**Irresistible**

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

* *Madam Materia*

Sobbing Emma wandered in through the door of the odd knickknack shop that seemed to have suddenly sprout up downtown, in the alley between her favorite bar and its neighbour. She wasn’t sure why she came in instead of just going to drink her sorrows away. It just felt like she was supposed to.

Sniffling her tears away the middle aged woman browsed the shelves. There were items of various types with seeming no rhyme or reason, and without any prices. Like a poorly arranged yard sale.

“Can I help you?” a disgruntled female voice came from the counter at the back of the room.

Emma nearly screamed. Sitting at the desk with her pawed feet up on the counter, was a fox. Or not quite a fox. It had an alluring feminine body, rather brazenly on display through an open lab coat which seemed to be the only thing the fox woman was wearing. Beyond the beads and feathers dangling from her tightly woven dark locks anyway.

The fox woman sighed, sitting up and pulling her lab coat closed over her sandy furred body. “Pick up your jaw woman before you drool on the floor. I just cleaned and don’t want to have to do it again,” she warned.

The middle aged Emma did as told, collecting herself as her mind raced with questions. “What are you?” it came out, rather rudely.

“Who am I would be the more appropriate,” the anthropomorphic fox corrected, grabbing a sucker from a coffee mug on the counter and popping the purple candy between her lips. “And the answer would be Zyanya,” Zyanya told the woman, slipping her hands into the pockets of her lab coat and looking over with her dark brown eyes.

Much like the middle aged woman, Zyanya showed the signs of age. Sprinkles of gray were mixed into her brown fur, and beneath there were lines around her eyes and the corners of her muzzled face.

Emma was still staring. “But… What? You're not…” the woman stammered, nervously brushing a lock of her own blonde-dyed hair over her ear.

With a sigh Zyanya got up, walking around the counter on her pawed feet. “Yeah, I'm not human. I'm from an Earth without humans,” she explained. “I can give you my current thesis on it, and why I'm here, but it'd probably fly over your head. So then,” she went on, staring the human woman down. “what did you come in for today?”

The blonde woman was taken aback. Could this weird fox be anymore rude? She was right, there had been a reason, the pain of which shook her from the shock and had her tears returning. “What is this place anyway?” she asked, keeping as much of her composure as she could manage.

With another annoyed sigh Zyanya shifted on her feet. “This is Madam Materia’s Magical Menagerie. We specialize in supplying people with what real life fails to provide, generally an answer to their problems. Results may vary,” she chimed off in a monotonous tone.

“So you can help me then?” Emma asked through her tears, the disbelief obvious in her voice.

“Depends on the problem,” the fox replied flatly, removing her hands from her pockets and leaning on the counter behind her to listen.

Sniveling the blonde clenched her fist as she relived her problem. “My bastard of a husband is what happened,” she growled through her tears, “I caught him cheating on me, and now he’s filing for divorce so he can run off with that fucking tramp,” she recounted. “Twenty years of marriage, and the best years of my life wasted on that piece of shit,” her tears were streaking down her cheeks, running her heavy eyeliner further.

Zyanya gave a nod. “And what’s your plan? Make him love you again?” she said, absently pointing to one shelf. “Fuck him, get a new sugar daddy?” she pointed over to another. “Relive your glory years?” a third suggestion with an accompanying point.

Anger in her heart the wronged wife hissed with venom in her words, “I want it all. To be irresistible, so that bastard regrets what he did to me.”

The fox woman just nodded, taking the fading purple candy out of her mouth and pointing it to the woman, “Then go home. Take your time to be angry and cry over him. He's not worth it. Find yourself a job to occupy your time. Get a dating app and meet yourself someone genuine. It'll do you better than anything in this store.”

“That’s it?” Emma countered. “I thought you were supposed to help me.”

“I am,” Zyanya countered right back. “My best advice as a doctor. Get over him and don’t ruin your life.”

With a tearful glare the housewife stomped around. “Fine! Go fuck yourself!” she spat at the doctor before storming out.

The fox woman let out a sigh, slipping her hands into her pockets once more. “Welp, she'll learn,” she mused to herself, seeing the empty spot on he shelf where the blonde had pilfered an item. And a dangerous one at that.

The drive up the street was an exhilarated panic as the middle aged housewife fled the scene, the small box she stole sitting on her passenger’s seat. To hell with that fox, if she wasn’t going to help her she'd help herself.

Finally content she couldn’t be followed Emma put her car in park, looking over at her prize. She had no idea what it was, but she felt in her gut it was what she wanted. Picking up the cardboard box the woman took her first peek.

It was rather breathtaking. A large necklace with a nearly palm sized pendant featuring a violet feline eye.

She took it in her hands, examining it on all sides. “Just some dumb jewelry?” she groaned, looking into the box to see if there was anything else. It was magic right? There had to be instructions or something. Beyond a small cushion the only other thing in the box were words printed on the lid. “The eye of the beholder?” she read aloud, looking at the pendant again.

Without thinking more on it the aging woman tied it on, reaching around and clasping it behind her neck. The eye rested comfortably on her breastbone, between her sagging boobs showing off through her low cut top. Annoyance filled her as nothing happened.

“Come on you're supposed to-“ Emma was cut of as pain suddenly wracked her body. She cried out, curling up and clutching at the eye as a throbbing, burning sensation emanated from it through her chest.

She tried desperately to unclasp it with her free hand, but as she did she realized it was fruitless as the chain fell slack. Yet the eye remained. Small veins were visible as the violet eye became bloodshot, and Emma clawed desperately at it to try and remove it, onto to find it fused to her skin.

Painful tears rolled down her cheeks as all she could do was watch. Her skin bunched up around the eye, and its glassy surface began to shine with moisture. She could feel it as her strange her organ blinked on her chest. The violet eye darted about, taking it the surroundings of its new host before looking up to find her horrified look as she stared at it.

Again it blinked, and the housewife flinched as she tried to touch it and found it respond by closing itself. “What the fuck?” she cussed. She had to fix this. She could deal with that Zyanya woman being mad, but she couldn’t live as some freak with an eye on her chest.

