

The Wine Experiment (MtF, AP, WG)

Synopsis: A man finds himself pulled into a experiment, and a night he won't soon forget, when he decides to approach a group of drunk, older women. He'll soon know what it means to be a draunt (drunk aunt).

"Young man! Yoo-hoo! Over here!"

You hear the high-pitched shout from across the pub, and you barely dare to glance at the group of women calling you over. A tiny part of you hopes they are trying to get someone else's attention, but considering how empty the bar was this early evening, you know it's a lie. All you want is to grab a pint after work and unwind before heading home, spending another evening gaming or chilling, and not entertain a group of drunk middle-aged women. You try to ignore the woman waving her flabby arm at you, with her friends joining in to get your attention, but you know it won't work. They beckon and call you over, seeing themselves as sirens luring a lone sailor at sea rather than the actual walruses they are. Your friend called them *draunts* - short for drunk aunts - and it is certainly an apt name for the group. Always here, no matter when you decide to grab a drink, and always making a ruckus.

But, for all the noise they make, for all the wine they drink, they are harmless. They mostly stay to themselves in their favorite booth, chatting loudly about everything and nothing with some mild flirting with others at the bar, but tonight seems different. The place is emptier than expected, and they seem more riled up than usual. You also wonder if one of them is away tonight. You usually pay little attention to them, but you thought there were five, not four, of them.

As usual, the barman stays where he is, letting the harpies shout, laugh, and do whatever they want. The burly giant of a bartender doesn't even look up from the glass he's shining, almost as if he's too afraid to draw their attention. You groan, finding it odd that he'd let them be this noisy and rowdy. Isn't he worried they might scare away people?

'God, *they're noisy tonight...*' you think, sipping on your beer as you see one waving at you, her bingo wings jiggling.

"Oh, he's playing hard to get," one shouts with a raucous chuckle. "God, I just wanna eat him up!"

"Such a cutie!" another chimes in. "And trying so hard to ignore us~."

"We know you can hear us, peach," a third says, blowing a kiss in your direction. "Come here! We need to talk!"

Usually, they are easy to ignore. But not tonight. Not lately. The last few weeks have been hard on you. Work's been a mess. All your friends have either moved away, are busy, or are ghosting you. Honestly, you feel like shit. So, as the clowder of catty ladies call out to you, teasing you with their nicknames, you feel something snap. You finish your beer and stand up, glaring in their direction. They all giggle and clap their hands as you approach.

You don't know why you get pulled into their little game. It may be loneliness or just boredom. Maybe even curiosity. In the end, it doesn't matter. You soon find yourself closing in on them, feeling their lust-filled and raunchy stares at you.

'This is a mistake,' you think, already regretting your decision. But, you feel a strange pull, an odd curiosity, to see what the *draunts* want with you.

The stench of cigarettes, wine, and perfume lingers around them. The clatter of bracelets moving and the soft clack of nails hitting the table reach your ears as soon as you approach them. You stare at them and their bosomy valleys, trying hard not to stare at their very exposed and bountiful cleavages.

"Oh, he's even cuter up close," one says, licking her bright red and plump lips.

"So, what do you want?" you ask, feeling their amused and intense stares at you.

"Oh, he doesn't waste any time at all," another says before sipping from her wine glass. "I like it~."

"Please, come here! Take a seat," a third says as she and one of her friends scoot out from their booth and stand up.

"Thank you, but I prefer standing," you say, but they move up on either side of you, hands on your shoulders. You watch their breasts, bellies, and butts bounce as they move, almost threatening to spill out of their cocktail dresses, yoga pants, and strapless tops.

"Oh, but we insist~," she says, the stench of wine and smoke heavy on her pouty lips.

After that, something happens. You don't understand what, but the next thing you know, you are sitting in the furthest part of the corner booth with two hefty ladies on either side. The closest ones sit awkwardly close, their hips and thighs touching your legs. You feel dizzy, with your

lungs filling with the stench of wine and perfume with each breath. They are all shorter than you, but they make up for that in width, and you can't help but feel tiny compared to them.

"Aw, what a peach~," the woman on your right says, her long nails tenderly caressing your cheek. You blush and swat away her hand.

"Where are our manners, ladies? The young man needs something to drink!" the woman on your left says, pushing her wine glass into your hand before signaling the bartender to fetch her a fresh one and another bottle.

"I'm not thirsty," you say, staring at the half-full drink. The woman's gaudy mauve lipstick stains the edges and sides of the glass.

"Nonsense! You can't expect to join our little wine club without having some wine yourself," the woman on your left says, pouring the last few drops from one of the bottles on the table and filling up your glass.

"But I don't want to join your wine club," you say, but it gets brushed aside as they all chat, laugh, and sip some wine themselves.

The bartender approaches the table with a fresh glass and three more bottles of wine. The burly giant of a man smiles at them before placing it all on the table, soon cringing when one of them pinches him on his ass.

"Thanks, Gustav," the pincher says. "You know how to spoil us~."

"No problem..." he says, almost meekly, before leaving.

"Now then," one says, grabbing a bottle and pouring herself a drink. "I don't believe we've introduced ourselves yet."

"We haven't?" another says before bursting into laughter. "Oh my, we might have had too much wine already."

"Nonsense, Marigold!" a third says, winking at her. "There's no such thing as too much wine."

"Ladies, focus! I'm sorry, but we can get distracted during our little soirées. I'm Wendy," she says, clinking her glass against yours. "And this is Marigold, Linda, and Sharon."

Wendy is the slimmest of the group, even if that barely says anything, and she sits to your left. She is undeniably fat, with midnight curls that fall like a dark waterfall from her round head in voluminous and luscious waves. Her bosom dominates her body, and she flaunts it, proud of the sagging yet colossal tits straining her tight dress with the plunging neckline. The numerous and long necklaces around her neck fall into her deep cleavage, threatening to swallow them whole. She, like all her friends, is in their forties, perhaps fifties, and with bodies ravaged by a hedonistic lifestyle. She wears sunglasses, even inside the dank pub, and you can see her

bloodshot eyes when she tilts them down to give you a better look. Wendy rubs her high-heeled boot against your leg, teasing you similarly to Linda but in a far more subtle way.

