

# Glam It Up: Win Me Over

By: Firingwall

“HmMMM? What’s with the look? Captivated by moi?”

John nodded his head, blushing as he looked upon the sight that lied before him. It was a woman, absolutely gorgeous and stunning to boot, standing out in the hall of his apartment complex near a cracked window. She was a stunner from top to bottom, no matter how much he looked at it, dressed in a long, ankle-length golden dress. She wore expressive jewelry and had curly, flowing locks like Betty Brosmer.

The woman’s voice was dreamy and lovely, if a bit arrogant-sounding in tone. She was also smoking an odd cigar that appeared to have this sparkling coat to it, the woman puffing and blowing smoke out through the window. Despite it all, John couldn’t help but be drawn in by her vintage looks and alluring aura.

He nodded and stepped forward from his apartment door, brushing his brown hair as much as he could. “Y-yeah,” he admitted as he approached, “You’re... you’re really beautiful.”

The woman smiled and cooed, “Well, that’s rather sweet of you. However, before you ask, I am currently not seeing anyone, nor I am not particularly interested in you.”

The man froze, and his shoulders sank. He had struck out before he even tried asking her. “Seriously?” He muttered, bitterly, “Not... not even going to let me ask?”

“Sorry, but you’re not my type. You don’t seem... willing to do whatever it takes to woo and win me over.” John looked up, seeing the woman give him a devious smile as she took another gentle puff from her cigar. Was that just then... a challenge to him?

A wave of confidence hit him as he boastfully spoke, “Now, wait just a second! You don’t know that! I’m more than willing to do whatever to win you over... within legal limits.”

“Well, I wouldn’t ask you to commit a robbery or hurt someone,” she chuckled, “I’m not that much of a hard sell. However, I will ask you this, are you sure you wish to win me over and grant me what I want?”

The wording felt like a complete trap to John, especially the way the woman eyed him up and smiled. However, he wasn’t going to just give up after being tossed a possible rope. He took a deep breath and firmly said, “Yes, I am willing to do whatever you want.”

The woman’s eyes gleamed and her smile turned wicked for a second. She took a long drag from her cigar, sucking in as much smoke as she could. Taking the cigar out, she approached Ricky and wrapped her arms around him. She pulled him in and kissed him right on the lips, the smoke of her stogie flowing into his mouth as well.

The man's eyes watered, and his body shivered, his hands twitching. The kiss... was unbelievable, just a power punch to mind despite the smoke flowing into him. He felt weak in the knees and leaned into her, just putty in her hands.

The woman pulled away from the man, smoke leaking from their mouths. Her smile and gaze were sensual as she stroked his face gently. Eyeing it up closely, her eyes were drawn to John's lips. They were pushed out into a rather cute pout, plumper in size as the last of the smoke slipped out of them. Coating them nicely was a glossy, thick coat of red lipstick.

John's eyes looked glossy and his face completely lost. His mind was swirling, not able to fully grasp what had happened. The woman took another drag, a bit smaller than before and blew the smoke cloud into his mug. With a soft purr, she spoke, "Hey, wake up. Still with me?"

John's face began to soft as hazy cloud blew across it. Blackheads, blemishes, and sweat & grime were wiped away in an instance, allowing with light traces of facial hair, giving his face a smooth, soft feel. His eyebrows thinned up, as if professionally trimmed, and gorgeous eyeliner and eyeshadow coated his eyes. His nose shortened and thinned, as if it received a nose job for a sharper look. His cheekbones rose, his cheeks deflating just a tad and giving them a fuller, mature look.

A few more subtle changes struck his face, feminizing it and leaving all too seductive, much like the woman's own. As these final additions and bits of makeup hit him, he finally spoke, his voice higher, but huskier sounding in a way, "Ooooooh, what... what just happened?"

The woman cooed, "I told you, to win me over, you must be willing to do whatever. I'm just making sure you're truly devoted as you say you are."

From her dress pocket, she pulled out another cigar, much like her own, and a lighter. She lit the new stogie and offered it up to him. "I already started the process," purred the woman, stroking his softer face, "But are you willing to continue it?"

