**For My Mother**

**Warning**: The following is erotic content featuring *breast expansion, butt expansion, age regression* and other minor fetishes. You know why you’re here, so don’t complain to me if it’s not your thing.

* *Madam Materia*

Wandering into the strange knickknack store the young Zoey made her way through the shelves. It was strange that this place seemed to have popped up downtown overnight, but the blonde wasn’t about to look a gift horse in the mouth. That was what she was hoping for after all, a gift. As her browsing continued she decided to give a cute little heart necklace a closer look.

“I'd be careful touching things in here,” a woman’s voice startled the blonde, making her jump and immediately turn to the counter.

There sat a buxom redhead, her arms folded over one another as she rested on her elbows. Under the hem of her wide brimmed witch’s hat a pair of golden eyes seemed to pierce not only the shadows, but into Zoey's very being. Like she could read her very thoughts and feelings.

The golden eyed mystery leaned forward, breast flesh spilling through her arms to highlight their sheer size. “Welcome to Madam Materia’s Magical Menagerie,” she smiled, “I am Madam Materia, though for customers just Matty is fine. Something I can help you with?” the witchy woman asked.

The blonde’s own smile was a bit more nervous in nature, as those gold orbs seemed to look right through her. “Just browsing,” she answered, turning back to the shelf, “Trying to find something nice for my mother’s birthday.”

One of Materia’s purple painted nails flinched, though she kept her composure. “You must be very close with your mother for you to have come here to find her something,” she suggested.

What made this place special? Zoey couldn’t help but wonder. The redhead was right; ever since her father left when she was young it had been just her and her mother. Not that it was a bad thing, her mother had done a fine job raising her by herself.

The blonde knew though it really hurt her mother when her dad left, and it was becoming hard for her mom to fill the gap. Now that Zoey was cresting twenty five, and the end of her college run, there was also going to be her own leaving home adding to the problem. Her mother had done so much, spending so much of her life devoted to her daughter, that she barely even had friends to fall back on. The woman that deserved everything was soon going to have nothing.

This was likely going to be her mother’s last birthday with Zoey at home, and it had been a struggle to find something that would really express everything her mom meant to her. Nothing seemed good enough to give someone who gave you everything already.

With a small smirk Matty shimmied her shoulders, watching the contemplation on her guest's face. “Well, let me know if you need help,” she offered, “I know finding the *perfect* gift for someone who’s always been there for you can be hard.”

It was unnerving how on the nose the witch was. The blonde was getting nowhere on her own though, so she couldn’t deny some help was appreciated. “Did you have something particular in mind?” she asked the peculiar shopkeeper.

The redhead was already on her feet, tapping her chin thoughtfully as she walked over to the shelves. “Hmm, what to give Zoey's mother for her birthday?” she mused aloud.

That was spooky, “I never told you my name,” the hazel eyed blonde pointed out, taking a cautious step back. Was this weird woman some sort of stalker?

Materia just giggled, “You didn’t have to,” she told her, “Mortals are easy to read,” one of her purple painted hands plucked an item from the shelf; a stick about as thick round as a quarter and covered end to end in ancient symbols.

“Mortals?” Zoey asked, confused and scared at this point. This woman had to be off her rocker.

The redhead nodded, “Yes,” she replied calmly, turning those golden eyes onto the blonde once more. “This is a *magical* Menagerie after all. I don’t use the term for fun,” she teased, taking long steps towards her customer. “We specialize in giving people what quote unquote, *real life,* fails to offer,” she explained, holding the stick out for the blonde to take.

Of course she was still skeptical, looking at the plain looking rod on offer. “Look, I don’t know what your deal is lady, or how you know so much,” the hazel eyed girl countered, “but I-“

“’m not buyin' it,” Materia finished for her with a smirk. Again the blonde was taken aback, but “That was an easy enough thing to guess what I was going to say,” the witch stole the words from her mouth, making Zoey gasp.

Her hazel eyes wide the girl had to flat out ask, “How?”

And the witchy women of course simply gave the cryptic answer, “Magic,” as her gold eyes met with the blonde’s.

She supposed there was no getting around it. Looking once again at the rune covered twig. “So… What’s this then?” she conceded.

With a grin the redhead placed it in her guest’s hand, “Something that you can use to give your mother everything she deserves,” she explained, “You only need to wrap one of her hairs around the end, and then any wish you make with it will come true for her.”

There was no way. Then again, with all the weirdness Matty had shown her already, she couldn’t deny the possibility. As if to flex on her, as the blonde opened her mouth, the witch cut her off with the answer to her unspoken question.

“Free of charge,” she told the girl, “I love to see the reactions of those who get what they’ve always wished for.”

Nodding Zoey took the rod close to her chest, “Well, thanks,” she offered, turning to leave with the small hope that what the buxom woman was peddling was true.

Offering a wave the Menagerie owner chuckled softly, “It’s my pleasure,” she finished with a grin.

It was late in the evening by the time Zoey got home. The more she stayed out with the odd stick in her possession the more she felt dissatisfied by it as a gift. Even if it did work how the weird witch had said, she couldn’t give her mother a stick for her birthday. At least it had been free, so the blonde was able to pick up another gift for her she could actually open.

“Mom, I'm home,” she called out to the empty house, hanging her car keys where they belonged up on the rack. Her mother’s own were missing, just further cementing she was on her own.

A quit wander to the kitchen was enough to find her note, laid on the table so Zoey would easily find it. *“Hey Zoe-bear, stepped out to get some last minute groceries for our little celebration tomorrow. I left dinner in the fridge for you, mashed potatoes and gravy. Love, Mom.”*

The blonde just laughed a little, “I said I'd handle it mom,” she muttered to herself. It was typical of her mother though, always making sure all the Is were dotted and Ts were crossed.

A few steps of her long legs took her to the fridge. At eye level hung the little magnetic picture frame she'd given her last year, a corny little heart shaped thing with a picture of the two of them in it. Zoey was nearly as tall as her mother in the picture, coming only a few inches short. She definitely had more of her father’s features though.

Where Zoey was a natural blonde her mother was a plain Jane brunette. The darker locks did well framing her mother’s almond shaped face, but also had the downside of showing her age more. Even made up for the picture the lines of age, crows feet, laugh lines, were visible. Her hazel eyes were done up with layers of brown and green to distract from her flaws, and her thinning lips were painted a popping burgundy.

Adding to the disparity, the daughter though had definitely won over her mother in the body department. Her mother was slight of frame, her sagging breasts pushed up to give her at least some top curve to go with her motherly hips. Comparatively her daughter took from her father's stock. She now filled a full C-cup with enough breast to fill a handful. Past the swell of her boobs blended into a nice toned tummy, that took three days a week at the gym to maintain, as she fought against her well fed bottom.

