

The Bimboizer

By Morpheus

Al Farmer yawned, watching the snot nosed teenage punks running around the fountain at the mall. Here he was a slightly overweight, 37 year old man, who could only get a job as a security guard for this mall. It wasn't much at all, but it was all that he had, so he took his job seriously, even though he was a bit of a laughingstock at times.

He'd seen this group of teenagers before, and knew that they could be trouble, so kept a close eye on them. He didn't want to create any kind of a scene, so just stood back trying not to be noticed. Then he saw one of the punks running out of a store, clutching something in his hand.

Al jumped into action, as fast as his slow pace would allow. He grabbed the kid by the collar, forcing him to drop the shop lifted item to the ground. "Gotcha now" Al told the kid, who only sneered back at him. Picking up the shoplifted thing the kid dropped, Al saw that it was a rather expensive looking diamond ring. "Looks like grand theft" Al told the kid, smiling. The teen started to look a little nervous, then all his friends started to surround Al.

In a few seconds, Al was surrounded by 7 teenagers, all of which looked like they were ready to jump him. Al suddenly felt nervous, wishing he'd thought to call for backup. Al released his grip on the shoplifter, and nervously reached for his walkie talkie, as the punks started to step forward, when suddenly they all froze. A look of fear appeared on their faces, and all of them ran off.

Curious, Al turned around, to see an old man standing behind him. Al wondered what made the kids run off. The old man was dressed in some kind of bathrobe, which Al thought was rather odd. He'd seen this guy around before, and knew that the old man ran one of the stores here in the mall. Must have been his store that was stolen from, Al realized.

"Hello Al" The old man said to him, "Thank you for the help stopping the shop lifter and returning my merchandise"

"Uh, you're welcome, Mr.....? Say, what is your name?" The old man chuckled, and Al suddenly forgot his question. "We can call the real police so you can press charges" Al told the old man.

"No" The old man said, looking at Al in the eye, making him feel nervous for some reason. "I don't think I want to press charges"

Al shrugged. He didn't agree with it, but it was the old mans decision. "Well, I'm at least making sure that they aren't allowed back into the mall again. Their kind cause businessmen like you a lot of money, and make my job hard"

Al laughed a bit, "At least they're giving me job security", and the old man laughed along.

"Well", the old man said, reaching inside his robe, and pulling out a small box, "I want to thank you for your help" and he handed the box to Al.

"Oh, I couldn't" Al politely refused, but after the old man insisted, Al reluctantly accepted his reward. And waved good by to the old man who went back into his shop, with the sign Spells R Us hanging above the door.

The Old Man chuckled. Now to have some fun with those thieves.

Going up to the back office for a coffee break, and to report what happened, Al stopped and sat down for a few minutes, then curiously looked at the small cardboard box the old man had given him. Opening the top, Al chuckled, and picked up the plastic toy ray gun that was inside. It looked like some sort of Flash Gordon ray gun, and had Bimboizer 2000 written clearly on the side.

Al chuckled at this gag gift the old man had given him. Cute. Al saw that there weren't any batteries in it, but there were a couple sitting in the box. They said Spells R Us on them too. Obviously the stores generic batteries.

Shrugging, he put them into the gun. He pointed it at the wall across from him and pulled the trigger. An odd hum resulted, and a flashing light at the end. "Cute" Al said. Laughing, he slipped the toy gun into his belt, and went to file his report.

Once again, Al was doing his walk around the mall, constantly glancing at his watch, seeing that he only had another hour before his shift was over. Looking up, Al noticed one of those punks from a couple hours earlier was back.

Angry, Al remembered to call for backup, in case these punks tried anything again.

Al stormed up to the punk, demanding "Get out of the mall NOW"

The teen laughed, then Al suddenly realized, he was being surrounded by these teens again. However, he noticed that there were two less of them this time, and wondered where the other two were. Probably keeping watch, he decided.

Al reached for his night stick, hoping it would be useful against the switch blades he saw in two of the punks hands, but his hand accidentally pulled the toy gun out instead. The punks saw it and laughed, and Al felt his ears start to burn and his face turn red. "So much for being taken seriously"

Since he had the gun in hand, Al pulled the trigger anyway, and suddenly the punk he pointed it at started to shimmer and shift. A second later, the punk was gone, and a very buxom teenage blonde girl was standing there instead, looking a bit confused. "Like, where am I" she said, sounding like an airhead. The other teenagers started at her, mouths open, and lust clearly visible in their eyes. Al was forgotten about for the moment.

