

Help, I'm Stuck in a Porno! (Man to Bimbo TG)

By FoxFaceStories

A Commission for AI

Eric is a total porn addict, to the point that it destroys all of his relationships with women. While watching a particularly passionate porn film, Eric wishes he could experience some of the sexy situations within it. Unfortunately for him, the Movie Genie overhears this wish and is happy to grant it, by making Eric the bimbo hottie who can't help but end up in situations that end in sex with men!

Help, I'm Stuck in a Porno!

Heidi was angry, and was making that fact very clear on the phone to Eric. He cringed as she outlined all his failings as a boyfriend.

"Look, it's just something I occasionally indulge in!" he explained in an exasperated manner. "It's not like I'm an addict or something!"

"You are totally an addict, Eric! You're a massive porn addict, and it's killed this relationship."

"Don't be ridiculous! It's not that bad at-"

"Not that bad? Not that BAD!? Eric, you couldn't even get it up half the time because I wasn't one of your blonde bimbo bombshells with no brains and tits the size of my own head! When you made me cum that one time, you started fucking complaining that I wasn't squirting all over the place or screaming at the top of my voice!"

Eric blushed, and was glad she was not present in the room with him. "Look, I know I screwed up, but that was one time!"

"You started calling me a 'dirty whore' and talking about my 'ultra wet needy pussy' when I wanted to make love. Who the fuck talks like that in the bedroom? Who talks like that at all? I'll tell you who; someone whose brain has been rotted away by porn. You've got porno brain, Eric."

He made a scoffing sound, despite knowing how absolutely true her words were. "That's going a bit far, don't you think, Heidi? Look, all guys watch porn. All of them! I'm just more honest about it. Besides, it was just a little bit, and-"

"Don't fucking lie to me, Eric. I thought we had a good thing going, but I've seen your search history. You should try deleting it more often. Backdoor Sluts? Lemon-Grabbing Hookers? Stepsister Fetish 3? Hot Secretaries and Hot Stewardess Crossover Episodes? These are all fucking titles! I looked them up; they've all got these stupid, big-titted bimbo types getting railed in ridiculous situations. No wonder you wanted to do me against the

laundry machine that one time and pretend I got my head stuck in it. God, it's all so humiliating now."

Eric began to sweat. He really should have deleted his search history. A prior girlfriend had caught on that way too. Another had simply walked in on him jacking it off to porn where a taxi driver fucks a needy blonde to help her get where she was going. And now yet another girl - quite a pretty red-head at that - was dumping him.

"Maybe if we talk about this. I can change! So maybe I watch a bit too much porn. But won't it be better if we work this out like an adult couple?"

"Oh no. I've seen what an 'adult couple' does in your filthy fetish films. You can stay alone and enjoy them. From now on, I'm blocking you. Good riddance."

"Yeah, well for someone who won't let me call her a whore bitch in the bedroom, you're sure acting like one now!"

She ended the call, and moments later he couldn't even call her back; he truly was blocked. Eric threw the phone across his bedroom.

"Damn it! Fuck. If only I'd deleted my internet history. Stupid, stupid, stupid."

Not once did he entertain the idea of withdrawing from porn at all. In fact, his immediate thought was to cheer himself up with some. He knew he was fairly average looking; his black hair was thin and his features ordinary. The only reason he was able to get girlfriends at all was because he was able to put on the charm and make a big show of being a loving gentleman . . . until his porn addiction ruined everything. Still muttering frustrations at his now-ex girlfriend ending things with him over such a 'trivial hobby', he opened up the secret compartment below his bed and pulled out the case of VHS tapes that he stored for just such an occasion. Eric gazed lovingly at the various titles of his favourite blonde bimbo porn movies, including their ridiculous covers and titles.

Hot Sex at the Laundromat

Backyard Bimbos

Stripping Secretary

Sexy Stewardess: Mile High Club

Farmer Fucking Blonde Hotties

And more. So many more. He stroked his fingers across their covers, and then, on a whim, decided to take the entire case out to the living room. There, he picked *Raunchy Affair with the House Nympho* from the pack and put it into the vintage VHS player he possessed. He returned to the living room with the various porn films beside him, ready for a steamy marathon. On his other side was a tall glass of water, a tissue box, and some lube. All in all, enough for a good time. Not a quick one, though. In fact, it took him longer and longer to cum watching this stuff lately.

“Not because I’ve got porno brainrot,” he muttered to himself. “It’s just because it’s so fucking tiring having a girlfriend. That’s all.”

He told himself this excuse over and over as he pressed play, and the flickering screen turned to the low-production set of the porn film. The actress was a big-chested blonde, just the way Eric liked them, with lovely blue eyes that looked totally vacant of intelligence, and a valley-girl drawl to her voice that only added to the bimbo image of it all.

“Fuck yeah,” he said, observing her moving to answer the doorbell, her tits wobbling in her tiny little crop top, her skirt so short you could see part of her ass hanging out. “Heidi hasn’t got *those* curves.”

“Oh, hello! Thank you sooooo much for, like, delivering this milk. Mhm! It’s soooo delicious. I love the taste of milk in the morning.”

“Not a problem, ma’am. Wow, you are good looking.”

“Aww, you’re a sweetie! But I’m married hun, and - oh! Look at that, I’ve spilled milk all over me. I better wipe it off before - oh shoot! Now I’ve spilled some on you, too! Let me just rub that off.”

“Hey now! That’s a sensitive place.”

“Oh, I’m so stupid! I need to undo these buttons before it spills down my chest. Come inside and help me wipe myself down, will you? My husband isn’t home, so it’s not a problem. I’m sure nothing . . . naughty will happen.”

The dialogue was bad, the delivery even worse, and yet the horniness of it all, the blatant lead in to the hunky man fucking the wanton blonde bimbo, was all too arousing for Eric. This kind of contrived scenario was the *only* sort of thing that could get him up these days, though it still took a lot of effort to actually reach climax.

By the time the bimbo and the massively hunky milkman were going at it, Eric already had his hard dick in a death grip, rubbing up and down his shaft and practically killing the nerve endings in his member just to chase the hint of a taste of pleasure.

“That’s it,” he muttered as he pumped himself. “Fuck her. Fuck that sexy bimbo. Make her cry out for more like the naughty, sexy creature she is. Fuck, I wish I could be in a situation like that! I wish I could experience all these hot pornos up close and personal!”

