

ORIGIN STORY

A Galentines Event

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Banger Comics was deader than a ghost town, nuked into eradication and left to the roaches. That's how Charlie Banger felt, a roach in his own life and failed business. Shelves full of comics and products that had been forgotten by humanity just like himself, ready to scurry should someone walk in and cause a ruckus because what would they know of customers, they'd never really seen one. Having always been socially inept Charlie had hoped sinking his money into the worlds that he loved would draw people to him, people who shared his interests and passions. Sadly, a combination of an internet with unbeatable prices and pirates with

entitled thievish practices were making old stores obsolete. Not being confident enough to build a community with events and patronage had led Charlie to this... the end of the line.

An immaculate shop full of pages never to be bought, by customers who would never show. His dream has become quick sand. It wasn't like he had zero traffic. There was a DnD group that met in his backroom, who were supporting his business the same way border's browsers had "tried to save the book chain" with browsing, and a cute lesbian girl that would come in and complain about his selection. He knew she was a lesbian by the cold wall she had thrown up the day he had tried to be social, and... well she had said so. Being an awkward male trying to talk to girls never played the way he envisioned in his head, and especially not with a girl who was only into girls. As if he wanted to be an awkward acting awkward looking male! But this is what life had labeled and fast tracked him into. At least the amount he back pedaled and blushed seemed to make Trisha, that was the lesbian's name, deem him decidedly not a threat. Awkward intro behind them, they were able to move into small talk as she continued to visit. Not great small talk, but not unfriendly. It was probably on the third visit she apologized for being too edgy, explaining she was just tired of guys seeing her as a target to acquire, Charlie joked back "If I could be a hot girl instead trust me I would" he followed with a single ugly punctuated laugh.

"Have you ever thought of transitioning?" she asked as if it was a normal question she asked every day.

"W-what?" he stuttered and blanched.

"If you know you're a woman I'm not gonna judge" she shrugged and continued to brows.

"N-no no nothing like that." Charlie blushed and buried himself in his work, blocking out fantasies he'd rather not think about with anyone else round. So Trish came in and bought a thing now and then, and the DnD group browsed, and Charlie's overhead rose and rose until he knew his shop's bankruptcy was nigh.

A popping sound and spill brought Charlie out of his reveries of failure, the lid and contents of his coffee cup all over a stack of comics he had piled in a bargain box on his glass showcase counter. "Damn It" he cursed his clumsiness and tried to minimize the damage. "Classic Charlie, can't even sell this shit and then your clutz issues turns it to literal trash." The store owner let another expletive roll off his tongue as his attempts to stop the coffee from spreading to the other comics, spread them to the others despite him. Five minutes later he was stepping outside his shop's back door, wadded comics and the classic sci-fi T-shirt he was wearing all spattered with his lost caffeine. He wrenched open the dumpster and threw the ruined tales of mutants and super powered people down into its acrid smelling darkness. "You know.." he screamed down at the refuse "I know they give you all horrible backstories to balance out how cool having powers is... but damn. I'm really feeling like having a life of nothing is far worse sometimes." The words hurt even more as they echoed in the dumpster. He was a nobody. I write-off, and it was its own form of tragedy, but it would grant him no power to save the world or himself. His

shop would close, and who knows what would come of him... if anything. He slammed the top down, dumpster clanging in a punctuation to his pain and despair. His life was surrounded by pages of escapism he needed to avoid his horrible sea of depression, and yet at the same time they taunted him about his unextraordinary and nothing life. He would give anything to be Spider-man, Superman... even Wonder Woman. Anyone but who he believed fate had wanted him to be.

