

**THE
L⊕S⊕ GIRLS
M⊕+HERS ⊕F +HE
A⊕CALYPSE**

by Carter Cheviot

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Set in Times and Exocet.

With apologies to Jeffery Boam.

PART I
THE MOTHERS OF
THE APOCALYPSE

Officer Drombowski hated Saturday nights. It wasn't working the weekend that bothered him.. It wasn't the beat either. Drawing Saturday night duty almost certainly meant Inner Harbor duty, and the Baltimore's Inner Harbor was the most beautiful part of the city. A huge circle of museums, stores, restaurants and public gathering places lined the harbor, and at night they were all lit like Christmas trees, even with the occasional fireworks show presented for no reason other than for its sheer beauty. No, the problem with Saturday nights was The Mandate.

The city wanted to attract tourists to the Inner Harbor and to Baltimore as a whole. The problem was that the kids in town, and some of the adults for that matter, simply didn't like the tourists. Never an administration to let community relations get in the way of a tax revenue, the mayor decreed that any kids from town, not just the ones causing trouble, but any congregating in groups of three or more, were to be sent packing.

No, it wasn't strictly legal, besides chasing away teenagers who were just hanging out and enjoying the harbor wasn't something Steve liked to do, but he was being paid to do a job. Besides, there were worse things to be doing on a Saturday night, and Officer Drombowski knew why the city wanted it done. Some of the teens that hung out here, they were just bad news, loud, rude, just looking at them gave people a bad feeling about the whole city.

He heard the group girls long before he saw them, laughing and yelling loudly as they leaned against the railing at Phil's Seafood, only a few feet from the diners on the terrace. "Shit," Steve said under his breath. Unfortunately he'd seen these five girls before. Five teenage girls, very rude, very loud, very scantily clad and also very pregnant. Officer Drombowski scowled as he approached.

These five girls are the perfect example of everything that's wrong with this town, Steve thought. *It's like they've stepped right out of a bad sitcom or a 'Stay the hell outta Baltimore' commercial.*

The five girls were not just pregnant but hugely so, and they carried themselves as if they desired to attract attention. If that was their goal they certainly were succeeding. The girls were either barefoot or wearing flip-flops, their clothing so small that rather than providing cover, only served to accentuate their bellies and made them seem even more prominent. This had the side effect of pointing out how frail and tiny the rest of their bodies were in comparison. Short shorts, tiny little things like his daughter wore for gym class, and belly shirts that stopped just below their oversized breasts, perfectly framing the pale skin of their outsized bellies. Clothes even grown women shouldn't be wearing in this condition, much less teenage girls. Then there was their attitude.

"What the fuck are you looking at?" the oldest girl shouted to a young couple walking by. "Never seen anyone knocked up before?!" she continued and placed her hands on her hips and waggled her belly side to side.

"That's about enough from you," Officer Drombowski said as he walked up to the girls. "Lets step over here, away from the terrace."

The oldest girl leaned back on the terrace railing, thrusting her belly forward. "Oooh, you must be new, huh?"

"Come on, let's move," he repeated, putting one hand on the shoulder of the youngest of the five girls. "None of us wants you to have to go down to the police station." The young girl turned and scowled at Steve, and despite himself he pulled his hand away and stepped back, surprised that the girl could have that effect on him with just a look.

"Come on," the oldest girl said, motioning to the other girls. "We know when we're not wanted. It's okay, we have plenty of time to get to know Officer?"

"Drombowski," said Steve, wanting to end the conversation. "Come on, enough stalling. I don't want to run you in..."

The lead girl casually brushed past the policeman, forcing him to step aside to try to make room for her swollen belly to pass. The other girls began to follow, waddling away across Harborplace towards the visitor center. "See yah soon... *daddy*," the oldest girl said, turning and blowing Officer Drombowski a kiss before waddling off into the night.

Despite the warm breeze blowing in from the water, Steve felt an ominous shiver pass down his spine as he watched the girls leave.

