

Dragged Down (MtM, Feminization, Drag) Sequel to Cougar'd

"Can I have another one?"

Sam could hear how he slurred when he talked, and he knew that getting another beer might be a mistake. However, right now, he just wanted to drown his misery in something hoppy and delicious, so he pushed away the worried whispers in his drunken mind.

The man ran a hand through his short brown hair as he leaned against the bar, the man wobbling a bit uneasily on the tall barstool. He moved his blue eyes across the room, his vision blurry as the last shot coursed through his veins. It was getting late, and people were starting to leave. The only ones left were the desperate and the drunk, and Sam shook his head when he realized he probably fit into both groups.

It had been a miserable night. Not only had his friends bailed on him, but his friend Max had been ghosting him for the last few weeks. He had tried to cheer himself up by talking to some girls and maybe hooking up with someone, but each rejection pushed him to drink even more.

Sam had no idea why he had such shitty luck with the women, either. He wasn't ugly or anything, and he was pretty tall for a guy. Wasn't that what women wanted? His face was soft and round, though, and the lack of facial hair did give him a bit of a boyish look. Sam rubbed his thin arm, wondering if he shouldn't hit the gym a bit more often. His body had a somewhat soft look, and he could probably lose a few pounds around his belly. In the end, it was clear that the chicks weren't buying what he was selling.

So, here he was. Drunk off his ass, alone and feeling rejected as he wobbled uneasily on the barstool. Sam didn't even notice that his beer glass was no longer empty, the bartender having switched it out without his drunk mind seeing it. His tab had been running long, and it would burn a decent hole into his account once he paid for it. Then again, Sam was too drunk and miserable to even care about that right now.

The man took a sip from the drink, savoring the hoppy taste, and he didn't even notice how he spilled a bit on his once-neat and fancy shirt. He wiped his mouth with the back of his hand, putting some more stains on his sleeve, and let out a long and tired sigh.

"Why the long face, sugar?" said a soft voice to his side, snapping him out of his drunken thoughts.

"Huh?" Sam muttered, glancing to his right.

A few silent moments passed as his brain tried to understand what he saw. Then, as his gaze wandered over the woman's massive bosom and long red hair, he couldn't help but smile a little. Sam had never been subtle with what he wanted in women. He was a simple man, and there was no part more enticing on a woman than her tits. The bigger, the better - at least that's what he thought - and he couldn't keep his eyes off the giant knockers on the woman sitting next to him.

If Sam had been a little less drunk, he would've seen what was obvious. The woman's breasts were unnaturally perky, stretching the dark top to the limit, and the exposed cleavage was a slightly different skin tone than the rest of her. Her face was painted in thick layers of makeup, drawing attention to her somewhat plump lips and accentuating her cheekbones. All of it was to make her look more alluring while diverting attention from the mannish jawline and her noticeable Adam's apple.

He should've known it wasn't a woman he was talking to, but he was too drunk and lonely to see the facts. The 'woman' even had a noticeable bulge between her legs, a small tent on her tight leather skirt that her thong-covered cock created as she examined the young guy. She sat on the stool next to his, rubbing her surprisingly large feet up and down his legs. The heels dangled from her feet, the five-inch stripper shoes making her even taller than the guy she sat next to at the bar.

Sam stared at the woman with his drunken gaze, his eyes darting between her exposed bosom and face. He could feel her foot rubbing up and down his leg, causing his heart to race and his cock to grow erect. He was desperate and lonely, and he smiled at her as his drunken mind thought his luck had begun to change for the better.

"Had a rough night?" she said before taking a sip of her martini. Her voice was husky and deep, which should've sent off a few alarms in Sam's brain.

"Y-Yeah, it's been really shitty," he said with slurred speech and drunken eyes.

"Oh, you poor thing," she said, caressing his face with the back of her hand, her long acrylic nails touching his skin. "Did you get stood up by your friends? Or is it the ladies you've been having trouble with?"

"Both, actually," he said, turning to face the woman with a sigh. She brushed a lock of ruby red hair from her face, and his heart fluttered as she flashed him a sultry look.

"Oh, honey," she said, rubbing her foot up and down his leg. "Is there something I could do to cheer you up?"

"W-Well," Sam said, feeling a bit taken back by the woman's advances. How she leaned in towards him surprised him, and he couldn't keep his eyes off the giant tits bundled up in that tight top of hers. "There might be a thing or two you could do to make me feel a little bit better."

"Oh, do tell me," she said with almost a purr as she leaned closer to him. She looked young but acted maturely, like a cougar stuck inside the body of a young woman. "What can I do for you?"

Sam swallowed, his heart racing as his drunken mind tried to think of something clever or intelligent to say. Nothing came to mind, and he sat there silent as his mind scrambled to figure out what to do.

The woman's perfume was thick around her, stinging his nostrils and assaulting his senses. It was too much, and his clothes would probably reek of it tomorrow morning. It dulled his mind and made it even harder to see what was obvious. She ran her fingers across his chest, tugging at his shirt teasingly as she stared at his face. Sam still had her eyes on her tits, unable to pull his gaze away from the glorious fake mounds.

A few moments of silence passed as they sat there, the woman leaning close to the drunken and flustered man as he kept staring at her curves. She even took his hand and placed it on her hips, letting him rub her wide and jutting pelvis without knowing about the hip pads that gave her such an exaggerated figure.

Finally, after what felt like an eternity, Sam opened his mouth again.

"S-So, um, can I buy you a drink?" he said, causing the woman to chuckle in her husky tone.

"Of course, you can," she said, pushing the empty glass towards the nearby bartender. "Another martini and two shots of tequila."