As Charlie wiped his runny nose with the back of his hand his eyes caught an odd bouquet of flowers sitting on a bucket in the alley. He looked around sheepishly to see if anyone had left the fresh pink collection of roses. Charlie nervously shuffled his feet over to them as if it was a stray dog that would take a bite at him for intruding. When he grabbed them he saw a card on them with a date... today's date, with an overly flourished "Happy Valentines day". It was like being stung by thorns, a life so lonely he didn't even remember what today was, only reminded now in the echo in his head screaming "because you're alone" It was almost enough to throw them in with his coffee spattered forgotten heroes. Turning them over in his tight grip he noticed they were plastic. "Well... considering how fake everyone is in relationships... I suppose there is a poetic justice to a gift of love that is 100% fabricated." He snorted at the thought of some lame guy handing them over to his date, Charlie giggling at his impression of such a dude-bro "I got you plastic ones, because like our love... they'll never die... pffft this world is filled with ass hats. But alas charles.. they get to be the Waynes and Kents of the real world."

On a whim he held the roses up to his nose and inhaled deeply. The damn things smelled like... bubble gum? Bubble gum of all things. He let out a high pitched giggle at the idea someone would choose bubble gum for flowers. "Who made these things?" He wondered taking another sniff. He couldn't pinpoint why but something about the smell was cheering him up out of his sulky attitude. "Bimbo Blooms" he read the brand on the back of the card. "Like... that is such a fitting name for them. Only a bimbo would be into to such silly things" Charlie rolled his eyes and began to take in the scent again only to stop mid sniff. The oddness of how he had just sounded out loud was setting off alarms in his head. His voice had not only sounded higher but his word choice was ... off? "Like OMG what is wrong with m-" he stopped again, eyes bulging out of his head. Something was really off! He bit his lip trying to figure it out, a five full seconds passing before the bee-stung size of his lip and their bubble gum lip gloss coating set off even more alarms. "Why does my frickin lip taste like bubblegum?!" he whined. Wait.. bubble gum. The flowers! Charlie looked down at the boquette flipping them over and around and upside down trying to see if they had some kind of powder with some mind altering substance attached to them or something. "Oh, My, Gawwd" he spasmed when he saw his arm had thinned slightly and lost some hair. And Tanned! But not only that, his nails were getting longer and painted.

"Oh my gosh oh my gosh" Charlie started to hyperventilate. He looked over to his beat up Camry and started running over to it to look at his reflection. This was some trippy mind bending shit! Charlie hustled over to his car as fast as he could but his sneakers felt weird on his feet. The heels of his shoes felt extra thick like it had a little bit of added chunk to it. "Just breath deep Charlie, it's gonna be fine it's gonna be fine... like just, one step at a time gi... er... guy" Man his

head was all types of fluffy he could barely say a sentence without it coming out all hinky and stuff.

Arriving at his sun bleached transportation, rusty edges and all, just led to his heart racing even higher. There he was in his driver side door window reflection, but it wasn't "Him" him. Not like classic him. There was a Charlie there but their hair had gone from short and brown to mostly blonde and feathered. How did he even know the style was called feathered?! A Manicured hand reached up and grabbed the now gold blonde main that was still lengthening from his scalp. Bleachy blonde hair framing a thinner rounder face he could still recognize even if it was startling. The lighter his hair got the more tanned his skin became, though the changes beneath his clothes seemed they might be even more extreme. His outfit was baggy now, as his body shrank like an ice cube in summer. The comic fan and proprietor grabbed his khaki pants leg and tugged it up to see his calves were also thin, and bronze and hairless. "Like... wow I'm getting a whole forced make-over here!" His voice cracked on the "here", his Adam's Apple melted away, every sound and grunt made to clear his throat now high and feminine. Charlie dropped his pants leg, giving it a shake when it wouldn't drop down to his ankle again. But it wasn't stuck. His pants were now the length of capprees, and shortening turning from khaki to reddish.

Charlie swept his hair out of his eyes moving the lengthening locks behind him with a flick of his head, unsure how he even knew how to do that, just so he could look back into the reflection of his car unhindered. Charlie's mascara heavy eyelashes batted and his eyes bulged out of his skull. His face was fully done up now. The tingling in his face had been the feeling of it being fully resculpted. Below, his favorite retro shirt, a simple black with yellow letters spelling out Star Wars, had growing pink splotches replacing the black, as the yellow letters inverting to black instead. At the same time it shrunk, holding tight to his tiny torso.