Sharon, the woman by her side, is taller and fatter than her friend. She is about your height but easily twice your weight, with her belly touching the table and resting heavily on her equally fat lap. Her golden hair rests in an exaggerated beehive on her head, the golden curls an unnatural blonde with a few gray strands showing on the roots near her forehead. Like a cockatiel, she examines herself on any reflective surface near her. The sleeveless top barely contains her curves, and her puffy figure seems eager to escape the constricting confines of her far-too-tight attire. The arm fat jiggles and sways with even the slightest movement, and her beak-like nose only adds to her almost bird-like appearance. The huge teardrop earrings dangle from her ears, caressing her fat cheeks, and you see the fake rubies gleaming in the light.

Marigold, the shortest of the four, stares at you with her massive eyes through her thick cat-eye glasses like a praying mantis. Her huge lips curl into a smile, fighting for room on her chunky head against her plump cheeks and numerous chins. Her shoulder-length cherry-red hair frames her face, with long bangs hanging down and tickling her glasses. She is all belly and thighs, with her floral ruffled-hemmed dress doing little to hide either. The wide leather belt around her waist does little to conceal the size or shape of her wrecking-ball belly. She has this cooky aunt vibe, and her almost unblinking stare creeps you out.

Lastly, Linda, the woman on your right, lets her long-nailed fingers dance across your cheek and shoulders no matter how often you swat them away. She is all butt and hips, and you can only wonder how often she struggles to find a seat big enough for her dump-truck ass. The high-waisted mom jeans stretch over her caboose and chunky legs, leaving little to the imagination. Her loose, off-the-shoulder top hangs over her torso, accentuating and doing what it can to make her surprisingly small bosom look as enticing as possible. Her heels click against the floor, almost as if she's barely able to keep the ravenous sexual beast inside her in check. Linda has at least one ring on every finger, each gaudier and more tacky than the other.

Yet, as different as they look, they share a few similarities. The number of flimsy bracelets, cheap rings, tacky earrings, and neck-plunging necklaces they wear is astonishing. Their perfume surrounds them like a thick fog, hiding the foul stench of alcohol and smoke on their breaths. The outfits they wear are all cheap, and it's something you'd expect to find in a thrift store. High heels, long acrylic nails, and enough makeup to hide the dark bags under their eyes from countless nights out drinking with their friends - it all creates this perfect image of a woman past their prime (or in their prime, if you ask them) and reacting poorly to their mid-life crisis. You see a few grays in their hair, often near their roots, and all trying desperately to cover them up with frequent trips to the salon.

You feel dizzy as you glance at each one, feeling their amused and hungry stares on your comparably younger body. You squirm in your seat, nervously tapping on your wine glass, and feel Linda and Wendy leaning against you, pressing their curvy figures against your body.

"Oh, um, nice to meet you," you say, trying to focus. "I'm-"

"It doesn't matter who you are. The less we know, the better, sweet pea," Wendy says, pinching your cheek.

"Oh, he's so yummy~," Linda coos into your ear, the stench of cigarettes and alcohol heavy on her breath.

"Calm yourself, Linda," Sharon says, examining herself in her pocket mirror, letting her azure gaze rest on her reflection for longer than necessary. "We didn't invite this cutie here so you could just ravish him, you succubus! You'd break the poor boy's pelvis if you tried."

"Please, he doesn't look so fragile," Linda says as you sway away her eager hands. "He seems quite feisty to me, just how I like 'em!"

"I like his eyes~," Marigold says, curling a dark-brown lock in her chubby finger.

"Ladies, calm down," Wendy says, the woman seemingly in charge of this strange and raunchy group of women. "We invited him over here for a reason, remember?"

"Oh, that's right! I almost forgot," Linda says, pulling her hands away from you. She still leans in far too close for comfort, just like Wendy.

You are almost too afraid to ask, but your curiosity gets the better of you. "So, uh, why did you invite me over?"

They all go quiet for a moment, each exchanging looks with the other. You don't like the sparkle in their eyes, the way their fat lips curl into wicked grins as they stare at you with tipsy yet hungry looks on their faces.

"You see, we need your help to settle an argument," Wendy says before sipping more wine.

"Please, this is more than an argument, Wendy," Linda says, glaring at her friend. "We've been doing this long enough to make it a fight."

"Ever since Mary left the group..." Marigold says in her quiet, almost mousy voice.

"Ah, Mary. Why did you have to get married and leave us?" Sharon says, shaking her head. "Why settle down with such a wimp..."

"And did you see the car he has? A minivan! Oh, the horror," Linda shudders, sending her huge backside into a wobbling frenzy.

"Ladies, concentrate," Wendy says, preventing from sidetracking on another tangent. "This has nothing to do with Mary, after all."

"True," Sharon says. "But this strange little argument between you and Linda did start when she left. Ah, Mary. You knew how to steer the group in the right direction..."

"So, what's this argument?" you ask, already regretting opening your mouth again.

"Well, Linda and I have been arguing about Ego and Identity lately and the effects of environment, body, and experiences on it," Wendy says, surprising you. You expected their argument to be something, well, simpler. "If you change one, does it alter the Ego? Would someone be and feel like a new person? Or would they be the same, but with a different outlook on life?"

"That's..." you're unsure what to say. You stare at Wendy and then at Linda, the two locking eyes with each other. The two show no anger or resentment toward each other, just this competitive yet friendly heat. "I didn't..."

"You didn't, what?" Linda says, finding your confusion utterly adorable. "Expect someone like us to discuss something so philosophical? Perhaps you would be more comfortable if you discussed your yummy body over another bottle of wine?"

Their high-pitched cackle echoes far and wide as you blush and swat Linda's hand away.

"Mmm, feisty~," Linda laughs and makes a claw-like gesture with her long-nailed hand while making a cat-like sound.

Wendy ignores everything and continues to talk. "Anyway, Linda claims that the Ego and Identity are a product of our bodies, whereas I stipulate that they are shaped more by our experiences than anything else."

Linda rolls her eyes and leans closer to her friend. "Please, Wendy. We all know I'm right here. Stop embarrassing yourself, sweetie."

"You're embarrassing yourself here, not me, Linda," Wendy says, leaning closer to her.

