

Franchising Juicy

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“Have a good day Mr. Harrington,” Alexis spoke, tossing her jacket on as she left through the front door, “I’ll see you on Monday.”

“You too,” mumbled the owner as he locked up the register.

Alexis sighed and stepped out onto the sidewalk, stuffing her hands into her pockets. The blonde woman had just finished another routine day in her life, coming to the music store by 9 and leaving just before 5. She was off to her apartment to watch some TV or hop online, or perhaps she’d hit the gym to do some running instead. Whatever it was, it was just another part of the usual cycle she was in.

Life was okay, but unsatisfying for the thirty-year-old. Her younger brother was about to be married, lived a weird but interesting life, and was always up to something. For her? The most exciting thing for her was last year when she helped him with a big livestream event meant to celebrate his work or something.

What happened there gave her the thrill of her life that lasted for a whole week. But it passed, and here she was now, up to nothing much.

Guess I can just get some running done, she thought, maybe Buckley is there, and I can chat him up to see how the track meet went...

She stopped in her tracks and sighed. Oh right, he’s probably not there today. I think he’ll be gone for another week... maybe I’ll just go home and catch up with something on Netflix.

Alexis began stepping forward, only to run into something soft and bouncy, pushing her right back. “OH!” the blonde yipped, “I’m sorry! I wasn’t... looking...”

“Heh, that’s a first for me. Usually, all eyes are on me.” That boast wasn’t just anything given the person who said that.

It came from a lady about half a foot taller than Alexis, the height helped by her impressive purple stilettos. The lady was dark-skinned and rather young, around twenty at the most it appeared. She had bleach blonde hair and violet eyes that were full of warmth... maybe even lust given how she was sizing Alexis up.

However, despite being dressed up in a purple business suit, the woman was pure sex on legs. Her waist was pulled in so much that she may have had less ribs than most people, accentuating her fantastic hourglass. Her hips were full and round, with tender, soft thighs. Despite facing forward, Alexis could see how much of a bubble butt the lady was carrying with how it protruded out behind her.

Wrapping it all together was the face and her chest, worthy of a goddess. Her face was crafted to perfection with such plump lips, delicate cheekbones, elegantly placed makeup, and more. Her breasts had to be at least G-sized and gravity-defying, showing off a little with the top buttons of her jacket unbuttoned to display her vast cleavage.

The lady smiled and said, “so yeah, it’s fine. Don’t worry about it!”

Alexis tensed up, her eyes widening. It wasn’t the sight of the lady that shocked her the most. It was the fact that she had seen her before. No, it was better to say that Alexis had become her before.

The woman before her was Juicy of the lustful, sex-fueled business known as Wetz, a company known for its underwear and pasties that happen to bring out the inner bimbo within all who wore them.

Alexis’ blushed and glanced to the side, saying, “y-yeah... o-okay then.”

Juicy smiled, leaning in and looking at Alexis’ face. “Hey,” she said to the pale-ish girl, “You look familiar... have you been in anything before?”

“N-n-no...”

Juicy rubbed her chin, pouting her already pouty lips out as she thought. “Hmm,” the sensual business woman spoke, “your face... I’ve seen it... not on TV or in a movie... OH! Oh, I know! You were in that livestream last year that your brother hosted!”

“Ahhhhhhhh, how did you know that?”

“Wetz helped sponsored it of course!” Giggled Juicy. Her eyes turned serious and she asked, “soooo, how was it like to be like me?”

“It-it was different,” stuttered Alexis, looking off to the right.

During the livestream a year ago, her brother hosted a goofy, fun stream where he, his fiancée, and friends got to be transformed into several different people. Alexis ended up changing into the bubbly, busty business bimbo before her, gaining most of her memories, body, urges, and wants. The next whole week was a walk on the wild side, waking up to somebody new in bed and finding fun in playing with her new mounds and curves.

“Just different, eh? Huh, I’m surprised it wasn’t more since you got to be like me, but whatever.”

Alexis nodded and looked away again, her face growing redder by the second. Juicy stared at her, amused but feeling a bit awkward by the lady’s response to her.

“So ah,” the busty blonde asked, “since I got you here, want to get a drink together? I just finished up at work and I feel like unwinding a bit.”

“W-w-wait,” Alexis shockingly asked, “why me?”

“Cause ya look like you could use some loosening up,” Smiled Juicy, an air of lust and mischievousness in it, “Can’t have someone who got to be me be so rigid and stiff.” The busty woman wrapped an arm around Alexis, her massive tits rubbing up against the positively flat in comparison lady and lead her down the street in some different. Alexis, too shocked and baffled, went along with her.

