

SUMMARY: After a heated argument, Adeana stumbles upon a magical caravan. The Seer within uses her magic and Adeana swiftly turns into a much older, curvier, milfier version of herself with the riches to match her new demeanor. To make her boyfriend happy, she buys a new brand of milky, massive implants for her man's lactating pleasure.

Contains: breast expansion, lactation, ass expansion, hourglass expansion, age progression, milfification, milfication, later on implants, milky implants and implant expansion.

Older comm for Nats

Okay. Chris was right. Adeana certainly wasn't perfect. The woman was a complete geek, which normally wouldn't be a problem if she wasn't up every night, loudly gaming when Chris had work the next day. She could admit that, at least. But that didn't mean she needed to be more mature! She was perfectly fine, totally not completely and utterly flat, extremely thin and very short to top it off. So what if her body was a little... small? She was still pretty, her cute face, dark skin, curly afro and brown hair were certainly eye-catching if her body wasn't. It had to have been an entirely baseless claim of Chris to say she was immature.

Chris wasn't entirely free of faults either, right? He was only the perfect boyfriend with the prettiest green eyes Adeana had ever seen... He wasn't at all confrontational during their argument, it was only a slight slip of the tongue at the very end, which was somewhat in part Adeana's fault for egging him on for so long, but it just couldn't be *solely* Adeana...

Adeana sighed as she finally realized. She actually was being immature the entire time. Suddenly she felt guilty as it clicked in her mind, complete and

utter remorse falling over her body. What was she gonna do now? She was already pouting in the park, far away from any chance at an apology...

Adeana perked up, her eyes going wide as a smile quickly filled her kissable lips. There was a clairvoyant nearby! This very park Adeana was sitting in was the current home of a wandering psychic, it was a far fetched idea but she was desperately in need of advice. It couldn't hurt to have her fortune told, psychics and tellers could only ever tell you good things... Or at least Adeana hoped the teller would only tell her good things, it was very unlikely a random street seer had any helpful advice. Adeana shrugged, not like she had anything else to do besides think over her plans of relationship reconciliation.

After a short walk through the lively city park Adeana finally found the Seer's caravan, a small wagon decorated with obviously fake magical trinkets and the like. A big red arrow pointed to the entrance and a flashing laptop continuously beeped, the bright wording read; **"ENTER HERE. RECEIVE MAGICAL BLESSINGS WITHIN!"**

Adeana pushed her way through the caravan's decorative curtains, passing numerous people filing in and out of the oddly small building. Inside, it appeared oddly cheap and yet ancient at the same time, the floor creaked while the whole structure seemingly rocked back and forth with every individual step through it. It was a wonder all of these people could even fit in the thing, Adeana wondered exactly how many people could possibly work in such a small environment. Adeana continued to push her way through the crowded room, bumping into trinkets and bobbles but never out right knocking them over. Eventually, she found the line leading up to the seer themselves. The line was very, very long to say the least. There was a small crowd, not too huge but just enough for a buildup to occur as each and everyone was waiting for an in depth conversation with the magical entity that resided just past Adeana's reach.

It felt like a millenia had passed, Adeana had been waiting in life for at least forty minutes, every single visitor that the seer saw appeared to be receiving the most in depth psychic reading of all time. Oddly, Adeana began noticing a pattern. Visitor passes through the velvet curtains into the seers room and comes out at least ten minutes later with a completely different appearance. It wasn't noticeable at first as Adeana truly wasn't paying much attention, though the very last one appeared to have lost at least five years of age. It was a woman who came in on the older side, Adeana wouldn't have noticed if she wasn't so obviously happy, smiling and giggling on the way out with a much younger looking face. Her body had certainly received a touch up too, her entire figure bounced just a bit more and all of her skin looked just a little more soft. Adeana rubbed her chin, this could either go very good or very bad, either way she hadn't truly decided if she could believe her eyes or not.

