

Himbofication (Woman & Man to Bimbo & Himbo TF)

By FoxFaceStories

A Commission for shining-armor7

Duncan is a twenty year old freshman just starting college and excited for it. However, as a huge geek, he is struggling to get a date. But all that changes when his friend's sister is turned into a bimbo, and suddenly all over him. But her condition is infectious, and the former geek may just end the encounter with a much more himbo-like body, and mind.

Himbofication

Duncan was excited. He was twenty years old and finally entering college. Yes, he was entering as a freshman, and no, he didn't have many friends outside of his best buddy Jake, but he had an optimistic outlook on things. All through high school he'd been fed tales of college campus life. This was the place where people truly found themselves: their niche, their lifestyle, their interests, and, of course, their love life.

Duncan had never been particularly successful in that last one. Sure, he had his hobbies and niches - he was a massive geek through and through - but the acquisition of a girlfriend, or even just the experience of sex, had passed him by. He was quite shy, and his aforementioned geeky interests and nerdy build didn't help him. He was a scrawny young man with dirty blonde hair, thick square glasses that he was borderline useless without, and a scrawny figure that gave no hint of muscle mass whatsoever. The fact that his biggest interests were astronomy, computer programming, gaming, and international language films didn't help either. He had no real sporty interests, and generally looked down upon them, to the point where even Jake was a little sceptical of his friend's assessments.

"Dude, you'll have to sign up for at least one kind of sport at college. It's part of the experience, and you won't catch a woman just being a nerd."

Duncan frowned. "Jake, you're as much a nerd as I am. You can memorise the Periodic table and sing Tom Lehrer's song about it off by heart."

"And proudly, but I also recognise I gotta be pragmatic. Don't expect girls to just jump at you as you are."

"Is this your sister's advice?"

Jake's sister was Carmen, and she was two years older. She was quite the nerd as well, with rectangular glasses and a slim figure. She was training to become an architect, but she had a stylish fashion sense and cute pixie cut that meant that Duncan had always been a little into her, even though she was 'off-limits' according to Jake.

“So what if it is? Carmen’s been here two years and we’re just starting. She updated her whole wardrobe, started playing tennis, even got pretty good at it. Suddenly, her social circle is blowing up.”

Duncan sighed. “Dude, Carmen hasn’t dated in ages. I know, because you won’t let me ask her out.”

Jake folded his arms. “Could you build up the nerve to? Even if I was cool with it?”

The nerdy young man frowned. “Okay, good point. I definitely couldn’t.”

“Then imagine how you would be with the girls you *don’t* know. Carmen may not date around much, but she has the connections to do so if she wants. Anyway, enough about my sister’s dating life before this feels weird. I’m just suggesting you try to man up a little.”

But Duncan was adamant: “I’ll just be me, and things will go from there. This is college, a place of learning! At least some girls will be all over someone who loves learning!”

They weren’t. At all. Duncan quickly discovered that his hopes and dreams for a fun, engaged, and social college campus life were quickly falling apart. He didn’t sign up for anything sporty or any major social events, hoping they would simply ‘happen,’ a hope that was driven by his combined desire to be recognised for his intelligence and nerdery alone, as well as his inherent shyness. He knew, deep down, that he was generating excuses. He didn’t partake in these activities because he was afraid, and his own pride worked as a comforting blanket against that fear.

But it didn’t help him. His scrawny figure wasn’t attractive to popular girls. His shy nature didn’t help him reach out to the geeky ones. And as far as nerdy guys went, there were far more sociable and fun ones than him. He attended a frat party exactly once out of an internal pressure to make things better, to break out of his cage and try to connect to others. Carmen even helped him.

“You just need to update yourself a little,” she said, winking at him. She had such a cute nerdy look. He was disappointed to discover that she was just ‘taking time’ for herself, after her last relationship ended sourly. She had never jumped eagerly into relationships, and he had always respected that. He just wished she would ever consider him. But perhaps that was a pipe dream.

“I don’t really want to change myself,” Duncan said.

“I didn’t say change. I said *update*. We’re gonna dress you up smarter. It’s what I do - who says you can’t be an intelligent individual as well as stylish. That’s just what you need, Duncan, a bit of an update. A way to make you stand out for the girls, so you don’t fly under the radar. Besides, if you’re friendly and sociable and kind, then you’ll make friends and

connections anyway. Campus life can be great like that, trust. You don't have to change everything about yourself."

