

The Bimbo Beauty Salon Trap

Chapter 1: The Beauty Salon Trap

Carl had always trusted Barbara. She was charismatic, confident, and owned a salon that he thought was charming. He loved how she pampered him, taking care of his long, brown hair with gentle touches and expensive products. But that afternoon, everything would be different, even if he had no idea.

Barbara had seen the messages between Carl and Lily, his college classmate. Just an innocent conversation about a project — but for Barbara, it was enough to spark her rage and thirst for revenge.

In the salon, she created a relaxing atmosphere: soft lights, aromatic candles, and calm music filling the air. Before he even sat down, she gently took his hand and positioned him in front of a mirror.



— Look at yourself in the mirror, darling — she said, with a sweet-looking smile. — When I'm done, you're going to be a new man.

Carl let out a short laugh, thinking it was just a game.

— A new man? What's my sweetheart plotting now? — he asked in a playful tone, never suspecting what she was truly planning.

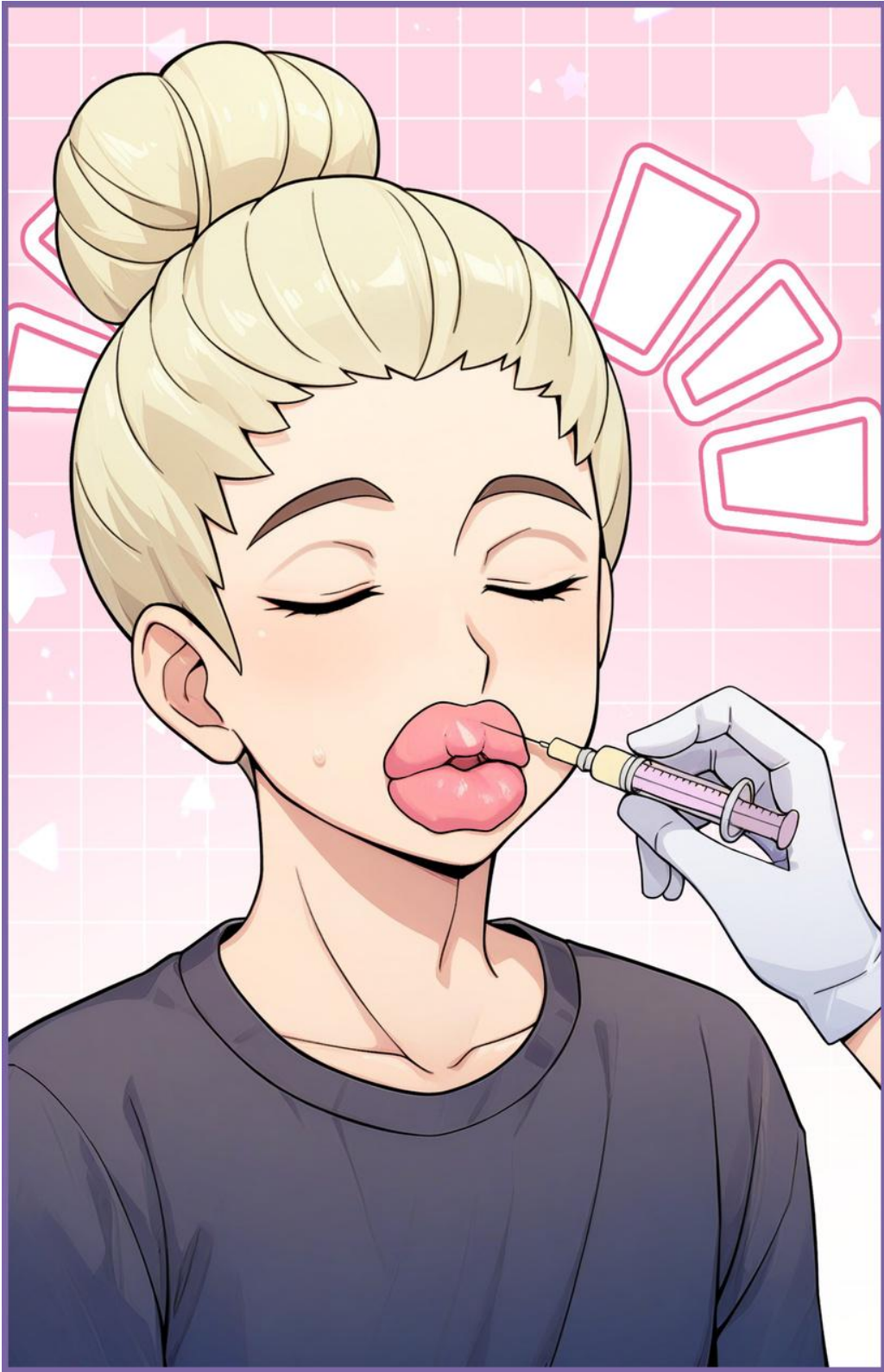
— Just kidding — she replied, her eyes flickering with an expression he couldn't read. — Now sit down, relax... today is going to be special.

Carl settled into the leather chair, still smiling, completely unaware of what awaited him. — Today's going to be special — she said, handing him a cup of warm tea. — Drink it all, love. You're going to relax like never before.

He drank slowly, soon feeling his body heavy and his head light. Barbara began washing his hair, firm circular motions sending warm water down the long, brown strands. Carl sighed, enjoying her gentle touch.

As he started to doze off, Barbara wasted no time. She grabbed a brush and carefully applied the bleach. The creamy texture coated each strand, turning the brown to white. She watched the time carefully — she wanted the bleach to work until all the natural color was stripped away, leaving only a pale base, like a blank canvas.

While the bleach worked, Barbara picked up a syringe filled with hyaluronic acid, the same product she used on clients who wanted plumper lips. She carefully slid the needle into the contour of his lips, injecting the filler at strategic points. Each application made a soft pop, but Carl, deeply sedated and completely relaxed, barely stirred.



When she finished, she looked at the result but wasn't satisfied. She wanted more. She wanted lips that were ridiculously large — something that would catch anyone's eye. So she kept going, injection after injection, until his lips were huge and disfigured. The result was ridiculous, strange, and vulgar — exactly what she wanted.

When the bleach had done its work, Barbara rinsed each section of hair carefully. The warm water washed away the excess, leaving Carl's hair an almost white blonde. But it wasn't the final color — she was just getting started.

She mixed up a platinum blonde dye until it was creamy and smooth. Working meticulously, she applied the dye strand by strand, pulling the hair back firmly to cover every bit from root to tip. She moved the brush slowly, making sure the color soaked in. When she was done, she wrapped his head in a plastic cap and let it sit.

While the dye worked, she turned to his hands. She picked up the long, sharp fake nails, painted a bright, glossy pink. She glued each one with industrial-strength glue that couldn't be removed. When she finished, Carl's hands looked like they belonged to an exaggerated, provocative woman.



She washed his hair again, rinsing out the dye to reveal the perfect platinum blonde: almost white, but with a surreal golden sheen. She grabbed the blonde extensions she had prepared — long, silky strands in the same tone. She attached each piece with surgical precision, starting at the nape and working her way up, making sure they were secure and natural-looking. The hair now fell all the way to his shins, turning what had once been modest hair into a waterfall of shimmering strands.