Suddenly, both performers stopped in the middle of their act. They were covered in milk, him sucking on her tits as he fucked her on the living room floor. Both naked individuals looked directly at the screen, and it was enough to make Eric lose focus on his member.

“Uh, that’s not how this is supposed to go,” he murmured.

“Like, I’ll handle this, sexy milkman!” the bimbo blonde said. She then shoved the milkman back and stood upright, dusting herself off. Well, more like swiping the excess spilled milk off. Then she adjusted her hair, and began walking towards the camera.

“What the fuck? Is this an outtake?” Eric said, grabbing the remote to check the tape. “Did I forget to rewind it?”

But the remote wasn't working, not even to shut the TV off, which made it all the more shocking and unexpectedly frightening when the half-naked woman stepped *through* the TV and out into reality, hopping over the bottom of the screen like it was a mere hurdle, and grabbing the upper half like it was a bar to crawl under. She entered reality, still flickering a little, the VHS spots and pixelly granules showing up on her very real flesh.

“Hiya, hot stuff!” she declared, bending over so that her milk-covered tits nearly escaped her blouse, which was almost completely unbuttoned. She adjusted her skirt, which had been raised to show her genitalia, and giggled. “Sorry, I'll try to go a little more PG. Or perhaps PG-13. How are you, like, doing, Eric?”

Eric screamed. What else was there to do when a naked blonde bombshell steps out of your television and stands right in front of you like a living reel of film?

The woman just giggled. Candy was the character's name, but he wasn't sure *what* this creature was.

“Who - *what* are you?”

Another giggle, one that caused her boobs to wobble and nearly escape her shirt. It only made him more aware of his massive erection, and he moved to cover it.

“Oh, don't bother! I'm, like, a visual representation of your hot porno fantasy, right? But I'm not *really* this bimbo, not to worry! I'm actually a genie!”

Eric's eyes widened. “A - a genie?”

“Yes, silly! A real magical genie! Specifically, you can call me the *Movie Genie*. A lot of genies have lamps and bottles and stuff, but I have *electrical signals*, ones tied to fun vids and films. Sometimes it's horror, sometimes it's action and romance and adventure, and other times it's, well, sexier, smuttier stuff like the ones you're watching now!”

Eric could barely keep up with this. “You're a genie . . . in my porno?”

“In a *lot* of pornos, but I don't often jump out like this! But I was, like, surfing the waves of your content and I couldn't help but totes hear your super amazing wish you just made, you hot hunk of a man!”

“My wish?”

She giggled again, putting a finger to her teeth and cocking her hips to one side. It was enough to make his still-hard cock throb.

“You're such a hot tease!” she exclaimed, lowering herself to crawl along the coffee table so that her big boobs hung from her chest like overripe fruit. She placed her hands on his naked legs - he'd elected to go pantless - and grinned as she looked up at him. Her face was so very close to his erection. “You wished you could be in situations like you just watched! Like your entire catalogue of hot, hot, sexy, hot films, didn't you, mister? Well, what

if I told you I could totes grant that wish? I could let you experience all the hottest, naughtiest, sluttiest, dirtiest porno plotlines in the world, and experience, like, the most pleasure imaginable. Wouldn't that be a treat, ya hot hunky boy, you?"

Eric gulped. If this was real, and he wasn't dreaming - which he hadn't entirely ruled out yet - then that sounded . . . *amazing*. Somehow, a genie had heard his desires, and he now had the opportunity to live them out just as he fantasised. Or even better!

"Wow," he said, gulping a little as she drew herself up close to him, her breasts almost pressing against his chest through the thin fabric of her open blouse. "That sure would be something. I mean, I just got dumped."

"She doesn't understand, like, what a guy like you needs, does she? You need to experience blonde bimbohood. You need to experience big sensitive tits, thick delicious thighs, and curves that never stop making you cum. That's what you deserve, isn't it, Eric? Just say the word, and I'll grant your super duper hot wish. Mhmm."

Eric couldn't resist it. She was right. If this truly was a genie offering his ultimate fantasy, then there was no time to lose. What if he held out too long asking little clarifying questions and then she vanished before he could get what he wanted? There were so many stories like that - he was pretty sure he'd seen some in pornos!

"I want you to grant my wish!"

She licked her lips. "That you get to experience all the porno plotlines you've got and more? All the hottest, sexiest, dirtiest bits with curves and tits and a sensitive pussy and-"

"Yes, yes! All of it! Please! Grant it! I deserve it!"

She grinned, and something twinkled in her eye. "Yes, you totes do, Eric. You totes do deserve *all of it*. Your wish is granted!"

Eric beamed . . . straight into the television. Yes, his smile was frozen on his face, turning into a rictus grin of terror as his large television screen began to warp and twist and become something like a rectangular black hole, bending light around it and pulling him inevitably towards it.

"Um . . . what's happening!?"

"Silly goose!" the sexy Movie Genie exclaimed. "You can't experience a world of porn without being *inside of it*, right? I'm sending you to a funny, sexy, steamy dimension with, like, porn logic! Trust me, you're gonna super totes LOVE IT!"

She cheered, jumping up and down so that her breasts jiggled hypnotically. Too bad for Eric that he literally couldn't turn his head. He tried to pull himself away, struggling against the magnetic force of the television.

"Wait! I mean - I didn't expect - can I take my wish back? I still want to live and -"

"Bye bye now! Teehee!"

The strength of the television increased, and it literally *pulled* Eric off of his feet so that he flung headfirst into the television. Eric clenched his eyes shut, expecting to shatter the glass painfully, but instead he passed *through* the skin and began hurtling through a strange pixelated void.

“Oh God! AAAAGHHHH!”

He tumbled head over heels, hurtling through this strange technicolor expanse. Visions flung past him, rectangular screens that were *literal screens*. Some were old televisions from a different age, others looked utterly futuristic. Some appeared Japanese or American in make, others he could barely recognise. In one, a gorgeous classical beauty with torn clothing held herself against a handsome military man, the pair hiding from an enormous kaiju roaming the streets. The scene was in black and white, and looked utterly fake. For just a moment, the beautiful dame turned, looked *through* the screen, and suddenly *winked and waved, seeing Eric as he fell*.

“Help me!”

“Sorry darling! I’ve got my own narrative to fulfil!” the woman yelled. “I guess the movie genie got you, huh? Best of luck!”

