

The Interview

TG, Bimbo Story

by StevenC

The Interview

Sitting outside the office, Kevin waited to be called in.

It was his first interview since graduating in the summer, and after researching the position for a few weeks, Kevin was confident he was a perfect fit for the job.

“Mr. Rodwell, Mr. Cooper is ready to see you.” With a small smile, the secretary opened the door to the interviewer’s office.

Inside, the senior executive sat patiently as Kevin entered. He radiated confidence and calmness as Kevin crossed the room, the two exchanging a quick introduction before Kevin took his seat.



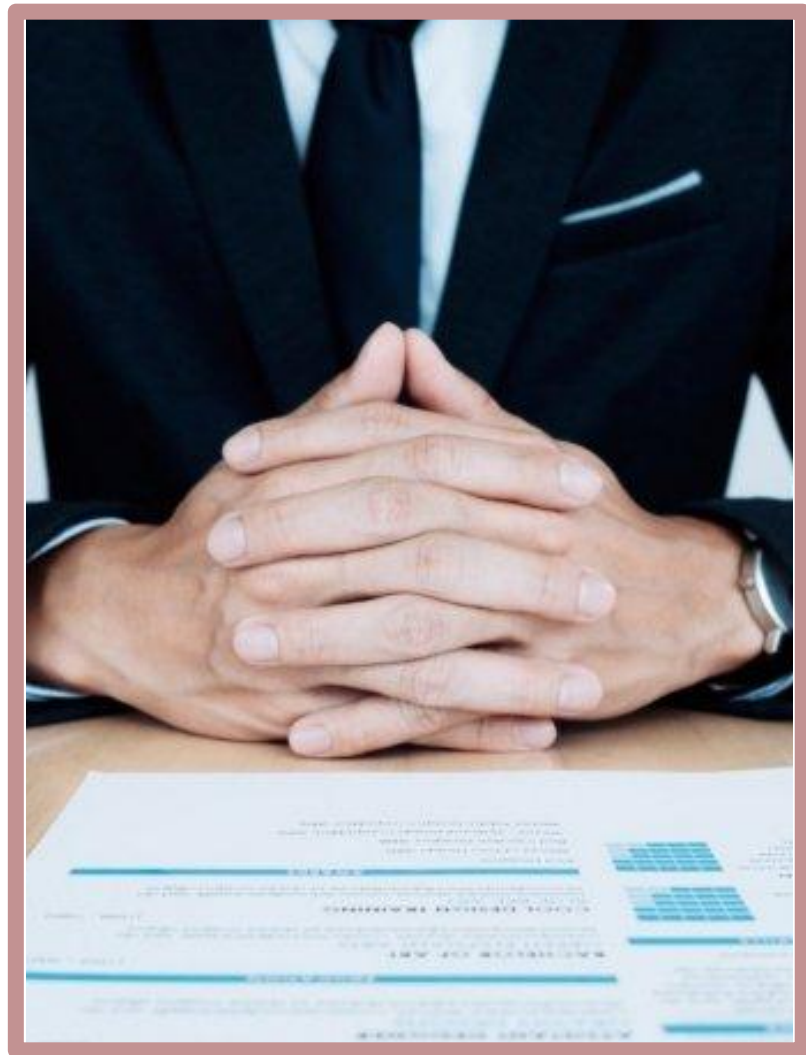
“So, Mister Rodwell,” the man began, **“what brings you to our company?”**

"I've been looking into you for a while now, and I've been really impressed with how you've handled all sorts of situations. And the position I'm applying for seems tailor-made to make the best use of my skills."

Kevin's confidence shone as he looked Mr. Cooper directly in the eye. **“As you can see on my resume, I was top of my class and graduated with the highest of honors. I see this position as the first step in my promising career, and I have no doubt that-”**

“You look a bit sloppy for someone supposedly at the top of his class. Do you really think you're ready for this?”

Kevin took offense to the statement, just as Mr. Cooper had intended. Still, he tried not to let it frazzle him as he quickly regained his composure. **“I assure you, I have all the knowledge necessary for this position. I may only be 22, but my competence is unequalled.”**





KEVIN RODWELL

SOFTWARE
ENGINEER

I'm a software engineer with experience working in the tech industry, providing valuable expertise to start-up businesses.

AREAS OF EXPERTISE

I've worked with various types of projects and have mastered multiple programming languages and coding as well as software testing and debugging.

PROFESSIONAL HISTORY

CV

SOFTWARE ENGINEER

IMAGEPLUS TECH | MAY 2018 - MARCH 2020

- Ensures major projects follow established timeline
- Communicates team needs to other departments

EDUCATIONAL HISTORY

COMMASBELL UNIVERSITY

MS SOFTWARE ENGINEERING, CLASS OF 2018

- Graduated with honors
- Graduate TA for Advanced Write-typing
- Graduate LE for Advanced Spanish and French
- Worked as Head Student Supervisor at Commasbell University Tech Support Office
- Represents university in University Basketball League
- Honoured athlete

“Oh, I bet.” Mr. Cooper was having fun with this, though he tried not to let it show. He decided it was time to give Kevin another nudge forward.

