

Hunger of the Dead Part 2

“Where the hell is Kate...?” John asked himself. No sign of his girlfriend had crossed his path this Monday morning, nor had he heard a peep from his phone all weekend. Last he had known, Kate had been going to some girl’s house with a senior named Cassie on Friday.

The warning bell rang through the bustling hallway and John begrudgingly left his post by his and Kate’s lockers. Worry was setting in like a Winter’s chill as thoughts of unfortunate events flooded his mind.

“It’s not like her to disappear...” he said quietly walking to class.

BZZZ!! BZZZ!!

John’s hand shot into his pocket to pull out a vibrating cell phone, Kate’s name written across the call screen.

“Kate? Kate is everything all right??” he asked as soon as the phone was against his face.

“Y-Yes, yes, I’m fine...” she confirmed. A heavy tone weighed her voice, as though she were exhausted and out energy. “We’re...we’re all fine...”

The assuring words weren’t enough for John. “I haven’t heard from you all weekend! And now you’re not at school! Did something happen? Did the senior girls do something??”

“No! No!” Kate’s voice stopped for a minute. “Well...not exactly.”

“What happened?”

Muffled female voices could be heard from Kate’s side, who John assumed to be the other girls at the sleepover. He couldn’t make out the dialog clearly, but they sounded just as haggard as Kate. She returned a moment later after hushing the other girls. “I know, I know! Just...*shhh!*” John heard her say.

“Kate, just tell me if you’re all right,” John pleaded. “You *never* miss school!”

“I’m fine, I promise. But something did happen...”

John had reached his classroom now, and although the halls were emptying of students, he refused to hang up until he felt satisfied. “But you’re ok?”

“You...*nnggh...*” Kate moaned oddly, a noise similiar only to something he had heard when they were in bed together. “Y-You wouldn’t understand if I told you. Are you free after school? This is something you’re going to need to see to believe.”

“I...uh...yea, I’m free.”

“Don’t worry too much,” Kate assured him, “You’ll actually like it. I think...”

“As long as you’re ok.”

His history teacher, Mrs. Marci Dosh, was approaching the classroom from down the hall. She was young for a high school teacher, only in her mid-twenties, but carried an air of seriousness and a strong will.

“I gotta go,” John said quickly, hoping Mrs. Dosh hadn’t seen his phone already. A quick goodbye from Kate and he tucked his phone into his pocket, slipping into class before the teacher arrived.

Moments later, she strode coolly into the room ignoring John. As usual, she was clad in professional, form-fitting office attire. A white button-up blouse tightly hugged C-cup breasts underneath a blazer leading into a dark pencil skirt wrapped around a pair of petite hips. Grey pantyhose shot down soft legs before vanishing inside heels clicking loudly across the tile floor. The tight bun in her hair meant she wasted no time brushing strands out of her face and a set of rimless glasses on the bridge of her nose only magnified a cold stare. This proper, yet enchanting, appearance and cold personality to match, had earned Mrs. Marci Dosh the secret nickname of The Vampire Teacher.

“Good morning, class. Please open your books to page two hundred and thirty-one,” she instructed.

BZZ!

John froze when his phone announced a text. Mrs. Dosh hadn't seemed to notice, but it was impossible to tell under her icy exterior. Normally, John wouldn't dare look at his phone in her class, but what if Kate needed help now? What if something was wrong? He decided to risk it. Just a quick peek then he would set it to silent. As Mrs. Dosh spoke in the background, John slid his phone halfway out of his pocket and read the message.

It was from a number he didn't recognize: 666-867-5309. “What the...?” he whispered, reading the single-word message. “*GROW?*”

SMACK!

A book fell to the floor after being knocked over by Mrs. Dosh. John had just caught a glimpse of the event and could have sworn her hips had knocked it off the nearby desk. Such gracelessness was unheard of from Mrs. Dosh.

“Sorry, Michael,” she apologized, bending over to pick it up. A healthy view of cleavage peeked through a spread button gap on her crinkled blouse, the clashing pale curves striking John like lightning. Watching intently now, he gazed while Mrs. Dosh continued her famous stride-and-lecture around the room. If he wasn't mistaken, Mrs. Dosh's hips looked a little wider and her pencil skirt tauter. Did she always have that round of an ass?

“As I was saying,” she continued, “The invention of the printing press is often regarded as the--”

BZZ!!

BZZ!!

More messages were arriving on John's phone and he quickly realized he hadn't put it away after becoming distracted. A quick glance made his heart start to race with confusion. “They all just say ‘GROW’!”