Eric had a million questions, but had no time to ask even one of them as he continued his descent (or was it ascent? This place had no up or down!) towards one screen in particular. He passed so many other film genres - western, gothic horror, swashbuckling pirates, globetrotting adventure - but the screen he was heading for was . . . pink. Pink, with a scene of an ordinary living room in the centre. The closer Eric hurtled towards it, the more his body began to feel . . . strange. Odd pressures like an invisible massage began to manifest across his body, and soon he was groaning and clutching himself, the alien sensations rising to a fever pitch.

“What, like, the hell!?” he cried, only the voice that escaped his throat was one that sounded more like a valley girl than a man in his twenties. “The fuck? Why do I sound like a totally hot chick!?”

He soon got his answer. Even as the screen grew closer, his body began to shift and change at a nightmarish speed. His limbs thinned, and his body hair fell away. His shirt pulled up, becoming a thin cotton pyjama top, pink in colour, that exposed his entire midriff and seemed very feminine in design. His pants similarly shrunk, becoming short and *tight*, and that tightness only increased as his ass swelled into a beautiful bubblebutt. When his hips spread further - an alien feeling to experience - and his waist pinched in, what was happening finally became obvious, especially as he beheld his smooth, shapely legs and trim stomach.

“Movie Genie!” he yelled in his bimbo-sounding voice. “Like, help me out here! This isn’t what I wished for! I - ughhh - didn’t wish to become, like a girl! I don’t want this!”

But the changes continued; his black hair pulled out from his scalp, becoming long and voluminous and almost platinum blonde in colour, long enough to fall below his shoulder blades. This was accompanied by a series of shifting alterations to his facial structure; the transforming man grunted and moaned as his jaw became rounded, his nose button cute in shape, and his cheeks seemed to gain a little more fat on them, giving him a very beautiful look on his face; not that he knew it yet.

“This isn’t f-fair! Talk to me! I don’t want - don’t put me in there!”

The screen was so close now, perhaps less than a hundred feet away. The soon-to-be-woman cried out as he felt his member pull back into his body, sliding inside of him. “N-no! I don’t want, like, a dripping wet pussy! Ohmigod, why am I talking like such a slut!? Why do I - oh no! No, don’t give me big, sensitive - MMMHHM!”

A pair of big, beautiful breasts *exploded* from Eric’s chest at the exact same moment that his tunnel formed. They stretched the very limitations of the revealing pyjama top the new woman wore, threatening to spill out over the top. They were enormous and heavy, and due to the former man’s freefall they pulled up towards his collarbone, making them look even *bigger* despite already being larger than overripe cantaloupes.

“What is h-happening to meeeeeee!?” he cried, just as he reached the television screen of the pink TV and fell through it.

She cried, might be a better way to put it.

Eric had just turned into a blonde beauty with the kind of curves that would perfectly suit a porno, and she was about to find out exactly how that was going to play out.

Erika woke with a fog in her brain. Something was really wrong, and it was making her *mega* confused. She clutched the coffee table in her living room and moaned, holding her throbbing head in one hand.

“Like, was that some kinda funny dream?”

She halted as she heard her own voice, and alarm bells went off. Very slowly, the former male looked down and was presented with a view that she remembered seeing just before she passed through a gigantic pink television and blacked out: a humungous pair of tits that were, impossibly, all natural.

“Ohmigod,” she said. She stood quickly, stumbling on her feet just a little. It was enough movement to make her new boobs wobble heavily upon her chest and tug at her shoulders and upper back, informing her of their sheer weight. “Why do I have huge boobies?”

She cupped them in her hands, then bit her lip and shuddered at the feeling. They were unnaturally sensitive, and even more so because she accidentally touched her nipples. They stiffened against the cotton fabric of the little pink pyjama top, yearning for more.

“No! No! This is, like, this is impossible!”

She quickly inspected the rest of her body. It was still human, still largely the same in so many respects, and yet becoming a mega hot and curvy blonde was still utterly foreign. Her hair was long and constantly running over her shoulders and back as she moved, and she had to blow it out of her vision several times. Her hips were wide, altering her centre of gravity, and her butt also bounced with her movements; she had the kind of ass that Erika had regularly masturbated to. The new woman plunged a hand down her tight pyjama bottoms and instantly moaned.

“Ohhhhh, that’s, like, a super sensitive pussy! Mhmm!”

She pulled her hand back. Why did it already feel wet? Why was she fucking horny?

“Wait, why am I, like, thinking of myself as a total chick? My name isn’t Erika, it’s Erika! No, I mean it’s Erika, a really slutty girl who just moved into the neighbourhood. I mean - fuck!”

She gazed around her surroundings. It was an ordinary living room of an ordinary suburban home. Nothing too flashy, but not too shabby either. Far more than the real her could ever afford. She didn’t appreciate that there was a dildo sitting on the coffee table, however, or the poster of a shirtless guy posing in a field. The latter almost made her drool a little.

“Mhmm, those shoulders: *yummy!* I bet he’s got a super big cock too. Nice and hard and - ewwww! What am I saying!?”

It was like a series of sexual thoughts had just invaded her brain. Something was definitely wrong with her mind: it was more . . . spontaneous than before. She felt *silly*, perhaps even empty-headed. She closed her eyes and tried to think of some old maths equations back from her days of study, and it seemed like a foreign language to her. The same was true of her work as an engineer. She *knew* it was, like, complicated and super important and was about designing stuff, but what exactly did they *do*?

“Ohmigod, that stupid Movie Genie! She’s made me, like, a total bimbo! I need to see myself!”

She ran in a rather dainty way through the house until she found a bathroom. Her tits bounced heavily the whole time, threatening to escape their straining confinement. Her hair swished behind her, and she literally couldn’t help but thrust her chest out a little, as if a camera was taking in all of her movements. She’d seen busty porno girls move like this in their narrative scenes, and it humiliated her to realise she was doing the same now.

Not as humiliating, however, as seeing how much she had changed when she finally stood before a mirror. Erika panted, which only had the effect of making certain ample parts of her rise and fall prominently, enhancing the sultry image before her. She looked *exactly* like the goddamn Platonic ideal of a busty bimbo from one of her porno movies, not that she understood what 'Platonic ideal' meant anymore. Her face was utterly beautiful and sensual, with lips perfect for kissing . . . and for sucking hard cocks. Her eyes were baby blue and innocent looking, but not in a chaste way, more as if this was the kind of woman who pursued sexual pleasure free of any doubts or insecurities about it. They were really big eyes too, very expressive, and they radiated anxious concern at the moment.