CHAPTER I

"I know it's been hard on both of you. The divorce. The move... but I know you're going to love living in Baltimore," June said as she drove down Interstate 95. The two teenagers riding with her in the car looked unconvinced, and for her part June wasn't sure she believed it herself. But with job prospects in Philadelphia getting worse and worse since the divorce, she had few choices. She had to provide for her girls, and how could she turn down a free place to live, even if it was on the bad side of Baltimore?

June looked into the rearview mirror at her oldest daughter Lisa, who was slumped in the backseat, half asleep. At seventeen Lisa took after her mother. Average height, average build. Mousy shoulder length hair. Almost totally generic including her late teenage rebellious streak. That same type of streak had led June to run off to Philadelphia when she was fifteen and pregnant with Lisa... she hoped she could find a way to reach her daughter before it was too late.

Wherever her younger daughter got her looks, it wasn't from her mother's side of the family. Michelle was a fifteen-year-old, five-foot-tall red-headed bundle of pep. Although not voluptuous by any standard, she was certainly curvy, and between that and her curly red hair she didn't exactly have a problem attracting the attention of boys.

But where Lisa craved attention Michelle was content to be on her own, surprising considering her outgoing personality.

"How about some music?" Lisa yawned from the back seat.

June spun the knob, eventually settling on a station playing 80s tunes.

"Keep going," said Lisa.

"Come on, it's the eighties! Hair bands, leg warmers, the Bangles." June said smiling. "Its like one big..."

"Keep going!" Lisa and Michelle called out together, smiling to each other.

Soon they passed a large "Welcome to Baltimore" billboard. The picture showed a huge open park surrounding open water. There were brightly-lit buildings and shops and a tall ship which completed the scene, its bright colors looking beautiful against the clear blue sky in the photo.

"They have all that stuff right on the water?" Michelle asked.

"It's called the Inner Harbor. It's like a huge mall, but outside. Museums, shops, restaurants, an aquarium, the..."

Lisa interrupted, "Is it really the teen pregnancy capitol of the world?"

Sure enough, spray painted across one corner of the billboard in huge messy black letters were the words "Teen Preggo Capital of the World". "I think that's someone's idea of a joke. I wouldn't worry about it." June looked around for a moment and changed the subject. "I'm going to pull into a gas station. If anyone needs a bathroom we're gonna be a few minutes. I have to put more oil into the car."

"How far away are we from the new place?" Lisa asked as they pulled up to the pumps.

"About ten or fifteen minutes," June mused, "It depends on traffic."

"I'll skip the sticky gas station bathroom then," Lisa replied, scrunching up her lip.

"Speak for yourself," Michelle said, hopping out of the car and running across the parking lot.

The attendant pumped their gas and gave June their change. "Come on Michelle, hurry up," June called out toward the side of the station. Soon Michelle came running from around the side of the building, passing two teenage runaways foraging at the dumpster.

"I'm coming!" Michelle shouted.

June waved Michelle over to the driver's side of the car and handed her the five-ish dollars in change. "Take this over to those girls," she said, indicating the tattered looking runaways. "Tell them to get something to eat."

"I thought we were poor," Michelle said.

"Not that poor," she replied, looking sadly at the girls. "They could have been me not too long ago."

June watched in the rear-view mirror as Michelle crossed the parking lot and spoke to the two girls. "So," she said, "are you still mad at me?"

It took Lisa a moment to realize her mom was talking to her. "About what?" Lisa asked.

"About everything," June replied. June could almost hear Lisa's scowl as she watched Michelle turn and walk back to the car.

"Let's just get to the new place and get unpacked," Lisa said.

Michelle hopped back into the car. "The girls said thanks."

June half smiled. "Those girls could have been me twenty years ago."

"You mean when you hitchhiked to Philadelphia, slept in Love Park and begged for change in the morning?" Michelle replied wistfully, as if repeating a favorite memory.

"So I told that one before," June laughed.

"So many times I'm starting to think it happened to me," Michelle smiled. "Anyway, unless you were a runaway stripper these girls are nothing like you. Either they're the luckiest girls in the world or they had the biggest boob jobs I've ever seen."

