

Bimbos at the Boardwalk (Bimbos TG)

By FoxFaceStories

A Commission for AI

A mysterious new seaside carnival has rolled into town, and Daniel and Jennifer have decided to visit as one final chance to salvage their failing relationship. But something is strange about his boardwalk carnival, where all the games seem strangely bimbo-themed, and each prize seems to change them more and more. Will their relationship survive? Will they become bimbos themselves? And what will their friends Ashton and Zach think about this, since they paid for the 'Premium Men's Ticket', which makes them fortunately immune?

Bimbos at the Boardwalk

"Look, it'll just be a bit of fun, alright?"

"You always say that, and I always end up hating it! We only ever do what *you* want to do."

"But it's paintball! I thought you wanted to get more outdoors and stuff!"

Jennifer groaned, flopping back on the couch. "No, I said I wanted to 'go out on more dates, together.' That doesn't mean shooting each other with bits of paint like children."

"Oh, and a museum gallery is better?"

"It's not as painful!"

Daniel sighed, collecting himself. "What are we even arguing over this for? We all know we're going to the museum."

"Don't say it like that," Jen said. "I want us to go to somewhere we can *both* enjoy."

She calmed herself as well, flicking her dark raven hair over her shoulder. She was a slim, short woman with equally dark eyes. Cute and professional, though she'd always wished she had a bit less of a boyish figure at times. She thought she'd actually managed to trade up when she'd started going out with Daniel two years ago: he was quite handsome, with broad shoulders and perfect sandy-blond hair. A real Ken-type. Except that after a honeymoon period of dating it had all started falling apart when they'd moved in together. It was like everything was a battleground, every issue an argument, and neither could figure out why. They'd just started clashing one day. Perhaps it was because they were both working now instead of in college, and had less time to openly enjoy together. Now, every free real estate of time was debated over, including where to go out for dinner. Or, in this case, where to have a last ditch date to save their relationship.

"I'm not one for galleries, you know me," Daniel said. "I like action. I like competition. We used to have great fun at the mini-golf place, remember? That was great!"

“It was, wasn’t it? But we’ve done it too many times, and if we can’t save *us*, I don’t want to spoil that memory, Daniel.”

He winced, looking quite hurt. He was hurt, in fact, though he tried not to show it. Emotions were not his forte, and he preferred to put up a manly front, as was expected of him.

“Fine, fine,” he said, waving off the idea. “Why don’t we just go for a walk along the seafront and see what’s there. The markets are nice. At the very least it’s outdoors, we can pick something while we’re on the move, and try to avoid all this fucking arguing.”

Jen stood, and went to his side, hugging him. She placed her head in the crook of his shoulder, loving the way it felt. He could be so comforting when he wasn’t being damn stubborn about everything.

“Okay,” she said. “We’ll do that.”

“No arguments?”

“Don’t try to start one. I mean it.”

“Fine.”

“Fine.”

It was a gorgeous mid-afternoon, and the perfect time for such a walk. The old-fashioned wooden boardwalk along the seafront gave a beautiful view of the harbour and the many vessels sailing and fishing off the coast, and there were numerous shops and parlours and recreation centres along it. The beach itself was littered with people enjoying the summer air and its cool breeze, and the sun itself was red and lovely, bathing the whole area in that warm orange glow. Daniel and Jen had always argued twice over who forgot the sunscreen, and then again over purchasing an overpriced one, and so both were in foul moods and trying to dig their way out of them so they could enjoy the ambience.

“I’m not trying to be this way, you know,” she said.

“I know. It’s just . . . fuck, I don’t know. We used to be so damn passionate.”

“Yeah,” she said. “I mean, the sex is still good, right?”

“Amazing,” he replied, and they both chuckled like old times. He even patted her on her slim rear, which made her chuckle and bat him away. For just a moment their old relationship and its genuine love resurfaced, but then that same melancholy settled in, and neither knew quite what to say.

Until an unusual sight came into view that is, preceded by even more unusual music: loud and organ-based, with a tinny tune that could have been ripped from the archives of Walt Disney.

“What is *that*?” Daniel said.

“I have no idea. Wait, is that a carnival? I didn’t know the boardwalk had a freakin’ carnival on! Oh my God, let’s go check it out, Daniel! C’mon!”

She practically *dragged* her boyfriend forward, as they ducked and weaved through the crowd. Sure enough, there was indeed some kind of carnival that had been erected along a massive cleared off section of the boardwalk, extending out onto the beachfront, and even taking up residence in several rented buildings. It was an expansive space, with bright pink and purple tents that were almost garish in their colouring, like Barbie herself had descended from the heavens to paint the canvas. And on a giant sign erected just before the paid entrance was the title of this fair: *The Changing Carnivale*.

“I can’t say I’ve ever heard of it,” Daniel said, looking up at the cursive writing. The sign had silhouettes of women and men that were almost *sensual* in their positioning, though nothing too daring as to be ridiculously provocative. An image of a smiling beauty in a bikini on a rollercoaster was the main mascot, with the preceding carriages all showing reflections of her in the same way, which slowly masculinised into her male equivalent. Or perhaps he was changing into her? It was a little unclear of the meaning, or wherever it was just a stylistic choice, but it was odd.

“Did you know this was in town?” Jen asked.

“I had no clue.”

“We didn’t either!” a woman said to her side. She was in her twenties like them, and had several male and female friends with her. “We only just saw it. But it’s only ten dollars entry and the prices all look cheap, plus the food smells delicious.”

“Should have advertised more,” Daniel mused, but his eye caught onto the board that showed some of the events. “Hey, look at this: they have mini-games and competitions. The whack-a-mole, the water shooting, even the throw game.”

“And stuff that *isn’t* competitive,” Jen added, nudging him. “Like the Hall of Mirrors, and the Tunnel of Love. Dan, we could actually try and even have a *date* here. You know, remember *dates*?”

It was a snippy comment, and she cursed herself for it in her mind. She had been pushing for a proper date, and now she was poisoning the well she wanted to drink from. But that had always been Jen: she struggled not to carry a chip on her shoulder and let things go. One comment about her ‘boyish’ looks, for instance, would make her dig in her heels against you for life.

“Sorry,” she said to him.

“It’s okay,” he said, though it was clearly not. Daniel *hated* comments like that, and it made him want to return them. Somehow, his competitive streak also extended into the

petty. But with the sight of the carnival before them, he managed to swallow his male pride and put it aside for now.

“So, do we want to go here then?”

“Hell yeah,” Jen said. “This sounds awesome. And only ten dollars?”

“Huh, it says there’s a ‘Premium Men’s Pass’, but nothing about women.”

“What? Bull.”

“I’m not kidding: look.”

He pointed to the sign that advertised the prices. Sure enough, it gave several conditions:

Ten dollars only for adults - no minors allowed due to the mature themes of the Changing Carnivale! Men can pay an additional ten dollars for the Premium Men’s Pass. This will make you immune to all effects and allow you to enjoy the changes of others without succumbing yourself! Your choice of enjoyment!

Jen cocked her head to one side. With her shorter bob of black hair, she almost looked like an owl. “What kind of ‘change’ are they even talking about?”

“No idea, but it’s adults only, so maybe it’s a bit ‘risque.’”

“Sounds fun. Are you going to be ‘immune’ to the changes?”

Daniel laughed. “And get ripped off another ten dollars? Yeah, right! Only suckers would go for that. These carnivals always try to jack up the prices like that. Yeah, I think I’ll just pay regular. Shall we get in line?”

“Let’s.”

There was an excitement and buzz to the air for the two of them, especially since the line itself was not unimpressive in size. A few families were turned away with children, complaining all the while about how ‘festivals and fairs should always be appropriate for children!’ Several young ones were crying about not getting to go on the rollercoaster - there was indeed a somewhat impressive one erected that twisted in a spiral, taking up a section of the boardwalk plaza. They could just see hints of it behind the large sailcloth. The pair were swept up in the spectacle of it all, and when they reached the ticket booth the costumed woman in her clown makeup and surprisingly scantily-clad bikini outfit grinned madly.

“Two regular passes? My, aren’t we daring? That’ll be twenty dollars. Enjoy the changes of the carnivale, which is only here for one night! Remember, no refunds - on the changes within, *or* the cost!”

“That was oddly ominous,” Jen said as they passed.

“It’s just a sales tactic to get more money out of me,” he replied. “Like I said, only an idiot would pay double for some bogus pass.”

“Hey, you two!” came a voice.

“Holy shit, it’s Dan and Jen!”

“Oh God, here come some idiots,” Jen whispered to herself, though loud enough to make her boyfriend irritated.

There was good reason for Daniel to be annoyed: these were his two best friends, Ashton (who went by ‘Ash’) and Zach. They were the most ‘broey’ jocks imaginable, far more than him even. Both were avid gym goers, with Ash being a massive football fanatic who still played regularly, while Zach was the party going woman-chaser, though he often found less success than he wanted due to being, well, a bit of a lunkhead. He’d also made comments about Jen’s body before, ones she didn’t appreciate despite ostensibly being compliments. Specifically, his defence that ‘I meant that you look like a flat chick in a cute way, like it’s not a bad thing!’ ticked her off, and she’d never forgotten it.

“Ash, Zach,” she said icily.

“Great to see you!” Ash said, embracing the pair of them. He was massive, and she couldn’t deny he was quite good-looking.

“Where’s Stacy?” Daniel asked.

“Ah, we called it quits. Said I was too obsessed with football and not spending enough time on her and stuff. She just didn’t get it.”