"Pink?" he scoffed "Like... who would make a pink star wars shirt.. though... it does look hella cu- OMG why am I talking like this!?" He stomped his foot hearing a click and sending him wobbling into the side of his car. His shrunken feet were in heels that only held minor details of the converse he had been wearing. "Okay okay I gotta go inside, like... lock up the place early and go somewhere no one will see me like this until..er... I like... figure this stuff out and stuff" Charlie could feel it getting harder and harder to form thoughts, and hurriedly wobbled back to his store in his heels as quickly as he could. Girly yelps and eeps following him every few steps too preoccupied with balance to realize his mincing sashay.. Right before he reached the door he felt a pressure and POP! went one hip, and then the next. The sudden shift made him throw his hands against the door and spread his legs for balance. Besides the bouquet in his one fist he looked like he was a girl preparing to be frisked. His long hair falling back over her shoulder as a final pop at the bottom of his spine gave his rear more of a shelf to match a set of wider hips. Charlie stood back up swaying a little bit as he tested the new motion of his hips. "This is totes the weirdest shit that has like.. ever happened to meeeeeEEEEE!" He squealed as two overly pleasurable swelling throbs built up behind his nipples, aching and buzzing as they stretched his skin and shirt. The added jiggle and sway on his ribcage told him everything he

needed to know. He had tits. Like ...little boobies in his pink star wars shirt. He grabbed the door and clomped back into his shop... and froze.

Trisha was staring at her like an alien from another planet. Apparently the collision with the door had shocked her enough to stop browsing and now here Charlie was tugging on his maroon... shorts now?... trying to keep them from creeping up his smooth soft thighs. "That door is for workers only" she said in her standard unenthused tone.

"Like.. I am a worker" Charlie pouted, confused why Trisha would mess with him like this.

"He hired you? I've been giving him ideas for months! Jerk never once thought to offer me a job.." she grumbled as she drifted back into browsing mode. What was she talking about, his shop didn't even make enough money so he could hire additional staff. Charlie twirled his blonde hair and followed Trish around the shop, keeping it slow and steady in her three inch strappy heels. "I bet anyone who likes guys could get a job here, sometimes the loneliness of this place is palpable."

"I don't like guys" Charlie made an ugly face, and for a second Trish seemed to look at him with a renewed interest.

"Oh... so are you into comics and fandoms? I'll admit I just... didn't take you as the type to want to be hired for a place like this."

"What are you talking about hired. I own this shop Trish." Charlie huffed

"Charlie... sold the shop to you?" Trish's tone was filled with both suspicion and concern.

"No silly... Stop messing with me. Like the boobies and look are different sure but I'm still the same Charlie you like... tell to get my ass in line with more representation in my selez... er... selecssome... oh poop. In my comic choices and stuff."

"What the heck are you talking about?" Trish backed away as the blonde became more and more flustered.

"It's me, Charlie Banger... I'm like the owner and stuff. We've talked like.. so many times" Charlie was getting winy and red

"Listen, we've never talked, and there is no way you are Charlie. Even a good costume can't make him a foot shorter" Charlie suddenly realized they would probably be the same height if it wasn't for the heels. "Though I will say you do kinda look like him. Are you his sister? Is this a prank or something?"

“Triiiiiisha I am flipping Charlie Ok!? I smelled these flowers and they made me feel like all wonky and stuff and it’s changing me into a valley girl or something. You have to believe me! It’s like even changing my outfit.”

“Magic flowers... that turned you into a nerd culture Barbie, that’s your Origin Story?” At the mention of the outfit Trish’s eyes took another round of appraising the girl, it wasn’t something she’d ever be caught dead wearing herself but the girl was really cute and apparently she was okay with flaunting it. Trish must have remembered wrong though because she thought this crazy girl’s shorts had been longer than the daisy dukes that now crawled high up her thighs. And.. the bulge? She did a double take. Interesting. Maybe they were transitioning? This chick must be either super brave or super crazy because those shorts didn’t seem long enough to keep that thing under cover so to speak.

