

Bimbo Brew

Written by Princess Kay

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Content Warning: *Warning for attempted roofing, involuntary change of gender, intelligence loss, and identity shift/loss.*

The Brew was in full swing tonight. Girls and guys, dancing to their hearts' content, taking shots, and dragging each other off to dark corners for a little fun. Amidst the noise and flashing lights, Jackson was just one more warm body among dozens - if, perhaps, a slightly shadier one than most.

Wearing a gray sweater hoodie that covered his figure and shadowed his face, with baggy jeans that didn't give a single hint as to the form beneath, the most noticeable thing about him was simply how little he wished to be noticed. A wish everyone was eager to grant, in a crowded venue like this. But then, even if Jackson had dressed in something flashy, he doubted it would have made much difference. Everyone always ignored him, after all. Especially the girls...

It didn't matter. Not tonight - tonight, Jackson didn't *want* to be noticed. He was glad the cute brunette in the leather pants didn't so much as spare him a glance as he squeezed his way around her and her blonde friend. He was happy that the skimpily dressed girl with the bad blue dye job seemed almost unaware of his presence as she chatted with some muscle bound jock who didn't bother to move so much as an inch as he squeezed himself against the wall to move past them. And he was most definitely happy that the dark haired girl sitting in the corner of the bar didn't so much as look up from her book when he sat next to her - especially since she showed no sign of noticing the powder he'd sprinkled in her drink.

“Beer, please,” he called out to the barkeeper - the first person to actually care about his presence all night, even if he was being paid to do so - as he eyed his target. She wasn't the prettiest girl at the club, by any stretch of the imagination. Her baggy brown sweater covered up almost as much as his own hoodie, for one thing, hiding any curves she might have possessed from his sight. Her shoulder length hair, meanwhile, was a dull brown - absolutely boring compared to the blondes and redheads he preferred. And he was pretty sure she hadn't even bothered to put on makeup. Not to mention the fact that she was *reading* at a fucking club. If plain had a poster girl, she'd be it.

She was also alone, in a corner, hard to spot from the dance floor and not paying any attention to the world around her. The perfect test subject for Jackson's first foray into... less than moral ways of picking up girls. An easy target.

The soft clink of a glass on the counter drew his attention to a tall glass of yellow liquid. He took a sip from it, then paused, noticing that it tasted... off. He wasn't much of a drinker, but he was pretty sure beer wasn't meant to taste *sweet*.

“Ah-hm.”

His head snapped to the side, towards his target. A pair of green eyes greeted him, alongside a small smile. *Pretty* was the thought that came to mind, looking at them. Pretty eyes, for a pretty girl. They complimented her glossy brown hair - hair which had clearly been well cared for, and combed. He'd know, considering the

hours he'd spent... on... His own hair? But wasn't his hair short? And what did he care about a plain girl's hair, anyway?

"I like your hair."

"H-huh?" Jackson's attention snapped back to the girl, to find that she'd reached a hand out towards him. Not only that, she had a long strand of pretty black hair trailing from between her fingers. Hair that disappeared, as his eyes followed it up, towards his own head.

"T-thanks," he muttered, shyly. "I spent a long time on it." And he *had*. He knew he had. He'd spent ages researching the best products to use on it. His parents used to complain that if he'd spent that much time on his studies, he'd likely get a higher score. As if he had the attention span for that! Honestly, he was just lucky that straight hair was relatively easy to care for - if his hair had been curly, like hers...

"I like your hair, too," he found himself murmuring, reaching out to touch the brown locks. "It must be hard taking care of?"

"It's a hassle, sometimes... But at least it's quick to dry, at this length. Yours must be a nightmare..."

A nightmare...? Jackson's eyes flicked towards his... brown...? Was it always brown? Yeah. Brown hair. It really *was* long, trailing past his ass, almost

halfway down his thighs. It took absolutely *ages* to dry. But it was worth it, wasn't it? To get cute girls like this one to compliment it.

N-not that he cared what his target thought about his hair, or anything. It wasn't like long hair was enough to get girls knocking down his door, after all. He'd only even grown it that long in an attempt to catch attention, but at most it brought giggles and teasing about being girly... Just because his features were a bit delicate...

"Did you get it done at the same salon as your nails?" the girl asked, pulling Jackson's attention back towards her. "They look great."

"My nails...?" Right. He took good care of his nails. Had them nicely trimmed - y'know, in case a girl ever actually answered his bad attempts at flirting. Nobody wanted raggedy nails trailing across their body. Or sharp talons digging inside them, for that matter. A guy had to be conscious about that sort of thing if he was going to score a girl.

Or drug a girl and take them back to his room for a good time...

"Did anyone ever tell you that you have pretty eyes?" the girl asked, next.

"Y-yeah?" Did he? He'd always thought they were rather dull, himself.

Brown was such a-

"Pretty and blue," the girl continued. "It goes well with your blonde hair."

“Th-they do?” A light blush touched his cheek, as his eyes darted towards the strands of hair still held in the girl’s hand. For some reason, he’d thought his hair was... brown? Or even black? But no, it was blonde.

“You’re blushing,” the girl teased. And it was such a gorgeous smile. The way her eyes lit up - he always loved looking at it. Anyone who called her plain had obviously never seen her smile.

Then the words she’d spoken hit, and suddenly his cheeks were on fire.

“A-am not!”

“Are too,” the girl said, reaching into her purse and pulling out a small hand mirror. “Look!”

