

# Beach Party (Himbo & Bimbo TF)

By FoxFaceStories

## A Story Tier Prompt for Babjie

*Todd is an introverted nerd who is dragged along on a spring break beach trip by his more rowdy college peers. Among all the partying, he befriends India, a petite and mousy girl in a similar situation. But the magic of Spring Break is more than enough to make them come out of their shells as a true partying himbo and bimbo!*

## Beach Party

Todd wasn't certain he even *wanted* to go down to the beach for a Spring Break celebration, but it was hard to say no when so many of his college peers were likewise messaging about it. He wasn't sure why he'd been added to the group chat - he'd always been fairly shy and introverted, and besides he was a fairly heavy set guy - but in some ways he was grateful that he had been. In older decades others would have teased him or shunned him, but his generation was much more accepting and nice. The invite to the beach barbecue was given out to everyone, and a few people even asked him if he was going, classmates and the like.

In the end, he made the decision to go along, much as he was nervous about it. This was going to be a proper party. Alcohol and no parents and cheap food and an illegal fire pit and dancing and music and all the rest of it. He'd never been to a shindig like that, so he spent a great deal of time trying on different shirts and shorts and anything that might make his pudgier body more flattering. Nothing really helped, alas, so in the end he wore a cheap Hawaiian shirt that hung over his belly, and some khaki shorts. Too late on the way to the beach did he realise he now looked like a Floridan tourist, and his attempt to wrangle his black hair into place had not been successful.

The beach party was in full swing when he arrived; numerous cars were parked together, some blocking others in. It was full of chaos, but thankfully the organisers had chosen a secluded cove that would keep them away from prying authorities. As it was, the atmosphere was overwhelming when Todd strolled onto the sand. Another realisation came too late that he hadn't brought swimwear - not a bad thing, he supposed, given how he'd look embarrassed trying to swim. But he also hadn't brought flip flops, just shoes.

"God, what is wrong with me?" he muttered to himself.

"Hey, Todd!" Aaron called out, one of the party organisers. He already had a beer in hand, and Elizabeth Abbot was clinging to him while wearing a bikini. Lucky guy. "Welcome to the party, man!"

"Th-thanks," Todd said.

“I wasn’t sure if you’d come!”

“Well, um, thanks for the invite.”

“Sure thing! Have a beer and join in. Get on the dance floor or jump in the surf!”

Todd wasn’t sure it was a great idea for people to be drinking *and* swimming, but it was still in the late afternoon and visibility was good, and no one was drunk . . . yet. In fact, most of them were just flirting, dancing to music, or playing volleyball. His eyes wandered over several bikini-clad bodies, and he had to look away. Others might receive a bit of flirtation in response to a peek, but no one wanted Todd to be checking them out. He’d been single for a long while, being a bigger guy who struggled to talk to people.

This was the pattern for the afternoon, even as it bled into the evening. People were having a great time, and a few even tried to include him, but Todd felt completely out of place. He ended up nursing a beer and standing alone, sometimes replying with a few awkward comments when someone asked him if he wanted to join in. Each time he felt like a coward, just standing on the side and being too introverted to participate, hoping the night would end soon. There wasn’t even a corner for him to retreat to; they were on a beach, after all. Instead, he had to watch more people making out, drinking, betting, or even playing drunk party games. The pizzas arrived, and that was just a brief respite for Todd.

Except that as he reached for a nice slice of pineapple-laden pizza, his hand touched someone else’s.

“Sorry!”

“I’m so sorry!”

He pulled back his hand, as did the girl who’d touched his hand. She was a small, petite girl, one he recognised vaguely from college but couldn’t remember the name of. A mathematics whiz who wore thick round glasses and hid beneath her curly brown hair. She was cute, in a mousy kind of way, but obviously as shy as him, because her cheeks were in the same full red bloom as his were.

“S-sorry!” she repeated again. “You have it.”

“No, you have it!” he replied. “L-lady’s first.”

“Oh, okay. Um, thanks!”

She took the pizza, and he took another, less sumptuous-looking, slice. They stood there, eating their pizza, not really knowing what to say to one another. The party was in full swing, and they seemed to be the only two not part of it.

“Um, what’s your name?” Todd asked.

“India,” she replied, brushing her curls behind her ears. “A silly name, I know. Mom was obsessed with naming her kids after countries. I’ve got an older sister named Asia, can you believe it?”

“I - wow. That is kinda funny.”

“Embarrassing, more like.”

“I mean, India’s a really pretty name, I think.”

She blushed again, looking down. “And what’s your name?”

“I’m Todd. Now *that’s* a poor name.”

She giggled. “I don’t know, it’s kind of manly. You study engineering, right?”

“Computing as well.”

“Oh, that’s really cool. Do you often come to these sorts of parties?”

