

Chapter Eleven

Again, I didn't dream.

Again, there was nothing.

Until there was light, again.

The light this time was that of a sun beaming down on my body, the sky was clear, the heat was almost unbearable, the unmistakable sound of crashing waves made me jolt into action, I sat up.

This was the first shock.

I was able to.

First my eyes looked down and I saw myself, my old self. I was back to my old form, in a bikini. A pang of disappointment washed over me like the sea washing away the sand.

A beach?

I quickly looked around and saw a beach, it was empty, entirely.

On a day like this?

The sun bleeds a bright yellow onto the horizon, casting long, skeletal shadows from the jagged teeth of the cliffs that guard this secluded cove. The sand, the colour of sun-bleached bone, stretches in a gentle crescent, untouched save for the delicate etchings of the retreating tide and the scuttling trails of sandpipers. Waves, the colour of jade and sapphire, crash against the base of the cliffs, sending up plumes of white spray that catch the dying light. The air is thick with the tang of

salt.

A lone house, weathered grey and stoic, stands defiant against the elements. Its windows, like vacant eyes, stare out at the endless expanse of the sea. A sense of isolation hangs heavy in the air, a palpable silence broken only by the ceaseless roar of the waves and the whisper of the wind through the sea grasses that cling to the cliff face. This is a place where time seems to stand still, lost in the symphony of the sea and the solitude of the shore.

I turn to the house, my only option in the desolate sands.

No where else to go.

I started to walk, my body feeling almost strange compared to the past few days. I could see the floor, my boobs were not in the way, my stomach not a giant jiggling boulder, with sloshing contents. The sway of my hips threatening to throw me off balance as I grew throughout the day. Even my legs were no longer touching, I had my thigh gap back. Something that most of the world would be relishing in, but right now, not me.

I tried to resist the thoughts, tried not to think about it too deeply, I looked upward to the house at the top of the beach and started my march.

The windows, once vacant from afar, now glimmer with a faint, inner warmth, hinting at life within. A weathered wooden door, its paint peeling like sunburnt skin, stands slightly ajar, an invitation whispered on the salt-laden breeze. With each step, the world outside this secluded cove fades further away, replaced by a growing sense of curiosity and anticipation. The house, once a silent observer, now seems to pulse with a subtle energy, its secrets waiting to be unveiled.

The wooden porch groans beneath my reduced weight, each step sending a tremor through the weathered timbers. Loose boards creak and shift, their nails long rusted by the salty air. Reaching the door, I notice the intricate carvings that adorn its frame – swirling patterns of what seems to be a strange ancient text, worn smooth by time and the elements. A tarnished brass knocker, shaped like a snarling sea serpent, hangs askew, frozen in a perpetual state of silent warning.

I hesitantly push the door open. It swings inward with a mournful sigh, revealing a modern

interior that is drastically juxtaposed to the decaying exterior. I walk in and my feet feel the warmth of the carpet.

The door slams behind me. The noise was so loud it gave me heart palpitations. I didn't know how I knew, but I knew I was now locked in this house. I looked around and saw the room looked lived in, but it left me wondering.

Where is the owner...

I heard a noise from the other side of the room and gasped at what I saw.

"Welcome." Nyx walked in and spread her arms wide, she made a grand entrance. "This is my domain."

The magical energy surged in the air, and I watched my strange captor look at me with that same lustful look again.

"This is a place where rules don't apply, this is a sacred place and somewhere that I don't invite anyone." She instantly disappeared in a puff of black smoke, and I felt her arms wrap around me a second later. "You Flo... You're different."

"Why?" I blurted out, enjoying her warm hug but not wanting to really admit it.

"Because I have been around for a long time, I have never met anyone who has come to enjoy a curse I've put on them..." Her voice was a low whisper, and it sent shivers down my spine. "You don't need to tell me... I didn't even really need to use my power to know that truth."

"Okay... So, what..." I decided to put my foot down and stand my ground.

This has backfired on me a few times with Nyx but this time it was different. I just felt her hug my slim body tighter.

"I guess I don't need to read your mind to know what you're thinking..." My head leaned into hers.

For the first time I had felt a true connection with Nyx, not just a sexual one, it was alien at first, but the overwhelming comfort made me drop my guard entirely, as I felt her do the same.

"You are the only, literally only, other person who has been here..."

"I think it's cute. Is this your dream home or something?" I replied trying to start a genuine

conversation with Nyx for seemingly the first time.