Adeana pouted. There was no way in hell she was gonna step foot out of this damn line, not when she had already been waiting for so long! Despite the sense of impending danger she stood her ground, stepping forward occasionally as the line inched ever closer to her turn. Every ten minutes, on schedule, another person passed through the curtains with a completely new look that only slightly resembled their old selves. Some were younger while some were the same with more minor touches added, what caught Adeana's eye the most was a man who came out as a woman she could only describe as a bimbo. He had entered the room a skinny dude with no real recognizable features and left as a glamorous, massive lipped, big titted slut. The smile across her new face said more than enough, it appeared everyone who left was getting what they wanted, even if it was a little more than they could ever expect.

Adeana's inner nerd brain was running wild, was this a magic witch coven? Aliens revealing inner desires? Maybe even a secret underground sexification service she had unwittingly walked into? If there was a genie or monkey's paw of some sort Adeana would have to phrase her wish perfectly, if she was even

getting one. No one in the line responded to her when she attempted to ask questions, she was met with a loud "**SHHH!**" every time. The longer she stood, the more antsy she got, every transformed person only adding to the excitement which soon overtook the suspicion by a large margin.

Eventually Adeana was finally the first in line, waiting briefly for the last person to exit so she could step forth. Adeana could hear a vague noise, after a short conversation about *'inner desires'* and *'regrets'* both voices within were soon replaced by moaning and a nearly ethereal *'whooshing'* sound flowing from the room. Seconds later the curtains parted again and the most gorgeous woman Adeana had ever seen in person passed through, blowing a kiss Adeana's way. If this was what Adeana had signed up for by waiting in line, she was more than happy she stayed. Adeana moved forward, eagerly passing through the curtains.

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"Welcome, child."

Adeana tried her best to adjust her eyes to the seemingly pitch black room, searching desperately to find where the voice came from. A bit of fear kicked in, Adeana recalling the various transformations she had just witnessed. Before Adeana could search or fear any further the room was filled with a blinding light, emitting from a large fireplace across the room. Next to the fireplace sat two luxurious red recliners, the room itself was decorated to the utmost degree to the point it didn't even feel like she was in the same caravan she had initially entered. It looked more like a full scale living room, the logistics of a fireplace in the middle didn't even make sense based on what she had witnessed outside.

"I know, nothing here makes sense." The tired voice came from the fireplace though Adeana couldn't see a person just yet, she moved forward until both of the recliners came into full view.

"Take a seat, I sense you have much on your mind young lady..." The voice revealed itself to be a much older woman, wrapped in a snug blanket, fully relaxed in the recliner. Adeana sat without another question, joining her in her fireplace relaxation. The old woman spoke up again, her voice soft and yet scratchy at the same time. "Before you ask, I have no name. You tell me how you feel, I fix it, you leave. No payment required."

Adeana sat in surprise and forced a thank you from her lips, despite not actually receiving anything just yet. "I had a fight with my boyfriend." Adeana said, regret evident in her voice. The old lady chuckled to herself at the notion, it certainly wasn't the first time someone with romance problems came to her, "He said I wasn't very mature, and I'm starting to believe he was actually right. What should I do?" Adeana finished. For the seer, this was quite the regular case, women often came to her with relationship issues stemming from their own hubris. She had exactly the fix.

"I have just the thing sweetheart." The Seer quickly waved her hand over the waiting Adeana, throwing a cloud of sparkly, glittering dust all across her body. "Now, send the next one in."

Adeana stood, thanked the Seer and left. It was odd there wasn't anything else to discuss or any special messages to receive but somehow Adeana felt it was time to go regardless. Adeana stepped away from the Seer, exiting the room and leaving the fireplace behind. As she stepped out, the room went completely dark as it was when she had first entered and the next person in line stepped in. Odd.