“Tell me, Kevin, why should we hire you over so many other promising candidates?”

“Well, if you'd look at my CV, you'll find me the candidate best suited for this job,” Kevin confidently declared.

“I was what many considered a model student at university, and you can see that I also know Spanish and French, both of which I have no doubt will prove useful in this role.

Through playing sports I learned the importance of team building and teamwork, which I have no doubt will be essential in this position.

I also worked part-time at my uncle's company during the holidays, and I'm confident with my typing speed and project management skills.”

Kevin allowed himself a small smile. So far, so good.

“Okay, it's time to teach this bratty kid his place,” Mr. Cooper thought.

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Mr. Cooper shook his head. **“Alright, I think I’ve had enough of this lie. Seriously, why does everyone who comes in for an interview consider it their duty to just go on and on about their past? And most of it isn’t even true!”**

Kevin was shocked by Mr. Cooper’s words, though he tried to remain coolheaded. **"I can assure you, I wouldn’t tell any lies. Everything on my resume is—"**

"I’ve heard enough. Did you know that 85 percent of people have been caught lying on their resumes? But don't you worry, I’ll make sure you don’t end up as part of that lousy bunch."

“Well then, let’s give your resume here a little scrub to make it more honest." Just like that, Mr. Cooper’s smile shifted from sweet to sinister.

"No Spanish or French. What were you even thinking, writing something like that? You barely even know the difference between a poncho and taco!"

Before Kevin could defend himself, he saw Mr. Cooper write something on his resume. In an instant, years spent studying both languages was rendered worthless as the knowledge simply left his head forever. Kevin was surprised as his eyes returned to his resume. Why would he write something like that in the first place? And yet, it felt odd. Hadn’t he spent time studying other languages?



"Confident in your typing speed? 70 WPM? I really doubt that. When it comes to computers all you care about is social networking, and you barely need fast fingers for that. 24 WPM sounds accurate. Now texting, on the other hand, might be a different story."

"I didn't lie! I've trained and...and..."

As Mr. Cooper continued adjusting Kevin's resume, years of typing courses were wiped clean from his mind and replaced with below-average skills gained from being a social network addict.

Both embarrassment and anger raged within Kevin. He knew something was wrong here, even if he struggled to put a finger on it.

"Seems that just about everything on this resume is fake. At this point, I doubt you even gave your real name."

“I know that it's hard for women in the business world, but I never thought you'd go this far... Kelly,” he said with an eerie smile on his face.

“What are you trying to say?” Kevin was confused as Mr. Cooper spoke the name. But already it was too late: Mr. Cooper was busy altering his name.

Kevin winced. Something long and soft brushed around his shoulders and slid down his back.

He grabbed at it, lifting it to his eyes...

Long, golden blonde hair.

He ran his hands through his long locks, Kevin gasping in utter disbelief.

He ran over to the mirror hanging on one of the office's walls and, upon getting a good look at himself, squealed in horror.



Staring back at him was an incredibly sexy girl.

"No!" Kevin squealed, his voice rising into a high soprano as he panicked. **"I'm a man! I'm a man!"**

He thrust a dainty hand into his underwear, praying for some proof of his masculinity. Instead, his gorgeous face displayed his shock as his fingers brushed up against the moist little slit now sitting between his warm, smooth thighs.

He gaped at himself in the mirror, the blonde at a complete loss for words.

"You can drop the act, sweetheart. Did you really think you could fool me with your resume, given the size of those melons of yours?"

Kevin froze. He already knew what was coming next.





Just like that, he started to grow tits.

They filled in with mounds of firm skin, doubled in size, then kept growing.

A bra materialized to contain them, though it struggled to do so as his breasts grew larger still.

His blouse tented and tugged at the expanding tits. Buttons came undone, a few even popping right off.

Kevin almost lost his balance as his breasts grew and grew, the boy struggling to keep his balance with the sudden extra weight.

He wanted to scream.

But before he could, he heard Mr. Cooper speak up as he continued editing his resume as if nothing out of the ordinary was occurring.

“Why don’t you take a seat? It’s highly unprofessional to just shoot up like that.”

Against all reason, Kevin returned to his seat.

“Yep, you’re definitely a Kelly. And seeing how slim you are, I think it’s safe to assume you were lying about playing all these different sports and going to the gym so much. Let’s take care of that now.”