Thinking it over, one hand still holding the handle to the fridge, Zoey realized she wasn’t really hungry yet. At least for now. With the house to herself it was probably the perfect time to try out the dumb rod that was still hiding in the bottom of her purse. And she knew just where she could get some of her mother's hair.

Digging out the unusual gift, the blonde took it upstairs to the bathroom. Her mother’s hairbrush sat in the usual place sink side, a tangle of those brown locks ripe for the picking. She needed one long enough to wrap; which the more she tried to liberate one, the more she realized how difficult it was going to be. Just from age her mother’s hair snapped easily, added to the fact she was pulling from a source that meant they were likely sitting drying for a number of days. Eventually though she had her strand.

Six inches in length, enough for her to wrap and knot if need be. She only hoped it would hold as she struggled to hold the rune covered stick between her wrists, fingers working at securing the hair to the end. The second she got the loop pulled she knew she succeeded.

She nearly dropped the rod as the runes along its surface sprang to life with a blueish glow. Before her eyes the hair clung to the surface, writing out in common cursive her mother’s name. Carmella.

Curiosity alone had Zoey experimentally pick at the writings. It was still raised, though it didn’t seem like it would be possible to remove. Whatever force had put it there had fused it to the surface. She couldn’t help but be slightly impressed. There was just one thing left to do then. Make a wish.

She supposed she should have asked that weird woman how. Did she have to phrase it or something? She firmly held the rod in her hand, catching sight in the mirror of just how dumb she actually looked. “Um,” the blonde stammered, trying to think of what she could wish for her mother.

What do you get the woman that deserves everything? The problem had plagued her all day. With a deep breath she focused, letting out the only thing she could think of. “I wish my mother could have what she wants for her birthday tomorrow,” she told the rod.

The runes flared back to life, highlighting her fair features with blue light. The name glowed most brightly, reflecting back in her hazel eyes and then… nothing. The glow faded and as far as Zoey could tell, nothing was different. Maybe it was too good to be true?

She was so focused the sound of the door downstairs nearly made the blonde jump out of her skin again. “Zoey, I'm home,” her mother called out in a cheery singsong tone.

Her first thought was to hide the stick. One way or another it was her mother’s gift, and even if it turned out to be a dud she could still give it to her as a talk piece. “Hey mom,” the blonde called back, walking by her room and tossing the rod onto her bed before joining her mother downstairs.

The brunette couldn’t keep a pleased smile off her face, a couple of full shopping bags slung over her arm, as she made her way to the kitchen. “You didn’t eat your dinner,” the concerned woman mused as she started putting everything away.

Her daughter quickly stepped in to help out, focusing on cupboard bound items. “I only just got home,” she admitted.

“Out late looking for a present I assume?” the mother knowingly called her out. “I told you not to get me anything,” she reminded her offspring, with a little smirk that said she knew her child was going to do it anyway from the beginning.

Zoey giggled, grinning back to her mother. “Come on mom, if I didn’t get you a present you wouldn’t let me live it down,” she teased.

Their closeness was a two way street. Both were right about the other, but that didn’t mean Carmella would admit to it. The aged mother just shrugged, finishing putting things away and taking out the meal she'd left for her daughter. She wasn’t about to let her go without eating her dinner.

As the brunette prepared her food, the younger girl plopped her rear into her seat at their small dining table. “So, excited for tomorrow?” she asked.

That pleasant smile her mother wore grew wider, and a light blush tinted her cheeks. “Yes,” she answered with a little wiggle as she put the potatoes into the microwave, “Actually, I was hoping to talk to you about that. I was wondering if we could postpone our little celebration until the weekend?”

That was a surprise that caught Zoey off guard. In fifteen years they’d never missed their mother daughter birthday celebration. She’d even given up overtime and promotions for their together time. “Did something happen?” she asked, concerned.

The smile turned to a grin, “Nothing bad Zoe-bear,” she assured her daughter, coming to sit across from her while they waited for the meal to heat.

She’d never seen her mother like this. Whatever she was thinking about had her elated, and it was clear she was as eager to share as a teenager. She was clearly just pressing her daughter to ask the right questions. “Well what is it?” the blonde pressed, unable to fathom what it might be.

Brushing a stray strand of her brown hair over her ear her mother caved. “I got asked out for a date tomorrow,” she revealed with a love struck grin.

Zoey’s jaw nearly hit the table. This was sudden, to say the least. “I didn’t even know you were looking,” she stated in disbelief.

Blushing lightly the mother played coy, “Well I figured it wasn’t something you’d want to hear about. That your mother was,” she cut herself of, rolling her head in a gesture of “you know what I mean”.

Very true, the blonde didn’t need to think of her mother trying to get some. “Well that’s awesome,” she congratulated the older woman, “I hope you have a lot of fun!”

Carmella chuckled, her blush deepening as she fantasized about her coming date. The shrill beep of the microwave tore her back to the present though, and she gave a cough to change the subject. “Anyway,” the excited woman mused, getting up to fetch her daughter’s dinner, “If I'm not home tomorrow night there’s plenty in the fridge to tide you over,” she told her as she laid out the night's meal for her.

With a smile Zoey drew up her fork, reveling in the pleasant smell of even so simple a meal made by her mother with love. “Thanks mom. I guess if I don’t get the chance tomorrow, then happy birthday mom,” she offered before digging in.

It wasn’t until the girl was back in her room, and her hazel eyes fell on the runed stick sitting on her bed, that the thought clued in. She’d wished for her mother to get what she wanted tomorrow. It only made sense what her mother wanted was someone new in her life, and she definitely deserved it. The blonde couldn’t help thinking she'd be fending for herself tomorrow night, as she tossed the wishing stick into her nightstand drawer.

As predicted Carmella spent her birthday night away, though she did still send her daughter a text to let her know that was going to be the case. It had been weird, knowing that it was her mother’s birthday and being alone. She was doing her best though to imagine she was having a good time. Just not too much of a good time. It wasn’t until the following afternoon that Zoey’s mother was sneaking back in.

The flush cheeks, faded lipstick, messy hair... It didn’t take a detective to know what her mother had been up to. “Have fun?” the blonde teased her mother, as she worked on putting a lunch together.

Fixing a stray strand of her brown hair her mother just grinned. That was all the answer that needed to be said, Zoey replying with a “Gross mom,” and a chuckle. Even if she didn’t particularly wanna be thinking about her mother getting the D, she was still elated to see her mother so happy.

