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Thank you for two wonderful years

-Growing Desires

Chapter One

Another night at home, the weekends were starting to get really old really quick. I had been wanting to meet up with Michelle, my girlfriend but she needed to study for an exam on Monday.

Annoying...

It made sense for her; it just frustrated me because I was so damn horny. I probably was a porn addict or something but at 19, who can blame a guy for an overactive sex drive. Michelle was up for lots of fun, but she wasn't ready to take that next step yet. I loved her dearly; we had been friends for years and when I finally asked her out it was a huge relief when she said yes. It made so much sense, we were that close, and despite this dry spell, I wasn't really that frustrated. Michelle was probably the closest thing I thought a soul mate could be, we were perfect together, the only downside was that her boobs weren't big enough for me, it wasn't a deal breaker though.

There is always surgery.

My overactive horny brain would say things like this. I would have felt guilty for them if I spent more than one second thinking of them but usually it just made me hard imagining a world where she got a huge pair of tits to replace her Cs.

I think I need to take care of this...

I fired up the PC and made sure my door was closed, and I started looking on my favourite sites. GD Archive was a great website that had a lot of interaction, and I found myself getting

regularly lost in the comments that would lead me down rabbit hole into rabbit hole.

What's this?

Someone was mentioning a new girl that worked the streets near him. Usually when someone would brag about something on a forum it was usually horseshit, but this guy had a picture to prove what he was bragging about.

She's huge!

I was a sucker for boobs, the bigger the better and then bigger some more. I had spent my formative years looking at various types of porn involving big boobs. Softcore, hardcore, thin girls with big implants, fat girls with massive racks, sub genres like bimbo and hucows. Everything was on the table but the biggest thing I found fascinating was Breast expansion.

There was something so arousing about women having big boobs that why would I enjoy them growing. Sudden bursts of growth, surgeries, roleplays, it was all amazing. So, this forum focused on growth and expansion in general, but this user was just stating she had huge boobs, fun but no big deal.

However, the post was from last night, today he had seen her again and she was bigger.

Woah....

Lots of users were arguing about the pixels being distorted, morphs or AI.

But looking at that image with my own two eyes.

It's her:

I didn't know what was going on, I didn't care, I was desperately horny, and I started to stroke myself.

Another post came up from him, a live stream link.

I clicked it after seeing the thumbnail.

It was her:

The quality was shaky, it was his phone after all but before my eyes I could see her, in the virtual flesh, moving.

The woman looked of an average build, maybe a bit chubby, she looked like she was a woman down on her luck and turned to this recently as a means to pay for some bills. Her brunette hair was tied up and she was barely contained in her boob tube. The shiny fabric was stretched taut across her huge tits.

What are they? M cups?

Whatever she was, she was certainly hefty, she wasn't quite balanced, clearly not sure on how to handle them. They shook and wobbled before the camera; I was just grateful the guy behind the phone was speechless.

“You like these?” She tried to sound sultry but there was a nervousness to her voice. “What do you want to do baby...” Her voice sounded like a teacher trying to sound sexy, it wasn't the best.

It didn't stop me; I furiously rubbed my dick as I watched her dance and shake her boobs around for the guy with the camera.

“Take it off.” The guy behind the camera said, he didn't sound much more confident than she did.

“Alright...” She spoke as if she knew she was doing the right thing, but she wasn't quite committed.

Then there was something that caught my eye. Two things really.

Her nipples suddenly became hard, not that they weren't before, just harder.

Or were they growing...

My active imagination drove me to think of the horniest outcome.

I was getting close.

Then I noticed her face, she looked different, that nervousness and concern felt like it had gone, she looked like a predator staring right at her prey.

It was a little hot actually.

There was this strange sound, the woman knew what it was instantly, and she looked down at her top and smirked.

Lifting her hands above her head she thrust out her chest and the boob tube snapped, and her boobs were fully on show.

I passed the point of no return and stroked quickly, still watching her.

Then, just when I thought I had seen it all, her boobs started growing. Not some sort of figment of my deepest fantasies, they were growing.

M turned into N into P, T, X.

I had lost track, they just started swelling and getting closer to the camera, I could see them being discoloured from the stretching.

I exploded into my hand and heard the guy scream as he dropped his phone. The stream didn't end but it was just filled with pleased wails of agony. It was hard to tell if he was enjoying his time or he was being beaten alive.

What the fuck?

Chapter Two

Needless to say, the stream was recorded by someone and redistributed around over the next few hours and with my night not being filled with much fun I did keep close to the story. As horrific as it was, it was still just as arousing to watch the good bits.

I was alone for the night, I didn't care.

“Fuck!” I jumped nearly out of my skin.

There was a bang from downstairs. I was already on edge because of the live stream but this was enough to make me grab for my bat as I walked across the landing towards the front door.

It was late, there was no light on, there was just banging.

I stood atop the stairs and looked down to see the door wide open. I slowly took a step down the stairs, hoping not to make a noise that would alert a potential home invader.

Fuck... Fuck...

My hands gripped the bat tightly and I could hear my heart thumping in my ears. There was a rustling coming from the living room and some strange sounds, sounded like muffled groans.

Peering slowly around the door I could see legs on the floor, a body on the sofa.

Be brave.

3.

2.

1.

I took a sharp breath and turned the light on, readying my bat.

The light illuminated the room, and I was about to swing before I saw the body turn around, it was my mom.

“Mom?!” I screamed.

She wasn't threatened, she just burst into laughter and handed me her shoe.

Great. She's drunk.

“I thought you were going to Richards tonight.”

Still laughing, she started to babble “I gotsh too drunksh”.

“Right, let's get you to bed then.”

It wasn't the first time I had done this, since dad left I was doing more around the house but helping mom after a date night was par for the course, although since she had met Richard she was usually not an issue.

“Wheresh Beth???” My mom said, panicked.

“She's over Abbie's tonight, remember?”

Beth was my little sister; she had just turned 19 last month whilst I was just about to turn 21 in a few weeks. My mom had us both when she was in her early 20s. She had met dad at a party and fell pregnant pretty quick, she raised us whilst my dad went out working, it wasn't much past my 15th birthday that he walked out on us, he met someone at work.

My mom took it pretty badly, but she was strong for us. I always reminded myself of that strength when I was carrying her drunk ass to bed.

I don't know why she did it to herself, but I guess being so young having two kids does sort of take away your youth a bit. Mom still looked great, especially for her age. She was a redhead who was very thin, she always ate very little and in the past few years took up the gym to make her look a bit more toned rather than emaciated.

That extra muscle mass just made it all the harder to get up the stairs. Truthfully, she still

wasn't that heavy, but I would always wind her up for it the morning after.

Guiding mom into her bed, I tucked her in and noticed a red mark on her wrist, there was some dried blood.

Probably doing something stupid...

It wasn't the first time I had found her coming back with marks on her, like some sort of accident-prone kid.

"I'll have to have a word with Richard if he can't take care of you." I said jokingly.

"Wheresh Richard??"

"Probably at home, in bed." I replied.

She started to resist being put to bed, she started thrashing against me.

"No. No." She looked like she needed to cry. "Where? Where did he go?"

I hadn't seen her like this.

"He's not here, come on, look, we can message him in the morning."

The words didn't seem enough but thankfully she gave up the fight.

Exhaustion took over and she fell asleep before she could say another word. Relieved, I slowly walked out the room and retreated back into my room, looking at my screen there was another video, this time it wasn't from the same guy, it was another girl.

I only saw the clip of this second girl growling, it was short and quick but enough to get me to wank again before bed.

The next morning, I was woken up by the familiar voice of Beth.

"Wake up, wake up!" Frantically she tried to wake me up.

"Ughh... What is it?"

I shot up and followed her, groggily.

"Did you have a nice sleep over?" I asked.

"Not now. Look." She showed me the TV and the news channel was on.

"This is not a drill; we're asking everyone to remain indoors. This is not a drill, please

remain indoors. We're experiencing an outbreak of some kind that poses a significant threat to life. Please Remain inside, we're working on what the next steps are."

The news anchor read from the teleprompter and stared dead pan into the lens.

"What is this?"

"They're saying there is some sort of virus going around..."

"Are you okay?" I asked my sister, looking at the tears forming in her eyes.

Beth was a sweet girl, one of the nerds in her year, she struggled to fit in, she was as lithe as Mom had been before her midlife crisis that sent her to the gym three times a week. Like our mom, she had red hair too, she was very pretty and clearly took after mum.

"I'm fine, but what about Mom?" She was almost crying.

"She came home last night. She had too much to drink and she stumbled in."

I could see the relief wash over her face, she looked at me like I had just told her that she was cured of an incurable disease, her emotions ran over, and she leapt into my arms and gave me a big hug.

"Look, come with me, why don't you." I led her to our mom's room.

Opening the door, I was only half shocked that she was still asleep. Usually Mom would still wake up super early even if she had been in town the night before.

She did have a lot to drink...

Giving her the benefit of the doubt, I made my way to the other side of the bed and opened the curtains slowly.

Mom was on her front, snoring.

"Mom... Time to get up..." I prodded her shoulder; she grunted back at me. "Just because I did this when I was a teen, doesn't mean you get to do it now." I joked, making the emotional Beth laugh.

"Yeah Mom, time to get up."

"Come on lazy bo-" I stopped.

Mom had turned over in her defiance, but I noticed something I had never seen before. Right where mom's chest was, there were two mounds. I noticed it immediately, feeling my face blush, I looked at Beth and saw her eyes at the exact same points.

"Uhh... Mom?"

"Yes? Argh... My head..." She groaned as she sat up, her back leaning against the backboard, her boobs bulging out of the dress she fell asleep in.

"Your..." Beth realised I was with her, and she blushed and turned away.

"My what?" She replied, looking at her daughter.

"Dress..." I chimed in with rosy cheeks.

"What about my..." Mom's eyes looked down and she saw the bulging of her breasts and seemed to pay little mind to it. "Well, what's wrong with your mother showing off some skin..."

She's in denial?

It was clear to both of her children that she had grown boobs, something that she was devoid of prior to yesterday, I don't even recall seeing them last night. but here she was, flat out denying them.

She didn't even seem to care they were there, like she knew they had been there the whole time or something.

"Okay, out, Mom needs to get ready, what time is it?"

"It's half ten and there is something you need to see on the news..."

We took mom downstairs before her shower, and she listened intently for a few seconds before asking us to just stay inside. It almost seemed like she wasn't fazed.

She struts out of the room, and me and Beth heard the bathroom door close.

