

Infinity Cube Chapter 17

Mei Lin

When I arrived back home, I had found Claire braindead on the couch in the living room but no other sign of Alice nor Millie.

After waking up Claire and applying her limiter, we went looking for Alice and...

"Oh Alice! What am I going to do?!" I cried, tears ruining my makeup yet again while my fiancée giggled mindlessly on the floor.

We'd found her choking on a dildo and I was sure if we hadn't stopped her she would have...
"Fuck this! Fuck Millie! I am going to fucking kill that bitch!"

I turned back to Claire who was.. Bowing before Alice in a way that felt a lot different than before somehow. When I turned back to face my partner I instantly understood why.

Stuck to one of her massive tits was a sticky note like from earlier today.

Your boobs are bigger, more powerful, and superior

Though I didn't understand what they were meant for, they were weirdly accurate. Alice's tits were... They were magnificent. Absolute perfection in every way, without even a single flaw.

They were enormous too, the weight of their power made me tremble. If I wasn't so distressed right now I would probably be on my knees alongside Claire to bask in their superior radiance.

"Alice, please say something! I can't lose you.." I begged and pleaded, but if Alice understood what I was talking about I honestly doubted it. There was only a slight flicker of recognition in those beautiful green eyes, otherwise my fiancée had become practically mindless as her incredible milky tits. Which were leaking into the small tub below her that we typically used.

I took the extra dimensional woman into the hallway and tried to get any information I could. However, Claire only just kept repeating that she just wasn't able to help or explain anything to me. Nothing useful anyway.

"Oh, those were my notes!" Claire cheered happily, when I showed her the one that had been stuck to Alice's body and three crumpled notes I'd also found in the trash bin. "Except that one."

I looked down at the sticky note she'd pointed too. It read about intelligence and sucking cock, but that didn't make any sense. Why...

Alice. Millie must have used the notes to make Alice dumb, and then made her regain intelligence by sucking cock despite her being a lesbian. It was cruel, it was cunning, even a little hot.

And it made me so fucking mad.

“What the fuck? Don't tell me they actually do something?!”

Claire whimpered and looked away. Guilty as charged. “Claire, what did you do?”

“I-i'm sorry Mistress, I didn't mean to hurt anyone... I just, Mills is my bestie and I need to do exactly what she says. She's great but I.. didn't like the way she talked about Goddess. So, I wrote that one to cheer her up!”

Claire's guilt was somewhat comforting in a way, though the note she pointed at next was the same one I had very *very* carefully peeled off of Alice's beautiful tits. “You mean, *you* gave Alice's breasts their divine quality? That's absurd, there's no way.” I huffed in denial, despite really having no other choice but to believe the inferior woman's claims. Otherwise, we'd be back to square one.

If anything, this was a good thing. Millie wouldn't be able to resist Alice's tits; though even that was a gamble, since I still couldn't put together how she got one over on us to begin with.

“Why aren't they affecting me? Do they only work once or something?” I asked, worried I'd been unknowingly putting myself in danger of ending up just like Alice by reading these. Claire stayed silent but her face said everything. “Good.”

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We moved Alice to the living room and restrained her to prevent my fiancée from nearly killing herself again, but I left her right hand just enough mobility to allow her to continue to finger herself. Claire watched in awe as I confidently filled a few very large bottles with her milk until she was dry. Just to keep her from leaking everywhere. I'd been helping her with this since she started lactating even though Claire mentioned not remembering her doing that yesterday.

Concerning, considering that I *did*. Things weren't adding up. My layers of memories were also getting 'messy'. The details seemed so scattered, with some of them painfully inaccessible for some reason.

Given the weird glitching from before, I had to assume that reality itself was possibly ripping apart, similar to the plot of last years anime of the year 'My Tits Squished God and I Don't Know What to Do'.

That said I didn't actually know what to-

CRASH

“Oh shit, Claire! Millie is no longer your best friend, understand? You can't do what she says anymore, that's an order.” I blurted out to prevent what happened earlier today from happening again.