“Was everything okay here without me?” the brunette asked, hanging up her keys.

Sticking out her tongue she beat her eggs viciously, trying to ensure they'd be nice and fluffy. “I’m a big girl mom, I can handle myself,” she assured her.

Carmella couldn’t hide her pride. “I know you can,” she replied, stepping past the kitchen to go upstairs for the shower.

“Want me to make you lunch too?” the blonde asked as her mother started up the stairs.

She didn’t need long to think it over, “Sure,” her mother replied warmly before disappearing to the upper level.

The following days came and went, Zoey’s mother constantly dipping away after work to spend time with this new boyfriend of hers. They had their weekend celebration and the blonde got to give her mother her backup gift, though in reality she knew she’d already given her mother something better. There was a new life in the woman, like her daughter had never seen. However, all magnificent highs end with a devastating crashes.

The curvy daughter was just coming home from class, tapping her fingers to the last beat from her radio. As she made her way to the door it was immediately apparent something was wrong. The light sound of sobbing was evident even before she'd fully turned her key.

“Mom?” Zoey called out, her concern the dominant tone in her voice.

The sobbing slowed, “H-hey Zoe-bear,” her mother managed through sniffles as she tried to compose herself.

The blonde kicked off her shoes, following the sounds of her mother’s distraught crying. “What happened mom?” she asked as she found the brunette over the edge of her bed.

Black streaks of smudged eyeliner were running down the older woman’s cheeks. Composing herself she shook her head, putting on a brave face for her daughter, “It’s nothing,” she lied, rubbing and smearing the marks on her cheeks.

With a frown Zoey closed the distance, kneeling down and putting at arm around her distraught parent. “Mom,” she sighed, giving a loving hug which the older woman returned thankfully.

It took a few minutes for her to talk, and even then it was bubbling the realism of it back to the surface. With a deep quivering breath to steady herself her teary eyes met with her daughter’s. “Michael left me,” she said simply, clearly just that was hard to say as her lip visibly trembled.

The blonde was stunned, “What?” she gasped, “I thought things were going super well?”

Sniffling more tears away her mother nodded, “So did I,” she replied, taking in a shuddering breath, “But according to him, I'm not the type of woman he's looking for,” there was the lightest dusting of anger in the statement, making her grit her teeth. The sadness by far overwhelmed it though, as more crocodile tears dragged dark lines down her cheeks.

Her daughter just hugged her tighter, “I’m sorry mom,” she whispered. Her mother had been in this same place for her a dozen times over in her life, it was only appropriate that she do the same. Just like her own breakups it was obvious her mother cared really deeply for the guy. It'd be a while to get over him.

Or did it? The stick crossed Zoey’s mind, still sitting in her nightstand. She could fix this, make her mother happy again. And her mother deserved it.

Hugging the brunette tighter briefly the daughter broke away, “Want me to put on some tea?” she offered.

Thinking it over Carmella gave a brief nod, “Yeah,” she answered. It would help her calm down, take her mind off things.

Smiling her daughter got to her feet, “Alright, I'll be right back,” she promised her mother, slipping out and up the hall to her room.

Immediately the blonde went for her nightstand, tearing open the drawer and watching the runed rod roll its way to the front; as if it knew she was looking for it. Drawing it out she looked it over in her hand, seeing her mother’s hair still twisted into the spelling of her name. Last time she'd simple made a wish and it happened, so…

Taking it in both hands she took a breath to focus, trying to think of just how to ask for what she was thinking. “I wish my mother was the type of woman her boyfriend was looking for,” she told the stick.

The runes began to glow, spiraling up the surface of the stick until Carmella's name shone brightly. Blue light highlighted Zoey’s soft features, revealing the warm smile she got from knowing the good she was giving her mother.

Back in her room Carmella was still crying softly. Her Zoey had been monumental in helping her. She’d raised an amazing daughter these past twenty years, even on her own, and that was something to be proud of.

Reaching up and wiping the tears from her eyes the lines of her face were tightening. Years of stress induced wrinkles melting away and leaving the woman looking like an actress of the same age. The small hints of grey that had started in her hair blended away, giving her brunette locks a new luscious sheen. The thin lines of her lips inflated back to their youthful roundness, inviting anyone to try and steal a kiss from the old beauty.

Beneath her neck was receiving even more change. Her slender frame plumped up, spots disappearing and skin smoothing. Beneath her blouse her breasts perked up, the sag of years tightening up into the full round boobs of her youth. Each was barely a handful, but in her push up bra, and in a blouse not meant for them, they burst open buttons. A nice cleavage put on display as the changes continued down.

The mother’s pants crept up her ankles, showing off a little calf. As her rear swelled into a respectable booty the sounds of the fabric straining tickled the air. Not that the old woman noticed.

Looking at the dark stains of her eyeliner on her fingers Carmella struggled to remember why she was crying. Had something maybe happened with Zoey? She couldn’t recall. Rising to her feet the rejuvenated brunette straightened her top, admiring her cleavage leftover from her date with Michael. She was one hell of a bombshell, even at her age.

Now that she’d gotten back on the horse maybe it was about time to step up again? Not just settle for the first guy in a while to offer her some. With a minx-like smirk she sauntered out with a confident, sexy sway in her motherly hips.

Did it work? It was hard to tell, as the glowing runes faded back to normal. One way or the other Zoey had promised her mother tea, and if she didn’t deliver it would be suspicious.

Tossing the stick back into her drawer the blonde got back to the task at hand, slipping out of her room and downstairs. Imagine her surprise when she caught her previously grieving mother already in the kitchen. “Mom?” she piped up, seeing her matron working away at the counter.

The curvy brunette smiled over her shoulder at her daughter, ruby painted lips gleaming in the light, “Hey Zoe-bear, I was just putting some tea on,” she chided, turning and revealing herself to her daughter as she waited for the water to boil.

Something was off, the busty blonde could tell that much. The more she tried to put her finger on it, the hazier it was in her mind. Her mother looked good this afternoon, and… that was normal. She seemed in a better mood than before for sure though, had the wish worked?

“I was just coming down to do that,” she told her mother as she came to the dining room table to sit. “How are things with Michael?” she asked curiously, to test the waters of her wish.

Her mother gave a shrug, “Fine?” she answered. “I’m not sure how much longer we're going to last though. He's into me but, I'm not sure I really feel the same,” she muttered thoughtfully as the kettle started to bubble. “I think I can do better.”

With a smile her daughter agreed. “For sure mom,” she replied. It wasn’t exactly what she was thinking when she made the wish, but her mother was happy. That was what mattered.