"Fuck! I look, like, a total supermodel! The hottest bimbo ever! Ugh, and I've got an hourglass to totally die for! Ugh, this is soooo unfair! Why did you put me here, Movie Genie!?"

She couldn't figure it out. Perhaps the male her could have, but her brain was too damned *bimbo* now. Nothing made sense, and she couldn't stop touching her own body even as it drove her mad.

But then she turned, and literally squealed like a girl at the sight of a gigantic television monitor taking up space where the door and walls of the bathroom should have been. On the other side was the Movie Genie, looking like a busty blonde as well. For just a moment, Erika giggled.

"Wow, I'm, like, even hotter than you! And my tits are bigger!"

But then it hit her, and she blushed a deep shade of scarlet.

"Stupid bimbo thoughts! That wasn't me! Why did you do this?"

The woman on the other side tapped the glass of the 'screen.' "*You totally wished for it, that's why!*"

"No I didn't! I just wished I could be in a world of, like, porn situations like the one I was watching and stuff!"

"And you didn't, like, notice the details of the living room? I guess you've got total porno brain now, teehee! Don't worry, it'll all make sense! Just remember you didn't, you know, specify if you wanted to be the man or the woman in your porn plots, so I gave you a bit of added flavour! Have fun with all the fucking in your new dimension! This place runs on porn logic! You're gonna super love it. And so will all your audiences! Your universe is totes gonna leak into your old one in the form of new DVDs and streams! Hope you enjoy being famous in another dimension, but you might not care with how hot this place is. Have fun! Later, bitch!"

She said it in that familiar, friendly way that bimbos like them would. But even with her bimbofied brain, Erika got the sense that the Movie Genie was much, much smarter than she was letting on. She probably didn't even really look like that.

The television screen faded, leaving the hallway outside intact once again. Erika exited it slowly, sauntering down the hall to the living room, her hips swaying from side to side despite her best efforts to walk in a more manly fashion.

"It's like my body has to move like a total hottie," she said to herself. "Oh God, does this mean I'm trapped here for, you know, the rest of my life? What did she mean about porn plots?"

Suddenly, there was a series of dings. It took her a moment to realise that it was the sound of her front door bell ringing. Erika swallowed. She wouldn't answer it. She couldn't. She needed to figure out how to escape this place and get back to her body and not be so dumb and foolish and-

And she was already moving towards the bell as it rung a second time, because it would be *totally* rude to leave someone waiting, and besides, what if it was, *like*, super important, right? By the moment she realised she'd just given into a dumb impulse, she'd already opened the door and was giving a beaming, nervous grin to the person on the other side of it.

"Oh . . . shit," she said.

It was the milkman. The very handsome, very muscular milkman in his traditional white outfit and white hat, his bulging muscles straining against his boyish uniform. He held up a glass of milk, as if he'd leapt out of the fifties.

"Milk delivery!" he said, his voice a low baritone.

Erika gulped. The genie was right; she was experiencing this from the female side, and all the womanly parts of her body were responding to this man's presence.

"Um, I, uh . . . thank you for delivering this milk!" she managed to chirp. "I'm, uh, super duper thirsty. Really. So this is, like, sooooo appreciated. I'll just take it now and head inside quickly and-"

The man's hand flung to the door, stopping her from closing it. The way he posed against the doorframe was doing things to her. There was a heat in her loins that was not at all like the sensation of an erection. God, it was so damn wrong and yet it felt . . .

"Sorry to ask this," he said. "But do you mind if I step inside for just a moment? I just need a tall drink of water after being in the heat for so long."

Another gulp. Erika hovered, trying to say no, but it was such, like, a reasonable request, right? And besides, he did look a little sweaty. The hot kind of sweaty.

Her budding horniness won out, and she opened the door. "Come on in, Mr Milkman!" she announced. "You're a tall glass of water yourself."

His eyes roamed her form appreciatively, gazing down at her immense cleavage. She blushed and moved to cover herself, but did a poor job of it.

"Um, I'll get you that glass of water."

She moved to the kitchen, and because she was aroused, she didn't even stop to think before making a big show of letting her ass sway. She reached into the bottom draw to get a glass - who puts the glasses in the bottom draw in anything other than a porn movie? - and wiggled her butt as she did so.

"Mmhm," the man said. "You must be new to the neighbourhood. I'd remember a hot, stacked woman like you."

She bit her lip and giggled nervously as she filled his glass of water. "Um, I am. My name is Erika. I'm new in the area . . . and totally single. I've been looking for a hot, hot man to make me happy."

Her brain freaked out. Those weren't her words at all! Her mouth had spoken them on some kind of narrative autopilot!

She turned, and found the milkman was very, very close.

"I'm Derek," he said. He placed the milk crate on the kitchen top, then took the glass she offered and downed it quickly. "Mind if I take my shirt off. Still feelin' really hot."

"G-go ahead, Derek," she said. She was breathing heavily. She felt a need to free her tits. It was porn logic, she knew; totally stupid and contrived and hot and-

His shirt was off. She stared at him. He stared at her.

"Want some milk?" he asked, grabbing a bottle.

She took it instantly, opening it. She needed something to cool her down. Something to satisfy her senses before this crazy new arousal she had made her do something-

"Stupid!" she cried, as she spilled milk all down her front. It soaked into the thin material of her top, making her nipples soaked and all the more obvious against the material, outlining all of her bosom so that the material was practically sheen.

"Ew, it's everywhere!"

"Lemme help you with that," Derek said. "Wouldn't want milk stains, would we?"

He began to rub and fondle her tits before she could even think to stop him, pawing at them in a very facile attempt to get rid of the milk, but really just an excuse to grope and squeeze her breasts.

"Ohhhhhh," she moaned. "Be c-careful. I'm s-so sensitive there! Derek, do you think I should take off this top?"

More compelled words.

"Totally," he said. "Let me help you out with that. The milkman is a friend to all the ladies in the neighbourhood."

He helped her pull off her top, and her big boobies flopped out, hanging lower now due to the lack of support, but still impressively pert on her chest. They were so round and full, utterly *ripe*. Erika found herself feeling even more painfully aroused thanks to how Derek stared at them.

"Hmm, still some milk," he noted. "Let me get it off the best way I know how."