“Sounds like someone else I know,” Jen said, but Daniel ignored her. “So you guys are checking out the carnival too, then?”

“Fuck yeah, we are,” Zach said. “Adults only? Weird entertainment? Hot chicks working the stalls in weird but sexy costumes? Sign me the hell up!”

Dan couldn’t disagree: the staff were seemingly all female from what he could see across the crowd and manning the rides and stalls, and all of them were devastatingly good looking. Already, Jen was brimming a bit at how he was looking at them.

“Well, yeah, me and Jen just stumbled upon it. It looks like fun, though.”

“Sexy fun,” Zach teased. “I’m hoping to hook up with some hot carnival crazy lady action.”

Ash grabbed his friend and gave him the knuckles over his hair. “Sure, sure, this guy keeps flunking out with the ladies because of his ego! I’m just here for the thrill of the rides. Did you get the Premium Men’s Pass?”

Jen couldn’t help but laugh, and Daniel blushed a little.

“You paid double just for a men’s pass?” he asked.

The two looked at him like he was a total moron.

“Uh, *duh*,” Ash said.

“Cause we’re *men*, dude,” Zach added. “We’re not exactly gonna get the chick pass, right?”

“Way too embarrassing.”

“Oh, uh, sure. I got the men’s pass too. Anyway, we better head off. Date night.”

“Same,” Zach said.

Ash rolled his eyes. “He means we’re on the prowl for dates. I’ll be successful of course, but this lunkhead might need some help.”

“Please, there’ll be plenty of hot chicks by the end of the night.”

“Yeah, and they won’t be going for your ugly mug!”

Jen and Daniel excused themselves while the pair began to fight in that ragtag way that best friends often did, particularly the jock variety.

“Oh, so you bought a men’s pass, did you?” Jen teased.

“I can’t believe they did it.”

“And yet you felt the need to lie and protect yourself.”

“Well, it’s kind of embarrassing now that I think of it. I am a man. I should have the premium pass.”

Jennifer just chuckled to herself. “God, men and their egos! One alone is smart, but three together is a race to the bottom.”

“Hey, those two are not that bad,” he stated, as the pair advanced through the main boardwalk to see the various food and trinket stalls. “They’re just . . . simple at times. Especially Zach. Actually, Ash is pretty bright, he’s just got that tunnel vision for sports.”

Jennifer just shrugged. “They’re not bad, I suppose. I prefer my men a little less . . . stereotypical, is all.”

“Like me?”

“That remains to be seen.”

It actually got a smile from them both. Dan extended his hand and Jennifer took it, and the two waltzed together actually feeling like a couple again for the first time in quite a while, exploring the sights and sounds of this strange carnival. There were pinup posters of beautiful women and macho men, and numerous prizes for the small stalls like The Claw were surprisingly lewd: a plushie pair of breasts, a fuzzy dildo, numerous little rings that they both realised were *cock* rings.

“Holy shit, this place is bananas,” Daniel said.

“I know, isn’t it amazing?”

He wasn’t sure ‘amazing’ was the right word, but it was something else: it explained why some of the workers were doing belly dance displays, and the titles and appearances of some of the rides and attractions: The Tunnel of Love was little shaped like a feminine tunnel, and the Rollercoaster of Pleasure, though thankfully not a giant cock or sperm, was in the shape of a giant tongue accompanied by vocal tracks of a woman moaning orgasmically at it hit each loop. The whack-a-mole involved smacking fake bottoms with a

paddle, while the water gun game inflated condoms on mock penises. All in all, it seemed as much a garish art installation as it was a genuine fair. Perhaps it was!

"This really is something," Daniel said. "And I have no idea how to react to it. Some of it is a bit . . . pink and girly and stuff, isn't it? Like a bachelorette party."

"Aww, are you a bit uncomfortable?" Jen teased, knowing she was getting under his skin.

"Of course I am! Maybe this was a bad idea. The museum-

"Is boring compared to this! Are you happy that I'm admitting it? C'mon, maybe this kind of crazy is exactly what we need to reset our relationship, sweetie. Let's just go with the weird and enjoy ourselves, like when we visited Amsterdam together?"

That *did* stir up good memories for Dan, especially some of the stranger ones when they'd tried mushrooms together.

"Okay, fine. I can't let Ash and Zach have all the fun anyway. They'll be going crazy over this shit."

"Yes, the jokes will be *very* low brow, I imagine," Jen ribbed. "Now let's have some fun!"

"Lead the way, then."

The initial games and stalls they visited were fairly standard, albeit with the strangely sexual twist that seemed to hover over much of the place. There was a candy stall where everything was somewhat lewd, with numerous flavours that were described in ridiculous ways. The pair tried something called *Raspberry Gloss Lips* and found them damn delicious, and for low prices too. In fact, they were so addictive that they ate five each, and afterwards both of their lips were embarrassingly stained quite red-pink, looking as if they had applied rather girly makeup for a night out on the town.

"Damn, this stuff stains!" Daniel said, trying to clean it off, but Jen just laughed.

"Just go with it! It's a good look for you, ha! Besides, it just makes me look trendy: raspberry goes well with my features, don't they?"

"You do look pretty hot like that, even if it's just stained sugar."

She licked her lips. "Mhmm, almost makes my lips feel bigger."

They weren't the only ones with those stained lips: numerous women and men were amused or annoyed or simply dealing with the staining effect, but were assured by the store owner that it would 'normalise' by the end of the night. A strange way to put it, but it at least reassured them.

After that, they went to the balloon show, and were impressed by the busty entertainer who was wearing a tight red crop top and short skirt, with makeup that made her look like a stage performer of some kind, complete with top hat. She had magnificent legs, and once more Jen's enjoyment was stopped short when she caught Daniel noticing such long legs. It made her wish she was taller. But thankfully things turned amusing again when the performer called Daniel forward to help tie a balloon and blow a few up.

"Watch out," she said. "We use a special helium. It can sink in over time and make your voice as sweet and sensuous and wonderfully womanly as mine. It'll normalise over time, though."

Daniel was a bit nonplussed about this, but assumed it was part of the show. And given that he had been called forward before a small crowd, he did as he was instructed while the balloon wrangler mixed together numerous pink and purple pieces until she had somehow crafted a shapely woman, balloon breasts and all, out of all the pieces. The crowd applauded.

"Now give her a kiss!" the performer said.

"Um, I already have a girlfriend . . ."

"Do it!" Jen declared from the side, revelling in his embarrassment. He looked a bit awkward, but pressured on by her earnest desire for them to have fun, he gave the model balloon bimbo a kiss on her lips.

At which point the balloon wrangler pressed her creation against him and let the helium rush from the opening she was secretly holding behind said lips, right into Daniel's mouth. He wheezed as he took in a great gulp of the air.

"Hey, watch it!" he exclaimed, his voice indeed sounding strangely womanly. *"What the - how did you make my voice like this?"*

In fact, his voice sounded *very* womanly, almost supernaturally so, with a high squeak and bimbo-ish sauciness to it. Jennifer cracked up laughing, and did much of the crowd, unbelieving what she was hearing.

"Please tell me this goes away soon!" Dan whined.

"Oh, don't worry, it will go back to your voice in a moment, and then slowly normalise."

That phrase again - normalise. It was odd. Still, the wrangler made a sexy pose with her creation and Dan both, with Jen taking a photo.

"This is your girlfriend?"

"At the moment," he said, voice thankfully returned.

"Well, it's only fair she gives this beautiful babe a kiss as well, huh? You can soon hear a much nicer voice on your girl, given you both bought the regular passes!"

Jen's eyes went wide, but it was too late: now the crowd was egging her on too, and Dan was looking for just desserts. So she leaned forward and kissed the balloon bimbo, with the performer making a silly joke when plastic blow-up breasts went against Jen's chest.

"Girl on girl, everyone! So hot! Now kiss, you two beautiful bimbos!"

"*Ohhhh, I sound utterly ridiculous,*" Jennifer said as her new, higher-octave voice set in. "*Seriously, what is in this stuff? I sound like a total valley girl.*"

"I bet your boyfriend doesn't mind!"

Daniel laughed. "I surely don't!"

"*Shush you!*" she said, but the two did laugh, her voice sounding utterly airheaded despite her natural intelligence. She worked in lab testing, and her coworkers would find this voice a hoot. Thankfully, they were not present.

"Sorry, it's just - this is actually pretty hot."

"*Oh wow, you're turning into Ash and Zach now, are you?*"

"Please, Zach likes them way more airheaded, just like him. And Ash wants a hot cheerleader to praise him. No, this is hot just for Daniel."

"*And total turnoff for me, especially since you're speaking in third person. Let's go see what else there is. And hopefully my voice goes back to normal. Ah, there it is.*"

In fact, neither of their voices were fully back to normal. There was a slightly higher twang in them that wasn't there, a little squeak that didn't quite go away, but both assumed it would in time, and was just a slightly lingering effect like their lips. Besides, it was time for more daring fun - Dan's competitive side was coming out, and he was looking forward to besting Jen at some of the mini-games.

Numerous other denizens were already enjoying the games, and most of them appeared to be women. Both Jen and Daniel were a little surprised by this - there had been quite a few men at the entrance, though perhaps they were drawn to some other kind of attraction. The men that were there were obviously gay or effeminate or possible members of the LGBT community, at least that's what they presumed. Many of them talked in higher voices and peppered their phrases with valley girl lingo, while others were quite slim and smooth-skinned, complete with even faintly womanly figures. A few even had breasts, and Daniel was unsure whether they were meant to be male, female, or transitioning. Perhaps they were just performers of some variety?