"What's wrong with mom?" Beth grilled me, as if I might be able to answer her question.

"I have no idea..."

"What's wrong with the town?"

"I have no idea..."

“Will we be safe?”

“Everything will be okay.”

I have no idea...

Chapter Three

I left Beth in her room, she was talking to her friends and whilst they were freaking out, there wasn't anything untoward going on, so she settled pretty well. I slinked into my room and fired my PC backup and headed back to that forum and saw lots of clips now, from all over, of real-life breast expansion. This was a fantasy come true, but it made me question what was going on right now, I was still too freaked out from the news anchor earlier.

Shit! Michelle!

I quickly fired a message over to Michelle and waited anxiously for her to reply.

I expected a text but received a call.

“Babe? Are you okay?” Her voice was filled with worry.

“I'm fine, everything is fine here, how are you? Are you all okay?”

Michelle lived with her sister and parents. Her parents were away on a cruise leaving Michelle in charge of the house in their absence, that right is usually afforded to the eldest, but Michelle's older sister was 25 but was far too immature, the polar opposite to Michelle.

“Stacey hasn't come home. I can't get through to her at all...” I could sense the panic in her voice.

“So, you're home alone?”

“Yes.”

“Come over, you are only down the road, we can hold up here together.”

“You’ve not looked down the road, have you?”

“No...”

“They’ve got cops on the street, if you go outside they’ll yell at us, the Baker’s kid tried to leave and they almost tased him.”

“He’s seven!” I blurted out, shocked.

“One of them was reaching for his gun.”

“Holy shit... pretty serious then... uuuhhh... Maybe we can sneak you down or something.”

“Maybe... I’ll wait here for Stacey first”.

“Are you sure you’ll be alright?” I was very concerned with the whole situation.

“Yes, I’ll just keep the doors locked. I’ll be fine, promise, I don’t want them to take you away if you tried, your mom and sister need you.”

She’s right...

“Right... Just message me if you need anything or if Stacey comes home, I will come and get you at a moment’s notice.”

“I know. Love you Craig.”

“Love you too Michelle.”

I put the phone down and turned my PC off. I couldn’t deal with the constant stream of these videos when I was worried about so much.

I made my way out of my room and could smell the wondrous scent of bacon frying.

Mom...

I walked down the stairs and into the kitchen and saw Mom frying bacon, her back to me it was all so normal, for a few seconds.

“Are you okay mom?” I said loud enough over the sizzling of fat.

She turned around and I almost lost my balance.

Her boobs... Are bigger...

I tried not to stare but it was really hard not to, not because of my expansion fetish but it was just shocking.

“Mom... are you okay?” I asked, my eyes glancing between her face and her chest.

“Yeah, never better actually, the headache has gone really quick after that shower! Moving around the kitchen I could see her boobs bounce and shake, something that would've been impossible for her to do yesterday.

“Your... Chest? Feeling okay?”

“Craig, honestly, what is it with your sister and you constantly bringing up my boobs?” Her hands flung to her tits, and she held them tightly. “They're fine, if you want I can let you feel them for yourself?” She said in a stern voice that only made me embarrassed.

My silence was the answer she expected so she turned back around to cook her bacon.

This isn't good...

I messaged Beth, asking her to come join us downstairs but she replied back.

“Come here. Now.”

I didn't bother to tell mom, I just rushed out the door and up the stairs. Standing in her doorway I looked at her wide-eyed stare at her screen.

“What's wrong?”

“Look...” She had the face of pure horror.

I walked over to her laptop and saw her screen. It was like the videos I had seen last night, showing the growth of women. I panicked at first thinking she might've found my porn, but I could see the site she was on was talking about more things around what was happening. They were walking about a virus that is making women's breasts grow and they become rabid and feral demanding sex. The blog post was very concerning to read but it still didn't have as much as I had seen.

This thing is global.

“What the fuck is going on...” Beth said.

“What indeed...”

“Foods ready!” We both heard Mom shout.

“Mom!!” We both said in unison.

We sat in silence, looking at each other, easily knowing what was on each of our minds.

“Guys??? Food!!” Her voice was seemingly running out of patience.

“Coming!” I yelled back.

“We can't go down there!” Beth said in a hushed tone.

“What else can we do? She's our mother and we're locked in here with her.”

“But... She's just going to turn into one of them.” Beth pointed to her screen.

“She hasn't yet... Maybe those are extreme cases, maybe it isn't like that...”

I was desperate for hope.

“Look... Let's just go get food and see what happens, if she was infected she would be one by now right? Does that little conspiracy site say how long it takes someone to change? No. So come on...”

Me and Beth walked downstairs, I practically had to drag her down the stairs, although I seemed brave, I was not devoid of anxiety, I had a pit in my stomach that not even bacon could fill.

The smell was getting stronger, I could see her shadow against the wall as we got closer, Beth's hand was gripping me so tightly that I was seriously starting to worry about blood circulation.

“There you two are...” Her voice was bubbly and jolly, but I couldn't help but still be intimidated by the possibility of what might be happening here.

Me and Beth couldn't even form words, we just slinked into the kitchen and took a seat at the table, Mom was still cooking and had her back towards us.

“Do you think it's okay?” Beth whispered.

“Shush,” I snapped back, not out of anger but out of fear.

Beth sunk into her seat and we both sat there eagerly.

“So... Beth? How was Abbie's?” I could feel Beth go rigid.

Nudging her, I whispered “It's just mom...” to soothe her.

She took a deep breath and started to talk, her eyes not leaving Mom the whole time, her hand gripped mine tightly.

“Well, we had a good night, we watched some movies...”

“Oh yeah? Which ones?” The suddenness of the reaction made Beth jump.

“Some horror things, Halloween is coming up.”

“Ah yeah! I need to get the decorations out.”

“Well, we started with Cursed pumpkins.”

Mom then jumped and turned around, almost flooring me and Beth. “Oh, wow isn't that the one with the girl who has huge boobs?”

The vulgar outburst would've been enough to make us recoil in shock, but it was what we saw that really did a number on us.

Mom's boobs hadn't stopped growing. Right now, there were these fairly sizable orbs on her chest, jiggling and bouncing back and forth. She looked at us with some vacant look like she wasn't quite with us, her lips looked puckered or bigger too. She smiled at us and her boobs just hung there, stretching the usually modest strapped crop top to its limits, the strings were digging into her shoulders and the swell of her bust looked to be more than enough to overwhelm the top. The fabric had the telltale signs of distortion and me, and Beth watched as we thought the fabric might just burst just right there.

Me and Beth were frozen, Mom looked at her daughter expecting an answer, but none came out.

“Beth?”

She nodded.

“I asked a question...” She raised her eyebrow; her almost vacant eyes had focused onto Beth.

“Yes... It is...” Beth was blushing from the topic, but she looked on in horror at Mom.

“Thank you.” She beamed at her daughter, it looked sinister almost to me, based on Beth's recoiling expressions I'd assume it might've been even worse for her.

“Do you think maybe your mom could star in that?” She brought her hands to her breasts and cupped them, jiggling them before us both. “Craig?”

I wasn't expecting her to turn her gaze to me but looking at her, my eyes were drawn to her boobs bouncing in her palms.

Mom...

I didn't know how to answer, our mom wouldn't have asked us a question like that. Ever. But here she was, bustier than most women, certainly anyone I had seen in real life and jiggling those impressive tits before me. Probably still growing.

Fuck why did I have to notice that...

“Uuuuhhhh” I stammered.

“I'll take that as a yes then.” She blew me a kiss and turned back to the bacon still sizzling in the pan.

I looked at Beth, and she leaned in. “Do you think it's okay now?” She whispered.

I don't know...

Chapter Four

Mom finished serving up food whilst me and my sister were still reeling from everything.

“Okay... Maybe she has it... But... What do we do? What can we do? It's Mom...”

Beth looked at me scared, her eyes welling up, she shrugged.

“Let's just... Stay here... Let's see what your website says, and we can take it from there.

We didn't have much time to plan because before we knew it Mom was bouncing over to us, her tits almost popping out of her top. When she walked over to place the plate before Beth her boobs hit the table, making a big thud that almost knocked her drink over. Leaning over my sister first to hand me mine, her boobs bulged against the table top and swallowed the fabric of her top, making it appear as if she had no top on, I could see deep into her cleavage and they bulged over the edge and pressed against Beth's arm that hadn't moved far enough back, it made Beth jump back. Mom smiled at me with heavy eyes and turned to my sister once she had handed out my plate.

“Oh, sorry dear... But they are just boobs. You have them too...” Without warning Mom cupped Beth's boobs and frowned. “Maybe one day you'll grow...” Then she placed her boobs against Beth's chest. “See, they'd kinda look like this...”

Beth was able to look down and see the vast cleavage that appeared as if were hers.

“Mom... Stop...” Beth's lip was trembling, her eyes were welling up, it was easy to see

why she felt trapped in this moment.

“No, it's fine honey, you can have a play, they're super fun and bouncy.”

Mom started to mash them against Beth, and I could see how uncomfortable she looked.

“Stop please.” Beth protested.

“Look, have a go.” Mom reached for Beth's hands and placed them on her boobs.

Her fingers sunk into the soft flesh and Beth's eyes went wide before she yanked her hands from Mom's grip. Beth let out a yelp and I saw that she had caught her arm on the recoil, a small amount of crimson blood pooled on her arm and dripped onto the table.

Beth held her hand over the cut instinctively and quickly ran upstairs.

Leaving me alone with Mom.

Not wanting to address what had just happened, Mom turned her attention to me and sat in Beth's seat next to me, her thigh pressing against mine. I could feel the heat coming from her skin against my PJ bottoms, today she had opted for shorts.

“So... What about you Craig... Do you want to try them?”

What?

“Don't look at me so confused. It is a simple question.” She was twisting more towards me, she thrust her chest higher, and I gasped at the bulging boobs before my eyes. “Go on...”

Her words were alluring, the display before me was triply so.

I can't.

“I've seen the porn you have there honey, you love big boobs...” Using her elbows she pushed her boobs together; I could hear the fabric giving way. “It's hard to argue...”

Her voice was sounding more sensual by the second, it triggered something in my head.

The girl from the video.

My first thought was of a sexual nature but then I remembered what followed afterwards.

No... I gotta get out of here...

I leaned backwards in my chair and tried to move back. She noticed.

“Such a waste... Your very fantasy right here... and you're trying to leave.” Her voice was sounding more sinister by the second.