You find yourself caught in the middle of their spat, with their fat bodies pressing against you as they stare daggers at each other, feeling Wendy's massive tits pushing against your arm and Linda's eager yet equally chubby hands on your shoulder and crotch. You smell the wine on their breath, and the fumes alone are almost enough to make you drunk. All you want to do is get out of here, already regretting your decision to approach the group, and you find yourself sinking into your seat.

"Perhaps you should tell the young man why he is here?" Sharon says as she examines herself in the reflective surface of her wine glass.

"Ah, thank you, Sharon," Wendy says, her and Linda finally leaning back and away from you. "Now that you are here, my scrumptious piece of pie, we can finally end our little argument."

Again, against your better judgment, you find yourself opening your youth mouth. "Um, why's that?"

"Because we can finally test and see which of us is right!" Wendy says, clapping her hands together so hard that it makes her boobs bounce and wobble on her chest. "First, I think we should start small. I suggest we give our friend a new name and see how it affects him."

"Oh, how fun," Marigold says, finally chirping in as she leans in closer, her bug-eyed stare never relenting.

"Very well," Linda says. "Anyone got any good suggestions?"

"What about Maude? I adore that name!" Sharon says before sipping from her glass, leaving another messy lipstick stain.

"Yes, I agree," Linda giggles as you swat away her eager hands. "Such a shame to ruin a hunky young man like yourself, peach. But, this is for science, after all!"

The way she pronounces science makes you wonder if she even finished high school. Yet, something else bothers you. The air around you seems to buzz, almost electric, and you feel lingering dread creeping up your spine. The primal part of your brain seems to sense something your rational one doesn't, and it screams at you to run.

However, before you can figure out why the group of middle-aged hags seem so dangerous, Wendy leans up close with her fat fingers close to your face. She presses her fingers together, careful not to damage or break one of her acrylic nails, and she snaps. Your mind buzzes, and you feel lightheaded. They all laugh as you rub your forehead, amused by your confusion. You feel an intense tingling sensation sweeping over your body, filling your core and causing your heart to race.

"There, that should do it! Tell us," Wendy says, putting a finger on your chin. "What's your name?"

"My name?" you say, surprised they want to know what it was now when they didn't care earlier. "It's Maude."

You blink. Your brain aches as the unfamiliar name appears inside your skull instead of your real one. Yet, it isn't that unfamiliar. It is yours, as sick and crazy as it seems. Your heart sinks as you try to remember your real name, yet nothing but Maude pops up in your mind.

"It's not Maude, it's Maude! No, I didn't- Shit, I'm Mau- No! I'm Maude," you say, trying desperately to utter your real name. It is on the tip of your tongue, yet you can't fully remember it. "What..."

Again, the group erupts into vigorous laughter, with their bellies, bosoms, and chins all bouncing from their hearty chuckles.

"Oh, he's just too adorable," Linda says, her nails caressing your scalp tenderly and lovingly.

"Look how hard he tries!" Sharon says, swirling the wine in her glass.

"Ladies, now for the real question," Wendy says, grabbing your attention by snapping her fingers again. "How do you feel? Do you feel like yourself? Do you feel like a different person? Tell us."

Suddenly, something feels off again. You know you should be panicking at the sudden change of your name, but you aren't. You still want to run, but the urge isn't as intense anymore. It is there, bubbling underneath the surface, but you feel surprisingly calm and collected as you ponder Wendy's question.

Maude. The name permeates your entire being, affecting not only your mind but also your memories and past. New memories form inside your skull, ones where you get bullied in school for having such a girly name. You feel upset at your parents for giving you such an old lady's name, even though you know it's untrue. They overlap your old memories, not erasing them but pushing them deeper down in your mind, making them fuzzy and hazy. It makes you scared. What if this gets worse? What if you can't remember your old self?

But, as strange as it all was, and despite the new name, you still feel like yourself. You barely realize you've been talking the entire time, describing your thoughts and feelings to the group as they listen intently. It makes your heart race and your cheeks warm with shame, only now realizing that you've explained in great detail how Bill bullied you in third grade for your name.

"Interesting! It seems like it's affected his memories but not how he thinks or feels. In a sense, he is still himself," Wendy says before sipping her wine. She flashes a teasing grin at Linda. "It seems I'm right so far."

"Oh, don't get so cocky, sweetie!" Linda says with a pout. "We've only gotten started."

You want to point out that you want nothing to do with this, that all you want to do is leave and get out of this crazy mess, but you have a feeling you don't have any say in this.

Linda runs her fingers through your hair, nails teasing your scalp and giving you surprisingly pleasant goosebumps, before pulling you in close. She grins and pushes a hand into her cleavage before pulling out a cigarette, one drenched in her perfume and, undoubtedly, sweat. You can only guess how long it's been there or how many more she has stuffed inside her bosom. Linda pushes it into your mouth, causing you to taste her perfume on it. She pulls up another and puts it in her mouth before conjuring up a lighter, the flame soon licking the tip of your cigarette.

"We can't smoke in here," you say without thinking or fighting against what is happening. The group erupts in laughter again.

"Oh, don't worry about that," Sharon says. "Gustav, honey? It's fine for us to smoke in here, yeah?"

Gustav nods, fear in his eyes. The few patrons inside the pub give him and the group an odd glance, unsure why he allows them to break more than a few health safety laws.

"Don't be such a prude, and stop pouting, peach," Linda says as the smoke fills your mouth and lungs. You suck on the disgusting stick, feeling the nicotine rushing through your veins, and you hate how good it feels. Linda takes a deep drag of her cig, blowing the smoke in your face. "Now tell us, Maude. Is there anything better than having a smoke after a fun night? Doesn't it feel just right to suck on one with those lovely lips of yours?"

Once again, you feel surprisingly calm. The disgusting smoke fills your lungs as you suck on it, and you hate how good it feels. Soon, the memory of having your first cigarette in high school appears, even though you know you've never smoked in your life before today. You remember standing behind the gym, sucking on a cancer stick with some friends while enjoying the nicotine rush. In the memory, they call you Maude, just like in all the other fake ones that form in your head. The cigarette feels more at home between your lips, and you inhale with strange joy, slowly beginning to love the smoke.

