

Hunger of the Dead Part 3

“How could we...*hiccup!*...not find any good leads...?” Jewel asked her journalist companion upon reaching their hotel after a night of Friday drinking.

Martha leaned on her friend for support as her own mind was awash in alcohol and spirits. “I don’t know... You would think sources would be...easy to find!” Martha waved a hand through the air as if to encompass the city as a whole. “Students and teachers blowing up like balloons full of milk all over this town! And no one can give us a video that isn’t dairy-logged.”

Blowing a raspberry in laughter, Jewel loudly added, “Or a story not involving ghosts!”

“Can you ima--*hic!!*--gine?? I guess we know Casper isn’t lactose intolerant at least!”

The two women roared with laughter in their drunkenness.

Questionable news about various female students swelling to ridiculous proportions had spread across the country by way of low-quality social media posts and tabloid articles. One teacher had even recently been fired for exposing herself to an entire class after such an event and causing thousands of dollars worth of water damage to a school.

Despite Jewel’s and Martha’s best efforts, however, the stories were hard to verify. Solid evidence was lacking in every way aside from crazed ramblings of those apparently affected.

“I found one group of girls claiming it happened after a playful session with an ouija board!” Jewel smacked her thigh under a pencil skirt and hollered.

“I spoke to some kid who said his phone was what caused the teacher to expand. Can you believe that? Could make a fortune off of that app!”

The hotel loomed over them and a doorman held the front door with a complacent look as the boisterous women stumbled inside. Inside was a lobby devoid of activity at the late hour. Their heels clicked loudly on the tile while making their way to the elevators.

“Going up?” Jewel asked as professionally as she could.

Martha tipped an invisible hat. “Indeed. Fifth floor, please.”

The elevator doors closed and sealed the women off from the outside world. When it jolted into the air the motion threw the two girls off balance and made them grip the side rails on wobbly legs.

“We really should have known a story like this would be garbage...” Martha moaned. “Girl’s tits and asses blowing up to fill a room? *Come on!*”

Jewel giggled. “You would think they could come up with a better explanation than ghosts, too.” She searched for her balance as the elevator continued its climb longer than expected. “You should have seen the rack on one of the students I spoke to, though.” Holding her hands in front of her, she pretended to heft two large melons. “*Massive.*”

A sigh escaped Martha as she remembered her own adolescent development. “I swear girls these days just get so big... Must be all the hormones in the milk, right? Or all the birth control? Guys were ecstatic to see a pair of C-cups back when we were in school! Now they expect ‘em to be the size of your head at least.”

Jewel nodded but changed the subject. “Does it feel like this elevator is going farther than it should? We’re only staying on the fifth floor...”

“It...*hic! hiccup!*...kinda does, yea...” Martha stared at the small LED screen. “What the hell floor is ‘EX’?” The readout changed and she squinted to double check. “‘PA’?” Again it changed. “‘ND’? The hell? *Expand?*”

At her side, Jewel was leaning against the wall. Her cheeks were flushed with color and she grew more flustered with each heavy breath. The shifting pairs of letters going across the screen seemed to make her heart race and her chest tighten with each flash.

EX

PA

ND

“N-Nnngh... U-Uuuhh, Martha?” Jewel moaned. A strange, unknown sensation was rushing over her body. Heat poured off her and sweat formed on her brow and between her cleavage. For some reason she couldn’t take her eyes off her D-cup breasts rising and falling with each breath.

“Look it’s still doing it!” Martha pointed, “It just keeps spelling out ‘expand’! You think it’s broken? The elevator isn’t stopping...”

More cleavage than Jewel was used to was on display from her blouse. Her bra was constricting her like a snake and her panties were slowly creeping their way between her rear. Martha took no notice when Jewel firmly gripped the railing and leaned against the elevator, staring with wide eyes at a heaving pair of tits none-her-own.

PING!!

A button burst free of her blouse and ticked against the doors. “You just lose a button?” Martha asked curiously. When no response came, she looked at her friend. “Jewel, I said did you just lose a--”

Her friend was too preoccupied with a pair of volleyball mammaries fighting for room inside her shirt. Jewel’s chest heaved up and down with trepidation as her shirt tightened and cleavage bubbled towards her face. “M-My boobs!” she gasped, quickly sobering up. “Martha, t-they’re blowing up!!”

Martha was too stunned to respond immediately. Mouth agape in shock and awe, movement along Jewel’s skirt made her finger point shakily. “Jewel... I-I think your--”

SHRIIP!!