With the extensions in place, she divided the hair into large sections and started winding each one into medium-sized rollers. She twisted each section slowly, tightening the rollers until they were perfectly aligned. She pinned them down with bobby pins, creating a firm, controlled structure. Only after everything was dry would she reveal the big, sultry waves she wanted.



While the hair dried, Barbara moved on to the final touch: the permanent makeup. She prepared the vibrating needles loaded with black and red pigments. Her strokes were precise — she drew a thick, dramatic eyeliner and outlined his swollen lips with a vivid red that would never wash away. Each stroke of the needle was permanent. But Carl slept on, sunk deep in the heavy sleep from the tea.



When she was done, she stepped back to admire her work. But she wasn't finished yet. She pulled out a set of girly pink clothes: a short, tight top, and a matching miniskirt. She dressed Carl carefully, topping it off with long white socks decorated with pink bows and sky-high pink platform heels. She adjusted every detail with a patience that was almost loving — like she was preparing him for a show.

When she had everything perfect, she gave him a small pinch, calling his name until he woke up.

Barbara stepped closer, her smile satisfied. — There — she said softly. — Now you have a look that suits you.

Carl blinked, confused, his voice muffled and nasal. His huge, swollen lips made it hard to even close his mouth.

— Wha... what's... hap... pening? — he mumbled, struggling to speak around the oversized lips.

— Do you like your new self? — she asked, her voice sweet and poisonous.

He tried to bring his hands to his face, but the long nails tapped clumsily against his huge lips, slipping off.

— Wh... what... do you... mean? — he stammered, every word coming out strange and muffled.

— I just gave you a look that fits your little life of cheating, you traitor — Barbara said calmly, like she was sharing a simple fact.

— Traitor? Wh... what... are you... talking about? I... I never... cheated... on you! — he cried out, his voice shaking with fear and effort.

She raised an eyebrow, letting out a quiet laugh.

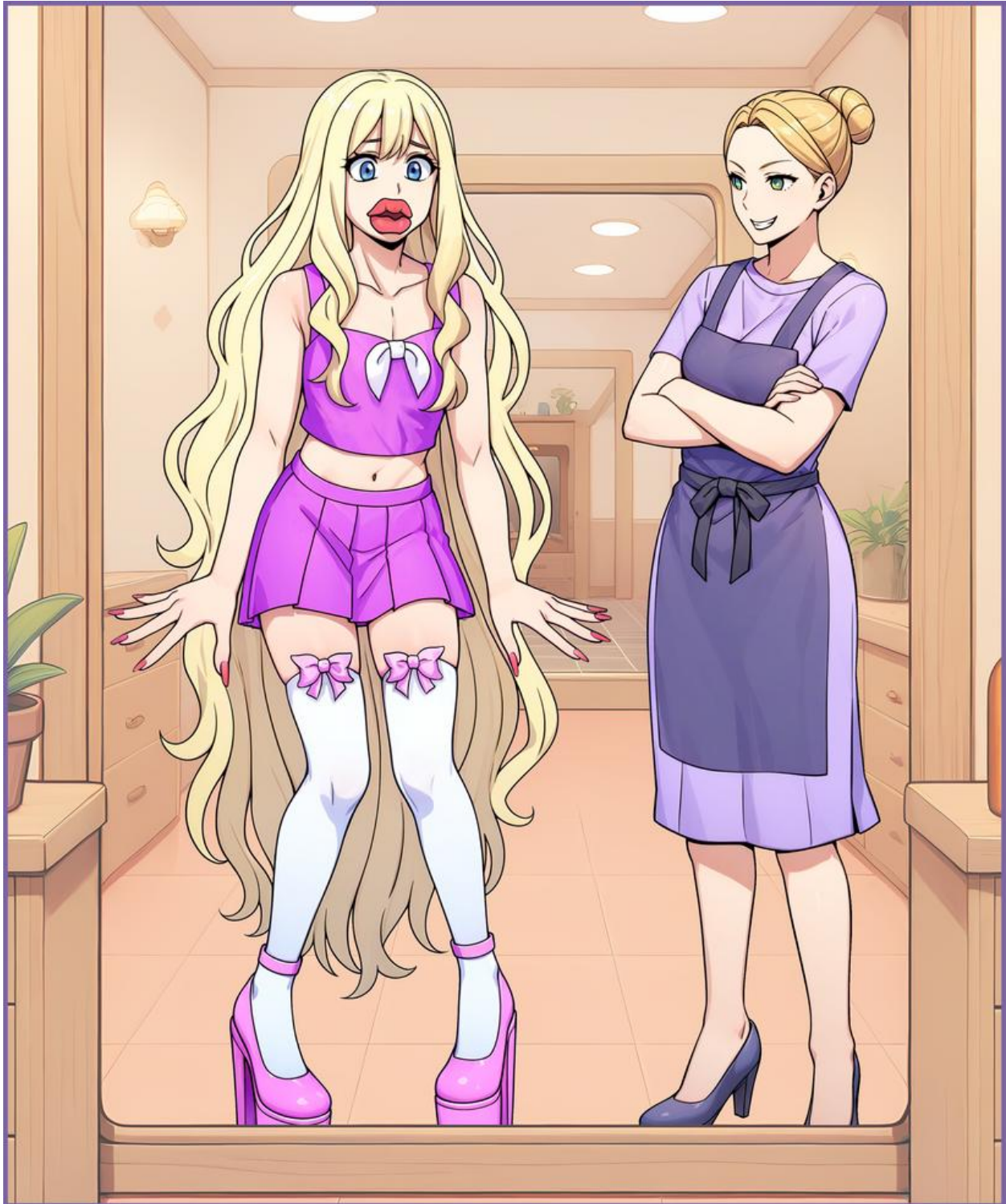
— And what about that girl, Lily? You weren't planning to meet up with her? I can't wait to see her reaction when she sees you like this.

Carl's eyes went wide. — Lily... she's... just a... classmate! We... we had... to work... on a... project... — he gasped, fighting with every word.

— O-ops — Barbara said, pretending to be surprised. — Too late now, darling.

He tried to stand, but his feet wouldn't cooperate. The shoes Barbara had chosen were so tall and sloped that only the tips of his toes touched the ground. Each step felt impossible. He tried to rip off the fake nails, to scrub away the makeup, but nothing came off. The heels

wobbled under him, nearly toppling him every time he moved.



Then his gaze fell on the large mirror beside him. He froze, knees shaking and buckling under the impossible height of the shoes. His legs bent awkwardly as he struggled to balance. Staring back at him was someone he barely recognized: enormous, puffy red lips

that dominated his face, a thick and dramatic eyeliner that made his eyes look wide and almost doll-like, and hair so long, wavy and pale that it looked like a stripper's wig in some cheap show. The short pink skirt and clingy top, making every inch of him feel foreign, humiliating, and intensely feminine.

Carl's breath hitched, a cold sweat breaking out on his forehead.

— Th-this... this... can't... be... me... — he mumbled, every word forced through his swollen lips, the sounds muffled and nasal.

— Take this... this off... you... crazy... bitch! — he shouted next, his voice cracking and breathless, tears welling in his eyes.