Taking hold of the wheel she drove back to the bar, the violet eye taking in those she passed idly. As she arrived to her horror the Menagerie was missing, replaced by the alley which normally separated the bar from its neighboring store.

Terrified she got out of the car, spotting someone walking out. “Excuse me!” she called out, stopping the man.

Half drunk the man turned to her. “Whoa, are you alright miss?” he asked at the sight of the tear streaked woman.

“Th-there was a store here,” she tried to explain. “A little place, they gave me this thing and…” she held her chest out, the violet eye focusing on the man and blinking curiously.

He took a small step back. “Ma’am are you high? Maybe you should lie down,” he offered calmly, putting a hand on her shoulder.

High? There was a freaking eye in the middle of her chest. “How can you not see this?” she panicked, patting the eye, which twitched in annoyance at the repeated prodding. “And what happened to the store.”

“Ma’am there’s nothing there,” he assured her, trying to calm her down. “There’s never been another store here. Did you drink anything funny?” he tried to get to the bottom of it.

With a huff she pulled herself from his grasp. This was impossible. “I’m not high. If you can’t help me I'll find someone who will.”

Pushing her way past him Emma went into the bar, seeing the crowd acting as it always did. Music, a few dancers, and singles hovering around the bar and stalls hoping to get lucky. None of them seemed to pay her heed beyond the odd stare. And her third eye stared right back.

How were they not freaking out? Holding a hand over the obtrusive violet iris she made her way towards the bathroom. Maybe the man was right. Maybe she'd been drugged and was just having a bad trip; the feeling of the eye twitching under her fingers certainly didn’t feel like any hallucination. Either way, she needed to fix her face.

Stepping into the dingy restroom she started the closest sink, cupping the water in her hands and splashing it over her streaked face. She ran her thumbs under her eyes, wiping away the dark streaks from her liner before catching a look at her reflection.

Everything was fine. She looked normal, no eye in the middle of her chest. Maybe she had just imagined everything?

With a relieved sigh the housewife rest a hand on her chest, going pale as she felt the twitching of the organ's eyelid under her fingers. Her blue eyes shot down, the slit pupil of the massive violet one gazing back up to meet her. She turned back to her reflection, seeing that the eye was indeed still missing in the mirror.

“What the hell are you?” she wondered aloud, suddenly curious. Was that why the man, and indeed the whole bar, didn’t react? Could only she see this thing? She gave it another experimental poke, and it flinched at the attempt, letting her feel the sensation of touching the eyelid. It was her skin after all.

This was unreal. A disappearing store run by some fox, and a chest eyeball that only she could see. She looked back down at it, running her fingers around the edge of its under eye. “How are you going to help me though?” she wondered. It could only blink in reply.

Well, if no one could see it she could figure it out later. She had driven to the bar to drown her sorrows in booze and preferably a young cub, and there was no point changing that plan. She wanted to feel good again even if only for a night.

She took a moment to touch up her makeup, fixing the flaws her crying had brought out, covering the wrinkles just over fifty years of life had given her. With a good foundation and concealer though she could pass for a late thirty. Finishing up with scarlet lipstick Emma was satisfied, shaking away her sadness to get her game on.

The violet eye on her chest scanned the bar, as Emma was doing the same. A cougar hunting her mark, and she caught it with a lone cub at the bar. Making her way over with a sway of her hips, sliding her way onto a stool and stealing glimpses of him out of the corner of her eyes. Though her violet eye was fiercely staring at her intended prey; not even blinking, simply waiting.

He has two empty drinks in front of him, nursing a third. Evidence he'd been there for some time. The bored look on his face told her he hadn’t found what he was looking for, and the tight tee over his broad shoulders, not to mention the tight pants that outlined his bulge, made what that was obvious. He was here to pick up a one-nighter.

Ordering a drink she leaned over the bar, letting her expensive top hang to show as much as she could in his direction. The boy continued to scan the crowd, trying to pick out a potential until his eyes stumbled upon Emma. There was a moment of contemplation, and she caught it from the corner of her eye, flashing him a smirk that she caught him looking. That seemed to send the right signal as he smirked back.

There was a tightness in Emma’s chest as the violet eye widened. It drew her attention, startling her as she watched the pupil dilate, the violet colour of its iris shifting from magenta to a deep red. Before her very eyes, the fifty something housewife watched her skin tighten. Watching her hand, the spots of age faded away leaving her skin looking soft and plump. Her eyes jumped about as she watched little things tighten and change. Her blonde dyed locks tumble into her view, revealing that much of their natural colour had returned.

The biggest change though were her breasts. They rose up her chest, filling with volume she hadn’t knows for decades until they were the pert full tits of her youth. She could help grabbing herself, as if to make sure what she was seeing was real. The grin on her face was the telltale sign. She was gorgeous again.

The young cub was still looking, albeit a bit oddly as the woman groped herself. It took a moment for Emma to snap out of it, remembering what she was doing as the eye on her chest settled down. With a confident giggle she flashed her smile to the boy, inviting him over and into her grasp.

Taking his drink, the boy approached the cougar. “Hey,” was all he could manage in the presence of an older woman so his type.

“Hey cutie,” the pert housewife grinned. “Looking for something?” she teased.

He delayed, and the blonde just watched as his eyes wandered. Not exactly subtle was he? “You could say that,” he grinned. “Can I buy you a drink?”

Emma gave a grin of her own, flashing her pearly whites behind her scarlet lips. “You can, nothing's stopping you,” she teased his choice of words as she rested her chin on her fingers. “I don’t think the formality is necessary though cutie. We both know what you’re after, and you wouldn’t be this close if I wasn’t about to give it to you,” she leaned in, running her hand up his thigh and to his groin where she openly rubbed him through his pants. “So how about you grab a condom and we hop into my car?”

His cock throbbed under her touch at those words. “Sure,” he replied, finishing his drink and rising to his feet.

The hungry housewife was quick to follow, feeling the firmness in her new body as her legs brushed against the folds of her long skirt. With his gaze turned away from her she stole a peek back down at her cleavage, and the violet eye nestled just above on her breastbone. She wasn’t sure exactly why or even how, but if this was the kind of thing it could do for her it was a blessing and a half. And it would serve her purposes well.