A tear split up the side of Jewel’s pencil skirt when her ass bloated to her sides. It pressed against the wall and pushed her away like a bumper, jiggling skin squeaking against the wood as the skirt fell away to reveal a pink thong swallowed between her thighs.

“It’s...I-It’s happening to me!!” Jewel cried out while running her hands over her body worriedly. “I-I’m blowing up!!”

EX

PA

ND

The elevator climbed higher and each passing floor engorged Jewel to a new, jiggling size. Tits like beach balls threatened to burst free at the slightest breath and a pair of butt cheeks just as wide wobbled behind her. Martha backed up as the remaining buttons began quivering.

“Martha! M-My top...*nnnghmmmm!* My top...i-it’s gonna...g-gonna...!!”

PING!!

PING PING PING!!!

POP!!

Jewel’s arms flung to the wall behind her for support when her blouse and bra split open. Firm, tightening flesh toppled free and smacked against her bare stomach with tits reached past her hips. Flared nipples pulsed and throbbed on their tops like angry fists reached for Martha.

“Shit, Jewel!” Space was becoming limited in the small area. It was already becoming a challenge for Jewel’s butt to not press against either of the walls to her left or right.

“Ooooooh I’m blowing up... I’m blowing up! Just like those girls!! L-Like that teacher!” Jewel’s eyes bulged wide with fear. “Y-You don’t think I’m...I-I’m going to fill with *milk* too, do you?!”

EX

PA

ND

EX

PA

ND

Jewel’s bust gurgled loudly and lurched forward, pinning Martha against the elevator doors like two fleshy airbags. “I-I don’t know!” she yelled, “But you better stop growing soon before you crush me!”

With no space to grow forwards, Jewel’s bust grew towards the floor and ceiling as her ass did the same. Flesh pushed against their stomachs and thighs, Jewel starting to panic when her legs were forced off the ground and she found herself sitting atop her own double-yoga-ball ass.

“*S-So big... So big...*” Jewel moaned, arms splayed across the rising top of her cleavage. It spread before her like a dark chasm, threatening to swallow Martha into its heated depths.

As tightening skin rubbed against Martha’s face, she held her breath after yelling, “Jewel stop!! There’s *no more room in heerrreee!*”

DING!

The elevator doors opened and Martha toppled backward into an empty hallway. Before her sat a heaving wall of cleavage only a few feet from the top of the elevator.

“I-Is it over?” Jewel groaned. “God, I feel like a--”

FI

LL

A loud gurgle vibrated the elevator when the floor readout changed. Tightness spread over Jewel's bosom like an inflating balloon and her skin assumed a pressurized appearance.

"N-N-No no no no! Oooooohhhhh, Martha I-I can feel...*nnngh!!*...m-milk moving inside of my boobs!!"

FI

LL

Dairy gushed into the journalist as if she were sucking on a fire hydrant. Martha's eyes widened and she shrank on the floor as a wall of tightly-packed, squeaking cleavage rose high above her. The elevator doors creaked and bowed outwards from the pressure. Jewel's skin groaned and sloshed with its contents like a tanker truck. Nipples the size of her own head pointed into the hall and shot milk into the air.

"I-I can't take any more! I can't take anymore!!" Jewel pleaded, "Martha, I...*nnngh o-ooooohh, God...all this milk...pushing i-inside of my chest!! I-I feel like I'm going to BURST!!!*"

FI

LL

Jewel's boobs creaked and groaned as they completely filled the elevator. "*AhhhhHHH I CAN'T HOLD ALL OF THIS MIIIII--*"

SPLOOOOSH!!!!

A tsunami of creamy dairy flooded the hallway from the elevator in the blink of an eye. Martha was carried down the hall in the torrent, coughing as she swallowed large amounts of the sweet fluid produced within lactating journalist.

When the flood receded to a few inches of rippling milk, a tired cry came from the elevator.

"M-Martha..."

Martha stumbled to the doors and found her friend alive and well, although exhausted and lying on the floor in tattered clothes. A pair of gargantuan tits pinned her to the floor, each as big around as a truck tire.

"Now...*mmmm*...I-I know how an overused balloon feels..." Jewel moaned, pressing her palms into her bloated chest.

Martha was about to step forward and help but stopped in her tracks and gripped the bent elevator door for support. Her stomach gurgled with Jewel's thick milk and a pulse-quickenning tightness spread over her curves. Movement shifted the soaked clothed clinging to her body as rounded shapes lifted them into the air.

"U-Uh oh," Martha squeaked.