Of course, you are speaking your mind as all this happens. You can't stop telling the group everything you feel and think. You mumble between puffs of smoke, with Linda still caressing your hair with her long nails and smoking close to you, and describe how you feel. As you do, your lips begin to feel funny. You stop and touch them, feeling how soft and pouty they are. The women chuckle and laugh as you poke your growing lips, and you see a splotch of purple on your finger after touching them. Lipstick, without a doubt. Your lips explode in size, soon dominating your face, and the cigarette feels tiny between the massive things.

The changes stop when the cigarette is almost gone, and Linda pulls the sad cigarette butt from your mouth and presses it into a nearby ashtray. You are still in awe, touching your lips and struggling with the memories that form around them.

"So, how do you feel, peach?" Linda says, blowing the last smoke from her cigarette into your face. Your nose itches, and you hate how good it smells. "Still feel like yourself?"

"I mean, yeah," you say, your lips smacking with every syllable. It is hard to talk with them, and you can't help but wonder if your voice also sounds different. It is gravelly yet softer, almost as if the smoke did a number on your vocal cords. "I think so..."

"See? He'll still be himself, no matter how much we change him," Wendy says. "It seems I was right."

"It's too early to tell, sweetie," Linda scoffs and sips from her glass. "The night is still young, and our handsome guinea pig still has a long way to go."

A million questions swirl through your head. How is this possible? Is this a dream? If not, then is this permanent? Why is none of the guests reacting to this? It looks like Gustav is the only one who notices your changes or what is happening to you, or so it seems and feels to you. Your eyes meet with the burly bartender's, and you can see the sympathetic look in his eyes. The

same glance he'd reserve for a lamb on its way to the slaughter. Your heart sinks, and your fingers itch for another cigarette to calm your nerves.

"Um, is this-" you say but get interrupted by Wendy again.

"Perhaps we should try something else," she says, refilling your glass. "Something more drastic~."

Her words fill you with dread, but not as much as you expected. You haven't noticed it until now, but you've been drinking more wine than you realize. The alcohol numbs your thoughts, suppressing the panic and fear that otherwise threatens to overwhelm you. Against your better judgment, you drink more wine, finding the feeling of your fat lips against the glass far more natural than you like. You spot the giant purple lipstick stain you leave behind with every sip.

Suddenly, you hear another snap, and you look over at Wendy. You expect her to say something, but she doesn't. Instead, the only sound at the table is the sickening crunches and intense cracks from your body, aside from their amused giggles. There is no pain, just sheer and pure discomfort. You squirm and gasp, almost dropping your wine glass. Wendy snatches it before you do, placing it on the table.

"Oh, look at him," Linda says, pressing her body against yours as it shrinks with each loud pop and crack. Her hand is on your lap, gently caressing it and the bulge between your legs. "I don't think he's having much fun."

"Oh, pish posh! Don't be silly," Wendy says, running a nail across your cheek as it pops and cracks. "I'm sure he's enjoying it more than he lets on."

You don't know yourself. The feeling of your body shrinking isn't enjoyable, but there is a slight yet delightful buzz in the back of your mind that you can't ignore. Another crack makes you gasp, and you feel yourself sinking into your clothes. They hang over your body as you lose inch after inch, not only in height but also in width. You feel yourself shrinking to a much less intimidating size, and new memories form around it. You remember Bill again, and you soon remember him teasing you for your short, almost effeminate size. You know it isn't true, no matter how vivid and natural it feels. You tell them all this between the groans, gasps, and grunts that slip from your plump lips.

Again, it is over quicker than you can react, and you sit there, sweating and panting from the intense ordeal. You stare down at your hands, noticing how small they look, and you see how your clothes hang from your body. They don't fit anymore, and you even notice your ill-fitting shoes dangling precariously from your smaller feet. You are five feet tall, almost a foot shorter than earlier. You are about as tall as Linda and Wendy, but their sheer width and plump size make you feel so small. They look so intimidating as they press up against you, with Wendy's tits pressing against your arm and Linda's eager hands exploring your body. Even worse, you feel how much of your muscles are gone. Your frame is smaller, thinner, and weaker, leaving you with an almost androgynous figure. The clothes hang from your body, looking baggy and oversized.

"Aww, look at him~," Linda coos, her lips only inches from your cheek. She plants a kiss on it, staining it with her lipstick. "Such a scared little mouse."

"Oh, don't worry, we won't eat you up," Wendy teases, running her nail across your cheek before kissing it. They lean back, your cheeks now stained with their lipstick. "Now, how do you feel? Do you feel like a new person?"

"No," you say instinctively and without thinking. It is true. You don't feel like a new person despite everything happening to you. It is all weird, and you don't recognize your body, but it doesn't feel like you're a new person. You are still you, albeit shorter and with huge lips. "I still feel like myself..."

"See! I told you, Linda!" Wendy says, causing Linda to roll her eyes.

"And I told you, this isn't over. There's too much of Maude's old self left."

"Um, do I-" you try to speak, but they interrupt and talk over you.

"Please, stop being such a sore loser, Linda. But, if you want to humiliate yourself by continuing, by all means!" Wendy swirls the wine around in her glass, a mocking smile on her lips.

"Mind if I try something?" Sharon says, taking a moment from admiring herself in her pocket mirror.

"Of course, sweetie," Linda says, gesturing at you.

"This should be interesting," Wendy says, watching with the others as Sharon leans forward.

"Oh, it's been a while since I did this," Sharon says, her hefty frame pushing against the table as she tries to get her hand as close to you as possible. Then, she snaps her fat fingers, causing her numerous bracelets to clink and rustle around her wrists.

Again, you feel it. The supernatural tingling sensation sweeps through your body each time the women defy the laws of physics and reality to change your body and life. You feel it spreading to your head, and it doesn't take long before it begins to itch. Even your hands ache, causing you to squirm in your seat as you clench and unclench your fists.

Soon, you feel your nails digging into your skin as you hold them into fists. You unfurl your fingers, staring in awe and horror as your fingernails grow and lengthen. The nails push out, extending over an inch long each, and gain a feminine, rounded shape when they stop. You see the sparkly purple nail polish sweep over them, undoubtedly matching your lips. Even if you can't see it, you feel the same thing happening to your toenails, leaving them pampered and painted in the same gaudy color. Memories of attending the nail salon, chatting mindlessly with

the stylist as she works on your claws, fill your head. Linda grabs one hand and Wendy the other, and you see how similar your nails look to theirs.