"I feel like the only source of testosterone here," he said.

"Well, prove it," Jen said. "You love a bit of competition, but I reckon I can best you at the wack-a-butt!"

"The what? Oh. Oh, I can totally 'kick your ass.' Or paddle it."

"Please, you *wish* you could touch my ass."

"Well, it could stand to be paddled and made a little bigger."

He realised his comment had been a little too far, because she frowned. “Not cool, honey. Not cool. I was just having fun.”

“Yeah, sorry, whatever. You know what I meant. I love your ass.”

“But obviously you’d like it bigger.”

“Well, obviously, but -”

“That’s it, I’m totally kicking your ass at this game, and then I’m going to talk about all the things I would change about *you*.”

It was with some sourness that they approached the game, Dan realising he’d stepped his foot in it. It didn’t help that so many of the working women of the fair had *fantastic* asses, and a surprising amount of the visitors. That included some of the men, weirdly enough, though he tried to avoid noticing that as much. They both paid the five dollars for three turns of the ‘Naughty Paddle’ game, as it was called, and got ready.

“I’m sorry,” Dan said.

“I know. You just also know I’m sensitive about that stuff.”

“Well, yeah. Sure. I was just making a joke though.”

“Not helping, Dan. C’mon, let’s just forget it and play. I’ll take out my anger on these asses.”

The minder of the whack-a-mole ripoff laughed and indicated for them to get ready to start. “Looking for some bigger behinds for your partner and yourself? Well, here’s the thing! Winner gets the bigger specimen for themselves or their partner - their choice, ha! Have fun filling out, and if you get the high score, you’ll end up with quite the dump truck!”

Dan scoffed. It was just another weird part of this Changing Carnivale, but he readied himself. He was a winner, after all.

The buzzer went off, and out of the nine available holes emerged a number of plastic butts, each of them designed to look rather shapely, belonging to numerous races but all of them curvy. It made Daniel think of how he did indeed wish that Jen had more ‘padding’ in her rear, and so with a smirk at the stall manager’s words he quickly set to bonking as many as he could with the paddle. Jen was also working hard opposite him, and the two were soon in a race as the machine sped up, getting faster and faster.

“Damn, missed one!” Jen said.

“Ha! Oh, shit!”

“Got it! I’m paddling you, hon!”

“Please, I’ve had an eye for dump trucks since I was a horny teenager!”

They continued to hit the various butts as they emerged, unaware that something was happening to their own bodies. As their respective scores increased, a change was occurring in their own rears. Jen was slowly developing the ass she’d always wanted without even realising it, though her shorts certainly seemed a *lot* more snug all of a sudden. Daniel

was too into the game to really notice, but his ass was also growing, gaining fat and a softness that his fit figure shouldn't have possessed. It pressed against his shorts, starting to stretch the material, but he just altered his stance and kept on paddling. For every hit, a score counter ticked up, and a woman's voice giggled.

'Mhmm, I love it when you smack me there!'

It was ridiculous, and such a weird theme for a fair, but he was actually having a blast, and got the sense that Jennifer was too. And besides, his competitive streak was out and free to play, whereas she usually frowned on it. The timer counted down and down and down, until finally they were both nearly even in score.

"So close!"

"I can do it!"

'Make my cheeks dance!'

The timer hit zero, and they both managed to get one final point in at the last second.

"No way," Daniel said. "Even? Are you serious?"

Jennifer laughed. "We both got sixty-nine. Ha, what an appropriate score for this place."

"Appropriate indeed!" the stall runner said with amusement. "Here's your tickets as well! Would you like to play again, or do you feel 'buffed in the back' enough already?"

Neither had any idea what he was talking about, but it had been quite the workout already, so they thanked him and moved on.

"Well, a draw, huh? Looks like there's something to being a little rivalrous," Jennifer said with a grin. She placed a hand around Daniel's waist, and he put one around hers.

"Coming around, are you?"

"So long as you're coming around to finally doing something different on our dates, instead of always complaining."

"Please, you whine far more than me."

Jennifer laughed. "I wouldn't accuse me of 'whining' when your voice is still a bit too high. Ngh!"

"Everything okay?"

She tugged at her shorts. "Sorry, it's just that was quite the workout. Are your glutes on fire like mine?"

Daniel paused. "Yeah, actually. It's weird, because I'm pretty damn fit."

"Braggart."

"You know what I mean," he said. He checked that no one was looking much and then adjusted his shorts. Sure enough, they did seem weirdly tight, almost like his ass had grown. He checked out Jen's profile, and she too looked like she was packing far more curves in the back than normal. She noticed the same, and her eyes went wide. For just a

moment they exchanged a horrified glance, confused at how this possibly could have happened, but then they were immediately distracted by music playing nearby: a sales cart for cotton candy was shifting forward with pink and blue flavours, and numerous women and men were buying at the frankly bargain prices.

“Come on up, come on up!” the woman presiding over the cart called. “Are you feeling a bit worried? A bit confused? Things not making sense? Revel in it! We have *Airhead Cotton Candy* available just for you! Leave behind your anxieties and embrace the moment like the beautiful bimbos you all are!”

“Something’s wrong,” Daniel said.

“Yeah,” Jen replied, looking over her backside. “I mean, this is great and all, but how could this possibly . . . and you! You look like you’ve got a chick’s ass, Dan!”

“Jesus Christ Jen, don’t fucking say that,” he said, mood spoiled. He pulled away from her. “I’m getting out of here. Shit, where’s the exit? Hey, you! Excuse me!”

He approached the cotton candy saleswoman, who welcomed his and Jen’s approach. She thrust out some cotton candy to both of them.

“Not interested,” Dan said flatly, waving it off.

“It’s on the house!”

“We just need to know what’s going on here. We just played a game and my ass ended up - well, it’s blown up. I don’t know if it’s an allergic reaction but the same happened to my girlfriend here.”

Jen blushed deeply, not wanting to be part of this.

“Well, you both look beautifully bodacious to me!” the woman said. “Though you could use some more padding in the chest! But that’s the Boobie Bumper Cars’ specialty! I only do the mental stuff - have a taste!”

“We just need to know the exit. We’re getting out of here and making a complaint.”

“Dan!” Jen said, annoyed at his escalation. He was getting stubborn and offended again, and it in turn was making her feel quite foul. And after such a good time, too!

The storewoman’s smile shrank a little. “Very well, how about this? You enjoy some nice *Airhead Cotton Candy*, and I’ll show you the exit. The other customers swear by it: right girls?”

A gaggle of beautiful women in their twenties cheered her words on from nearby. Dan was momentarily shocked by their appearance: they were shapely, beautiful, and damn busty. The red-head and the dark-skinned pair were particularly voluptuous, and showing a lot of thigh, midriff, and cleavage. He swallowed, almost hypnotised by them - something Jen noticed. But it gave enough distraction for the storewoman to put a cotton candy in his hand and the same for Jen, and both of them ate down some of it.

Then more of it.

Then more and more.

Until all of it was completely devoured.

“What the - did I just eat all of that?” Dan said.

“We did,” Jen replied. “That was . . . sugary. And, like, really sweet.”

“Now I can help you!” the stall operator said. “What did you want, again?”

Dan tried to think, but something was blocking his thoughts. His momentary anxieties bled away entirely, and whatever worries he'd possessed seemed to fall away also. This place was really fun after all, and sure his ass looked a bit bigger, but wasn't it just the littlest bit cute? Not to mention his girlfriend now had a total Kardashian ass. Well, not that exaggerated, but it was certainly bubbly, and he wanted to pinch it pretty damn bad. Why spoil the fun by leaving now? Was that what he'd been trying to do? Leave? It didn't really make sense: there was still so much to see.

“Umm, I was just hoping, like, to see if there are any attractions you'd totally recommend?” he said, not realising that a slightly vapid tone had crept into his words and voice.

“Yeah,” Jen agreed, “that's it, I think. We want to do things in a super fun order so our relationship can get going again. What would you recommend?”

The storewoman smiled, and it was a knowing smile, but one they found harder to interpret than they ordinarily would have. “No problem, you pair of cuties! I can't wait to see how you normalise! I'd recommend the water gun game! It's a fun next step in your process. Trust me, you'll love what it does to your skin!”

The couple quickly moved in the direction she pointed, their asses bouncing much more than they would have done. They were among like company, however. In fact, numerous visitors to the *Changing Carnivale* seemed to have quite prodigious rear assets, though others were very front-loaded as well. Jen felt a wave of jealousy at these women: her chest had always been flat, and now she ogled them openly, wishing she could be like them, or have their skincare routine.

“Have you noticed that a lot of these people are, like, bimbo types or something?” Dan asked.

“What? Oh, yeah, totes. I mean, totally. Sorry, I'm finding it hard to concentrate right now.”

“Me too. Must be that cotton candy, lol.”

“Did my boyfriend just say the word 'lol'? Cause, lol if that's the case.”

They groaned together, forgetting the near-revelation they'd just had.

“Must be the air of this place, or, like, the atmosphere or something.”

Daniel had to agree, and though his bouncing new butt still seemed a little off, his thoughts were now more easily distracted by the water game. It involved two players facing

each other, firing water into the mouths of plastic heads of Marilyn Monroe-like beauties, all of whom had pursed expressions like they were in mid-orgasm. Fitting, given that a separate mould of a hand holding a condom was what was being filled up by the jets of water, presumably through a hose through the finger. The couple watched two men play against each other, trying to spray into the mouths of the rotating beauties and blow up their condom first. They were a strangely effeminate pair despite their masculine clothing, but the pair shrieked as their condoms finally exploded, with the larger man as the victor. Both were coated in water from the blasts, and cackled together. For a moment, Jen was actually jealous of their obvious skin care routine: they looked so smooth and shiny and without blemish.

