



THE APPLE OF (EVERY)ONE'S EYE



Roaring up to the front of a seedy establishment within the beating heart of a metropolitan state, a sleazy fellow dressed like a punk with gelled back hair hops off his bike with unusual flair, radiating a visible air of giddy excitement as if something good had happened to him earlier that day.

Maybe he'd struck rich at one of the many lottery vendors around the city or an early paycheck from whatever job he might be running, eager to burn that money on women and booze. But whatever it was had the man beaming from ear to ear with a devilish smile, carrying himself with an overeager pomp that had most of the folk nearby looking on with mixed expressions of amusement and annoyance, egging him on with clicks of the tongue and subtle jeering in the hopes that he would give them an excuse to mess him up.

But the man would not be deterred, continuing straight toward the neon lit entrance of the nightclub, steely eyed gaze locked on the doors before him while gloved hands reach to fiddle with the spiked choker

around his neck, muttering an incoherent sentence under his breath right before letting himself inside, giving the same treatment to the bouncers to both sides as they leered down at him in disdain, knowing that in a few minutes...or maybe an hour or so, he'd be slapping them all in the metaphorical faces with glee after procuring the one thing he had come here for; *women...*

'They'll see...they'll all see! Once I walk out of there with a goddamn harem, then we'll see who's laughing!'

A certifiable rascal with a hobby of dabbling in the occult. *Nathan* was a young man hailing from a veritable line of scumbags. Men who didn't want to do things the 'normal' way. Gullible fools who would grasp at every single straw if it meant the possibility, or even the slightest illusion of an easy way out.

The same went for Nathan. Ever since he'd dropped out of highschool, gotten kicked out of the house by his mother and disowned, the man had gotten himself into all forms of trouble with no salvation in sight on the troubled path he had chosen for himself. Going along with a ragtag group of gangsters after days of wandering the streets, getting himself into trouble participating in petty theft, scrambling for cover whenever fights between rival gangs devolved into deadly shootouts. All manner of life threatening

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scenarios and stupid wastes of time were tucked away under Nathan's belt, and somehow, he was still able to make a living for himself.

But just being able to live wasn't enough for Nathan, and in his quest for an easygoing life where all manner of luxuries would be at arms reach without fear of owning some big crime lord or offending another, the dolt had begun to resort to 'voodoo' and 'black magic', trying bogus rituals and all sorts of arcane chicanery in an effort to summon Djinns or bring eternal fortune upon himself...leading to those who knew him to give him the label of The Quack Rider. A name derived from his penchant for dressing like some fashionable motorcycle enthusiast with a never ending stream of nonsense to spew out of that loud mouth of his. And tonight would prove to be the same after departing the gang with the declaration that he'd be back with a harem all to himself...or at least, that was what the naysayers would think. Because the spell he had come across earlier that day in the form of an incantation supposedly capable of 'granting one unending charisma and charm that could play and pull on feminine hearts' somewhere in the bowels of the Internet was far more authentic than anyone, even Nathan, could ever hope to give it credit for. But while the incantation was capable of channeling the mystic force that was Magic. *Where, who and what* was fuelling it remained up in the air. Meaning its nature and effects were equally as mysterious despite the cryptic description that could only be translated simply as a Love Spell to make the caster irresistible to any woman.

But in a seedy place such as a nightclub in one of the world's most strenuous places to make a living in, the effects of the magic currently coursing through the charmed leather around Nathan's neck wouldn't remain a mystery for long as it's effects immediately make themselves known while the oblivious man wanders the floor, ears dulled by blaring electronic beats that resonated with the soul, body numbed by the pulse pounding reverberation of shoes, boots and bass thumping against the foundations, his mind clouded by a haze wrought upon him by the disarming chemicals that saturated the air alongside the otherworldly forces that had latched onto him as his shadow, mixed and vague amongst the crowd takes on a feminine shape before melting back to normal, vanishing the illusory effect of neon red lights casting the eerie effect of demonic eyes narrowing into a leer...