For a few moments, Sam could sense that something was wrong. The light hit her neck differently when she turned it around, causing the bulge to be more noticeable. Yet, his drunken mind didn't realize what that meant, and he soon felt her place a shot glass in his hand.

"So, mind telling me your name, handsome?" she said, holding up the shot glass in front of him.

"Oh, um, it's Sam," he said, grabbing his shot and raising it.

"Sam, what a beautiful name," she said, purring and licking her glossy lip with a smile.

"W-What's yours?" Sam said, his nostrils stinging from the thick perfume lingering in the air around her. It was intoxicating. The sweet and powerful scent pulled him into her web, clouding his judgment and dulling his mind.

"It's Maxine," she said, clinking her shot glass against his. "And here's to a wonderful night with a handsome man. Cheers~."

"C-Cheers," Sam said before downing the tequila in one gulp at the same time as she did.

After that, everything was a blur to Sam. He was too drunk to know what happened, and all he remembered when morning came was the pleasure he felt as he followed her home and finally got to score.

Maxine smiled as she took the man to bed, glad to see him smiling again. That night, Maxine showed Sam that he didn't need a woman to have some fun for the night. After all, why settle for a girl when he could instead have a queen?

"Ugh..."

Sam groaned as he slowly stirred from his sleep, his head pounding and his cock aching from last night. He thought he was back at his apartment for a few moments, but the thick perfume lingering in the bedroom proved him wrong.

The man tried to open his eyes, but the sun shining through the open window blinded him. His body ached, his head pounded, and everything hurt. Sam groaned as he tossed and turned in the large bed, pressing his face into the soft pillow and trying to block out the light. It helped, but it did nothing to stop the sweet and fragrant perfume from reaching his nostrils. Slowly but surely, he recognized the smell and soon recalled a few things from last night. The woman. The drinks. The perfume. Those fat **tits**.

Sam forced his eyes open, soon looking around the room. The light blinded him, leaving him groaning in the bed as he adjusted to the searing rays. It didn't take long for him to realize he wasn't at home, and it was clear that it wasn't a guy who lived there. The sheets were pink, the curtains girly, and the woman's perfume lingered in the air. He moved his eyes to the nightstand, soon noticing a glass of water and some aspirin.

"Oh, thank god," Sam muttered, groaning as he reached out with his sweaty hand towards it.

He popped the pills into his mouth and drank the water, letting the cool drink and aspirin wash away a bit of headache. Sam let out a long sigh of relief as he lay there, resting his eyes and trying to clear his mushy head. He could hear movement in the background and the muffled sounds of someone showering.

Sam had no idea what happened last night, but he knew it must've ended well. He had these vague memories of leaving the bar with the woman and taking the cab somewhere, clinging to her arm and staring at her bosom as they headed off. Did they go back to her place? It seemed so unless he managed to hook up with someone else last night, which seemed unlikely since he could barely walk without falling over.

The guy lay there, eyes closed, as he scratched his chubby belly and heard the sound of someone showering in the next room. He moved his hand down to his crotch, groaning a bit at how sore his cock was. Well, one thing was sure, he probably got lucky last night. A dumb grin

spread across his lips, his nostrils itching as he took breath after breath of the sweet perfume that lingered in the room.

Suddenly, Sam remembered something else. The image of the woman sitting on his lap and bouncing on his cock popped up in his head, causing him to smile even more. He didn't remember much, but he knew it was the best sex he had ever had, and the pleasure from last night still lingered in his head. However, something felt off. He remembered the woman's fat tits, how soft and great they had been, but he couldn't remember anything about them when they fucked. Not only that, but he could swear something hard slapped against his gut as she bounced on his cock.

The man groaned and pushed aside any worries or confusion in his brain.

'It's probably just the hangover,' Sam thought as he heard the water stop and the melodic voice of someone humming in the other room.

Sam heard the woman exit the shower, and the sound of coffee beans being ground echoed through the apartment from the kitchen. God, he could really use a strong cup of coffee right now.

He began to stir in the bed, slowly adjusting to the light as the headache faded somewhat. Sam glanced around the room, slowly taking in the view and the details, and he only now saw something that felt off. He could see the woman's dress hanging near the closet, neatly placed there after she took it off last night. However, hanging next to it was her hair. He recognized those ruby red locks from the previous night and soon stared in confusion at the wig.

'I thought it was her real hair,' Sam thought before recalling something from last night.

The image of the woman bouncing on his cock became less fuzzy, and he soon remembered that her hair was short and brown when they fucked. It was a bit weird, but he didn't really mind it. After all, it was just a wig. Maybe she couldn't grow long hair? He couldn't shake the feeling that something was wrong.

Then, as his vision cleared and he stared around the room, Sam saw more things that made his heart skip a beat. He noticed more wigs inside an open closet, leaving her with numerous hairstyles and colors she could use and try out. Then, as his gaze moved across the room, he saw something that made his blood freeze.

Sam's eyes went wide when he saw the giant tits he had been so obsessed with last night hanging over one of the chairs. He couldn't stop staring at the breast forms and soon spotted the hip and thigh pads next to them on the floor.

Once again, the memory from last night became much clearer. The image of the redhead shifted in his mind, slowly but surely changing the person he fucked. Her long red hair disappeared, revealing her short hair, and Sam soon remembered her flat and uninspiring chest.

The woman's curvy figure faded, leaving a much thinner and, frankly, masculine figure in his mind.

Then, as he tried to make sense of what was happening, he could feel something on his belly. It was dry now, the previously slimy substance caked into the hairs on his chubby gut, and he even saw more of it on his chest. Soon, he realized what had been slapping against his belly as they fucked. The woman's flat crotch grew a cock in his mind, the erect thing throbbing and twitching against his body as Sam fucked **him** in his asshole. They both came numerous times last night, the guy spraying his seed all over Sam's torso. His eyes went wide as he sat upright on the bed, his mind aching as it tried to make sense of everything.

