



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...

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