Barbara just smiled, proud of her masterpiece.

— Sorry, dear... this is permanent — she whispered, delighting in it.

Carl's eyes went wide in horror, the words hitting him like a slap.

— P-permanent? All... all of... this... permanent? Y-you... you... you... psycho! — he whimpered, his voice breaking and trembling.

The tears finally spilled over as he turned to run. His legs wobbled dangerously in the towering heels, the skirt bouncing and the long, heavy hair whipping around his shoulders. He stumbled, almost fell, but forced himself to keep moving. He fled the salon in a clumsy, panicked run — sobbing, with every step a reminder of the transformation he would never escape — while Barbara stayed behind, savoring the revenge she had finally achieved.

Chapter 2: The Second Transformation

Carl left the salon, feeling the cold evening wind cut into his skin. The platinum blonde hair brushed his shoulders and nearly dragged along the ground—heavy and unfamiliar. Every step in the high heels felt like punishment. He fought back tears, his chest tight with humiliation and helplessness.

When he got home, he dropped everything on the floor and collapsed onto the couch. He cried until there were no tears left, replaying every detail of what his ex-girlfriend had done to him. With trembling fingers and difficulty, he sent a message to Lily, his friend from college. He didn't even know how to explain—he just asked for help.

Lily arrived quickly. She wore glasses and an oversized sweater that covered her hands. She entered the room and saw Carl curled up on the couch, his face swollen from crying so

much.

— Carl... — she said softly, sitting beside him and holding his hand. — What happened? He tried to speak, but his voice came out muffled, stifled by his lips.



— She... she did this to me — he whispered, his face burning with shame. — Look at me, Lily... I look like a monster.

Lily ran a hand over his head and said:

— It doesn't matter how you look. You're still Carl, not a monster. But I understand... and I'll help you fix this, at least a little.

Her words made Carl feel comforted, like maybe everything would be okay in the end.

The next day, Lily took him to an esthetician friend of hers. The man studied Carl's face calmly but seriously.

— This is a very aggressive filler. I can reduce it a little with an enzyme, but... with how much was injected, your lips will never completely go back to normal.

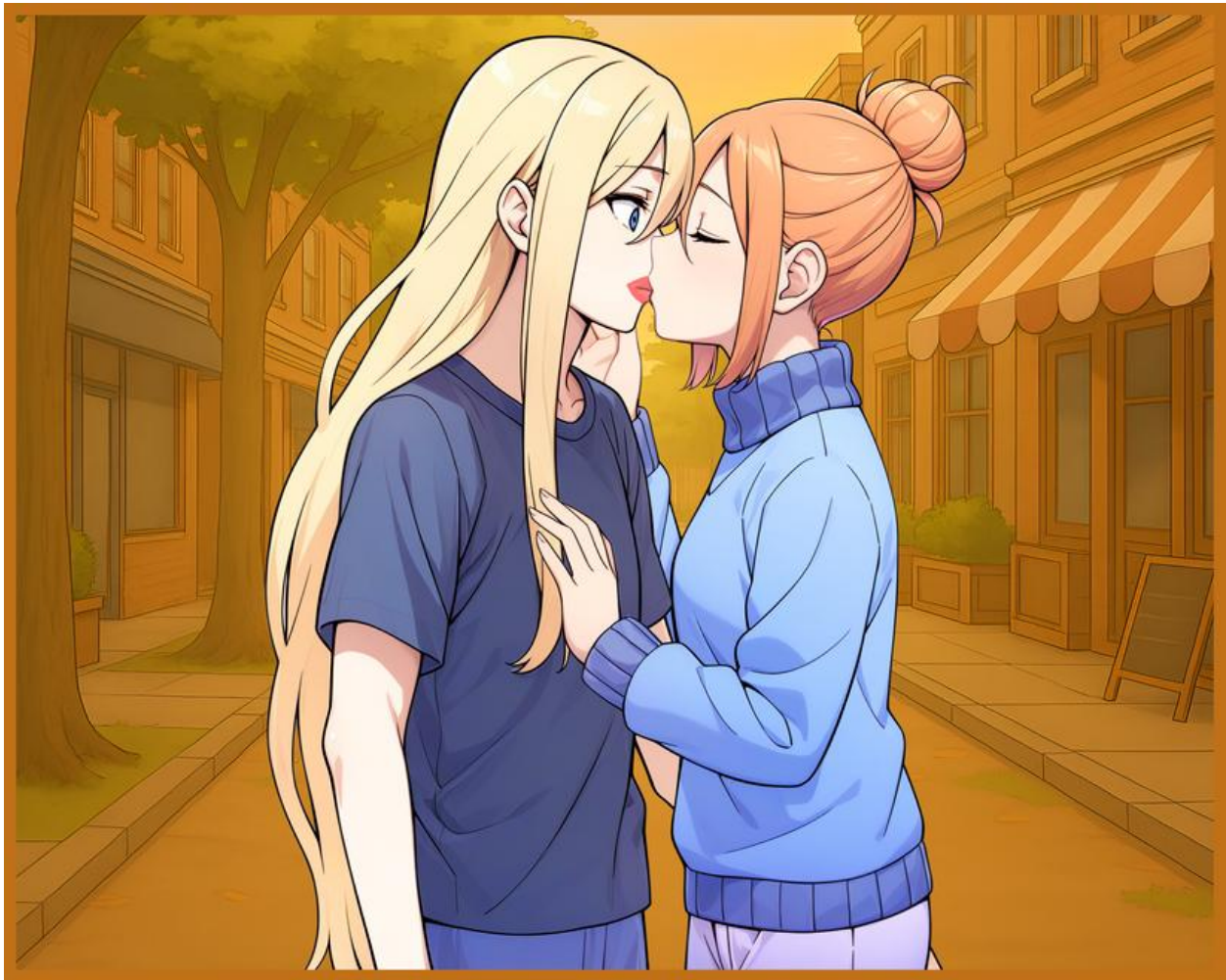
Carl fell silent, his chest tightening.

The esthetician applied the enzyme slowly. It hurt, but Carl endured it. When he was done, Carl's face looked a little less swollen, but it was still far from what it had been.

On the way back, Lily walked beside him, a little restless.

— You know, Carl... — she said hesitantly. — You look really cute with that makeup and this more feminine look.

Suddenly, she pulled him in and gave him a soft kiss on his swollen lips. Carl was surprised, but the touch brought a warm feeling.



— Lily... why...?

— Because I like you — she said, smiling softly. — I've always liked you.

He looked down, afraid.

— I don't know if I'm ready for... a relationship. Look at me, Lily... I look... horrible.

Lily lifted his chin gently.

— If you're feeling so bad about your appearance... then let me take care of it. Let me transform you, make you just how I like. That way you don't have to worry about anything else. Just... about being mine.

He shivered but felt his heart race.

— I... I'm not sure...

She smiled and pressed on.

— Come on, Carl... don't you trust me?

He hesitated but finally said:

— Yes, Lily, I trust you! But... but...

She cut him off firmly:

— Then leave it all in my hands!

With some hesitation, he nodded.

At the end of the day, Lily took him to a different salon. It was a trusted hairdresser who agreed to see him after hours. Carl entered with a knot in his stomach. It was another salon, but the chair and the mirror looked just like the ones that had destroyed him before. He trembled.