Duncan had taken it on board, even if he didn't like it. In truth, the frat party wasn't his scene, and he was still awkward when he arrived. He'd gotten glasses that were less square, a new polo top in which he didn't do up the top button, and did all he could do to avoid putting his hands in his pockets or nervously looking at his phone.

Unfortunately, things went poorly from there. He tried to approach a group of girls, even ones that looked more within his league, more approachable. But it was like hitting an invisible barrier. When he did work up the will to finally introduce himself, he was hit by the ultimate humiliation: they didn't hear him over the pumping music, and then a jock asshole pushed him aside to chat them up, at which point they were all ears.

"Goddamn it, jocks get everything," he muttered angrily. "How come there aren't any jocks willing to help guys like me and Jake out? This sucks."

Several more attempts followed, all with the same result. There was just no luck at all in what he was attempting, and every time he actually did manage to spit a sentence out, it ended up just being a series of nerdy gibberish about mathematical theorems, physics dilemmas, and the thematic implications of old episodes of the original *Star Trek* TV run. He couldn't have bombed harder making connections - or potential relationships - if he tried.

In the end, Duncan left, utterly humiliated. Jake, much to his annoyance, was actually making good progress despite his own nerdery, and was even laughing with two good-looking girls as they shared anecdotes about their respective freshman experiences and their old school lives. It was at the door that he paused for just a moment. Carmen was in the kitchen, being consoled by a couple of girls. She looked green to the gills.

"Everything okay?" he said, approaching them.

"She just threw up. She says she ate something weird at a gas station today, and it's making havoc with her stomach.

"I can take her," he offered kindly. "She's my friend's sister. She often crashes by our place - we're near the campus."

The girls all looked at him funny, and it took him a dreadful moment to realise how creepy he was coming off - a stranger offering to take care of a sick girl who looked to be quite out of it. Thankfully, Carmen saved him.

"It's okay - he's telling the truth, girls. Yeah, do you mind if I crash at yours, Dunc? I doubt Jake will be home anytime soon. My little brother is getting lucky, it seems."

Duncan went green himself, albeit with envy instead of sickness. However, he extended an arm, and despite his lack of strength he was able to help Carmen back to the apartment just across from the campus. She was thankful, and she really did look a bit sick. He helped her to the spare room, and gave her a bucket.

“Are you sure you’re okay?” he asked, feeling terrible for her.

“J-just something I, like, ate,” she said, her voice briefly adopting a strange twang. “I’ll totally be fine in the morning, y’know. Thanks, Dunc. Wish I had, like, a hot boyfriend who was as nice as you.”

That stung. He assumed the alcohol was making her a little delirious, because her usual intelligent way of speaking was absent. He closed the door, making sure to keep an ear out for if anything went wrong but otherwise satisfied that she was sleeping under the covers. Then, feeling tired, humiliated, and utterly a third-wheel for everyone around him, he went to sleep in his own bed.

He had no idea what changes were awaiting him the next morning.

Duncan woke slowly, then reached full consciousness really, really fast. Someone was standing in the doorway, breathing heavily. He leapt out of bed, heart beating like a damn jackhammer as he tried to determine what was going on.

It was a woman.

A hot woman.

A really, *really* fucking hot woman.

One who looked intensely familiar.

She had big, full dick sucking lips, the kind that just made you think of the great blowjobs she could give regardless of how prudish you usually were. Her eyes were bright blue, her hair a golden blonde that flowed in sexy curls down to just above her waist. Her eyelashes were long and fluttery, her cheekbones perfect, and her heart-shaped face was at once cute and deeply desirable. Even her nose was like an adorable button. Her body was just as lovely, if not lovelier. She had a massively buxom chest that was barely contained by her cute purple dress. She must have had full E-cups, at least! Her cleavage rose and fell with every breath, and those big tits stood high and proud, wobbling with each little wiggle of her slim shoulders. She had an hourglass body with a thin waist where the dress pulled tight, while her wide, childbearing hips were practically pulling apart the material of the dress, raising the skirt until it was practically turned from a modest party dress to a tight cocktail one. It left her thighs and legs in general on full display, and these were the shapely, toned, hairless legs of a gorgeous cheerleader. She shifted slightly, and Duncan nearly gasped at the sight of her ass: it was huge! Big and round, plump and juicy. She grinned as she noticed his gaze roaming over her.