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Adeana decided it was in her best interest to call Chris as soon as she could, it was better to rip the bandaid off rather than let it simmer. Despite not feeling anything at all from the previous sparkly encounter, Adeana felt invigorated, pushed to apologize and be the better person. Perhaps it was pseudoscience, the dust making her believe she was magically more mature, but either way the results were clear. Adeana fished her phone from her pocket and brought it up to her eyes, completely ignoring the slight, soft wrinkles now encompassing small parts of her hand. Despite their slight age, they were perfectly manicured in every way, her nails perfectly cut and colored with a mix of glittery pinks. Accompanying her nails were assorted jeweled bands, rings and an exceedingly fancy watch, all of which she somehow didn't notice. Her phone even seemed to be touched, as if the sudden influx of age and riches flooded over even that, upgrading her phone far past its old android stature and into the most expensive possible brand of iPhone. Even if the iPhone wasn't exactly... good, it was still the staple for someone as rich as herself. How else could she take pictures of her milfy body without 5 unnecessary cameras?

As the phone rang Adeana sat in the nearest bench, absentmindedly twirling her new pampered, luxurious curls. Her sitting position itself shifted, her legs crossing to display a mix of sexuality and maturity to any passerby. As her body made itself comfortable and spread the magical influence throughout, Adeana's jeans and t-shirt swiftly morphed, changing as the phone continued to ring in her manicured hand. Her jeans merged into the shirt, quickly forming a long, form fitting, pastel pink dress to match her glittery nails. The dress itself was obviously of no cheap quality, it was covered in glitter, sequins, and even diamonds, which were accompanied by new pearls around her neck. Adeana felt a small vibration from the phone, lifting it to her ear as Chris answered the call.

"Hello?" Chris said, his voice soft, as if he was still a bit hurt from their last argument. Not mad or angry, just disappointed.

"I'm so, so sorry baby," Adeana said, her voice far more mature, followed by a hint of seduction. Her words dragged on for what felt like ages to Chris, her voice was clearly different, yet somehow the same, it sounded more like she was putting on her sexiest voice just to apologize, alluding to what she'd do when they met up at home.

"I wasn't being mature, you're **very** right about that." Adeana paused for effect, dragging her words a bit more, "But I changed, I'll do better for you." Adeana finished, Chris was simply stunned on the other side of the phone. "Look."

Adeana lowered the phone onto the bench and stood up across from it, turning the camera on with the press of a button, allowing Chris to see what she had become. To Adeana, it didn't feel like she had really changed at all, more like she was always this way without ever noticing. She couldn't recognize anything that was happening, yet felt an instinctual desire to show herself to Chris during the process. Her boyfriend's eyes went wide and he went completely silent, he sat in utter shock as he witnessed Adeana's new, milfier form. Yet, Adeana wasn't done. Her dress appeared to be growing longer until it reached her calves, but as soon as the fabric had stopped extending it immediately began rising back up.

Adeana was growing far thicker on camera. Her dress rose as her hips widened, passing her shoulders while her thighs plumped up much further below them. To everyone around her, Adeana looked like a model recording a video or posing for the camera. Her hips had grown superbly motherly, wide, covered in a thick layer of soft flesh, perfectly curved and not at all taking away from the thin waist that sat above them. Her dress had grown so much tighter it had lifted back up to her knees, Chris could visibly see both of her

thick thighs straining within the fabric. Before today Chris had always viewed Adeana as a boyish, flat, uninteresting woman. He was always in it more so for personality, but now that she was changing before his very eyes, Adeana had become a busty, mature, curvy woman that completely dwarfed her old self in sex appeal.

Next up was her chest, the upper half of her dress filled with cleavage faster than Chris could fully register it was even happening. Rather than grow to the massive proportions her ass had, her chest sat at a large but not huge double d with large, hard nipples to match their size. Adeana's new boobs were still much, much better looking than her old flat ones, Chris surely wouldn't be complaining any time soon. Adeana though seemed entirely displeased, she knew Chris had always had a thing for massive boobs, or as he described them; mommy milkers. Adeana moved back to the phone, bending over and allowing Chris direct view straight down her cleavage.