Carmella could sense the slight unease from her daughter’s reply, frowning disappointedly. “You weren't getting attached to him were you?” she asked concerned.

“What?” Zoey shook her head, “No,” she answered quickly.

Coming over he mother came to rest just in front of her offspring. “You’re sure? I know things have been a bit rough just the two of us,” she offered, “I know you're older now but there’s nothing wrong with craving a father figure in your life,” she explained calmly, reading for her daughter’s answer.

Still shaking her head the blonde looked up at her mom. “I’m fine mom,” she promised, “You’re all I need in my life.”

With a smile the youthful mother closed the distance, pulling her into a hug that nestled her daughter's head in her full bosom. “Thanks sweetie,” she cooed happily, just as the kettle began to whistle. “There’s the tea,” the done up brunette chirped, prepping the cups for both of them.

As she watched her mother prepare the tea, Zoey couldn’t shake the foggy feeling in her head. That overwhelming sensation that something was wrong. She looked to the picture of her and her mother on the fridge, the brunette bearing a youthful glow with light makeup and a bright expression. Her mother was obviously older, but the two of them looked in the prime of their lives, grinning happily and enjoying their little together moment.

It was a fond memory, setting her at ease that whatever was wrong had to be her imagination. They were both happy, and that was what mattered. As her mother came to the table, setting down the steaming cup in front of her the blonde could just smile. Her mother deserved the best, and it was good to see she wasn’t settling in that pursuit.

Sure to her feeling the brunette mother ended up leaving her boyfriend later that week, trading him for a model up. Then without warning she git rid of him for another step up the prospective ladder a week later. A week later and the pattern continued again. It was like a revolving door of potentials her mother kept finding fault with. There was getting back on the horse, but this was something else. She wanted her mother to be happy but it was getting disruptive.

With her finals approaching Zoey was spending her nights cooped up in her room, doing her best to shut out the outside world. Not something her mother had been making easy, as demonstrated by their confrontation yesterday.

The brunette had emerged from her room, wearing just a loose fitting top that barely hung low enough to protect her modesty. Sweat dripped over her brow, and she couldn’t help wearing a dopey smile on her face from the evening’s festivities. They hadn’t been quiet about it either. The sound of the bed creaking with every thrust, and the brunette’s borderline whorish moans as she was rightfully fucked by her boy of the week.

“Mom, I need to study,” the blonde confronted her in the hallway out front of her door. “I’ve only got a few days left. Can you not with your boyfriend?” she pleaded.

Pouting one of her sexy lips her mother nodded, “Sorry Zoe-bear,” she half-heartedly apologized. It was clear she wasn’t intending to stop though.

With a sigh Zoey shook her head. “Mom, please,” she continued, “You can-“ the idea was gross moving through her head of what they were doing. It wasn’t hard to imagine unfortunately though with how loud they were, “you can fuck him senseless tonight, but I need quiet. Can you not bring your boyfriend home tomorrow?” she resumed her plea, “I just need one quiet night to study.”

With a smile her mother came over, giving her frustrated daughter a hug. It was clear she meant it as a comfort, but the smell of sex really took away from the heartfelt moment, “Okay sweetie,” she promised, “I won’t bring him home tomorrow night.”

That was the promise her mother had made, and it was looking like she was going to keep it. A glance at the clock and it was already an hour past when her mother’s shift ended. The blonde dared hope her mother had gone to her boyfriend’s, only to have the hope immediately dashed.

The front door slammed open, echoing through the empty house and heralding her mother’s arrival. On par with the loudness of that interruption was the obnoxious making out. Tongues explored one another’s mouth, as they wetly suckled and kissed at each other hungrily. Soft moaning erupted from both their throats, distorted by the brunette’s giggling and his raspy growls.

Hushing her fresh boy toy the slut gave a warning, “We have to be quiet,” she explained, as he ran kisses down her neck. One hand crept between the buttons of her blouse, forcing it open and showing off the milky cleavage of her pushed up breasts, “I promised my daughter I'd let her study.”

So she remembered. It was like adding salt in the wound, Zoey’s knuckles turning white as her hands balled into frustrated fists.

“Sure babe,” the blonde didn’t recognize the voice, so it was yet another new guy her mother had picked up.

Their make outs moved up the stairs, growing louder as they grew closer to Zoey’s room. The brunette gave a chuckle, reaching a hand down and rubbing at her boy toy's half hard dick through his jeans. “I’m gonna have fun with this,” she teased him, running the tip of her tongue over her plump lips and making them shine.

A knowing grin crossed her dark haired stud's face, and she could feel him throbbing to full mast beneath her fingertips. Their lips connected once more, her free hand slipping into his top to rub over his abs, as they stumbled down the hall blindly to her room. As the pair stepped over the frame the door was slammed shut, again echoing through their small house and making her daughter grind her teeth in annoyance.

With their privacy secured, Carmella shoved her plaything to the bed with a grin, the springs groaning loudly as he landed. “Playtime,” she purred, only marginally trying to keep her voice down.

Getting on her knees the brunette crawled her way over, leaving her boy toy to fumble with his bottoms to be ready for her. He barely got himself out in time, his meaty fuck stick flopping out to smack her in the nose and make the slutty MILF giggle.

“Quite something, aren’t you?” she complimented, wrapping her fingers around the girthy rod and giving it a few strokes.

That was just the foreplay though, as the curvy mother let out her tongue, running it up the base of his shaft all the way to the tip. She could feel him trembling, filling and getting harder, as she gingerly kissed his swelling head. Each caress of her warm wet muscle pumped more blood into his needy phallus, until it was growing dark from the strain. Her hazel eyes peeked up, locking with his to make sure he was watching, as she licked her lips once more. Pulling his cock down she kissed the tip with her shining lips, before spreading them over his head as she took it into her mouth.

Her boy toy let out a gasping moan, arching his hips forward for her as she sucked on his tool. As she settled into a short bob, her tongue struggling to work as he filled the majority of her mouth with his sheer size, he countered with thrusts that creaked the bed, and had him butting at the back of her throat. Unfortunately he was a tad more than even the experienced cocksucker could handle, leaving her able to do little more than slurp noisily as his thrusts forced the spit from her mouth and dribble as drool down her chin.

So much for quiet. It was like her slut of a mother was more concerned with getting fucked than with her daughter anymore. She wasn’t about to get any studying done with those two going at it, leaving her thoughts roaming elsewhere. Zoey found herself rolling her study chair over to her nightstand, wondering if she had any earplugs, or maybe she could get her earbuds for her phone. She wasn’t the best studying to music but it was better than trying to study to her mom moaning like a whore.