“Just grab them Craig.” She swiped her hands trying to grab my hands, thankfully I had dodged and was standing now, looking down at my mother who was looking as if she wasn't above crawling across the chairs to make contact with me. Looking up at me with a maniacal stare I took a step backwards.

“Mom... Please... Stop...” I felt the fear welling up inside.

“Don't you want this?” Her demeanour had changed again, she was getting angry. “Fine.”

With that, she stood up straight and looked at me over the chairs.

“I guess I just need to be bigger then.”

What?

Suddenly I saw her boobs start to hang lower, they were swelling and growing bigger, into the territory of the woman from the video last night.

“Mom stop...”

It was too late, she grew rapidly and the straps on the top gave way, her boobs fell lower against her torso, and I turned to run upstairs to Beth. On the way out the door I heard the tearing of fabric, and I only could assume her boobs had exploded through her top and she was standing there topless.

I was halfway up the stairs when I heard her heavy footsteps from behind me, thankfully they were slow but I knew she was coming for me and if I didn't make a quick exit then I might have suffered the same fate as the guy from the video.

“Beth!” I screamed on the way up the stairs, I heard her door unlock and saw her as I rushed her.

“We've got to go now.” I practically tackled her into her room and locked the door behind us.

I was panting, I looked at Beth who looked like she had been crying,

“Quick, window. Now.”

Beth looked shocked and stunned.

Things are escalating quite quickly for her...

“Grab your laptop and let’s go, quickly before-”

There were three thunderous bangs on the door, and I thanked the gods that Beth was allowed to install a lock on her doorway back when she was going through a phase in her early teens.

“Come out... Mom just wants to...” She paused and there was a noise that, supplemented with her groaning, could only in my mind mean she just grew. “See my little man and baby girl... I know I’ve...” The sound returned and it sounded like a water balloon stretching, just a bit fleshier. “Changed... But I’m still your same Mom...” She slammed herself against the door, the door almost snapped off the hinges. “Open up...” Patience was leaving her, and she groaned again.

Beth and I were finished packing everything we thought we needed and quickly I was climbing out the window. Looking down I could see the large drop, but thankfully we still had a trampoline up, it was a remnant from our childhood that had never been dismantled.

I turned to Beth and held her shoulders. “We’ve got to jump.” Beneath my fingers she was shaking. “I know you’re scared but we have to jump, it’s the only way...”

I leapt first and landed safely on the trampoline, slowing my bounces. I looked up to my little sister and could see her shaking.

“Jump!” I yelled.

She didn’t look as if she was going to do it and then I heard a crash coming from the window.

Beth turned around and looked into her room.

“Mom!?” She shrieked.

“Jump!”

Beth more fell than jumped but thankfully landed right on the trampoline, she flew high and at an angle, I had to catch her. We both heard Mom scream in frustration.

“Kids! Get back here!”

With Beth in hand, we ran to the end of the garden. I helped Beth over the fence and took one look back at our home. I could see movement from Beth's bedroom window, but I knew better than to look at my mom in this state.

I looked at Beth who was white, like she had seen a ghost. "Are you okay?" I asked a rather dumb question.

"She... She was so big..." Her voice broke as the tears started to stream down her face. "Is that going to happen to me?" Beth showed me her arm, the one with the cut on it.

"No. Mom didn't have any blood on her when she got back last night, it won't be passed on like that..." I lied and bluffed.

At least I hope not...

Chapter Five

Behind the houses in a lane, we stealthily made our way from our house.

“Where are we going? What's the plan?” Beth questioned, clutching her chest.

“I...” There was radio chatter from up ahead. “SSH!” I pulled Beth into a nearby bush.

It wasn't pleasant but I knew it would be safe. There was a patrol that was moving at the crossroads of the lane.

I held my hand over both our mouths and waited for the two-armed men to walk away from us. Even after they left, I made sure we waited for an extra minute.

Beth wasn't holding it together so well, I knew I had to be strong for her. I stopped and took a deep breath, recentring myself.

Think... Think...

Then it hit me.

Michelle.

Her house wasn't far, I looked around the corner and saw it was clear. We rushed over the crossing and into the next lane, I picked up my phone and texted Michelle, letting her know we would be at the back door in a few minutes. My phone buzzed and I didn't pick it back up because as I peered into someone else's back garden I saw something that filled me with dread and brought back visions of Mom.

Is that what she was becoming...

In the garden I saw a woman, it was hard to call her that at this point, she was more boob than woman at this point, each breast was bigger than a yoga ball. It looked supernatural how she was able to still move and walk. The giant breasted woman was just in the garden, moaning as she played with her boobs, putting on some sort of show for whoever was inside, the man inside was staring intently at the display, and I caught his face.

Mr Matthews...

He lived a few doors down and was a friendly neighbour with his wife.

Suzanne...

I realised the giant breasted woman in the garden had a striking resemblance to her, but she looked, for one, bustier but also her face had changed. She looked like she had had some work done, she looked younger, her lips were plumped up and in a permanent "O" shape.

Is this what happens...

Beth tapped my shoulder wanting to see, I quickly moved us on.

"You don't want to see that..." I hurried us down the lane.

Beth didn't question, she had seen enough to know just to trust me at this point. I peered over the fence and saw Michelle's garden and saw it was clear.

"You first Beth." I hoisted her up and over before lifting myself up.

Michelle was at the backdoor hailing us in.

I let out a sigh of relief and rushed inside with Beth in tow.

Panting I leapt into Michelle's arms and gave her a huge hug. Beth burst into tears, and I filled Michelle in on all the details.

She didn't quite believe us that there was a virus that was making women's boobs grow but she was certainly sympathetic once me and Beth were crying about Mom.

"Well, we're safe here, Beth, you can have my parent's room, Craig can stay with me, we're locked in safe and tight, lots of food so we should be good, they'll get everything fixed soon I'm

sure.” Michelle was very optimistic, and it rubbed off on me and Beth, we felt safer already.

Beth tucked herself into Michelle's parent's room and started to look online about the virus, hoping to find answers for Mom was my best guess.

I sat on the edge of Michelle's bed and watched my girlfriend walk over to me to comfort me. It was meant to be something sweet and innocent, but my body took it as another thing entirely. I had been watching giant growing boobs all day, it would make sense I was horny at this moment.

Right?

My conscience be damned, I was hard. Michelle and I had not seen each other in that way for a few days, maybe even over a week and that was not like us. It was a hard time and despite her wanting to wait until after marriage for sex, I was quite shocked at how much she was willing to do other things.

“Well, *hello...*” Her voice was shocked, but she quickly pivoted into something a bit more to what I was hoping for. “How I've missed *this...*” Michelle's grip was firmly around my cock, and she was rubbing it through my trousers.

I was gasping and panting in seconds, thoughts of growing breasts danced around my head, I had seen it now, in the flesh. My mind was riddled with guilty fantasies, giant breasts and an overabundance of lust.

“I've never felt you so hard...” She whispered into my ear. “You must've *really* missed me...”

I tapped her desperately.

“Already?” She raised an eyebrow. “She leaned in close, her lips pressed against mine, she whispered into my gasping mouth. “Cum for me...”

I exploded, making a mess in my pyjama pants, my whole body spasming as she continued to stroke my spasming cock. I had never cum that hard before.

I fell back on the bed, gasping. After a few minutes I turned to Michelle who looked shocked, but I could see her nipples pointing through her top.

I flipped myself up and on top of her, my body pressing her to the bed, my hand trailing

down her chest and tweaking her nipples, my mouth moving to her neck as I nibbled.

“Fuck what has gotten into you...”

“You love it...” I moaned, my fingers dancing down her trim stomach to the waistband of her pants. She put up no resistance as my fingers made their way into her pants and I started to play with her virgin pussy.

Much like me, she was very worked up, but for a different reason, she wasn't one to masturbate so every orgasm she has ever had has been a result of me. I knew how she ticked, and I had gotten good at it, but after a few days without it, she was desperate for that sensation again. I was more than happy to oblige.

My fingers danced around her clit, and I could feel her whole-body tense up.

She put a pillow over her face and screamed as her body was rocked by this huge explosion of pleasure and she, much like I was before, was laying on the bed panting.

“You don't think Beth heard? Do you?” Michelle asked, worrying about her modesty.

“I don't think so...” I placed my hand on her ass and gave it a squeeze, it renewed my erection, and I whispered in her ear. “And I don't really care either...”

She pushed me back, “What has gotten into you!” She giggled as I started to nibble her neck.

“I don't know...”

Michelle talked me down and I let my arousal subside and we walked out of the bedroom, and I could hear crying coming from Michelle's parents' room.

“Do you think we should check?” Michelle asked.

“Not yet, let's leave her.... She has seen a lot today...” Michelle led me downstairs, and we started making some food.

“Did you ever hear back from Stacey?” I asked.

Michelle was a positive person, but I saw her swivel the other side of the spectrum in a rare moment where she seemed worried.

“No.” She looked like she was welling up.

It was my turn to be a positive person. “I am sure she is fine, might just be stuck with whoever she spent the night with last night.”

She laughed through full eyes. “Yeah probably you are probably right.”

We pretended everything was fine and made food together, it felt nice, it was like we were roleplaying living together. A future I hoped I might have.

We made enough for Beth too so when it was time to get her, Michelle ran upstairs to see her. I was shocked when I heard her shout down the stairs to me.

“Craig... Can you come up here?”

Moving at pace, I looked at Michelle and raised my arms as if asking what was wrong and she shrugged her shoulders back.

Standing before the door to her parent's bedroom I knocked it and called in.

“Beth, everything okay? We've got food ready for you.”

“I'm sorry Craig.”

Sorry?

“What for?”

“I... I can't come out... I...” She was crying again.

“Look Beth, let me in, let's talk about it.”

“Mom got me...”

“What do you mean?”

“She cut me... She's infected me...” Her words were scaring me, but I knew I had to be her rock.

“Beth, you're fine, you've been on that website too much, now come on, let's eat.”

“I can't, I'll be putting Michelle in danger, I can feel it already, my mind is altering, my...”

Beth couldn't finish the word, but it wasn't too hard to guess what that next word was.

“You must be wrong, you're fine.”

My denial of the situation was enough to break Beth, the door swung open.

“Do *these* look normal to you?”

Beth, my flat chested sister, was now sporting a hefty set of Cs, certainly nowhere near as big and massive like Mom’s melons had but the size increase was more than noticeable.

I was stunned, firstly that my sister had tits but also that was right, she had been infected, she was just going to grow bigger and turn into whatever Mom turned into.

