# Gift of the Bim: Bai Bai Brain

## DESCRIPTION:

This story will have an audio version as well, read by me. It’s a slight variation on the normal formula, though. As opposed to a full audio drama or direct address, it’s a short story read aloud. This is the text of the story.

It’s modelled on the 1904 Christmas short story Gift of the Magi, by O’Henry. I hope it makes your holidays a bit brighter! Or less bright, but more fun.

CW: bimbofication, brainwashing, prostitution, mantric dissolution, mascdom, femsub

## SCRIPT:

One crisp hundred dollar bill.

That was all. She had carefully secreted it away, stepping into the club cameras’ blind spot to protect her treasure. Most dancers use the blind spots for a quick suck or handjob. Tansy used it for that too, of course. She needed all the money her talented tongue and soft hands could earn. But her extra earnings were even more secret than her extra tricks. She had wiped off her dripping lips and moved that bill furtively from garter to rhinestone bag. A hidden zipper and pocket let her stash it, away from the grasping hands of bouncers and managers and sneering rivals in the dressing room.

All that careful trickery and tongue tickling came to just one note. After the house fees and outfits and taxes, she had just one bill. She could still smell her regular’s cologne and taste his cum, and she had just one hundred dollars to show for it. And the next day would be Christmas.

There was nothing to do but collapse on the couch and cry. So that’s exactly what Tansy did.

While she sobs, we can look at the rest of her apartment. After all, our subscription promises a full girlfriend experience, and her apartment is part of that experience.

It’s definitely not the best part of the experience, though. Tansy’s blond tresses and jiggling milkers might embody Scandanavian sexy, but her space is pure Ikea efficiency. The self-assembled furniture and polyester rental carpet and scavenged bits of decoration all whisper a single word in unison. It’s a well-worn word. Her Leg Avenue lingerie and Walmart ring light join the chorus and say it. That word is cheap.

The Youngs know it well. Whether it’s their furniture or clothing or thirdhand textbooks or compact Kia, everything they own is – by necessity – cheap. Their little indulgences all stand out because of their lives’ real refrain. As a mathematics TA, Evan dreamed about new data structures and ontologies that might – one day – find a real application. This December, though, he had to face the bleak math of the present. Everything cost too much. Rent, utilities, food, everything. He’d solve the most abstract problems in his basement office, but their real problems had no elegant solutions. With his teaching hours slashed since the pandemic, he had almost no way to keep up with the bills. They had long since stopped opening the past due notices, but he continued to organize them meticulously. Maybe he was optimistic. Maybe he was bored.

Their sparse life offered him few escapes from boredom. He treasured his young wife, of course. She was a perfectly soft contrast to the cold angular logic of his thesis and his work. He dreamed of every curve, and lost himself in her wet holes. She’d offered them up freely, but as the days and months passed, he sensed a certain distance. She still knelt in greeting and bent over the kitchen table for him, but he felt her delight turning into duty. Her mind was elsewhere.

They had said it wouldn’t happen. They both swore that Tansy’s work wouldn’t change them. It certainly didn’t, when the literature department paid for her teaching and research. As the department shed research grants and tightened its belt, though, medieval literature was just not a priority. Discarded by her department, Tansy tried out new belts of her own. Her stripper’s garter and her camming vibrator belt made up some of the difference. Her customers and coworkers knew, though. They knew her performances were rote and mechanical. She spread her legs and jiggled and giggled like her friends said she should, but her eyes gave her away. She was, deep inside, still a proud intellectual. Behind the ring light and the lingerie and the dildos lay her real treasure – her bookshelf. Collecting rare books seemed like an indulgence, but it kept her centered. It kept her self together against the waves of tokens and nights spent dry humping on tailored slacks. She needed her bookshelf. She viewed her job as a temporary embarrassment. She brought herself to cum, but she couldn’t bring herself to care. Everyone knew.

Evan knew too. Tansy didn’t fuck him with the same bored contempt that she brought to her lap dances and camshows, but she’d made the escape hatch in her mind. Once built, it was hard to stop herself from crawling back into it every time they fucked.