With a lewd pop Carmella came off his thick meet, stroking it and making it shine from her spit coating. “There we go,” she teased with a grin, getting up and tossing her clothes off to the side.

Her plaything just watched, his cock twitching at the sight of her tight body. Her firm tits squeezed into that push up bra, the wide curve of her hips, and that amazing ass of her. By far the highlight as its cheeks bounced with each step she took towards the bed. It was hard to believe she was in her late fifties with a body like hers.

The brunette wasted no time, crawling onto the bed and pointing his turgid fuck stick right where she wanted it. She couldn’t help but moan, biting her lip to at least try and keep herself quiet as the massive cockhead spread her, the ridge flicking her clit as she rode it with shallow thrusts. “God,” she cussed, going red in the face as she managed to get the first inch into her.

He wasn’t doing much better, groaning impatiently as he rested his hands on her hips. Each thrust he gave had her gasp, breasts threatening to pop out of their holders, as she was bounced. “Slow down cowboy,” she teased him with a giggle. “I like it a little rough, but I'm not as young as I used to be.”

“Sorry,” he replied half-heartedly, slowing his thrusts and extending the squealing of the bed springs beneath him.

Not as young as she used to be. The blonde groaned, maybe if she was she'd still give a shit about the promise she'd made to her. Still searching for her earbuds, she felt the shift in weight in her drawer as the wishing stick rolled its way to the front.

Frustration was still the dominant feeling coursing through her veins, as Zoey picked up the enchanted rod. Why not? Maybe it would teach her a lesson? “I wish my mother was younger,” she demanded. The runes flashed to life, highlighting its holder's face with dim blue light, as it went about granting the wish.

In the other room Carmella was still sinking onto her boy toy's meat, his girth stretching her wide. The inner muscles of her cunt loosened, and she regained lost elasticity that had her immediately sink to the base of his soaked shaft. As she let out a guttural cry of pleasure neither noticed as it jumped up an octave, her vocal chords tightening as her age continued to melt away beneath the surface. Her fingers sunk into his chest, taking handfuls of his shirt in her hands as she sped up her riding of his thick cock.

Her breaths started to quicken, her makeup fading away as more of ye natural beauty of youth returned to her features. She skin smoothed over her body, leaving her as the picture of perfection she was two decades ago. Her brown hair tickled further down her shoulders, growing down and tickling the dip of her lower back with her healthy ends. Her full lips thickened into whorish kissers, and without a missed beat she was diving in to take his rougher mouth into a kiss.

By now he had to be ten years her senior, as the youthful brunette continued to improve. Her breasts swelled, overflowing her previous tight fitting cups and squishing into her plaything's chest. Or was she his plaything? As he took her hips and rolled her onto the bed.

From below she looked up at him with artificial lust glazing her eyes, hands above her head and gripping the sheets as she felt her every fold clinging to the dick filling her. She pressed her chest out for him, straining her bra in the process and making him grin, “You look good in that, maybe I should buy you another?” he teased.

She just grinned, biting one of her plump lips, “Have I earned daddy?” she teased.

The nature of their relationship had changed drastically, the thirty something single mother now relying on the well hung man as a sugar daddy. However, the busty brunette wasn’t the only one who’s life was being turned on its head. Beneath her notice Zoey was changing. It was impossible for the twenty five year old to be daughter to a woman practically her age, so the stick set about righting that issue.

Her shoulders shrank in, her bra straps loosening as she lost a number of years and inches off her bust line. Her kept blonde hair grew out like her mother’s, and she could hazily recall they'd gone together to get it done not too long ago. The womanly maturity she'd been developing the past seven years melted away, leaving the hazel eyed beauty looking almost cherubic in cuteness.

Things like her diploma disappeared from her walls, a number of posters she would have hung up in her teens replacing them in the blink of an eye. The books her mother had bought her in prep for her career disappeared from her shelves, replaced by a meager few that might help her with her application. She had to try and apply for college soon, and being the daughter of a single teen mom was a huge barrier to get over.

The blonde could barely remember why she was holding the stick as the glow faded. The hazy sensation something had happened, that something was wrong, tickled the back of her mind. The worry was drowned out though, as she could hear the bed squealing in the other room as yet another man had his way with her mom. She was lucky her mother cared how she did, getting a job when she was born, and often selling herself or her dignity to give Zoey the best she could. Though sometimes it was hard to tell if the brunette was putting on a face, or really enjoyed it.

Pretty soon the eighteen year old was going to need to consider a job of her own. Child support payments for her mother would stop soon, and a part time job, supplemented by “favors”, wouldn’t pay the mortgage her father left them with forever. She’d think of some way to help out, as she put the stick away and went back to studying for her entrance exams, trying to tune out the sounds of her mother’s rising moans.

*“Hey Zoe-bear, my boyfriend and I are going on a trip. Not sure when we'll be back, but it shouldn’t be more than a week or two at the most. I made sure to leave a bunch of premade meals in the fridge, and there’s money on the counter in case you want to eat out. See you soon baby. Love, Mom.”*

That had been the letter her mother left on the kitchen table about a week ago. Why she couldn’t have had her little trip before Zoey’s exams was a mystery. Then again from the sounds of it her mother had gotten herself another new boyfriend, and one who hadn’t been afraid to flaunt his wealth a little bit. Her “eating out” money was almost three hundred dollars, which she knew was otherwise way out if their budget.

The second she counted it even the young blonde knew it would be a better idea to save it for a rainy day. No matter how loaded this new John was, it would be stupid to come to rely on him forever. Having even a small safety net was worth a whole tonne more than a belly full of junk food.

Some time alone was perfect for her to do some job hunting. It would be a while before she heard back on her admission requests, so getting her name out there was a wise use of her time.

That wasn’t to say the girl didn’t enjoy her week of quiet. She spent a few nights out with what friends she did have from school; had a few late night movie binges, not having to worry about waking her mom or disturbing a boyfriend. It was a welcomed pallet cleanser after stressing over her entrance exams.

The blonde was just settling in with a bowl of popcorn to enjoy some television when she heard the door. “Zoe-bear, I'm home,” her mother called out, clearly short on breath.

“Hey mom,” her daughter replied cheerily through a few kernels, “I was just about to put on-“

Zoey couldn’t believe her eyes when she turned to see her mother coming into the room, chest first by a number of inches. Her buttons were strained to their limit. Well, the ones that could be done up anyway. Of the six buttons only the top one and bottom two had any home of containing her mother’s new monumental bust. Each creamy breast was bigger that her mother’s face, perfectly round and squeezing into each other as her poor shirt tried to keep them restrained. The edge of an undoubtedly custom made bra protected her modesty, but only added to the brunette’s whorish look.