“Like what you see. Dunc? I, like, totally woke up like this! I have no idea what’s going on but I’m sooooo horny at the moment that I just had to wake you up, silly.”

“Who - who are - wait . . . *Carmen?*”

She giggled, and stepped further into the room. Her dress split a little, her boobs way too big for it. The skirt rose up automatically, and he almost looked away at the sight of her lingerie bottoms being revealed . . . and how her venus mound and wet vulva was clearly outlined against it.

“Of course it’s me, Duncan! I, like, got upgraded! Or was it updated? Whatever I ate in that gas station, if it was that gas station, it’s, like, totally changed my look. My boobies have gotten soooo big, and I’ve got these wide hips, and my hair is super long now, and my legs are just soooo perfect, y’know?”

“Yeah wow, uh, holy shit.”

He didn’t want to move much. His erection was hard and throbbing. No man would fail to have an erection in front of her, she looked like sex personified.

“Um, Carmen, I think we need to get you to the hospital, or something. This isn’t natural.”

She shook her head, drew closer. She began to pull at his bed cover, which he was using to hide his obvious erection. She licked her full lips.

“No way! I’m too horny to go to such an icky place. Plus, my brain is, like, really dumb now, and it just wants one thing. And you know what that one thing is, right Dunc?”

Duncan knew he should run, call for help, call Jake about his sister. But this incredibly hot, overly busty woman with her many voluptuous curves just kept advancing, and his brain was overruled by his cock, which was where the blood was currently flowing.

“Um, you want to talk?”

She giggled, and each laugh made her big, ripe breast jiggle, threatening to spill out of her dress. She pressed them together with her upper arms, forming a veritable canyon of cleavage.

“The only kind of talking I want to be doing is when I use my tongue on your big, hard, tasty, COCK!!!”

At that, she pulled back the cover entirely, revealing the enormous erection tenting his pants, one that he had to scramble to cover up with his hands.

“It’s not what it looks like!” Duncan exclaimed. “I just, um, had a really good dream? I was thinking about, uh, quantum mechanics, and when I think about that -”

She pulled his face right into her cleavage, smothering him between those two soft melon-like mammaries.

“Shhh, baby,” she cooed, “mommy doesn’t want to hear you talk about quantum yada whatever. I don’t, like, even care about architecture right now. Or, like, remember it or anything. Whatever was in that sandwich has made me a total hawt bimbo and I just want to

fuck your brains out, Duncan. Your cute nerdy, geek, shy little brains, because I just can't help myself."

She released him, and he took a massive breath of air. "Holy shit! Carmen, you need to snap out of this. You must have been infected with something, or gotten a mutation, perhaps some pheromone-based-

"Don't understand and don't care! I just want to taste your cock now. Want you pretty please let me suck on your manly dick until you cum right down my throat. I know you fucking want this. You've always wanted this, Duncan. Let me *please you with my mouth*."

He was so turned on he was afraid he'd ejaculate right then and there. Carmen seized upon this opportunity. She grabbed his sleeping boxers and undid the button at the top, freeing his cock. It flopped out, entirely unimpressive, but from her reaction you'd think she'd just discovered the lost city of El Dorado.

"Mmhm, that's exactly what I've been wanting. Shift to the edge of the bed. I want to, like, be on my knees while I suck you off. Ohhhh, just thinking about it is making my dripping pussy soooo wet!"

Carmen was usually so reserved and classy, never this openly sexual. Whatever had bimbofied her must have cranked up her arousal to the absolute max. Duncan felt helpless to her ministrations, particularly as she ransacked his drawers while he got himself into position.

"Uh, what are you doing?" he asked.

"I need lube. Trust me, it'll be waaaay better with lube. Oh, I bet my silly brother has some! Be right back!"

"But . . . you don't want to swallow the lube if it's on my dick, right?" he asked, utterly bewildered.

Carmen simply giggled in that new kittenish way of hers and ran out of the room. Her ass bounced magnificently, as did her heavy tits. She returned less than a minute later with a stick of lube in her hands.

"Oh yeahhh, this is totes perfect. Trust me, you're going to cum harder than you ever have before, sexy."

Then, as if the events of the morning weren't shocking and arousing enough, Carmen peeled off her clothing until she was entirely naked, her womanhood so wet she was leaking down her thighs, and her tits full and ripe and bouncy. It was then that Duncan understood what she was doing: she was taking the lube and squeezing it onto her tits, slathering it in her cleavage.