You only get to 'admire' your new nails briefly before the changes continue, causing your short hair to fall from your head in long, luscious curls. The strands thicken and grow, gaining an insane amount of volume as the hair tickles your cheek and cascades beyond your shoulders. Then, to your surprise, you feel invisible hands pulling your hair upward. New memories form in your mind as your mane gets pampered by ethereal combs, hair sprays, and scissors, styling it into something hopelessly womanly and exaggerated. You remember sitting in the salon chair with the other girls, chatting and gossiping with them as the stylist dyes and styles your hair. Yet, as crazy and confusing as these new memories are, you can't help but feel the happiness associated with them. The joyous feelings are as false as the memories, but that doesn't make them less intense or real. You even smile against your will, your heart racing, as the most recent memory of sitting with these women at the salon pops up in your head.

The hair shifts and changes on your head, slowly getting styled into a similar yet even more exaggerated beehive like Sharon's. It is a voluminous mess, kept aloft with several cans worth of hair spray. Streaks of purple appear in your mane, hiding the former color in the flashy plum-colored hue. It sits elaborately on your head, feeling right at home and matching your nails and lips. You move your long-nailed fingers up, gently touching the soft, fluffy curls. The beehive is almost the same size as your head, adding several inches to your height.

"Oh, what a surprise that Sharon gives someone a beehive," Linda says with an amused laugh, her fingers poking and touching your hair.

"What can I say? I'm a woman of simple tastes," she says, her fat lips curled into a smile.

"I think it suits him," Wendy says, caressing your cheek. "A bit too flashy for my taste, but it looks good on him."

"This is- No, I can't," you mumble, still in shock as your body gets twisted against your wishes.

What is worse is the new memories flowing into your mind, tainting it with strange new urges and compulsions. Even now, you feel an almost sickly amount of joy at the thought of going to the hairstylist or getting a mani-pedi. As always, you speak your mind, telling them all this as your lips smack together with every word. They all laugh, amused at how confused you seem.

"Oh, don't worry, peach. We'll take you to the stylist tomorrow, our treat!" Linda says, and you hate how excited it makes you feel. "And I think he's starting to lose himself."

"No, I bet he's still himself," Wendy says, a finger on your chin. "Isn't that right?"

Again, you answer them truthfully, unable to stop yourself. You do still feel like yourself, your mind your own, despite the new urges, compulsions, and sensations ravaging your delirious mind and aching body. Wendy lets out another triumphant and mocking laugh.

"It's safe to say that I'm right! How about we put an end to this little experiment?"

Linda huffs, unwilling to give up. "No, not yet."

"My god, darling. You don't know when to give up!" Wendy says, shaking her head.

"I'm not giving up when I know I'm right."

Linda's hand moves from your head down your cheek and trails down your torso. You feel so small next to her, unable to push away the fat hand exploring your thinner and weaker figure. She smiles, amused by your flustered look and how you bite your fat lower lip. Eventually, her hand stops at your crotch, feeling the bulge throbbing and twitching between your legs. You only now notice how hard it is, your body flustered and aroused by the changes. Linda grins, gently rubbing the pulsating cock through the fabric of your baggy pants.

"You're loving this, aren't you?" Linda says, lips only an inch from your ear. Her breath reeks of smoke and wine, and the same stench lingers on your lips.

You remain silent, trying not to moan as she rubs the shaft. You can only curl your toes and hands in frustration, trying not to ruin your nails without noticing it. Then, little by little, you feel the familiar tingling sensation spread through your loins, causing your dick and balls to ache.

"No," you mutter, the words leaving your lips in an airy gasp as you feel your balls receding into your body and your cock beginning to shrink.

"Oh yes, peach. We're doing this~," Linda says, her husky tone filling your head with unspoken promises of a good time. "As much as it pains me to remove it before having some fun first, I need to win this little argument with Wendy. Now, try to enjoy it~."

Oh, you are undoubtedly enjoying it, much to your shame. The pleasure you feel as your manhood shrivels and shrinks between your legs and your body pops, snaps, and aches is indescribable. You feel your bones shifting and changing, forcing your body to take on a more feminine shape and form. The sound of your pelvis cracking as it widens makes your heart race, and the air in your lungs gets knocked out as your ribcage pulls inward. Yet, as intense as it is, you feel yourself changing far less than you first thought. With each passing moment, your body is becoming more womanly, but you still look like yourself, almost like the daughter your mother never had. The pained grunts and gasps soften as your voice rises, becoming girlier with each loud crack from your body. You feel your face shifting, taking on a cuter, softer, and fairer look, yet still retaining the features that make you, well, you. What remains of your cock twitches and fades away, leaving only room for something far more womanly between your legs. Linda presses her hand against your pussy, causing you to squeeze your thighs together to stop her. Her amused laugh rings in your ears.

However, what shocks you the most isn't what happens to your body but to your mind. You feel new memories creeping in, overlapping and overshadowing your old ones. The memory of growing up as a boy gets hazy, and you have more vivid memories of using the girl's

locker room in school than the boy's. Yet, everything else remains the same, and these new memories mesh and mix with your existing ones, both fake and real, with remarkable ease. Soon, you are the cute girl with weird hair and massive lips smoking behind the gym, not some odd-looking guy. The memory of your first kiss shifts slightly, still with a girl but this time with Sophie, the bi-curious girl from your high school class.

As always, you tell them all this. The words leave your fat lips as you squirm in your seat, the clothes fitting you less and less well with each awkward moment. They all listen and drink, asking questions about how you feel. Yet, as much as you change, you still feel like yourself. Even if your body feels strange and alien, even if the lack of a cock feels terrifying, you can't deny that you are still you. Despite the small breasts forming on your chest underneath your baggy clothes or how your face twists and changes into something more feminine, there isn't some new persona or 'inner girl' that takes over. You are you, even if your name is now Maude.

However, Linda is okay with your answer. Even Wendy doesn't seem to care too much about it. The more wine they have, the less and less they care about the experiment. They still remember it, but their focus shifts from testing out a half-drunk and ill-conceived theory to having fun with their hunky man. However, at this point, you're a more cute girl than anything else, and the fact sends shivers through your spine and down your loins, causing your feminine snatch to itch and tingle.