“Origin Story... I don’t think like becoming this is a super power... oh you are like being sacra... sarcastic... bleh! You are messing with me!? Trish I’ll prove it to you, watch ok??” Charlie shoved the pink plastic roses under his nose and started huffing them again and again like he was trying to slow a panic attack breathing into a paper bag. Trisha was now severely weirded out. Cute or not the girl was acting a little unstable. Probably best to tell Charlie tomorrow that his new worker was a bit “AAAAEEEEEEEE” Trisha backed into a rack of comics terrified by the screech that had come out of this strange person. The racks collided with the wall turning off the main shop lights. All that was left was some of the colored spinning party lights used for effects by the DnD group which someone had left on. Comics poured off the tipped shelves, some landing on Trisha, some landing on a little boom box that came to life with some epic DnD music choices. Trisha looked around wildly in the semi dark searching for both the girl and why she had screamed. She had dropped the roses and was fanning herself profusely. “Like Trish... I think I smelled too much of the flower smell things... I feel really... ah... really hot.”

In his shoes and ultra tight outfit Charlie felt like he was boiling inside. Not painfully but like... a giant rush of blood and tingles. Like his whole body was ... well...an erection. He could feel pulses of pleasure and pressure building everywhere, but especially below his waist. His tight shorts seemed to get tighter, feeling just short of strangling his thighs that were swelling up in tiny bursts, like they were attached to a water hose. The store owner’s hips and legs became fuller and fluffier, muffening out of his tiny shorts as his already erect penis was robbed of all available room in the shorts. Charlie couldn’t grasp what he was seeing. He wasn’t in pain, or scared, but his brain also felt too flustered and overwhelmed to process those types of feelings. In under thirty minutes he had been sucked dry of his size and muscle mass and now felt like it was being packed back into his hips and legs as fat. And unlike earlier, his clothes weren’t resizing this time. Quite the opposite, they were going skin tight and beyond. Charlie was semi-curious why his ass hadn’t swelled along with the rest of his pear shaped bottom half, but most of his mind was occupied on the pleasure.

“How are you doing this?” Trish crawled towards the shuddering Charlie, eyeing him as if he would explode.

“I’m not doing anything! I told you I smelled the flowers and this happens!”

“But they are plastic!” She pointed at roses but kept her distance. They could be a plague carrying rat and be possibly less scary.

“Oh yeah.. plastic” Charlie said mid pant. His face was glowing with sweat, yet his hair and makeup still looked immaculate. Plastic, she mused and then BAM BAM her ass cheeks wobbled and bounced as first one and then the other seemed to get a tiny punch from inside, sending him wobbling into a fall right on top of Trish. Trish’s hands couldn’t catch her, the sweat on Charlie’s back causing them to glide right down her waist into Charlie’s shorts. Her wrists felt tied in place as the swelling Charlie made the shorts like a prison for Trisha’s hands.

“I’m so sorry! I’m not trying to...” She stopped, now with their faces so close, she could see it. Somehow this inflating bombshell was indeed Charlie. The face paired with the miraculous reshaping she could feel happening against her palms. She believed! “Is this magic or some shit?!” the terrified Trish called from the bottom of the twosome, her own legs Straddled by charlie’s full thick thighs, her palms in fist trying to avoid all accidental cheek cupping. Bwomf! Trish shrieked as Charlies ass jumped a size bigger, and then again.

“No I think plastic!” Charlie was drooling and giggling, his penis throbbing in his tiny shorts, smooshed in the crevice of his fat thighs. “Hnnnng wedgie!” He squealed. Trisha’s hands opened to hopefully wrestle her hands free but she could do nothing but blush as Charlie’s cheeks swelled round after round into her palms. Plastic indeed! Charlie’s ass was soft enough for fingers to squeeze, but a firm base below it all was growing and swelling. Two implants stretching his ass bigger and bigger, each time causing a girly squeak and gasp. As insane as all this was, Trisha couldn’t help but be turned on by the person bucking, grinding and moaning right on top of her. Charlie or not, they were gorgeous. She could only imagine what Charlie Banger would look like if breast implants had also sprouted on their... Charlies tits bounced, and then again. Trisha dared to ask.. was she willing something to happen. Was this all some mad fever dream she was having alone in her bed at home somehow.. imagining that poor lonely comic book shop keeper being reshaped into a glorious wobbling bouncing horny bimbo against his will, right smack on top of her. Though.. they seemed to be enjoying it. Immensely. And Trisha could only look in fear and adoration as Charlie’s cleavage blossomed larger and larger in quick jolts. Japanese hentai VR had nothing on this.

