



## Chapter Six

I made my way back downstairs into the living room and sat opposite Michelle. She looked at me with a worried frown.

“You okay?” Saying it, she knew the question was dumb, but it was just one of those common things to do.

I nodded, again dumbly.

“It'll be fine, I'm sure.” Michelle's boundless positivity was back.

We cuddled up on the sofa in silence and just enjoyed the company we had, we didn't speak, we didn't need to, we just sat there. There were regular patrols and movement outside the house, everything seemed safe and sound so we had that luxury, but we noticed a few riot vans moving around and stopping at some houses that we could see out the window. I saw them being let into places and struggling with people getting them into the vans and driving them off.

I tried not to think about it, it just made me more worried for Beth.

It had been a few hours; everything was fine, and I realised that we hadn't checked in on Beth in sometime. Michelle offered but I knew I had to be the one.

I knocked on the door to the room she was in and was shocked to hear her voice so quickly.

“Hey Brother...”

“Are you okay in there?”

“Never better... If you count big and busty as being good.”

Her voice ran through me and hit me differently, I couldn't see her and it was confusing to her like this.

“Beth, do you need anything?”

She ignored me and continued to speak. “That's the thing right? Boys like big boobs... I wonder if mine are big enough for them now...”

I was silent, I found it hard to listen.

“I think I might be doing a good job of growing here Bro, I think I must be halfway through the alphabet at this point.”

My cursed mind brought up images of Beth with massive boobs in my mind.

*Stop...*

“Want to see?”

The immediate answer of no didn't come out of my mouth. I considered it, I was curious, I wanted to see. The events of this outbreak were affecting my mind, or whether I was just that messed up all along, it was hard to say.

*My promise...*

“No.” finally answered.

“You took a while to answer... I think you would...”

I heard her stand up, her footsteps were heavier than I would have thought,

*Bigger boobs...*

I held the door handle to stop her from opening it, she felt the resistance.

“I thought I told you to barricade the door.” Her voice had changed again, it sounded like the real Beth breaking through. “You're just lucky that I can't reach the handle because my boobs are too big.”

*Fuck...*

The footsteps left the door, and I heard the compression of the mattress springs.

“Michelle?” I yelled.

She rushed upstairs.

“I need to get something to barricade the door...”

She nodded and returned with some wood and nails with a hammer from the garage.

“I’m sorry Beth...”

It took some time, but I managed to nail the planks over the door to keep everything in place should she try to leave the room. I made a hole in the bottom of the door so that we could pass supplies through to her.

“Thank you Brother...” I heard her call out before I left the hallway and sat downstairs.

Michelle comforted me and we just sat there waiting to see if there were any updates from the news online.

The news was just repeating the same information, nothing new being shared with them. Michelle opened up her phone and found that most social media sites were shut down, she was able to see a few articles from journalists that had pictures. The pictures were redacted but from captions and comments it was clear that they were talking about giant breasted women. The site wasn’t up for much longer and I looked at my Girlfriend with worry.

“I’m sure Beth will be fine.” Michelle rubbed the top of my head, soothing me. We didn’t have much to do, everything was getting shut down, we were too shocked by the events of the day so far to even do anything else, we just sat there holding each other.

I couldn’t stop thinking about Suzanne, Mom and Beth. The thoughts travelled around my head and then I thought back to the busty woman I had seen online. It felt like such an innocent time, not even 24 hours ago.

*Why couldn’t it have just stopped there...*

It was a nice thought, but it wasn’t reality. This was my biggest dream come true with the horrifying effects. Michelle couldn’t have been doing too much better, she must’ve been plagued with the lack of answers from her sister.

There was a bang upstairs and I shot up.

*Beth.*

I ran upstairs and knocked on the door.

“Beth?” I called in.

There was no answer.

“Beth? Are you okay?”

I desperately wanted to open the door and check in on my sister, but I knew at this point she was probably more boob than my sister at this point. Still no answer.

