

# Penny Pussy-Growth Vignette

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Inspiration:

<https://twitter.com/thirtyXXXart/status/1460624811579908096/photo/1>

“You got cursed. *Again?*”

“No, of course not. I’m not *that* daft.” Penny said. “Just a weird reaction to some fruits, that’s all.” The redheaded catgirl crossed her arms demonstratively. “Now, am I gonna be naked all day or are you gonna tell me if it’s dangerous?”

“Penny, your cooter has swollen to the size of a grapefruit. That’s no allergy. Unless you were putting those peaches into your panties.” Anna said. Her lips curled in a wry smile. “I suppose I wouldn’t put it past you. But still. Secondly, I thought you spent most of your time undressed? Or is that just in bars?”

Penny glared at her friend. “Just cuz *you* dress like a vampire doesn’t mean the rest of us gotta.” She looked down over herself, gingerly touching the bulging mound between her legs. It sent a shiver through her, the little hairs on her skin rising and her tail going stiff. “So, it’s *not* gonna make my cunt fall off or anything, is what you’re saying.”

“No, not quite. I can’t be sure about the cause, but all in all you’re hale and hearty.”

She narrowed her eyes. “It does *feel* funny, though. You’re *sure?*”

“Yes, though I *do* rather enjoy seeing you so careful all of a sudden. A matter of finding the right leverage, I suppose.” Anna smiled. “Leave it be, and you’ll be back to normal before you know it.”

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Penny’s abstinence lasted roughly 5 seconds. Just long enough for the door to slam shut behind her and leave her in the relative privacy of the empty hallway. Her pussy felt so *good*, its glorious shape outlined obscenely in her tight shorts as a camel toe from heaven, and the friction caused by her movement made her shudder and squirm. It was all she could do to hurry towards the exit before her moans alerted the entire Flowing Academy to her predicament.

By the time she staggered into her apartment, her pants were soaked through. She could not believe how damn *wet* she was— how her huge, bulging pussy buzzed with sensation— and Penny was not about to let the chance for a new hedonistic experience slip out of her grasp just because Anna told her to. She had not even touched her clit and it was already on fire, throbbing and sending tremors through her body.

“Just two or three orgasms.” Penny promised herself as she peeled off her clothes. Her sodden shorts hit the floor with a satisfying *smack*, heavy with wetness, and she had to hold

her breath when her underwear joined them, the slightest friction across her mound forcing trembles through her limbs.

“Fuck. I’m so *big*.”

She became aware of how hard she was staring at herself, chewing at her lower lip. Was that too much, feeling so proud, so turned on by how big and hypersexual her pussy had become? It was intoxicating; a feeling of power, a reflection of her desire.

Oh well. If a bit of self-love made her a narcissist, Penny could live with that. She sat on the edge of her bed and traced her fingertips along the curve of her lips, spreading her warm, slick honey over her flushed skin. As she explored her folds, the pulsing of her clit only grew more demanding. It wanted *attention*. And Penny was all too happy to comply.

The first touch of her bulging button provoked a moan and a downright *gush* between her legs, splattering her inner thighs with thick, drooling honey. “Goddamn,” the redhead muttered, impressed. Her breaths grew increasingly ragged as she explored her clit and realized how *large* it was, poking out for her fingers to caress and make her squirt again.

Penny damn near convulsed on the bed, moaning without a care for who might hear. She had only just sat down and already given herself a mini-orgasm, the first of many to come. “Goddamn,” she repeated, looking down in awe. Her pussy was so fat and plump that she could hardly believe it had fit in her shorts, and her clit stood out from her slit like a soldier at attention, the size of her thumb and harder than ever.

Was this it? The extent of her strange allergy? Or could she coax *more* out of her swollen cunt? Curiosity might have killed the cat, but Penny never let that stop her.

She wrapped one hand around her massive clit and stroked it vigorously, while her free fingers entered her greedy slit. The resulting pleasure was predictable and yet so intense that Penny still lost her mind, rolling on her sheets as a thousand little tingles sent waves crashing through her naked body.

“Fuuuck!” she cried, bucking her hips. She came, came, *came*, gushing messily across her room, a veritable fountain squirting from her big, horny pussy that turned her entire bedroom into a splash zone. “Yes, *yes!*” She stroked herself like a woman possessed, a demon straight out of the kinkiest circle of hell, so lost in pleasure that the world as she knew it dissolved around her. All she felt was the sensation coursing through her tense, arching body, the sweltering heat and the scent of her sex, and the feeling of her pussy pulsing madly under her touch, pushing demandingly into her hands with a will of its own.

It took a moment for Penny to realize what was happening, deep in her lust-addled trance. But finally it became too obvious for her to ignore why she felt so much more sensitive skin to caress than usual, such an excess of ecstasy to make even a seasoned hedonist shudder like a virgin. Her pussy was *growing!*

“Yesss!” she moaned in triumph. “Keep going!” She was hardly able to *see* the spectacle of her erotic transformation, too caught up in the moment to defy the tension of her body, but she could *feel* it, how her clit fattened and grew in her hand, pushing out, inch by inch, until she was stroking it like a little cock.

And then like a big cock.

And then like a *very* big cock, so large her hand hardly fit around its thick, pulsing girth.

“Such a big, growing girl...” Penny murmured in self-obsessed awe, so turned on that she half forgot to breathe. Every *touch* of her clit set off fireworks inside her head and the fact that she could *squeeze* it, stroke the meaty thing with all the strength she could muster simply drove her mad. Every moment was an orgasm, every beat another step towards a climax that might send her straight to heaven.

All the while, her pussy kept growing. Her lips pushed down her inner thighs, too plump and juicy to contain. Penny spread her legs, only to find that her cunt eagerly took up any space she gave it, her lips expanding in all directions at once. And as her greedy slit fattened past all reason, big enough to swallow a football, it gave rise to an army of fresh nerve endings, ready to join the chorus of sexual bliss that incapacitated Penny.

“Fuuuck...” It was all she could do. Cumming and growing, a slave to her desires. Her hands worked autonomously, her hips squirmed, her legs, back, shoulders tensed. She heard noises, from so far away that they might as well have come from another life; splashing, creaking, a croaking voice moaning helplessly. It might even have been herself. But all of it paled next to her pleasure.

She might have flooded her apartment in cum or pussy if left to her own devices. Certainly, Penny did not care. But as the catgirl disappeared into a world of pure light, a black-clad figure drove the door open with her shoulder and beheld Penny in all of her oversexualized glory.

Anna sighed. “What did I tell you?”

The curt, familiar voice cut through the haze. Penny froze mid-buck, her hips hovered over the bed. “I... You...” A powerful shiver coursed through her and she collapsed with rather less grace than usual. “F-fuck...”

“No, not that.”

“S-shut up.” Penny waved Anna away, flinging droplets of her redolent pussy juice. “Let me f-finish...!”

Anna looked down at her stained robes with disapproval. The droplets vanished. “Fine. I’ll finish you.” She reached in and grabbed the base of Penny’s monstrous clit.

“Woah, wait-wait-wait!” Penny said.

But there was no stopping Anna.

Penny threw her head back, erupting like a firehose. This was the Big One, the climax to shatter her fortitude. Her head filled with light as she transcended to another plane... And then finally fell back onto her bed, every iota of energy spent.

Somewhere at the edge of her vision she heard Anna grumbling.

“She did it *again*...”

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