Riiip went his shirt down the middle, his cleavage deepening as his buoyant boobs continued to swell and rise like rising moons racing over the horizon.

“Y-you promise you are Charlie” She held her chin up trying to avoid motorboating her comic acquaintance, knowing if this wasn’t a dream that would be a step too far.

“Y-you... you talk to me about... how you don't mind ass and titties as long as the girl is well written” Drool threatened to drip off his plump glossy lip. “You joke some feminist g-go to far thinking a fleshed out character hassss to be defleshed” His tits wobbled tight and hard past the E cup range.

“Yeah... cuz I'm okay with “too much flesh””

“yeah. hnnngggg toooo much” His nipples were so hard. His dick was so hard. The silicon beneath his giant curves were firm and heavy. Everything about the moment felt like Charlie was being pumped like a water balloon full of pleasure and about to pop. “Please... please help” His arms were shaking, they were gonna give out, an avalanche of cleavage barreling down to bury the customer below.

“Okay okay Charlie look at me!” She called trying to maintain eye contact over the sea of tit. “We'll figure this out, ok? Figure out how to get you looking ..your old self.”

“Like... I don't care right now I mean... help me! I'm so close!” His face went red with embarrassment but his eyes were the wild sapphires of a woman riding the edge of an orgasm. “G-gona... like pass out!” his breath was coming in faster and faster, in and out like a saw, body trembling and hair sticking to his sweat and skin...

“What if... what of this is one of those rule things and that makes you stuck like this!?”

“Are you serious!?” Charlie's pelvis was now in an auto hump.

“I didn't even know magic was real and shit! You look like a Barbie absorbed a Kardashian and is now going into fucking heat! what If you get stu-“

“I JUST LIKE... FUCKIN WANNA CUM OK!?!” Charlie thrashed and a swollen tit rolled out of his top, thick brown nipple swaying inches from Trisha's mouth.

“Okay okay! But only because you gave conscen-mmmph!” The tit had found its way in her mouth, and Trish did nothing to get it out. This was either a dream or a miracle... whatever happened next had to be what was supposed to be, right? So she squeezed and massaged the hell out of Charlies beyond brazilian bum. She lashed Charlie's nipples with her tongue, nibbling, suckling, tugging. And the results were instant. Charlie was a hurricane of lust and pleasure. Every squeeze and suckle seemed to send them higher and higher. Charlie tried to lift their pelvis so their dick wouldn't be grinding on the girl below him, somewhere in the back of a fuzzy sex addled brain remembering she was a lesbian and he was... er... was he a he? Did she think he was? Charlie didn't feel like anything except for a sex and pleasure over load. They could figure it out in a minute. With Trisha and-

“OH! OH OH GOD FUCK YES YAAAAAS!” Charlie screamed, womanly pleasure radiating out of them in the middle of the shop. The timing on the final change, was nothing short of magical. Trish felt the tip of a penis bump her thigh but it seemed to shrink away even as the thrust came forward. She could feel it. Two flat and clothed crotches grinding each other... a final and fast schlurp and the penis had inverted into a pussy. Charlie has a pussy now, and Charlie’s scream caught in their throat, choking and gurgling on their first vagina based orgasm. Charlie collapsed burying Trisha’s face in titty, ass still being massaged by the woman below. Soon there was nothing but slow pants, funky lighting and some epic quest music playing in the background.

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An hour later the two just stared into space eating a pizza they had ordered. A shocked and confused Trisha, and across from her Charlie, looking like a Barbie on estrogen “steroids”. The implants in their curves must have been bigger than Charlie’s head, now stuffed back into their top but still with miles of cleavage to be seen.