“Oh come ooooooon,” Juicy giggled, nudging Alexis, “Spill it. How good was that first conquer of yours, eh? I bet he just looooved dem tits you had... or was it a she? Spill girl!”

Her cheeks red and her expression a bit sly, Alexis answered, “welllllll, I... I guess you can say I blew his mind...”

“Among other things you probably blew,” chuckled Juicy, licking her lips. Both girls laughed and downed another shot. Juicy had taken Alexis to one of her favorite clubs. It had the best drinks, music, and the best people to take home at night from her experience.

“Yyyyyyeeaaaah,” Alexis giggled and hiccuped, “it... it was, like... you know, reeaally fun! Too... too bad it was only a week...”

Juicy nodded and added, “well that week you had sounds like my usual week.”

“Reeeeeeally?”

“Oh for sure!” Sighed the lust-fueled woman, her hand against her face as she reminisced, “getting fucked every night, masturbating, playing with all of the best toys, wearing the hawest clothes, and soooo much more!”

“Sounds... fun.”

“Hell yeah, it is! Plus, it’s not even the best part! The best part is my job! Jobs are, like, you know, sooooo boring and dull a lot of the time. Not at Wetz. I get to try on all of their newest products that make me sooo hawt and horny! I get to show them off to people with my besties, like Strawberry and Watermelon! Even better, I get to help people!”

“Help?”

“For sure!” Juicy went on, “Life can be sooooo boring and drab, especially for women and girls with all of that boring thinking and dressing! We have to be so polite, discipline, and conservative and keep it all bottled up. Well, Wetz fixes all of that and lets us girls be what we want to be deep down, free and wild!”

“Like bimbos?”

“No,” Juicy told her with a grin, “COMPLETELY like bimbos. Yeah, some keep their smarts if they want, but otherwise, its dumbing up and cutting loose! It feels so good to help people be what they wanna be deep down! Plus, it sooooo hawt seeing them turn into yummy, sexy bimbos with their big tits, plump ass, and...”

“Oh good for you!” Alexis snapped suddenly, taking another shot of her drink and slamming the glass onto the counter, “Your life sounds soooooo fantastic and here I am where my life sucks and is soooo BORING!”

Juicy flinched, her eyes widened as she looked at her blonde compatriot. “I’m sorry!” Apologized the busty bimbo, “I didn’t mean to get on your tits like that! I mean, I can get on them in a better way if you...”

“Blah blah blah!” Drunkenly yelled Alexis, looking at Juicy with her blurry eyes, “Whatever! Don’t you pity me you happy, giggly slut! I know how awesome your life is and it was awesome for me too, but now? I’m just a fucking, scrawny ass little twig who gets nothing at all!”

“H-hey,” Juicy replied, patting the girl’s shoulder, “it’ll be alright...”

“N-n-no it won’t,” the skinny girl cried, her tone swinging straight into gloomy territory, “I loved being a bimbo and now... now I’m not! Now I’m just b-boring me!” Her face slammed against the counter, her arms stretched over it as she sobbed softly.

“Oh dear! Hey, hey! It’ll be alright Alexis! I’m sure things will turn around!” Juicy looked incredibly worried, patting the lady on the back and leaning in to hug her.

“I wanna be... a bimbo...” Alexis groaned... before she started letting out loud snores. She had somehow fallen asleep on Juicy.

“Huh,” the bimbo remarked, “wasn’t expecting that response to drinking.”

“Shall I call a cab for your friend to get her home, Miss Juicy?” the bartender asked.

“Well,” Juicy answered with a happy smile, “that cab would be nice, but I do have a different destination in mind for my sad friend here.”

Light blared against Alexis’ face as the woman groaned, shifting onto her side away from it. *M-morning already?* She thought, her eyes shut tight and her mind still foggy as it fully awakened, *what... what happened.... Wait!*

Alexis’ eyes shot open and she sat up in bed, her mind stinging for a moment by the sudden movement. Looking all around her, Alexis realized that she wasn’t in her apartment. She was in someone’s bed, under the covers of some very warm, silk sheets.

Glancing around, she took in the sights of the room she was in. There was a large TV against the wall, facing the bed straight on. The walls were painted a bright purple and the windows were covered by red, satin curtains. On the far side of the room was a large, walk-in closet and on the other side sat two large, makeup tables, one of which was covered in rather provocative toys.