"Aww, look at her," Linda says, her nails caressing your soft cheek. Every inch of your body feels so soft and tender, far more so than before. "What a cutie~."

"Now, don't be greedy and hog her for yourself, Linda," Wendy says, approaching you from the other side. She presses a hand against your chest, touching your small but surprisingly sensitive bosom.

"It seems Wendy is still right," Marigold says, momentarily pulling their attention away from you.

"Oh, right!" Wendy says before flashing a mocking smile at Linda.

Linda rolls her eyes before emptying her glass. "Don't be such a bitch about it, Wendy."

"This is... I'm- Oh..." you mutter with a voice you don't recognize. Or, at least, you shouldn't. It is yours, albeit soft, feminine, high-pitched, and far too girly.

"Such a cutie~," Wendy says as she and Linda lean in, planting another sloppy kiss on your cheeks. "Since Linda doesn't want to admit she's wrong, does anyone have anything else they want to test?"

"I have an idea," Marigold says, surprising you a bit.

"Ah, by all means," Wendy says. "I'm sure Linda needs all the help she can get."

Linda glares at her while Marigold leans forward, her short, rotund figure wobbling with even the slightest movement. You watch as she raises her hand at you and then snaps, sending yet another intense tingling sensation through your body.

Nothing happens at first, much to your relief, but it doesn't take long before that changes. You watch as the world goes blurry around you, filling you with panic as the room and women around you become nothing more than blurry splotches. Then, it all becomes clear as something lands on your face, resting gently on your nose. You pull off your new glasses, squinting to examine the thick, gold-rimmed things. They are tacky, and the rims aren't even real gold. They look about as cheap as the rest of the women's outfits and accessories and look like something you might find in a thrift store. You have to wear them to see a damn thing with your now poor eyesight, and you feel your brain tingling as new memories form in your head.

However, it doesn't end there. You stare through the thick glasses at your fingers as you watch rings appear out of nowhere, each bigger and more flashy than the last. Fake gold, each encrusted with even faker diamonds, rubies, and other gemstones that sparkle in the light, and you feel a strange sense of joy as you examine each one. You gasp as you feel a sting in your ears as a pair of massive hoop earrings dangle from them, brushing against your cheek and neck as you move your head. A few smaller studs appear in your ears, all gold and all as shiny as possible, that pair nicely with them. You feel necklaces appear around your neck, too many to count, and you can only guess they are as sparkly as everything else. Bracelets form around your wrists, and you even feel a pair of toe rings appear on your feet.

Then, as always, comes the onslaught of new memories. They pour in, washing over your mind and overlapping your real ones to create more than a little mess in your head. This time, they come with new urges, and you find it hard to resist them. You stare at your rings, soon remembering buying each one and the joy you felt as you put them on. Something clicks in your mind as you develop a fondness and obsession for anything shiny. Like a magpie or some ravenous she-dragon, you find yourself drawn to anything that sparkles, seeking it out with an almost manic pull. The urge to flaunt your 'riches' fills your head, and it doesn't matter whether it is fake or not. As long as it shines, then you feel happy. A soft smile spreads across your fat lips as you stare at your fingers, almost imagining how you'd look with even more jewelry or rings.

As this happens, you talk and tell them how you feel. The women all drink and listen, giggling as you tell them how good it feels to have thick rings, earrings, necklaces, and numerous bracelets weighing down your body. You sip some wine, finding that it tastes better the more you change, and you also tell them that. Yet, as always, you still feel like yourself. You are still in there, even though the memories, urges, and sensations all make you look, think, and feel different. It doesn't get any better when Wendy and the others all examine your jewelry and shower you with praise.

"Oh, look at this ring, Sharon!" Wendy says, grabbing your hand and showing the group the ring. You blush, hating how good it feels.

"Forget about the rings, sweetie. Look at the earrings. Oh, I'd love to have a pair myself~," Linda says with a husky whisper into your ear, tenderly caressing the earrings.

"You outdid yourself here, Marigold," Wendy says as she fishes a necklace up underneath your baggy clothes, showing off the fake gold-and-pearl jewelry to the group. "Look at this~."

You hate how good it feels. The more the women praise you, the more attention you get, and the more they point out how flashy and shiny your jewelry is, the better you feel. You feel addicted to it, and you blush as memories form inside your brain, all hinting at an almost desperate need for people to notice you. The last thing you want is for people to see you like this, but for some sick reason, you can't help but feel excited at the thought of showing off your new accessories and how they accentuate your looks. All that sparkles and glitters fills your mind, spreading through your brain and infecting it with a gold lust that would put a dragon's greed to shame.

The experiment is getting out of hand. Wendy and Linda barely remember it as the wine flows, and their friends are getting swept up in it, with them all cooing and teasing you mercilessly. It's getting hard to concentrate, especially with them constantly refilling your glass and filling your head with their enticing lies. The new memories overlapping and almost overshadowing your old ones isn't helping either. You find yourself almost giggling along with the women, finding the situation less horrifying and more amusing instead. After all, they can't seriously decide to keep you like this. Right? So, why not enjoy yourself a little? The wine and memories are to blame, and you feel yourself slipping.

"But look at her, girls," Wendy says, holding up your skinny arm. "Have you seen someone so thin before?"

"Oh, that's just sad," Sharon says, shaking her head.

"And look at her breasts! They're practically not even there!" Linda says, pressing a hand against your baggy hoodie and cupping one of your tiny mounds. It sends tingles down your spine to your loins, causing you to blush and squirm.

"Poor girl," Marigold shakes her head, still staring at you with her bug-eyed gaze.

"We can't leave her like this, can we?" Wendy says and smiles spread across their faces. She moves in closer, her fat breasts pressing against your body.

"Oh, certainly not, sweetie," Linda says as she moves in from the other side, her hips and belly pushing against you.

You want to protest, yet deep down, there is some perverted part of your brain that wants to let it happen. The same little voice who whispers lies about how good you look with more glittery accessories on you tells you to lean back and relax. It's not permanent. Right? So, why not see where it goes?

The rest of the clientele in the pub don't see what happens in the corner booth, but they can certainly hear the cackling laughter echo through the bar. Only Gustav can see it, and he shakes his head as he grabs a few empty wine bottles and places a few fresh ones on the table. He gives you another sympathetic look, but you don't notice it. You are too focused on the women as they all reach out with their fingers curled, all ready to snap. Then, they snap their fingers together, and you feel your body tingling again.