With alcohol and drugs running rampant, people were less restrained with their inner thoughts, dirty and otherwise. Making the nightclub a searing hotspot of sinful energy that causes Nathan's form to bend and contort to the people's will. And by people, that mostly applied to the majority who were adrenaline spiked men, thirsty for drinks and hungry for warm flesh to busy their hands with while lecherous eyes hung over the women that were already there; envisioning their gyrating forms stripped bare, their slender bodies begging to be touched, their salacious naughty bits on show for all to see...providing fuel to the fire that was Nathan's transformation as the thug begins to change beneath everyone's notice, including himself as he continues to keep up the pompous act from before, waiting for a hot number to walk up to him at any moment to ask him for a dance, oblivious to the fact that he himself was starting to become one as curves manifest through widening hips and a narrow waistline

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while knobbly arms lengthened into slender manipulators, tipped with the very same dainty digits he craved to feel over his body...over a dick that was already halfway through becoming a disappointing weiner in comparison to the solid cucumber it was a few seconds ago.

Dirty crimson hair would lengthen, retaining their gel layer while his admittedly handsome visage would snap and reshape itself into the moderately acceptable face of a young female punk complete with a beauty mark beneath wide eyes. Lusting after what little women there were in the place as a sleek tongue slips out of fattened lips in glee at the sight of woman with her midriff exposed, blissfully ignorant to how *her* own looked alot like that now that a scrawny belly had become lean and toned, leading down to a girl's flower covered over in a crown of pubes, barely hidden by baggy pants and boxers that were starting to slide down Nathan's feminized frame, revealing the faintest glimpse of smooth thighs while the rest of her changed form remained hidden. Completing the total inversion of her gender and in turn, dulling what little senses remained inside that vapid head of hers once the narcotics in the air, particularly those catered towards the 'loosening' of women, begin to take effect on her as dull nipples swell into dull red nubs, tenting her shirt as the supple B cup breasts that had grown to fruition beneath them bask in the glory of smooth fabric rubbing against them, all while a milky trickle of grool seeps out of her womanly folds, followed shortly afterward by a sudden squirt of fluids from the hole that once was her manhood, dampening the boxers beneath until the shape of her cunt shows clear through as a throbbing cameltoe with undulating folds and a hyperactive labia that flexes in need, desiring the girthy rod that had been taken from its owner...

"Fffuck...why aren't the girls comin'? They should be swarmin' me...begging...for...for...oh god...so...horny..."

With a feverish sensation gripping ahold of her body and mind, Nathan could do little to resist or better yet, realize what the magical choker, now burning with vile red energy had done to her as it continues its work unabated, moving on to even more drastic changes as the newly molded woman clutches at her head in pain, her very soul stifled by the sinful powder of man's own creation and an encroaching presence creeping forward from the back of her mind, steadily taking over the reins of control as Nathan's body undergoes another series of changes, this time aimed at completely obliterating all that remained of her former self as her unacceptable form starts to age and mature in accordance to the desires of the hormonal men around her, losing herself with every passing second as a tomboyish cut starts to lengthen and smoothen, shedding gel while her meager bosom begins to expand, filling with heft and mass as plump fat and supple flesh are pumped in through invisible tethers, engorging them to unbelievable size until a



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spectacular set of double D milkers hung proudly off of her front. Tipped with rejuvenated nipples that glimmer with a subtle oily texture as they raise her ill fitting clothes to expose an equally tubby tummy that had since become soft and cushioned. The ideal body most men could agree on to be the perfect support to rest their heads on...in addition to a pliable pair of highly sensitive handholds that could reward one with a tantalizing moan with every squeeze, pinch or pull applied to the jiggly orbs. Specs the woman's body seemed eager to fulfill as petite hips enlarge into child birthing handlebars while her neck warbles with activity, turning her boyish baritone into a sonorous cry to tease the hearts of men as the nearest one turns his head to gaze upon the burgeoning beauty as an involuntary giggle leaks out of her plush lips, giving him barely any time to gaze upon the redheaded beauty dressed in oversized biker



