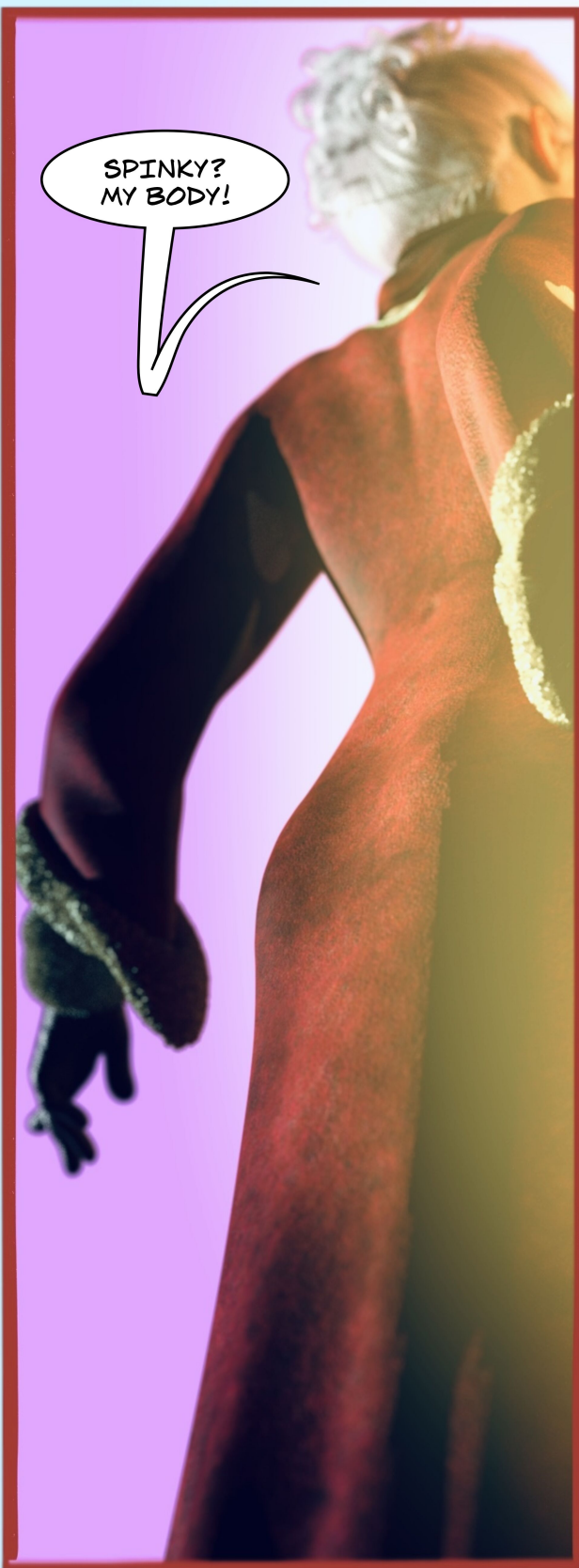
...FEEL. MMMM.



SOMETHING ELSE IS HAPPENING. MY CHEST. I NEED...



... TO PUSH! UNG!





SO
FUCKING
HORNY!



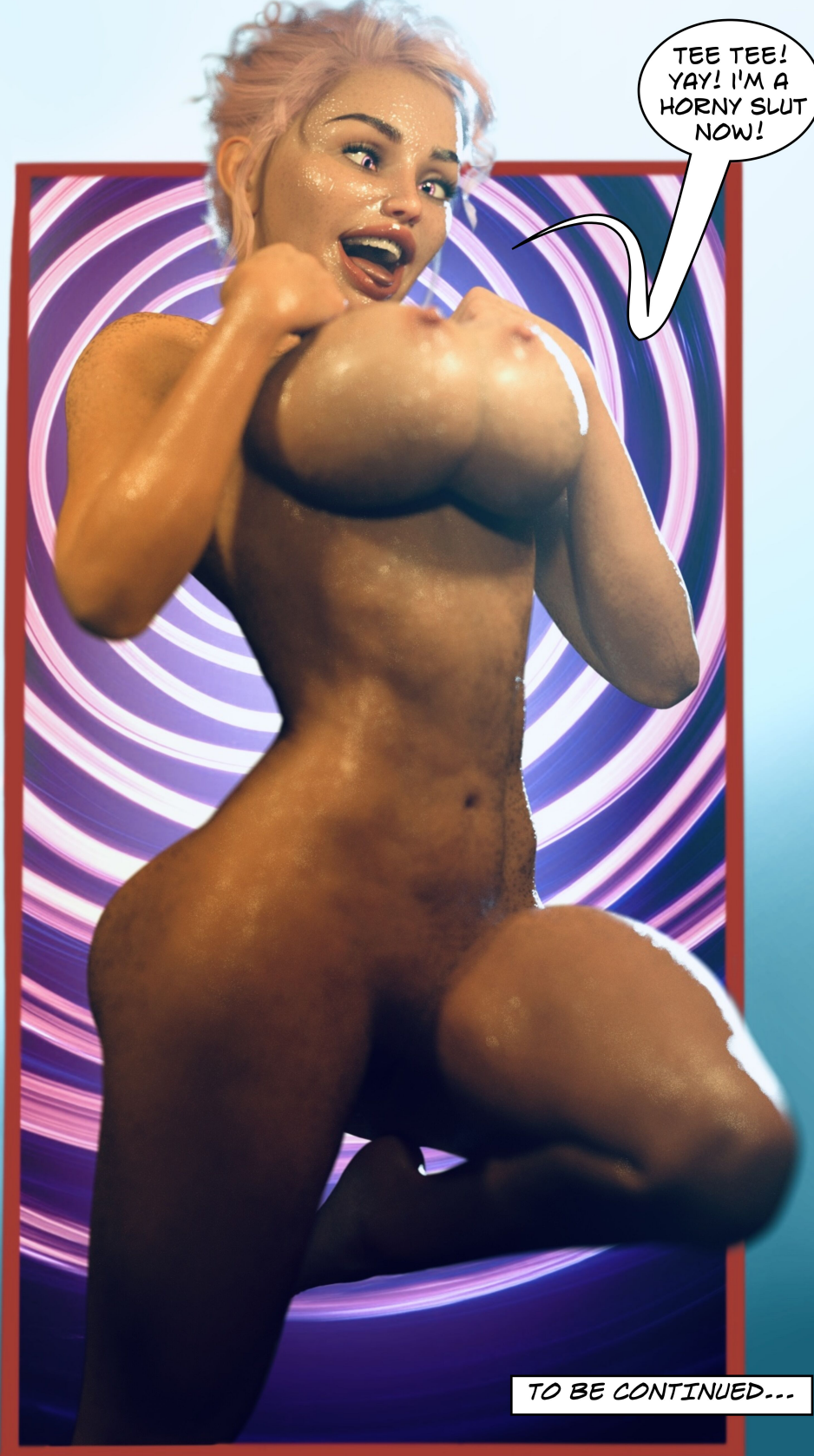
AND HOT!
FUCK!



I
WANNA BE
NAKED.



SANTA IS
GOING TO
KILL ME.



TEE TEE!
YAY! I'M A
HORNY SLUT
NOW!

TO BE CONTINUED...