It doesn't take long before you hear your belly gurgling and feel the pounds appearing out of nowhere on your body. Every inch of your petite and girly figure begins to expand, and you feel yourself filling out your old clothes. It feels surprisingly good now that you're relaxing and you begin to enjoy it, much to your shame. A soft moan slips from your lips as your belly lurches forward, taking a grand leap outward. It swells, growing with soft padding filling your hoodie and soon stretching it. You feel Linda's hand on it, gently pressing and squeezing it as it inflates with more and more padding. It quickly goes from flat to chubby to bloated, soon pushing out over your waist. The rest of your body follows suit, causing your petite and girly body to blossom and bloom into something full-figured and womanly.

It isn't just your belly that grows. You look down at your hands and watch them swell with fat, each finger inflating like tiny balloons. The rings grow to fit your fatter digits, each hugging the sausage-like fingers tightly. The fattening spreads to your wrists, causing your dangly gold bracelets to tighten around your chubbier limbs. You can't see it, but the rest of your arms swell inside your baggy hoodie, becoming softer, plumper, and fatter within moments. You feel bingo wings forming, with flabby folds that dangle and jiggle with even the slightest movement. Something similar happens to your legs, as your toe rings tighten around your fatter toes and your ankles, feet, and lower legs all plump up.

Soft pops and gentle snaps soon fill the booth, and you hear it from your hips. You squirm and wiggle your pelvis, and you feel your girly haunches widening rapidly with each intense crack. Your pants stretch, almost tearing from the sheer growth, and you feel yourself filling out and outgrowing your old clothes. Your hoodie pulls up to reveal your plump gut, and it feels tight over your chest as your breasts inflate. Your thighs thicken, erasing the gap between your legs and putting pressure on your increasingly fatter pussy along with your belly.

"Oh, you're looking so sexy, hun!" Wendy says, rubbing your breasts, and you blush at how good it feels to hear it.

"Like a *real* woman and not like some skinny girl," Linda coos, her hand squeezing your belly lovingly.

They all fill your head with their praise, causing you to feel even more confused. Your brain is a hot, bubbling mess of strange new urges, hormones, and contradicting memories that make you feel lightheaded. But the wine helps, and each sip dulls your senses and makes accepting what is happening to you easier. You giggle and smile as the girls touch your body as it grows heavier with each passing moment.

Each woman added their touch to your body. Marigold focuses on your belly, making it so round and bloated that it ends up bigger than hers, an impossibly massive gut that your hoodie can't hide. Sharon stares at your face as you fatten up, watching as your face plumps up and develops a sizable double chin that she adores. Wendy's obsession with her breasts rubs off on you, causing your bosom not only to match hers but outgrow it, leaving you with back-breaking breasts bigger than hers. Linda's lust for curves causes your hips, thighs, and backside all to bloom to ridiculous proportions, tearing your clothes. You end up with wider hips than her, and your booty puts her dumpster-sized ass to shame.

When it is over, you feel like a new woman. Every inch of your body aches and hurts in a good way. You feel like a living marshmallow, where every inch is padded and soft. Your partially torn clothes stretch across your corpulent figure, leaving little to the imagination. Each piece of jewelry hugs your fat limbs tightly, feeling more at home on your body than ever. You're panting and feel lightheaded, now rubbing your chubby hand against your equally obese face. Again, you tell them all of this, unable not to voice your thoughts as you change. The others cackle and laugh, loving what they see and hear. They no longer care about the experiment, having forgotten it a few bottles of wine ago.

"Oh, you look so lovely, Maude," Wendy says, cupping your sagging bosom.

"Oh yes, you look like a real woman now," Linda says, reaching down to squeeze your dump-truck butt.

"She looks a bit like Mary, don't you think?" Marigold says, causing Sharon to nod along.

"Yes, she does! Although, I think I prefer Maude over that traitor," Linda says, her gaze wandering over your torn outfit. "Hey, why don't we let her join the group?"

"Oh, what a splendid idea!" Wendy says. "You'd like that, don't you?"

You're too confused and lightheaded to think. All you do is nod, rub your jiggling cheek, and adjust the glasses on your chubby nose. They all laugh and refill your glass, causing you to drink even more. You feel surprisingly sexy despite your weight, partially due to your urge for people to notice you.

However, as confused as you are, you feel Wendy grabbing your fat hand in her equally chubby one, holding it gently. She rubs your fingers, making them tingle, and whispers into your ear.

"Now, imagine yourself as one of us, and then snap your fingers," she says as you find yourself putting your fingers together to snap.

"You can do it, peach~," Linda says, the stench of wine and nicotine filling your nostrils. God, you want a smoke right now.

So, without thinking, you do what they say. It all feels too good to resist, and you can't help but imagine yourself as one of them. The image burns into your mind, fueled by the magic pulsating through your veins. You imagine yourself with new clothes and older, looking just like them. Hell, you feel like them, too, and you only need a slight push in the right direction to make you look like the drunk aunts. You snap your fingers, which is challenging with your long fingernails. The moment you do, you feel an intense surge rushing through your body, this time coming from inside you. You gasp as you begin to change, with your clothes changing around you and the years pouring into your still-young body. You have no idea how it is possible, but you almost eagerly accept it as curiosity gets the better of you.

Thankfully, it begins with your clothes. The half-torn, ill-fitting outfit shifts and changes around you, slowly adjusting to your opulent figure. You feel your pants stretching around your chunky thighs and over your wide caboose, covering your lower body. It becomes skin-tight and form-fitting, leaving very little to the imagination. They become high-waisted, pulling over your bloated gut in a poor attempt to hide its immense size and shape. It only makes it look bigger. You feel your underwear shifting into a thong, with the flimsy piece of string getting swallowed by your giant butt cheeks and feeling the fabric hugging your equally fat sex tightly. Both take on a vibrant purple hue, matching your nails and lips.

You can't see what's happening to your feet thanks to the sheer size and shape of your breasts and belly, but you can feel it. Your socks disappear, and your shoes shift over your fat feet, becoming a pair of open-toed heels that show off your pedicure and glittering toe rings. You wiggle your toes with excitement, ashamed at how good it feels.