"Oh god," he muttered, and he soon heard a familiar husky tone from the doorway.

"I heard you say that plenty of times last night," Maxine said, smiling as she took a sip from her coffee. "I can't remember the last time I saw you that happy."

Sam looked up at the woman, and his heart skipped yet another beat. He recognized the crossdresser, and it took his weary mind a few more moments to realize from where.

It was Max. It had to be. The guy's lips were pouting and full, his body hairless and oddly slim, and his hips and thighs looked quite girly and effeminate. It looked like a feminine version of his friend, almost as if someone had shaved off his masculine edge and changed his body into something far more delicate. Yet, there was no denying that it was his friend.

Max stood there, a smile on his lips and his face still caked in heavy makeup. It was either permanent, or he always painted his face as if he was going out to party. He only wore a silky pink robe over his body, and it barely did anything to hide his panties and the massive bulge between his legs.

"M-Max?!" Sam said, his mind racing as he tried to make sense of what was happening. It felt like he was going to pass out.

"It's Maxine now, but yes," Maxine said, smiling and chuckling. "I have to say that you're quite the stud! I bet the ladies must really love you. I certainly know I did."

"W-What-' But how? W-Why?!" Sam said, and he could feel his headache returning with a vengeance.

"Hush, sweetie. I suggest you take a nice long shower before we talk about this. I'll be in the kitchen making us some pancakes since I know they're your favorite."

Sam sat there, his eyes shaking and his heart racing, as his friend headed off into the kitchen again. It felt like his head was about to split apart from the headache and shocking reveal.

He sat on the side of the bed, trying to figure out what the hell was going on, and the image from last night popped up in his head again. He saw his friend riding his cock, moaning

like a whore in heat and spraying his seed all over his chest as Sam shot his own cum into the guy's asshole. Sam felt disgusted. Or rather, he knew he should've felt disgusted. Instead, he began to blush like crazy as his cock grew erect, throbbing, and aching with need whenever the memory of fucking his friend popped into his head.

"F-Fucking shit..." Sam muttered as he got up and hurried to the bathroom, hiding his erection and trying to get rid of the image from his head.

Yet, the image lingered in his mind as the cold water flowed down his body and face. Even though he told himself it was wrong and that he wasn't gay, his cock remained erect.

"Here you go, sugar."

The rich aroma of coffee mixed with the heavy perfume in the air around Maxine as she poured the shocked man a cup. She stood behind Sam, her long acrylic nails rubbing the man's back which sent tingles down his spine. Sam wore his shirt and jeans from last night, both drenched in her perfume after their intimate session at the bar.

Sam sat silent, staring wide-eyed as the warm and dark brew filled his mug. He saw that Maxine's arm was bare and smooth, shaved clean and without a single trace of any hair. Sam had a hard time believing it belonged to a man. The perfume lingered in the air around her, hanging thick and causing his nostrils to itch.

The woman then sauntered on her heels around the table, her silky robe barely covering her ass and doing a poor job hiding her bulge between her legs. She sat down across the table, a smile still on her plump red lips.

For a brief moment, Sam dared to look up at her. It was hard to believe that the effeminate guy was his friend, how that oddly sexy face really belonged to a man. It had been a few weeks since he saw Max, and it was insane how much he had changed in that time. It was looking at a completely different guy, and he blushed when the image of them fucking popped up in his head again. Once again, he could feel his cock throbbing, much to his shame, and he quickly pulled his gaze away from his friend.

It wasn't just her body that seemed different. Sure, she looked slimmer and more effeminate than before, but it was more than that. It was her eyes that took Sam by surprise. They were so rich and mature, oozing with confidence, that he honestly found a bit envious. There was no doubt in her gaze, no hesitation or fear. It was the eyes of someone who knew who they were and loved it.

Sam took a sip from the coffee, the warm brew helped calm him down and clear his headache, but he figured he'd need a whole pot before he could wrap his head around this ordeal. The only sound that echoed through the room was the clock on the wall ticking and Maxine's unwieldy nails tapping against the table.

Finally, after what felt like an eternity, Sam opened his mouth.

"What happened to you, Max?" he said, unable to know what else he should ask. He didn't dare to ask why Max picked him up at the bar and decided to have sex with him since the answer scared him.

"It's Maxine now," she said, correcting him before taking a sip from her own cup. "And what do you mean?"

"I mean this! Your body! Your outfit! Everything! I mean, have you always been a crossdresser?"

"Oh, that," she said, sounding coy and amused. "What can I say? I realized who I truly was a few weeks ago and decided to embrace it."

"That's it? You just decided to start wearing heels and makeup and shit?" Sam said, unable to look his friend in his eyes. He was too afraid that the image from last night would pop up in his head.

"In a sense," he said, avoiding the question. "You seemed to enjoy my new looks last night. Oh, the sounds you ma-"

"No! S-Shut up," Sam said, cutting off his friend mid-sentence. "That never happened. Okay? Jesus Christ! I can't believe you tricked me like that."

"I didn't trick you or force you to do anything," Maxine said, still sounding amused. "It takes two to tango, after all."

"No! Y-You used me, okay? I didn't want any of that! Shit, what if anyone finds out about this?" Sam groaned, rubbing his temple as he tried to get rid of his headache.

"You sure you didn't want it? After all, you seemed to enjoy yourself," she said. "Oh, just thinking about the lovely sounds you made last night puts a smile on my lips."