A quick dip to the men's room and he was back with the contraceptive in hand. With a naughty grin she beckoned him with a finger and started out to her car.

The cub opened the door for her, earning himself a little smile and a teasing kiss from the predator as she got into her driver’s seat. She’d nearly forgotten about the eye's box as her prey got in, tossing it into the back and buckling in.

Emma couldn’t keep the grin from her face, starting up her expensive hot rod before placing her free hand back on his thigh, teasing the outline of his cock through his trousers again. “Let’s find somewhere a little more private.”

He couldn’t help his own grin, wriggling in his seat as his stiffening dick was filling his pants. “Sure,” he managed as she took them out of the way. A few minutes was all it took and they were parked in on the side of a small dirt road off the highway. Perfect for privacy.

Shutting the car down the blonde wasted no time, undoing her belt and resuming petting his meat. “How about a warm up?” she offered shifting her body towards him and setting both hands to undoing his jeans.

The cub could do little more than put his thick arms up, resting them on the door and over her seat to not get in the cougar's way. Within seconds his dick was up, bouncing to attention only to be quickly grabbed up by the ravenous woman. “Not bad,” she purred stroking its length, a little more than a hand's length. She’d seem better though.

Now wasn’t the time though, as she opened wide and took the tip in her mouth with a moan. He gasped excitedly as the experienced slut worked her magic, her hot tongue dancing circles over his head before she dipped down deeper. It wasn’t even a challenge to take him to the hilt, pivoting back and forth and savouring his light twitches and the sounds of his moans.

She wasn’t here just go give a blowjob though. The housewife was here to get fucked, to show it to the prick that was trading her in for a younger model. Coming off with a small string of saliva she held up a hand. “Condom,” she demanded of the cub.

He was too engrossed to care, handing it to her without question and returning his arms to their position s. She tore it open with her teeth, rolling it into place and ensuring it was nice and snug at his base.

The horny housewife had to come off him, leaning back in her seat and removing her panties from under her skirt. Undressing would take too long, and she wanted him now. Her violet eye gave her a quick glance, meeting her gaze as she worked before going back to the semi dazed cub.

“Put your seat back!” she ordered him once more as she tossed her underthings to the back seat. He didn’t waste a second, pulling the latch and falling to his back as his seat reclined to a full lay.

And Emma wasn’t far behind, pouncing on him and placing her hands down on his chest for balance. He had definition under there, and she found her hands peeling up his top to reveal a six pack of abs that were probably most of his day just to maintain. She bit her lip, the sight of such a virile looking young man getting her nice and wet. It was time.

She reached down, maneuvering her skirt and taking his meat to line things up. She could barely remember a time she's so easily slid onto someone’s dick. She was soaked, and took a moment to catch her violet eye. *“Probably your doing,”* she thought to herself.

Now wasn’t the time though, as she moaned softly, sinking onto his meat and wrapping it tight in her folds. “Take my hips!” she ordered the cub as his hands had remained above his head this whole time. He just nodded, moving his thick arms down and resting them where he was told, letting his fingers sink into her firm butt.

The blonde could feel him bucking beneath her, falling into a counter-rhythm so she could get the most of what he was working with. She was savouring his wrapped rod caressing her most sensitive spots when he suddenly tensed.

With a grunt his fingers dug into her as his cock twitched, filling the condom with his seed in her. Emma couldn’t keep from groaning; it was just getting good. As she let her weigh fall on him, hands on his firm pecs, she let him ride it out.

He managed a little smirk, proud of himself and satisfied. No point in shattering him for being premature. Dissatisfied as she might be from his rapid climax, he had given her something better as she looked down at her perfect body. Save for the violet orb only she could see.

Her third eye seemed to have lost interest as she had in the boy, gazing out towards the empty road and the distant sound of other vehicles. “Not bad,” she decided to stroke his ego a bit as she pulled off, getting into her seat and doing up her seatbelt.

“I'll take you back to the bar,” she offered as she got back onto the main roads.

“That was amazing,” he complimented her as she was doing up his pants. “Can we do this again sometime?”

That gave her some of the satisfaction she was craving. “Sorry cutie, I doubt my husband would approve,” she teased him, silencing him with the fear of potential retribution.

After dropping him off she turned another look down at herself. She had the tools now, tomorrow she'd make that bastard regret what he'd done. Her violet eye had the same sadistic squint that her own blue orbs did from her devious grin.

With a yawn Emma rose from the comfort of her four poster bed, arms high and her perky tits pushing at her nightgown, nipples hard and obvious beneath the flowy garment. It had been a bit of a rough sleep, what with the eye in the middle of her chest now. Whenever she rolled and accidentally rest her arm over it the little spike of pain and its twitching roused her. A small price to pay she assured herself as she bounced out of bed.

Slipping into her bathroom she took a moment to admire herself. Her blue eyes shone from between her scattered blonde locks, and the wrinkles she'd dreaded and fought against for the past years were nowhere to be seen. She still looked older, perhaps in her mid thirties like she'd been just after getting married. Back when she was beautiful enough to land a nice well off husband.

What was she thinking? That wasn’t her past anymore, it was her *now* again. She couldn’t help giggling, stripping her nightgown away and looking at the smooth curves of her body. Supple, soft, her hands rand down her sides, exploring the way they glided over her sensual hips. If only there wasn’t the violet eye looking back up at her from the bottom of her gaze, she could enjoy herself a little more. Oh well, she could still admire herself in the mirror and not see it.

Enough dawdling though, her bastard of a soon to be ex husband would be coming in before work to get some things. And the housewife intended to be ready for him.

A quick shower, a light touch of makeup to draw attention to her brilliant blues and pouty lips, and finally her best red dress. It hung off her frame, thin strips barely covering her nipples with the curving dip of rumpled fabric barely above her belly button. It had no back, and the lightest hint of her rear could be seen at its lowest point. The combination was an obvious declaration she wasn’t wearing underwear. Why would she? She was pert, perfect, and intending to make him drool.