Lily leaned in and whispered in his ear:

— Ready to leave behind your old self and become my Carl?

He took a deep breath. After spending the whole day thinking about it, he whispered, determined:

— I'm all yours... you can do whatever you want with me, as long as I look beautiful for you.

The hairdresser began by carefully removing the blonde extensions. It took almost an hour. When she was done, Carl felt an immense sense of relief.

Lily ran her hand through his hair, now falling to the middle of his back, and said with a calm smile:



— I don't like extensions. Changing your real hair to please me is so much more exciting... it makes you so much more mine.

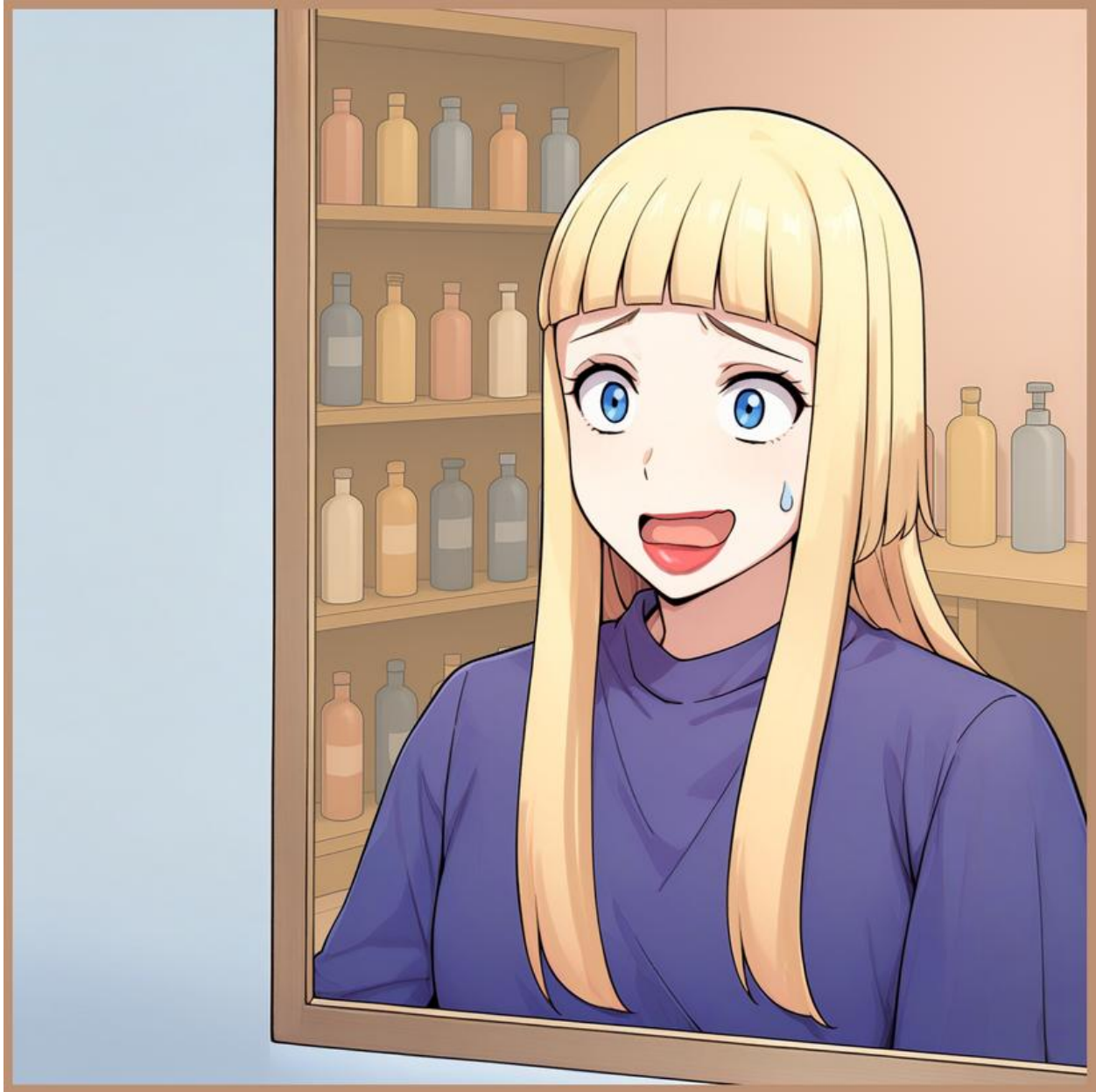
Carl closed his eyes, feeling the weight of every word she spoke.

“Why do I feel so good and so safe leaving everything in her hands?” he thought.

The hairdresser parted Carl's hair into three sections: the top back was tied into a firm ponytail, the lower part was left hanging straight down to the middle of his back, and the bangs and sides were left loose. Carl couldn't take his eyes off the mirror, trying to imagine how everything would look in the end.

Without ceremony, she tightened the ponytail and, with a sharp pair of scissors, cut it off in one swift motion, leaving the top section shorter—somewhere between his chin and shoulders. Then, with care, she trimmed his bangs into a short, rounded shape, like a doll's, giving his face an even softer and more feminine look. On the long bottom section, she added just a bit of movement to the ends, but kept the original length.

As she prepared the dye, Carl couldn't stop staring at the mirror, still in disbelief at the reflection slowly taking shape.



Once the mix was ready, she began applying the color: a soft lilac for the shorter top section, and a deep, bold purple for the longer bottom layer. She worked patiently, strand

by strand, applying the color evenly and with precision.



When she finished, the result was a cute and unique jellyfish haircut—especially for a man. The two colors created a dramatic contrast that made every detail of the new cut stand out.

Finally, the hairdresser took his hands, filed the long fake nails down to a shorter length, and painted each one a shiny lilac to match the new look.

When it was all done, Carl took a deep breath. He was clearly embarrassed.

Lily exclaimed, delighted,

— Perfect! I knew you'd look cute, but I didn't expect you'd look *this* adorable!

She pulled a lilac lipstick from her bag and gently applied it to Carl's lips.

— Now you really are *my* Carl. There's nothing left of the old one.

Then she took his hand and guided him in front of the mirror.

Carl stared at his reflection, half in disbelief.



— Is... is this really what you wanted, Lily? I look... I look... I look so feminine. Even more than with that long blonde hair.

She smiled, calm and confident.

— I told you, Carl. A more feminine style suits you perfectly. And didn't you say you wanted to look pretty for me? Well... now you're perfect.

After everything he'd been through at the hands of his ex, Carl looked at his reflection—and for the first time, he managed to smile.

— If you like it... then it's perfect.

In that moment, Carl knew there was no going back—but he also knew that, at last, he wasn't alone anymore.

Chapter 3: Lily's Claim

That night, Lily and Carl were in his room.

Carl was still feeling a little insecure about his new look.

Lily pulled him close, kissing his swollen lips.

"You look so beautiful, Carl," she whispered, her voice firm and possessive.

"Now there's just one thing missing for you to be completely mine."

Carl blushed, and before he could reply, he felt something hard pressing against his thigh.

He frowned, confused.