Alexis blushed and got out of the bed, stuffing her feet into some purple and white, fuzzy slippers. “What the hell is going on?!” She muttered, quickly heading for the door, “I better get out of here before...”

The door swung open, and a familiar face stepped in. Juicy gave Alexis a warm smile, strutting over to the woman and saying, “oh good, you’re up! How are you feeling?”

Alexis’ heart started beating faster gazing upon the sensual goddess before her. Even without makeup, Juicy’s features were still gorgeous, her hair neatly straight as if she woke up and immediately started brushing it. She wore only a purple robe, one that tightly hugged and accentuated her body. Her robe was also opened up, her firm breasts and privates fully exposed without a care.

Alexis managed to tear her eyes away from the curvaceous lady after struggling for so long, stuttering out, “I ah... Ah... what... what happened?”

“You had too much to drink my dear, so I brought you home!” Juicy explained sweetly, a sly smirk on her face. “Don’t worry; I put you straight to bed.”

“Oh crap,” the slim blonde moaned, her face in her hands, “this is soo embarrassing.”

“It’s fine, sweetie!” Giggled Juicy, “It happens to all of us. Just be lucky your new bestie was there looking out for you.”

“Bestie?”

Juicy’s smile grew as she stroked Alexis’ chin. “Of course!” Juicy stated with glee, “The kinds of things you were telling me aren’t just anything ya blab to anyone.”

“Oh god!” Alexis groaned, her face digging deeper into her hands, “I feel like an idiot!”

“Don’t be... unless you want to be.”

Alexis glanced up, asking, “what does that mean?”

“Well,” Juicy sighed happily, wrapping an arm around her friend and pressing her up against her giant breasts, “you said some interesting things before you passed out. Something about being boring and wanting to be a bimbo, if I remember right.”

“Ooooh,” Alexis spoke, her voice trailing off as her entire noggin turned beet red, “just ah... just... just forget that, okay?”

“No can do! When I hear a cry like that, it only makes me want to help you even more! Oh sure, I know everyone wants to be a bimbo or himbo deep down, but it’s not often I hear someone say it out loud and sound so depressed about not being one. I mean, I totes get it! Who’d want to be scrawny like you?”

“H-h-hey... there’s nothing wrong with...”

“Nah-ah!” Juicy firmly stated, putting a finger to Alexis’ lips. “Deep down, you know that’s a big old, fat lie! Sooooo, back to what I was sayin’, how about I give you exactly what you want?”

“...” Alexis said nothing but gulped. Her heart felt like it was racing a mile a minute, sweat dripping down her forehead. She knew what was coming.

“How about we get you all bimboed up so you can get back to being happy again?”

“W-wait... bim-bim-bimbofy me?”

Juicy leaned in even further until their lips almost touched. She gazed deeply into the small woman’s eyes, lust and hunger raging within her like a wildfire. “Not just bimbofy you,” she cooed, “I’ll give you exactly what you want: me.”

“...what?”

Juicy burst into a fit of giggles and stepped back. “Oh man!” She laughed, “You can’t tell me you don’t know. I’m giving you the opportunity to be me again, permanently.”

“Me... be you again?” Alexis stuttered, her mind swirling and trying desperately to comprehend what she was saying.

“Well yeah!” Teased Juicy, groping her breasts and jiggling them, “Don’t tell me you don’t want these now all of a sudden. You seemed pretty sure you wanted them back.”

“Th-that was just drunk ramblings! Don’t be so silly.”

“Don’t be so modest!” Fired back Juicy, her smile and confidence never wavering, “I know what I heard and what you want. Let’s not kid ourselves here; let’s just be honest.”

Alexis didn’t say anything, just looking away from her at the ground. Juicy continued on, “so, you want to be a bimbo, specifically me again. I’m flattered and would love to help you with that so you can be happy. As a bonus, this can be great for me and Wetz as well.”

“Wait; what do you mean by that?”

“Well, to sum it up since its suuuuuuper long and boring and there’s all this technical marketing jumbo that just goes on and on, here’s the deets! Wetz has been really getting big and expanding outside of this region, selling its pasties and underwear all over! It’s sooo awesome since we can help even more people become bimbos! Buuuuuut, it’s gonna be soooo tough!

“I’m, like, the face of the company in the public and I luuuv selling and showing this stuff off to everyone and everywhere. They say I’m invaluable or whatnot, but... it's gonna be tough if it's just me out there. I need help.”

“I thought I heard Wetz has other girls like you though,” Alexis asked.