But then it was their turn, and they were against one another again. Daniel had played many games of paintball and laser tag, not to mention countless video games, so he knew his way around using a weapon - even if it was one that shot water. In this, he pulled far ahead and easily so, managing to get the bimbo's mouth full of the not-so-tastefully creamy-white water. No points for guessing what *that* was supposed to represent. It was not so much a competition as a massacre, albeit one with incredibly low stakes. His condom burst before Jen's was even half-way filled, and he was splashed with the water as it did so.

"Victory!" he shouted, acting as if he were being sprayed with wine after winning the Grand Prix. "Haha!"

He flexed his muscles, though they weren't as impressive as he had thought they were. In fact, his skin was remarkably smoothed over, as if he'd been moisturising a lot recently, to the point where even a few of the blemishes on his skin had either faded or dissipated entirely.

"What is *in* that water!" Jen said, astonished even as she worked on popping her own condom with the water. "Your skin looks, like, amazing!"

"I know!" Daniel said, looking over himself. "It's . . . kinda hot."

"I'll say! Oh, here comes mine! Maybe I'll get a makeover!"

She shrieked in a quite exaggerated fashion - far more than she usually would - in response to the condom snapping apart. She was soaked in the water, and like Daniel ended up with skin was shockingly sensuous and smooth. The woman touched her face, surprised at how clear her skin felt. The nearby mirror that was ostensibly for this purpose confirmed it: even the zit she'd been fussing over that morning was gone.

"Were my cheekbones always this good?"

"I don't know, babe, were mine?"

She examined Daniel. It was probably just the influence of what had to be moisturised water, but he *really* did look good, and his cheekbones were quite lovely.

"I - I don't know. Is something, like, strange happening? Ugh, it's really hard to concentrate with so many sounds and sights around us!"

Daniel agreed. His attention span had never been great - he and Jen had argued far more than once over the films they watched, as he refused to see any more long arthouse French flicks with her - but now it seemed positively abysmal. Ever since the cotton candy, it was like there was cotton on his brain. And yet that particular connection remained *unconnected* for him.

"Maybe something less competitive next," Jennifer suggested. "I don't like how this has turned into another 'you' thing. This should be us together."

"This was your idea!"

"Was it? I don't think so."

Dan rubbed his smoother temples. "Whatever, let's not, like, argue, okay? I'm sick of arguing. I think we're just making excuses to argue 'cause it's, like, what we're used to."

Jennifer went wide-eyed. "Wowwww, that's actually really enlightened or whatever. I mean, not whatever. I don't know why I said that. Okay, I'll try and stop being snippy. Let's just go and enjoy the bumper cars! The Boobie ones!"

"Great idea!"

They made a move to the large area where many busty women and men with oddly large chests were bouncing against one another in the bumper cars. It was loud and raucous, and as with everything else in the festival, numerous images of gorgeous busty bimbo types were painted in a classic nineteen forties pinup style on flags and walls and banners surrounding it. One Asian woman was crying out in giggly laughter as her enormous borderline head-sized tits almost thrashed out of her top in response to the numerous bumps.

"You perv!" Jen snapped. "I caught you looking."

"Jen, I thought we agreed not to -"

She waved her head. "No, you're right. I'm super sorry. It's just . . . God, why are all the women busty here? Even the men have total moobs at the moment! It makes me so frustrated that I'm a damn member of the itty bitty titty committee. All I've got is this great ass, but it's probably just a reaction to something or whatever because yours is amazingly bubbly and hot too."

Daniel blushed, partly out of embarrassment and shame for ogling the other woman, as well as a strange sense of pride at having his ass described as 'bubbly', which somehow appealed to him all of a sudden.

"You know you're amazingly pretty, Jen, especially to me."

"I know, I just wish I was, like, mega hot for once. You know, the kind of girl that guys will turn heads for."

“You turn my head. And speaking of things getting, like, my attention, check who’s here!”

It was Ash and Zach, both looking utterly pleased with themselves as they approached. They had a girl on each arm, two blondes, an African woman, and one of indeterminate but possibly Persian or Arabian ancestry. All four women were laughing and giggling and looking utterly gorgeous. The only thing they were missing was a bit of bust in the chest, but overall they made Jennifer even more self-aware.

“You’re kidding me,” she said as they approached. “Even lunkhead is scoring?”

But Daniel was happy to see his friends. “Hey guys! Looks like you’re popular today!”

“Mega popular,” one of the girls said.

“Super popular!” another said.

“And super sexy. There are sooooo few men left here, we just have to share!”

Ashton and Zach gave Daniel a set of expressions that seemed to indicate something to the effect of, *we have no idea how we’re this lucky, seriously, but holy fuck right?*

“Who are these lovely ladies?” Daniel said, only for Jen to nudge him with her elbow. “I mean, it’s nice to meet you.”

“This is Hayley, and Kaitlin, and Laquesha, and Indira. We just met them, and they’re super keen to spend some time with us.”

“Seriously, have you ever seen such hotties?” Zach said, grinning widely. “Wait, you guys look totally different? What’s up with your skin? Are you wearing something in your trousers: your asses look huge!”

The pair looked at one another, feeling suddenly quite self-conscious.

“I, like, don’t know what you mean,” Daniel said. “It’s just a slight allergic reaction or something.”

“Slight? Dude, that’s like a Kardashian ass right there? Well, almost!”

“And what’s up with your voice?” Ash said, a bit more concerned. “And are you wearing lipstick or something? Seriously, don’t tell me this place is getting to you or something.”

Jen stepped forward, arms folded. She’d always found Daniel’s friends annoying, but this was too much - even if they were a lot sexier looking than she remembered (seriously, she’d never been huge into muscle-bound guys, but now it was almost impossible not to stare at their staggering biceps or powerful calves. The other women were lucky).

“Excuse me, you two are being, like, really weird about this. We’re just having a fun date to totally save our relationship!”

But the two sniggered.

"I guess this is what happens when you don't buy the Premium Mens' Pass," Ash said, nudging Daniel in the side. "But then you look a bit smaller - certainly a lot softer!"

Zach laughed. "We're just joking, man! This place is clearly weird though."

But Daniel was feeling indignant, and oddly emotional at that. His masculine need to compete was budging up against an oddly feminine sense of emotional hurt, and the two warred within him. He tried to hide his ass from direct view and maintain a manly posture, but it wasn't very convincing. So there was only one thing to do.

"Well, how about we all do bumpers together? I'll show you how much of a man I am compared to you too wannabes."

His two mates grinned, and the girls with them let out a girlish 'oooooooooh!' as the challenge was issued. It was on: Daniel had his manhood to prove, and even Jen was feeling a little bit amused and confused in equal parts by the spectacle. Also, the fact that both Ash and Zach had somehow managed to get not just two but *four* floozies around themselves irked her, especially as she was finding it hard not to look at Zach's muscles, a fact that disgusted her also.

"Okay fellas," she said. "Let's, like, rumble."

The girls squealed.

"Totes!"

"Yay!"

"I can't wait for my big boobies to bounce in the bumper cars, just like on the sign!"

Ashton and Zach exchanged grins. Just where the hell had they met these women?

"Let's do this," Ash said. "Maybe I can bump the makeup off your face, Daniel. You're looking a bit like you're got some DSL's there."

"DSL's?"

Laquesha answered. "Like, dick sucking lips, silly! They're the best! So cute!"

Blushing, Daniel barged on ahead to the line, dragging Jen along. "That tears it. You guys are my friends, but you're being total jerks right now. I'll kick your asses if it makes you stop making fun of mine!"

Zach whistled as Dan walked away to the line, making the man self-conscious about his rear. It *did* feel different. Snug and big and very sexy, though not in a way that it should be. The same was true of Jen. But then the thought slipped away as the excitement of the bells and whistles and tunes and cars got closer.

The two were ready for more entertainment.

The Bumper Cars were *serious business*. Well, for Daniel and his friends, at least. Jen was just bumping into everyone, ramming at surprising speeds like some crazed, giggling wild card. She wasn't normally the giggling type, but something about this place and the wider *Changing Carnivale* had her not caring about how bubbly and girly she was being. With each crash into another car (or against the side railing, not an uncommon event given her mad driving) she felt her boobs wobble. Her chest had always been fairly slim, but now it seemed like she was smuggling larger boulders than she knew from the way they were jostling about. With each hit against another car - almost always another giggling woman with a bouncing chest of her own, there was an odd but pleasant sense of pressure that ballooned in her tits.

"Ohh! Ha! Ohhhh, that f-feels so weird! I love it!"

Her shirt was almost starting to feel a little tight, and her bra too. Still, she paid it little heed: her mind was so easily distracted ever since that delicious cotton candy, and thoughts of having silly fun were just so much more attractive. She didn't even notice that her top was rising up to accommodate for her magically swelling breasts, revealing a slim midriff that had been perfected by the water shooting game. Already, her chest had expanded to C-cups in size, and they were getting bigger with each bump, wobbling about and threatening to spill her top open. In fact, one of her buttons pinged off suddenly, revealing a line of impressive cleavage that she had *never* possessed before.

"What the - since when did I have such big boobs? They're heavy! Ohmigod, they're, like, way bigger! What is going - OOF! Hey! How dare you get me! I'mma get you back!"

