

Glamour's Blonde Friend

By: Firingwall

“Oh darling, whatever is the matter?”

“Ummm, I’m fine.” Noah blushed, looking away from Riley and staring off, awkwardly at something else. *Gees, why is she here? Couldn't she just wait at her place?*

Noah was awkwardly sitting in his apartment, on his sofa, next to his friend, Riley. Normally, such a thing would not be a problem in the slightest. However, there was a major difference this time around and it was... getting to him.

Riley was back as a glam diva. It was over a year ago that she accidentally tried out a glam cigar. It was a curious little object that turned the smoker into a glam diva straight out of the forties or fifties, growing incredibly curvy and busty with a showgirl/lounge singer style outfit and makeup.

Despite the unexpected transformation and how flirtatious she got, Riley seemed to be cool with everything. In fact, she appeared to be really happy about things, making a few teasing jokes every so often about it. She even expressed an interest in becoming that version of herself again.

Noah didn't really believe her, but there she was, sitting beside him in a stunning dress, goddess-like figure, and lovely, dazzling black curls. She just showed up out of the blue and started waiting with him in the living room.

“I’m sure my date will be here shortly,” Riley spoke, her voice undeniably sultry and alluring, almost every word spoken in a lustful coo.

Please be here soon, Noah thought again. He gulped and asked, “So ahhhh, why not just wait at your apartment for him?”

Riley smiled, chuckling softly, “Because it’s more convenient to meet them here.”

Well that’s a perfectly non-specific enough reason, he thought. She was really getting to him, flustering him up real badly. Her figure and the aura she extruded made it hard to be around her... and not be turned on either.

They sat in silence for what felt like a while, Noah fidgeting in his seat. Breaking the dead air, he spoke up, “Well, ahhhh, I’ll just go hang in my room. You just—”

“Oh?” She asked curiously, “Leaving already? Awww, I wanted to give you a surprise!”

Noah tensed up, looking at her curiously. “Surprise?”

“Oh sure!” Riley chuckled, “I want to give you a nice, big one. Close your eyes and then I’ll excuse you for whatever your boyish needs are.”

Noah blushed, but answered, “O-okay. Let’s get this over with.”

He took a deep breath and closed his eyes. He could hear her giggle again, his cheeks warming for a moment. But then, he heard the sound of a click. Then another click, followed by something crackling.

Curiously, Noah opened his eyes and suddenly found something being shoved into his mouth. It was a cigar! It looked similar to the one Riley used last year, but this one was bright pink. The shock of its appearance made him accidentally take a drag off of it.

“Tsk tsk,” the glam diva complained, “You opened your eyes... oh well! No matter!”

“Wait, what *do you meeeeeeeeEEEEEP!*” Noah’s voice cracked, turning high pitched and squeaky, like some airheaded valley girl.

His entire body trembled, and his cheeks turned red, a strange warmth entering his body. His face gently morphed, taking on a more girly look. His chin rounded, and his cheekbones rose, his nose turning ever so dainty. His eyelashes lengthened, and his eyebrows thinned, his face turning more womanly by the second. It lacked the adult, glamorous edge that Riley had, but it still was quite the looker.

As his lips plumped up, swelling into a kissable pout, Noah moaned, “Ooooooh, what, like, is this? Like, what’s happenin’?”

“Oh, something very simple that even a pretty bimbo such as yourself would understand,” Riley chirped, her face twisting something mischievous and mean, “I’m just simply making a nice, dim, blonde, bimbo princess to take out on a lovely date this evening.”

“Bimbo princess?” Noah asked, taking another drag from his cigar. It tasted rather decently, causing him to quiver a bit.

However, the bliss died away as his head stung as he tried to comprehend what was going on. Thinking so much was giving him a headache. Not helped in the matters was the large, overflowing amount of golden blonde hair that had taken over his head. All the brown and shagginess of it was washed away in a golden waterfall, going all the way down to his hips.

“Ummmm, ahhh... are ya, like, mad or stuff?” Noah asked, trying to think straight when was just so hard to do so.

“Me? Mad?” Riley gave a haughty laugh, stroking Noah’s face ever so gently. “I’m not mad at all. It’s just some innocent payback for last year. You got yourself a gorgeous woman to be by your side for a party, I believe I deserve one as well.”

“Like, does that make sense, ‘cause I don’t know,” asked Noah, looking at her like a confused puppy as he took another puff, “My brain really hurts.” His skin softened, all body

markings and blemishes instantly vanishing. All body hair except for his eyebrows vanished as well, leaving him all so smooth to the touch.

“Oh goodness no!” Riley tsked, shaking her head, “Don’t you worry about such things, my dear. I must say, thinking too hard isn’t good for such a pretty thing as yourself.”

“Is it?” Noah’s expression was empty and dim, all too willing to listen and be molded by his dear friend. Another light drag and his body slimmed down, his clothing hanging loosely from his more delicate, feminized form.

“Oh, for sure! Thinking too hard may give you wrinkles and you don’t want those, do you? They’ll make you so unpretty.” She pulled out a compact and opened it up, revealing a mirror within so Noah could see himself.

“Like, woowow!” The feminine boy remarked, “I’m, like, sooooo pretty! You’re totally right miss! Wrinkles are, like, so gross and stuff!” He let out a soft giggle as his form trembled. His legs rubbed against one another as his crotch area flattened within his pants.

The new girl took quite the drag off her cigar, holding the smoke in her lungs for as long as possible. Her chest began bubbling, causing her shirt to stretch as two heavy, round mounds pressed harshly against its fabric. They grew and grew, swelling into an impressive DD size chest. Not as grand as Riley’s, but still quite stunning.

Noah’s body continued to alter as more of her mind swirled. Her thighs and hips thickened and widened, adding to a lovely bottom half. Her rear ballooned out, growing into a thick bubble butt that lifted her up a touch within her seat. Bringing it all together was her waist caving inward just a tad, giving her such a delightful, alluring hourglass figure.

Noah sighed as smoke poured from her mouth, giggling up a storm soon after. “Oh, mah gawd!” She declared, “I, like, feel sooooo guud right now! Hehehe! ...umm, like, what was I doin’ anyways, sexy lady?”

Riley smiled and playfully stroke Noah’s chin, who beamed brightly at the touch. “We were just chatting about the party we were going to attend,” she cooed, “I wouldn’t want to leave my favorite bimbo princess at home, would I, Natalie?”

Natalie smiled and took one final puff off her cigar. Her clothing suddenly exploded out, merging and combining with one another into a jaw-dropping, alluring ballgown. It was gold with blue trimming, lowered quite a bit in the chest region to show off her magnificent, bountiful breasts. Even her arms were coated in stunning evening gloves while her feet wore several inch-high heels, completing her glitzy, royal visage.

Natalie sighed blissfully before answering with a seductive purr, “Mmmmm, no... no you wouldn’t, right? Like, I’m ready to go... ummm... like, where are we goin’?”

Riley smiled, studying her new partner. The glam diva truly did love her seductive body but didn’t mean she didn’t want to punish Noah in some sense for unwittingly getting her

transformed in the first place. This seemed to settle the score, especially now that she felt she had a partner worthy of herself to bring to a party.

Plus, she was fairly sure he would understand once everything settled down. After all, who wouldn't want a chance to be her date, or even just her arm candy?

THE END