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<Outbreak: Infected>

by <Growing Desires>

### Chapter Three

The next morning came around and Ami, true to her word, was making breakfast.

Sally was the next to wake up and she opened the door to the boy's room. She crouched down and planed a kiss on Scott's forehead to wake him up nicely. The first thing his eyes were met with was Sally's beaming smile.

"Good morning honey..." She said sweetly.

Sally was a very sweet girl, much different to Ami in the way that Sally wasn't very sexual or at least not overtly outwardly. She was kind, sweet and caring, almost too innocent. Scott found it very wholesome and enjoyed the attention she gave him, especially when she did things like this.

Scott was still horny from last night, despite his orgasm. His morning wood was pressed against his pyjama trousers, and he leaned in and gave Sally a much firmer and passionate kiss. Sally moaned softly but pushed him away.

"My brother is right there..." She scolded in a teasing way.

"Sorry." Scott said, planting a kiss on her neckline, wanting to dive lower to her full chest.

"What's gotten into you this morning..." she said playfully, a new tone for her. "Have a nice dream?"

"Something like that..."

"Oh yeah? Tell me about it"

“That won’t be necessary” Trevor called out from the bed. “It couldn’t kill you to be quiet sometimes, could it?”

“Sorry.” Scott and Sally said in unison.

“Mom’s making breakfast, let’s just go before Scoot defiles the sanctity of my room anymore...”

The three of them walked down the stairs, Sally was blushing from her brother’s comment and Scott was still trying to shake off his heightened state of arousal.

“Morning mom.” Trevor started, taking a seat at the table adjacent to the kitchen.

“Morning Miss J” Scott added.

“Morning mom.” Sally “It smells delicious in here... What are we having?”

Ami turned around and everyone gasped.

Everyone was used to the large chested woman, she always wore a bra and was never indecent, unless she was tipsy. This morning when she turned around, the oversized shirt she wore around the house with comfy sweatpants was not looking so oversized this morning.

“Bacon and Pancakes.” Ami smiled, her boobs shaking for a few seconds after she stopped moving.

Ami’s boobs looked huge. The three of them looked at one another as if to try and confirm if they were all seeing the same thing. She was bursting out of her bra; massive bulges of boob could be seen through the top which was tighter around her chest thanks to the apparent growth. Easily looking two cup sizes bigger the very least she ignored their shocked expressions and turned back to finish serving up food.

“I hope you are all super hungry, I know I am.” Her voice sounded strange, there was a sultry quality to it that wasn’t usually present, but one Scott often wished she would use on him. “I don’t know if it was the drink or maybe that girl was right...”

We were all too stunned to say anything.

“She said I was still growing.” Turning quickly on her heels, Ami’s boobs shook before everyone again, the noise of her bra could be heard creaking. “Can you believe that?” She sounded

ditsy almost too. “Scott?” she leaned forward and let her boobs test the bra with the added help from gravity.

Scott watched as her boob redistributed from inside her bra to much more out, bulging and stretching the fabric of her t-shirt taut across the swollen mounds, he went flush.

She knew what she was doing, Ami turned back around and picked up the plates and started to lay them out before everyone, her boobs bumping against shoulders and almost mashing against Scott’s face. She laid out four plates and then grabbed her own.

Trying to move past the sudden change, Trevor asked the obvious question.

“Who’s that one for?”

As if on cue there was a knock on the door.

Resting her boobs on the table, Ami placed on her chin, her forearm pressing against her boob. “Why don’t you be a good boy and get that? You might find your answer.”

Trevor stood up and went to answer the door, leaving Sally and Scott to fend for themselves.

He opened the door and saw a familiar face. Tara, his girlfriend and Scott’s sister.

“Hey babe!” She leapt forward and wrapped her arms around Trevor.