“Well, Strawberry works behind the scenes and doesn’t like being in the public muuuch outside of, you know, hooking up. Cherry’s too busy at school with her new cheerleader BFFs and Watermelon... she’s easily distracted by a looooooot of things! I’m the only one who can really push this stuff out there!”

“Soooo,” Alexis mumbled, rubbing her forehead as she thought everything over, “you turn me into a bimbo exactly like you again and in return, you want me to help you do your job?”

“Yes and a little no too! The job is suuuuuper easy, and you get to spend most of it doing all the things you’ll love! Its like I told ya, you’ll have fun showing off, wearing hawt clothes, playing with yourself, playing with tons of others, and spreading the bimbo joy around!”

“But what if I don’t want to spread the bimbo joy around?”

Juicy laughed harder than Alexis ever heard her before, the woman’s breasts jiggling and shaking like a bowl of Jell-O almost. “Oh, pul-lllleeeeeeease! I heard ya before. I know you love that and we were talking about how you helped one of your brother’s friends embrace her inner bimbo. By the way, nice job on that.”

Alexis tensed up as an image formed in her minds. Just after the livestream ended last year, only she volunteered to stay as Juicy while the rest went back to normal. And it was fun, living life differently as someone else and having all kinds of fun. She had Juicy’s body, mind, heart, and lusts; all of which led to a rather memorable moment.

As Juicy, Alexis started chatting up her brother and fiance’s roommate, Melissa. Such a dull, flat, and boring girl she thought at the time, living life so averagely and doing nothing particularly exciting. Just seeing her in that state drove something within Alexis’ mind nuts and she knew she had to “fix” it.

So, she went out and got Melissa a special gift from Wetz. It took a bit of encouraging and pestering, but she managed to get Melissa to wear some special pasties and that was that. A few minutes later after long, lustful moans and groping, the formerly boring girl was reborn as a giggly, ditzy bimbo named Blueberry. Last she heard, Blueberry had successfully broke into the porn industry and was making videos almost every day.

The images of seeing Melissa twist and grow, groping and rubbing herself silly in her lustful transformation floated to the front of Alexis' brain. Seeing a former friend turn into a sex-craved bimbo, even after almost a year, since a shiver down her spine. A shiver of delight and a growing warmth within her loins.

Alexis fidgeted in place, but Juicy merely patted her on the shoulder. "See?" she said, almost as if she read the poor girl's mind, "Told ya. Don't you want to do that again? Help all of these poor girls and ladies out in the world? They're just longing to be free like your friend... and like you want to be right now."

"....."

"Come on," Juicy asked softly, stroking her friend's face, "Just say it... be honest with yourself. Tell me what you want to be."

"...I... I... I want to... to... be... a bimbo." The words were low and hard to hear, almost as if she was trying not to be heard.

"Say it louder and prouder. There's no reason to be ashamed."

"I want... to be... a bimbo." The words were clearer, but flatter sounding. Alexis shivered again, biting on her bottom lip. Her eyes met up with Juicy's own, which extruded eagerness and want.

Alexis gulped and said again, her tone shifting, "I want to be a bimbo."

"Gooooood, but why exactly?" Juicy pressed, leaning in gleefully.

"I want to be a bimbo... because... because my life...."

"Sucks?" Joked her busty companion.

"It's boring!" Groaned Alexis, "Being a bimbo... being a bimbo gave me so much fun with tons and tons of people! I always felt so happy, giddy, and horny all the time!"

"That's right! Anything else?"

"Being a bimbo meant I was beautiful and...."

"Nah-ah!" Juicy interrupted, "Being a bimbo is soooo much more than being beautiful. It's being sexy, hawt, desirable, and sex on two legs."

"Y-yeah..." Alexis moaned, her body shivering, "Sexy...hawt... sex..." She unconsciously licked her lips and rubbed her thighs together.

"And that's what you want? To be a bimbo?" Asked Juicy.

“NO! Not just a bimbo... I want... I want to be you!” Alexis declared, hugging Juicy tightly. “I want to be desirable, sexy, and totally fuckable like you are! I want to sleep around and have fun every night like you! I want to live like you, work at Wetz, and help people become the bimbos or himbos they’re meant to be! Please! Help me...”

Juicy hugged back, placing Alexis’s head into her cleavage. “There there,” she sweetly told the lady, “I hear you and you don’t have to worry anymore. I’ll help you.”

“Th-thank you,” Alexis sobbed, tears of joy running down her face now, “Thank you so much Juicy!”

“Don’t worry... sis. I’ll fix you right up. Just follow me into my personal studio and we’ll get you sexed up in no time.”

To Be Continued...