He stared at his reflection. At his blonde hair, and his blue eyes, and his exceptionally red cheeks. *Delicate looking* cheeks. Some of that was probably the makeup he’d put on, he knew, but... Well, no wonder people were always mistaking him for a girl.

Not that the makeup helped any. Why was he wearing that, again?

“You’re getting all self-conscious again, aren’t you, Jenna?”

“M-mary?! I-I told you not to call me that!” ...Mary? Was that her name? It *was*. How did he know that...?

“Why?” Mary demanded, putting a hand on her hip. “Because you don’t think you pass? I’m telling you, Jenna, nobody here is looking at you and thinking you’re a boy. Using your dead name would draw *way worse* attention.”

Dead... name...?” His throat felt tight and dry, so he reached out to grab his glass, taking a deep sip of the sweet, pink liquid. “But I’m not trans...”

“Right...” Mary agreed, rolling her eyes as she looked him up and down. “Of course. You’re the *cis-iest girl* I know.”

“I’m not a girl,” Jenna protested, voice soft and breathy, as he crossed his legs and arms alike. He could feel the proof of his statement between his slowly thickening thighs. Though the counter to it was just as prominent, under his arms - the slight bulges of growing breasts pushed against the slender limbs.

“Oh come on,” Mary replied, rolling her eyes. “If you wanted to go boy-mode, you should have brought your dysphoria hoodie instead of whatever *that top* is.”

But he *had* brought his dysph... His *hoodie*. Hadn’t he? He was sure he had. Except if he *had*, why could he feel the cold air against his arms? And stomach. And why, when he looked down, did he see a tube top fighting to contain a pair of breasts that were growing before his very eyes? Getting bigger, and bigger, until they could barely be constrained by the tight blue fabric. Fabric that failed to extend more than an inch past his nipples, in either direction.

“Gods, you’re such a ditz, Jenna.”

“Am not,” he protested, puffing out his cheeks in a pout. Sure, he was a little forgetful sometimes. But it wasn’t like he was-

“Right. You prefer to be called a *bimbo*, don’t you? It fits your aesthetic better, right?”

“Right!” Wait... What? Was that... Was that right? It had to be right. Mary had said it, after all. And Mary was so smart... Much smarter than him...

“Gods, you’re lucky you’re a hot girl, Jenna,” Mary sighed. “I’m pretty sure it’s the only reason most people pay attention to you. Not that you seem to exactly enjoy all the guys staring at your ass...”

“Of course not!” Jenna protested, shifting a little on her seat. For a moment she thought her line of sight had risen a bit, thanks to the pillowy nature of her ass - but that didn’t make sense. Her bubble butt wasn’t exactly *new* after all... And, indeed, her line of sight seemed in line with what she remembered, a moment later. Which definitely had nothing to do with her shrinking an inch, or anything... What a silly thought. “I don’t even like guys.”

“I didn’t think so,” Mary confirmed, with a nod. A movement that, for some odd reason, filled Jenna with relief. “I mean, I’m pretty sure you’d have told me if you were bi - we’ve been together for *how long*, now?”

“Uh...” How long had it been, again? One year... Two... Three... F-

“Don’t bother trying to count, hun. I know you can’t ever get past three.”

“C-can too!” Jenna protested, crossing her arms in front of her chest again. Or trying to. She was a bit too busty to properly manage it, until she thought to move her arms up a bit. Strange, since she was fairly sure that she’d been able to do it earlier... but she never had the best memory. Speaking of. “Uh... What is it that I can do again?”

“Count.” Mary smirked. It was such a hot smirk, too. It made her wet just to...

Wait... wet? Was she always able to get *wet*? She had a vague feeling that wasn’t the case... Like she’d felt a *pressure* earlier. But it had disappeared, at some point... Was *made* to disappear?

“Um... Mary?” Jenna whispered, deciding to do what she always did when she wasn’t sure of something. “Am I supposed to have a pussy? Because it feels kinda weird when I squish my thighs together, and I really don’t know why!”

“I sure hope so. With a skirt that tiny and tight, I’m not sure even tucking would keep you safe,” Mary remarked, glancing down.

Jenna followed suit, but of course she couldn’t see anything past her boobs. She could feel the cool air against her legs, though.

“Wait. Are you even wearing panties?”

She could feel it against other places, too.

“Um...”

“Let me guess. You only came to the club in hopes of dragging me out of it again?”

Jenna nodded, biting her lip and giving her girlfriend her best puppy dog eyes. Mary’s own eyes rolled in response, but Jenna didn’t mind - not when she could see the hunger in those eyes, telling her that she’d won.

“Fine,” Mary replied, with an exaggerated sigh. “But finish your drink before we go, okay? I’ve got to talk to my friend, anyway.”

Jenna nodded, happily, grabbing hold of the tall glass and taking a sip of the perfectly sweetened brew. Her favorite. Maybe?

“Thanks for the company,” the barkeep - who she somehow knew was named Gwen - said, as Jenna took a big sip.

“Thanks for watching out for me,” Mary replied, a big grin on her face. “Though, for the record, I *did* tell you something like this was bound to happen if I didn’t pay proper attention to my drink.”

“And I told *you* that I’d make anyone who tried it regret it.”

“Funny,” Mary replied, with a laugh. “Something tells me her head isn’t full of regrets.”

They were both laughing now. And looking at her. Which was odd? Or it should have been, but somehow, the more Jenna drank, the less odd it felt! And by

the time she finished her last sip, she wasn't even sure what was bothering her to begin with. *Or* why it mattered.

If it was anything important, her brilliant girlfriend would surely tell her anyway.