I shook my head slowly, acknowledging her. Michelle gasped when she saw Beth.

It was the first time she had seen this up close and was taken back by it.

“Michelle... Don't get close... Please...”

Michelle took a timid step backwards after Beth's command.

“You too brother...” I took a step back too.

“What... What do we do?” Michelle asked.

“Leave my food on the floor by the door... I'll just lock myself in here.”

Before any more words could be said, the door was closed in my face and I turned to Michelle, my face must've told her the anguish I was feeling because she came in for a big hug.

I brought up my sister's food and placed it at the door before knocking. I waited there for her to come and grab it, noting how she looked bigger in the short time that it took me to calm down and bring her food up.

After the door closed I walked up to it, knowing Beth was still on the other side.

“Beth... What do we do... What have you been reading... There has to be something...”

I was desperate.

“Right now... We just hope that someone works out a cure...”

“But what If you... Turn out like Mom?”

“Just keep the door locked, no matter what, it might be worth barricading it... I don't want to infect anyone... Promise me you won't open it...”

“I promise.” Me and Beth both started audibly crying against the door.

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, eying 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...

Chapter Seven

The lane was clear, we didn't really stop to look, we just ran and ran. In the lane we could hear gunshots and see smoke pillars rising from above the houses.

Looks like everything is going to shit...

I looked at Michelle who was shaking now, the adrenaline of what happened had started to wear off, I held her close.

"We can slip into this house; the back door is open." I pointed to a house I didn't recognise but prayed would be free from trouble.

We rushed across the garden and into the house, stopping when we got in so that we could listen for any movement.

Thankfully there was none.

Michelle burst into tears and hugged me, I kissed her deeply on the lips, knowing just how close we got to ruin in that last moment. Trying to push past the Beth and Stacey situation.

"Hey look, we're safe now, this place is empty, we're here, it's fine, it'll be fine."

Although I meant my words, it was impossible to believe them at this moment.

"No... It's not..."

"What? Why?"

Michelle pulled the collar of her top down and showed me the mark on her breastbone.

Three deep cuts, most likely Stacey's nails. I stared at the cuts that had dribbled some blood down her boob.

No...

"You're going to have to leave me... Turn me in... Kill me... Something... Please..." She begged through tears.

No no no...

"No." I looked at her crying. "I... No, I can't... There has to be a way..." I tried to reason with her.

My brain tried to think of anything I could to try and stop this from becoming a reality, my life had fallen apart in the space of 24 hours, and I was now looking at the next tragedy unfold.

No.

I refused to believe it, to let it happen, I grabbed Michelle's face and looked her deep in her eyes. "I'm not doing that. I'd rather let you turn and do whatever it is those things do to men, than do what you want... I'm sorry... There just has to be a way... I refuse to give up on you."

She smiled and embraced me in a deep hug. We spent a few minutes there before we heard some creaking from upstairs.

"Don't make any noise." I whispered to her.

We stood still, listening to the noise of footsteps move above us, we could see the staircase and we both jumped when we saw a leg appear through the side of the stairs. Then another. The person was walking down the stairs slowly, with purpose. I started to back away, pulling Michelle with me.

I bumped into a side table that had a vase on it, I was too slow to react and there was a giant shattering sound.

"Shit." I said under my breath.

Looking forward we saw the person on the stairs start to rush down step by step, massive breasts leading the way. We were on the run again and back into the lane, this infected was more than quick enough to keep up with us, despite the bowling ball breasts on its chest.

“Come back... I need more... James is done... Your turn young man!”

Me and Beth were in a full panic and rushed out into the street, something we had hoped to avoid, lest we get shot. What we saw shocked us even more than the thought of being gunned down.

The streets were filled with abandoned police cars and there were huge breasted women fucking men on the street. It was hard to tell at first, but it looked like the women and men were police. We watched as massive heavy breasts came crashing down on the men as they wailed in anguish, their fate sealed by this outbreak.

I acted quickly with the voice of our chaser rushing behind us, I yanked Michelle’s arm and got us into a police car that was still running. Hitting my foot to the floor we flew forward, I narrowly avoided crashing into more than a few women.

“Where are we going?” Michelle asked.

“I don’t know... Wherever we can be safe.”

“What about these...” Michelle’s voice was probably meant to be filled with fear but her looking down and gesturing to her boobs which were looking visibly swollen just turned me on.

“I... I don’t know...”

Fuck... So soon...

The focus was certainly on just moving forward, I tried to let my forming boner subside but every now and then I glanced over and saw the slowly deepening cleavage of my girlfriend and it just reinvigorated my cock.

Need to concentrate...

I was needing to swerve on the road, as I drove towards the town I was finding more and more incredibly busty women wandering the street, if they did catch my eyes I saw them start rushing towards the car, playing with their massive tits.

This isn’t helping my boner...

It was interesting to see how each of them grew differently and different sizes. It made me wonder about how big Michelle would grow. The harrowing reality wasn’t quite real yet, I looked

and saw her cupping her boobs that were still growing, albeit at a much slower rate than I thought they would. I looked at the clock and realised we had been driving for a while already. On the outskirts of the town, I could see the destruction that was going on within, the town looked overrun.

Guess we aren't going there...

I looked over to Michelle and she met me with her eyes. She looked scared, holding onto her chest. I turned the car and aimed to circle the city, there wasn't a lot left in the tank but certainly could get some distance away from the town.

The drive took us to a more remote village, one that I had played football in when I was younger. I knew we had enough fuel to get there but not much more. The further away I got from the town it less hyper busty women I saw.

Should be safer out here...

I saw some signs as we were arriving, they were hastily put up and were just painted on plywood.

"School Safe." I said out loud reading it.

There was an arrow to point us towards the school, one that I had remembered from my youth.

"I think we might be okay..." I said turning to Michelle.

Michelle had nodded off; she did have a habit of falling asleep during car rides and the mental exhaustion of what the day had dealt us so far was obviously too much for her. I noticed that her boobs had grown again, yet they weren't nearly as big as I was expecting at this stage of the process. It was clear she was infected, the cut from Stacey had meant she was going to turn into one of the infected, but she hadn't been acting any different yet.

Maybe there is hope...

I tapped her shoulder, and she jolted awake.

"I'm up!" she gasped before looking down. "Still growing..." She muttered under her breath.

Her demeanour to the changes wasn't what I had come to expect.

Maybe she is different...

“Looks like there is some sort of safe place up ahead.” I pointed to another sign.

Michelle gripped my hand tightly.

“It’s going to be okay.” I added, looking at her cleavage once more.

Her Cs were long gone, and she was looking like she would completely fill an F cup at this point. My mind raced at what I would’ve done had this happened in a normal world, again my cock sprung to life. Michelle noticed my lingering gaze.

“What are we going to do... They won’t let me in, they’ll know I’m infected...”

She’s right.

I slowed the car down, not wanting to stop lest we get some unwanted attention. I glanced behind her seat and saw a big police coat; I grabbed it and placed it in her lap.

“If you wear this, I am sure you can hide... Them...” My voice broke as I referenced her bigger boobs, and my dick throbbed in my pants.

Michelle didn’t pay much attention to my voice crack and covered herself up before we pulled onto the road with the school on. The school had a large metal fence that surrounded the whole of the school and I could see quite a few of the infected at the school door, trying to make their way inside, it looked like they had barricaded it well but it only meant that we had a new challenge to overcome.

I counted at least ten at the door, each of them looked quite far gone, their boobs were huge, they were topless, and it even looked like some of them were enjoying the feeling of mashing their hyper tits against the door.

Were we peering into the future at Michelle’s fate...

The thought was not worth bearing any longer and I looked for another way in, maybe how we might be able to contact the survivors inside and get in. I saw someone on the roof waving at us. A man and woman both were signalling us to the rear of the school. I pulled forward and drove around the perimeter, there was a hole in the fence with an abandoned and wrecked car left on the grass.

I wonder what happened here...

I mounted the grass and I found myself on the old field that I remembered. There was a gated area that acted like an “airlock”, it was there for the safety of the children in normal time but today it acted as a means for us to get into the school safely.

If there weren't two of the infected next to the gate.

“Shit...”

“What do we do?” Michelle asked.

I didn't have to answer as I saw a survivor come around the corner of the school, in the open. He started waving his hands to get the girls attention. They rushed towards him as fast as their boobs would allow, they bumped awkwardly into each other and the man ran around the corner and after a few seconds so did the big boobed women.

Now is our chance.

I drove the car close to the gate and got out with Michelle, another survivor met us at the gate and opened it to allow us access. We made it through the first gate and were prevented from reaching the second gate.

“I've seen enough zombie movies to know what happens now.” Michelle said, gripping my hand tightly.

We'll be fine...

Chapter Eight

My thoughts were not as comforting as I had hoped. We waited and waited; I didn't expect it to take so long but it was due to them discussing what to do with us most likely. The busty girls returned, and we got to see them up close. Their expression looked desperate, they were so determined to get to me and fuck me. I didn't need to guess that they were saying the words "Fuck... Cock..." over and over again. Their minds clearly turned into mush by this virus. I couldn't help but stare at their boobs, they were massive, their flesh bulging between the metal of the fence, they looked so soft that I wanted to reach out and touch them. The intrusive thoughts would eventually win if it wasn't for the door to the school opening and a man in his 40s walking towards us.

"Hello there... Don't recognise you around these parts." His voice was warm and comforting but there was a seriousness to his voice that put me on edge.

"No, we're from the village over, Maiden's Bridge. We tried going to the city but... It's lost..." I hung my head.

"Yeah, these things came out of nowhere..." He pointed to the women behind us. "We knew we could hold out here with the perimeter that the school offered... although we sort of lost that luxury when someone drove through the fence earlier."

"Still looks like you have a safe setup here." I commented looking hopeful.

"Please... Can you let us in?" Michelle burst out into tears. "We've... We've lost so

much..." She leaned into me and cried; I could feel her new boobs pressing into my side.

"We all have... Look, I have a heart, that is why we invited you in, that is why we've not killed those two there, I can't bring myself to do it. So come on in." The man smiled warmly. "Just as long as she isn't infected." He said with his hand on the lock for the gate.

I thankfully was a good liar, or whether I truly believed she was different.

"She isn't infected."

Michelle was thankfully crying into me still, so she didn't have to use her poker face.

"Alright then, in you come." The man opened the door and let us in. "The name's Martin by the way, I'll introduce you to the rest."