"No! Don't say anything else," Sam said, hissing and groaning as her words made the image flash through his head again. "You know what? Screw you, Max!"

"Maxine," she said, correcting him again as Sam stood up. "Leaving already?"

"I'm not staying here," he said, now marching out of the kitchen. "Not after what you did to me."

"Would you like to know what happened?" Maxine said, and her words sent a tingle down Sam's spine. Instantly, Sam stopped, and he turned to look at his friend.

"What do you mean?"

"Well, you asked me what happened," Maxine said with an alluring tone. "Do you want me to show you?"

Yet again, a tingle passed down Sam's spine. He could see the amused and tantalizing look in his friend's eyes, the same one he gave him back at the bar. It made the image flash through his head again, causing his cock to grow erect and sending a jolt of excitement through his body.

Sam knew it was a bad idea. A tiny voice in his mind told him to leave and let his friend continue his perverted life without looking back. But, the more he looked at his friend, the more curious he got. What could have made him into this crossdressing pervert? What happened to his friend to turn him into a drag queen?

He swallowed hard, his head still pounding from the hangover, and gave Maxine a nod.

"Fine," he said, feeling a rush of excitement going through his body. "Show me."

"Lovely!" Maxine said, clapping her hands together daintily so she wouldn't damage her nails. "Follow me, sugar."

Sam watched as Maxine stood up on her tall heels, and he was shocked by how gracefully she strutted around on those stilts. She walked quickly and without stumbling, taking each step methodically and with determination.

Sam could smell the thick perfume lingering around her when she walked by him, causing his nostrils to itch and making him feel dizzy. It disoriented him so much that he didn't even notice her grabbing his wrist until he stumbled out of the kitchen.

The hungover guy followed his effeminate friend out of the kitchen, only now noticing that she was shorter than before. Sam had always been taller than his friend by a few inches, and he still was despite her wearing those ridiculous heels. The perfume washed over him as he followed after his friend, still letting her grab her wrist, and it felt like his brain was drowning in it. The more he smelled it, the more he seemed to enjoy it. It was still too thick and heavy, the woman using too much of it, but the feminine scent rubbed off on him.

Soon enough, Maxine dragged him to the bedroom, and Sam shuddered as he had a few flashbacks from last night as soon as he stepped inside. The sight of the breast forms hanging over the chair sent a tingle of shame through his body, and he could feel his cock stretching his boxer briefs.

"Now then, what should we start with?" Maxine said, the guy still talking in his fake feminine voice. "Aha, I think this should do it."

Sam looked up and saw how Maxine held a thong in her long-nailed hands. It was a black silk thong, clearly meant for a woman, and he couldn't help but give her a weird look.

"I thought you said you'd show me why you became like this," he said, and Maxine couldn't help but giggle like a schoolgirl.

"Oh, but I am, sugar," Maxine said, grabbing Sam's hand and placing the thong in it. Then, to his surprise, she pressed his hand and the thong to his face.

"W-What are you doing?" Sam asked, feeling the silky lace against his skin and causing his cheeks to burn red.

"Doesn't that feel good against your skin? Can you imagine how amazing it would feel to wear them?" Maxine said, her words worming themselves into his brain.

Sam didn't say anything. All he could do was blush, his mind assaulted with strange urges and images. The perfume filled his lungs with each breath, causing his body to tingle and ache slightly. The spirit of Christine still lingered around Maxine, and the deceased woman's passion and urge slowly seeped into Sam's body.

The guy hadn't noticed it yet, but it was already affecting his body. Sam had shrunk slightly, maybe a fraction of an inch, and his pelvis had popped as it widened with each breath he took. The woman's influence spread through his frame, infecting every nerve and inch of his body with new urges that wormed themselves into his brain. Already, he could feel his cock straining his underwear and creating a bulge between his legs that was impossible to miss.

Sam shook his head and pushed the thong away, trying to ignore the weird urges seeping into his mind.

"Don't you want to try them on?" Maxine said, and Sam shook his head.

"No! Why the hell would I?" he said, his cheeks red with shame from the images that flashed through his brain.

"Because we both know you want to," she said, putting a hand on his throbbing bulge. "When was the last time you were this hard?"

Sam said nothing. All he could do was freeze up when the feminine man placed her hand on his bulge, feeling her nails caressing the fabric of his pants and idly rubbing his manhood. His heart raced, sweat soon ran down his face, and his mouth went dry.

All he wanted was to push her away and tell her no. Yet, he couldn't. An insatiable curiosity began to creep through his brain, forcing him to stay and pushing him towards a realization - Sam wanted to know how it felt to try them out. The mere thought made his cheek burn red with shame, and he shuddered that he even considered it.

What if anyone found out about it? What if someone knew he went home and fucked Maxine last night? Maxine saw the confusion on his face, and she smiled as she placed the thong in his hand again.

"No one will know what happens here today," she said, her poisonous words seeping into his brain. "Nobody knows you're here or what we're doing. What happens here today stays with me. So, be a dear, and try them out for me. If you do, I promise I'll tell you what you want to know."

Sam closed his eyes and took a long deep breath, filling his lungs with the thick perfume. It made his body tingle, and his headache dulled as the sweet intoxicating scent spread through his brain. The worries from before and the disgust he felt from last night faded, leaving him a little calmer.

Suddenly, before he could think, the sweet words that Maxine wanted to hear left his lips.

"Fine," he said quietly, almost muttering it under his breath.

"Great! I'll give you some privacy as you get changed," Maxine said, her hand lingering over his crotch before she walked out of the room.

Sam was soon alone, thong in hand and with the strangest boner in his entire life. He shook his head and could barely believe that he had just said that. But it was too late now, Sam figured, and he sighed as he stared at the smooth and soft piece of underwear in his hand.

