

Coming of Age A Expansion Vignette

Elize stood in front of her bathroom mirror in shock.

Her mother and aunt had told her, but she hadn't believed them. Who could? But here was the proof in front of her.

She was told that on her twentieth birthday that she would change, but she had thought it to be a bad joke by her mother and aunt. Something about the family curse. She'd laughed and hung up. Then 10:47am had rolled around, the official time on her birth certificate, and "it" had happened.

She'd experienced a strange heated arousal, which had mounted into a need. Luckily she had still been at home when she'd felt it and had been able to indulge herself, but two quick orgasms with her trusty vibrator had done nothing except make her horny and a little hungry. It was only after she'd eaten all of the leftovers in the fridge, and hopelessly gone another round of masturbation that she'd noticed the change.

Her normally cute vulva had swollen. It had grown to the size of a grapefruit with a thumb sized clit. At the time she'd been too horny to do more but explore her new growth, and as a result hadn't noticed the swelling in her hips, thighs and ass.

She'd kind of lost herself, in between orgasms that seemed to mount in frequency and intensity, which eventually made the day one long blur, she'd known on some level that she was changing. But it had felt too good.

Maybe she could have stopped it, but it seemed unlikely.

Either way, here she now was. Her normally petite frame the same as before. Her pixie like face and shoulder length black hair, above a slender torso and modest B cup breasts. But at the waist, the freakishness began. Her hips were huge. Normally this would have been enough, but she had turned sideways to see the most noticeable change.

Her cute perky ass had become a monstrosity, extending back from her waist like a shelf. Each cheek had ballooned out with flesh to be almost two feet across. It was like a beanbag chair that she now carried with her. Her thighs had grown to match, all of it making her forced to waddle around the house and go through doors sideways.

If her hips, ass and thighs were the main event however, her puffy mound was the twist in the third act.

It had continued to grow, now almost the size of a honeydew melon, with what had been her small love button of a clit, swollen to the size of a small plum. It was nestled between her moist lips still begging to be touched.

It was only the death of her vibrator that had stopped her growth it seemed, and now the heat she'd felt before had died off. But the arousal was still there.

When she'd had a moment to really look at herself, Elize had gotten angry, but her new form had prevented her from taking out her anger on much around her, she tended to just clumsily waddle around the room grabbing random items to throw in frustration. Then she'd calmed down enough to ponderously make her way to the bathroom and properly survey her changes.

Which was where she stood now, gaping at the swollen form before her. Then her cell phone rang.

She made her way as quickly as she could to the familiar seven note ringtone, almost wedging herself in the doorway by accident, before picking it up.

It was her aunt.

"Well niece, welcome to the family. Do you believe us now?"