Slipping into some matching heels Emma descended into the main entryway, in time to see her husband's car pulling up their driveway. She gave her hair a tussle for volume, wearing a confident smirk on her ruby lips. Meanwhile her violet eye followed the hot rod coming in, fixating on the tall greying haired man that emerged as he made his was to the door.

As the door handle turned the housewife draped herself on the stair rail, her smirk becoming a small grin as her husband stepped in. His dark eyes found her in surprise. “Emma,” he spout, having not expected to see her this morning.

“Good morning Walt,” she teased, taking a couple steps towards him. Her full breasts bounced with each step, risking popping out from behind the barely covering dress.

His eyes were locked onto her, embarrassed as he took her in. It had been some time since she'd inspired such a spark in him. “What are you doing up so early?” he asked.

She had him in her pocket, sauntering to him with wide swings of her hips. She didn’t answer, wearing a devilish smirk as tickling his chin with her finger. “Do you want me?” she purred in a sultry tone.

That brought a light blush to the older man's cheeks. She could tell, he did indeed. And she could deny him, or give in. She did love him at one point, there was still a spark in there that cared for him. Still wanted him.

There was a sudden tightness in her chest. Her violet eye went wide, the pupil growing wide and it’s hue slowly shifting to a crimson that rivaled her dress. Shock overtook the housewife and she looked down, catching in the corner of her eye as her husband’s hand touched her arm. And she was growing shorter.

She felt her hair tumbling down her exposed back, and weight melting away from her all over. “What?” she muttered, hearing the tone of her voice. It had to be an octave higher, like a teenager's. Looking at her hand near Walt’s face, her fingers were lithe as the rest of her arm. Her breasts had nearly vanished leaving her with little more than a thin layer of fat that would barely fill a training bra, and her dress fell slack around her sides.

“Yes,” he answered, pulling her in.

Emma was stunned a moment, looking at herself. She could be mistaken for a kid, eighteen at the oldest and even then it was a stretch. And he wanted her like this? “You sick fuck,” she screamed at him, shoving herself away, unable to actually move him with her petite body.

Walt just looked at his young wife confused. “Excuse me?” he questioned.

“I look like I'm barely fucking legal you pig,” she spat, pulling the low neck of her dress up.

He just sat dumbfounded, holding his hand up and showing his wedding band. “I don’t get where you’re going with this Emily. You agreed to get married, despite our age difference. I thought we loved one another, where is all this coming from?”

Age difference? There wasn’t time to think about it, the disgust filling Emma so fully she could taste it on her tongue. “Get away from me!” she ordered, pushing past him and out the door.

“Where are you going?” the graying man called after her.

She didn’t answer, collecting her keys and getting into her car. She wasn’t sure where she was going to go but it was away from here.

Flying down the highway tears were streaming the young girl's cheeks. How the hell had she ever had feelings for that bastard? The violet eye displayed on her chest looked up at her, and she met its gaze. She was practically just as mad at it as her prick of a husband.

“You turned me into this?” Emma pulled at her dress to emphasize the point. “What the fuck?”

It had no reply, only a slow blink before it’s stare jumped to the rear view. There was a flash of blue and red, and the sound of sirens coming up fast from behind.

With a groan the young blonde pulled her car to the side, expecting the police car to fly by, but instead it pulled right up on her tail. She couldn’t think of why, she hadn't been speeding at all and all het lights were working last night.

Peeking through the rear view she watched the officer emerge from his patrol car. A well built man with a short, well kept beard adorning his strong chin. He looped his thumbs into his belt, stepping up with heavy boot falls that crunched in the roadside gravel.

As he approached Emma rolled the window down, her violet eye transfixed on the new person. “What can I do for you officer?” she asked innocently.

“Can I see your license and registration young lady?” he replied flatly, leaning down to eye level with her.

She couldn’t tell his expression with his glasses, but she knew better than to put up a fight. Grabbing up her purse she fished out her wallet, opening it up and going pale in the face.

Her licence was gone. Instead in its place was a rosy faced learner’s permit, as well as a birth date that stated she was only eighteen. “Um,” she stammered, pulling it out and handing it to the officer. “Here you are sir.”

He took it calmly, looking it over for a second before turning back to the blonde. “Do you know why I pulled you over young lady?” he grilled her.

“N-no sir,” she replied nervously.

He reached a hairy hand up, pulling his shades from his face and resting his elbow on the door. “Your husband called,” he told her, “said you'd absconded with one of his cars.”

There was a small moment of dread in Emma, making her swallow thickly. Her violet eye turned to the officer, as her mind raced for a way out of the situation.

He was no stranger to discomfort when he pulled someone over. Or dealing with runaways. A small comforting smile crossed his furry lip. “Way I see it though, this car is bought in your name. Makes it yours,” he explained casually. “So long as you're just going to school ain't nothin' I can do to stop ya,” he turned a knowing glance her way. “That is where you’re going after all, right little miss?”

Her heart nearly stopped, and she let out a relieved sigh. “Y-yes officer,” she replied thankfully.

The officer replied with a nod, “See that you do. I dunno how you got in the mess of getting married to someone so much your senior, but I'd hate to see it ruin your future,” he offered with a tip of his police cap. Slipping his shades back on he returned her permit and gave the hood of her hot rod a tap. “Now get goin'. I'll be checking with the school to see you get there, then I'll tell the old man he's got no claim.”

With a gracious smile Emma nodded. “Thank you officer,” she said, putting her car in gear and setting off.

A smile returned to her face, and a little newfound spark of inspiration. He was right, she had a future again. She could do enjoy being young and attractive, get herself someone new who wasn’t a borderline pedophile to latch onto. She turned down to the eye embedded in her chest, catching it looking back up at her. Yet again it was a blessing in disguise.

She did need a moment though, pulling over as she got into downtown. She had no idea what school she attended. It took rifling through her wallet and purse before she stumbled on a slightly outdated student card with her picture. Looks like it was time for the young blonde to get to class.

Going back to school had not been the cakewalk Emma had anticipated. Upon entering the building she was immediately sent to the principal's office. Skipping school since her engagement, and the inappropriate attire she'd walked in with, being the primary reasons.