“So first... how do you feel?” Trisha finally broke the silence

“Like, pretty good I guess” Charlie just sighed, looking oblivious to everything they had been though. The silence continued. Trisha couldn’t help glancing over at Charlie constantly. She had a bimbo fetish, bad. And this was probably the closest she would ever be to one. “What are you looking at?” Charlie asked while she stretched her back, bosom bulging in her shirt.

“I... sorry, You just... you’re very eye catching” Trisha blushed.

“Yeah it’s a little weird. I’m like... totally hot and super sensitive,” She poked her own tit and shivered.

“You.. probably should leave them alone for now” Trisha looked at the floor, had the curse sucked out his brains too?

“You know... I’m like... still the nerd you have been talking to for like.. ever. I still like... love star wars and comics and all that stuff...I just... have giant boobies now too.”

“Hey Charlie, I just want you to know... like.. no matter what you look like. You told me you were a dude way back when and I’ll honor that even if my um... my tastes play tricks on me a little.”

“Pfff I like said that because I don’t like... think about gender stuffs a lot. I’ve had thoughts and questions and whatevs. But like... This is what I have to be for the moment and I’m... feeling better than normal, TBH.”

Normal, right... Trisha was nervous to point out Charlie was now wearing a sleeveless “Star WHORES” shirt. The word normal classing with how surreal this all felt “So... are you saying

that you feel like a woman now? Or... you were always, and now this feels better than your old body” She gingerly tried not to pry.

“Look... I like.. like you and you’re super pretty and a Lesbian and I’m like super hot in your eyes and stuff and we totally orgasmed without even bumpin groins” Trisha blanched mid pizza bite. Did Charlie know she had cum as well?

“Charlie, what your identity is isn’t based on what you want to be for someone else”

“I knoooooo but I’m like...look girlfriend. This..” Charlie pointed up and down at their body “I dunno if I’m stuck, or if I can shift or whatev, but I DO know my stress and bad feelings are kinda hard to find in my head right now, and this all feels pretty... goodish? So can we just say I wanna be explanatory for now?”

“Exploratory?”

“Whatevs! My head has trouble with words now, It’s like you said, this could be my Orang’in story.” Charlie hugged Trisha’s arm and rested their head on her shoulder. Trish did her best not to correct again. “Pssst I know it’s origin... I’m just messin. All my nerd stuff is still up here in my cerebus” She tapped her head. “At least it seems like the flower stuffs aren’t changing me anymore. Maybe they ran out of smells?”

“I mean it’s possible, probably best we get rid of them or at least lock them up before we have any more- Charlie!” Trisha watched as Charlie tried to hide the fact that they had just taken another sniff “Did you just test if they were out by sniffing?”

“I... no... I mean... yeah but. I was just checkin, no big deal”

“And was it?” Trish didn’t need to ask... Charlie’s Tits were growing yet again. She moaned internally as this gorgeous creature was becoming more of a handful in multiple ways “I guess... getting a sidekick is part of your Origin Story it seems.”

“Oooo really?? Who is it?” Charlie waited with baited breath while the obvious answer shook her head. Trisha took a deep breath and took her new bimbo by the hand to explain how she could help. And if they got a little closer by working together... so be it.



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Six months had passed since Charlie had changed from frumpy comic store guy to Bimbo Bombshell. Banger Comics... known around town as Bang-her comics, a lewd nod to the new management, had become the biggest nerd culture center in a three town radius. While true, it was run by a ditzy bombshell who could barely add, she also seemed to know everything about anything in nerd culture AND have jugs bigger than basketballs. It also sported a great selection of hard to find comics with heroes of every gender, race orientation... you name it. It was a special spot because it remained a safe space from trolls, they came no doubt, but it would never be worth angering the co-owner and Charlie's fiancé Trisha. Not when it meant being banned from hanging in the only comic book store run by a woman who looked like a pornstar and who's cosplays tended to show more flesh than cover.

