

Cougar Perfume

For Fizzleus

By TheSpiralledEye

A man finds himself transforming into a mature, horny woman thanks to some magic perfume.

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In retrospect, all this could have been avoided if I had just jerked off before going on that site. Post nut clarity is a beautiful thing, I probably would have been so quick to impulse buy and I certainly would have read the item description better. It didn't really matter in the end though; because I don't live in that timeline. I live in the world in which my own embarrassingly high sex drive got me transformed with no way to change back.

But I'm getting ahead of myself.

It all started with a dry spell. See, I have never been huge on women my own age, they were all so immature, focusing on skimpy dresses and over applying makeup. I knew pretty early on, I wasn't a settling down sort of guy. I just wanted sex and frankly, I don't see the issue. Romance has its place, and that place is far away from me.

What I wanted in a woman was somebody with experience, who actually knew what she was doing in the sack and who wanted no strings attached. Why was it expected that guys always do the looking after anyway? I'd happily swallow my pride and go on a date with an older woman if it meant I didn't need to foot the entire bill each time.

Older women, cougars, MILFs; that was where the real sex was at. So after losing my virginity at age eighteen to a woman ten years my senior, I was hooked. I mostly picked up on dating apps, the kind that specialised in discrete meet ups. Women who were unhappily married and wanted the attention of a young hot thing again; namely me.

It was a system that worked out for both parties and for a few years I was riding that high multiple times a week. Older women were a lot less fussy too, they didn't dismiss me out of hand just because I wasn't some six foot, muscles, alpha male type.

But then all of a sudden, my dates started to dry up. I don't know what changed but nobody was accepting my DMs anymore. Nobody I wanted anyway; I had so thoroughly

conditioned myself to only find older women attractive that girls in their twenties now did almost nothing for me.

Which is how I ended up on a sketchy fetish site looking for something, anything, that could get me my fix. Sure there was porn but I wanted something physical, something to take my daily wank to the next level until I could score again. So when I saw an item called "Cougar Perfume" I hit the purchase button just a little too fast.

I'd assumed it was named for the scent, you know, like most perfumes were. A bottle of perfume with the scent of an older woman inside it was exactly what I needed, a few sprays on my bed sheets, I would be golden for weeks between bouts of actual sex. I even ordered next day shipping.

If only I had known then what I knew now. I sometimes think about what I would do, because I genuinely don't know sometimes, whether or not I'd still have bought it.

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The bottle was unassuming, a simple straight stick of glass with a spray nozzle at the top. A little small, but easy to conceal if I ever wanted to travel and equally as easy to pass off as some colonge.

I thought about that little bottle all day at work as I sat counting down the minutes till quitting time. Working at a bank meant I never had to worry about money but goddamn, was it boring. Especially when I knew what was waiting for me at home. Sure, I could have tested it out quickly before heading out that morning but I wanted to savour the first time. I just had my fingers crossed I'd not been scammed.

That was the least of my problems soon enough.

I couldn't move fast enough after getting home; it had been weeks since I'd had a satisfying wank, even longer since I'd actually had sex. My cock was already twitching in anticipation as I kicked off my boxers and grabbed the perfume bottle. After a moment's consideration I sprayed it on my neck and hand; that way it would feel like a woman had kissed and touched me for real.

Immediately, the smell hit me and it was glorious. I don't know how they did it, but the scent genuinely did remind me of the MILFs I'd bedded. Half artificial, but with something musky and human about it as well. I groaned, feeling more ready than ever to finally cum.

Only my body suddenly decided to stop playing fair.

Even though I was painfully turned on, my cock was still limp, even after giving it a few strokes with the hand I'd sprayed. I groaned in frustration; of all the times to develop performance anxiety! I tried a few more times, gripping tight, but then I noticed something was happening. My cock was starting to tingle but not in the normal way and it almost felt as though it were...shrinking?

All of a sudden I felt the skin where the perfume had hit begin to tingle and prickle, the sensation spreading across the rest of my body until I was entirely covered in the pins and needles sensation. It made me dizzy and I fell back against my mattress, gasping for breath.

My chest heaved and as it did so, it began to inflate. Two round mounds appeared on my pecs and then continued to grow in size. Turning to round beach balls, then sagging into a more natural teardrop shape. Breasts. The heavy kind that came with age and maybe even a child or two.

I was so shocked I couldn't even say anything, that and the fact that I could feel my face shifting. My lips began to fill and I felt the hard edges of my jawline begin to smooth out as my cheekbones heightened. On some level, I knew what was happening but it made no sense, how could the perfume possibly be turning me into a woman?

I struggled to my feet and ran for the bathroom, stumbling as my legs changed shape. My thighs thickened to support my widening hips and increasingly heavy ass. By the time I had reached my bathroom I could already feel it starting to move. I turned, looking down at the hefty rump with a mixture of awe and confusion. It wasn't the tight bubble butt of somebody my own age but rather something more mature, with all the extra weight and beauty that came with age and experience.

A strange shiver ran down my spine and I felt my arousal beginning to burn anew. This was exactly the sort of ass I loved in a woman and now it was *mine*. I wiggled back and forth a little, watching it jiggle and felt that arousal grow even stronger, not just that but a sense of confidence as well.. The increasingly fast transformation was starting to worry me less and less as my brain and body changed.