Another woman with her own impressive chest cackled as she bumped past Jennifer, her own boobs almost ripping the fabric of her top. It was several sizes too small, and so was her clearly visible bra, from which her delightful chest was muffin topping out of. It made Jennifer want her tits to get even bigger - not that she was thinking about that anymore. Playful revenge was on her mind with this new bimbo-looking rival.

"I'll get you, and find out where you got those nails! They're so cute!"

She took off, just in time to create a space for Daniel to smash into the side of Ash and Zach's bumper car. His chest burned a little, an odd pressure in both his nipples presenting itself, but all that mattered was that he'd got two-for-one in this deal.

"Aww, man!" Zach cried.

"We'll get him back. You hear that!"

Daniel giggled - not laughed, *giggled* - his voice higher than it should be. "Sure thing, boys! But first you gotta catch me!"

He took off, expertly manoeuvring around, or at least trying to. He normally prided himself on being an excellent driver, but he kept getting distracted, and not just by how seemingly hot and busty and silly all the women in the other cars around him were. It was also just . . . everything. The lights, the flash, the music, the excitement of it all was making

him bubbly and silly, and he began smacking into other people for no reason other than to be fun, even letting Ash and Zach catch up. The football star slammed into the back of his bumper, followed by the gym nut.

"Got you, ya mad bastard!" Zach exclaimed.

Daniel laughed. The collision made him wobble a little in his seat, and actually made him thankful for the new padding on his butt. Not that it was new, right? Hadn't he always had a curvy ass?

Another bump jolted his thoughts - and his chest. It actually bounced a little, the pressure turning to growth. He didn't know it yet, and the cotton candy was making it difficult to even figure out, but the feminising man was about to develop a serious case of obvious frontal womanhood. His nipples burned slightly, but then that sensation turned blissful as they bloomed, widening to develop a proper set of areolas. They brushed against his shirt, giving him a tingly feeling, and it only added to the buoyancy of the proceedings.

"More!" he declared. "Let's do that some . . . MORE!"

He managed to spin around several hot blondes currently bumping against one another and smack into the backside of Ash, trapping him between two of the women he'd had on his arms earlier. They themselves were looking bigger in the bust than Daniel remembered, but then his *own* chest was quite bouncy at that point. The pressure surged forth, giving way to pleasurable growth instead as they swelled in size. Like with Jen, his top rose up a little, revealing a hairless and gorgeously smooth midriff. His new breasts plumpened with every bang, every hit, every bump, and it only made his attitude ditzier and sillier.

"Ohmigod, I'm meant to be, like, a great driver! What the hell!?"

Zach and Ash were running circles around him, but the entire scene was a cacophony of chaos. He quickly lost the pair, and the last he saw of them was something like confusion and borderline horror as they stared at his chest.

"What?" he cried, voice high and free. "What!? Are you giving up? I told you I can out-man you! Heehee!"

It was a silly way to put it, but hell, the whole fair was silly, so why not embrace it? He shifted around, bumping against a dark-skinned woman with boobs the size of her own head, before crashing front first into Jen. The pair squealed like a couple of little girls, and their boobs jumped up yet another cup size, snapping Jen's bra band and causing her to erupt in laughter. Her tits were no longer modest: they had to be F-cups at least, nearly the size of her head and easily big enough to take a pair of hands each to fully cup.

Which somehow made them on the smaller scale next to Daniel's. His were astonishing, and the buttons that had pinged off to reveal his full, flushed cleavage was only evidence of this. They were pert and full, soft and round: they had to be G or even H-cups,

the size of his head apiece and yet somehow containing very little sag. They wobbled for sometime, even as the time limit reached at the moment of their collision and the bumper cars shut off.

"Holy shit!" Jen declared. "That was, like, sooo fun."

"I know, right?" Daniel replied as he got out of the car and began to filter with the crowd through to the exit. "I totally beat Zach and Ash. They had it coming. Can you believe they questioned my, like, masculinity?"

He gestured to his now-quite-unmasculine form. His lips were glossy and full, his skin smooth and feminine, his figure reshaped to be womanly, particularly his ass and new breasts. For a moment, a wave of nausea hit the pair of them, a sort of psychic backlash erupting from this supreme mental dissonance. Something was wrong. Very wrong. Daniel looked down to see a deep and alluring line of cleavage, a sight that was totally foreign to him. Similarly, Jennifer looked at her own body, one which was not as it had been just an hour ago. She had breasts. Boobs. Fucking *melons* now. They were huge, and heavy, with a weight that naturally pulled her forward and tugged impressively upon her shoulders. And yet they were *perfect*. And *real*. And hers. Utterly, utterly *hers*. Finally big and busty and sexy, like she'd always desired deeply to be. Despite the insanity of the situation, and the slightly jealous awareness that her boyfriend somehow had even *bigger* tits than her, she couldn't help but smile.

"Oh God," Daniel gasped. He raised his hands to grope his chest, which made several men - and women - look his way. "This is impossible. I've got tits. I can feel them. They're, like, really real! And heavy! And hawt. I mean, not that!"

He wasn't the only one with new attributes. The spell had briefly dropped for a number of women whose bustlines had magically blossomed, and for other feminised men too.

Daniel was aghast. It was an alien sensation, to suddenly have big boobs, and worse, they were jostling with every movement. Not even the sight of Jen finally being stacked as all hell could lift his spirits. His tits were sensitive, sending little pulses of pleasure where he felt his nipples. It was divine . . . and wrong.

"What's happening to us? Why do I sound like a frickin' bimbo?"

"I don't know," Jen said, crossing her arms under her own prodigious chest. "But I'm scared. Scared ans . . . weirdly excited. I can't explain it."

Daniel nodded. "I feel it too," he admitted. "Like, I want to change. It's soooo weird!"

Others around them were similarly confused and worried.

"Why do I have fucking boobs?"

"The rollercoaster . . . where's my dick?"

"The clothing store. Ohmigod it *literally* stretched my hips!"

"But I hate pink! And I don't like cute boys. I mean-"

But then the ringing, circus-like tune of the mobile cotton candy stall approached, and the eyes of everyone glazed over a bit, forgetting what they were fussing about, or seeing their developments as normal.

"Fuck yeah, more cotton candy!" Daniel exclaimed. "Let's get some!"

"Like, totally!" Jen said, voice gaining a valley girl twang. "And then find your friends. Where did they go anyway?"

The couple looked around, but Zach and Ash were not to be seen anywhere. There was a slight inkling that they'd been perhaps weirded out by something, but then it passed quickly, and the couple turned their attention back to their bodies, and their need to get new clothes.

Thankfully, there was a convenient store nearby, with a *very* pink aesthetic.

"I feel a bit, like, weird wearing this."

Jen giggled at the sight of her boyfriend wearing a lacy pink bra. It didn't really suit him, but his big tits needed them, for sure. It was almost hard to think of him as a boyfriend like that, almost more like a *girlfriend*.

"It's super fine," she said, waving her hand to dismiss his concerns. "You just need a heap of support. And, like, so do I. I love having big boobs!"

She adjusted her own bright pink bra and checked herself out in the mirror again. They were not alone; there was a bizarrely large influx of patrons to the little clothing stall and its mobile change rooms. Lots of women were discarding their bras, and feminine-looking men adopting their own due to the manboobs they'd developed. It was comforting, in an odd way, and the crowd going through the same motions normalised the proceedings for the couple, making it difficult to discern the reality beneath.

"What about this cute skirt?" Jen suggested. She held up a short pink thing that she'd never have been caught dead wearing once.

"No way, I'm a dude, remember."

"But you'd look totes cute in it. We could have some fun after the fair if you wear it?"

"No."

"Awww, c'mon. You've been having fun. We did your competitions, why don't we try-"

Daniel placed his hands on his hips, having put a new, rather bright yellow shirt on. He hadn't even noticed it was a female top.

"I fucking, like, said no!" he exclaimed. "Stop being so pushy, Jen! You're always like this, and then you wonder why, like, we have relationship troubles or whatever."

Jen fell silent, embarrassed. Tears bubbled in her eyes: she was more emotional than usual for some reason.

"You're right. I'm sorry," she said. "I - I was just having fun. Being a bit silly."

"No, I'm sorry for snapping and being a total bitch there. I just feel really off for reasons I can't, like, totally place."

She looked up at him. "But you've been having fun, right? Like, it's a good date?"

He hugged her, but felt an odd resistance to kissing her, and she felt the same.

"The best," he said. "Like hanging out with a total BFF."

The thought had just come to him, but Jen was of the same mind. They giggled together.

"Tell you what," he said. "You choose the next place."

Jennifer beamed.

The Mystic Hall of Sexy Mirrors may have been unimaginatively titled, but the interior was exciting. Numerous figures moved through the confused and dizzying space, and the couple themselves were shocked at what a maze it turned out to be. Usually, such places were easy to navigate and barely worth the ticket price. Hell, Daniel had groaned audibly when Jen dragged him to it. But the feminised man's dourness turned to excitement as he tried to find his way around, and soon he and Jen were giggling at their own warped reflections and the amusing images they conveyed. And it did seem as if the mirrors really were sexy. It wasn't just the low beat music that would suit a ritzy nightclub, nor the red and pink decor and flashing lights. No, the mirrors must have been meticulously made, because they stretched their proportions in alarmingly realistic ways, showing numerous body types.

"This makes my waist look so itty bitty!" Jen exclaimed.

"And this one makes my neck look super feminine," Daniel added.

"Oh man, like check this out Dani!"

He looked over at his girlfriend. "Dani?"

Jennifer giggled. "Yeah, I thought it was a fun nickname. Do you like it?"

