

No one knows how or why it began.

One ordinary morning, reality simply seemed to shudder and changed. Was it from an unseen watcher? Was it a divine punishment or even infernal damnation? Could it be aliens? Who knew?

Whatever it was, fifteen women across the city were selected by some unknown jester eager to change these into new bodies. In the space between one heartbeat and the next, less than half a second, their bodies rewrote themselves.

Blemishes vanished. Scars smoothed themselves. Complexions clarified into luminous, poreless perfection; whether previously sallow, freckled, or acne-scarred, every inch now glowed with a striking sheen. Figures that had been soft and doughy, angular and lanky, plump or skeletal; all reshaped into fine hourglasses: wasp waists, flared hips, long sculpted legs. Breasts swelled modestly, some ladies became B-Cups, others plumped to fine D-Cups. While buttocks lifted and rounded into taut perfection, and labia plumped subtly into inviting contours. They weren't all the same though; women gained thinner lips, or bigger eyes, angular features that made them exotic, or even subtle muscles in their arms and abs.

Hair transformed—some straightened, some lengthened, some grew glossy, often taking on hues or textures echoing their new theme. Names evaporated from memory and records alike; only their confectionery identities remained. Not even the solace of family could bring back their previous identities.

And each carried a signature scent now: warm vanilla, molten caramel, strawberry shortcake, dark chocolate ganache, cinnamon-sugar dough, lemon mousse, raspberry jam, coconut meringue, tiramisu espresso, peach cobbler, mint chocolate chip, salted toffee, cherry cordial, lavender honey, and rose-petal Turkish delight were just a few potential smells these girls could have. The fragrance clung to skin, hair, breath, an inescapable, intoxicating, and quite rich aroma to anyone nearby.

But beauty alone would have been a gift. The curse lay in what came next.

Over precisely eight hours, starting from the moment of change, their bodies began manufacturing a thick, syrupy, sweetly scented cream. A delectable essence tied to their dessert theme. It accumulated relentlessly inside four soft areas: breasts, buttocks, labia, and lips (both facial and vaginal). The expansion could target one, two, three, or all four sites per woman, chosen seemingly at whim.

The growth was slow, insidious, and unstoppable. Skin stretched taut and glossy over burgeoning flesh. Breasts ballooned outward and downward, heavy with sloshing sweetness, nipples darkening and thickening into sensitive, leaking spigots. Buttocks inflated into shelf-like curves that strained clothing to tearing, each cheek capable of smothering a face.

Labia engorged into plush, dripping pillows, clit hood swelling until every brush of fabric became exquisite torture. Lips plumped into bee-stung pillows, glossy and perpetually parted, sometimes sweet nectar pooled from their open mouths. Their final sizes could become even larger than even an entire person.

A Cream Girl's sensitivity scaled with size. What began as pleasurable tingles escalated into overwhelming, mind-erasing ecstasy-pain. By mid-afternoon most could barely walk without whimpering; by evening, many collapsed, hips bucking involuntarily, unable to form coherent thoughts beyond the pulsing need to be drained.

The only release was manual stimulation of the nipples, no matter the area it all flowed to the nipples. A Cream Girl must stroke them until the cream is sprayed in thick, arcing streams of flavored milk. Each gush reduced the swelling temporarily, granting minutes of clarity before their unending refillment resumed.

These are their stories...

#### THE EXPANSIONS:

- BREAST
- BUTTOCKS
- LIPS
- VAGINA
- BREAST-BUTTOCK
- BREASTS-LIP
- BREASTS-VAGINA
- BUTTOCK-LIP
- BUTTOCK-VAGINA
- LIP-VAGINA
- BREAST-BUTTOCK-LIPS
- BREASTS-BUTTOCKS-VAGINA
- BREASTS-LIPS-VAGINA
- BUTTOCKS-LIPS-VAGINA
- BREASTS-BUTTOCKS-VAGINA-LIPS