“While it’s good to see you back to finish your education miss Kurtis,” the principal mused, using the child's married name. There had been paperwork to fill and Emma had just out of reflex used her husband’s last name. Twenty years of habit don’t so easily fade. “Your actions cannot go unpunished. I’ve asked that a gym uniform be found for you to change into for the day, and you will have detention for a number of weeks until you've caught up on what you missed the from past semester.”

That agreement was how the blonde had gotten here, squeezed into some shiny shorts and a loose fitting tee and sitting at a desk with a handful of textbooks. The teacher was out for his lunch break, leaving just Emma and another boy alone for what would likely be at least fifteen minutes.

Studying was the last thing on her mind though. The whole walk here there had been whispers and rumor mongering, calling the blonde everything in the dictionary for getting married to some old perv. So not only did she have trouble with the faculty, she had a reputation with the student body too to get over. Perhaps her plan wasn’t so well thought out?

Crossing her arms under her eye she let out a sight, feeling it straining to look behind her at her detention mate. And she couldn’t quite blame it, looking over her shoulder at the blue haired punk. There was just something fetching about a bad boy, and she could feel her loins purring hungrily for him. She hadn’t felt this kind of longing since she was a teen, which only made sense if the ex housewife was one again. Her hormones were probably in overdrive.

She couldn’t help licking her lips, undressing her with her blue eyes. He had his nose pierced, what else might have shiny steel through it?

Catching her staring he turned his lined eyes up at her, giving a huff and looking away to the wall. That just wouldn’t do.

Rising from her seat Emma wandered her way over, putting decades of practice in seduction to work. Her narrow hips danced up and down, giving her a little bounce in her step. Still the punky boy paid her no heed. “Hey,” she called out, propping herself up on his desk.

“Not interested,” he replied simply, shifting in his chair to turn his side to her.

The blonde gave a pout. “Awe, why not?” she whined, giving a wiggle.

Brushing the blue dyed locks from his face he turned a quick look at her. He knew how to deal with these types. You couldn’t mince words, needed to be firm. “You’re not my type,” he answered.

“Oh?” Emma replied, leaning closer to him. “What is your type then?”

Her hand slid forward on his books, revealing something smooth and glossy underneath his textbook. Her blue eyes were immediately drawn, catching the cover of a women’s wrestling magazine. So that was his game.

He grabbed up his books, fixing the little slip only to have the ravenous blonde take his wrist. “Oh, you like a girl a bit more forceful,” she growled with a grin, the violet eye under her shirt sharing that starving feeling with its stare through the fabric to its owner’s prey.

A blush filled the boy's cheeks, and he turned a look to the blonde trying to take control.

There was a tightness in Emma’s chest as the eye strained. She’d felt it twice now and understood immediately what was happening. The violet colour deepened to a red, and she could feel her body beginning to change.

Her eye level was rising, and soon enough she was towering over the object of her desire from her perch on his desk. Her borrowed clothing grew tight over her form, not only from this new height that had her top riding high and revealing her midriff, but from the bulk of her broadening shoulders. Her slender arms pumped up, the thin layer of fat melting away to reveal hard muscle that swelled larger round than a two litre bottle. Her core tightened into a firm six pack, and the muscles in her chest and back swelled until her top resembled a training bra.

Below her waist wasn’t fairing better, as her shorts rode up into her crack from her growing thighs. Just looking down quickly they were toned, and could rival a man's head. Within seconds she'd gone from a petite girl to the proportions of an Amazonian bodybuilder. It wasn’t done though, as on top of her hardened pecs her breasts fattened out. She filled out her bra-like top, stretching it over huge orbs capped with rock hard nipples.

The final step was subtle. Her borrowed clothing transformed, going from her school uniform to a tight fitting tank top and booty shorts, intended to show off every rippling inch of her powerful body. It's job done, the once again displayed eye on her chest settled, blinking the crimson hue away and returning its look to the boy.

Emma had to pause a moment, looking herself over and striking the connection. This was what he was into, a woman with the body of a wrestler like the magazine cover. The same had happened with her husband, the moment they went for each other she became a teen again. The eye was making her into whatever the partner she wanted desired.

A grin crept onto her face. Now that she understood it, she could play it to her advantage. First though, the jacked up blonde was still hungry. Her strong hand held his wrist tightly, and any fight he had prior was done as he stared at the realization of his desires coming onto him. “How about you get that cock out?” she suggested him.

With a small nod he reached down, fumbling as his free hand worked hastily to undo his studded belt. For her though he got it done. His impressive meat thudded on the bottom of the desk, already at full mast, and made him gasp.

“Oh my,” Emma couldn’t help but be impressed. She ran a powerful hand down his front, casting his own aside so she could take his dick proper. She’d been right about the piercings, as a shining Apadravya stared up at her from his swollen cockhead. “Shame we don’t have a condom to put this to use.”

He was quick to reply, “I-I’m shooting blanks. Got a vasectomy,” he told her, “and my most recent check was a month ago. I’m clean.”

The blonde had heard such claims from men desperate to go bare before. Right now though, she was too horny to care. “Well then,” she grinned leaning further over the desk. His chair tipped back, falling and sprawling him over the floor before she collapsed on him. Her heavy tits pinned him down and her blonde locks fell around him, trapping him in, “I guess I'm going to have a lot of fun with you then big boy now won't I?”

She grabbed his other hand, bringing up to the first and with just one of her powerful arms pinning both above his head. She couldn’t help chuckling, savouring this new powerful body of hers. It felt good to be huge.

Her loins were on fire. It was time to take her prize as she reached down and slipped out of her tight fitting bottoms. She was glistening with arousal already, and turned a predatory leer at the blue haired punk under her as she took his rod in hand, lining the pierced tip up.

Beneath her the boy let out a gasp at her actions. He squirmed under her, pretending to struggle to escape, but the twitching of his cock and the sticky feeling of his pre coating her fingers revealed his true feelings. “Better not cum too soon on me big boy,” she growled, “I wanna properly enjoy this.”

His reply was a cute vocalization, and a rosy tint of his cheeks. She couldn’t keep from letting out a moan at the feeling of dropping onto him. The warmth of his shaft was a sharp contrast to the cool metal of his piercing's silver studs. She felt the unrelenting rods stretching her; applying pressure that his, or any man's, flesh just couldn’t provide.