"P-please!" she begged, though she wasn't sure whether she was begging *for* him to continue this narrative or for him to stop. He lowered his face down to her left boob and actually began to *lick* the milk off.

"Ohhh!" she cried, and in doing so she knocked over the crate on the counter, falling to the ground as an entire series of milk bottles each upended over her, splashing their contents on her body. For a moment, nothing happened. She stared up at the incredibly well-muscled shirtless man, noticing the tight erection in his pants. And he, in turn, looking at her with intense desire.

"I'll have to get it all cleaned now!" she said stupidly. She realised immediately after what she was inadvertently inviting him to do, because moments later he was pulling her up against him and kissing, nibbling, licking, and sucking her all over. His manly hands cupped her giant boobs, thumbs running over her fat nipples and making her gasp. She was positively *dripping* out of her pussy by this point, and in the madness of it all she hadn't even noticed that he'd taken off his pants and helped her remove hers.

"F-fuck!" she cried, and then let loose a secret desire that had been bubbling up since she'd first seen him. "Fuck m-me! I can't, like, stand it anymore! I want you big cock! Let me *milk you!*"

He spun her around with a satisfied grunt, positioning her against the kitchen top so that her boobs pressed against the wooden surface. She felt him steadying his girth against her, and in that moment she panicked. This, like, wasn't how it was meant to go! She was meant to be the milk man, not the girl getting fucked by him, right? That movie genie had ruined everything!

And yet she couldn't bring herself to move or bat him off. Her body craved this as much as it had ever craved a porno experience, perhaps even more. Instead, she widened her stance and squeezed her own tits, enjoying how the milk ran down her sensitive skin.

"F-fuck me with your big, hard cock, milk man!" she cried. "I need your man milk inside me so damn bad!"

The dialogue was bad, that was what, and she knew it. And yet it turned her on all the same.

"Hell yeah, baby. Time to know how all the ladies in the neighbourhood take their milk."

With that, he pressed his penishead against her entrance. Erika squeaked, eyes going wide. She let loose an animalistic sound as he slid inside of her. She was being penetrated. She was being fucked. She had a man's cock inside of her, and it was filling her more and more with every passing second. Worse, it felt fucking *incredible*.

"Ohhhh, this is, like, soooooo hot! You're super big! Keep g-going in!"

"I plan to, babe. Move those hot hips for me. You've gotta pay for the milk somehow."

She did so automatically, her body a mix of autopilot, compulsions, and genuine raw desire. He pulled back and then began to thrust into her, clutching her hips and even slapping her ass. It stung, and it was *wonderful*.

"Yesssss!" she cried. "Ugnnnghhn! I can't, like, believe how good having a big, hard cock inside me f-feels! It's so weird and great! Ohhhh! Don't s-stop!"

He didn't. He was rough, and it was magnificent. Her tits pressed against the countertop, and Derek's hands squeezed her ass and ran his hands along her back. She was building to an incredible climax, and it was at that point that she remembered how this went in porno movies: the women always had the most over-the-top climaxes.

"Oh God! We need to stop! Gawd, this is gonna be s-so embarrassing! We need to - ohhhhh, don't stop! Make me cum! MAKE ME - AAAAHHH! AAAAIIIEEEE!"

The series of eruptions that followed were like volcanic blasts. Like tidal waves. Like life-ending *meteors*. After years of ruining any sensitivity in his manhood by endlessly deathgripping it, not to mention his porn addiction destroying his ability to have sex, this moment awakened pleasure in Erika's body that she didn't even know could be felt. Her squeals were continuous and rapturous and sexy. Her entire body shivered with the tantalising sensation of it all.

It took a long, long, *long* time for her to enter that post-coital stage of bliss where the orgasms gave way to a joyous serenity. Milkman Derek pulled himself out of her, leaving Erika to groan at the feeling of him leaving her tunnel. His cum dripped down her thighs, and she staggered a little. Derek caught her, turning her around to plant a kiss on her lips, one that had his tongue snaking in her mouth.

"Mhmm!" she managed, until he pulled back. "Oh God, we j-just had sex!"

"Consider it a sexy delivery," the milkman said, winking at her.

She swallowed. God, what had she just done? Yes, it had been incredible, but she was a woman! She was in another world, apparently! And she'd just let a man stick the biggest dick she'd ever seen in real life right up her new cooch. She also, like, toes enjoyed it.

"You milked me just fine," Derek continued. He squeezed her breasts together, eliciting further moans from the helpless bimbo.

"I d-didn't mean to. Um, I think you should, like, go and stuff! I'm dealing with a lot of things and-"

"Of course, of course. Got other deliveries to make. Ah, damn. But you spilled so much milk. You'll have to pay for that."

She quickly reached for the purse she'd seen on the kitchen counter. But when she opened it, she realised the horrible truth.

“Oops!” she said, giggling nervously. “Empty! I don’t get paid until Friday.”

“Well, then,” Derek said, holding her hips and pulling her closer, letting her naked breasts squash against his hard, sexy muscles. “I guess you’ll have to pay your milkman another way then, hmm?”

Erika wanted to say no. This was all wrong and she knew it. This wasn’t her reality, and her wish had gone totally off the bend. But . . .

But Derek was so fucking hot.

But his dick was so big and hard.

But her pussy was already getting somehow wet again.

But he hadn’t played with her tits enough.

“Fuuuuuuuck,” she moaned, realising what was about to happen. And then, because of a mix of compulsions and raw need, she added to that word: “Me. Fuck meeeeeee!”

Derek did so. Multiple times, and in multiple ways.

Derek had thankfully gone, and Erika now experienced hours of time to herself. It had been . . . revealing. The new bimbo had gone out onto her front lawn and backyard, but the neighbourhood looked totally normal. A few neighbours had waved to her, and one brunette was in a bikini in her front yard pool with her husband. They were making out hardcore, and soon another female neighbour joined them.

“Mind if I join, Shanelle?” she’d said. “I want my hubbie to be super jealous, and you know I’ve always wanted some sexy lesbian action in front of your husband.”

“Of course, Gabbie!” the other woman had replied. “Come on in. But be warned; my husband can’t control his big, black dick sometimes!”

“I really can’t!” he’d replied, then stood up further, revealing that he was totally naked, his dick indeed massive in size. “Hey there, new neighbour! Wanna come introduce yourself? Lotta hot girls in this tub and we need one more for some fun and games.”