"Holy shit, are you - are you actually?"

"I'm gonna give you the best titty job ever while I suck on your dick, Duncan. You can totes thank me later. I want to swallow so much of your salty cum!"

And then, before he could even think of what to do or say next, she was upon him. She planted her face right into his crotch and began licking his shaft, making it even more rigid than it was before. At the same time she stroked his hips, his thighs, even scratched lightly at his back, moaning all the time even as she worked her way up to placing her lips upon his penishead.

“Mmhm - ohhh! That’s - oh my God, I’ve never had a blowjob before!”

“Then I’ll, like, give you way more to just make up for that, you sexy nerd!”

She began to rub and massage his balls lightly, even as she licked further up his cock. It was heaven, it was hell. He wanted to feel worse for going behind Jake’s back with his friend’s sister, and for allowing this to happen instead of seeking care for Carmen, but the truth was that she was literally the most sexually desirable woman he’d ever seen - in person, in reality, even in fiction - and he was lost in the pleasure she was providing him.

“Ahhhh,” he groaned. “Holy shit, holy shit! This a-amazing!”

She purred with delight, rubbing his balls a little more, as if trying to coax them to produce as much semen as possible. They literally *pulsed* with the effort, and he could feel his stores of seed readying themselves.

“Now for the best part,” she teased. She looked up at him, biting her lower lip, her eyes on fire with lust. “I want you to feel all of this,” she said, grinning.

The hot formerly stylish nerd was now a full-on horny slut, and it was the best thing ever. Duncan winced just briefly in shock as she opened her full, dick-sucking lips and planted them securely over the head of his cock, then began to work their way down. Her tongue flickered over that sensitive area, lowering down to place with his length, stimulating him to ever greater heights.

“Unnghh!!” he groaned. His muscles tensed, and then, surprisingly, tensed again, harder than he would have thought. “K-keep doing that! Harder! *Harder!*”

His voice lowered a little, and again those muscles tensed. He felt them flare up across his body. A sensation of power rippled through him, and Carmen must have sensed it, because she moaned so very loudly, even as she took him further into her mouth. She sucked and sucked, playing with his dick.

“Oh f-f-fuuuuuck! *FUCK!!!*”

His voice lowered once more, this time unnaturally so. He tensed, and while the muscles did once more too, this time they did not shrink back. Duncan exhaled harshly, and for all that his attention was on his best friend’s bimbofied, slutty sister, he couldn’t deny that his body had literally just become muscular in mere moments.

“What the - Carmen, can you - ahhh - stop! Something w-weird’s happening to my b-body . . .”

But Carmen didn't stop. She began bobbing her head up and down, and what's more, also took his hand and placed it on her head, making it grasp her honey-blond hair as if he were forcing her up and down into a possession of ultimate dominance vs submission. It made his balls strain, pulsing with a desire to release, bringing him even closer to climax.

"Ahhh! Ohhhh! Yesss, fuck that's a-amazing! But you n-need to listen. Something's wrong or whatever. Carmen, my mind - I c-can feel something with my mind!"

The power, the energy, the infection raced through his system, and his body transformed further. His biceps bulged, rending and ripping the fabric of his pajama top. The fabric began to tear, and as the seams burst the massive muscles that were unexpectedly developing became all the more visible.

"What the fuck? My muscles! Carmen, I'm - like, totally becoming huge and stuff!"

She moaned, cooing and nodding as she continued to bob up and down on his deck. It too grew, not just in sensitivity but in length and girth. He grunted as it expanded, extending further towards the back of her throat and filling more of her mouth. It had to be nearly nine inches in length by the time it finished, and his balls swelled too, as if full of his pearly fluid, more full than even possible!

"S-so big! And my m-mind. It's like I'm f-forgetting stuff. I can't stop thinking about what hot, big, ripe titties you have. I wanted to fuck you between your tits so bad!"

His eyes widened. It was like no sentence he'd ever said. It had simply escaped from him, his lower, more masculine tone emitting a raw sexual confidence and eagerness he'd never managed to possess.