With her size she controlled his head inside her, using those delicious studs to tend to her g-spot. She was peaking climax in seconds, mewling lewdly as her inner folds constricted and made those metal hot spots all the sweeter. He wasn’t far behind her.

With a tensing of his body he finished, spraying an almost disappointing finish into her warm snatch. He must have been telling the truth about his getting snipped then. Still she savored it, riding out her high on his twitching pole until it began to soften.

“Good boy,” she praised him with a pat on the cheek before rising off him. She hadn’t quite realized just how big she was until she was on her feet, but she was huge. She was probably taller than most of the adults in the school, let alone the students.

Their afterglow was short lived though, as the door handle jiggled and the pair scurried to get back in their clothes. Emma was just setting her shorts into place when the door opened. “There you are Emily,” a feminine voice called.

It was no one the Amazonian blonde recognized, but then again it was technically only her first day. Still the redhead poking her head in went on, “The team's been waiting for you, we've gotta get to practice.”

Practice? “Of course,” Emma replied, spotting the desk once hers lacking her textbooks from earlier. Clearly her little punk boy sought after someone not just looking like an athlete, but likely legitimately one if she had something to get to. “Lead the way.”

Just one new change to her body had brought with it a host of others to her life. Emma had guessed right she was taller than most of the staff, measuring up to an impressive six feet, nine inches. She was also tallest on the school’s varsity soccer team, and had learned during practice her strong legs made her one hell of a striker.

Another interesting tidbit had made itself known on the walk through the halls. When her clothes had changed, she hadn’t noticed her wedding band disappeared. Then again, with this kind of body Walt would probably have never been interested in her, let alone wanted to marry her. Who gave a damn though?

As she was in the locker room, showering off her powerful form her violet eye was scanning the other girls in the room, and she herself was plotting. She could have anyone, all she needed to do was catch their interest and her ocular friend would make her that person’s wet dream. She could attach herself to anyone, someone with potential to rocket her to the top, or someone who wanted a girl with a brain or body she could use to further her own goals. And if she really wanted to she could be promiscuous, riding out to find someone to satisfy her needs by getting a body they want and then returning to her meal ticket the same day. Or perhaps she could live forever, constantly reverting to her teens by finding herself a man like Walt, and get unlimited chances to live dream lives.

Just thinking about it had her tickled with delight, and once again rowdy. She’d forgotten just how horny teenagers were under all the pressure of school and growing up. She had no such worries though, leaving her desires unmitigated. And what desires they were as she was looking around at her teammates. She’d never had much interest in girls when she was young, but then again such things were taboo back then. Now they were like a forbidden fruit she suddenly had the opportunity to sink her teeth into.

She needed to keep a level head though. She couldn’t just go jumping a girl to get her rocks off after all. She needed to think it through.

Taking her time in the shower Emma made sure to show herself off, put the best parts of her physique on display and see if any of her teammates nibbled on the bait. Her redhead from earlier seemed to be the one most interested, as she caught the fire headed girl’s green eyes peeking around the stall at her on occasion.

The second part of her plan was just to wait. With a little smirk she let the other girls filter out one at a time. The eye occupying her chest had caught onto its owner’s intent and was staring intently as the redhead moved about the room, always finding an excuse to not quite yet leave as the Amazon continued to tend to herself. Soon enough all that was left was the two of them, Emma wrapping a towel around her tall frame that failed to hide everything of her right. The tops of her areolae peeking above and the moisture of her loins doing the same beneath.

It was time to strike. “Like what you see?” Emma teased the redhead with that confident smirk.

Her prey's face went as red as her hair. “I um…” she stammered fidgeting with her long locks, she'd been in the middle of drawing out brushing them to keep from having to leave.

Once again the blonde took her chance to pounce, coming over with long strides of her herculean legs. “Because I do,” she purred, an arm on either side of the redhead pinning her in.

As she expected she felt the eye on her chest tense, opening wide and turning to red as it made its play to change her. Though not quite as the Amazonian girl anticipated it would. In the blink of an eye her muscles were melting away, leaving her with a more proper, lean feminine form once more. Save one aspect, her breasts kept their size from a woman more than a foot taller than she was now, leaving her with heavy tits that would need two hands to hold just one of the pert melons.

She couldn’t help but be impressed, lifting one hand to hold her towel up. The eye wasn’t done yet, still straining and staring at the redhead. She wanted more? There was a tingling between Emma’s legs that drew her attention. She couldn’t see past her own breasts but something was going on, leaving her only option to explore with her free hand.

Her lower lips were soaking once again, but the larger sensation was coming from her clit. Her fingers explored as she felt her sensitive button pulsing at her touch, swelling bigger and towards her palm. “What the?” she backed away from the redhead, standing straight to try and get a look past her chest.

Her stomach practically turned at the sight. Her clit was inches long, growing into her hand as her hood bunched up around it. She immediately recognized she was holding a dick in her hands, even before it finished forming. It was as big as her pierced punk's, maybe bigger, and hard as a rock in her hand. “I thought you were gay?” Emma stammered.

The redhead answered with action, getting off the bench and onto her knees in front of the blonde. “Bi,” she corrected the object of her affection, taking the futa's dick in her hand and letting her tongue out to lick it from hilt to sensitive tip. “It’s been so hard to hold back around you Emmy, you’re the best of both worlds.”

The blonde couldn’t formulate a response before the redhead had her cockhead between her lips. It felt good, like having her clit focused on, but yet different. There was more to it with the size, making it a pinch less sensitive and yet allowing the girl between her legs to do so much more with it. Her slender fingers were pumping and her head bobbed, stroking the whole of the mushroom shaped head with every inch of her mouth.

No wonder men liked this so much. The futa girl had to lean back against the lockers for support, an attempt to escape the redhead refused her by scooting up and continuing her felatio. “God,” the blonde cussed, wriggling her toes as her pleasure continued an unrelenting rise.

The redhead's green eye fluttered up at her partner’s, pure lusty attraction reflecting back in them. Without warning her free hand started creeping up Emma's long leg, tickling her smooth skin all the way up between her soaked thighs.