Erika had given a pathetic little squeak and ran back inside. This really was some kind of Porn World, a universe that ran on porn logic. She checked through her blinds and saw that an ice cream van was travelling past. It broke down further up the road, and a very sexy lady got out wearing tight overalls, and immediately ran to a door to beg the local man to help her out. Not long later, Erika could hear the moans coming from the van as the man ‘fixed her up.’

“Omigod, this is, like, so fucked! Everyone’s having sex and it’s making my nipples so frinkin’ hard right now!”

She stopped listening to it when she realised she was starting to masturbate, and then she continued to masturbating anyway, moving to her plush pink bed and finger banging her new wet pussy with wild abandon.

“Ohhhh, yes! Yessss, mmmm! Fuck yes! Yes, yes, yes, YESSSSS!!”

Again, ecstasy flowed through her form. She’d been fondling her tits while pleasuring herself, and for a few moments she actually *relished* being in a top-heavy female form. Her boobs flopped about while she writhed from all the climaxes, and only when she was done did she realise she needed something . . . more.

That was when she noticed the big, black dildo on the shelf beside her. It made her think of her hot, muscled neighbour in the frontyard pool.

“Oh, f-fuck! I’m, like, living out one of my own videos!” she cried. “The camera would, like, totally be where the ceiling fan is right now. It’d be looking down on me while I put this big, hard dildo inside me. Mhm! Have to be strong. Have to resist, have to . . .”

But the image was too strong. It was either the dildo, or the foursome in the pool. It was too hot. She needed relief.

The dildo it was, then.

When she was finished, and another series of orgasms had ripped through her, Erika finally achieved some sense of clarity, or as much as she could get for her bimbo mind. She stood, still unfamiliar to the dramatic wobble of her ample assets and bountiful backside, and strode over to her walk-in wardrobe.

“Something not sexy!” she announced, even if it felt strangely *wrong* to make such a pronouncement. “Dress up normal! Hide my big, sexy boobies. Find a way out of here! You can do it, girl. Just need to stop, like, being such a horny bimbo type. Don’t give in to all these porno plots and stuff!”

The only problem was that *everything* she had was cute and sexy, from formfitting dresses to trashy, slutty clothes to bikinis and bathrobes. In the end she chose a set of tight denim booty shorts and a cowgirl top that she found herself tying beneath her breasts in order to lift and expose their curvature, as well as her entire midriff.

“Awww!” she whined, though she then posed in the mirror a few times and beamed. “Fuck! No, I am totes not enjoying this! Stupid bimbo brain!”

That was when she spotted it: the dirty laundry pile! There would have to be something there, right? But it smelled a little funky, so she took it down into the basement to where her laundry machine was. She didn’t question how automatic all of this felt until she started loading up the washing machine.

“Hang on, haven’t I, like, seen this before? Gawd, where have I seen this before? It’s soooooo familiar and-”

And she got her head stuck in the laundry machine. It was contrived, it was ridiculous, it was practically impossible to happen. But she was, stuck.

"Oh no!" she squeaked.

The door opened upstairs, and a voice echoed down into the basement where she was stuck. A distinctly male, and quite handsome-sounding voice.

"Hey there, step-sister! It's been too long since I saw my non-blood-related sibling! Years, even! I can't wait to see how you look now that we're both grown up! Hey, where are you?"

Her bimbo brain answered before she could get ahold of herself.

"I'm down here, stepbrother!" she cried. "But I'm stuck! Do you think you could be a big, strong man and help a girl out?"

He did. He did a *lot*.

And by the time Erika had finished cumming, she was finally freed from being stuck. And that just meant there was a pile of old clothes for the stepbrother, whom she'd never met before, to fuck her on. She spread her legs wide and clung to him as he pumped her vagina full of cum, and it was only when it was over that she realised she'd recreated that most classic and ridiculous of porno movie plots.

"Ohhhh, this is just s-so stupid," she managed after their third bout. "I'm, like, on the receiving end of all my f-fantasies. Mhmmm . . ."

The experience left her foggy-brained for the rest of the day.

Erika couldn't break eye contact with her boss as she sucked him off. She'd never imagined that a dick could be so damn *tasty*, but it was. As utterly humiliated as the former man was, down on her knees in her boss's office and staring into his powerful face, she didn't want this sensation to end. It was like being both utterly, sexily submissive, while also being totally dominant. With every lick of her tongue along his shaft and every caress of his hairy balls, she made him squirm and shudder, bringing closer to the edge. The man gripped her hair, making her wince from the pain of how he pulled it tight. Even that made her more turned on, and she slipped one hand down her pencil skirt to rub her clit, which was already wet from her aroused juices.

"That's it, bitch!" Mr Samson said. "You're such a dirty secretary! Such a hot, slutty worker, aren't you? Suck me dry! Drink me up, sexy! I don't want any of it to go to waste. Swallow every drop and cum while you do!"

She found herself nodded along like a good girl, dutiful and supplicant to this powerful man. And to think this was all so she could pass her 'Performance Review'

because she was, like, such a stupid ditz she wasn't even sure what their company actually did or what it took to be a secretary, other than wearing incredibly tight office wear that showed off her cleavage. She'd done this for a whole week now, and it wasn't just her boss she was fucking. She made out with the pool boy who was checking by her neighbour's backyard. She had hot lesbian sex with a girl in the park she'd literally had a stupid meet-cute run into with. She even had a damned rollerskater run into her while she bending over to get something out of her car in town, and *that* had ended up with the kind of hot car sex she literally had sex dreams about days later. It was spectacular, it was infuriating! Everywhere she went, the most ridiculous narrative reason for sex to break out occurred to her, not to mention so many others.

And now here she was, giving her first ever blowjob and trying not to love, love, *LOVE* it.

"I'm close! I'm fucking close! Get ready! NGHH!"

She nodded again, moaning even as she bobbed up and down. He was all the way to the entrance of her throat, and yet her gag reflex was either trained or nonexistent. When he throbbed inside her mouth, Erika could only wince and get ready. Her cheeks turned rosy red from the sheer shame of having enormous streams of hot, sticky, salty, *tasty* cum flow down her throat. She moaned again, getting off on this moment, swallowing every last drop and then licking his dick clean.

"Did, like, I pass the performance review, Mr Samson?" she asked weakly in the aftermath.

He patted her head, and she leaned into him as he caressed her cheek.