"Or unluckiest," Lisa said, looking out the window at the girls.

June glanced over at the two runaways as they turned around to pull out of the gas station. "God, I don't think they make implants that big." June paused for a moment. "I don't like the look of this."

"Thanks lady!" one of the two girls yelled and waved as they drove away, her obviously braless breasts bouncing heavily under her baggy top.

"Just use some of it to call home, please." June replied sadly before pulling into traffic.

From there it only took them about ten minutes to get to a very weathered duplex between several hundred almost identical houses. It wasn't a pretty sight. The white paint June remembered from her childhood was peeling and trash littered the front steps and sidewalk, not only in front of this house but up and down the entire street. Only two doors down the whole front of the neighbor's house was covered with

a huge multicolored graffiti tag, a few doors down from that a burned out house was boarded up.

"Wow," June said, stepping out of the car and leaning against the side, staring at the house. "It still looks the same, even almost twenty years later." Almost before she finished speaking, a very pregnant teenager, even younger than Michelle, waddled slowly past the house.

"So it was a rat trap back then too?" Lisa said. She seemed not to notice her mom's shocked face. "Keys?" she asked.

June unlocked the front door before turning back to the car. "After we unload the car maybe you two will want to go down to the Inner Harbor. Maybe make some friends..."

"Uh, Mom," Michelle said, her head turning to watch the pregnant girl waddling slowly down the street. "I thought you said they were kidding about that teen pregnancy capitol thing."

"They are," June said. "It's just a coinci..." June's voice trailed off as the front door of the house to the left opened and another pregnant teenager stepped out and worked her way slowly down the front steps. "Never mind," she said, exasperated. "Just grab a bag and come in. The sooner we're unloaded the sooner you can go down to the Harbor."

CHAPTER 2

The Inner harbor was crowded but given that it was a Saturday night that really wasn't surprising. Lisa cut quickly through the crowd, Michelle struggling to keep up as they passed through the hundreds of tourists standing around, waiting for the fireworks to begin. The noise was almost deafening between the thousands of conversations, the music, the street vendors and the harbor patrol.

Michelle called out to Lisa.

"What?" Lisa screamed to Michelle.

"I said, Where are we going?" Michelle yelled in reply.

"Nowhere," Lisa shouted back.

"Then what's your hurry? Where are we going in such a rush?" Michelle shouted, stopping in her tracks.

Lisa sighed and turned back to Michelle. "Don't you have something better to do than follow me around all night?" she asked and placed her hands on her hips.

Michelle's shoulders slumped as she looked around like a lost puppy before spotting a vintage clothing store. "You know what... as a matter of fact I do."

Unlike many of the chain stores on Harborplace, the vintage clothing store appeared to be one of a kind. The place had the slight stuffiness that only comes from the mixed smell of cedar, mothballs and state air. Rack after rack of prom and bridesmaid dresses, coats, vintage jeans and logo t-shirts filled the store, while racks of baseball caps hung from the ceiling. Michelle breathed deeply, taking in the ambiance as well as the familiar scent. *Nothing smells quite like old clothes*, she thought.

Stepping through the racks into the aisle leading past the register to the back of the store, Michelle found herself face to face with two grumpy looking identical twin girls, both about her own age. Michelle looked over both girls, trying to find some little thing she could use to tell them apart. But they were identical physically, from their shoulder length black hair, their dark eyes, their slim figures. Suddenly one of them spoke. "Anything I can help you with?" the one to her left asked, making it very clear she expected the answer 'no.'

"Ah, as a matter of fact I need a gift for my mom," Michelle replied. "I was thinking something out of the eighties. Legwarmers, or one of those sweatshirts that only comes up over one shoulder."

"We're sold out," replied the twin on the right, seamlessly picking up the conversation. "Should have some more in next week or the week after."

"Too bad you'll be long gone by then. Have a nice day," the left twin finished, not even trying to be convincing as she shooed Michelle toward the door.

Michelle found herself momentarily confused, not sure which twin she should talk to. "Two weeks?" she asked, trying to address both of them at the same time. "Fine. I just moved to town and this looks like the only part of town that passes as interesting so I guess I'll be back."