He was sad, but he understood. They were both doing what needed to be done. He performed his duty as she performed hers, and doggedly pursued his degree. When Tansy slept or went to the club to grind against strangers, he found his escape. He’d turn on his gaming console and fight. He might be beleaguered during the day, but in that screenlit world, he was once again a master.

Tansy felt it. She felt his need, and she knew the PlayStation gave back the control her cam and her clients had taken from him. He needed, for once, to win – and she needed him to keep winning. She knew the gift he needed.

Not everyone got to see the custom controllers at her gamestore. James, one of her former students, worked the register, though. When she came in looking for “something special,” he finally took his eyes off her cleavage and walked her to the back room and showed her something truly special.

It was a sleek hairtrigger dream. The controller was every bit as responsive as her cunt was when Evan first strapped her to the sawhorse. Best of all, Evan would never truly know how much she had upped his game. He’d been complaining about his clunky old controller for months – so he’d assume any jump in his stats was simply a return to normal. He could remain the lord of his game forever, and only Tansy and GameStuff would ever know the real difference.

She needed to get that controller – and a hundred dollar bill wouldn’t buy that sort of craftsmanship. She knew what she had to do. James said it with his eyes. When she came back into Gamestuff days later in Pleasers and faux fur, he said it with his mouth.

“You need your brain washed.”

“What’s that?” Her brow knitted.

“You heard me.”

“I’m not sure I did. Brain wash? I, uh, I wanted a controller.”

“Oh, you’ll get a controller. It’s not cheap, though. Do you have money?”

Tansy reached in her coat pocket and pulled out her hundred dollar bill.

James laughed.

“I mean actual money.”

Tansy just stared at the floor, humiliated.

“That’s what I thought. That’s why you’ll need another way to pay.”

“I – I can pay. That way.”

Tansy shrugged off her pink coat. It landed on the thin carpet with a thump. Her split crotch panties and pushup bra made it very clear how she intended to settle her debts.

“That’s one way. I’ve seen how you earn.” He surveyed her exposed flesh with detached interest.

“You’ve – you’ve seen…”

“Yes, Ms. Tansy. Word travels fast about a teacher with a good OnlyFans. You might have been my TA before being my T&A – but we’ve ALL come to appreciate your new career.”

“Thank you.” She kept her humbled eyes on the floor and put her hands on her head. She knew the whole transaction would go by much quicker if obeyed.

“I’ll tell you what though, MIZ Tansy. I’ve seen you suck – and fuck – and crawl – and I already know. It’s not enough.”

“But – I’ll…”

“You’ll do anything. I know. You’ll go through the motions. You’ll fake it for views and money and frankly, I don’t care. I’m a craftsman – and if you want MY controller, I have some standards.”

“How…”

“How do you meet those standards? I told you already. You were just too dumb to understand. Your brain’s the problem, Tansy – and you need it washed.”

“How…”

“It’s easy. You sit – right there. Like that. That’s a good girl.”

“Thank you.”

“Hands on knees. If you wanna fidget, just spread those legs instead. Now – look at the screen.”

“It’s pretty.” She stared, fascinated, and spoke in a dreamy singsong.

“You like the patterns.”

“I like the patterns.” Her mouth moved automatically.

“You’ll like them even more when you hear them.”

He stepped beside her chair and slipped the headphones over her ears. She stared, glazed and glassy eyed, at the pulsing patterns. His form-fitting sweatpants made it clear that he was pulsing in the same pattern as the screenlight.

Tansy didn’t know if his cock made the lights pulse or the pulsing lights made his cock throb. They felt like one and the same. She knew she could make everything pulse. The cock pulsed with the lights with her clit with the game with her swirling tongue with her dripping lips and droolsoaked tits. Everything pulsed together perfectly.

James was right. He was a true craftsman, and she needed to honor his work. When words flashed on the screen, she said what she was told when she was told. She said what she was told and thought what she was told and it happened – just like that. We all saw Tansy’s distance. That’s gone now. The distance vanished as words and pulses and puppet body became the same thing in the same time.