Claire started shaking in clear distress, but I was unusually persuasive. She nodded eventually, even though it seemed like the woman was almost sad about losing her ‘best friend’.

“Yes Mistress.. I understand.” She whispered. I wasn't entirely satisfied but I just had to hope it would be enough to prevent Millie from using her against us again.

“Come on, we better go deal with this and fix Alice.” I huffed, heading back upstairs towards where the sound had come from.

The unknown parked car outside wasn't Millie's, still I couldn't be too cautious. The flat floozy wouldn't get the better of me again.

Once we were upstairs I was at a loss on where to look first. There could be more sticky note traps anywhere and I was lucky enough not to bump into any when searching for Alice when I arrived.

No, I did see one. It said something about my love of showing off my body, nothing alarming, because I did. If it wasn't for everything we'd done in the last few days it would have been hard to believe a little piece of paper had actually given me that trait.. And what happened with Daniel too!? I had to be his dream girl.. However, I didn't think I'd changed at all, I was able to convince him I was without incident.

I think. If I did change, would I even be able to tell? These notes didn't seem to cause new memory splits, if anything they only wrote overtop of the current timeline. Meaning anything and everything that didn't line up with my multiple pasts could be a result of these damned sticky notes.

My thoughts were interrupted by the sound of rustling above me. The attic.

I quietly instructed Claire to restrain Millie when we got up there and had her go first.

Moving up into the attic was a little bit of a squeeze given how narrow the stairwell to the top floor was. Alice had gotten stuck a few times when we first moved in, so we typically never went up there. Our weekly maid service kept it clean for us though, so at least there wouldn't be any dust or cobwebs.

Claire seemed to be set on her mission, hopefully her IDC.. Whatever secret agent skills would make the flatty useful in capturing the intruder.

When I finally reached the large open room, I could barely see anything. Turning on the lights would be a gamble, especially if there were any sticky notes in here too.

I heard thumping footsteps heading away from me before they stopped abruptly. I wasn't able to make out Claire very well in the darkness, but the white glow outlining her body was unmistakable.

A second later I had been frozen too.

We were screwed.

At least, I thought we were, until a vaguely familiar voice called out from the darkness. A man's voice. "Who are you and what are you doing here?"

Claire started to speak, but respectfully paused when I cut her off. "I'm Alice's fiancée, and... This is our Maid, and this is my house. Who the hell are you?"

"Ryan.." He answered back softly.

"Ryan." I said out loud to jog my memory. "Nope, no idea who you are."

"You too... Shit." The stranger muttered from the shadows.

"Wait." Something about his voice jogged one of my previous alternate memories, it was extremely faint. From before Alice became a lesbian. "Weren't you Alice's old lab assistant?"

"You know who I am? You remember me?!" The man's voice cried out with an almost unnerving excitement.

"Barely." I replied curtly.

Claire vanished into the shadows when the outline of energy faded. I realized I could move again too. Quickly resuming my search for the light switch and flicking it on without thinking.

Much to my relief, there weren't any sticky notes in sight. At least, not any that were readable. A staggeringly large pile of crumpled up colored paper sat in the corner of the room, and standing next to it was a red headed boy who seemed a bit younger than me, maybe a freshman or sophomore.

Floating next to him was the cube, although the device looked like it came straight out of an anime with the way parts of it moved and shifted around itself.

"Sorry about that. Alice called me here b-but I think, Millie? Made her super dumb and she suc-" Ryan's face reddened as he choked on air for a second. "She told me to look for the cube because she wasn't smart enough to do it herself or something like that. Oh! Also, something about her reflection but I kind of uh, forgot the rest."

Shit, he was an idiot too, but at least he wasn't totally useless. Actually.. "How did you know the cube was up here? And what is all that?" I asked, gesturing towards the mound of- Are those sticky notes beside him? "Where did those come from?"