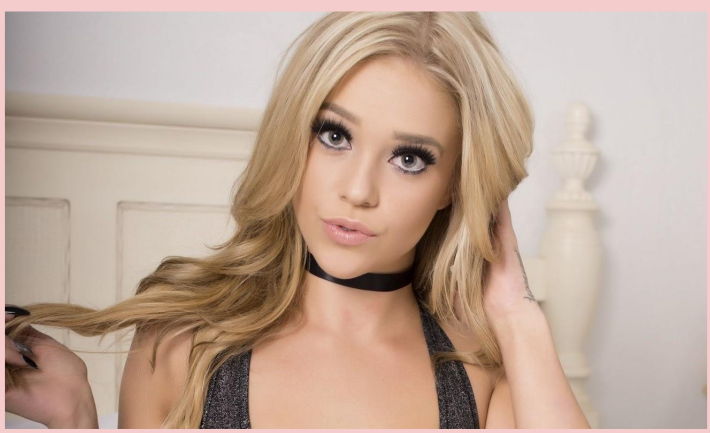
“I did play sports! And of course I work out!” For some reason, Kevin felt like it was important to disagree, though he struggled to put a finger on exactly why.

Mr. Cooper starred at him blankly. **“So, you’re one of those who considers cheerleading a sport, huh? Okay, I’ll give you this one.”** Kevin frowned as Mr. Cooper continued editing.

He hadn’t been a cheerleader. Had he?
Unconsciously, he crossed his legs.

“So, why a cheerleader?” The interviewer asked.
**“Not something you’d really want to make a fuss about as an applicant, is it?
Unless you’re trying to impress me with your body.”**





“Cheerleading is a sport. It takes more work than you think. And it never stopped me from taking advanced classes,” Kevin argued. **“I juggled it all flawlessly.”**

Mr. Cooper released a heavy sigh. **“You shouldn't lie, and definitely not about something I can easily check like your previous employment or education.”**

“Although, I guess I shouldn't expect much from a ... high school dropout.” A hint of a smile flashed across his face as he kept writing.

Kevin suddenly felt dizzy. He blinked a few times before shaking his head in hopes of clearing things up, to very limited success.

“This is silly! Of course I've had, like, lots of school and stuff.”

His words didn't prove much of a defense, though his body language was little better. For as he spoke, he bit down on his lower lip and played with a strand of his blonde hair, both acts failing to help him look any smarter.



"I finished...um..." His mind desperately tried to grasp something that simply wasn't there.

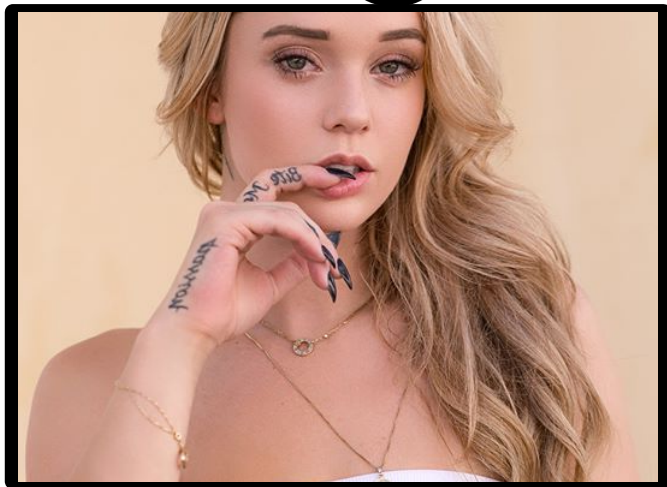
"There had to be, like, something, uh..." No matter how hard he tried, he couldn't remember if he had graduated college.

He couldn't even remember going to one.

Mr. Cooper continued. **"You say you worked in your uncle's firm? Hmmm, I believe the only place that would hire you is..."** He paused before writing something else.

"Ah, now it all fits. Your uncle owns a strip club, where his dumb niece worked as a stripper. Am I right, Ms. Kelly Ridewell?"

Kevin's brow furrowed, a confused look on her face. She scratched her head as memories of performing on stage flooded in.



There were images of a gorgeous, half-naked blonde pouting sexily at the men as she displayed her incredible body for all to see.

Kelly whimpered. She was losing the fight for her memories. Somehow, this man was turning her into some dumb stripper.
And she was powerless to stop him.

"Your resume looks better now, although I have a feeling that we've missed something. Don't you think so, Ms. Kelly Ridewell?"

"Please, just let me go!" Kelly pleaded.
"Why would you do this!?"

Mr. Cooper grinned. **"I just got tired of your kind, always coming in here and wasting my time. You all act like the world belongs to you."**

Now don't worry, I'll let you go. But I'll need you to do something for me first." With that, Mr. Cooper unbuckled his belt.



"What!? There's, like, no way that will ever happen! I'll totally find another way to change back, you pervert!"