I finally looked away from my lovely new butt and saw my reflection for the first time. Not only had that perfume somehow made me into a woman, I was older too. Late thirties, maybe even early forties. A few laugh lines here and there, and a pear shaped body but wicked eyes that betrayed my more sinful intentions. Holy shit; I was...perfect.

I ran my hand over my reflection in the mirror with reverence; I knew on some level I should be bothered but as I felt the perfume sink further and further into my skin I found I just didn't. In fact, I was eager for things to continue; I was becoming my own dream woman.

My hand went between my legs where my cock was finally disappearing; a mound of curly dark hair was in its place. Slightly coarse, but softened by my own moisture. I shivered,

the scent of the perfume had replaced my own natural scent; I'd never need to use the bottle again because now it was my natural smell.

My hair was slightly curly and short, my features pretty but plain so far. I would have to do something about that. I was still painfully horny, but now getting off was no longer an option. I simply *had* to have proper sex, I needed to test this new body out properly. It was almost a need, rather than a want.

The perfume had done its work physically but I could still feel it seeping into my brain, slowly altering things. I felt my desires change as I looked at myself, naked, in the mirror. I didn't need another hot cougar to have sex with; I already was one. What I needed was a young guy, like I used to be.

Oh yes, they would be so eager to please, so ready to listen and do whatever I said in order to give me pleasure because that was how young men were when they were confronted with a more experienced woman. I should know, up until a few minutes ago, I had been one. Which meant I knew exactly what I needed to do to draw somebody like that in.

I grabbed the only clothes that would fit and hurried out the door; I had a new look to perfect.

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As I stepped into the vibrant cosmetics store, an exhilarating rush washed over me. The air buzzed with anticipation as I meandered through the aisles, mesmerised by the kaleidoscope of colours and immediately picturing them on my new skin. One of the assistants came up to me with a warm smile, directing me toward the more boring dark plums and beiges that were popular with women 'my age', bah, what did he know? I headed right for the rainbow of colours at the other end of the store; this body was too good to not make stand out.

My eyes were gleaming at the sight of bold eyeshadow palettes in electric blues and fiery oranges. A surge of daring bubbled within me, it was time to make a statement. After all, age was just a number, and I was going to prove that liberty red wasn't just a young woman's colour. With the right face, my face, I could pull off any look, I was sure.

With a grin stretching from ear to ear, I began my shopping spree, picking up shades that danced with vibrancy. Deep purples, sparkling greens, and dazzling pinks—each hue whispered promises of adventure and self-discovery.

I playfully dabbed swatches of vibrant colours on the back of my hand, experimenting like an artist eager to create a masterpiece. Some might consider these shades too bold or too youthful for someone in their forties, but I felt an irrepressible glee at the prospect of adorning myself with such lively tones. I knew from experience what sort of women young

men looked for when it came to ladies of my type. I needed to show I was still free and fun, that I could show them a thing or two.

Finding clothes was easy, I didn't even bother with underwear, not yet at least. I'd come back in the future and get some for everyday wear but right now I was totally focused on picking up. I found a tight dress that showed off my curves to complete my look then quickly set up a new profile on all my dating apps, I needn't of bothered though. Before I had even finished setting up the second one, I had a hit on the first.

Jacob, 23.

Perfect.

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The young man reminded me of my former self; especially the way his eyes lit up as I approached. I knew I looked hot, and like I was almost twice his age; a perfect match. We barely touched our food, I was far too busy teasing him beneath the table, resting my hands on his thigh and playing footsie. He was so cute, jumping and blushing at the slightest touch, had I been so transparent. He didn't ask for the dessert menu, instead he simply grabbed my hand and whispered in a husky voice.

“My car is around the corner...we can go to my place?”

“My wait?” I grinned, “the backseat is fine.”

“Oh fuck...” He whimpered, poor boy.

“Don't go cumming right away now.” I whispered, grabbing his butt under the table and biting my lip at its firmness. The exact opposite of mine now. He was such a sexy young thing, I couldn't wait to have him.

We practically ran to his car in the dark corner of the parking lot, right below a streetlight that had blown a bulb, perfect. He clambered into the backseat, hastily unzipping his pants to reveal the painful looking hardon. My new pussy quivered with want; how I yearned to have that young, virile length inside me!

For a moment I was surprised at myself, that my preferences had totally reversed in just a day. Going from a MILF lover myself to a total cougar who craved the attention of

young men. It was insane, but right then and there, it didn't matter. What mattered was riding this man till he gave me everything I craved.

Without gestation I climbed onto the young man's lap, pinning him in place with my thick thighs and smiling down at him. His pupils were blown wide and his mouth parted as his hands gripped my hips. His grip was almost painful as he tried to get me to descend but I held back, enjoying the desperation in his eyes. I leaned forward whispering close enough that my lips tickled the shell of his ear.

“Now remember, don't cum too quickly, sweetie.”

He shivered at the nickname and I sunk down on him with a groan. For a moment I was frozen in space, totally overwhelmed with the feeling of being penetrated; it was unlike anything I had ever experienced as a man.

I liked it.

A lot.

I began to bounce, riding my young beau and milking him for all he was worth. I didn't even care that I had lost ten years off my life, or that I was a woman now; it was totally worth it for this body and the pleasure it gave me.

Beneath me Jacob's hips were stuttering, I knew he wouldn't last much longer and I relished in teasing him. It didn't matter if he couldn't totally satisfy me, I was sure I would have no trouble finding another young man to finish the job, maybe several. It was just a matter of time.