John wasn't sure what exactly she meant by "start the process", but whatever it was, he was already into. He wasn't much on smoking or anything of the sort, but... the scent and smoke of her cigar was starting to feel rather comforting to him. Maybe it wouldn't be so bad to take a single puff, if just to show his affection?

He took the cigar from her and put it into this mouth. His body trembled from just the taste of the stogie on his lips, the feeling quickly intensifying as he took his first puff. His eyes rolled back, and a hand grabbed his side, holding himself as if he was about to break apart.

The smoke flowed into him, infecting every cells and molecule of his being. His brown hair quivered and shook, a striking, bright red infecting it from the roots. The luscious color flowed up from its base and all the way through to the tips. His hair strands lengthened the entire time, curling up and flowing down a tad. By the time he finished his puff, he sported some fiery red victory rolls the flowed and bounced upon his shoulders.

Taking in as much smoke as he could, John softly blew the substance out, playfully puffing it into the woman's face. She did not seem to mind it all, her eyes focusing instead on his torso. She watched as his shoulders shrunk in just a tad, losing some of their broadness. His posture shifted, pushing his flat chest a bit more and his left hip a bit to the side.

"Like it?" The woman asked, taking a puff from her own cigar.

John nodded and smiled. "This pretty good. I never knew smoking tasted this good."

"It's an acquired taste, but only those with it are right for me." She smiled as John nodded in agreement and took another puff. His entire body slimmed right down, his muscle mass quickly dropping off to a more female build. His arms especially slimmed down the most, losing their bulging biceps and strength. The only thing to replace them were the elegant, professional filed, long fingernails with a red coat of nail polish.

"Soooo," he asked, holding his cigar between his fingers, "Think I proved my worth yet? Am I fit to win you over?" He took a light sniff off the rising smoke of his cigar and sighed, his feet bending up, so he could stand on his tippy toes.

"Perhaps a little more. Give it a few more puffs and then I would say "yes", my dear." John huffed, putting the cigar back into his maw. He took the longest, most powerful drag yet, sucking in as much smoke as he could for ten whole seconds.

Just at the end of it, his body shivered, and the smoky haze escaped his plump lips. Right away, the bulge within his jeans shrunk away, leaving a barren, flat area behind. His waist creaked inwards, his sides a bit of a curved figure. His thighs and hips followed that up right away by expanding themselves, joints shifting and muscle & fat building up in just the right area.

The new woman rubbed her thighs against one another as she blew the remaining smoke out from her lips, the feeling captivating sensual and invigorating for her. Her rear quickly gained form and size. Fat and muscle grew, shaping her posterior into a large, hefty bubble butt that stretched his poor jeans to their maximum. Her shirt started to suffer from the same issue as large, round mounds bloomed on her barren chest. Her breasts swelled to mighty, impressive size on par with the glamorous woman before her, her nipples poking excitedly against her cotton shirt.

John was almost the perfect definition of a glam woman with her lovely figure, gorgeous makeup and nails, stunning face, and elegant hair. However, her attire was less than impressive, an ugly contrast that did not befit her in the slightest.

The woman looked her new "friend" and remarked, "I must say, I believe I was wrong about you. I think you could woo and win me over now."

"John" smiled and cooed, "Is that so? Mmmm, I told you I could do it. How could you doubt someone as beautiful and wondrous as me?"

“How could I indeed. Now, let’s share a drag together and head into my place. I’m sure we can figure out something to do from there.” Two of them smiled and put their cigars back into their mouths, taking one extra-long drag in unison.

The two women shivered as the smoke passed into them, excited, lustful gazes filling their eyes as they looked at one another. Once they had their fill, they carefully blew the smoke back into each other’s faces, smirking the whole time.

At that moment, John’s attire miraculously transformed to something befitting her. Her shirt and jeans combined into a sparkling, glamorous maroon dress, body-hugging and flowing down to her ankles. The top of her dress was cut down to her chest, displaying her heavenly breasts for all to see. A lovely, jeweled necklace appeared around her neck and upon her feet, black stilettos with five-inch heels appeared.

The glam woman took her new friend’s hand and led her into an apartment nearby, both of them shaking their hips sensually as they strutted towards it. From that day forth, the apartment would have a new, glamorous woman living within its confines. It also would not be the last either...

*THE END*