We walked through the gate that he locked, I glanced one last time into the eyes of the two infected at the gate. Staring deep inside those vacant eyes I could've lost myself.

"You coming?" He saved me from falling into the endless void behind their pupils.

Walking into the school I was met with some faces. The man who ran distraction, what looked to be the lady on the roof and the guy too, an older woman and a goth girl, scanning them quickly I got very little acknowledgement that I was even there.

"Everyone, this is..." He put his hand on his chin. "I never asked you your names... Sorry."

"I'm Craig and this is my girlfriend Michelle." I told the room; Michelle was still gripping me tightly.

"Welcome Both, let me introduce everyone." Martin started.

"This is Katrina." He pointed to the goth girl, she was wearing big black boots with lots of clips on, her black tights showed off her pale skin on her legs and it led up into her skirt.

Looks very prepared for an outbreak.

She had a small top on that showed off her slim midsection, but it barely contained her boobs, she was a D cup, easily. The band shirt looked like it had been cut into, so it showed off her cleavage. Her face was white with make-up and her black long hair covered some of her face. She was a goth through and through, her apathetic acknowledgement of us was enough to tell me that she barely cared about anything.

“Hey...” She mumbled, barely looking up at us.

“This is Marcus, he is the one who distracted those two outside.”

Marcus was a large lad in his mid to late 20s, not much older than me and Michelle, he looked like he should be in some contact sport, he probably was before all of this, he looked like he enjoyed the gym and gave us a big smile.

“Thank you so much.” I bowed my head to him.

He shrugged it off as if it was nothing, “Don’t mention it.”

“This is Dave.” Martin continued.

Dave couldn’t have been more opposite to Marcus, Dave was a pudgy man that you might find working in an IT firm, he was balding, and his thick glasses did very little to hide the fearful expression on his face. He leaned into Martin and kept his eyes on us, like we were a danger that he wasn’t about to let out of his sight.

“How do we know they aren’t infected?” He said under his breath.

“Dave, we talked about this.” Martin said sternly, Dave immediately shrunk back down and greeted us with a wave.

He will be very suspicious; I need to keep him away from Michelle.

“Next up is my family, this is my mother, Eleanor.”

He pointed to the short and stout older woman in her mid-60s at a guess.

“Why are we letting people in?” She said sternly.

“Mom, we talked about this. Now be nice.”

“Hello dears.” She said sarcastically.

The woman was old, a liability if my knowledge of zombie movies was to be believed, she was frumpy and had a permanent scowl on her face. She had short grey hair and was formless due to her age.

“Sorry about her.” Martin consoled us. “Finally, this is my wife, Claire.”

He pointed to the last woman, she was very beautiful, I could tell she was around the same

age as Martin but time had treated her kindly, her face was pretty, her body was in good shape, she had wide motherly hips that likely had a decent ass to carry but the only thing I found her lacking was boobs. She was flat as a board.

“Nice to meet you both, how sweet you both managed to get out together.” She said, wrapping her arm around Martin.

“Make yourselves at home, right now our plan is just to make sure we keep this place safe and secure, the barricade on the front of the building will hold them back, the hole in the gate is the only concern at the moment, thanks to your car though I am sure we can plug the gap, as long as we can distract the two outside.” Martin said warmly. “For now, though, let’s get you some food, you guys must be starving.” He gestured to the kitchen and Claire led the way. “Me and Marcus are going to be on Watch. If you need anything, just ask.” He said warmly.

We walked through into the canteen that looked like it was still functional. Claire’s wide hips led us to the food.

“It might not be the best but there is a lot of it, we should probably have enough to last us a month here.” Her voice was so positive that I didn’t even think about what that length of time would mean.

Claire served up some of the school food to us, pie was on the menu today. I sat down at one of the benches and started to eat with Michelle.

“If you don’t mind, I’m going to check on my mother-in-law, make sure she doesn’t get herself into any trouble... She isn’t quite understanding the situation.” Claire looked at us for approval.

“Sure, you’re good.” I nodded.

“I’ll set up your sleeping area too, no mattresses here but the crash mats from the gym are more than comfy enough. You two can have the physics classroom.” She smiled before swaying out of the door.

I turned to Michelle who looked shell shocked. “Are you okay?” I asked, lifting her face up by her chin.

“Y-yes...” She opened the coat, and I saw her boobs were bigger.

She hasn't stopped growing yet...

The C cup bra she had on was loosely sitting against her boobs, the band had snapped and given way. The hefty melons were looking plump and full.

My cock sprang to life.

I looked back at her face. “How do you feel?”

“Absolutely fine... That’s the weird thing.”

Strange... But good...

“I mean that’s good right?” I said optimistically.

She looked confused but nodded.

“You get the perks without the downside.” I joked.

She looked shocked for a second before she understood what I had just said.

“Oh...” She cooed. “You always did like my boobs...” She shook them side to side watching them jiggle in her top.

I was transfixed on them, watching her hefty chest wobble and shake. I almost reached out to touch them then and there. Michelle noticed my throbbing cock for the first time.

“Well... I guess you like them...” She leaned in and pressed herself against me. The fear had gone, she was liking my reaction too much to care about the events happening outside of the school walls. Before we could do anything else the door opened, and Dave walked into the canteen. I quickly covered Michelle up and we continued to eat food, a sly smirk on the side of her face.

I don't want to know what he would do if he saw her boobs...

Chapter Nine

During the food, Michelle kept bumping into me. I wondered briefly if her libido had been affected by the infection, maybe there was a delayed reaction because she was still so small compared to what we had known so far. I couldn't think about it for too long as I felt myself getting more turned on by the minute by her teasing, I was so desperate from before everything else went down, I was mindlessly horny, it might even be argued I was as desperate as the infected.

Dave sat at the other end of the table, far enough away that he would feel safe. I didn't bother to invite him over, and I ignored his sideways glares.

After eating, Michelle and I left the canteen and bumped into Claire.

"Oh perfect, I was just coming to get you, come with me." Claire led us to our "room".

The physics lab was on the second floor, and we were quite isolated. I took that to be a good thing for us. Especially in my condition.

"I know lovers need their own space." Claire said, blushing. "Anyway... Enjoy your room."

She scampered off before we could get embarrassed. The sun had set now, the early sunsets of winter were fast approaching as we were in October. The crash mat in the middle of the room was a little out of place but at this point I would've been more than happy to sleep on the cold vinyl floor.

As soon as I heard the end of Claire's footsteps I turned to Michelle who was giving me a

sultry look.

I didn't even need to speak, she started to slowly strip off the police jacket she was wearing, I watched intently as she slowly revealed her altered body to me.

Fuck...

Standing there, her braless G cup breasts sat in her top, stretching the fabric, the cups of her old bra still covering her nipples, she reached under her shirt and pulled the destroyed bra out and I could see her thick and hard nipples pointing at me through the thinly stretched t-shirt.

“What do you think...” Her voice was heavy with suggestion.

I was stunned. Never did I think my soulmate would look like this; the love of my life was slowly turning into my fantasy. I watched in awe as she walked towards me, her boobs jiggling in the shirt, her body pressing against mine, I looked down and saw her big boobs spread over my chest, her hand reached under her boobs and slid down my torso until she met my cock. She started to rub it.

“So hard...” Her voice was as teasing as ever. “I've got something fun I've always wanted to do...”

I looked at her with a desperate gaze, I didn't need to answer, she pushed me backwards onto the crash mat and I laid on my back, the soft cushion from the sponge breaking my fall. I looked down my chest to Michelle and I saw her slowly lift her top up her waist, exposing more of her trim stomach until she hit the bottom of her boobs.

She paused and watched my cock twitch in my pants.

She was such a freak for someone who doesn't want sex.

She smirked as she pulled the forward over her tits and I could see her underboob bulge through every available gap it could reach through, second by second more skin was being shown to me until with a big rush, her boobs fell out from under her top and slapped heavily against her sternum.

Time practically stopped and I just gawked.

Michelle was thin, athletic, she had a modest bust, certainly the bustiest of her cheerleader

friends in school was now sporting big boobs, if it hadn't been for the events happening in the outside world I would be staring now at the biggest breasts I had seen in the flesh. Her boobs were heavy but still perky enough to sit higher on her chest than I would've expected, it was like her skin hadn't had a chance to catch up to her swelling boobs. Her nipples were thick and long, probably the biggest I had ever seen on a woman even in porn. They were like the ends of my thumb, painfully erect and I just wanted to play with them. I went to sit up and I felt resistance in the form of her foot against my chest. She gave me a firm push so that I laid down again.

“Stay there...” Her commanding tone was even more exciting to me.

She lowered herself to her knees at the edge of the crash mat and she grabbed my legs and yanked me towards her, spreading my legs wide as they accommodated her torso.

She isn't... Is she?

Her hand danced up my thigh to my rock-hard dick, tracing its length in my pants she repeated the words she had said a few minutes prior.

“I've always wanted to do this...”

Like the minx she was, she undone my pants with a precision that I was still shocked by, my cock sprang free into the air, and I was suddenly very aware of what she was doing. She stared at me as she slowly pressed my dick against her warm and swollen boob, her hand rubbing my length as she jiggled her tit against it. Michelle then moved it to the centre of her cleavage, and I watched as my sizable cock was swallowed by her vast cleavage. She looked at me with pure bliss, immensely proud that she could make my whole cock disappear, I gasped as it was sandwiched between her huge boobs.

“Fuck...” She moaned.

I gripped the crash mat, desperately trying not to explode immediately.

“I can just feel how hard you are... Fuck Craig... You love *these* don't you...” Michelle was panting almost as much as me.

I nodded and tried to buck my hips, desperate for more movement. Michelle obliged and started to jerk my dick her boobs but when she pressed down she noticed that the top of my cock

was sticking out the top of her cleavage.

Slowly she lowered her head.

Every thrust, closer and closer she drew.

She pressed down and stopped me, pinning me to the mat with her tits. The tip was visible, I felt her breath on the head, and she still moved closer, licking my sensitive end, lower still she wrapped her mouth around my cock and started to suck and she continued her tit fuck.

I beat the crash mat in ecstasy and pleasure, I was tapping, knowing it was too much, I exploded deep in her mouth, a torrent of cum filled her cheek and she swallowed it all down.

I laid on the makeshift bed out of breath, I felt her body crash next to mine and I looked her in the eyes, her boobs pressing against my torso.

“You look like you *really* needed that...” She giggled.

“I did... So bad...” I weakly replied.

I was about to spring to life when I heard something coming from the hallway.