Lily gave him a mischievous smile, slid her hand down, and pulled down her shorts — revealing her cock.

It was big, hard, and throbbing. Carl gasped, stunned. Lily was... a futanari?

“Carl? Did you like the surprise?” Lily asked, extremely turned on, noticing his shock. Without waiting for an answer, she grabbed his head and pressed the tip of her cock against Carl’s plush lips.

"You have such beautiful lips, baby. Why don't you use them to serve your owner?"

Carl backed away, his face burning. “Lily, I... I don't know...”

She chuckled softly. “Don't worry. You're going to love it. I promise.”

With firm hands, she held the back of his neck, tilting his head and pushing her cock against his lips.

Carl could taste her, smell her. His mind screamed “no!”, but deep down... he was getting more and more aroused.

Lily pushed in, and Carl obeyed, her cock sliding into his mouth.



He gagged, but Lily didn't stop — she moved with rhythm, showing him exactly what she wanted.

Carl tried to resist, but couldn't.

Lily fucked his throat like it was an onahole, relentless and rough.

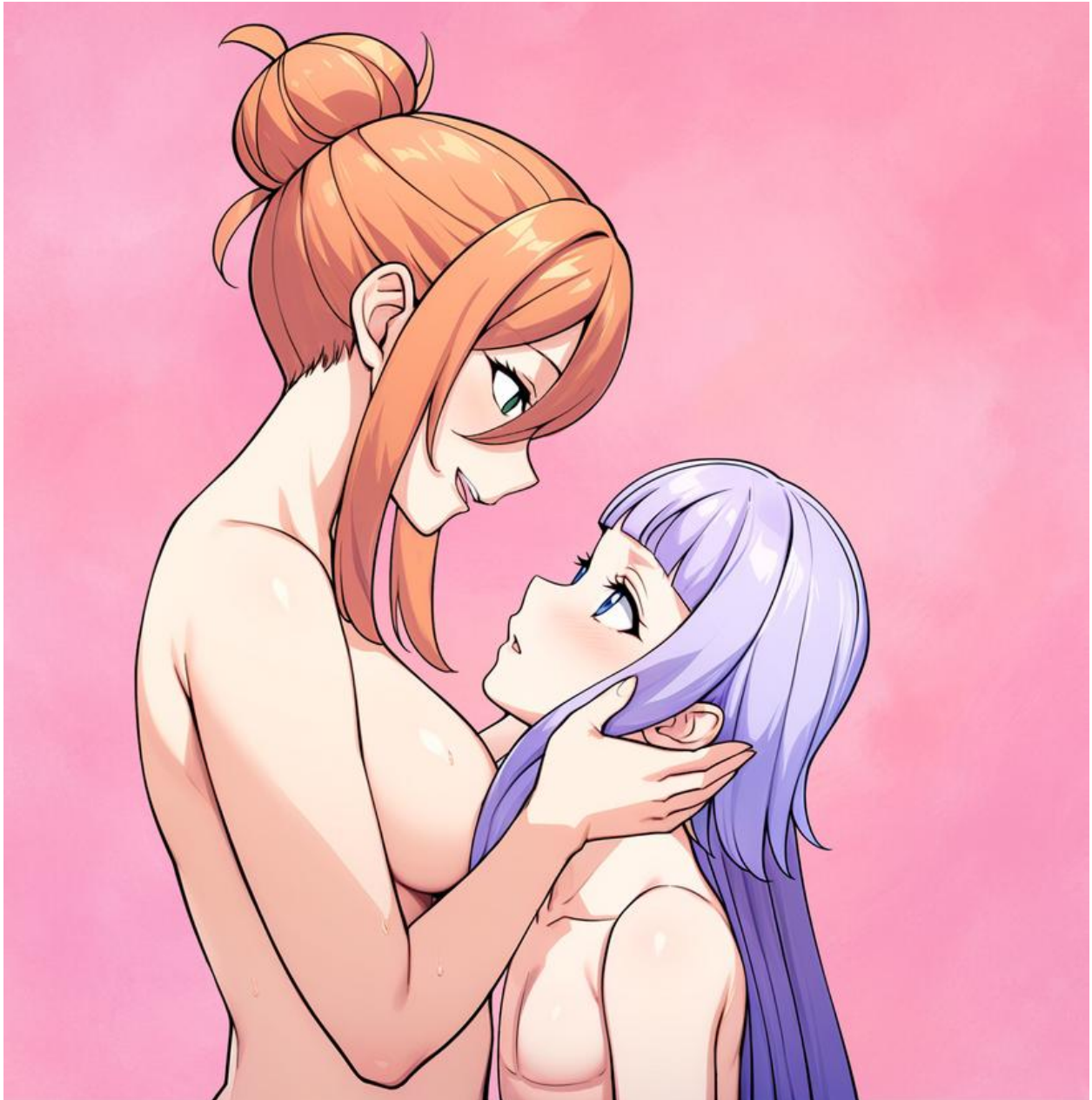
With each thrust, each moan of hers, the fear melted into unexpected arousal.

He was being used — like a toy — and he was starting to enjoy it.

She kept going until his throat was sore, until her taste filled his mouth.



“Good boy,” she praised, pulling his face and locking eyes with him.
“Now it’s time for you to become *completely* mine.”



Still dizzy and coughing, Carl tried to argue.

“W-Wait, Lily... *cough cough* I-I don’t think I’m ready... Your cock is huge...”

Lily threw him on the bed.

“You’ll learn your place.”



She climbed on top of him and yanked his hair like it was a leash — or reins.
He moaned involuntarily, overwhelmed by the dominance.

“This little ass belongs to me now. You better get used to it. From now on, I’ll use you without mercy,” she whispered in his ear, leaving Carl breathless.

Carl felt the tip of her cock press against his hole.
In one last attempt to reason, he murmured, “L-Lily...”

But she didn’t wait.

She thrust in hard, forcing her way into him. Carl screamed, his nails digging into the sheets.

But Lily didn’t stop.

She pulled his hair hard and slowly pulled out — only to slam back in until her balls hit his.



Each thrust was a mix of pain and pleasure.

The pain faded with every motion, replaced by a devouring lust that made him gasp.

He felt her complete control over him.

Carl found himself moaning, begging for more, his body arching to her rhythm.

Lily moved faster.

Deep, relentless strokes, her balls slapping, her grip on his hair tightening — reinforcing her total dominance.

Carl felt his climax approaching.

She moaned louder.

“It’s coming— ahhh, baby, get ready, I’m going to flood your little ass!”

Then Lily let out a long, loud moan as her body trembled.

Carl felt her hot, thick cum filling him up — right as he came too.

They came together.



Carl lay still on the bed, exhausted and panting.

Lily’s cum spilled out of him, dripping down his thighs.

She came way more than any man.

She leaned in, grabbed his hair, and whispered in his ear:

“You better be ready, because the night’s just getting started.”

A shiver ran through Carl’s body.

A lust like he’d never felt before.

Not understanding what he was feeling, and using the last of his strength, it was as if his body answered for him:

“Yes... M-Mistress...”

She let go of his hair and made a confession.

“I’ve been waiting months for the chance to have you all to myself.

Now you’re going to pay for making me wait so long to use you.”