I knew what I had to do.

*I hadn't even seen Mom... How could I...*

I lowered myself down onto the floor, slowly.

*Fuck... Fuck...*

I laid flat on my stomach and slowly moved towards the hole in the base of the door. Edging myself around the corner slowly, I was filled with fear.

*Please be okay...*

I then saw flesh.

*Her boobs.*

There was also wood and debris on the floor, the mattress, barely visible around the swell of her boobs, was on the floor.

*She broke the bed...*

I watched her boobs carefully and I could see them rise and fall, falling slightly less each time.

*She's still breathing...*

The floor creaked.

*And growing...*

I got up and walked downstairs, my face was white. I knew that we couldn't stay here, this

safe haven was now at risk. I didn't know exactly what to do, I made it to the living room, and I saw Michelle who looked at me concerned.

"Is everything okay?"

I shook my head.

Before I could answer Michelle's eyes went wide, immediately she burst into tears, she wasn't looking at me, she was looking out the window. I turned around and saw nothing there.

Then there was a clambering at the door, a key being forced into the lock by the sounds of it. Michelle ran past me and quickly opened the door, and my jaw nearly hit the ground.

"Stacey!" Michelle screamed out in relief.

Stacey however wasn't really Stacey anymore, not judging by the size of her tits. Stacey wasn't like Michelle, not in almost any sense of the word. Michelle was a book smart girl who had passion and interest to progress in a career, she didn't go out partying, she was reserved except when she was alone with me and was trying to preserve her virginity. Stacey on the other hand was a party animal, she still lived at home because she never finished college and just worked at a bar. The money she earned there went straight on drink and clothes, which is why she still lived at home. There were other differences, Stacey was busty, she was an F cup, very aware of it too. Stacey would show off the goods whenever she could because she enjoyed the tease. She would sleep with a new guy every week and was not really headed anywhere fast.

The woman standing at the door certainly resembled Stacey, but her face looked a bit more dolled up, her lips were plump, huge even, it looked like she had lip fillers, her eyes were looking mostly vacant. Lower down her boobs were huge. Massive.

The giant mounds were almost as big as beach balls, they struggled to get through the door, she could easily swallow up the petite Michelle with her giant cleavage.

*Shit!*

"Get back!" I yelled.

It was no use, Michelle opened her arms and ran towards her sister and wrapped her arms around her, crying.

I ran towards her, rushing to save my girlfriend from the same fate that had bestowed my mom, sister and her sister too.

I grabbed her shirt and yanked her backwards.

“Come on, let go!” I shouted at Michelle, who was just sobbing now. “That isn’t her!”

Stacey moaned and mumbled some words.

“What?” Michelle asked, she pushed back against me and silenced me with a stern “Sshhh”.

“What is it Stacey?”

“So... Big... Need... More...” She was almost in a trance. “Cock!” she shrieked, pointing at me and started to try and wriggle past her sister. With a swift push she sent Michelle flying and then just stood and stared at me, eyeing me like I was meat.

“Need... Cock...”

I watched as her boobs grew, pulsating with each beat of her heart, she took a powerful step towards me.

*Fuck... Move!*

And another step, her massive boobs bounced against each other as she took a second step.

*Move Craig! Move!*

I could almost sense my life flashing before my eyes. She took a third step and was almost touching me with her tits. Before she could take her fourth step the top she was wearing gave way and I gawked at her gigantic nipples. My gaze was enough to egg her on and halt her advances, she lifted her boob up and presented me with her nipple as an offering.

*I could... I could just lean forward and...*

Michelle saved me, yanking me away from my certain doom. We ran through the hallway and then heard a giant crash. Beth broke through the ceiling and blocked the way for Stacey to pursue us. We didn’t wait, we ran out the back door and into the lane again, not before I heard the haunting last words from Beth.

“Ooo Fuck~ So fucking big!” She sounded like she was experiencing pure bliss.

*Beth...*

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