The screen says tick tock so her lips say tick tock so the screen says suck cock so her lips close around the twitching cock right in front of her glazed eyes so she start to slurp in time with the pattern.

The screen says suck ‘til you’re stupid so her lips mumble suck myself stupid around the throbbing cock in her mouth so she slobbers and drips down her tits because she already sucked herself too stupid to ever really think again.

The screen says dripping lips and bouncing tits and dripping lips and bouncing tits and she keeps giggling the words even after he pulls out of her mouth and pumps cum all over her face. It’s more important to say the words than wipe off her face, because the words are part of the pattern and the pattern’s all that matters. The controller says so.

The controller says sinking’s better than thinking so her suckhole says sinking’s better than thinking and she keeps sinking and fucking her fingers for hours. She fucked her fingers while James fucked her ass. She fucked her fingers when all the GameStuff workers came back to taste another slut deep in the pattern while they used all her holes. They made their own game with her holes. She didn’t remember all the game rules, but she remembered her rules. Controller girls don’t wipe off the cum or close their coats. Everyone in the mall stared, but she didn’t care. She giggled as she stumbled home with the controller. She didn’t remember much, but she knew she’d saved Christmas. She didn’t read the card, because she knew someone would read it for her.

“Someone smart should read this card for me, because I’m just a dumb cum guzzler?” Evan read each word incredulously. This was not the present he had expected.

“Dumb cum guzzler! Cum guzzler! Pleassssse let me please.” Tansy begged with her whole body, in a way she hadn’t for years.

Evan blinked slowly. He saw both of his dreams on the couch, and they were both perfect. His young wife was dripping wet and gasping and fucking her fingers brainlessly. Her fake stare had been replaced with a blank stare. Her passion went from empty and robotic to – well – empty and robotic. But a different kind of empty and robotic. She wasn’t her own programmer anymore, and it showed. It showed in her spread legs and her desperately bucking hips. It showed when he came in the door, and she kept fucking her fingers and giggling mindlessly. It showed when the sound of tokens echoed over the speakers. Tansy was finally making good on her promises of a girlfriend experience.

Her husband was delighted with his experience. When he walked into their apartment, Tansy had already fastened the collar around her neck. She turned, her ass in the air and her tailplug wagging, offering every hole as a present. She held his wrapped gift between her teeth, and she yipped when he retrieved it.

He was overwhelmed when he opened it. The writing on the card was in several different masculine scripts, which was unexpected. Even more unexpected, though, was the gift itself.

“You – you got me a controller?”

“It’s like – the best controller. I worked SUPER hard for it.”

“A controller? For – for the PlayStation?”

“My pussy’s a playstation!” She repeated her programmed mantra automatically. “But like yeahhh – for your other playstation. You can play both at once.”

“Tansy – I sold the playstation. I had to. There was no other way to get you… this.”

Evan handed over the wrapped package. The new Tansy was eager to unwrap any package presented, so in seconds she unveiled a rare medieval tome.

“Oh my gawwwd – it’s like a wordsie.” She beamed from ear to ear, holding the book upside down as she flipped through, looking for pictures.

“It’s a – very expensive wordsie. It’s the centerpiece of your thesis!” Evan stammered. “I sold the Play Station for it!”

“You sold ONE PlayStation. The real Playstation’s right here,” giggled Tansy as she spread her legs and rubbed her clit to the sound of token chachings. “We’ll make that back in a week. Now get over here and I’ll show everyone the new throat trick I learned.”

Evan walked over, and soon forgot what troubled him. Tansy had long since forgotten most everything, especially the wordsy things.

They were and remain truly lucky, though. Each sold the most valuable thing they owned in order to buy a gift for the other. Evan sold his Playstation, only to receive a perfect pussy playstation. Tansy sold her boring brain, only to get a better bubbly bimbo brain in return. Let me speak a last word to the wise of these days: Of all who give and receive gifts, such as they are the most wise. Everywhere they are the wise ones. They are the bim.

Baaiiiii!