At this, he actually laughed, which somehow took the edge of nervousness off. “Oh, no way! Honestly, I don’t really know what to do here. I’m glad to be invited, but it’s not my scene. I kind of just stand around awkwardly waiting for someone to talk to me.”

India raised her head and looked him in the eyes. She had rather mesmerising, dark brown eyes. “Same,” she said. “I’ve been nursing this one beer the whole night. I don’t even like beer.”

“Me either!” Todd said, confidence growing. “It tastes like bitter water!”

“Exactly!”

They laughed, and something warm settled between them.

“Did you . . . maybe want to keep being alone together?” Todd asked.

India smiled. “I’d really like that.”

It made Todd’s joy surge, and he frankly had no idea what to do with it next. Was he supposed to dance on the sand with her, jumping up and down to the pop music? Was he supposed to invite her to a game of volleyball? Did she bring swimwear? Maybe he’d risk the ocean just to swim with her? Or was it just drinking bitter water infused with alcohol and eating some shitty pizza?

“You know, I don’t really know what to do next,” he admitted.

She laughed lightly again. “Me either, to be honest. I’m not good with . . . this sort of stuff.” India gestured to the partygoers. “I wish I was. I wish I could be into the party for the night. No thought, just be at the centre of it all.”

“Me too,” Todd said. “I wish I could just be one of these alpha bros, just for one night.”

“Ha! And I could be one of those party girls, just dancing and without a single thought about the next day.”

They smiled at one another, amused by their shared awkwardness in such a setting. Todd was about to venture another proposal, that they could walk along the beach and get to know one another better, when suddenly the sky seemed to flash. India saw it too; it was like a strangely brilliant pink hue that overtook the evening sky.

“Did you see that?” he asked.

“I did. Wow. How come no one else did?”

*“WISH GRANTED.”*

The pair of them jumped, not knowing where the ethereal, inhuman voice had come from.

“Did you just hear someone say ‘wish granted’?” Todd asked.

India nodded, concerned. “I did. I even - ugh! Oh God!”

Todd looked with alarm at the woman. “What’s wrong? Are you okay?”

She took a heavy breath. “It’s just . . . my chest. It feels kinda - Nghhh!”

The introverted man was about to ask if she needed help, when suddenly something utterly impossible happened. Right before his eyes, India’s chest *grew*. And by chest, that meant her *breasts*. She was wearing a simple summer dress, one that was rather modest and had a cute blue and white pattern on it, but now her breasts ballooned, stretching the fabric tighter and tighter. She groaned, clutching them.

“Ohhhhh God! They’re g-growing! Mmhmm - Todd, what’s h-happening?”

He didn’t even want to say it, for fear that it would be inappropriate. He was about to suggest that they go get help, when suddenly a pressure in his pants caused him to grunt and double over.

“Ahhh!” he cried. His hands went to his crotch, where suddenly something equally impossible happened: his penis began to *grow*. It extended, thickening as well as it seemingly doubled in size. He’d always been on the smaller side of average, but now he was absolutely packing, and his testicles seemed to have swollen as well. Hell, he was now making an impression against his khaki shorts, which were suddenly not sized appropriately in the crotch.

“Are you okay?” India asked, staring at him. She still had her hands cupping her boobs, which now looked to be a full pair of Double-D’s, where previously she had practically been flat-chested.

“My - uh, I grew as well!”

She covered her mouth, but even as she did, something happened to it. India pulled her hands away in shock, revealing that she now had plump, kissable lips, complete with red lipstick to emphasise their prettiness. Right before Todd’s eyes, her face altered. It was only subtly; she was still identifiably India, but a version of her that didn’t have a little bit of acne nor a need for glasses. In fact, she had to take them right off, revealing perfectly contoured eyebrows.

“My face!” she cried, even as her hair began to grow, falling down her shoulders and becoming glossy and beautiful. It was still quite curly, but now she looked like she’d stepped out of a shampoo ad.

Todd gaped. His own face was changing - his jaw becoming squared, his chubby cheeks thinning, his wispy facial hair becoming an attractive black goatee. Even his hair became tousled and handsome. His eyes were on India’s tits, and for some reason that’s

how he thought of them: not as breasts, but as 'tits.' A damn impressive pair too, now that her cleavage was on display. Wait, how was that the case? Her clothing was changing! It was becoming more showy by the second!

India gave an 'eep!' sound. "We have to, like, tell someone!" she cried. It was a miracle no one had noticed. "Someone, help us! Something's happening to our bodies!"

It was Francis who was nearby, and he just raised a beer in tribute. "Yeah, you're getting into the party, girl! Come join us! We hope you brought a bikini, India! We all wanna see you in it. Todd most of all, I bet!"

Todd himself was too busy squirming, struggling as his stomach began to pull in. His limbs burned, but it was a good burn, like years of gym work coming at once. He grunted loudly, but no one seemed to notice, as if the magic that was changing them made it impossible for anyone to see what was going down. Instead, he could only experience his transformation into a seriously buff guy, his biceps swelling, his thighs becoming muscled, his abs becoming, well, a damn impressive six-pack.