“Well, you see.” Ryan cleared his throat, “The room was covered in all of... These, and you really *don't* want to know what was written on them.” His expression as he glanced over at the papers said more than enough. “Millie is actually insane.”

“That's putting it lightly,” I grumbled under my breath.

“Uh, Mistress..” Claire said as she walked over to the attic window. “There's a car parked outside.”

My blood froze. We didn't have enough time to prepare and Alice was downstairs rubbing her brains out- or she would if she had any left.

“Ryan, try to fix Alice ASAP but stay up here. We can't let Millie know we have the cube. Claire, let's go.” I commanded, already trying to squeeze myself back down the stairs.

Ryan nodded slowly, but I could tell something was off as the cube shook somewhat. It wasn't in perfect condition, but we could only hope it worked well enough to fix everything one more time.

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By the time we got to the first floor Alice had freed herself from her bonds and.. Was talking to..

“Mom?! So-Hae?!”

My mother and my sister bowing politely to Alice's superior tits, with the luggage sitting off to the side.

Alice looked back at me with a bright smile and an undeniable longing and everything else melted away. Slowly I stepped forward, only to start running right into her embrace. Our massive boobs and drastic height difference made it a little awkward but I hadn't felt this happy in what seemed like lifetimes.

“Mei Lin, I'm sorry about... What happened.. I'm sorry about everything.” Alice apologized.

“You don't have nothing to apologize for. I'm just glad you're..”

“Yeah... Me too. That was hot? Kinda? But no, way too scary for me.” She shivered and I held her tighter.

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It was a bit of a struggle as usual but we were able to get Alice dressed, after which I immediately sprung into hospitality mode. Trying my best to appease my Mother as I brewed her some tea and started cooking 불고기 for dinner.

“This is your maid? She's too skinny, feed her more, and her breast are way too small. Worthless for anything.” My Mother complained as she inspected Claire.

So-Hae, Alice, and I all sighed in unison as she went on and on. We were all pretty used to how she could be, and honestly, for the first time in a while.. Everything felt.. Normal.

Claire on the other hand seemed to be rather enjoying her beratement; the former agent had been in bliss ever since I'd made her submissive along with the rest of the world.

“So-Hae, grab some salt from the spice cabinet.” I said pointing over to the cabinet in question while keeping my focus on the food in front of me.

“Yes, of course.” She responded politely, glancing back at Mom cautiously. My sister was older than me, but my boobs were much bigger than hers. I knew she hated it, losing her seniority status over me as my chest far surpassed hers by the time Alice and I graduated highschool.

Mother had always upheld strict adherence to the hierarchy, even within our own family and it made sense, particularly given her status as number one in the South Korean natural bracket since '98.

“So-Hae. The salt.” I repeated while taking the pan off the stove before turning it off. After a few more seconds without a response, I looked back to make sure Mom didn't notice, as I didn't want her to get in trouble either. Luckily the older woman's attention was held deep in a Korean conversation with Alice about how to properly exert their natural authority. Claire for her part acted as the perfect tool for a demonstration.

When finally turning to my sister, I found her standing motionless, fixated on something in the spice cabinet. At some point her breathing began slowly growing heavier until she snapped out of the momentary stupor.

“Oh yeah, sorry..” So-Hae mumbled, sluggishly handing me the salt shaker. There was a sticky note on it.. *You now have a deep humiliating sexual desire to smell and taste other's skin/bodily fluids*, god damn it! We didn't have any time to clear the house yet; in fact, we should have been preparing for Millie.

But it was too late now.

We all went silent as the door unlocked.

Alice jumped up, only managing to lift her shirt halfway before we were all stuck. Frozen in place, outlined in white.

I had forgotten that the cube could hold two users simultaneously... If only I had connected myself to it in the attic with Ryan, it should have kicked Millie out of the active roster.

Between Alice's overwhelmingly powerful tits, Claire's hopefully nullified allegiance, and my persuasiveness, we possibly have a chance.. If all else failed, Ryan was our last resort.

Shit.