She couldn’t help an outburst, “What the fuck mom?” she cussed, unable to process what she was seeing.

Her mother was quick to snap back with a finger, “Zoey, language,” she warned.

That was what she was concerned about? “Mom, what happened to you?” the blonde asked again, needing to know just what the hell had happened to her mother’s chest.

The older woman forced smile, as she tried to justify it all in her head. “Henry thought I could use a little work,” she answered.

Her daughter could hardly believe it. “Mom, a little work is getting your hair and nails done,” she rationalized, “Those are,” she stumbled on the words, “hooker tits,” she told her.

It was clear her mother shared some of the sentiment, arching her back a bit to tend to the mild ache. She’d get used to it though, “Look Zoey, they aren’t that bad,” she reasoned, more to herself than her daughter, “They’ll be more reasonable when the swelling goes down.”

The blonde got up, frustration bubbling up in her at her mother’s complacency. She’d always looked up to her, but now, “That’s not the point. How could you let someone do this to you?” she pressed, “How are you going to hold down your job when you look like a stripper?”

She’d expected this would be a bit of an awkward conversation when she got home. Gritting her teeth and swallowing her pride the hazel eyed babe met her daughter's accusing stare. “Look, Henry made an offer,” she told her, “We can’t keep struggling by Zoey. Henry can keep us living well until you finish college, then you can have a better life than I have,” she explained.

She couldn’t believe what she was hearing. “So you’re just going to become his personal whore then?” she accused, “What happens when he gets tired and leaves, like dad did?” she asked.

That pushed the brunette past her tipping point, her face going red. She wanted to shout, or maybe to cry, but as the adult in the situation kept her cool. “Zoey, go to your room,” she ordered with a borderline rage behind her eyes, tears welling in their corners.

It was clear her mother wasn’t thinking. Just playing her part of the air headed bimbo for some rich fuck to take advantage of. She didn’t argue, turning on her heel and kicking the couch on her way by to the stairs and spilling her popcorn all over the floor. As the blonde was rounding the railing to go to her room she heard her mom groaning as she tried to bend over with her new hooker tits to clean up the mess. And right now, the spiteful young adult felt she deserved it.

Just to drive it home she slammed her bedroom door loud enough to echo through the house and rattle the contents of her room. She could hardly contain the hormonal hurricane running through her, throwing a kick at her nightstand and knocking the whole thing down. How could her mother be so short sighted?

Realizing what she’d done the blonde let out a hot sigh, trying to cool off a bit. She knelt down to pick up her fallen furniture, the drawer falling out despite her best effort, and pouring its contents at her feet. Including the wishing stick.

She let out a huff, picking the think up in her hand as her angry mind swarmed like angry bees. “If my mom’s gonna act like a dumb whore then I may as well wish she were one,” she commented offhandedly.

The runes began to glow, highlighting her face as the name Carmella lot up at its end. She hadn’t meant to actually wish for that, a look of worry spread on her face. As the object worked to make it true.

Kneeling down, one arm wrapped around her giant chest as she struggled with her sense of balance, and picking up single pieces of popcorn in her fingers Carmella was fighting tears. She wanted what was best for her daughter’s future, but Zoey was right. What kind of example was she setting for her? She’d made a horrible decision for both of them, clinging to a desperate hope this boyfriend would support them.

Reaching her hand up to wipe at her tears, the overstuffed mother once again went on oblivious to how she was changing. Her fingernails grew, going from a fine manicure into inch long ruby painted symbols of her class. Or at least the one she claimed to be worth. Her lips swelled on her face, going from reasonable to borderline cartoonish as they coated in a scarlet lip gloss. Perfect for doing one thing and one thing only, as the shine of drool shimmered from the light gap between her new dick sucking lips.

Her lashes extended to the point of looking false, decorated with colourful mascara that matched with the shining thick fade that hid her eyelids, making her hazel orbs practically pop when she turned your way. Any natural shape her eyebrows had was gone, plucked to perfection and filled in with pencil into a fierce taper. The brunette’s hair inflated with product, giving it volume that had it able to stand on end before falling into waves over her shoulders and down to her mid-back. Highlights of blonde made her do absolutely glow, ensuring that even if you weren’t looking you'd spot her.

By far though her hair would never be the first thing you'd notice about this woman. Her mammoth tits expanded in her embrace, swelling out over the top and bottom of her arm; with natural size, as well as an upgrade to her new implants. The top button of her blouse burst, flinging across the room and adding to the flesh flowing over her forearm. No bra could dream of containing them. Hell, it would honestly be a struggle for her to contain either one with a single arm. Years of carrying around such enormous beacons of sexuality had left her back arched, forcing her to stick them out on display. Not that she minded, that was half the point.

Below her waist wasn’t fairing better. There was a groaning of fabric before a resounding tear filled the room. Her pants split down the middle as her rear forced out unrelentingly. Her panties rode up into her crack, pulling between the engorging lips of her always on pussy. The sensation of the fabric grinding on her clit had her release a whorish moan. It was like her voice was a permanent sultry purr, designed to entice just as much as her oversexed body.

The room around her began to change just as much. The couch grew bigger, the lining changing to an expensive looking leather. Their television widened into a wall mounted model, and speakers popped up from the nothing around the room. In their kitchen the pots and pans the mother once used were replaced with a number of empty pizza boxes and takeout remains. Their little dining table swapped out for a glass surface that worked better to bring the room together. And from the round circles currently marring its surface it had recently been used for activities other than eating.

Signs of sexual addiction were littered about the living space. The mother’s sex toys, pornographic magazines, even the odd reminder of a recent encounter like a pair of her soaked panties. This was the home of a proper whore, and one paid well for what she did.

The hazel eyed bimbo blinked, wondering what she was shedding tears over. “Aw, what was it that got me fussing?” she mused to herself, tapping one of her nails to her chin. She couldn’t for the life of her remember as she rose to her feet, her unrestrained tits swaying back and forth. Such massive melons were impossible to miss, so wide they were easily visible from behind even around her arms.

She was easily distracted, looking down at her chest with a smile. “Oh my god,” she couldn’t finish the sentence without a giggle, “I still can’t believe Henry made me even bigger,” she chided happily. He was a pretty good pay pig.