She couldn’t resist a moan as the girl slipped two fingers into her snatch. Emma’s hands came off the locker and took hold of the girl’s head, holding herself deep in her as she was fingered. Never before had she imagined she could feel this kind of doubled down pleasure.

She didn’t last long. Her breath caught in her throat and her fingers curled in the red's locks to hold her on her rod. She felt her pelvis tense, and she blasted an absurd amount of cum down the poor slut's throat and into her mouth. The girl’s green eyes closed and she cooed around the phallus filling her mouth. The futa's cum was dribbling down her chin, and she was carefully trying to swallow it all without losing any.

It took a full minute before the blonde released her cock sleeve, the redhead coming off with a content giggle. “Wow, that was perfect,” she purred, wiping her chin off and licking her hand clean before turning her green eyes up at the blonde beauty. “Can we do this again?” she asked with a flirty grin.

Emma was still recovering, feeling her heart beating string beneath her third eye. “M-maybe,” she answered, more to not burn a bridge than anything else. The girl was cute after all.

God what was she thinking? This girl turned her into some dicked freak. Swallowing thickly she picked her towel back off, drying off her softening cock. “We should get going though, before someone catches us.”

The redhead blushed lightly. “Right,” she agreed, rising to her feet and planting a kiss on the blonde’s cheek. “Later sexy,” she teased before skipping off.

“Later,” Emma chimed cutely. Alone she quickly collected her things, panic rushing through her mind. This body was hot, yeah. She was a bombshell. Who would want her with this thing between her legs though? And how had it influenced her social standing? She didn’t have her athletic body anymore, was she even on the varsity team? Pulling her clothes back on, or at least what she assumed were her clothes since they were in her locker, she slipped back into the halls.

Everything was worse. It hadn’t been minutes and she could feel her arousal starting up again. The violet eye, once again on display through a low cut top that showed her new cleavage off, was wildly jumping between every student she passed. They were all alluring, almost mouth watering, regardless of race, gender, standing… she craved them all.

And from the looks many had interest in her. She had to keep her cool, get back on track with her plan. Someone who had a future she could sponge off of. In her day that would have been a jock, but she was smart enough to know the world had changed. Brains were the key, someone smart with a good life plan. And someone who liked a nice normal girl.

The sound of the school bell snapped her out of her thoughts. Emma had no idea what class she was even supposed to be on her way to, just following the crowd and hoping for the best. She settled into a seat at the back, hiding her tented skirt under the desk in a hope to go unnoticed.

This was good. With everyone focusing on the lesson there weren’t so many eyes on her, even if her peeping addition was scanning the room in time with her horny thoughts. She had to pick wisely, carefully. The smartest one in the class, and then she could use him as a stepping stone. Be a bit more normal, maybe a smarter student on the debate team this time where she could continue to upgrade.

“Yeah,” she mused to herself. The seconds crept by, along with beads of sweat down the blonde’s forehead. She was grinding her thighs impatiently, flooded with hormones from not just her age but now two different sets of needy genitals. She was able to focus though. On one person in particular.

Glasses and the lightest pinch overweight. He was a nerd for sure from the buttons on his bag, but the vest he wore carried class. A choice to carry himself high through school and into a good college. He was answering most of the questions posed by their teacher though, only losing out when she wanted to give another student a chance. Her violet eye latched onto him hungrily. He'd be a good one.

“Alright class, you've got ten minutes to work on your homework before the end of class,” the teacher informed them, “use it wisely.”

The buxom blonde knew how she was going to use it. Fantasizing about where this boy was going to take her. After she took him of course. Her third eye wasn’t the only one boring a hole in the back of his head, her baby blues fixated as she undressed him with her eyes.

The boy next to him took notice, chuckling softly and giving the geeky lad a nudge that drew him from his work. The bespectacled boy caught Emma’s blues, blushing at the unfettered attention. Something he was unused to.

The violet eye shot wide, shifting once more to its red hue. Perfect. A grin crossed the blonde’s lips as she eagerly awaited becoming his fantasy. The first thing she noticed though was her hair. The blonde locks in front of her face changed entirely to a nearly neon pink. She couldn’t help but touch them, feeling that it seemed to be a natural hair colour as she watched the next change. Her peach flesh was changing, adopting more green to become a more yellow hue.

There were changes to her face, she could feel them as her features softened, becoming more round. Save for here eyes, those perfect blues were larger, the world becoming brighter and her lashes more obvious. She cast a few blinks, taking a peek down at herself. Her already impressive breasts inflated until they were stretching her top, each must have been comparable to her head, and she could feel her butt filling out against the seat beneath her. To her thankful relief the cock butting against the bottom of her desk died away, sinking back into her normal mons once more.

She was finished up soon enough, feeling petite all over save her massive assets and dressed in some frilly nearly gothic outfit. “Sore wa anshindesu,” she covered her mouth, feeling her puffy lips under her fingers. What the hell did she just say?

Her nerd prey was still giving her a blushing smile, and she could feel her heart thumping in her chest for him. He was hers, and she was going to show her appreciation for him after class.

She was blushing, why was she blushing? He was a stepping stone. Where did these feelings come from? The violet eye on her chest remained transfixed on him, like an obsession. What had she done?

Their ten minutes ended with a ring of the school bell. She collected her books, her body filing them away without taking her eyes off her crush. She caught them in the corner of her eye though. Mixed in with her textbooks were translation guides for English to Japanese. Was that the language she'd spoken just now? What had he done to her?

With a giggle she sauntered up behind her crush, following him back to his locker with her book bag held tight, pushing her oversized boobs up towards her chin. Would he notice her?

He turned to catch her right up in his face. “Oh, h-hi Ema,” he stammered nervously.

She could feel her own words struggling to get out, like her thoughts weren’t her own, translating from one language to another. “Hi Senpai,” she replied with a cheeky little smile and a blush. Her words had a strong accent, like even just saying hello had been a struggle.

His cheeks tinted at her title for him, and he had to ask, “Is there something you’d like?”