“Someone’s coming.” I said, trying to cover up.

Michelle was racing to cover her boobs once more, but it had been too late. The noise was someone running away.

Was someone spying on us?

Rushing to the door was pointless, the person had already gone. I returned back to the crash mat, very concerned.

“What’s wrong?”

“I think someone was watching us...”

“Creep.” Michelle practically spat out.

I don't think anything good can come of this...

I looked down to Michelle’s barely covered chest.

“You need to cover up... I don’t know what they might do otherwise...”

She nodded, “Does seem a shame though...”

Despite the tense situation, I did let out a chuckle.

“I think we need to find you another top... One that doesn’t look so... Small...”

Looking down at her chest, her thick nipples were very clearly on show at this point. The top was unable to even remotely minimise her size.

“Here... Take mine... I’ll swap with you. It might look stupid but it’s the best chance.”

Taking her top back off she threw it at me as footsteps approached the hallway, I threw mine at her and we swapped. I was just grateful that our tops were the same colour, unless you were looking very hard you probably couldn’t tell the difference. It was a bit snug on me, but I was quite trim, so it just stretched on my broad shoulders. My top managed to conceal her boobs but we still did have the issue of her nipples and lack of bra.

We needed to think on our toes, the door burst open, and Martin was there with Marcus, their eyes were trained on us both and behind them, peering around the corner like a snake was Dave.

That creep...

Chapter Ten

There was no doubt in my mind that the noise prior was Dave, he was likely spying on us and conveniently enough that he watched us finish before running off.

Fucking rat.

My stomach was turning, I looked at Michelle that seemed to very much be in the same mindset as me.

Here we go...

“What seems to be the problem Martin?” I asked confidently.

“Well... Dave here heard some noises, and he came in to check...” Martin sounded unsure, but Marcus was by his side looking ready to throw down even if Martin lacked the conviction required to do what was needed.

I was on edge; I was keeping my eye on every micro expression and movement.

“She’s infected!” Dave yelled, hiding behind the door frame.

I thought Michelle was going to explode but I was very surprised to see how she kept a level head and actually started to play into the situation.

“Do I look infected?” She said in a suggestive tone, looking at Marcus and Martin. “I’m sure Dave has never seen a busty girl before...” She bounced on the spot, making her boobs jiggle and shake before the two men staring at her, the two men that would be determining her fate.

“Well...” Martin blushed, looking away.

“Marcus? You’re a big guy, you must’ve enjoyed some female company, unlike Dave here... Do these look infected to you? You must’ve seen lots of girls with G cups before...”

It was working, she had them wrapped around her finger.

“Look, I get it... Dave sees a busty woman taking care of her man.” She winked at the men. “And he feels threatened, he feels like he needs to do something... But look.” Michelle thrust her chest out proudly. “I’ve not grown an inch since getting here, my clothes still fit, I am of sound mind, unlike those outside, arguably like Dave.”

Her words were for the two guys, but they hit home with me.

She’s right, she hasn’t grown and certainly seems to be of sound mind...

The two men looked at each other and gave an evil glare to Dave who was back peddling away from the door now.

“Sorry to have disturbed you both...” Martin said blushing, trying not to stare at Michelle’s breasts.

“It’s okay, I understand the worry, it is a scary world out there. If you wanted to get a good look at my girls, you certainly could’ve just asked.” Michelle placed her hands on the hem of her shirt, threatening to lift it.

“That won’t be necessary!” Martin blurted out, grabbing Marcus by the shirt and yanking him out the room.

Marcus certainly didn’t quite look ready to leave the room.

Michelle let out a deep breath of relief and turned to me, she leapt into my arms into a big hug, her boobs pressed against my torso. I held her tight and kissed her head.

“You know... You haven’t grown since you got here.” I whispered.

“I know... Why do you think that is?” Michelle pondered.

“I have no idea...”

“Same.”

Confused, we laid down on the makeshift bed and fell asleep, too exhausted by the events of the day.

I wonder what it all means...

Waking up I felt a soft sensation against my chest, my eyes opened and came into focus and I saw Michelle's hair fill my vision. I looked down and saw her boobs resting on my chest and pressing into my side, behind that, rising above the horizon of her tits was my morning wood. I wanted nothing more than to enjoy some time with her but there was some noise coming from the corridor, I tapped Michelle awake and we both got up. The noise was that of some concerned voices and there was a knock on the door.

Here we go again.

I opened the door, Michelle at my side.

"Morning." I greeted everyone at the door, Marcus, Dave, Eleanor and Katrina.

Their faces were filled with worry.

"What's wrong?" Michelle asked.

"Come with us..." Marcus said.

"Where's Martin?" I asked. "And Claire?"

Michelle gripped my hand tightly.

I don't like the look of this.

We followed the group and saw Claire and Martin overseeing the barricade at the front of the school building. They both were whispering to each other before they turned to greet me and Michelle.

"Everyone is here." He tutted. "Excellent."

He pointed to the barricade. "We've done a great job here, the hole in the fence has been an issue for a while and today, we need to cover it up."

He's right. It is risky but we need to secure the perimeter, the rear of the building isn't as protected as the front currently.

“The two are still out there and they’ve done some more growing overnight, they look like they might be stronger as a result, those boobs are heavy enough to do some damage now.” He sighed. “I am just glad it is only the two. We can’t let more get in.”

We all nodded.

“Here is the plan...”

Martin explained a plan on how we can distract, lure and clear the two from the yard before we shunt the broken car to cover most of the gap. There will be a team of people who can cover the gap up and hopefully that will be the end of it.

It was a dangerous mission, but we all had a role to play so we all willingly accepted.

I was to drive the car into position. Marcus was the bait; he was the fastest and could easily outrun the infected. Eleanor would remain at base as lookout, but the rest would be on building the barrier up.

Me and Martin stood at the fence to make sure the two busty girls remained at the gate whilst Marcus jumped out a side window to get into position. Standing before these, I could see their desperation and how close they were, their immense size.

I wonder if this is what the others look like now...

Martin tapped my shoulder; I had been dazing out when Marcus made the signal. It was time for me to get inside so Marcus could lead the girls out of the yard. They started to chase Marcus, and he easily outran the over encumbered duo, slipping through the gap and into the wooded area behind the forest. The trees would allow him a means of hiding as well as still being more than capable of out running them, in the worst-case scenario he would be able to climb a tree.

The plan was going ahead without a hitch, we all had supplies loaded in our arms and once the duo had left the yard we got to work. Carrying everything towards the gate was the first step, making sure we had the tools and materials to block the hole. I rushed ahead to drop my supplies so that I could get into the car and start the ramming process.

The fuel light was on, but it was just a short bit of ramming required. It shouldn't cause an issue, but it was obvious that we would be unable to use the car after this without a refuel. I slowly

nudged the broken-down car and thankfully it started to move, my care meant that the current car might be at least usable after we did find fuel.

Weeeee Weeee Weeee

The alarm of the broken car started to sound.

Fuck...

I looked at Martin who signalled me to keep going.

I moved the car as quick as I could, the alarm was blaring, echoing through the surrounding area. Finally, it was in position, and it blocked almost all of the hole. The rest of the team started to plug up the hole, it would be a long process, but we didn't have time.

"They're coming, the sound is calling them!" I yelled.

"I suggest we hurry up then!"

We got to work and the big titted horde waddled towards us. Marcus came sprinting back and he quickly jumped over the car and through before we started fixing the wood Martin had found in the woodworking class. Things were going well but not well enough and the horde quickly was upon us. We were in danger of needing to bail, which could break the hole permanently as the number of infected was now too high.

"We have to finish..." I said. "The school can't take that many bashing the back door in."

Martin sprung to life. "Quick, Marcus, Craig, Dave run along the fences, they want us right? Maybe they'll follow."

We all started running, two per side and we did see some follow us but there were still some headed towards the gap.

"It's up to you girls, hurry!" Martin said, luring more his way when he started jumping and yelling.

The rest of the us joined in and the noise was working, however Marcus was much louder with his voice, his voice boomed, and it drew some of the infected from Martin's side over to his. This meant that they were passing the hole.

I watched filled with nerves, my heart was in my throat as I saw three of the massive

breasted women scrape their tits against the fence. As Katrina was fixing the last nail, we all heard a loud scream and saw her recoil and fall backwards onto the floor. From where I was it was hard to see what happened, but Claire and Michelle dropped their tools and looked to see what happened.

“Is it done?” Martin yelled.

“Yes! Katrina is hurt!”

We all ran to Katrina who was on the floor, her hand was bleeding, she held it tight and winced in pain.

“What happened?” Martin asked.

“We didn’t see...” Claire said. Michelle nodded in agreement.

“Kat, what happened?” Martin questioned her.

“I don’t know... I think I hit my hand with the hammer or something.” She said, wincing.

“I’ll be fine...”

What if she got scratched...

Marcus lifted her and took her back into the school, everyone else rushed after her, I stayed with Michelle who was breathing heavily. She looked at me with dread in her eyes.

“I think she got caught...”

Fuck...

Chapter Eleven

“Are you sure?” I asked Michelle, she was rattling her brain trying to recall what happened.

“Because if we tell them, they will have to put her out there.” I pointed to the outside of the yard.

“With *them*.”

“I know... I am fairly sure...” Michelle’s voice was nervous.

“Fairly isn’t really going to cut it here Michelle, we are asking them to throw out one of their own.”

Michelle was tearing up. “I know... I know... I... I didn’t see it, but I am fairly sure I didn’t see a tool in her hand when she fell.”

“We’ve got to tell them... Lock her away for observation or something.”

Michelle nodded and I helped her up to her feet and we both made for the school.

Marcus had placed Katrina on a desk for Eleanor to bandage up. I rushed into the school and straight to Martin.

“Can I speak to you alone?”

He nodded and we separated from the group.

“What did you want to talk about?” He said, looking happy with himself.

“It’s Kat... We need to lock her up or something, we have to observe her... She is infected...” I said, lacking enough conviction to outright convince him. “I think...”

“What? What are you talking about?” He cocked his head. “She’s fine, she hit her hand with the hammer.”

“Michelle thinks one of them got her.”

“What do you mean “Got her” Craig?” He was getting emotional; it was the first time I had seen it.

“When one of those things breaks the skin, they infect you, that is what happened to my mom, my sister and Michelle’s sister.” I said, lowering my head solemnly.

“Bullshit.” He snapped back. “Now you listen here, you’re new to this group, you might’ve just helped us, but Kat is a good kid, and I am not locking her up for some stupid hunch you have.”