Soon, the changes sweep up your body and over your shirt and hoodie, causing both to meld and fuse. They crawl across your fat bosom and even bigger gut, wrapping both in a skin-tight sleeveless v-neck top that does little to hide your fat tits or your flabby arms. The necklaces around your fat neck hang far into your cleavage, daring anyone to look at the gleaming accessories and risk getting pulled into the vast valley on your chest. The color shifts into a golden hue, glittering as much as the rest of your jewelry, and looks tacky and cheap. After that, a bra forms on your chest, giving your back-breaking breasts the support they need.

You barely get any time to admire your new outfit before the second part of the transformation sweeps over you, causing your body to ache. You feel the years pouring into your figure. Each breath ages you another few years, rapidly pushing you towards the same age as the rest of the middle-aged women at the table. You are becoming like them, and you blush at how excited it makes you feel. Wendy and the others all fill your head with encouraging words as you cup your increasingly sagging breasts, making it even harder to resist.

It doesn't take long before laugh lines, crow's feet, and other minor imperfections sweep over your body as you push toward your fifties. You feel how the youthful perkiness in your curves disappears (what little there was anyway), and your body almost swells even more as your metabolism slows down. Gravity sinks its claws into your body, dragging your curves down and making your flabby figure shake, jiggle, and wobble even more. You almost feel how a few streaks of gray run through your beehive, starting at the scalp near your forehead and running up, adding some white to your vibrant purple mane. As you age, you feel your throat tingling, and you can hear how your voice becomes thicker, huskier, and more gravelly. The years of smoking have taken its toll on it, leaving you with a voice that matches the rest of your body.

Yet, none of this can compare to what happens in your head. New memories formed during the earlier changes, so you aren't entirely unprepared for it this time. After all, you are expecting it. However, nothing could prepare you for almost three decades of memories pumping into your brain, practically overloading it with new hobbies, urges, and feelings. Your eyes roll into your skull as the memories pour in, causing you to gasp. It is all too much, pouring in faster than you can process them. The hazy memories of two failed marriages, five poor attempts at a career, and far too many bland orgasms than you can count flood your brain. Your vision flickers as years of partying with the girls surge through your mind, with trips to the hairstylist, nail salon, and all the other hot spots where you and your friends spend your days.

It is over far quicker than you can react, leaving you gasping for breath. Wendy and the others laugh, all four overjoyed to see the formerly young man as little more than another *draunt* ready for a fun night. You realize you've been talking during all of this, explaining to them how you feel.

"Look at her, girls. Ain't she a beauty?" Wendy pushes a glass of wine into your hand, and you drink it all to calm your nerves. God, it feels good.

"Oh yes, I'm sure she'll fit right in. Need another smoke?"

Linda pulls up another pair of cigarettes from her bosom, and you grab them both, putting both between your flabby lips. You light them up and inhale, causing both to almost turn to ash within seconds as the smoke fills your lungs. You exhale, blowing out a cloud over the table like the middle-aged dragon you are. Again, the nicotine and alcohol dull your senses and fill your corpulent frame with bliss. Doubt, fear, and worries fade as you give into your hedonism, and you hate how good it feels. The cigarettes only last for a few more puffs, and you press the butts into the ashtray, feeling better than ever.

"So, Maude. How do you feel?" Sharon says as they all lean in closer to you.

"Honey, I feel amazing," you say in your gravelly voice, surprising yourself.

You feel fantastic, much to your shame and confusion. You still feel like yourself, though, despite everything. Yet, a far more womanly version of yourself, one who knows how to have fun and let loose, just like the rest of your gal pals. You know you should be terrified of losing your gender

and youth, but you don't care. All you can focus on is the moment and the joy of letting loose. God, you're getting horny just thinking about it.

"Of course she does. Look at her! Who needs Mary when we have Maude instead?" Wendy leans up against you, her bosom pressing against yours. You realize you're almost as big as her, a realization that sends tingles of joy down your spine.

"It feels like we're forgetting something, though," Marigold says, adjusting her glasses. "Didn't we have a reason for doing this?"

"Oh, who cares?" Linda says, with all of them having forgotten about the argument that made them transform you.

"Exactly. Let's help our new friend get acquainted with her new body," Wendy says. "Perhaps with some wine tonight and a trip to the salon tomorrow?"

"I think I have a better idea~."

Linda's sensual voice oozes with need, and you all glance over at where she's pointing. You watch a group of men in their early twenties walk into the bar, the sight of which sends tingles through your immense womanly frame. There isn't a single doubt in your mind about your sexuality. All you can think about is taking one of them home and seeing if they can handle a woman like yourself. It makes your loins itch, your experienced and mature mind buzzing as the memories of sleeping with more men than you can count.

"Would you look at that?" Linda says, licking her lips. "Mama likes~."

"Oh my~. I think I know what I'd like to do tonight."

"Don't you mean who you'd like to do?" Wendy says, adjusting her outfit to ensure as much of her bosom was showing.

"Mmm~," Even Marigold seems entranced by the young men, her intense gaze locking eyes with a young blonde in the group.

"What do you say, girls? How about we get Maude here a taste of the good life?"

You barely listen. All you can do is rub your breasts and lick your lips as you stare at one of the young men, your drunk mind buzzing with need. Your loins itch, your heart races, and your body aches at the thought of wrapping your fat legs around him, feeling his youthful virility inside you. What little of your self-control you have is barely keeping you in your seat, but that soon changes as Wendy and the others get out of the booth, pulling you along with them.

"Come on, Maude. Let's see which one of the lucky fellows you should take home tonight~."

You know you should resist. You know you shouldn't give in so easily. But it feels so fucking good. Every inch of your body shakes and jiggles in ways you can't describe, and you love it.

The way your clothes hug your curves, the way your dump-truck ass bounces with each step, how your hips sway as you sashay across the room on your heels, how your tacky jewelry and flabby limbs shake from even the slightest movement - it's too much to handle. You feel like the she-beast you are, ready to sink your claws into one of the men and never let go until he makes you scream his name in the throes of passion.

A tiny part of you wonders if this is permanent or if you'll return to normal when morning comes. But, honestly, you don't care about any of that right now. All you can focus on is the young men over at the bar, and you smile as you imagine taking one of them home to your lair and seeing if they are worthy of laying with this dragon.