



## 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...*

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