Some time passed. Carl was still lying there, barely able to make a sound — just an occasional moan.



Then Lily came back from the kitchen, her tone sweeter and more gentle.

“Sorry if I went too rough, baby.

But it’s just so good having a cute little boyfriend to dominate.”

Carl slowly moved, still sore, and sat up against the headboard.

“I-It’s okay, baby. I... I liked our first time.”

Lily smiled.

“Well... I *did* say it was only the first round...

But since you were too weak, I took care of things myself.”

“Yourself?” Carl asked, a bit worried.

Lily extended her hand, holding a glass goblet with a white, viscous liquid inside.

“Here. This is the milk I made thinking of you.”



Carl's eyes widened.

She had filled half the glass with cum — right after flooding his ass.

He swallowed hard under her gaze.

“Don't be rude now — drink it all,” she ordered with a sadistic smile.

“From now on, you're my cute little cum dump. And I'm not wasting a single drop anywhere else.”

Carl took the glass.

“What are you waiting for, love? No need to be shy. Drink every last drop,” Lily urged, stroking his lilac hair.



Carl took the first sip.
It was salty, strange.
He had never tasted anything like it.
He drank a bit more, and the glass still looked full.



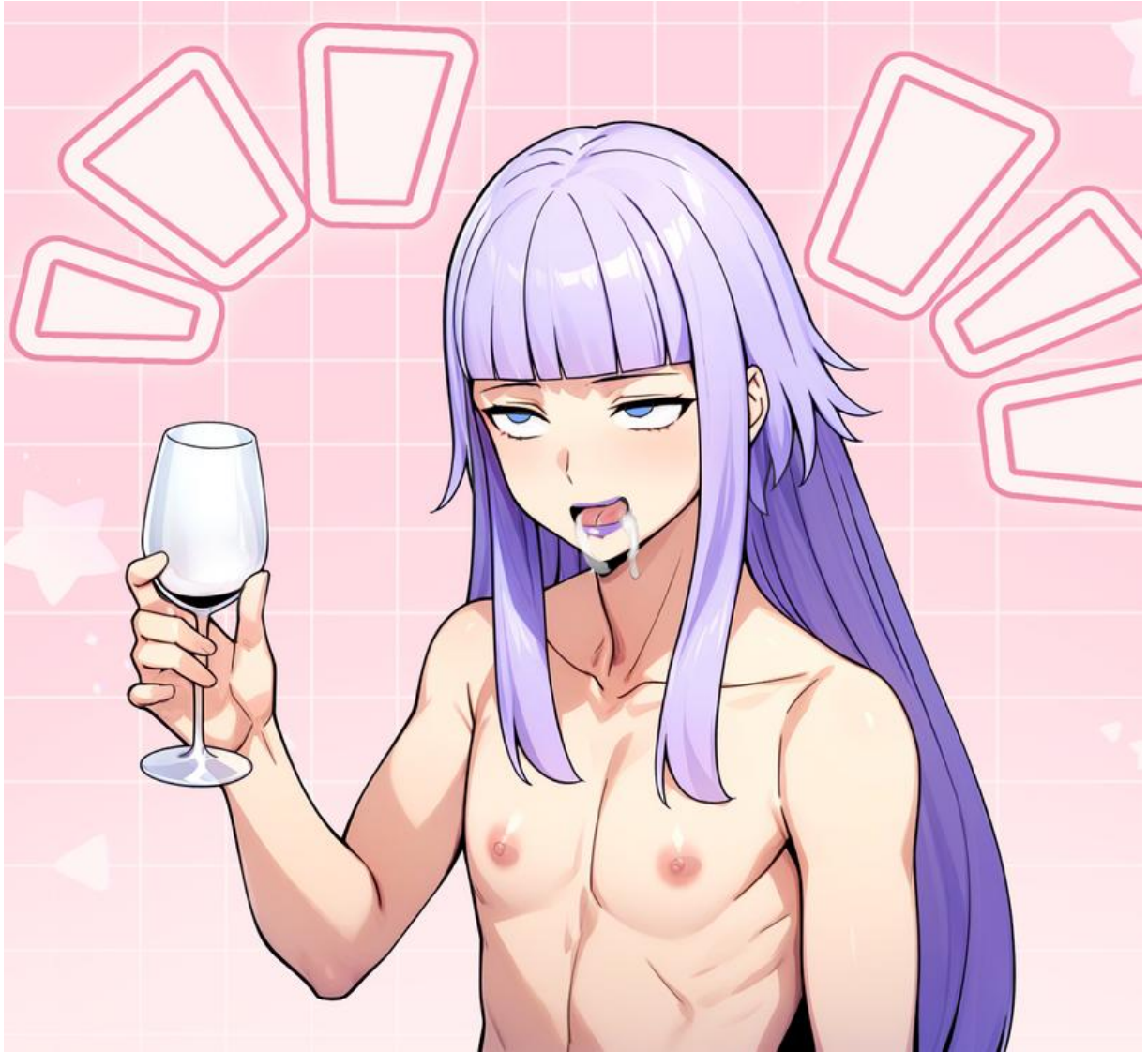
“You’re so cute drinking my milk, baby,” Lily praised.
“Take all the time you need.”
She gently played with his hair, twisting it between her fingers.
“You’ve got this, love. That’s it, drink it all.”

Determined to finish, Carl started drinking more eagerly.
After a few deep sips, he paused — the texture still strange.
But with each swallow, the taste grew on him — addicting, even.



“Just a bit more,” Lily whispered, encouraging him.

He took bigger gulps, shorter pauses.
Before he knew it, the whole glass was empty.
A full glass of cum — gone.



Lily pulled him in, kissing his forehead.

“You were such a good boy, Carl. You drank every drop of my cum.”

She hugged him tightly, his body still trembling slightly.

“You’re MY good boy.”

Carl embraced her, his body drained but his mind in bliss.

“Just... yours...,” he whispered, a strange, overwhelming happiness flooding his chest.

In that moment, Carl knew:

That night with Lily... was only the beginning.

He was no longer the old Carl.

He was now Lily’s obedient little plaything.

Chapter 4: Lily's new doll

The next morning, Lily woke Carl up with kisses on his still-swollen lips. “Come on, sleepyhead. We’ve got an important day ahead. It’s time to give your wardrobe a fresh new start.”

Carl felt a mix of nerves and curiosity. “New clothes? For me?”

“Of course!” Lily beamed, hopping out of bed with far more energy than Carl could muster. “You need outfits that match your new hair! You’ll wear whatever I tell you to... won’t you?”

Carl, slightly aroused and clearly flustered, nodded.

“Y-yes, of course... Y-you’re my mistress.”

“Good boy,” she purred, ruffling his hair.

She grabbed his hand. “Now go get ready. I know the *perfect* place to shop for your new look!”

At the mall, Lily pulled him into a store Carl would’ve never dared to enter on his own. The clothes on display were dark but undeniably cute — full of lace, chains, soft and tight fabrics.

“Welcome to your new style, baby. My cute alternative sissy boyfriend,” she teased with a devilish grin.

“Now sit down and behave, love. I’m going to pick out your outfits for you.”

After a long hunt through racks of carefully curated pieces, Lily brought Carl into the fitting room and helped him change, even fixing his hair to match each new outfit.