"You definitely fucking did, Erika. Now take that lovely tush of yours back home. You've earned a day off!"

She nodded eagerly. "And, um, do I get my paycheck early? Like you said?"

"Why not? Just make sure to be here early tomorrow. I want to take you in the ass next time."

She couldn't stop herself from giggling and imagining what that would feel like. Would it make her cum? Could he play with her pussy with his fingers at the same time? Would it hurt, or would it be the good kind of hurt?

The new woman only managed to snap her mind out of it when she raced out of the building and back to the car, before another porno movie moment could interrupt her life.

"Like, stop being such a total slutty ditz, Erika!" she said, smacking herself in the forehead. "Stick with, like, the plan! You're getting paid! So get out of here!"

Erika's car screeched to a halt before her garage. She didn't even bother parking in it. She just needed to stuff her suitcase. She checked the flights departing today, and saw that one could still take her. It was going to Hawaii. That would be far enough, right? Far enough to totally show the movie genie that she had no desire to stick around in this world, and instead get, like, the hell out of dodge! It wasn't really a plan she'd examined much. Her bimbo-brain simply couldn't. Parts of her screeching male pride sensed that there was a lack of logic in it, but what other choice did she have but to do the best she could? Better that than keep orgasming whenever a hot hunk happened upon her doorstep offering to fix her 'plumbing.'

"Mhmm, I haven't even ridden a mechanic yet . . . ugh. Stop getting distracted, Erika!"

She ran instead, her big boobs bouncing as usual, and quickly packed. Of course, she couldn't stop herself from packing numerous bikinis and sexy one-piece swimwear, not to mention crop tops and sexy lingerie. She didn't care; so long as she could get out of there. The busty blonde struggled with the weight of the suitcase as she got it downstairs and then out to the car. She was almost ready to go when a voice called out from across the street.

"Oh, yoo hoo! Hey there, neighbour!"

Erika looked up and her shoulders sagged. "H-hi there!"

Her neighbour Shanelle was waving from her pool in the front yard of her home. Who even had a pool in the front yard? It was absurd, but clearly just there to set up dumb porno plots. Like *this one*.

"I need your help! I dropped my house key into the bottom of my pool, and I can't find it anywhere!"

"Of course not," Erika bemoaned, just as the compulsions took over. "I can totes help if you want! I'm, like, really good at finding things!"

"Fantastic! Put on your hottest bikini and come have a look! But watch out, it's super easy for clothing to get snagged and come off by accident!"

"Like, obviously!" Erika proclaimed. Then, with a huff, she went back into the house to get quickly changed into her pinkest, tightest bikini. It wasn't all bad, she supposed. She still had time to get to the airport, and besides, she really, really, *super* wanted to have some hot lesbian pool sex with Shanelle.

So she did.

"What do, like, mean the seat is taken?"

The woman on the other side of the flightline desk gave an apologetic smile. "I'm so sorry, Miss Erika E-Cups (this was apparently her full name now), but there's been a mistake! I can't get you on your flight!"

"But that's totes unfair! This was my escape plan! I need to get away so I can, like, get changed back!"

The woman frowned, then consulted her computer. "Look, this is very unorthodox, but we are in need of a new stewardess for that flight, and you'd fill all of the qualifications, especially the uniform ones."

"But isn't that job, like, actually pretty complicated?"

"I'm sure a smart, sexy blonde like you can figure it out, right?"

Her bimbo brain took the compliment with aplomb, and Erica found herself grinning, sticking out her chest from her pink dress so much that her boobs almost lifted right out of the plunging neckline. "Of course! Super! Can I, like, get the uniform and get changed right now? I soooooo want to make this flight!"

The woman assented, and less than half an hour later, Erika E-Cups was boarding the flight to Hawaii no longer as a passenger, but as a very, very sexy stewardess. Her inner male pride was raging with humiliation over this: she was wearing the kind of stewardess dress that only existed in fiction: a blue dress that pulled tight around her hips, with a hem so high that her underwear could be seen if she so much as bent over. This wasn't even getting into the cute way her blonde hair was done up beneath her hat, or how most of her buttons were undone to allow the upper halves of her massive mammaries to stick out, with just a loose blue tie to barely cover the resulting cleavage. She was even in high heels, and she moved easily in them, a fact that made her feel a great deal of shame, because she was aware that she looked *spectacular*.

"Wowee!" one passenger said as she nervously directed him to take a seat. "I don't ever want this plane to touch ground with a girl like you on it."

"Oh, you!" she said, giggled and waving a white-gloved hand.

The other stewardesses were almost as beautiful, and all of them were in tight outfits. The sole male steward was just as sexy, the undone buttons showing off his lovely dark chest, and his wide shoulders almost annihilating the fabric. She kept sneaking glances at him, as well as the customer in aisle five, who looked like a sexy businessman type with flecks of silver in his grey hair.

"Just remember," she said to herself. "You're showing him that you, like, don't want this. That you're not addicted to porno sex. That you should be, like, a man again, instead of totes the sexiest busty blonde everrrrr."

She shivered just from saying it. God, it felt good to be sexy, and Erika had to keep reminding herself *not* to indulge in that sensation.

“Passengers, please look at your stewardess or steward for the pre-flight safety demonstration.”

Erika went red in the face as she realised that *she* was now expected to do the demonstration. Of course she was. This was how one of her VHS tapes started.

“Welcome to The Mile High Club Airline,” the announcement voice stated, causing Erika to roll her big blue eyes at the name. *“Please pay attention to the following.”*

This time, Erika *did* lean on the strange magical compulsions guiding her. She adjusted the belts, winked and smiled and made sexy expressions and poses as she demonstrated the locations to exit and how to get things from under one’s seat. The last had her bending right over and a number of passengers oohing and ahing as they ogled the ping g-string beneath her short dress. The whole time, Erika just tried to not feel weirdly proud of how everyone was staring at her, or how when she bent over to help strap passengers in, the men kept on deliberately mussing up the seatbelts so they could get a face full of her titties as she bent over.

“Yummy,” one even said, causing her to giggle and twirl her hair.

It was all she could do not to jump him. Thankfully, she had to take her seat when the flight finally, *finally* began to take over. The jet engines started up, the plane taxied along the runway, and after an excruciating buildup the aircraft finally bolted down the runway and took off into the air. Erika breathed a sigh of relief as it climbed and climbed and climbed. This would, like, *totes* show the genie, after all. The movie genie would have to realise that she was abandoning the life the magical being had made for her, and this would be a signal to, like, let her go back to being a man, damn it! Or at least deflate her seriously huge boobs. They were *definitely* bigger than an E-cup, despite her ridiculous last name.