She couldn’t help tugging on her top and making her humungous tits bounce, the handful pink nipples capping them pointing upwards. It was always such a rush seeing her try to squeeze into her old clothes whenever she went bigger. It was definitely more fun when she was young, busting bras left and right and not needing to wait a week in bandages to recover from surgery.

Absentmindedly she tossed a piece of popcorn between her swollen lips, the act making her remember it was all over the floor. “Wait wait, Zoey made this… hmmm,” she mused, remembering her daughter storming off, but not why.

From the look of the living room, maybe she caught her daughter masturbating? She was getting that age. And if her daughter, like, had the same types of pangs she did growing up it was probably eating away at her. Maybe she should talk to her about it?

And like, prep for her daughter’s big birthday coming up.

Upstairs the echoes of the blonde’s wish were reaching her, as she held the glowing stick in her hand. While she'd always had more of her father’s dominant genes, that didn’t stop her new mothers from shining through. As well as her new upbringing.

Much like her mother’s, the younger girl’s nails grew out, getting a nice pink gel coating. Her look of worry melted away, as the entirety of her features morphed into a oversexed façade of what they once were. She started growing her mother’s overinflated lips, though not to the came degree that came with occasional collagen enhancement. Still each was a soft pink painted pillow for any dick lucky enough to land between them.

Her brows bleached blonde, and her eyelids were made up from nowhere with golds and pinks. Thick eyeliner mirrored long false lashes that worked to highlight her eyes perfectly.

The blonde’s long hair jumped up, pulling into a pair of tight pigtails that fell over her shoulders and down to her butt. Had she ever had more than a touch up for her ends? It was hard to say, but she took excellent care of her golden locks to maintain their natural shine.

Her toned tummy tightened, the layer of fat shrinking away; moving elsewhere on her body an multiplying. Even at her young age her chest exploded out, stretching the lazy top she'd thrown on for the day as just a fraction of her mother’s size inflated under it. There was a strange feeling inside them, like a solid ball forming as their teardrop shapes rounded out into perfect spheres. Her nipples hardened and poked through to make little tents, each as big as a pencil eraser and aching as the rough fabric of her stretched shirt teased them.

The only part of her screaming louder were her nethers. She could feel the heat rising in them, as her inflating rear pulled her previously comfortable boy shorts into every crevice. A dark spot even appeared, where her borderline overwhelming need soaked her through. By the end she was a proper little whore like her mother, with an hourglass figure that the old her would have been more than jealous of.

The wave moved through her room, her bed growing more plush and colourful as it was covered in pillows and gifts from admirers. The desk she previously used for studying now had a decent computer, with a little webcam and everything for her social media posts. She was the daughter of “Cumella” after all, it was only right she keep a proper presence like her mom taught her.

The clothing in her closet was swept away. Her proper jackets and shirts she'd used for job hunting replaced instead with tube tops, and spaghetti strand tanks intended to show of her inherited wealth of boob off to the world. According to her new bras after all, they were small banded H-cups. Her bottoms all swapped for high cut skirts and skin tights that would accentuate every aspect of her budding sexuality.

Her shelf, once lined with books, now held an assortment of things. More favors, as well as a few old school textbooks that secretly served to hide some of the better things she's snuck away from her mother’s collection to get herself off with. Something which had become the dominant thought in her head lately, as she was reaching her sexual peak.

By the end the curvy blonde just blinked, holding the fading runed stick in her hand as she finished standing her nightstand back up. A number of her hidden sex toys had fallen with it, though she couldn’t remember through the thick haze washed over her why it had been knocked over in the first place. Or even what this strange rod was in her hand. It was about the right size to be a dildo, and even had her mother’s name on it.

“Like, what was I doing?” she mused, the now airheaded youth trying to mull it over, work it out. Is was like there was a faint scream in the back of her head. Like something was super wrong, but she couldn’t really put her finger on it.

The attempt to recall it though was short lived, as a knock on her bedroom door shattered her train of thought. “Zoe-bear, can I um, come in?” her mother asked.

She could feel red tinting her cheeks. The last thing her mother needed to see was her holding a sex toy. “Uh like,” she quickly shoved it in her nightstand, shutting it away, “gimme a minute mom,” she managed, hastily making sure there was nothing out that would oust her, or her online endeavours.

Satisfied she gave a nod, hopping into her plush sheets with a wiggle before letting out a cheery, “Okay, you can come in now!”

Gingerly her mother peeked the door open, her giant tits on full display. She didn’t even try to hide them, holding no shame as the un-sizeable goliaths entered the room before her. She was a well known mini-celebrity after all, she had no doubt that her daughter had seen them before. Maybe not since her recent “boost”, but a thousand or so CCs was a drop in the bucket.

She couldn’t remember why they were mad. Even the vague thought she had before coming upstairs was like a far away memory. After a brief second she manage to wrangle her thoughts enough to start. “I figured we might want to like, have a bit of a talk,” she offered.

The pigtailed blonde blinked at that, waving her thick thighed legs over the edge of the bed. “About what?” she asked curiously, tilting her head and admiring her picturesque mother a little.

Pointing an acrylic nail to her daughter’s well soaked panties was all the top heavy woman needed to do. “Uh, your little problem Zoe-bear,” she teased knowingly. “I totally remember what I was like at your age. I was basically, *desperate* for relief,” she sighed wistfully, loosing herself in some slutty reverie.

Zoey couldn’t help giggling a little. She’d seen that look in her mother’s eyes before, and that sheen on her lips as she drooled over a nice satisfying dick. There were enough videos of it you could find in her younger days, before she'd committed totally to just whoring herself out for pleasure. There was like, no reason to interrupt her walk down memory lane.

Shaking her head of it the mother got back on track, “Um, anyway I was completely *starved* for cock,” she explained blatantly, “And oh my god, don’t think I haven’t seen that account of yours Zozo. I know you’re like, probably getting it from all the cute boys at your school,” she teased with a little nod at the favors lining her shelves.

Caught. The blonde’s bubble gum pink lips spread into a naughty grin. “A little bit,” she replied coyly.

That was an understatement. Ever since her tits started growing in the blonde’s grades had been shrinking, as she was more interested in *other* things. Like any good mother with deep pockets, for the girl’s sweet sixteen she'd gotten her a little work done of her choice. The buxom Zoey had taken after her mother, wanting a boob job to boost her already nice bust, and adding to her problems.

Her mother feigned a gasp, “Naughty girl,” she congratulated her offspring. It was something they were on the same foot about, and she couldn’t help being a mix of proud and jealous. “God, the summer away from all those studs is probably killing you baby,” she noted.

It was true, the pink lipped bimbo giving a pout, pressing her thighs together. “Is it like, that obvious?” she asked.