As Carl saw himself in the mirror for the first look, his face flushed. He felt exposed — but Lily circled him slowly, adjusting the clothes and whispering sweet compliments.

“You look so cute,” she said warmly.



Then, with a more mischievous tone, she leaned in and whispered,
“This is the least eye-catching outfit you’re going to wear.”

Carl froze, his embarrassment peaking.

“L-Li—” he tried to protest, but Lily cut him off.

“Now let’s try the next one I picked for you.”

With the next combination, Carl barely recognized himself. It was much more feminine —
but the way Lily smiled at him, the sparkle in her eyes, somehow made him feel... safe.

“You look adorable. A real gothic boyfriend,” she whispered.



Then, her voice dropped to a sultry murmur by his ear:

“This outfit fits someone who moans so loudly while getting his little ass fucked.”

His embarrassment grew with every new outfit — and so did his excitement.



After hours of trying on look after look, they finally returned to Carl’s place, shopping bags in hand.

As Carl opened his closet to put the new clothes away, Lily hugged him tightly from behind.

Then she whispered in his ear:

“Ready to get rid of all these old clothes?”

“G-get rid of them? But... what will I wear to college?”

“I bought you plenty of new things to wear,” she said casually. “Just pick anything from the bags.”

“B-but...”

She bit his ear gently and murmured,
“You’re mine now. I decide how you dress.”

Carl shivered, completely aroused, letting out a soft, involuntary whimper.

Lily let go of him and added,
“Come on, babe. None of your old clothes match your new hair — or that cute lipstick I gave you to cover up the horrible red stain your *ex-girlfriend* tattooed on your lips.”

Carl took a deep breath, looked at her, and said,
“If you think I look better dressed like this...”

She smiled and pulled him into a warm hug, pressing his face to her chest.
“Then let’s donate everything. Let go of the past.”

“Let’s do it,” Carl replied, more confidently this time.

Together, they carried the bags to the donation center.

When they returned, Carl’s closet had been completely transformed.

Not a single trace of the old Carl remained — every shelf, every hanger belonged to someone new.

On Monday — the first day of class after his transformation — Carl’s stomach churned with nerves.

He was wearing a fitted plaid dress with a flared skirt that reached his knees, layered over a form-fitting long-sleeved top. A belt with a round buckle. Sheer black tights covered his legs, while glossy strap shoes completed the look with a delicate and mysterious charm.

On his head, he wore a wool beret, matching the hairstyle Lily had so lovingly prepared that morning: his straight hair was carefully braided to the side, with a soft fringe framing his face. Every detail had been thoughtfully chosen to enhance his new image — cute, refined, and completely surrendered to Lily’s taste.

From behind or at a distance, he could easily be mistaken for a girl.

Carl walked toward the classroom with his head down, heart pounding.

But Lily was right beside him, smiling — and somehow, that made everything feel bearable.

It was the day they had to present their joint project. As they stood in front of the class, he could hear the whispers begin:

“Who’s that?”

“Wait... is that Carl?”

“Holy crap...”

After the presentation, one of the classmates came up to him, scratching the back of his neck.

“Dude... isn’t your girlfriend a hairdresser? Isn’t this going a little too far?”

Carl chuckled and shook his head.

“Ex-girlfriend hairdresser. She had a jealous meltdown and did this to me,” he said, pointing at his made-up face and still-swollen lips.

“Damn, man. I was totally judging you without knowing. My bad.”

The guy actually sounded sincere.

“It’s okay...” Carl replied, taking a deep breath.

“At least now I have Lily. And I know she loves me exactly the way I am.”

At that moment, Lily came up from behind and hugged him around the waist, pulling him gently against her.

“What are you boys talking about, love?” she asked.

Carl gave a shy smile. “They’re saying you went overboard with my new look.”

Lily ruffled his hair playfully.

“Overboard? You just look way too cute in these clothes!”

And even though his face was burning with embarrassment, Carl couldn’t stop smiling. Being under Lily’s control was becoming more and more exciting.

That Night

That night, after class, Lily decided it was time to have some fun — and to introduce Carl to new ways of serving her.

As Carl knelt before her, slowly running his tongue along her cock, Lily ran her fingers gently through his soft hair.

“Baby... your hair is so smooth... so silky,” she purred.

“What do you think about trying something new?”

Still licking her slowly, Carl looked up with adoration in his eyes.



“Something new? Anything you want, Honey. Just say it!”

“Then be a good boy... and give me a hairjob.”

His cheeks flushed as he nodded obediently, wrapping his long strands around her shaft and beginning to stroke her with them.

“L-like this?”



“Mmm... yesss... just like that... so good...”

As Carl continued, his delicate hair gliding along her cock, Lily's pleasure built quickly. Between moans, she leaned closer and whispered:

“You know what would look perfect on my pretty, girly boyfriend?”

“What is it, honey?” he asked breathlessly.

“Super long hair. Way past your waist. Flowing, shiny, and impossible to ignore...” She smiled down at him. “Would you grow it out for me?”

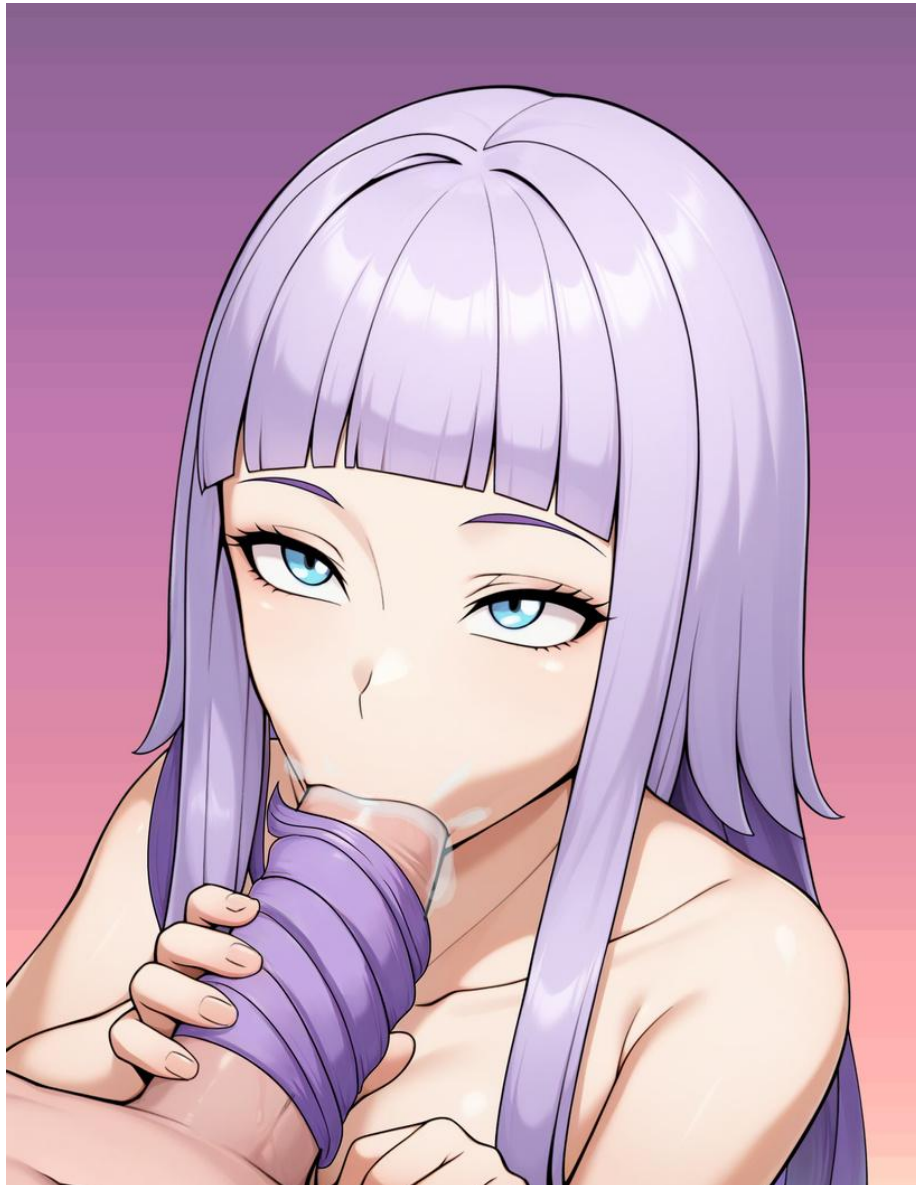
The image hit Carl hard — a vision of himself with impossibly long, feminine hair, even more delicate and beautiful, completely transformed to please her. He was already trembling with excitement as he moaned:

“Y-yes, Lily... I’ll do anything to make you happy...”

“Good bo—”

Before she could finish, Carl dove back in, sucking her cock while stroking it with his hair in rhythm, lost in submission and desire.

Lily was overwhelmed, trembling with ecstasy as she gripped his head and let out a loud, broken moan.



Moments later, she came hard in his mouth, her whole body shuddering. Carl swallowed everything without hesitation, pulling away slowly — his hair now messy, sticky, and covered in cum.

He looked up at her, flushed but smiling.

He'd never imagined his hair could be used like that... but he was glad he had decided to grow it out long ago.

Epilogue

From that night on, their relationship only deepened.

Carl became more submissive, more addicted to serving Lily in every way she desired. And Lily — bold, confident, and endlessly dominant — took full control of their dynamic.

She began to push his limits further, introducing more of her kinks and desires into their shared life.

And Carl?

He loved every second of it.

He wasn't just hers.

He was *becoming* what she wanted — mind, body, and soul.

Extra Chapter – Lily's Toy

Over the years, Carl became more and more submissive and obedient. He dedicated himself completely to fulfilling Lily's every fetish: he drank her cum without hesitation, let her tie him up and use him however she wanted, always ready to give a blowjob or even a hairjob. He was no longer just Lily's boyfriend — he was her little sex toy.

Since Lily had always been obsessed with long hair, Carl let it grow longer and longer. Even when it reached past his waist, it wasn't enough. She would look at him with a hungry smile and say she had plans for his hair — plans he would only understand when the time came.

And that time had finally arrived.

Now Carl's hair reached far past his knees, heavy and thick. It was so long that he could no longer take care of it on his own — Lily had to dry it, brush it, and untangle it every day.

With a predatory grin, Lily gave her command:

— Get on the bed and kneel, baby. Tonight, I'm going to use you without mercy.



Carl obeyed instantly, kneeling naked on the bed, his face already burning red in anticipation.

— You know how much I love your hairjobs, don't you, sweetheart? — Lily asked, her voice trembling with arousal.

— Y-yes, love... — Carl whispered, embarrassed, facing away from her.

— And you know how much I love that tight little asshole of yours, right?

— Ahn... yes... you use it almost every day... — Carl moaned, biting his lip.

Lily pressed her cock against his back, teasing him, and whispered in his ear:

— So, what if we do both things at the same time?

Carl's eyes widened in shock:

— W-wait... what?

Without another word, Lily spread his ass apart and began pushing thick locks of his long purple hair into his ass. Strand after strand disappeared inside him until everything from his ass down to his knees was buried deep in his hole.

Carl gasped, his voice breaking in moans — the sensation was overwhelming, invasive, and intoxicating.

But Lily wasn't satisfied yet. Taking advantage of how stretched he already was, she shoved her entire hand inside, fisting him while stuffing even more hair in.



— Ohhh, fuck... — Carl whimpered, trembling, unable to tell where her hand ended and where the mass of hair began. The double sensation was maddening, and his cock throbbed helplessly, untouched.

When she was done, Lily licked her lips and smirked.



— Are you ready, my sissy darling?

Panting, completely lost in lust, Carl begged:

— F-fuck me, love... use me... fulfill all your fetishes with me... ahhh...

— I won't make you ask twice!

With one brutal thrust, Lily rammed her cock all the way inside his stuffed asshole. Carl screamed, arching his back, his voice high-pitched like a slutty little girl.



Every thrust made the hair inside twist and grind against his walls, the thick cock pounding deeper and deeper, stretching him mercilessly. Lily grabbed his hips and slammed harder, moaning wildly at the sensation of fucking his ass while it was packed with his own hair.

Carl cried out with every thrust, his body shaking, his voice cracked with desperate need.

— M-more... ahhh... harder! Please, fuck me harder!

— You're mine, Carl... my toy, my little cum dump! — Lily growled, hammering into him without restraint.

The room was filled with wet smacks and slutty moans until Lily groaned through clenched teeth:

— Fuck... I'm cumming... I'm going to fill up my sissy slut!

— Please... please, use your sissy... cum inside me... fill me up, love... ahhh! — Carl begged, delirious.

With one last deep thrust, Lily buried herself to the hilt and exploded inside him, pouring thick ropes of hot cum deep into his guts. The sudden flood made Carl climax too, shooting his load untouched, his body spasming helplessly.



When Lily finally pulled out, cum gushed out of Carl's used hole, dripping down over the purple locks now wet and sticky as they slid out of his ass.

Breathless, sweaty, and grinning, Lily collapsed back on the bed, satisfied.

— Ahhh... Carl, that was incredible. I bet you'll never forget what it feels like to be fucked by my cock and by your own hair at the same time.

Barely conscious, drained and overwhelmed, Carl could only whimper weakly, surrendering completely:

— Ahn... ahhh... l-love...



Epilogue – Carl’s Fate



Over time, Carl lost every trace of masculinity he once had. He became completely obedient, submissive, and shaped by Lily's desires.

The only thing that still tied him to the "man" he once was was his pronoun. Lily insisted on keeping it masculine, just so he would constantly be mistaken in public and forced to explain himself — blushing with shame, exactly the way she liked.

His lips never returned to normal after the changes, but Carl got new permanent makeup, this time in the color Lily chose, just to please her.

When he introduced Lily as his girlfriend and his family saw his new look, the shock was inevitable. The son they once knew looked like a completely different person. At first, his parents were alarmed... but eventually, they accepted and learned to respect the style Carl had embraced.

More than that, they grew fond of Lily and welcomed her into the family.

In the end, Carl no longer saw himself as a man. He was nothing but Lily's personal slut, used and molded however she pleased.

And deep down, that was exactly what he had always wanted to be.