“C’mon, just gotta get to Hawaii,” she told herself. “Like, that’s the end game, or something.”

Unfortunately, as soon as the ‘Seatbelts - Off’ sign came on, that same rather attractive older passenger put up his hand, asking for her to come help him.

“Yes sir!” she chirped, falling into the role of sexy temporary stewardess. “How can I help you?”

“I’ve got a mobility problem,” he said, looking a little embarrassed. “I’ll need some help with the bathroom, if you don’t mind.”

Good! This was about the least sexy scenario there was, right? Carefully, she took his arm and helped him to the bathroom, expecting him to shut the door behind him. Instead, he gestured for her to enter.

“I’ve got a real issue that needs sorting out, stewardess,” he said, giving a bit of a knowing smirk. Confused, the bimbo entered a cubicle that was far too big on any plane from

her original world, but left a surprising amount of space in this one. The man shut the door, then looked her up and down, his gaze lingering on her pert breasts.

“S-sir? Is there anything I can help you with?”

The man waggled his eyebrows, and began to unbutton his shirt. “Like I said, I’ve got mobility problems. I’ve got a problem with you not being *mobile* on my lap right now, stewardess. You think you can fix this problem for me?”

He gestured to his pants, where she realised he had a *raging* erection. It was enough to make her mouth salivate. Despite her male willpower, despite knowing her goal, her nympho needs simply couldn’t be restrained, especially not within such a tight, sexy space. Erika E-Cups licked her lips and began to rub the man’s erection through his pants, gingerly moving her hands to his belt.

“I don’t suppose you’d like to join our Mile High Club membership program, would you?” she purred in a sultry voice.

“You know what, Erika?” he said, reading her nametag. “I think I just might. Now get on my lap and let me take you above the skies and straight to the *moon*.”

He was a George Clooney type, and his crisp voice only made his confidence all the sexier. Erika lost any ability to walk away, and instead propped herself up on top of him, spreading her legs around him just after shimmying her g-string off of her lower half so that it fell around her ankles. The man kissed her passionately, and soon she was returning the favour, moaning as he attended to her breasts, and then getting higher and louder as he hoisted her up against the bathroom door and inserted himself into her. From there, the new stewardess cried out, clutching the man’s shoulders and shoving her giant bust in his face as he banged her against the door, thrusting in and out with such force that all seemed right with the world. When she finally came - and came loud and long at that - she was begging for more. Erika certainly got it. She danced that dance three more times during the plane flight, unable and even unwilling to escape the pleasures it brought.

By the time the plane landed and she departed, Erika’s hair was a mess and her uniform torn in some rather suspect places. She ended up changing into a hot pink summer dress in the lovely Hawaii air. A shuttle bus took her from the airport, and she did her best to avoid further entanglements, but she did have to give blowjobs to a few local workers who helped fix up the tire when the bus became conveniently stuck on the road.

But finally, Erika arrived at the resort. Her belly was full of cum and her stomach as well, and she was finding it harder and harder to resist the call to simply accept this life. But at the resort, she knew, she could *finally* show that damn Movie Genie that she was not just some bimbo in this new life. At least, that was her intention right up until she saw the beaches and the pools.

The ones with all the sexy ladies in bikinis, and all the hot hunky men - her age and older - lounging on the sand or swimming along the waves. Until she saw the cool surfers and dashing daredevil paragliders. Until she witnessed a rather amply-blessed woman checking her out, and a lost tourist in need of 'guidance' from a lady such as her.

"Like, omigod!" she declared. "What was I thinking!? I'm, like, in a total porn hub here!"

Erika smirked. "Pornhub. Ha. Ha!"

She burst out laughing, her heavy tits jiggling and attracting attention from a runner. He was heading right towards her, looking in a different direction. As much of a bimbo as Erika now was, even she could tell he was going to crash painlessly into her and end up with his face stuck in her cleavage. She laughed again, and just let it happen this time.

Erika giggled as her latest lover entered her. It had been six wonderful months since that moment of acceptance. Six months since she had just decided to stop caring about all the stupid, embarrassing situations she was routinely stuck in, and instead simply ride it out (often literally) and just enjoy the never-ending porno fuckfest that was her life. She'd been in all sorts of contrived situations. She'd been a naughty nurse, a sexy paramedic, a hot cop, a busty construction worker, even a lemon-stealing slut. And while she knew that part of her would always be a little bit embarrassed at the busty nympho she had become, the truth was that she was tired of fighting it, and the orgasms were simply too good to resist. She was still an addict, but in this world, that came with no real downsides apart from never quite being taken seriously.

Today, of course, she was one of her favourites; a naughty maid. Through a bumbling series of circumstances, she'd been fired from yet another job and, after sucking off the taxi driver that got her here, had become a devastatingly attractive maid for her new employer. Of course, the fact that by this point she was heavily pregnant should have made it difficult for her to be employed, but by yet another convenience, the master of the house just couldn't resist her. She kept dusting her shelves and moaning as her baby daughter moved, or bending over in a suggestive way while cleaning the floor, or pressing her belly against her boss as she cleaned something behind him.

Predictably, as ever, it had led to sex. Hot, steamy, sexy, *pregnant* sex. It was certainly more than a handful. She was into her second trimester now and growing each day, and it added fresh embarrassments, such as an even larger bosom, early lactation, and the knowledge that soon she would be 'starring' in a lot of plots intended for those sexy, milky MILFs she'd once enjoyed watching. Motherhood scared her, but she was doing her best to

prepare herself and read up on it between lovers and silly sexcapades. No doubt birth would be its own farcical thing, her labor probably set off 'the old-fashioned way.'

For now though, she just went with it. Things seemed to turn out alright in this universe, and she trusted the Movie Genie's magic to deliver. The buxom blonde moaned, spreading her legs wider as she lay back on the table, her master fucking her while standing. He held her thighs, but slipped his hands down to rub her belly and thrust into her even harder.

"You enjoy this, don't you, you sexy slut?" he said.

She moaned again, his words driving her to ecstasy.

"I really do!" she cried. "All of it!"

And by this point, for the sexy, now-pregnant bimbo, that was the absolute truth.

The End