The aisles of the shop were so full with people the shoulder to shoulder traffic had to be against fire code. Charlie had taken on three new hires on top of Trisha and it didn't seem to be enough. People wanted comics, people wanted to hang out, and most of all, people wanted Charlie. "Heya! Puddins!" Charlie giggled in her Harley Quinn costume that was three sizes entirely too small. Her ass was gobbling up her red and blue hot pants, butt cheeks stretching her fishnet stockings to bursting. Her top looked like it was also losing the battle of containment. Firm giant round orbs seeking escape in all directions. Even her sard nipples pressed against the material as a finishing touch. Trish tried to balance drooling with being territorial. They could all lust after her girl all they wanted. At the end of the night everything from the twirly pig tails to that bouncy silicone ass belonged to her. She glared at the next boy who purchased his comics, every receipt over \$60 got a free picture with the famous cosplayer and comic book store owner Charlie Banger. The boy assumed the woman in the Poison Ivy get up was just bad at playing Ivy. He had no idea she was sending him the signals to be respectful with her fiance during the photo session. "Send dem over Ivy, like... maybe they can be my next Mr. J!" No sooner than the dorky teen had pay and leer over at the next part of the experience did he go white with nerves. Those giant implant swollen tits bouncing up and down as "Harley" clomped over, grabbing him by the hand. He was quickly turned into a stuttering mess to all of her questions, and could barely make a smile for the camera. His cheek pressed to the side of her titanic tits, a flash went off and the boy was given a peck on the cheek and was moved on for the next customer. His moment of heaven gone in a blink.

"Okay everyone "Harley" Charlie needs a break" The store groaned as Trisha swept her bimbo babe to the backroom.

"Heeeeeeey baby!" Charlie cooed leaning in to kiss the painted green Trisha in Ivy gear.

"Don't hey baby me" Trish grumbled.

"Oh knows, Like... did I make ya grumpy?" Charlie's face filled with worry.

“No.. not you directly just... Do you have to be so flirty with all those guys?” Trisha looked down at the floor trying to hide her jealousy.

“But bein flirty is what makes them give us all their money right? Like... they are payin for flirty cosplay pics.”

“Well sorta, but it’s more an incentive for the purchases. I just don’t... like how they oggle at you... I wish they’d make their fantasies less obvious.”

“I can’t help it, something about this body just makes me go all gooey and gaga, ya know. And then when I get hyper bouncy they get excited and I get excited....”

“I get it! It’s just... you’re mine” She said in a low mumble. Charlie tilted her head confused, the few wheels in her head working hard to know what to do. Then her eyes got fiery and she pointed a finger defiantly in Trish’s face.

“You’ll like... never get away with this Poison Ivy.” She stepped forward a bit and Trish backed further into the room.

“What the hell are you talking about?”

“You think putting my brain in this like... ditsy body will stop Robin from tracking me down and reversing this crazy plan, like it totes will never work” She held her pose one fist on her hip the other accusingly aiming a finger at Trish’s face.

“Have you lost your-” Ivy Trisha stopped mid sentence when she saw Charlie wink. “Wait are you trying to roleplay?”

“Like don’t distract me vixen. You may have buried me in Harley Quinn’s sexy curves but I am still the caped crusader and I’ll like... totally kick your ass and be free.”

Trish’s jaw dropped open. Charlie knew she loved the idea of roleplay but they had yet to try it together. And now, her lovely gorgeous bimbo was initiating it with only a thin wall between them a crowd of lusting customers being kept waiting. This... this was kind of hot. “Sorry Bat’s our chemistry was always there, but I can’t help how much my attraction leans to the ladies. Imagine my delight when I found a way to both have my precious Harley AND take my nemesis off the board.” She purred moving forward with confidence and thirst, backing her pretty little “Charlie Quinn” to the wall of the room. Her fat bottom spreading across the shelves behind her, crushing some action figure boxes, one superman in particular was being surrounded by her ass cheeks, slipping deeper into her crack. “Little did I know my merging spores would leave the two of you such a beautiful bouncy bimbo.”

“Merge?” Charlie Quin whimpered.

“Oh yes...” Ivy Trish pulled her Roleplaying Charlie Quinn off the wall, and faced her to the mirror. “The longer you two are one, the harder it will be to become anything else.”