Why was he even doing this? Did he want to know why Max had become such a pervert? Did it mean so much to him? But, deep down, he knew that answer. He needed to know. Not about Max, but what it felt to put these on. It felt like it would gnaw a hole through his brain if he didn't do it now, and he felt anxious just thinking about it.

"Fucking shit..." Sam muttered as he pulled down his pants and underwear, revealing his proud erection. "Hope no one finds out about this."

He decided to get it over with as quickly as possible, and Sam hurried as he put his feet through the holes of the underwear. He could feel the silken fabric rubbing against his legs as he pulled them up, feeling it caressing the hair on his legs.

It felt wrong, and not for the reason Sam thought. It wasn't wearing the underwear that felt weird but his hairy limbs, and it almost felt like it was ruining the experience. At that moment, he realized how much hair there was on his body. His arms. Armpits. Crotch. Legs. It felt like it covered everything, and he had this urge to get rid of everything.

Sam was so focused on his hairy body that he didn't realize he was wearing the thong until a little bit later, his cheeks burning red as he felt the soft fabric hugging his crotch. He could even feel it sliding up against his flat ass, sending more strange sensations through his brain.

What he saw made him blush even more. It didn't fit him, and his erect cock strained and stretched it to the limit. However, the sight of it made his manhood ache with a pleasure he had never felt before, and he had to bite down on his lip to stop himself from making a lewd sound. He didn't notice that his hips were a bit wider or that his lips had swelled slightly. All he could focus on was his proud cock throbbing and smearing his translucent need on the fabric, Sam using what willpower he had to stop himself from creaming the thong.

"My, oh my," Maxine said, now back in the room. "Don't they feel lovely?"

Sam said nothing, and he shuddered when he felt his friend press her body up against his and trail her long-nailed fingers over his bulge. It was wrong, all of this. But, despite what the logical part of his mind tried to tell him, he couldn't stop. It just felt too fucking good.

"You know," Maxine said in her alluring voice, nails still gently tapping and teasing his throbbing cock. "This would look a lot better if you just shaved."

The guy shuddered and closed his eyes. Sam took a deep breath and tried to calm himself down, but it was no use. The perfume only made it harder to think, and he found himself loving the soft fabric against his skin more with each passing moment.

"You know, I got everything you need to shave in my bathroom," Maxine suggested, causing Sam to shudder again. "Would you like to try it out? A lot of guys shave, so there's no need to worry. No one's going to notice."

Sam wanted to say no, but when he opened his eyes and stared at his hairy body, watching as his drooling cock stained the panties, he already knew the answer he would give her.

"Why am I doing this?"

Sam muttered it under his breath as he ran the razor over his legs, shaving off hair and moving it along the curves of his limb. He didn't want to admit it, but the more he shaved, the better he felt. He felt a tingle of joy as his curiosity got sated, yet, at the same time, he could feel it growing stronger.

At first, Sam had been a bit hesitant, and he had nearly given up a few times early on. But, after shaving his chest, he felt a wave of weird euphoria that lulled him into a cradle of warmth, and he continued to shave with a confused smile.

Yet, Sam had no idea why this felt so good. Why did this bother him so much now? He had never bothered with shaving anything but his face, and now he was eagerly removing everything below his chin. Not only that, but he handled the razor oddly well. It felt like he had done this before, maybe in a dream or different life, and he could almost see himself doing this in some distant memory.

Everything above his crotch was smooth and soft, devoid of hair, and shaved neatly. It had been awkward shaving his crotch since his cock remained erect, and he struggled with not rubbing one out to get rid of his boner. Sam's throbbing manhood stretched the panties, the silken fabric now rubbing his smooth crotch. He hated how good it felt, and his cheeks remained a rosy red hue throughout the process.

Now, Sam was working on his legs. He sat on the toilet, leg up on the side of the tug, and he moved his razor over his legs.

"Do you need any help in there, love?" Maxine said, her voice snapping Sam out of his strange thoughts.

"N-No, I'm fine," he said, nearly cutting himself when he heard her voice.

Sam moved the razor up and down his leg, removing the excess hair and leaving them as smooth as Maxine's legs.

Sam failed to notice that his entire body had continued to transform throughout all of this, leaving it slightly different from before. It was tiny shifts and changes, slowly but surely causing him to become more effeminate with each passing moment. He had noticed the tingling sensation going through his body, but he didn't put too much thought into it. After all, Sam was far more preoccupied with the weird urges and strange images that kept popping up in his head as he shaved.

The man's entire body had shrunk somewhat, leaving him shorter than before. He was taller than average for a guy, six feet flat, but now he was barely five foot ten. He kept shrinking, losing a fraction of an inch with each passing minute, and caused him to look less manly. Curiously enough, his legs didn't seem to get any shorter. They remained as they were before, causing them to look longer and more shapely on his shorter frame.

Another thing that changed was his pelvis, and it had steadily widened as he shaved. It wasn't by too much, but it did cause his previously narrow hips to look a bit more curvy and girly. It would be hard to pass as a woman with them, but at least he'd look better in a skirt. It wasn't just his hips that had grown, but so did his ass. Sam had always been somewhat chubby, which was noticeable around his waist and rear. However, despite the extra padding on his ass, it remained uninspiring and somewhat undefined. However, as he sat there shaving, it began to plump up. The cheeks looked perkier and rounder, giving his backside a noticeable curve that it lacked before.

Another thing that changed was his lips. They had always been narrow and small, barely even worth noticing. However, sitting there pursing his lips as he shaved, they began to tingle. They swelled a little, gaining in size and becoming slightly plumper in the process. They were far from massive when they stopped growing, but they had an alluring look that would only look better with some lipstick.