He oddly did, in fact. "I guess I do. Huh. Sounds a bit girlish but also kinda nice? Ohmigod, you look even short in that one!"

"I know! Travel-sized, right?"

Daniel moved over beside his girlfriend, and the two paid up close as if they were besties rather than lovers. True enough, the mirror made them look shorter, while also pinching their waists in. This was matched by an actual snugness in their waists, a sensation of contraction that was easy to ignore among the music and lights and mystery, but was

having a very real physical effect on them. The pair shifted and wound their way through the maze, laughing with excitement and amusement at their shifting reflections, all of which made them look increasingly feminine. This was accompanied by a number of actual changes, though it was hard to notice these due to the numerous fractal images of themselves endlessly reflected throughout the maze. Still, the odd pressures and strangely sensual feelings did not abate, and with each mirror the pair looked at a feeling of excitement grew in them, one that bordered on the sexual.

“Ohhhhh,” ‘Dani’ moaned, running his hands over his hips. “I love how this one makes my thighs look! I’d look so super cute as a girl.”

“With those tits? You’d look fucking sexy, honey!”

“Just like you, Jen-Jen!”

She looked his way with equal confusion as she had before. “Jen-Jen?”

“I thought if you liked calling me ‘Dani’, then I should give you a cutesy name too, right? Do you like it?”

She knew she should have hated it. It was the kind of thing she would have started an argument over. But the atmosphere of this place was too amusing and ostentatious and ridiculous, and the name felt oddly appropriate, particularly given how silly her brain had turned. It had a kind of ditzy air to it that just felt right.

“Jen-Jen it is!” she declared, embracing her boyfriend. She didn’t even notice - perhaps due to the mirrors, perhaps her own bimbofying mind - that he was now the exact same height as her, the mirrors having reduced his impressive height to a mere five-foot-five over the preceding twenty minutes.

“Ohhh, I see an exit!” Dan said. “I think we might be near!”

He grabbed ‘Jen-Jen’s hand and rushed her through. They passed several more mirrors, and the pair shivered a little, taking in the sight of themselves with slimmer legs and thicker thighs, softer arms and wider hips. Each of these sights was accompanied by a stretching or contraction of their forms, and when they finally erupted out into the light they both looked utterly changed, though neither fully recognised it yet.

“Ohmigod, that was so fun!” Jennifer declared, practically bouncing on her new legs. Her figure was now a perfect hourglass to match her large rear and impressive chest. Even her hair had stretched, now cascading to her shoulders where it had once been a cute tomboyish look.

“Right? You were sooooo right,” Daniel said, voice yet higher again. “Working together can totes be fun!”

His own figure would now easily be mistaken for a woman, with even his facial features looking closer to that of a girl’s. His figure was even more sensuously feminine than his girlfriend’s now, barring what existed between his legs. His thighs were thicker, and his

body was not as slim, but it gave the impression of curves that most women could only dream of, like one of the pinup models that was displayed around the fair.

And yet the two couldn't quite notice this. There was a brief impression of things being off, but the cotton candy had made them airheads enough, distracted enough, that such things passed from their attention.

Especially at what they saw next, barrelling on its track only forty feet or so away from the mirror's exit on its wild track. The women on the ride screamed in joy and it made Dani and Jen-Jen want to try it out.

"Rollercoaster!" they declared at once, and moved with alacrity towards it. The line was long, but the ride was short and efficient, and the pair spent their time complimenting each other's looks and styles as if they were a pair of bimbo besties out on the town rather than a loving romantic couple.

"I love your hair!" Jen-Jen said. "I can't believe you grew it to your lower back!"

"I knooooow," Dani said, stretching the word out dramatically. He was not the only person in the line to do so, man or woman. Everyone nearby was talking like a valley girl stereotype. "It's super weird, I thought I had, like, short hair. But I love my big blonde mop! I love how it tickles my butt! I love its weight!"

"And it's so shimmery!"

"So is yours! It looks, like, really gorgeous."

Jen beamed, hugging him again. "I'm so glad we're finally getting along, sis. It was soooo crap that were arguing."

"Man, I can't even remember much of what we were arguing about. Stupid relationship stuff, I guess?"

Jen tried to think, but the mental changes were still progressing in the background, filtering her perspective. "Was I annoyed at someone you were dating? Or were you annoyed at someone I was dating?"

Dani shrugged. "I . . . wait. I don't know. Why don't I know? Aren't we a couple?"

Jen's eyes widened. They were a couple. She knew that. He knew that. How had they forgotten it? It made no sense! She bit her lip, reduced mind racing to figure out just what on Earth was happening and why.

But as always, the Changing Carnivale was there to distract them, because at that very moment the sexy beauty running the rollercoaster announced that the next lot could get on, and they were near the front.

"I'll - I'll figure it out after!" she declared. "Let's just have fun on the rollercoaster and stuff."

Dani was troubled, but agreed. The allure of the ride made him more daunted than usual. Almost a little frightful. But it was an exciting fright at the same time. The kind that made him want to squeal.

And squeal he did, when the rollercoaster hit the peak. His body trembled nervously, his big chest wobbling in its new cups. The same was true of Jennifer, and the two held hands while their remaining ones clutched the protective brace.

“Ohmigod, here it cooooooomes!” she cried.

The rollercoaster descended. It was, as they had seen before, patterned to look like a tongue, snaking along the track and eliciting gasps of female pleasure. There were even little props and images of women in various scandalous positions, their O-faces clearly displayed, speakers nearby to project the sound of their orgasms. The rollercoaster went up and down, around and around, and looped up and back. Daniel and Jennifer were amazed: they couldn't believe that such a rollercoaster was able to be constructed so quickly on the boardwalk, or to go so fast and wild. They had a view of the entire boardwalk area, with its myriad of shops and stalls and harbour delights. It made Jen want to put on her bikini and swim in the ocean, and Daniel felt a strange temptation to do the same as well, despite the fact that he didn't even have a vagina!

But the rollercoaster, which was called the *Tongue Twister*, had him covered there. While his immense rack bounced around, nearly coming free of his top as it went upside down, the area between his legs were being tantalised. He squirmed and writhed in his seat, the rotations of the track causing sensations he hadn't known were possible. The same was true of Jen, whose squeals of terror and excitement began to shift, becoming more and more a series of high moans. The entire rollercoaster train was the same, each occupant wild with sexual bliss. With every turn, every barrel roll, every spin and loop that followed, the rattling of the cars somehow caressed their womanhoods and manhoods. Their nipples stiffened also, their libidos only growing more needy with each hump of the ride. Indeed, *humping* felt like the appropriate word, as the occupants of the entire coaster cried out in joyful unison as it finished its home stretch, a series of humps that went up and down, up and down, and made them writhe.

Dani cried out louder than most. “Yes! Y-YES! OH GOD THIS IS SOOOO AMAZING!:

He wanted to grab his crotch and rub it, feel it change. Not that he was fully cognisant of the change, just that *something* was occurring. His once-impressive penis slid back into his body, withdrawing along with his two testes. With a little *plop plop* they slipped within his own flesh, altering to become a pair of ovary sacs while a womb ballooned below his stomach. He orgasmed in a strange new way as his tunnel formed, and in moments the transforming man was now a transformed *woman*. With the final orgasm, the last features of her face changed, and she now had a heart-shaped visage with vibrant blue eyes to match

her blonde bimbo look. And while Jennifer had always been a woman, her sensitivity in her pussy had increased almost ten-fold, making her cry out more than she ever had with Daniel inside her. Her nipples also enlarged, and her face beautified, gaining more prominent cheekbones and a lovely demure chin. Her eyes became slightly green-grey, and her overall arousal factor and libido in general was left much more powerful.

Everyone exited the rollercoaster panting, unbelieving what an experience it had been. Dani and Jen-Jen both had jelly legs, and had to take some time after going down the ramp to collect themselves.

“I, like, feel like that rollercoaster was actually *tonguing* me,” she stammered.

“This is gonna sound super weird, but me too,” Daniel said. “Seriously, it was like I had a hot guy’s tongue rubbing my big throbbing clit and making me cum sooo hard.”

Jen giggled. “You’re such a horny girl, Dani, but that’s why you’re my BFF. Gawd, I really want to do that again. Seriously, what a total bonding experience, right?”

“Absolutely. I can’t believe we were fighting earlier today about something. Did you remember what it was?”

Jen-Jen shook her head, her longer raven-black hair shimmering perfectly as it moved about. It didn’t hurt that her chest wobbled as well, though Dani didn’t find herself so much attracted to the sight as just simply appreciating it.

“I couldn’t. Just dumb girl stuff, I’m sure. Maybe you, like, used my shampoo or something.”

“I would never! I mean, maybe not. I guess I would use a lot with hair so long. Wouldn’t I?”

There were little gaps. Little cracks showing. She couldn’t remember having actually cared for her long hair ever before, despite somehow innately knowing how to do so.

“Of course you would!” Jen assured her. “Dani, you’re just having a total airhead moment or something. C’mon, we should find a new attraction for *distraction!*”

“Totes! Yeah . . .”

But there was a nagging feeling in Dani’s mind that there was something a little off, though she couldn’t keep it totally in focus: there were too many bright and wonderful and excitable things. And the most excitable of all were the *boys*.

“Oh. My. God. Look! Total hotties!”

Dani looked up, and was instantly starstruck. The place was so filled with many hot, busty women like her and Jen that they almost hadn’t seen a man for a while now. But there they were, a collection of men wandering around with women on their arms, all of them looking shocked and slightly dazed at their own luck as these girls practically *threw* themselves at the men.