“I really think you need to think about this Martin...” I tried to reason.

“No. I’m the leader here, no way.” He said storming out of the classroom.

I left just after him and Michelle looked at me and I shook my head in defeat. She hung her head.

Claire was sent to make up a nice feast to celebrate us securing the hole. Eleanor and Dave helped set everything up and after some time we all sat down at the tables, all of us except for Katrina.

“Where is she? Did you tell her what time it was Mom?” Martin looked at his mother.

“Yes, probably can’t read the time through the hair that is covering her face.” She laughed at her own joke with a rude cackle.

Then suddenly the door opened, and Katrina walked in. It was obvious to me that she had changed. She was fairly busty already, but the D cup bra she had been wearing was now unable to contain her tits, which were easily rivalling Michelle’s at this point. It was hard to tell exactly as she was hiding them fairly well in her jacket.

“Everything okay Katrina?” Martin asked naively.

She nodded; she was mostly a mute, so this wasn’t out of the ordinary. With an extra bounce in her step, she took a seat next to Eleanor.

I looked at Michelle who could clearly see it too. She looked shocked that everyone was

just accepting it. Scanning the faces of everyone they all looked content with the feast before them.

“Well, what a day, we plugged the hole!” Martin held up a glass of water and cheered. “I hope you all enjoy this feast, thank you Dave, Mom and of course Claire.” He was grinning ear to ear. It would be the last time he would wear that smile.

Katrina tried to hide herself away, next to Eleanor, which wasn't going to be easy.

“You didn't say thank you.” Eleanor said to Katrina. “We did all this, and you didn't say anything.” Her voice filled with anger.

“Leave her mom, she's had a tough day.”

“No, this brat needs to learn some manners.” She huffed, “What are you hiding all shrivelled up like that?”

Eleanor gripped at her jacket and yanked it, unable to overpower the younger woman, she reached in with a second hand. She wrestled with the jacket trying to rip it open, Katrina lost the fight, and her jacket was ripped open. It was clear now what she was hiding, two huge boobs.

I was wrong, they were much bigger than Michelle's they appeared to be more towards the middle of the alphabet but there was another big difference, she was leaking milk everywhere her engorged tits were veiny and swollen, bulging more perky than they should thanks to the lack of give from her skin. She yelped in pain from Eleanor's manhandling of her jacket.

Katrina was still young at heart so the next she did feel quite dramatic.

A thunderous slap echoed throughout the room.

Katrina had slapped Eleanor, leaving her with a bloody cut down her cheek, before rushing out of the canteen.

“Where are you going? Kat?” Martin yelled. He looked back at his mother and saw a strange look in her face for a second.

“You dumb bitch, you get back here you big titted bimbo!” Eleanor screeched before she fell onto her seat, clutching her chest.

“Mom!” Martin ran over to her. “Marcus, Dave, go after Kat... See if she is okay.”

The two men did as they were told and left, leaving me, Claire, Michelle and Martin with

Eleanor.

“Are you okay?” Claire asked Eleanor.

Me and Michelle had rushed around to the other side of the table, and we watched as the scowl left her face, for the first time since we had arrived. She looked in a state of bliss, some sort of clarity washing over her and then she doubled over in pain.

“Mom!” Martin yelled.

She grumbled something and started to shift her shoulders like she was trying to stretch her back or something. Then with a sudden burst of movement she sat up and puffed out her chest. The biggest difference was that she had one.

It had only been seconds... How...

I didn't have time to question it, everyone saw her boobs and watched as they moved and shifted under her shirt.

“I forgot what this felt like...” She cooed.

I placed a hand on Martin's shoulder and tried to move him, no luck, he shrugged it off.

“Martin... We have to go... We're not safe...”

“Shut up!” He yelled back.

His wife placed her more delicate hand on his shoulder, and I saw his body compress.

“Craig is right...” Claire managed to talk him into standing up.

“But...”

Before we could talk anymore we watched in horror as Eleanor's boobs jumped forward two feet, she let out a deep moan, suddenly they were giant balls on her chest in seconds and we started to rush to the door.

“Where is everyone going? I'm not done!”

The same noise as I heard when Mom was chasing me returned and this time I turned around.

Eleanor's boobs doubled in size, they were rapidly approaching the size of beach balls but

still they surged in big pulses, it didn't take long before the elderly woman fell on top of them and her whole body was being supported by her giant breasts. Her giant mounds were undulating with each new surge of growth, knocking aside the tables and chairs in the food hall.

"We've got to get Marcus and Dave... Get out of here..." I said, panting as we rushed down the hall.

The four of us ran down the hall and heard loud crashes coming from behind us with the faint sound of cackling coming from Eleanor. Marcus came rushing past us.

"Run! Go go go! Get out!" He yelled running out of a nearby fire exit into the yard.

"You go, I'll go get Dave." I said.

Michelle held my hand trying to keep me with her, but I pushed her away. "Look after those two."

Martin looked shell shocked, and Claire was trying to console him. Claire looked at me and gave me a nod of respect.

The three of them rushed after Marcus and I headed towards the sound of Dave calling for help.

I followed the noise and slowly peered around the corner, and I saw Dave laying on the floor, his face was mixed between pleasure and anguish. Slowly creeping my head into the room, I saw why.

Katrina was bouncing on top of Dave's cock, her boobs swelling by the second, a pool of milk forming around Dave's horizontal body.

"What's wrong Dave? I thought you'd want this. You were always staring." She moaned loudly as she fucked him.

Dave's hand reached out towards me, and he weakly whispered. "Help me..."

I turned away, knowing he was gone. I made a break for it. Returning to the main corridor I looked down the side of the school where Eleanor was, and I could just see this massive flesh coloured wall slowly moving as it continued to grow bigger.

She's getting big...

I looked at the ceiling and I could see cracks forming on the structure.

I've got to get out of here...

Chapter Twelve

I ran out into the yard and saw all four of them standing there, just watching the school. I turned and saw what they were looking at. From here it was possible to see Eleanor's boobs knocking through the walls and roof as they grew.

"We... We've got to go... Before the horde comes in..." I said to everyone who seemed almost too stunned to move.

The only exit was the hole we had previously covered up, we now had the issue of getting through the gap. I tried to start the car with the hopes that we could crash through the gap, but it was no use, the car was well and truly dead.

We didn't have the tools to break through the barricade, we were looking to be stuck. There was a huge crash, and the school had been mostly reduced to rubble and through the smoke we could see shadows emerging. Huge, busty shadows.

They're through...

Think...

Think...

Think...

"I'll give you all a boost, I'm tall and strong, I can get you all over and then I can outrun them, I am sure I can zip past them." Marcus said confidently but his eyes betrayed his emotions.

“Ladies first.”

He stood on top of the car and looked to boost the women over the wall. Claire went first, she was up and over, slowly dropping herself down the other side, she landed hard and hurt her ankle.

That is not good.

“Shit!” she yelped. “My ankle!” She winced and hopped aside to sit on the floor, grasping at her ankle.

Thankfully there were no infected on that side of the gate. Michelle was second and she managed to land lighter, saving herself from injury. Martin was next, the shell shocked man was back to life and desperate to get next to Claire. Landing safely, he quickly tended to his injured wife.

I was last. “Are you sure Marcus?” I asked before he looked to boost me over.

He shook his head, signalling no, before lifting me up. I sat on top of the fence and looked down at him, he was nervous and scared. He saluted me and jumped down from the car. I saluted him back. “Good luck...”

Finishing my trip over, I found myself with the three others.

“We’ve gotta get out of here, can you walk?” I asked Claire.

“No.” She looked defeated.

“I am sure we can carry you or something.” Michelle said.

“Good idea, Michelle and Martin can carry me, and Craig can lead the way.” Her voice of reason was calm and collected despite the pain she was in.

Alright then.

We all helped her onto her good leg and Michelle and Martin acted like crutches for her. We slowly hobbled through the woods and towards the main road. I was ahead of them, making sure the path was clear. We didn’t want to go further into the woods, so we were pretty close to the fence that surrounded the school. I couldn’t help but cast my eyes over the ruined building with the massive mountainous breasts of Eleanor rising high from the debris.

I could see lots of huge breasted women and how their boobs bounced off one another as

they shuffled around, they seemed to be all walking in a similar direction.

Are they chasing Marcus...

I kept moving, the others were slowed by Claire, I kept looking back and worrying about what happens if we get spotted.

Surely we can't outrun them with Claire...

The thought was dark, and I didn't want it to fester any longer in my skull. We pressed on. Getting closer to the road, I heard a guttural scream coming from the school. We all turned and saw Marcus on the floor, reaching out. There was blood covering his leg which was bent awkwardly.

Fuck... It's broken...

There was nothing that we could do. Moments later there were huge booms enveloping his body as one of the infected started to crush him, desperately trying to fuck his broken body. I turned away.

"Come on. We have to move."

Martin looked at me with empty eyes and Claire was crying. Only Michelle was remaining calm.

Not too far from the road I saw a car, it was still running. I looked around and saw no signs of life.

This is our chance...

Claire was flagging, struggling with exhaustion, Martin was too. Michelle's grip was tight on the older woman. Then I saw Martin tumble, his foot slipped on a root, and he flew to the floor, a minor scratch but with him falling, so too did Claire. Michelle tried to hold her upright, not wanting her fall to cause her anymore injury.

It was a mistake.

Michelle saw immediately, her nails were covered in blood, she had scratched Claire. She showed me her hand and I gasped.

Martin rushed to his wife who was now on the floor. She was struggling with the pain in her ankle but together husband and wife were able to get her to sit next to a tree. Martin noticed the

blood on the back of her neck.

“Oh honey, you’re bleeding...” He said concerned.

“When I fell I felt something sharp...” She looked at Michelle.

Michelle’s face had dropped, she looked mortified, and she stared at the couple on the floor, slowly taking steps backwards.

“Michelle... What’s wrong?” Claire asked, stretching her neck and feeling an itch come over her chest.

Claire wasn’t dumb. She knew what was happening.

“Martin... I think it’s time you go...” Her voice was sombre and lacked emotion.

“What? No, I’m not leaving you.”

She knew her husband best, so she knew what needed to be done to preserve him.

Tell him the truth.

“I’m infected...”

“How? Michelle must’ve scratched you, she isn’t infected, look at her, she doesn’t look anything like them.” He pointed to the mass of boob that was piled on Marcus’ body.