All in all, the changes weren't massive. Sam was shorter, a little bit curvier, and looked a bit more effeminate. Even his swollen lips were hard to notice at first glance. The most noticeable difference was his shaved body, which he had done to himself. The man sat there for a few moments when it was over, a smile on his face when he ran his fingers over his smooth legs. Sam blushed at how good it felt, his brain tingling with joyful sensations at finally being hairless.

Yet, Sam knew he'd had to do it again if he wanted to stay hairless, and he began to wonder if waxing his body wouldn't have been better. Or maybe he could get surgery to get rid of it forever? Sam's eyes went wide with shock as these thoughts coursed through his brain, and he shook his head to get rid of them.

'God, what am I thinking?!' he thought, flustered and confused. 'I'm not going to do this again anyway. Right?'

Maxine waited for him outside, and a smile spread across her alluring lips when she saw the hairless man walk out of the bathroom. She clapped her hands together as Sam came out, wearing nothing but the stretched feminine thong over his still turgid erection.

"Oh, you look wonderful," Maxine said, causing Sam to blush. "Now come, let me show you something else."

Maxine grabbed him by his wrist, acrylic nails gently caressing his skin, and dragged him to the bedroom again. Sam glanced down at her hands, and he couldn't help but wonder how it would feel to have nails like that. His fingers itched at the thought, and his heart skipped a beat with what could only be jealousy.

The perfume hung heavy in the air around Maxine, and each breath Sam took sent a tingle through his body. It smelled better and better with each passing moment, and he even found himself leaning closer to the woman to get a whiff of her wonderful perfume.

Sam soon stood in the bedroom, hands over his throbbing cock as Maxine rummaged through her wardrobe in search of something. He felt exposed and ashamed, yet he couldn't deny that he also felt a bit excited. The hangover had faded, and the shame Sam felt from fucking his friend last night had nearly diminished. The perfume dulled his senses, easing his mind with sweet promises of a far more glamorous life, and he found himself falling deeper into these new emotions and sensations.

"Ah, here we go," she said, pulling out a black leather skirt and a red tube top. "I think these should do nicely."

Maxine walked around him, heels clicking against the floor, and he could almost feel her erection pressing up against his somewhat round backside when she stood behind him. She

placed the tube top over his chest and the skirt over his crotch, showing off the outfit and giving him a chance to see how it would look on him.

Sam stared into the mirror in front of him, cheeks rosy red and eyes wide with confused excitement. He could see the amused look on his friend's face, and he could see there was something odd about his face and body. Yet, all he could really focus on was the outfit pressed against his smooth skin. The soft fabric gave him goosebumps, and the leather against his throbbing manhood caused it to drool and ache with more need.

At that moment, he caught himself daydreaming about wearing it. He felt shocked and confused about how excited he felt, and he couldn't believe what he was doing. Yet, he didn't move, and he bit down on his swollen lower lip to stop himself from making a sound that Maxine made yesterday night in bed.

"You look fabulous, sugar," Maxine said, rubbing the fabric against his skin. "How about you try it on? I bet you'd look good in it."

"I don't know..." Sam said, his head spinning from the perfume invading his nostrils and the sensations coursing through his body.

"Come on. Don't be shy, sweetie," she said, pressing her body against his back. Sam could now feel Maxine's erection against his ass-cheeks, nestled between them and throbbing with delight. "No one will know about it."

The words seeped into his confused brain, burrowing deep into his subconscious, and Sam soon found himself nodding to her. She smiled as she saw it, and what happened next was a blur to the hungover and confused man.

Sam could feel himself falling deeper into all of this, his urges and thoughts becoming increasingly more perverted as he did. He could feel the fabric rubbing against his skin as the tube top slid into place, the elastic garment hugging his chest tightly yet gently. It sent tingles through his spine, and he could feel how the top teased against his hard nipples.

However, the sensation couldn't compare to the leather skirt hugging his narrow yet gently curves hips and ass. It was tight over his bottom, hugging every curve, and barely reached halfway down on his thighs. The way his cock pressed up against it, stretching the panties and creating a noticeable tent in the front of it, was indescribable.

During all of this, the spirit of Christine continued to invade his body and corrupt his mind. His thighs started to plump up, becoming softer and gaining some gentle padding that wasn't there earlier. The skirt stretched as his rear plumped up and hips widened slightly, giving his mannish figure some much-needed curves for his increasingly tainted mind.

It didn't matter how much he told himself this was a bad idea or how he hated it - he knew it was a lie. Sam had never been more aroused, and the tent between his legs was proof of that. Even now, as he fell deeper in love with the silk and leather on his body, Sam could feel

how something was missing. He ran his hands over his chest, feeling how flat and uninspiring it was, and he felt this weird yearning for something to fill out and stretch the tube top.

Maxine stood behind him, watching as he struggled with his new conflicting urges.

"You look wonderful, dear," Maxine said, whispering into his ear and triggering the memory of last night to flash before his eyes. "Doesn't it feel good?"

"It feels okay," he said modestly, blushing as he tried to deny how good it felt. "But God, what if someone saw me like this?"

"So what if they did? I bet they'd think you look sexy, and we've just gotten started," Maxine said, her hands dancing over his skin and sending more tingles through his body. "Can you imagine yourself with some cute nails, nice makeup, and longer hair? Care to try some of that out?"

Sam stood there, silently staring at his reflection. A small part of him screamed that this was wrong and that something was messing with his body and mind. Yet, he didn't listen. Even now, as he stared at his shorter frame, noticing his curvier hips and slightly rounder rear, all he could do was smile. Every fiber of his body was tingling with joy, his mind buzzing with new urges, and his cock had never been more erect.