"I'll be home later darling," Adeana said, "With a special treat."

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Adeana had magically come into a life of insane wealth. She knew she could buy essentially anything she wanted now, her glamorous, magically summoned purse was filled with all sorts of credit cards. To her, they were always there, she swiped them with unnatural efficiency and recognized all of the numbers as if she had made all the money herself. With her newfound riches and her new desire to go above and beyond simply to please Chris, Adeana knew exactly what she had to do.

Adeana traveled to the city's most prestigious plastic surgeon and was quickly welcomed in by one of the staff members; Doctor Albert. He pondered why

such a beautiful, mature woman possibly wanted to look even better, her response was a simple gesture towards her tits. Doctor Albert had to admit, she was a bit out of proportion, such a fat ass deserved a similarly big pair up top. The two discussed Adeana's desires, Albert certainly had a streak of giving customers larger than life augmentations, he was sure to help her out accordingly.

Adeana eventually arrived at her home, which had somehow turned into a massive mansion overnight. Adeana navigated through the larger than life, ornate courtyard as if she'd been there for years, bouncing her high heeled, milfy ass all the way to the massive front door. After placing her hand on a scanner, the door opened to reveal the biggest living room she had ever seen, though it was no surprise to her. Rather, she simply placed all her belongings on nearby surfaces and went off to find Chris, who was situated in the *second* living room, according to her home app. Chris had been roaming the grounds for hours now, the reality of everything that was happening still not yet sinking in.

Adeana approached her boyfriend with a wicked smile, her arms spread for the impending hug she was sure to receive, "***Darling?***" Adeana said with her new sultry voice, forcing Chris to turn around and feast his eyes on what she had become.

Chris' jaw dropped open farther than it had when he saw the mansion. He hadn't met Adeana in person just yet and all doubt had left his mind, "H-how?" was all Chris could manage to say, his eyes trained dead on Adeana's chest.

Her surgery had been an obvious massive success, Adeana chuckled,

forcing her chest to bounce up and down as Chris registered what her boobs had become. Adeana's top was completely open without a bra in sight, her chest had ballooned out far past even watermelons and sat at two of the biggest basketballs Chris could have ever dreamed of. Her boobs sat heavily on her chest and yet lacked gravity entirely, the occasional vein was visible along with the soft wrinkle here and there, though her dark skin was still ungodly soft. Every breath sent a ripple across the massive mammaries, her throbbing nipples had grown to match to the point they rivaled even her own thumbs. Adeana pulled Chris into a hug, her tits forcing them apart as Adeana pulled his gaze downwards into a passionate kiss. Adeana's new energy was unmatched, her demeanor of a sweet, motherly milf went perfectly well with her soft seductive tone. The kiss even felt more emotional, as if she had gained experience in every way. But all the while, Chris couldn't take his mind off of her chest, the hard nipples leaving a moist trail against his chest with every kissing motion the pair made.

"Milky implants, baby," Adeana parted from the hug, "A new invention, straight from SBAIC!" Adeana winked, her chest thrust forward expectantly, pushing her fat, dark nipples towards Chris.

"Just for you sweetie."

Chris knew exactly what he had to do at the moment, an explosion going off in his brain signaling exactly what this weird, lucky day was meant for. Milk. He had no clue exactly what was going on and his brain surely would never fully understand, but he understood one thing more than well enough.

Chris sucked Adeana's titties like there was no tomorrow, his mouth filled with milk and the entire mansion filled with the girl's moans. The implants had made her nipples even more sensitive than her initial magical transformation had, every small bit of milk was more than enough to push her towards orgasm completely hands free. Meanwhile, Chris had the time of his life, forcing the milfy woman to thrash about underneath him, her lewd moans only

encouraging him to continue. The taste was wonderful too, nearly addictive and utterly filling. Chris surely wouldn't need dinner for the next few days, though his new, mature wife was more than willing to make it for him...

THE END