"I see. Look at that, seems your resume is still missing a few details. Suppose we'll have to make a few more adjustments," Mr. Cooper said with a mischievous smile.

"Let's see here: Kelly Ridewell was sent to detention on numerous occasions for masturbating in school.

Tsk-tsk, young girlie was so horny she couldn't wait to get home, could she?"



"I can't let him win," Kelly thought even as she was assaulted by countless new memories of touching her eager new pussy.

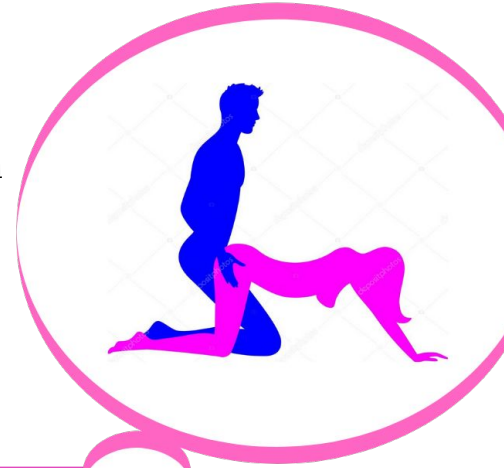
"What else do we have here? Caught having sex in the locker room? How bold."

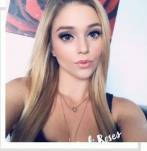
"No, stop!" But it was too late, Kelly recalling how she had climbed onto a bench on all fours as a football player came up behind her and casually lifted her pretty little skirt. She'd whimpered with desire as she'd felt Tyler slowly peeling the tight, little wet panties from her jiggly ass cheeks.

"Now we're getting closer." Mr. Cooper declared.

"Caught having anal sex under the bleachers."

Kelly couldn't help but moan at the memory, it just felt so good! She gasped with pleasure before remembering herself.





KELLY RIDEWELL

STAGE
PERFORMER

I'm a stage performer with experience working in the entertainment industry, providing amusement to cute guests.

AREAS OF EXPERTISE

I've worked with various types of parties and have mastered multiple blowjob techniques and sex positions.

PROFESSIONAL HISTORY

CV

STAGE PERFORMER

| MAY 2015 - MARCH 2020

- Ensures guests are satisfied at max level
- Communicates guests needs to private room

EDUCATIONAL HISTORY

HIGH SCHOOL 9TH GRADE

MS SOFTWARE ENGINEERING, CLASS OF 2015

- Dropout 10th grade
- Represents School on Cheerleading High school league

Call me



"Please, I'm so sorry. I'll, like, do anything, just stop!"

She knelt down in front of the interviewer, fished out his cock and held it right in front of her lips.

She glanced up at its owner, hoping he would stop her, that he would say it was all just a test.

But he just said, **"Go ahead, honey. It won't bite."**

Slowly, she slipped the erect cock past her pouty lips.

"That's it, that's a good girl."

As soon as he felt the mouth around his cock, Mr. Cooper decided it was time to finish with "Kevin" once and for all.

His hand went to add finishing touches to this resume.

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Kelly didn't see what was coming. Deep down, she was still hoping that Mr. Cooper would turn her back after this humiliation. She thought that the man just wanted to teach her a lesson she wouldn't forget.

But then a sudden set of new memories hit her like a train.

In her mind, she suddenly started thinking about just how incredibly, impossibly good it felt to have a cock thrusting into her mouth..

She moaned like a whore as she madly, hungrily sucked away at the huge member.

She remembered the countless times she'd slid cock down her throat, squeezing it, licking it, fondling it, playing with it, all sense of time lost to the girl as she continued sucking away.



Mr. Cooper looked down at the impossibly sexy bimbo kneeling before him making loud slurping sounds as she sucked madly at his cock, her big, pretty eyes darting between his face and his cock.

"Don't stop, girly." He grinned as he placed a hand on the back of her head.

He could already see how great she would look on the stage of that strip club.

The girl's eyes bulged even more and she vainly tried to coo in surprise as Mr. Cooper ejaculated, the taste of his semen overwhelming her and leaving her in bliss for a few wonderful moments.

Mr. Cooper grunted as he released, the man quite pleased with himself as he gazed down at Kelly.

He'd make sure she went back to the strip club later. It was where someone like her belonged, though he didn't discount the possibility of her getting into porn; she certainly had the body and mindset for it.

"Like, thanks Mr. C! I totally needed that."





“You’re welcome, Kelly. My secretary should be able to help you arrange a ride back to your workplace.”

As the blonde was about to leave, Mr. Cooper decided to ask one final question.

“Hey, Kelly. One last question: If you could have a conversation with anyone, living or dead, who would it be?”

The blonde giggled and responded. **“Like, the living one, duh!”**

The End

Thanks for watching!

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