A few moments passed by before Sam opened his mouth again. When he did, he didn't even know what to say.

"I-I don't..." Sam muttered, his mind scrambling to make sense of his thoughts. Then, without even thinking, he looked Maxine in her eyes with an even brighter blush on his face. "W-What kind of wigs do you have?"

"Oh, sweetie," Maxine said, pressing her body against his back, her bulge still pressed against his ass. "Let me show you."

"What about this?"

Sam brushed a few locks away from his face as he examined himself in the mirror. The wig rested gently on his head, and the long auburn mane framed his face nicely. He ran his fingers through the hair, loving the length and volume. As weird as it sounded, the wig almost felt like it was a part of him as he wore it, and he could almost swear that the strands were attached to his scalp.

It was far from the first one he'd tried on today. Time had flown away as Maxine took him touring through her closet, eagerly dressing and undressing him in every outfit she had available. Each one he tried on sent more tingles through his body, and he found himself falling more and more in love with the soft fabrics and cute dresses.

Right now, a few hours into the journey, Sam found himself wearing a micro-skirt that barely covered his ass or crotch and a tight halter top that matched it perfectly. They had moved on from clothing, and Maxine was currently and eagerly trying to find the right hair for him. It felt like he was a new and better person each time he blinked.

Brunette. Redhead. Black. Sam went through the colors faster than his hungover and lust-addled brain could keep up. She even made him try out a few that had some unusual colors, like pastel pink and bright purple. Yet, none felt like they were the right one for him. They didn't make his heart race or his loins tingle with the excitement he wanted.

"No, I don't think so," Maxine said, pursing her lips as she stared and examined his new looks. "Let's try another one."

Maxine pulled the wig from his head, and Sam felt naked. He hated his short hair and couldn't wait to cover it up with something better. He had only been trying out wigs for a little while, but already it felt like an extension of who he was.

However, he didn't have to endure it for long. Sam could feel Maxine placing a wig on his head, adjusting it over his scalp, and making sure the luscious locks framed his face perfectly. He soon stared at the blonde mane with a smile on his face, his heart racing at the sight of it. He ran his fingers through the blonde locks, admiring the golden hair and the slightly curled tips with an erection that never seemed to go away.

Sam was so mesmerized by his reflection that he didn't notice that his hands had shrunk slightly, leaving his fingers daintier and smaller. Even his torso had shrunk, and the drag-queen pervert behind him was almost taller than him without her heels.

His brain continued to bubble and simmer in a cocktail of strange new urges and emotions. All Sam felt was pure joy as he stared at his strangely androgynous face and the blonde locks that framed it.

"You have such lovely lips. I'm actually a bit jealous!"

Maxine's words echoed through his head as she applied yet another layer of lipstick over his lips, painting them in a thick pink hue that made them stand out even more.

Sam stared into the mirror and his reflection, slowly but surely falling in love with his soft and effeminate face. Had his lips always been so plump and kissable? Had his cheekbones been so defined? The questions only briefly passed through his mind before another wave of girly emotions and feminine urges washed over him, making him yearn for more and more of Maxine's lifestyle.

The poor guy was too enthralled and in love with his new looks that he didn't notice what was happening to him. Sam's body had undergone tiny changes and small shifts, each pushing him closer to looking like Maxine. Even now, he looked more like a slightly shorter clone of her, an effeminate guy dressed in drag.

He made a kissy face and winked at his reflection when she had applied his makeup, his heart racing at the gorgeous woman he saw looking back at him. The fear and doubt were disappearing, and the memory from last night was only turning him on now. In fact, he found himself more and more attracted to both of them with each passing moment.

The perfume hung heavy in the air around them. Maxine had sprayed a decent amount of her favorite scent all over Sam, and it almost seemed to seep into his skin. It made her nostrils tingle, and her brain was marinating in the sweet and womanly scent. Each breath made her more addicted to it, and she could almost feel how it was messing with her mind.

Sam was already imagining herself going shopping like this, wondering what people would think when they saw her. However, unlike before, he felt no shame. All he felt was excitement and arousal, her cock twitching as she imagined men lusting after her body without knowing that she was more man than them.

For now, Sam continued to sink into further depravity as he examined the makeup that gave his mannish face a much softer and more gorgeous look.

"Let's try out the red eye shadow," Sam said, not even noticing how far he had fallen. "I think it might bring out my pretty eyes a bit better."

Maxine just smiled at his friend's suggestion. She watched with joy as he fell further into the abyss, and she was already looking forward to taking her new friend out clubbing later tonight.

"There you go, sugar! I knew you were a natural."

Sam took a few uneasy steps on the tall stripper heels, his feet hurting as he struggled to stay upright on the stilts. It had been easy with the shorter heels, but these were an altogether different beast. His feet hurt from walking in heels all day, but he was surprised by how quickly he learned to walk and strut around on them.

What remained of Sam's pride and modesty had been gradually chipped away throughout the day. The dresses. The heels. The wigs. The makeup. It all felt like it was a part of who he was, and he found it harder and harder to imagine being without it. Yet, as Sam walked on the heels in front of the mirror, he couldn't help but wonder if something wasn't wrong.

Had his lips always been this insanely swollen? They looked plump and kissable, far more impressive than what most women had. The pink lipstick only made them stand out even more.

Had his feet always been this small? Sam glanced down at his feet, wondering how he got them into the small heels. His feet had always been average and around a size ten, but now he managed to put on a pair of size eight heels. They looked so small and dainty, his toenails perfectly painted to match the open-toed shoes. It made him smile, and the worry seemed to fade away.