“Of sorts. I have spent a long time creating this place, imbuing it with my power so that one day...” A tear rolled down Nyx’s face, I brought my finger up to catch it. “One day I could bring someone who truly accepts me and enjoys me for me.”

“I am honoured that you think that is me.” It gave her a big squeeze.

“I don’t think, I know... The second you became conscious here; I could feel it in you. I know it’s you.” Nyx cast her arms wide. “Welcome to your home away from home.”

I leaned in and gave her a kiss on the lips, I felt her arms move down the small of my back and onto my butt.

“A bit too small for you don’t you think?” I teased playfully.

“You’re right...” Nyx cooed in my half open mouth. “But I think it’s a bit too small for *you* too.”

I giggled, still a bit awkward hearing her say it.

She broke off the kiss and looked at me with a pout. “What’s the matter? You know I’m right...” Nyx smacked my ass and the echo of it filled the room. “You don’t need to hold back here... I know how much you enjoyed it...”

I was terribly embarrassed. She wasn’t wrong but to say it was something else.

I had seemingly come to enjoy the depravity of it all, my size especially, my mind ran back the few moments before I passed out last time and I felt a fire burning at my core.

I was so big...

“Yes you were...” Nyx whispered into my ear.

I felt my heart racing and her fingers moved down my body and her palm was on the lower half of my belly. It was flat as it had been a few days ago but there was this warmth spreading from her hand against my stomach. I felt a familiar pressure and I looked down, over my boobs to see her hand was now cupping a swelling growth.

“You can be again... In this place... You can be as big as you want...” Nyx’s words were intoxicating to me.

“Bigger...” I moaned.

In that instant I felt my stomach start to pump full again, I lowered my hand to feel it push against my palm and spread my fingers as it was filling again with, presumably, cum. It felt tighter this time, it was more arousing for it. My stomach exploded in size and Nyx’s hands alerted me to my swelling hips and ass. She gave my cheeks a firm smack and I felt my toes curl as the sloshing within moved me for a few seconds after the impact. As quick as it started, it stopped.

I looked like I was 6 months pregnant, my belly hung low, my boobs had swollen up a bit too, my hips took a huge brunt of the growth as they were spread wide to support my thickening thighs. At this point I looked mostly normal and at a size I would consider within human limits, comfortably.

Nyx must’ve seen my disappointment when I stopped filling but the smirk on her face only grew wider as she looked at my swollen form.

She used her fingers to frame my body, like a photographer. “I think... It’s missing something...”

She clicked her fingers, and I came, immediately. I fell to my knees, or rather, I would’ve if I hadn’t been caught by something invisible that had me levitating.

“Shit...” I cried out as my body was overwhelmed. “What... What was that...” I gasped.

“Look...”

I managed to get to my feet and looked at my body, everything looked the same, well I looked just as big and fat as before.

“Feel... Down there...” Nyx said, as her clothes disappeared.

I lowered my hand around my gut, needing to go between my thick thighs and round gut. My hands made their way to my aching pussy, and I felt my lips before I should’ve.

“It’s... Growing again...” My tone gave away my thoughts on my growing sex.

With another click it grew against my hand; I came again but I was expecting it this time, so I was able to remain on my feet. The bottoms of my bikini were being swallowed by my expanding labia, instead of stopping after a short burst, it just continued to grow and bulge. Each second I

could feel it being filled like my belly and ass had been. The weight of it pulling down was just as intoxicating as if I was rubbing it. The bikini was already very stretched from my hips and ass, but this was the final straw. The elastic only had so much it could do, its limits were being exceeded.

The snap filled the air, and I heard Nyx moan, and I felt the lack of support from the fabric only made me swell out even more. I looked to my side and saw myself in the mirror, my profile was insane. My ass stuck out behind me like a shelf, my thighs were huge trunks, and my belly was huge and distended but even from the side I could see my pussy that was stuck out almost as far as my stomach.

Nyx resisted no longer, and she reached out and rubbed my belly before lowering her hands to my super swollen vagina. I was lost in a sea of pleasure and orgasms.

The world she had brought me to was fun, but I knew there could be more.

“More...” I was barely able to say through gasps and moans.

“What was that?” Nyx asked, she knew full well, but she wanted to hear me say it again.

I grabbed her shoulder and pulled her in for a deep kiss, my body pressing against hers, still quivering. I let go and moaned.

“I said... More...”

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