"India! I don't th-think anyone else can s-see!"

"But, like, why is this happening to us?" she replied, her voice now possessing a valley girl twang to it.

"The wishes. We, ahh, totally made a wish to be an alpha bro and a party girl! Now I think we're, you know, becoming them!"

India gasped. Her height rose a couple of inches, and her body gained an hourglass shape. Her summer dress was getting sluttier by the second, a hem so short that it showed off her bikini bottoms. The dress was also white, and more than a little transparent, so that her pink bikini underneath. Her hips spread, causing her to moan in pleasure, and Todd joined her seconds later, puffing as his body achieved a handsome, Adonis-like quality.

But that wasn't all. Not only was Todd gaining the body of an alpha bro, but his mind was undergoing changes as well. He could *feel* the synapses in his brain altering, various new connections forming and others dropping away. A sense of confidence hit him like a truck, a desire to actually join in on the festivities around him; to crush the opposition at volleyball, to dance like a madman to the beats, to drink and be merry and shower everyone with compliments. He wanted to let ladies feel his muscles, to make new friends and give well-wishes. He wanted to just *be* the party, and feel all the good vibes.

"I think, you know, my brain is making me vibe with this radical party," he said, voice now deeper.

India nodded, her curly hair bouncing, and her chest bouncing noticeably with it. She was already removing her dress to strip down to her bikini, which elicited a cheer from the nearby men who had been looking forward to this.

"I'm, like, totally feeling like suuuuch a bimbo," she said. "I can't explain it, but it's like I'm just suddenly really, like, *really* wanting to party and have a good time."

She stepped closer towards Todd, and he found his own nervousness was gone. Here was a ten out of ten hot woman, and he had the awareness that he was now just as hot. He smiled at her, feeling giddy to be in her presence, and he openly checked out her hourglass body and how well she filled out her bikini.

"I mean, we can totally have a good time, still, right?" Todd asked. "Together?"

She giggled, and it was a light, airy sound. She moved in such a way to deliberately let her boobs bounce, and it caught his attention. She placed her hands on his chest, pressing herself against him.

"Like, that sounds totes the best idea ever. And I bet we can have, like, lots of fun after the party too, right?"

They giggled together, the himbo and the bimbo respectively. Neither were sure if they would turn back at the end of the night, or if this was going to be them now forever, but thanks to their altered mental states and the vibe of the party, neither cared one iota about how things would go. Todd took India by the hand, stripping off his own shirt so that he was just in his swimming shorts, and they began to dance to the music. They drank their beers quickly and grabbed more, and soon they were the life of the party, dragging up others to dance and raising the mood of the party to the stratosphere. India even danced up against some girls, laughing all the while and telling them how goddamn sexy they were, while Todd joined in on the volleyball game and easily cruised his team to victory, though he made sure to high-five every member of the other team for their valiant efforts. It was only a brief separation, though. He and India couldn't keep away from each other, nor keep their hands off of each other. The energy in the air was infectious, and the pair became drunk and joyful, revelling in their strong and curvy bodies, respectively. They "hardcore made out", as they would now put it, but it wasn't enough. Soon the two had to sneak off to their own private area of the beach, to take full advantage of their bodies.

"Ohhhhh, yes! F-fuck me, Todd! Fuck me with your sexy, muscly body! And play with my big, juicy tits! They're, like, totally super sensitive now!"

"Fuck, you've got great tits," he replied, sucking on them and then fondling them. He pushed into her, thrusting as she gripped his muscular butt. "I'm so glad we, you know, changed and everything!"

"M-me too! I f-feel so fucking hot! Ohhhh, this is the b-best sex ever! You're so big, Todd! Your dick is huge!"

"And you're so wet and tight, babe! I'm gonna take you there first, okay?"

And he did. He held off until she came loudly and joyfully, thrashing as she was hit with numerous powerful orgasms. That was the thing; Todd may have become an alpha bro,

but he was also a loveable golden retriever of a himbo now. Only once she had experienced her pleasure did he allow himself to cum inside of her. And it was a *lot* of cum. He was quite the ample and virile lad now, and it only made for an even better orgasm. They kissed passionately in the aftermath, moaning into one another's mouths from the sheer ecstasy of their new bodies coming together.

When they returned, obviously having had a ton of blissful sex, they received a cheer from the drunk party goers. In response, the pair gave a bow.

"Now the party's really taking off!" Todd bellowed.

India giggled and clutched her new man, uncaring about what a sexy bimbo she'd become. Todd felt the same, putting an arm around her and kissing her passionately before the raucous crowd. Whether he changed back or not, he had a feeling that he and India were destined for each other.

One thing was for sure, It was the best damn beach party he'd ever been to.

**The End**