

Glam It Up: The Many Puffs of Bliss

By: Firingwall

Went out on the town for a few days. Don't wait up! I'll be back later~ Your "mindful" roommate truly, Tina~

"Okay... sure." A man named Chris was looking over the note left by his blue-haired roomie, Tina. She had stuck it up on their fridge before leaving apparently, which must have been sometime last night.

Not sure how she snuck out at all, he thought, scratching the back of his head, *but at least this does explain why things have been pretty quiet around here*. Tina, while very friendly and, usually, had the best of intentions, could really be a pain for the brown-haired man. Having her out of his head and hair for a while was probably for the best.

He yawned, fetching some milk and getting himself some cereal. Putting together his breakfast of "champions", he lurched out of the kitchen and into the living room, falling down casually onto one of the couches without a care.

No work and no pest on the mind, he thought pleasantly, *I can finally enjoy a day to myself for once!*

At least, that's what he thought. Setting his food and drink down, he reached for the remote on the table beside the couch. That's when he saw a curious, dark reddish-brown cigar sitting in the center. Next to it, a silver lighter and scribbled note in a familiar penmanship laid.

He grabbed the items for a closer look, taking his time to read the note. *Oh, one more thing! I got you a fun cigar and lighter! Give it a shot! I promise, it'll really light up your world and make it so you don't miss me as much. Sincerely yours, Tina~*

P.S. I'll know if you don't try it. :P

Chris groaned loudly, slouching into his sofa. "Of course, she'd get me something like this," he muttered on his breath, "Of course, of course."

He rubbed his head gently, looking at the cigar and lighter he held in his grasp. He knew Tina's little threat was good, and he knew she would not let up on him for not trying out one of her little finds or presents. Weighing all his options, it was best for him to get it over with.

Sighing, he lit the cigar up right there and then. *Thank god I got something to eat and drink to wash this crap out...* he thought, eyeing his breakfast.

Wasting no more seconds, Chris brought the cigar to his mouth and put it in. For the first time in his life, he took his first drag off a smoke of some kind. He felt the fumes enter his body, the scent of the burning part entering his nostrils as well.

His eyes watered. His body tensed as the scent and smoke flowed in. He held it all in, unconsciously at that. After a moment, he exhaled, releasing the smoke into the air.

He blinked, setting the lighter aside. He looked at the cigar puzzledly. After a moment, a heavenly, womanly voice escaped his lips, “*Mmmmm, that was simply splendid.*”

He licked his lips gently, which twitched gently. They suddenly swelled, plumping up into a seductive, full pout. They looked a touch collagen-injected, but not too much. A coat of dark blue lipstick appeared over them, giving them a glossy shine.

“Are cigars this fine? I say, Tina may be onto something!” Chris chuckled softly, taking another puff from his smoke. His face smoothed over, blemishes, facial hair, wrinkles, and anything of the like were washed away.

He took in as much smoke as he could muster, his eyes watering even harder than before. Eventually, he could not take it any longer and exhaled, puffing the smoke out into the air. He felt an unusual sense of relief upon doing that, leaning back into the sofa.

He sighed happily, his face changing now itself. Its rounded chin smoothed out, turning pointer in a sense. His brow shrank while his eyebrows thinned, trimming into a more sensual look. His eyelashes lengthened, adding a seductive layer as his eyes brightened into a gorgeous sapphire blue. His cheeks thinned, extra weight being lost all over his face, like a trace of a double chin. Lastly, his cheekbones rose, looking a touch prominent on his face.

His face was that of a stunning looker, one that could draw any eye to it if gazed upon. The only problem was the rest of him, which looked inappropriate needless to say.

He eyed the cigar again, sniffing it gently. “Mmmmmm, this is quite the treat! I really should thank that darling Tina whenever she shows up again.”

He put the cigar back into his mouth and took another drag, this one a touch gentler than before. His brown hair shook, like a gentle breeze passed through it. From its follicles to its tips, the dark brightened to a dazzling, fiery red that shined underneath the soft sunlight peeking through the windows.

He puckered his lips and softly blew, the hazy smoke gently flowing out. His new red hair blossomed, growing rapidly into quite the luscious locks. Several sprouted around his forehead, shrinking and hiding it as they flowed down. The locks fell in front of his right eye, all of his pretty strands falling to his shoulder blades.

As the last trace of smoke left his lungs, his luxurious mop gained one extra feature. As if just coming out of a high-end salon, his hair turned a touch wavy, adding to its appealing look.