She gave a nod, her pink hair bobbing excitedly. “Hai Senpai,” she replied, taking his hand and tugging him away. He offered no resistance, letting the exchange student guide him through the halls to one of the empty classes.

Once inside she wasted no time. She was starved for him, pulling him by the arms into a kiss that already had her moaning. Her lips were soft compared to his poorly cared for ones, and she could feel the lightest hints of fuzz on his top lip. Why had she settled on him? And why was she still going for him?

These questions were practically screams from the back of her mind. Like being a prisoner in her own body, Emma could do nothing but watch. The foreign girl let out a pouty whimper, fidgeting with his belt in frustration. “I need you Senpai,” she pleaded with hot breaths.

It was clear he had no experience, but still the type of sleazy confidence to claim he did. “You can have me Ema,” he told her, adjusting his glasses and getting his belt for her, “a little patience.”

She nodded enthusiastically, immediately buckling her knees and dropping down in front if him with a bounce. She watched intently as the leather of his belt slipped through the metal ring and the front of his pants opened. She had to admit, she was impressed by his bulge. Probably eight inches or so of hard meat springing free when his restrictive pants gave.

The pink haired slut pounced, mouth watering at the sight. Her painted nails clawed his briefs down so quickly his dick bounced back and slapped her in the chin, and she couldn’t be more elated. She wrapped her hand around the base and with a happy giggle popped it into her mouth, letting her tongue paint circles around his head.

Her violet eye shifted up, staring up at the object of her insatiable desire. With a lewd pop she came off him, big blue eyes fluttering up at him lovingly and meeting his dark ones. With a naughty wiggle she let her tongue out, lapping some of her mess from him and teasing his opening with the tip.

The eye on her chest strained, turning crimson once more. *“What?”* the fragment of Emma at the back of the Japanese girl's mind wondered. Wasn’t she already what he wanted?

She could feel it, a pulse in her mouth as it was suddenly filled with more tongue. The muscle lengthened, slithering out of her mouth like a sinuous snake and wrapping around her Senpai's shaft. *“No, no, no!”* Emma was panicking. What was this freak doing to her? How would she ever get out of this mess with something like that hanging from her lips?

Her hand was getting in the way, so the foreign slut removed it, letting her devilish tongue go to work. She had perfect control, closing her eyes to savour the salty taste of his skin as she covered every inch of it. She slowly pumped him with undulations of the serpentine muscle, making drool dribble down her chin and the front of his slacks.

Her moment was unfortunately interrupted. The classroom's handle jiggled, and her blue eyes popped open to peek as a small group of similar boys entered. “Guys,” her Senpai stammered, caught with his pants down. He made a move to fix himself, but the ravenous girl refused to release him. The eye on her chest turned to the newcomers, straining at it turned red once more.

*“No, no, don’t do that!”* Emma pleaded from her prison. Her body had different intentions though, as the boys started to crowd around her. She shifted up onto her knees, lifting her skirt and showing of her sopping hole for the first boy to take it. She could hear the fiddling with belt buckles as they raced to take it, and with a happy squeal she felt a hot cock filling her folds.

She caught a dick in the corner of her eye, raising a hand to take it and start stroking. She didn’t get the chance to start though, as a split started in her palm. Perfect dick sucking lips grew in, and the new maw opened wide to engulf the offered gift of meat.

There was a twisting sensation in her neck. The weight of her chest was shifting around, her torso rotating on it’s own so her heavy tits were pointed skyward. In a moment her top was torn away, a boy straddling over her upturned waist and planting his dick between her huge bust. There was an aching sensation in her sides as a new pair of arms grew in behind her main, oriented so she could squish her boobs together for her tit fuck. With hands on she could feel them swelling bigger, growing heavier as they completely engulfed the cock they were pleasing.

Not stopping any of her lingual pleasuring she flashed a thankful flutter to the one mounting her. With little more room the other boys around her were fantasizing, jerking off to the sight of her. And her red eye was taking them in.

It dilated until it looked like little more than a black pit in the center of her chest. Her ears elongated, stretching up onto the top of her head as a pair of fuzzy animalistic ones. She felt the bones in her free arm give way, the limb transforming into some pale tentacle that shot out to wrap around the nearest dick. The base of her spine shot with pain before extending out into a prehensile tail that swayed about before finding a mark and burying itself in a subby boy's bum to tease his prostate.

Even as she felt warm cum hit her from one direction, another phallus quickly replaced it. It wasn’t even only boys as soon enough she recognized one of her inhuman appendages slipping into the moist folds of another woman. There was no end in sight.

The housewife was trapped, her body lost is a sea of ecstasy she had to control over. She cussed internally, wishing she'd never walked into that stupid store; never met that bitch Zyanya that refused to help her. In the end though, as the minutes bled into hours and time lost meaning, Emma had no one else to blame. She’d done this to herself.

Typing away at her computer Zyanya peeked over to the orb nestled on her desk. “Shame,” she mused, rolling her chair back and pulling open her filing cabinet.

Her furred fingers pulled out a folder, labeled ‘Kurtis, E' and she slipped in a printed page. “Hmhm, you tried,” Materia giggled from across the room, her rear perched up on a table.

Pulling the spent stick of a sucker from her mouth and flicking it into a waste bin half full of the things, the vulpine woman took up the housewife’s orb, watching it replay the reality she'd just lived. “You knew she was going to take the eye,” she accused, tossing the orb to the Menagerie's owner who caught it excitedly in her clawed hands. “You didn’t need me at the desk to push her buttons, could have just handed it to her yourself. It’s like you were just hoping you might be able to instigate something,” she took up a new sucker from the coffee mug on her desk, popping it between her lips.

The witchy women just gave a smile and a shrug, her twin tails dancing devilishly behind her. “Maybe,” she teased.

“Well regardless, another universe plunged into chaos to add to your fap collection,” Zyanya said with a stretch.

Materia gave a giggle, taking a moment to admire the new acquisition. “We both know she deserved it,” she purred, watching the unholy fuck fest unfolding at its end. “Besides, she got what she wanted. She became irresistible,” she paused, seeing behind the slut's blue eyes to the realized terror behind them, “and regrets what she did to a vengeful bitch.”