“Oh Gawd!” Jen declared. “We’re late! They’re all being super snatched up! But I wanted to get lucky tonight!”

She had too . . . with Daniel. Originally, at least. But now she was getting moist between her thighs and hard in her nipples just at the thought of getting to fuck a man, and Dani was as well. For the former man, the experience should have been familiar - she was a proud slut, wasn’t she? - but there was an alienness to the sensation, to the heave of her chest and the wet warmth in her pussy. But still, she couldn’t help but lick her lips as she took in the sight of the dreamy men.

Two of whom she knew in particular.

“Ash! Zach! Ohmigod, it’s you guys!” she called, bounding forward. Jen followed her. There was a small moment of revulsion from some old association with these men, but it dissipated when she took in their strong muscles and biceps. The pair were alone again - perhaps they’d enjoyed the fruits of their previous women already. In fact, they both looked a little alarmed at the crowd of women surrounding them like vultures.

“Um, hey?” Zach said, looking at the pair. “Do we know you?”

“Silly!” Dani said. “It’s me! Dani! And Jen-Jen!”

“D-Dani? Daniel!?” Zach said. “Oh my God, it’s happening to you as well. This whole freak show is changing people. Did you buy the men’s pass?”

“Nah, I was just, like, lying before to seem cool. I totes paid regular. Why, is something funny? It’s not like I’m a man, after all!”

Dani pressed her chest together with her upper arms, emphasising the huge swell of her rack and forming a deep line of cleavage. Ash looked like he was about to faint just looking at her: she was clearly among the top beauties present, as was Jen-Jen.

“Yeah, we’re just two girls out for a fun time!” she declared.

“But - but you’re so different. I mean, you’re hot as hell,” Zach said, “but this is all wrong. Look, we need to get out of here! We need to get things back to normal.”

“Normal is soooo boring,” Dani said, though there was something small in Zach’s words that had her concerned. “But if we want to get out of here . . .”

She grinned at Jen-Jen, who’d had the same idea, and so grinned back. Both grabbed the men by the hand and pulled them away from the other pawing women.

“C’mon!” Dani cried. “We’ll take the exit to the harbour . . . through the Tunnel of Love!”

The Tunnel of Love involved little boats on tracks that floated through the sensual scenery leading to the fair’s exit. Zach and Ash still looked troubled, but both were also utterly turned

on. They may have been a pair of jocks, and ones totally attracted to hot women, but they were clearly concerned, particularly at how insistent Jen and Dani had been to travel separately: Dani with Zach, and Jen with Ash, whom she had once hated.

"I just . . . look, this is really nice and all," Ash said, "but you know you've changed right. No offence Jen, but you didn't have a body like that. Your tits are massive now!"

"Mhmm, that's soooo hot of you to say," she said, pressing up against him slightly, leaning her body against his. She looked ahead to the boat that contained Zach and Dani. "But mine aren't as big as hers. But I *more than make up for it in passion, big boy.*"

Zach swallowed. She could feel the throbbing hardness in his crotch. It was tantalising. She wanted to fuck him right there as they travelled. The boat wouldn't tip after all: it was on a track. And with the pink lighting and cute heart lights all around them, not to mention the sensuous music, it felt like the right place to be downright naughty. Slowly, she moved her hand to said crotch, and began to rub it. Ash groaned.

"Wait, I mean, that feels good. And you're hot as fuck. But you're Dani's girl. I mean, Daniel's girl. This is too crazy - how is he a woman?"

The same question was being asked of Daniel/Dani at that very moment, as she too pressed her busty body against a very confused Zach. Zach, being the more eloquent of the two, was trying to explain it all to Dani before things escalated.

"No, you don't understand. You're not Dani, you're *Daniel*, remember? Look, everything you're saying is stuff we did as best mates, not-"

"Mhmm, mates. Makes me think of, like, *mating.*"

Zach clenched his eyes shut, clearly trying to avoid looking at Daniel's tits. "No, not like that. I mean friends."

"Friends with *benefits*. Fuckbuddies. Mhmmm . . ."

"No! You're a guy! A dude! You had a cock, remember? You and Jennifer are meant to be together? You were having relationship issues or something. You're not meant to be here as a big-titted blonde pushing her tits in my face, no matter how good they look!"

"So they do look good?"

Zach cringed, shying away, though it was clear he didn't want to. "Look, Daniel, I don't know what this carnival is, but it's changing people. Zach and I were with those other girls, and they were so hot, but after the bumper cars they suddenly had huge tits, nearly as big as your new ones. It freaked us right out - I mean, we still had sex with them, but we didn't think their tits were real! And then they ate some cotton candy, and they became really silly like they were on drugs, and then the mirror maze made their bodies change shape. Even their hair changed, like yours! You've got to believe me!"

Dani purred, caressing her soft hand over his trousers, and feeling the enormous hard rod in his pants. "I believe you, hot stuff. I'll believe you extra hard if you fuck me in this boat right now."

"Listen to yourself!"

It was the refrain of Ash as well, as Jen-Jen began to nibble at his neck. She could feel his resistances starting to crumble, particularly as she began to unzip his zipper and slip her hand under his underwear to feel the naked prize beneath.

"Mmhm, I thought you were, like, such a lunkhead, but now I see where all the blood was going, you big stud."

Ash was breathing heavier, his hand beginning to slip around her naked waist. "I mean, if you want this, sure, I'm fucking into it. I just . . . it's so fucking weird. You don't normally look like this or act like this or whatever."

"I can be your hot bimbo. Your slutty girlfriend. I like being muscular men who just wanna party. And you fit that bill super, super well, Ashton."

He did. Everyone knew Ash's reputation, his love of parties and love of fucking hot girls. It turned her on something fierce. Images of taming this man, of making him devoted to her body, danced in her mind. Of being the girl he showed off at parties, of grinding against him on the dance floor, of getting tipsy and silly and sexy with him. The two could be a pair of loving airheads, and she submissive to his every want. Dani was feeling a similar desire in the presence of Zach, who was much more dominant and powerful, and certainly much smarter now - even if he was no rocket scientist. She wanted to see her former friend-turned-potential lover succeed. To become a hot, famous football star, and she could be the girl on his arm purring at his every accomplishment, and taking his dick every night. The cotton candy filling her brain made her tingle with sweet excitement at the prospect.

"I want you," she purred. "I totally want you. I want to be *yours*, Zach."

"But you're not a guy! I mean, you're not a woman! Remember what you were like just before coming here!"

She kissed him, shutting him up, and Jen did the same for her partner. At the very moment their lips made contact though, the magic was broken, or at least partly severed. Perhaps it was the cotton candy wearing off a little, or it was just that kissing people other than each other was enough of a dissonant moment to wake them up a little. Regardless of the reason, both were suddenly aware of how much they had changed in body and mind.

Dani pulled back in shock, trembling. "Ohmigod, ohmigod, you're right! I am totally a girl now! But I'm meant to be a boy! I've got huge tits and a pussy and I'm super turned on, but this isn't right!"

Jen squealed. "I'm meant to be heaps smart! I'm super cynical and stuff! Why am I so bubbly and busty and cute and happy? I shouldn't be hyper horny for you, Ash! And Dani should be my BF, not my BFF!"

They could hear each other's arguments, even as the boats floated further down the tunnels. Dani looked back at Jen, and she looked to him. The two men gestured in confusion to each other.

"Finally you remember!" Zach said.

"Yeah, uh, finally," Ash said, a little bit disappointed.

But Jen's hand hadn't left Ash's crotch, and Dani was shocked that she was still instinctively pressing her body against Zach's, savouring the feel of his hard muscle and protective warmth. It was wonderful, and for Dani in particular, not like anything she had felt before,

"Oh Gawd," she said, in her sexy, bimbo-like voice. "This is all wrong. How am I a girl? I'm not meant to have these big titties! Ohhhh, I'm even wearing a bra. Zach, what's happening? I feel soooo hot and ready to go, but with you instead of Jen!"

Zach clearly had no idea how to respond, particularly since she was still holding him, even caressing him.

"It's okay, Daniel. We'll, uh, figure this out or something. This place has changed you."

"I know! I've got a pussy. Oh Gawd, it's so fucking hungry for you. I can't - I can't stop feeling your big, yummy cock!"

Yummy was right: she could just imagine sucking on it. Taking in its full length in her mouth and drinking that cum as it expelled from his thick shaft. She grinded her hips against him, getting out of her seat and pacing her body over his, her lovely legs spread over him.

"What are you doing?" Zach said.

"I - I can't help myself. I know I'm meant to be a guy, but I'm just, like, sooooo horny. I can't stand it! I need this. You're so fucking hot, Zach. And I'm a total bimbo right now. I wanna fuck you. I want you to make me totes feel like a woman."

Zach was bewildered, even as he was turned on by her. Even as he let her unbuckle his pants. "It's the Tunnel, isn't it? All this stuff is changing you, man!"

"I know," she said, and she couldn't stop herself from smiling beautifully. "And, like, this is totes crazy, but I think I *like* it."

"But Jen!"

"Jen and I finally get along. We were a terrible couple. I was a bad BF. But now we're BFFs, and we can see other people. People with big muscles and bigger cocks, like you, Zach."

She could barely believe the words that *she* was saying. How could this be true? She was meant to be a man. She had an entire *lifetime* as Daniel. She was supposed to be attracted to women, not be a woman attracted to men! But those *rational* thoughts meant little by that point: her personality and demeanour had altered enough that while a core of the original Daniel still remained, it had been overlaid with a ditzy, horny, silly and excitable woman who looked good and knew it.