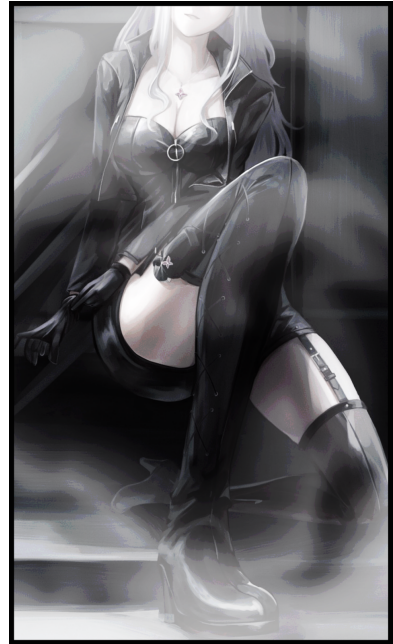
clothes as he reaches out to cop a feel, sending a shiver down Nathan's spine as her body arches in response to the stimuli over her expanding ass as it blossoms into a fully fledged bubble butt, giving her pants a new hole to expose a swollen vagina hanging down freely between perfectly slappable cheeks, oozing its nectar onto the floor below as arousal and an ever increasing libido feeds an unquenchable lust, leaving an already defeated Nathan inching closer towards the edge as her mind comes under the assault of a variety of naughty images she would've been disgusted by under normal circumstances.

But as all manner of *big, juicy cocks* and *rock hard dildos* imprints itself into her very being, Nathan could not withstand the first of many orgasms that would rock her body as her dazed wobbling comes to a temporary stop, drawing the unneeded attention of even more lustful men around her as she throws her head back into a stifled scream as eager partygoers swarm who they could only assumed to be a

drunken whore who's had too much to drink, eager and wanting based on how perverted she was dressed with her wet crotch exposed and ready to go. Only making things seem worse for herself as her nubile young body twitches and flexes under the unrelenting assault of itchy hands as one squeezes a handful of her right breast while another rubs at her sweaty stomach before pushing against the smooth incline leading down to her crotch, forcing a guttural moan out of her, accompanied by a stupid look of pleasure on her face as an extended fringe sticks to foxy eyes glowing with a fiery red aura spread by the malignant choker, its shape becoming far more ornate and distinct than the simple decorative one it was before, pulsing with demonic energy everytime her stimulated flower sprays a load onto the floor, spurred on by the men's hollers and cheers at the sight of their debauched imagination of a juicy vagina come to life alongside the domineering entity that had begun to take control of her victim's body directly, reaching out to grab the throbbing member that had slid in front of her face, each sniff of the *deliciously sour* odor radiating off of that large thing dyeing her hair white at the very roots as it reaches down to tickle at the nape of her ass...

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But the perverted being now burning strong within Nathan's mind was not a cheap whore, and as she traces a delicate finger over the tip of the stranger's penis in front of her with a creeping leer on her face, more control allowed for her to rise to her full height, standing a head or two higher than she had been before as gaunt thighs sag to the sides, filled with pert fat that moves like water with every step as she begins to lead her chosen partner away from the crowded dance floor after gently dissuading the eager men around her with foxy looks that told them *'You'll have your turn later, babe. So be a good boy and wait~'* without an actual word leaving her luscious red lips.



By now, Nathan was barely a voice at the back of his own body, rendered unrecognizable and very, *very* female, forced to sit back and watch as the realization of what had occurred to him came far too late for him to do anything but scream in unheard protest. But not even that was to last as he feels ethereal hands wrap around his spirit, whose touch instills within him a debauchery of the lowest level...an unknowable evil from a time before Man had even established itself on Earth...and it was here to claim him, dragging Nathan into the irresistible fire that was the otherworldly entity he had unknowingly invited into the world, consumed and integrated into the conglomeration as the choker finishes its remodeling into a far more simpler, yet complex piece that would serve as the main connection for a new article of clothing drawn from the deepest, darkest corners of every man's heart. They longed for a woman to tell them what was what, to show them the ropes with brutal efficiency. A maiden of ice who they could derive pleasure from teaching her 'her place', the facsimile of a dominatrix who would shatter upon the closest sign of defiance from whoever had caught her fancy or vice versa.