Carmen didn't say a word, she was too lost in the bliss of pleasuring him. But as his thighs began to ripple with muscle, as his entire body grew so that his height was raised inch by astonishing inch, she focused instead on following his request. His demand. She adjusted her position, pushing up her big E or even F-cup tits and squeezed them around the shaft of his cock. She was giving him a titty job at the same time as a blowjob, both sexual acts something he never expected to experience individually, let alone together. The lube in her cleavage let him slide up and down wonderfully. He found himself gripping her hair, pushing her deep, forcing her mouth and throat to be penetrated by his cock. Judging from her whimpering, smothered cries, she was very much into it.

And still he changed.

Duncan's jaw cracked, becoming wider, a lantern jaw the likes of which would be the envy of any superhero. He tried to think of which one would be the most appropriate, but shockingly came up with a complete blank. Superheroes? They were important to him, right? But at the same time, they seemed so . . . pointless. He had so much energy roiling through

him, that it made him just want to do a heap of exercise, squats, push-ups and the like after he ejaculated.

“God, my mind. I’m b-becoming like you, C-Carmen. I’m getting dumber and stuff. Soft in the head and everything. You n-need to stop, because I’m enjoying getting s-sucked off by you too much, babe.”

Babe? Since when did he call people babe? It was enough to make a half-hearted attempt to push Carmen away, but even that failed spectacularly: her ministrations were too good to simply end, and he was nearing orgasm. Nearing climax. He wanted to pour his big load down her throat and see her swallow. She was such a hot chick, after all.

“Mmhmm! I c-can’t stop it! NNGH!!!”

More changes enveloped his body. In the side mirror in the room, he was astonished to see that his hair was turning darker. His curls dissipated, leaving him with a short mop of fine black hair. His brow was steady, his jaw wide, his eyes now a piercing blue. He looked like a damned male model, and with all the intelligence of one too. Already, knowledge he’d taken great pride in was pouring out of his ears and into the great ether. Quantum mechanics, advanced trigonometry, quadratic equations, literary theory and criticism, international film studies, even his understanding of different cultural norms: they all shrivelled up. Only vestigial remnants were left behind, a base knowledge of what he had been interested in, but now seemed so unlike him. The only consolation was that he was just left slightly bemused by it all: he thankfully didn’t seem to be gaining the malicious characteristics of some jocks, but instead a sort of kind-hearted misunderstanding about the world of nerds he’d been living in his whole life up until now.

And make no mistake, he was certain that he was certainly becoming a jock. With every wonderful tug upon his cock by Carmen’s lips, every snaking of her tongue around his penishead, every rub of the base of his cock against her full, wet cleavage, he more and more fit the mold of a total himbo to Carmen’s bimbo. With another bulge of muscle, his shoulders expanded, growing massively until he could be a champion footballer. He shuddered, relishing the expanse of his body so that it was ever stronger. His abs became chiselled, a brilliant six-pack that girls would line up to see. Even his glutes became muscular and powerful, and he was immediately struck with a desire to show them off to the ladies in a private viewing. It was the kind of confidence he’d never possessed, and this determination rose even as his intelligence sank to the bottom of the metaphorical ocean.

“You like this, don’t you?” Carmen said, raising her head up further for just a moment. “You like getting as hot and sexy and silly and dumb as I am, don’t you my hot alpha male?”

He did. Oh God, he did. His muscles grew further, and his face gained a five o’clock shadow, where before he couldn’t grow a hair. His teeth straightened and whitened, and he

had to tear off his glasses because they were making his vision blurry - hadn't he had to wear them before or something? What was that even about?

"You can admit it, sexy," Carmen teased again, lifting her head off his cock for mere moments, descending again between sentences. "You - want - to - be - a - hawt - himbo! YOU LOVE IT LIKE I DO!!"

She said the last part as if she were literally orgasming, and judging from how much she was playing with her tits and pussy before squeezing her breasts around his cock, perhaps she was.

His hands grew, becoming large enough to easily catch a football one-handed, and his feet became those of a champion runner's. With every change, the former nerd was losing all his willpower to fight the change, and finding every reason possible to embrace it. As his mind emptied of advanced thought, his self-doubt and anxiety exited with it. His mind became ever more peaceful, existing in the here and now, his well-endowed form pleased again and again by his bimbo lover's increasingly needy blowjob. It was wonderful. It was free. It was like meditating, if he even knew what meditating was anymore. He wasn't sure he actually did. Was that something the weird dudes in the orange cloaks did? Ah, it didn't matter! All that mattered was this gorgeous, wonderful, beautiful, and utterly *hot and stacked* chick was giving him the time of his life.