And her body was desperate to use those goods. She was so fucking horny she could barely think at all, and it wasn't like her intelligence was as high as it used to be anyway.

"Pretty please?" she begged. "I really want you Zach. It's the Tunnel of Love, isn't it? I'm a girl now, and it's totes crazy that I'm a girl now, but it feels sooooo good. I don't understand everything that's going on, or with Jen-Jen, but maybe you can understand for me. Maybe you and I can, like, *come to an understanding* . . ."

She shifted further into his lap, and Zach swallowed. Her massive tits were right in his face, ripe and ready to be touched. Groped. Squeezed. God, she wanted that, more than anything. Wanted to feel a man play with her and *fuck* her. She began grinding her hips on his, and he groaned.

"Oh God, I'm going to hell. I am so going to hell."

"Mhmmm," she moaned, smiling. That hesitation, that male pride, was melting away. She needed this. Wanted this. "But first, babe, I'm gonna take you to *heaven*."

She kissed him, grabbing his hands and placing them on her chest, making him squeeze them. The pair moaned, and soon they were making out passionately, loving every moment of it.

In the boat behind them, Jen-Jen and Ash were having their own confused talk, seeing what was happening ahead and trying not to give in. But there was *far* less resistance here.

"This is crazy, this is totes crazy! I shouldn't have these big perfect tits, or this long hair! My boyfriend shouldn't be my bestie. But Gawd, you're so hot. I really want you to f-fuck my pussy. It's so hungry for you, and way more sensitive. I bet . . . I can't believe I'm saying this, I bet you can make me cum way more than Daniel ever did. You like competitions, don't you?"

She was still laying with his cock, pulling it from the waistband and stroking it up and down. Ash groaned and grunted, and she loved the expression of his face. She loved the taboo of what she was doing. She had spent so long being a high-strung woman who always started arguments or dug her heels in or judged others. It had started, or continued, so many arguments with Daniel, and she saw now how much more free her former boyfriend was as a woman. How had they stayed together so long, making themselves miserable? They were

far better as friends, and far happier being a bit more ditzy. A lot more ditzy. She had always wanted the body of a busty woman.

Now, she wanted to have the *attitude* of one.

“Ash,” she said, grinning. “I want you to fuck me. Hard.”

Ash, being Ash, had far less reluctance. “You sure?”

She nodded, beaming.

“Well, this is weird as shit, but fuck yeah.”

He pulled her towards him, and they too began making out with as much passion as the pair ahead. The tunnel of love seemed to glow a little brighter, a little pinker, and the glowing heart lights on the roof and in the water only became more pronounced, almost as if by magic. It was as if the carnival itself was telling both changed individuals, and their new lovers, that this was okay. That it was right.

And goddamn did it feel right.

After more than enough lovemaking, Dani was ready to take the next step. She stood on the boat even as it followed its track to the love-heart shaped chamber near the end of the right. It rocked only a little on the rail, and Zach easily steadied her, holding her widened hips and helping lower her shorts.

“Holy fuck, I can’t believe I’m doing this,” the man said as she lowered herself down to his erect pole.

“Ohmigod, me neither,” she said, though she was still smiling. “This is so crazy. So, so crazy. *But I want it soooo fucking bad.*”

She lowered herself further, and at that moment, his cock pressed against her new entrance, which was wet and ready for him. The same was happening in the boat behind them, though Jen had opted to be taken from behind, and was moaning in pleasure as Ash played with her hanging tits even as he began to slide into her. For Jen-Jen, it was ecstasy on another level: far better than any previous time she had been fucked by a man. Her pussy was damn sensitive, and she revelled in the sensation of her tightened tunnel *consuming* him, hugging him tightly and making his girth press against every playful nerve. For Dani, it was an entirely new realm of experience. She was a woman now, with a woman’s instincts on how to please a man, and a bimbo’s desire to do so often. But this was still new to her.

“Ohhhhhh, it f-feels so strange!”

“I can stop?”

“D-don’t you d-dare! I want it all! F-fill me up! I want you to s-stretch my tight, wet pussy! I can’t help but want it so. Fucking. Bad!”

He gripped her hips and lowered her further. It was unbelievable how big he was, how powerful and wonderful. Her chest was large enough to press against his, and after a quick flirty smile, he seemed to read her mind, and pulled her top off as she helped him

remove his. She thrust out her chest, and he lowered the cups so their naked torsos could slide against one another. Her nipples drew out every sensation as she began to bounce on his lap. She gripped his head, and in a moment of daring she never could have imagined she pressed his mouth against her perfect pink left nipple.

“S-suck them! Taste them! I want you to, like, make me a total woman!” she cried, still sliding up and down on his cock.

Zach was beyond making protestations now, and readily enjoying the best lay of his life. He sucked and licked her left nipple, then her right, then pressed his face right into her magnificently deep cleavage, smothering himself in those perfect breasts. Neither could have imagined they would be in this position with one another, but at that point, neither truly cared. They were lost in the bliss of it, and the same was true of Jen as she leaned the prow of their little loveboat, delighting in being railed from behind. Ash was even bigger than she thought, and for all that she had assumed him an idiot in her previous, more judgemental life, he was a surprisingly good lover, gripping her hips powerfully and building up a good rhythm instead of losing himself to impatience.

“I I-love how my t-tits swing now!” she cried. “I, like, never ever, ever wanna go back!”

“God, I don’t want you to g-go back!” he stammered. “You’re t-too fucking hot! Your ass is on another level.”

“Mhmm, I grew it today! Thank the carnival! It’s m-made me sooooo happy! S-so - OHHH! YES! YES!!!”

Both couples were approaching their end point, and appropriately enough the two bimbos were about to cum at the same time. With each bounce upon Zach’s lap, Dani’s joy in her new self rose. She could no longer care about going back to being a man: this was far better, far happier. And Jen too liked this new dynamic: she hadn’t been so joyous in ages, nor had her boyfriend-turned-best friend.

“We’re c-coming together, Dani! It’s going to b-be so exciting!”

I c-can’t wait!” the other woman shouted back. “I n-never wanna go back! I want us to b-be like this!”

“Me too! We finally agree on stuff!”

“N-no more arguing!”

“No more! Except - haha! - maybe over boys!”

“YES!”

“YES, YES, YES!!!”

And then they came, their high, sweet voices erupting through the tunnel as the boats circled around one another in the central heart-shaped chamber. The music reached its crescendo as both women were hit simultaneously by the most powerful orgasms they had ever felt. Dani in particular couldn’t believe the sensations her body was giving her: it

wasn't one and done like cumming as a man, but rather a brilliant build that overwhelmed her whole form, making her lose track of even her ability to control herself. She clung to Zach's powerful body, experiencing follow up climaxes from her breasts pressing against his chest alone. His cock throbbed within her, filling her with his semen. It was stick and warm and *wonderful*, confirming more and more that she was a woman now.

And she would never, ever go back. From the look of her former girlfriend's face in the other boat, who was looking behind her lovingly into the eyes of a man she once couldn't stand as he finished cumming, Dani knew that 'Jen-Jen' wouldn't likely be looking to change back either. The girls continued to moan and whimper excitedly as the men extracted themselves from their new women, and the pairs cradled one another as the circle finished, and the boats continued their journey out of the tunnel to the carnival's exit.

They had put on their clothes, and were back on the public boardwalk, the beauty of the sea before them, the late afternoon sun warm and vibrant. The sky was pink, and it struck Dani that this was her new favourite colour: it suited her blonde bombshell look so damn well. Ash and Zach were still stupefied to be with them, and at the changes, but they weren't going anywhere: not only were Jen and Dani holding their hands and pressing their bodies against their hot new hunks, but neither man truly wanted to leave after their revelatory experience in the Tunnel of Love.

But it was Jen-Jen and Dani's relationship that mattered most. The bimbofied pair giggled and chirped and gossiped together, pointing out all sorts of fun things they wanted to do together on the beach - bikinis, swimming, ice cream, lounging in the sun, *their men* - now that they were best friends. It seemed a far more agreeable state for them, and not a hint of argument was heard.

"I think I'm going to, like, *really* like being a woman. Especially with my Zach right here," Dani said.

"Girl, you are soooo much better as a girl. Just like I'm soooo much happier and hotter as this. I don't have all those silly worries anymore! Besides, Ash here turned out to be really compatible. Didn't you, sexy?"

"That I did!" he declared, grinning from ear to ear. He was already damn smitten with her, that much was clear.

"Are you happy, Zach?" Dani asked.

The other man put his hand around Dani's slim waist. "Damn happy if you are, man. Woman. You seem to like this new life, so why should I stop my friend from enjoying it?"

“Your *girlfriend*. You’re not getting rid of me. Me and Jen-Jen both have, like, totally got it going on. You two would be big dummies to let us hotties go.”

“Damn straight,” Ash agreed. “Thank you, Changing Carnivale!”

The two girls looked back at the location they had left. The rollercoaster was shutting down, and some of the entertainment as well. They weren’t even sure if it would be there tomorrow, or where it would be next. They both knew they’d like to see it again someday, if it ever returned. But for now, they just admired it as they continued down the boardwalk, their large breasts bouncing in their tight tops, their wide hips swinging, their asses wonderfully emphasised. They were female perfection, and they knew it, and neither had any interest in going back, no matter how ditzy and horny they’d become. Already, they were looking forward to going back to the boys’ apartment and going for round two. And three. And four.

“Thank you carnivale indeed,” Dani said, looking back one last time.

And then they continued walking towards the sunset.

The End