Chris brushed some of his hair over any ear, twirling the cigar casually within his fingers. “Mmmm, such pretty locks. Somehow, I’m not surprised. She always loved getting me such incredible little gifts.”

Not bothered at all by his changing physique and look, he stood up from the sofa and took another puff from the smoke. He quivered gently as waves of goosebumps arose across his skin. Body hair popped right out, blemishes vanishing, and skin smoothing out, much like how his face had changed.

He strolled out of the room casually, deciding to take a better look at his transformation in the bathroom. Before he left though, he happily puffed the smoke out, blowing it like a wave around the room. His body twitched, muscle mass and fat decreasing all over and bringing him down to a petite shape.

Walking in the bathroom, he strolled up to his mirror and gazed in it. His lips pulled into sultry smile, loving the image gazing back. *So beautiful, but surely, I could do better and more... womanly~ Hehe~*

He happily took another drag from his cigar, trying his best to take as much as he could again. He did a little bit, holding in the fumes longer than before. Looking upon his face, he could see makeup forming over spots left untouched. Eyeliner, blush, eyeshadow, and all the little touches appeared, accentuating his new features more.

Eventually, he exhaled again, the smoke flowing from his mouth and nose, colliding with the old mirror in front of him. He twitched gently, grabbing a hold of the sink with his hands tightly. He gritted his teeth, clenching his thighs together tightly as he hunched over.

Looking down, he could see his fingernails growing, extending out two extra inches now. Blue nail polish coated each one of them, but his eyes soon moved to further past them. They moved onto his crotch, the source of the uncomfortable feeling. The bulge that laid there before had shrunk away, leaving a flat, smooth area behind.

Chris sighed happily, the feeling slowly relieving itself now. She had crossed over to the other side, but there was still so much that needed fixing.

Need more, she thought, putting the cigar back in and taking another puff, *need more now!*

She began huffing and puffing rapidly, taking short breaks here and there to catch her breath. Her body shivered, pulsating with pleasure now with each puff she took. Her hands twitched, toes clenching and thighs rubbing against one another.

The first wave of changes struck her in the torso. Her toned stomach and fit form found its sides pushing inward slightly. Her torso's shape gained more of an hourglass figure with it. Her shoulders shrunk in as well, becoming much less broad. Finally, her back pushed out, making her flat chest stand out more prominently.

The next wave came to her lower extremities, which trembled as they transformed. Her legs lengthened, pushing her up by an inch or two. Her calves thickened, followed by her thighs to a bigger degree. They swelled out until they gently pressed against one another.

Her hips widened, stretching her sweatpants by quite a bit. Her rear ballooned soon after, pushing her pants even more to their limits. Her butt cheeks doubled in size, staying perfectly roundish while not having a trace of sagging or cellulite.

She took a break from her smoking, her cheeks reddening even more beyond just the simple blush. She panted softly, her free hand resting on her chest. It felt so tight and heavy suddenly, a strange, pleasuring sensation coming to it. She knew was coming, and she was ready for it.

Chris winced softly as weight came to her barren chest. From it, small mounds arose, barely tenting her oversized t-shirt at first. But then they kept growing and growing, the mass rubbing more against the shirt's fabric. It felt invigorating to say the least.

Her bumps grew more and more, developing into full-fledged breasts. They pressed further against her top, raising it up and over her bellybutton with their size. The fabric hugged her mounds almost like spandex, showing off every curve of their form.

Eventually, they stopped growing after settling in at E-cups, an impressive size for such a figure. They neither sagged nor hurt, holding up perfectly on her torso. She rubbed her chest with her hand, quivering due to their sensitivity.

“Soooo good,” she moaned, licking her lips, “I’m gonna have to give Tina a...” Her mind drifted off as she took a good look around the room. She was so distracted that she hardly gave any mind to her surroundings now.

Her bathroom looked elegant beyond all belief. Royal red walls, chestnut door, high end marble and porcelain sink and bathtub, expensive makeup products all over the sink countertop, and hanging from the rack on the door was a lovely, fluffy bathrobe. Looking more at the mirror, it looked incredibly expensive with its gold frame and lights.

It was a room fit for a queen, or a being of her looks and presence. She giggled softly, touching the sink and looking over her new makeup. “So beautiful,” she stated, “I guess Tina was right... I won’t really miss her when I have all these wonderful things.”

Though, her eyes looked downward one final time. She pouted as she stared at her t-shirt and sweatpants, a stark contrast to the rest of her. “Though, these simply won’t do at all either. Such a pain really. Almost perfection.”

THE END?