And as the image cements itself in the new woman's mind, the last remnants of Nathan would fade under a new coat of paint that was a banging new attire fit for a queen; complete with a fur mink coat and obscuring shades that manifests over the bridge of a lean nose, framing emotionless slits that had the potential to burn with as much emotion as it did nothing but unfeeling void as she continues to lead the man behind her towards the toilet, stroking the dick she held firmly with a latex gloved hand while the oversized biker's jacket conforms to the shape of her voluptuous body, becoming a skintight top that mixes the revealing nature of a crop top with the suggestive allure of nightwear to form a latex mashup that shows off plenty of curves and dips, especially her milk laden chest as it bounces with exaggerated energy upon the finalization of the cups that would hold it up with pride, squishing sensitive teats together into an exciting bun of pale, creamy skin and buoyant flesh while a crimson underlayer beneath the sleeves does its best to stroke her untended skin since it could do little in the way of serving its intended function of 'added protection'...

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'Finally...it's been so long...how many years now since i've had the pleasure of a physical form to feel and embrace another? Oh fuck~ And it looks like my first one's a mighty big one!'

With the manifestation of new thoughts emerging in the forefront of her mind, the nameless woman pushes open the door leading into the empty bathroom, letting her mate free as she turns to face him, leaning her ass against the cool brick wall before taking off her glasses with a practiced hand, eyeing up the impressive specimen before her as his eyes run all over hers in return, stupidly oblivious to the fact that the drab redhead who had led him by the nuts had suddenly turned into a silver haired mistress who was probably a good five or six years older than he was, all because of a little confusion charm, shooting a lean smile his way that was more for herself than him while he whistles in glee.

She cared little for the poor soul, for the human in front of her...as long as she could get him going at maximum potential enough to give her a hearty first helping of spicy semen she hadn't tasted in millenia, the primordial creature that had supplanted Nathan, wearing his flesh and altering it to fit like repurposed clothing, would be left satisfied...and hungering for more of where that came from as she begins to approach her prey, pressing her breasts against his chest while eager hands run over his crotch, undoing the zipper that held the rest of his girth prisoner...marveling at it's full length as her other hand caresses his stubbled chin, keeping his eyes locked with hers before letting go of the sausage in her grip to guide her man's hand down toward her garterbelt clad loins, peeling what little cloth remained over the crotch cutout to unveil her needy little pussy...reveling in the tender way he strokes her folds and pinches her tingling little clitoris...



“Hot damn babe...you're...fuckin' gorgeous...can't say I've seen anyone like you around her before...what's yer name?”

“Call me...Serena...yes...that will do...i'm new here you see...and I haven't had my fill of *satisfactory* food in quite a long time...so maybe you could be a gentleman...and *fill me up with a nice hot serving of that sweet, sweet cream you've down there?*”

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Resurrected from the great beyond in the altered form of a buxom human female, none but the spiritually attuned would ever suspect sweet 'Serena' to ever be a powerful relic from another dimension. A place the feeble minded humans would label as *Hell*...and as a denizen of Hell...it was only natural she call herself a Demon...one of many such creatures that preyed on the vices of men, to plunge souls both righteous and evil into the depths, to see how far one could go until the a title to rival that of '*Depravity*' would be realized, searing the meaning of that word into his very soul now that he...was she, no Nathan...no Human...just Serena's pretty little lonesome self~

Even now as the stranger's hands roamed over her titillating form, Serena could feel the tiniest vestiges of the human soul curdling within her own like milk, putting up a futile resistance now that so much of himself had been absorbed to the point where 'he' couldn't even remember being male...much less human, just a confused mirror image of Serena who had yet to realize her new lot in life and succumb to the pleasures of the flesh...just like the many humans whose forms she had subverted in favor of her own, each iteration fine tuned to the collective desire of Man...and she loved what they had in mind for her this time around...

