



## 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...*

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