The twins looked at each other simultaneously. "If you're gonna live around here you better read this," one of them said and reached behind the counter, handing a pamphlet to the other who shoved it into Michelle's hand.

"Pregnant Teens equal Bad News", Michelle read aloud. She hastily handed the pamphlet back, "Scare PSAs never really did much for me. Besides, I don't think I'm going to be getting pregnant anytime soon."

"You'd be surprised," left twin said, refusing to take back the piece of paper.

"Read it and live by it," the other said.

"It could save your soul," they said in unison, reminding Michelle of the ghostly twin girls in *The Shining*.

"Yeah, right," Michelle replied as she backed out of the shop.

Meanwhile Lisa made her way down the Promenade and over the stairs that had been erected to allow traffic to bypass the bandstand where a mind numbingly loud rock group played. It was like a melting pot here, a place where every kind of person she'd ever imagined congregated at once – metal heads, punks, Goths, hell, up ahead she spotted a few pregnant teens. *Pregnant teens*, she thought. Unlike the other pregnant girls she'd seen earlier, these girls seemed to dressing to show off their bodies, wearing tiny tube tops or belly shirts and short shorts or itty bitty skirts that showed off their size and shape instead of hiding it. And their size and shape was impressive. Each girl was larger than any pregnant girl Lisa had ever seen, their full, taut bellies and huge breasts attracting anyone's eyes as if by magnetism. Somehow they seemed to waddle through the crowd faster than Lisa could keep up. Still, she couldn't help trying to watch them as they waddled along, and she did her best to keep them in view. Their self-assurance and obvious lack of concern for how others saw them, despite their size, was captivating and empowering, not to mention that watching the movements of their enormous bellies was almost hypnotic. Finally she lost track of them in the crowd and stopped dead, not remembering why she'd decided to follow them in the first place.

Lisa felt a tap on her shoulder. "Are you following me?" a girl said as Lisa turned to face her. It was one of the pregnant girls she'd just lost track of. Close up the girl's appearance was even more startling than from a distance. She was about the same height and age as Lisa, but there the resemblance ended. The girl was massively pregnant, her belly so full and tight that her skin shined in the moonlight, so large that even though they stood two feet apart her belly filled most of the space between them. Her belly button stuck out like a huge nipple, her overstuffed top barely covered her large, swollen breasts, much less her belly.

Lisa barely managed to reply, "Uh..."

"Did you want to talk to me?" the girl asked.

"Yeah, sure," Lisa said meekly.

The girl smiled playfully as she reached up and began stroking her overstuffed belly. "Okay, so talk."

Before Lisa could reply, she saw her sister pushing her way through the crowd, Lisa turned to watch her approach. "Mom's here. Lets go," Michelle said.

"In a minute," Lisa said and turned back to the pregnant girl, but she was already turning away.

"Nice talking to you," the pregnant girl laughed as she waved and waddled away.

It only took a few minutes to get back to the car and the girls spent it as they spent most of their time together. Arguing. As Michelle climbed into the car, Lisa

walked around to the driver side window. "Why do we have to leave so early?" she asked.

"Come down on your own tomorrow, you can stay as long as you want. Well, till eleven thirty anyway." June replied.

"Cool, I'll hitch," Lisa replied.

"Oh no you won't," June said, concerned, "That's too dangerous."

"You hitched all the way to Philadelphia, remember?" Michelle chimed in.

"That was a different time, its not like now," June replied.

"Yeah, the dark ages," Michelle laughed.

But as she turned to Michelle, Lisa started to walk away. "Just five more minutes. I'll be right back. Okay?" she called out over her shoulder.

June sighed and nodded, and Lisa ran back into the crowd. It only took her a few minutes to fight her way back to where she and the pregnant girl had been talking, but the girl and her friends were nowhere to be found.

CHAPTER 3

After a day working around the house, mainly spent throwing out abandoned trash and broken, abandoned furniture the girls and their mother had dinner together in the still dusty and desolate looking dining room.