“You fiend!” Charlie almost giggled at her attempt to be melodramatic but gasped as Trish reached around her and ripped open the front of her Harley Quinn costume top, giant firm silicone filled tits rolling forward. Charlie’s nipples were hard and aching, the tips each the size of half a grape. She trembled watching Trish’s hands snake around her waist, tiny in comparison to the breasts they began to palm. Rubbing and squeezing, tracing around the nipples as she teased until Charlie’s knees buckled pushing her plump ass against her fiancé’s crotch. “Is.. is that Superman still back-”

“Nope.”

“S-so you’re wearing the...the”

“Yup” Trish grinned a green lipsticked smile, the red headed Ivy in the mirror play-biting Charlie’s shoulder. The strap on that Trish had donned with the stealth of a ninja lowered and poked at Charlie’s plump dripping mound, the fat tip only held back by those tiny shorts, some panties, and fishnet stockings. “Give in Batman, become the prized rose of my garden. Your harsh days of crime fighting replaced with the eternal bliss of a moaning, drooling, bimbo existence. No! Don’t look at me! Look in the mirror. Look in those lovely feminine eyes Bruce. Or should I say Harley? Bruce is melting away as that fire between your legs runs through your body, burning you alive with lust and need.”

“B-but but sugar” Charlie’s eyelashes fluttered, her clown painted face huffing and fogging the mirror. “The customers...”

“Look, I can let you go... all you have to do is say “please let me go Ivy””

“O-oh um then-”

Trish licked Charlie’s ear making her body go stiff as a board “Or if you just say “please”, I’ll fuck your brains out in the store room, and you’re my batman turned slutty bimbo for the rest of your life” She watches as Charlie’s eyes grew to the size of saucers. Trish could see how much the roleplay had affected her, wound her up and turned her on. She could feel Charlie rub her red and blue shorts covered crotch ever so slightly against the strap on.

“P-p-please...” Trish’s Bimbofied Harley fiancé moaned.

Trish slowly ripped a hole in Charlie’s fishnet stockings and hooked her shorts and undies with her finger, dragging them to the right and exposing Charlie’s swollen dripping slit.

“Please what, Harley?” she cooed as her index finger traced her lover’s sensitive folds.

“Fuck me!”

“Say please.”

“Please fuck me!” Charlie tried to push backwards on the strap on but Trish grabbed her plump ass and held her in place.

“And who do you belong too?”

“Trisha, I’m Trisha’s needy little slut!” Charlie screamed in a way Trish was sure could be heard through the walls. Charlie had dropped character and in Trisha’s surprise she fell a little out of role herself.

“Well yes but-”

“No buts! Take me! Like take me and use me and make me your bitch Tisha!” Charlie thrust backwards so hard she was impaled in one swift motion “Gaaaaahaaaa” She wailed and convulsed, orgasming immediately as her inner walls clenched and spasmed, her body already revving up for another.

“O-ok baby I was.. I was teasing you”

“Don’t tease your slut Trish. Take her! Like, Fuck my pussy harder and harder!” Charlie was bouncing on on the strap on furiously, her giant tits flopping around in the air and smacking down on her ribs, her silicone toosh wobbling with each stroke, it was all Trish could do but hang on.

“Yes... yes you are mine”

“Only yours. Forever your ditzzy lusty bimbo!” she reached back and grabbed Trish’s neck, pulling her hands back to her giant tits. Both girls massaging them, tweaking the large nipples that stung in pleasure and need. “Oh Oh fffffuck!” Charlie was going to erupt again. She had never had much of a sex life and what she was experiencing now was telling her maybe she had actually had none before this. Because nothing compared to this. Her manicured hands reached behind her leafy lover and dug into Trisha’s green stocking clad rear. They both could feel the wave, the explosion of orgasm, all they could do was hang on to each other for dear life.

Every customer looked at the closed back room door in shock. Some were blushing, some snickering to each other, some were white as a sheet. The sounds. Just.. the sheer intensity and nature of the noises coming from the back room as the walls shook and the unseen women wailed and screamed and panted. Everyone in line upped their purchases to \$60. Everyone who had bought already looked for a second purchase to grab. Charlie's Origin story was ending, but her adventures at Banger's Comics had just begun.