Tara was older than Scott by a few years, at 25, she was very independent and mobile thanks to her car that she had bought. She was quite fit and active, from the point of view of fantasy she wasn’t quite what Trevor would’ve gone for, she had C cup boobs that had shrunk thanks to her time in the gym but there was a nice trade off, her ass was very curvy and thick. He wasn’t an ass man, but he did enjoy Tara’s body, he especially loved her personality. They had been going out for over a year, and they were going very steady, it felt like they had met at the right time for them to work.

“What are you doing here so early?” Trevor had expected her to arrive to pick up Scott but not for a few hours.

“Your mom invited me over for breakfast, living on my own in this economy, I’ll take any free meal I can get.” She chuckled, “Plus, I get to see you.” Her words were sweet, her lips pressed

against Trevor was even sweeter.

“We’ve got a situation...” Trevor wasn’t quite able to let the kitchen encounter go. “I need your honest opinion... Follow me...”

Tara was confused and worried by his serious tone, but she started to follow him to the kitchen.

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Back in the kitchen Scott couldn’t keep his eyes off Ami, the way her giant jugs were just there for all to see, how nonchalant she was about the fact that she had grown more boob than his sister probably had in total in the span of a few hours.

Sally wasn’t much better, but more because she was worried about what was happening to her mother.

“You’ve barely touched your food...” She said in a low whisper when looking at Scott, easily knowing where his eyes were focused on. Turning to direct Sally she added, “How do you think you’ll ever grow as big as your mom without enjoying some pancakes.”

To emphasise her point she wiggled her shoulders, the youngsters both watched the sea of boob jiggling under the shirt.

“You both look so distracted... Do I have something on my shirt?” She giggled.

*“It was as if she was drunk... But aiming it at Sally too... That’s new...”* Scott thought to himself, he looked his girlfriend and saw her rosy, red cheeks.

“Mom... Do you... Not see?”

Taking a big bite out of her pancakes, dribbling some syrup onto her top. “See what honey?” she spoke with a half full mouth.

“Your... Boobs?” Sally whispered the last word, Scott knew exactly what she was talking about, so he wasn’t sure why she whispered.

“What about them?” She played coy.

“You must’ve grown overnight... They look... Umm...” she was really struggling to speak about her mother’s tits. “Huge...”

“Oh, I’ve always been huge, ever since I breastfed your brother and you, these have always been massive.” She said proudly sticking her chest out. “You’ll go through it one day yourself.” She looked at her daughter and smiled. “Think you would like to do that one-day Scott...”

Scott was now blushing; they hadn’t been together long but here was his girlfriend’s mom asking if he was willing to knock her daughter up.

“You’d have to help with the milking though, I bet if she is like me.” Ami leaned over and prodded her daughter’s tit. “She’s going to need extra pumping... How do you think I got so big in the first place.”

Ami smirked and looked at the two of them, laughing inside at how shocked they were by her behaviour.

“Mom!”

“It’s a natural part of life... I enjoyed the feeling of my boobs filling up and being drained.”

Scott was rock solid under the table; he hung off every word she said and begged for more secretly.

They both noticed a damp patch forming on Ami’s shirt, right where her nipples would’ve been.

“*She’s lactating...?*” Both Scott and Sally thought in unison.

“Oh wow...” She paused, for a brief moment. “Best clean this up...” Ami stood up and bounced her huge boobs straight to the laundry room.

Scott looked at Sally, whose face was full of shock. Trevor and Tara both entered at this moment and looked at them.

“Everything okay?” Trevor asked, concerned by their faces.

“No.” Sally said.

“What’s wrong?”

“Something is wrong with Mom.”

“Tell me, Trevor hasn’t told me anything...” Tara spoke.

Scott hadn't even noticed that Tara was here, her words didn't even rouse him from the daze he had entered.

"I don't know... But there is something wrong with her..."

Ami re-entered the room without them knowing, wearing just her ill-fitting bra "I couldn't find a new top sorry... This Bra should do though..." She paused and saw Tara and waved, her mostly exposed boobs shook and threatened to snap the bra that was barely holding her in. "Hi Tara!" She smiled before looking at her daughter. "What's wrong with me?"

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