“*N-Nngh...*” Mrs. Dosh grunted slightly. A look of discomfort was laid across her face, one of her hands tugging at the bottom of her blouse as if it were riding up her body. The same hand ran over the side of her hips in an attempt to smooth out obvious stress wrinkles digging into her thighs. It was clear where her discomfort was originating; Mrs. Dosh's curves looked rounded and swollen as if they were trying to outgrow her outfit.

A sheen had been added to her skirt from a widening rear and plumping thighs pulling the fabric taut. A brief hint of her slender navel flashed the class when her blouse sprang free of the waistline, pulled higher by what John could only estimate to be a heaving pair of F cups. With how tight Mrs. Dosh enjoyed having her clothes fit, it didn't appear the top could fit much more flesh before something drastic happened. Ample windows to her creeping cleavage and a petite beige bra were visible to all who looked.

"U-Um..." she stammered, trying to pull her blazer around her to cover the obvious exposures. The teacher attempted to continue. "The printing press likely led to--"

BZZ!!

BZZ!!

John looked at his phone, more messages reading 'GROW' flooding in. He didn't understand what was going on, but somehow the messages were having a direct effect on Mrs. Dosh's body.

"*Nngh!*" she gasped aloud, supporting herself on her desk as a pulse of growth struck her body. She looked to be smuggling two basketballs under her pencil skirt, thighs as wide as her waist bulging against the fabric while runs split down her leggings. She looked down to gaze at her bust, two enormous melons straining her shirt like a time bomb. "C-Class, I think I may need to step out for a brief mo--"

PING!!

PING! PING!!

Three buttons exploded from her front and sailed over the gazing class, Mrs. Dosh's bosom bursting free like party balloons. Without another word she raced for the door, trying to save any modesty she still had. Panic consumed her, however, when she found the door handle locked in position as if held by an unseen force.

SHHHRRRIIPP!!

A tear shot down her backside, exposing a black thong swallowed by her butt. Completely flustered, she spun around and leaned against the door for support, panting as her body swelled around her to an extreme hourglass.

"What's...What is this?!" she cried out, breathing difficult as her bra pulled into her chest like a rope. Flesh bulged in every direction, quivering with severe urgency to escape.

SNAP!!

Her bra shot off like a firework, freeing a pair of udders the likes of which John had only dreamed of. "W-What's happening to me...??" she cried out, hands flying to cradle her beach ball knockers.

BZZ!!

BZZ!!

BZZ!!

BZZ!!

The messages were flooding in now, only now John noticed with a sweaty palm they were alternating between ‘GROW’ and ‘FILL’.

“*Hah...Hah... O-Oooh, God!!*” Mrs. Dosh panted heavily. A massive amount of growth filled the woman’s body. Her hips and thighs quickly wedged between the doorway, flesh overflowing her skirt and walls like dough. Her knees began to quiver from the weight of a sloshing chest bloating too large to be contained in her arms. John held his breath as thick runs of milk began to dribble from nipples the size of his thumb.

“*M-Milk...! S-So much...milk!!*” Mrs. Dosh yelled, her icy composure vanished. The teacher ballooned in every direction, her tits pulling her to her knees in a sloshing, gurgling heap.

BZZ!!

BZZ!!

BZZ!!

Milk flowed into her as if from a fire hydrant. Mrs. Dosh’s waist was completely overshadowed by the unreal hourglass figure, her hips twice as wide as John’s own desk. Mammaries the size of bean bags wobbled tightly in front of her, rounding and reaching high enough to cover her panting mouth.

“*I...nnnnghhh!!! I-I can’t...hold all of this!!!*” she declared.

On queue, the remainder of her clothes burst free to render Mrs. Dosh naked save for a blazer draped over her shoulders. Milk gushed over the class in a torrential rainstorm of thick, steamy dairy, dousing each student in a white shower. Her cries of surprise and pleasure filled the room as well as many gasps of shock from students, many ducking for cover too late.

Moments later, when only the sound of milk dripping from the ceiling and Mrs. Dosh’s heavy sighs filled the room, John surveyed the scene. No one dared speak a word, the stern teacher now rendered bare and swollen like a human balloon on the floor, tits and ass as large as her own desk and blocking the doorway like some erotic barricade.

“*I-I’m covered in it!!*” a girl screamed, “*It got in my mouth!*”

John looked over to see her hands wiping her blouse of the milk. Other girls were doing the same, some lingering for a moment on their breasts with a look of confusion. If John’s eyes weren’t mistaken, every girls’ clothes looked to be fitting a little bit tighter.