Had he always been this short? Sam noticed that Maxine seemed as tall as he was now, even though she wore shorter heels than him. The dress that hugged his body seemed so small, yet it fit him perfectly. The fabric rubbed against his flat chest, and he could see that his slightly rounded rear looked great in the red cocktail dress.

Had his face always been this fucking gorgeous? He ran his long-nailed fingers over his face, making sure not to ruin his nail polish or damage his acrylic nails. Every inch was covered in heavy makeup, accentuating his pouty lips and lust-addled eyes. The blonde wig matched it perfectly, leaving the shoulder-length mane tickling his cheek and caressing his skin as he brushed it out of his face.

"What's wrong, sugar? You look a little confused," Maxine said, her manicured hands rubbing the side of his arm and her fake breasts pressing against his back.

Then, at that moment, he knew what was wrong. Sam almost gasped at how blind he had been. He ran a finger over his chest and ass, finally realizing what he was missing.

"I'm so flat..." Sam said, his voice airy and soft just like Maxine's. She had taught him well, and each word that left his mouth came out more womanly and less mannish than the last.

"Oh, I got a solution for that," Maxine said, grabbing a pair of breast forms she had lying on the table near them. "I think these should do the trick."

Sam grabbed the breast forms in his hands, giving them a soft squeeze with a smile on his plump lips. They felt so good in his hands, and he could only imagine how great they would look when he put them on.

However, as he held them in his hands, he couldn't help but feel it wasn't enough. No, they weren't good enough. They would probably be C's or D's on his body, sizable and noticeable without looking too fake. However, Sam's love for big breasts gradually got corrupted throughout the day, and he no longer yearned for women with big tits. He wanted them for himself. No, he **needed** it.

So, as he held the breast forms in his hand, he let out a disappointed sigh as he turned to Maxine.

"Don't you have anything bigger?" Sam said, giving his friend a hopeful look.

"Of course, honey," she said, her hands rubbing the side of his hips in a way that made the bulge between his legs even tighter. "How big do you want?"

"Well," Sam said, his eyes no longer showing signs of regret, fear, or shame. "How big do you have?"

Sam had never felt more aroused in his life. Every inch of his body burned with lust, and it only got worse each time he looked down and saw the massive melons hanging from his chest. Sam ran his hands over them, rubbing the bright red acrylic nails over the fake tits and shuddering as he imagined how it would feel to have real ones like these.

He had been a horny mess the entire day, cock never going flaccid for long, but it was nothing compared to now. Sam could barely think straight, and his balls ached from a lack of release. It wasn't just that he was on his back, legs spread wide, and dress pulled up to his chubby belly to show off his cock. It wasn't the sight of Maxine either, now crawling towards him on all fours, wearing little more than a smile on her face, and licking her lips hungrily.

No, what aroused him so much was the sight of himself in the mirror near the bed. He tilted his head, letting the blonde curls caress his face, and smiled at what he saw.

Sam looked nothing like he did before. Sure, underneath the heavy makeup, the blonde wig, and massive fake breasts, he still looked somewhat like his former self. Yet, there was no denying that he had changed considerably. His face had softened, leaving his face far more effeminate than before. Sam's lips had easily doubled in size, becoming plump pillows that outshone Maxine's plump and kissable lips. The bright red lipstick made them stand out even more, creating the perfect lips to kiss a guy or wrap around something long and hard.

The rest of his body had shrunk, putting him at a mere five foot six. Sam's hands and feet were smaller than before, leaving them somewhat dainty, and his thighs, hips, and ass had all grown a little. That, combined with the hip, thigh, and butt pads he now wore, gave him a sultry figure that stretched the leopard-print dress he wore.

Sam had never felt so sexy before in his life. Every inch buzzed with joy, his perfume-marinated brain aching with happiness and his cock throbbing with delight as he stared at his reflection. Maxine had even begun calling him Samantha, a name that etched itself deeper into his identity with each use.

"I have to say," Maxine said, one hand cupping Samantha's balls and the other rubbing her drooling and twitching cock. "You turned out amazing. Doesn't it feel great, Samantha?"

Samantha didn't say anything. **She** was too aroused to think, her eyes never leaving her reflection in the mirror as her friend began to service her cock.

But, at that moment, Samantha blinked, and her brain cleared for a bit. She suddenly saw herself for what she really was. Her brain rebelled, and she shuddered as she tried to comprehend that the masculine woman on the bed, the one with the bright red lips and whorish look on her slutty face, was her.

"T-This is..." Samantha said, doubt and fear swelling in her chest for a few brief moments before a wave of euphoria washed it away.

Maxine had wrapped her lips around her cock, sending her spiraling over the edge. The feeling of her friend giving her a blow job was just too much for her lust-addled mind. She fell deeper into the abyss, cascading further into the feminine heaven Maxine had taken her to.

Now, she let everything go. Samantha's tongue dangled from her mouth, and her eyes rolled into her skull as Maxine gave her what she wanted. Every inch of her body burned with lust, and she shook her head with joy as she ran her hands over her fake bosom. The heels on her feet brushed against the sheets. The earrings dangled against her cheeks as she squirmed on the bed. The wig nearly slipped off her head as she got pushed towards the edge of an orgasm.

"O-Oh god~!" Samantha moaned, slowly but surely embracing her new life as Maxine's new best friend. "Don't stop~!"

The new woman's lusty moans echoed through the room as Maxine gave her what she wanted, a smile on the woman's lips as she dragged her friend into the same lovely life she had. When morning came, they would wake up in each other's arms with sore assholes and the taste of cum on their lips.

Samantha woke up feeling happy and refreshed, the guy licking his plump lips and sighing at finally getting his hands on the big tits he had always wanted.