Serena, overcome with joy by her grand return to the physical world, would be the first to make a move as she leans forward, locking lips with her mate in what felt to her like an eternity, savoring the warmth of their bodies as they melded together, breasts pushing against pecs. The highly addictive taste of saliva and alcohol as they swapped fluids...and most of all; the bodily processes of her sexual organs preparing themselves for a proper fucking as her vag continues to drool all over the floor, eagerly awaiting the hot rod pressing up against her belly to make it all the way inside of her...

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EPILOGUE

“Mmmm~ Having a body again to do with as I please...it really *is* the best~! And to think a stupid man ended up being the one to find my little surprise...oh you humans can be so...hm? Oh my...what do we have here?”



Craning her neck towards the approaching presence she could sense just beyond the periphery of her hazy eyes, Serena smiles coyly at the sight of a rather ordinary young man roaming amongst the drugged up patrons of the nightclub now that a sizeable amount of it's male population had mysteriously vanished...shifting stocking clad legs with a subtle sloshing in her belly at the reminder of how many men she had drained just a few minutes ago...

Unlike the others, this newcomer didn't seem fazed by the intoxicating atmosphere or the sinful beats that drove the rest into a sexual frenzy. But what caught her eyes was something far more interesting...Mana...he was radiating so much of it to the point her body was beginning to act up despite how tuckered out it should've been after the *strenuous exercise* she had put it through.

Her stomach and womb were filled to capacity, but his presence made her yearn for more...no, for his brand of semen, forcing her vagina to unwind itself as a trickle of spunk leaks out of her well oiled lips below,

unable to hold herself back as she slides off her seat without a sound, intent on bagging this massive fish before her very eyes before the dawn arrived.

But before she could do so, a strong hand...unnaturally so, tears at her wrist, dislocating bone her inhuman tolerance cared nothing for as the wanton look of lust on her face fades at the sight of a busty tomboy leaning over the counter, dressed in the bartender's clothes as they strained to contain sizeable breasts that were about the same size and weight as Serena's save for a deathly pale complexion that coats the woman's athletically trained physique.

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And on her sharp face, a deeply disgusted scowl lies etched into her otherwise beautiful visage, clearly not amused by Serena's presence as the two women stare long and hard into each other's eyes; cool crimson against simmering magenta...

"The fuck're ya doin' all the way out here *T'salva*? Last I saw, y'were rotting away in Hell..."

"After all these hundreds of years...you still haven't changed one bit haven't you? Have the courtesy at least to use false names while we're on Earth...not even I would-"

"I asked a question, now fuckin' answer it 'fore I send ya back to whatever hole shat ya out..."

"Fufu...I see what's going on here...you only ever get this tense when something's about to be taken from you...my, my...tell me; how did you come across such an excellent specimen...and why haven't you claimed him yet...?"

"Don't act all high and mighty...unlike you, i'm not some disgustin' parasite that eats through her 'partners' like chocolate...bein' a Demon's got a code...and you're just a hungry bitch who doesn't play fair...so I'll leave it at that...do whatever ya like, but if I catch ya comin' onto my mark...y'know what's gonna happen..."

"Of course my hot headed little junior...and I wish you all the best in whatever game you're playing at with him...but a little...oh...she's already gone...a pity, I might've had a word or two to say..Barkeep? Could I have a refill?"

Not skipping a beat as she holds her empty flask out towards the restored man serving out drinks once more as if nothing had happened, Serena turns her attention toward the rest of the crowd and beyond, smiling lasciviously at the thought of what laid in wait for her out in a big, bustling city just waiting to be exploited to her blackened heart's content. With a modicum of excitement awarded to the fact that another of her kind was already here alongside an interesting human that could very well be the perfect candidate to surpass her Depravity...or become a stalwart bastion against it...not like she cared too much if it turned out to be either way...

THE END

SOURCE GLOSSARY

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