Al was clearly shaken as well, but instead of questioning his good luck, pulled the trigger again, and was pleased to see the same thing. The second teenage punk vanished, to be replaced by some bimbo, who also seemed confused.

The other punks noticed it this time, and started to back away from Al, not wanting that to happen to them. Again Al shot, and quickly got all of them as they tried to run away.

He chuckled as one suddenly stopped in mid run, and tripped over her own new high heeled shoes. God they were gorgeous, Al thought, staring at each of these buxom young women. Al noticed that none of them seemed to have any memories of who they had been minutes before, so let them start wandering away, mostly to the nearest clothes shops.

The other guards arrived, and Al told them that the punks panicked and ran as soon as he called for backup, which satisfied them. Al smiled, wondering just what he was going to do with his new Bimboizer 2000.

Finally his shift was done, and Al couldn't wait to get home and check out his new toy a bit more seriously. Just as he was leaving her heard "Hey Pops" and groaned. Eddie Marks, one of the other security guards, and one of the youngest to boot.

Al turned around to face Eddie, wondering what Eddie would come up with this time. Al knew that Eddie laughed at him behind his back, and made jokes about him. That didn't really bother Al. What bothered Al was that Eddie was such a punk himself. He was so cocky, and always knew just what buttons to push to get All annoyed.

After several minutes of listening to Eddie chatter on, subtly mocking him, Al started getting annoyed again. He wished Eddie would get to the point. Finally in desperation, Al pointed the Bimboizer at Eddie and pulled the trigger, and was pleased to see the smirk on Eddies face be replaced by one of confusion for a second, as the whole face was replaced as well.

The new Bimbo Eddie, not even seeming aware that she'd changed, kept on chattering, though this time about clothing and fashion, and giggling a lot. Al smiled, thinking how much more pleasant this was. After several more minutes, Eddie giggled, then stopped, and asked Al if he wanted a blow job.

Stunned, Al shook his head yes, as the bimbo drew him to one of the back rooms and pulled down his pants and went to work. When Eddie was done, Al felt great, and watched as Eddie licked his lips and walked out, wiggling his now gorgeous behind.

Going home, Al changed into civvies, and decided to take a walk in the park, making sure to bring his gun with him. He wanted to have some fun, and knew about a couple of punks that had been hanging around the park as well. After a brief visit to his overbearing, obnoxious landlord first, he thought, grinning.

As he was going out, one of his neighbors, Mrs. Atkins, the divorced business woman sneered down at him again. Al always felt belittled by her. She always treated him like he was dumb, because he'd been forced to drop out of high school, while she had a college degree and a high paying job.

Al hated it when she treated him like he was dumb, and wasn't surprised when she did it again, acting polite, but in a patronizing way, as if her were a child. "I'll show her who's dumb" he thought, and shot her with the bimboizer, leaving a gorgeous buxom young woman where she'd been. One who was almost as dumb as a post. One who was more than happy to go back to Al's apartment, and show him a good time.

It wasn't until later that evening that Al finally got to get out and play around with his toy a bit more. He purposely walked alone, trying to attract muggers. He grinned after having one would be mugger walking away, now as a prostitute, but didn't find any more.

Reluctantly, he went home, and yawned. Getting ready for bed, he stripped down to his boxers and stood posing in front of the mirror. "You're not as young as you used to be" he said to his reflection. He'd been having fun with his new toy, but knew it couldn't last.

He thought about how beautiful those new bimbo's were, and how happy they all seemed to him. As he thought about it, he got depressed. That gun had given him a sense of power, and when he'd used it on those punks, he also felt like he was doing something worthwhile, stopping criminals. He had almost felt like some sort of super hero, and he liked that feeling.

Standing in front of the mirror again, he held the gun, imagining himself dressed in some sort of superhero costume, and scaring criminals, leaving behind hordes of eager bimbo's where villains would have been.

Pulling the gun from the waistband of his boxers, and his imaginary holster, he practiced his quick draw, but hit the trigger as he faced the mirror. Seconds later, a gorgeous blonde woman stood where he'd been, holding a silly toy gun. She was confused and tossed the toy into the garbage can by the bathroom sink, and went to look around her apartment.

Whether it was purely an accident, or a subconscious action that caused the change, Alicia was very happy, not even remembering who she'd been shortly before. She was young and beautiful, and full of energy, that she was determined to use for her new favorite activities. Shopping, and boys. And not necessarily in that order.

Sitting comfortably in a recliner, the Old Man smiled. The reward hadn't turned out quite like he'd planned, but Al was still happy, so he was satisfied.

The End