“Totally,” her topless mother teased with a little wink. “If you need the relief Zoe-bear you can totes use anything you want from my collection,” she told her daughter. “And then I'll totally get you something super special for you birthday next week,” she promised.

That brought a smile to her daughter’s face, and the younger girl excited hopped onto her mother with a loving hug. Not that they could properly embrace, with their oversized jugs squished together up to their chins they could barely reach one another’s shoulders, “Holy shit mom, you’re like, the best,” she chirped excitedly,” already knowing a few things she was eager to try out.

The week was a mix of highs and lows for the bust heavy blonde. The wait for her birthday was agonizing, but having her mother’s best toys to tide herself over definitely helped take her mind off it. Soon enough though she was the big one eight. Officially legal, and she celebrated with a nice topless pic on her feed for all her many fans.

She expected the party to be kicking by noon, but strangely enough her mother hadn't even set anything up. Maybe they were going out? The agony of surprise was eating away at the bubbly Zoey, as she crept around her giant chested mother.

The brunette just grinned, waggling a long nailed finger at her. “I totes see you peeking Zoe-bear,” she teased her eager daughter.

Pouting the blonde let out a whine, already all done up and left waiting. “You said like, my birthday was gonna be super special,” she protested.

Giggling her mother gave a nod, “Mmhmm,” she confirmed, “I got you the perfect gifts.”

She didn’t see them. And plus there was the bigger matter at hand, “But like, no party?” she whined.

With a mischievous little shimmy of her shoulders the built MILF shook her head. “I knew there was something you might want a bit more,” she continued to tease. “Would you like your first gift now? You might um, want it when the others arrive,” she asked.

Others? She couldn’t help grinning a little at the idea of a present though. “Oh my god, yes,” she chirped, wiggling and making her tits jiggle in her ill fitting top.

With clicking of her tall heels on the linoleum the brunette slipped into the kitchen, fishing out a wrapped box from behind the fridge. With difficulty of course; for as much as she adored her chest it often got in her way.

Zoey was on the edge of her seat, bouncing back and forth as her mother came over with her gift. No words needed saying, the blonde’s long nails tearing in and finding two boxes inside. A new phone, and a new webcam. “Like, thank you so much,” she squealed excitedly, already imagining the new pics she would take with these.

They were broken from the little moment by the ringing of the doorbell, “That’ll be your other presents arriving,” Carmella giggled, stepping away to let her daughter open her two toys and let their guests in.

Standing at the door waiting were a pair of guys. Both were well built specimens of manhood, chiseled from hours of maintenance and from the bulges in their pants naturally “gifted” to boot. Both couldn’t help but give a knowing smile to the brunette as she came to greet them, taking a moment to admire the extreme figure she rocked. It was like every time they saw her she just got better.

“You called Cumella?” the front one verified, his bulge twitching at the sight of the MILF's hard nipples through her almost sheer strap of a top.

The curvy slut gave a nod, one that lingered downward just a bit too long. “Mmhmm,” she answered, waving them in.

Neither needed further prodding, following the object of a number of their fantasies as she led them to the living area with a sway of her oversized hips. “Zoe-bear,” she called out to her daughter.

The blonde was busy fidgeting with her new toys, already snapping a quick selfie with her new phone for her followers. “Yeah mom?” she asked, looking away long enough to see the two pieces of man meat now in their house with wide eyes.

“This is Jeff, and uh… Kyle,” the mother introduced them with a wave of her hand, “Boys, this is my Zoe-bear. It's her birthday and I invited you over to play,” she teased with a little giggle.

The pair couldn’t deny, having their bombshell of a fling introduce her ten out of ten daughter had their loins stirring. Especially because it seemed even the young girl was on the same page as her mother, wiggling excitedly as she openly ogled their packages. “Oh my god,” she exclaimed, “like, thank you so much mom.”

With a grin the buxom woman gave a wink, “You’re welcome Zozo,” she cooed, turning to her pair of Johns, “Now play nice, I'm going to watch to make sure she treats you both how I would,” she explained, all the while pointing to the couch for them both to take a seat, and take off their pants.

As they let out their half-hard rods Zoey scooted in, crawling over like an excited pup ready to be fed. She couldn’t help drooling hungrily from both ends, some of her greatest dreams coming true. Super sexy, popular, and getting everything she ever wanted. The perfect gift life, just like her mom had.

There was still a mild nagging, like a scream through the hazy fog. Like something was wrong. It didn’t matter though, it was easily drowned out by the moans of Kyle as she slipped the mushroom head of his cock between her pillowy pink lips.

Sitting at her desk, her wide brimmed hat tipped back and revealing the pale furred vulpine ears poking through her red locks, Materia held an orb in one of her monstrous claws. Beneath the glass surface through the thin mists, were Zoey and her mother, playing out the events of the young slut's birthday.

“Like mother like daughter,” the Madam giggled, watching as the blonde haired bimbo got a nice facial from her mother’s plaything and posed for a nice selfie.

Across the room, another inhuman figure sat, the stick of a cheap sucker bouncing in her animalistic muzzle as she spoke. “Sated your malice then?” she spat, hands in the pockets of an open lab coat, revealing her naked and furred body beneath.

Turning in her seat the witchy woman’s pair of vulpine tails danced behind her defensively. “Whatever do you mean doctor?” she asked, masking her feelings with a coy tone.

Stepping up on her inverse bent legs the doctor narrowed her aged eyes. “There was nothing for her to learn, no out,” she called out, reaching up and pulling the sucker from her canid face. “You actively sabotaged that poor girl, ruined her life, all because you were jealous,” she explained.

It was purely hypothesis, but the Madam's reaction was a tell all. One of her clawed hands clenched, and she shot a glare at the coyote. “And so what if I did?” she practically growled.

With a shrug the braided haired doc popped her sliver of a treat back into her mouth. “Just an observation,” she replied nonchalantly, turning to leave, “You know I'm always here if you ever want to talk about your mommy issues.”

Matty's claw tightened, the flesh beneath her furred forearms turning white, as the coyote gathered up a mop and headed out to the main lobby. She let out a huff, doing her best to dismiss the thoughts she'd been left to stew with as she got to her feet.

Walking over to her shelves she sorted her way through the myriad of orbs, each playing out another fantasy she had played a part in creating. “I don’t need to talk with you,” she justified to herself, setting Zoey’s orb, her new reality, into its place. Beneath the glass the pigtailed bimbo was taking it from both ends, eyes rolled up into her head from the sheer bliss she was in. “I've got my growing collection to enjoy.”