

Mini-Story: Vegas Bimbo (Bimbofication)

By FoxFaceStories

Vegas Bimbo

Cassie was annoyed. She'd been dragged to Las Vegas for a work function with her co-worker Brent. The two couldn't have been a more mismatched pair. Where the tall, dark-haired man adored the games, the pretty women, the promises of easy money, she *detested* it all. She hated the overly bright lights, the endless noise of the slot machines, and most of all the demeaning ways women were forced to work in such places. At the particular casino they were staying at before the conference, Cassie noticed that practically all the female waitstaff, dealers, and entertainers were mega-busty things with long hair and tight dark sequin dresses. They wore tacky shining fake diamonds for earrings as well as in necklaces that rested in their enormous cleavage. All in all, they drew Brent's attention like nothing else.

"So gross and demeaning," she said of the sight, even as a girl giggled in a dumb blonde way while serving them drinks.

"Please, it's hot as," Brent replied with a smile. "You're just jealous because you've got the figure of a wooden plank."

Cassie rolled her eyes. She was a mousy brunette with thick glasses and a tomboyish figure. But she *liked* her body, and was grateful not to be some busty blonde bimbo.

"Why don't you go enjoy the slots on me," Brent said, throwing her a coin. "I'm going to see if one of these sexy ladies wants to head back to my room of the suit when she'd off shift."

"You're the worst," she said as he left. Still, she decided that as much as she hated the casino, it was worth at least trying to alleviate her boredom. She walked through the annoying buzzing machines, until a strange feeling came over her, like something was pulling her towards a particular location. Indeed, in the darkest recess of the casino, with no one else in sight, there was a slot machine that was painted in a sparkling moonlight series of colour. *Vegas Bimbo*, it was called.

"Disgusting," Cassie said, but before she realised what she was doing, she put her coin in and pulled back the arm. The machine whirred to life, and in a short moment the three screens rotated to reveal three cartoonish symbols, all of which irritated her greatly. They were little representations of overly full boobs spilling out of a dark starlight sequin dress. "What did I win?" she said aloud, waiting for something to come from the machine.

She got her answer in a very different way than expected. Suddenly she groaned, twisted as her body altered. Her flat chest expanded, becoming a huge set of F-cup tits that were practically tearing her shirt apart. Her ass bloated out, and her hips flared, becoming a pair of babymakers that were made for shaking. Her waist contracted, and her short brown hair flowed down her back and over her ass, becoming curly blonde tresses. She gasped as her face rearranged: in the screen's now-dark reflection, she could see she'd become a total blonde hottie. Diamond-shaped earrings sparkling into existence, as did a necklace sitting in her cleavage; a cleavage only possible because her clothing had somehow morphed to become the same tight starlight sequin dress of the other women who worked there. It left little to the imagination in terms of her curves.

"Like, oh my Gawd!" she exclaimed, only to realise what she had said. She was a trained financial whiz, but all that knowledge poured out of her head as it was replaced by a strong need to serve the casino as a sexy waitress and table dealer. She giggled nervously, trying to control herself as she moved away from the table. But it was no use. The instincts were too strong. She had become a hot Vegas bimbo, one that could barely even *think* her way out of this situation, let alone work in finance!

"Like, what the frick am I gonna do!?" she cried. She pleaded for help as she passed other workers, who gave sympathetic looks.

"It's okay hun, you'll get, like, used to it. It can even be totes fun, even though you're like, super duper horny!"

Even as the words were spoken, she felt that horniness come over her. She needed to be fucked, in a way she'd never felt before. Her new bimbo mind tried to fight it, but the bimbo part made her sway her hips from side to side, and practically pushed her tits right up in customer's faces to flirt with them. She was already doing her job, and others were staring. Including Brent.

"Well, hello, sexy," he said with a grin as she approached. To her disgust, her needy pussy was getting moist just in his presence. She needed him, despite finding him repulsive. "I'm looking for a good time. When do you finish your shift?"

To her horror, and her reluctant joy, she pressed her body against his, shivered as her big tits rubbed against his chest. "I'm off, like, right now, honey. Why don't you take me wherever you're staying and get *me* off, over and over again. I'll be your Vegas bimbo!"

Brent took her arm, and her arousal spike yet further. She could only hope she would change back soon. But as the other girls would soon tell her, after she had been fucked into orgasm numerous times, she was a Vegas bimbo for life. And Brent was here all week.

The End