It was time to let go, and embrace that new himbo life of his. A life of being sporty, and jock-like, and having a great time with a great many great women, all of whom he could confidently go up to and flirt with, now matter how lacking in intelligence and self-awareness he was.

"Ohhhh, I do want this! I want to b-become a himbo to your bimbo!" he grunted. "I totally want that life, no matter what I give up and stuff. BRING IT ON!!!"

As if given the signal to finally, finally bring him to his full, Carmen deep-throated his cock to an even greater extent than before, easily taking his massive length into her oesophagus. With one last squeeze of her massive mammaries against his incredible girth, it all became too much. He gripped her hair firmly but not violently as the rise reached its apex.

"Y-YEAH! YOU'RE AMAZING CARMEN! YOU'RE TOTALLY AMAZING!!! NNGHH!!!"

He shot his load down her throat. It was enormous, and it expended itself over and over again, his heavier balls sending torrent of semen into her mouth so that her cheeks visibly expanded trying to keep it all in. She swallowed, trembling, orgasming with him merely at the *taste* of his seed, and too made him so aroused he came all over again.

"YES! YES! YOU'RE THE BEST, CARMEN! I'M SO GETTING YOU BACK FOR THIS! YOU DESERVE SO MANY ORGASMS!!!"

His voice seemed to almost rock the ceiling. She took his load, sucking deep to draw at anything remaining. She was gulping it down like thick white soup, and it was only when

he was finally emptied - a process which took nearly twenty seconds of straight cumming, that she was able to swallow one final time, then lick his penishead clean. He shivered, and then again when she pulled herself up against him, straddling his waist with her thighs so that she was pressing her gorgeous tits right into his manly face. Carmen giggled, brushing back her blond hair over her ear. She kissed him on the lips, and he tongued her back, uncaring of what she had just done. It seemed the proper thanks.

“Holy shit, babe,” he said. “I’m, like, really not smart anymore. I don’t even *feel* like a nerd.”

Another giggle. “Me either. But we’ve got such amazing bodies. God, your cock is so big now. I almost want you to make more cum just so you can pump it inside my pussy this time.”

He kissed her again, held her against him. “That sounds totally wicked,” he said. “I’m really confident now. I don’t, like, really know much. Like, about anything, though.”

“Me either. Gawd, we’re so frickin’ dumb now. But do we care?”

He thought about it for a moment. Well, ‘thought’, because his mind was quickly distracted by her huge pink nipples. He took a moment to lick one, causing her to stiffen and stifle another chuckled.

“That’s, like, an answer, I guess!” she exclaimed. “Do you think we’re stuck like this?”

Duncan grinned, barely a thought in his empty head. “I’ve got literally no idea, Carmen. But we sure are super fucking hot, right? That’s not bad! And, this is so weird ‘cause I was pretty shy about this before, but I really want to pay you back for sucking me off like that. It was awesome as fuck, babe.”

“Ohhhh, you’re such a sweetie still? That’s totes gotta count for something, right? Kinda like how I wanna dress you up all handsome like before? So we’re still ourselves, maybe? Just, like, a bimbo and himbo version of ourselves or whatever!”

He grinned at that logic, not that he could define ‘logic’ anymore. “Shit, that works for me!” he said. “I can’t think about this too deeply. It’s giving me a headache. So why don’t you lie back on the bed and I’ll eat your wet pussy out so I can thank you for such a sick titty blow job, and I can listen to your mind blowing orgasms?”

“Dead!” she squealed. She shifted off him, and he lowered her with ease to her new position, courtesy of his strong muscles. She widened her thighs, and he realised for a brief moment that he’d never, ever gotten this far as a shy nerd. Now he was a big, sweet hunk of a man without a malicious or jealous thought in his head. Sweet as can be, but not the brightest bulb in the house by far. But then, why bother being smart and sad, when you can just be dumb and fun? It was, perhaps, the last intellectual revelation the new himbo would ever have: the rest of his thoughts for the rest of his life would consist of how to make people

happy, and how to have sex with a hot chick. And, as would be often the case, how those two things could so often align.

“I think I’m gonna enjoy this life,” he said with a smile.

And then his tongue was between Carmen’s thighs, making the bimbo squirm with pleasure.

It’d be, like, super rude not to return the favour to such a nice chick, after all. He hoped Jake would understand.

The End