“I can feel it honey...” She rested her forehead against his. “You have to go... Before it’s too late...”

Martin had enough, he snapped. He stood up and turned to Michelle. “You. You lied? How? I don’t understand, you knew, didn’t you!” He was filled with rage. “And now...” He fell to his knees, the emotion getting the better of him. “And now she’s gone too...”

“I’m so sorry...” Michelle said, the words fell on deaf ears.

I wrapped my arms around my girlfriend and started to slowly guide her towards the street.

“We need to leave...” I whispered softly into her ear, and she started to follow my lead.

“I’m not gone yet...” Claire’s voice was soft and caring; she placed her arm on Martin’s shoulder.

We watched, walking backwards as Martin turned around and saw his wife anew.

“I sort of like the change... What do you think?” She said suggestively as she pulled at her button check shirt, showing the swelling mounds within her top.

“Claire...” Martin said softly.

She took his head and buried it into her forming cleavage and with each passing second her boobs grew around his head. Claire’s eyes were trained on us, looking hungrily as she teased her husband with her growing breasts. His hands slid down her torso to her wide hips and he let out a soft moan as her spare hand started to rub his swelling member in his pants.

Claire’s expression was filled with lust, her eyes were heavy, and her lips parted, in an instant she looked as if she was about to cry, and dread had washed over her.

“Run!” She yelled at me and Michelle before her face returned to its previous state.

We didn’t need to be told twice, we made a dash for the car, knowing the fate of Dave, Marcus and Martin.

Sitting in the car we sped off, the tank was near full, the onboard computer was suggesting that we had 400 miles in the tank.

Finally, some luck...

Chapter Thirteen

We drove and drove, we didn't know where to, every big city we passed looked like it had succumbed to the virus. I saw a sign for a military base and prayed that it had somehow remained intact. There was another worry however, Michelle was growing again.

There was no rhyme or reason for the sudden onset growth, but she alerted me to it shortly after we pulled off. Slowly she watched as her boobs started to fill up, swelling bigger in my shirt that she was wearing. The worry was starting to take hold but even after thirty minutes of swelling there was no change in her mind, she seemed somehow partially unaffected. I would peek over and see just how big and heavy she was becoming.

G was a fair estimate before but as we approached the base she was looking more like an J cup. Her boobs were big and round, not like implants but just more like overfilled water balloons. They wobbled and shook on her chest, yet the skin had very little give to them.

“What are we going to do?” I asked her.

Michelle looked over and pat her boobs, as if testing if they were real or something. “I think they've stopped growing...” Her voice seemed sure but the trail off did leave me with suspicions.

“Why do you think they started to grow? And so suddenly...” I stammered, gawking at her full shirt.

“I don't know...”

“How do you feel?” I didn’t mean to sound like I was grilling her, but we were about to walk into a military base, they weren’t likely to mess around.

“Good in myself. I don’t feel different honestly. I mean, your eyes on them is certainly turning me on but nothing more than the normal.” She shook her boobs for emphasis. “Just got these now...”

My dick grew in my pants, and I looked away, trying to remain calm. “We just have to hope you don’t grow again...”

Michelle seemed optimistic with my words but there was a sense of excitement behind her eyes from her most recent growth. I wondered what it might feel like to feel them swell against my hands.

I had to bury the thought as we approached the base. Michelle held my thigh in fear, I drove slowly closer and saw some men on the towers by the gate. They fired a shot into the air, and I slammed on the breaks. Over a speaker I heard a commanding voice.

“Remain in the vehicle. Turn off the engine and await further instruction.”

I turned off the car and sat there with Michelle, holding her hand tightly. We waited for about fifteen minutes before we saw life from the base. A truck came out towards our car, and we nervously watched as a team surrounded the car. The leader of the group spoke loudly so we could hear him through the windows.

“Driver! Out of the car! Now! Slowly with your hands in the air!” He yelled.

Slowly I got out of the car with my hands in the air. Looking at the fearful Michelle. “I love you...” I whispered before I stood up and held my hands high in the air.

I was quickly handcuffed and taken to the outside of the ring that was focused on the car, and by proxy, Michelle.

“Passenger! Out of the car! Now! Slowly with your hands in the air!” He barked.

Michelle got out of the car, followed the instructions perfectly but they didn’t move in to cuff her.

Oh no...

“She’s infected.” The leader yelled. I saw his hand raise and knew that he was about to give the order to open fire.

“Stop!” I yelled, the leader smacked me in the mouth, and I fell to the floor. I saw him gesture for his men to return to him, so they were in a line. “Don’t! She is infected, but she is immune!” I screamed.

This gave him pause. He looked at Michelle once again then back to me.

“Get him up.” I felt two men lift me up from under my armpits. “Speak. Now.” The intensity was what I would expect from someone in the armed forces in this situation, yet it was still so much more than I thought I could handle.

This is for Michelle though...

“She was infected... A few days ago, she grew but stopped. She hasn’t become one of them, she just grew some boobs and that was it.”

“Bullshit.” He was right in my face; I could feel his eyes searching my soul for the truth.

“I am telling you the truth. She grew and then stopped, she has been this busty for a few days, she hasn’t lost her mind. I don’t know why or how but here she is. We brought her here so that maybe you guys could make a cure or something.” I knew those words would work but it might mean some uncomfortable times for Michelle. It was a risk we needed to take though.

“And if we take her in, she might compromise the base.”

“What if you keep her in a cell for a few days, leave her with me and then you’ll see... Please...”

The words made sense to the man of logic with his face inches from mine.

“Fine.”

He lowered his hand. “Get her in the truck, Men only!” he barked.

I let out a sigh of relief and I could see Michelle crying from joy.

Safe at last...

Michelle was whisked away along with me; we were cleaned up and given fresh uniforms. I

overheard the guy saying it was to eliminate contamination. Right now, they had very little idea on how this thing was spreading and how it affected different people. They knew less than I did.

Michelle was kept in a cell, thankfully I was allowed to see her, although whilst they were observing her I was now allowed into her cell. I was sent in as a guinea pig to test being around her, which was something I was very happy about as it meant after a few days of not being able to touch her I could finally hug her once again. I noted that her J cups certainly felt bigger against my chest than her Gs.

“I missed this...” She said when squeezing me tightly in an embrace.

“Same... I do wish it wasn't with such an audience...” I joked, my cock had sprung to life and pressed against her.

“I felt that...” She whispered.

“You were meant to.” I smirked.

“Terrible...” She muttered, smiling back.

Whilst on the base I was put to work, however every free moment was with Michelle making sure to keep her company. The scientists came back many times to take blood samples over the course of a few days. I was concerned they were taking too much but Michelle was very proud and happy to hopefully be bringing this nightmare to an end. There were many such bases over the country and many other countries that were still operational and despite the bleak outlook from the cities, there was still a large population of the planet that was completely fine.

Days turned into weeks, into months and after many scientists were brought to the base they were able to synthesise an antidote. They managed to make many vials of it to test and the military were able to capture and bring back a few of the infected to test. Me and Michelle were allowed to watch as they administered the first dose, and we watched as the first successful reversal took place. The woman was in her mid-thirties and her boobs were each as big as her torso, she was muttering something about needing sex but once the vial was injected into her she rapidly started to change. Her boobs shrunk back down, and we had no way to tell what cup size she was when she was infected, they went back down to what I'd guess to be an E cup. Her face gained emotion

again and she looked shocked and alarmed to be topless before so many people.

“What is going on?” She cried.

Everyone cheered.

There were many more tests, and each person was kept for observation for weeks before they decided to conclude they had made a 100% successful antidote. Production ramped up, the methodology was spread around the globe so that everyone was able to synthesise their own antidotes and rapidly the world was being returned to normal.

Michelle’s immunity meant they didn’t see a reason to inject her as they were more concerned about preserving her blood should they need to use it again.

Months passed and the globe was well into its journey of recovery, we were finally allowed to leave the base, and we were homed in a safe zone near the base.

The first time we had been alone in months, it was obvious what we were going to do. The second the armed guard left we were straight upstairs to the bedroom. It had been months, we were so ready and desperate, we had been through so much.

Michelle sat me on the edge of the bed and slowly took her top off and revealed to me her bigger boobs, although I had seen them thanks to the testing they needed to do it was much different now seeing them in this context. I gawked at the massive bust she now showed to me. She took a confident stride and crashed her soft yet overfilled tits against my face and buried my head deep between her cleavage.

I’ve waited for this for so long.

I played with them, feeling their vast expanse, kissing and licking them, unable to get enough. I felt her rubbing my cock softly, she was deliberate with her touch. I was getting her worked up, I could feel her arousal rising. I suckled on her thick nipples and heard her moan in pleasure, I reached for her clit but was batted away. I looked at her confused for a second before she pushed me onto the bed, and I saw her shimmy her pants off.

Is she...

With a flick of her leg, she was straddling me, she pulled my cock out and she lowered

herself onto it, taking my girth in slowly. She yelped as she felt my prick fill her up, I sat up and held her close as she broke her virginity with me.

Slowly she started to grind, the desperation in her movements was enough to tell me how turned on she was. The amount of time it had been, I was almost fit to burst myself. Michelle pushed me back and grabbed my hands and placed them on her tits.

“Fuck!” I moaned.

Then I felt something strange. A warmth, a movement under my palms. My eyes went wide, and I saw a big smirk spread over her face.

“What’s wrong?” She cooed. “I thought you liked big boobs...” Her body crashed into mine over and over and I felt her boobs overflow my hands further.

It was more than enough to make us both orgasm.

Our voices filled the air, and she fell off me onto the side of the bed. I turned to her and stared at her boobs rising and falling rapidly from her breaths.

“What...” I muttered, keeping a close eye to check if they were growing or not.

“I lied to you before... I knew how they grew...” She smiled at me.

Raising her hand to the side of her head she pointed down towards her big boobs, I followed the point and saw how the full breasts jiggled and shook from each heavy breath.

“The thing is Craig... I *wanted* to grow...” She moaned and her boobs grew a few inches before stopping. “That is how they grew...”

My mind went into overdrive, and I gawked at the very slightly expanded version of her tits I had just been groping. I jumped up and looked down at her under me, my palms filled with her tits once more.

“I... This...” I was struggling to form sentences; my cock became rigid once more on her stomach.

“Awh... Can’t think straight can you?” She teased. “I think you are wondering the same thing as me...”

What’s that...

“How much *bigger* can I make them...”

I felt the warmth again and I felt the increasing pressure of her boobs against my palms.

The nightmare is over...

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