"Okay, can I go back to the Inner Harbor after dinner?" Lisa asked as they ate.

"Hmmm, I don't know," June mused, "Did Lisa help you unpack the bedrooms?" June asked Michelle.

Michelle looked around and smiled evilly at Lisa. "Can I come along to the Harbor?"

"No," Lisa replied. "I'm going. Alone."

Michelle turned to her mom and smiled, "Nope. Lisa didn't unpack anything at all, I had to do it **all** myself."

"Well then," June said and turned to Lisa, "I guess Michelle's gonna have her hands full unpacking tonight. Have fun at Harborplace," she smiled to Lisa.

"But Mom!" Michelle said, following her sister out into the entry hall as Lisa grabbed the car keys and headed out the front door.

"Listen," June said as she sat down on the sofa, patting the seat next to her until Michelle came into the living room and sat down, "I've had to take two jobs to cover us for now. Hopefully I can get a better job soon and quit both the crappy jobs I have now. But for now I'm not going to be home as much as I want to be. So Lisa is going to be in charge. Since she's going to be stuck home every night the least we can do is let her have a night on the town. Okay?"

"Yeah, I guess," Michelle replied sadly. "I just wonder what she's doing down there. Didn't she seem kinda anxious to go back last night?"

June rolled her eyes, "I don't think we need to worry about her at the Inner Harbor. That's about the safest place you can be in town."

Ten minutes later Lisa walked across Harborplace, the wide expanse of concrete bordering the water practically empty compared to Saturday night. She looked around as she passed the street vendors who, at nine PM, were already closing down. Lisa sighed, *It is Sunday night after all*. She passed the spot where she had seen the pregnant girls the night before, near the bandstand, and looked around before she continued on past the Science Center and down the Shore Promenade. Finally an hour and a half after she arrived, Lisa was ready to give up. She went to one of the last street vendors still on the street and bought a Coke.

"Next time don't buy a soda out here, it's a rip-off," a voice said from behind her.

Lisa spun around, surprised, and found herself face to face with the same very pregnant girl from the night before. She took a moment to look the girl over, now more stunned than the night before at her immense size. "*There were pregnant girls up in Philly, but not like this... I mean God-damn!*" she thought.

"Uh, Hi," Lisa said, obviously confused as she looked around the wide, empty Promenade. "So, where did you come..."

"If you want a soda I have some stashed nearby. They're priced for tourists out here," the pregnant girl said.

She waddled off, looking back over her shoulder until Lisa realized what was going on and caught up.

"What's your name?" Lisa asked.

"Raichel," the pregnant girl said and stretched, pressing both hands into the small of her back, making her belly push out further forward and look even larger, if that was even possible.

"So are you a R A C H E L or..." Lisa said, trailing off.

"I'm a R A I C H E L." she said, spelling it out.

"Yeah, my mom got clever with my name too." Lisa said smiling, "I'm Isabella Lisa... but Raichel... Raichel is great. I like Raichel."

"Me too," Raichel replied.

"People call me Lisa," she smiled.

"Lisa's great, I like Lisa." Raichel said, licking her lips.

Lisa smiled, slightly confused by Raichel's odd playfulness. They walked along side by side for a few minutes, Lisa unsure of why she was so taken with Raichel.

"So, you want to get something to eat?" Raichel asked.

"Sure, but where's open this late?" Lisa replied.

"Let me worry about that," Raichel said as she took Lisa's hand in her own and headed back down the Promenade in the direction they came from. After a few minutes, they came to the side entrance of one of the blocks of stores. "So, are you new around here?" Raichel asked as they walked up to the grey fire door.

"I guess. I used to come down here every summer as a kid. Now I'm here permanently," Lisa said, trying to sound happy about the idea.

"Yeah, I'm here permanently too." Raichel laughed as she reached into her cleavage and pulled a credit card from between her breasts and with a flourish slid it into the doorjamb between the doorknob and frame. "Ta da!"

Inside there was only a faint light shining up from below, barely illuminating the ten-foot wide ramp that circled the edge of the sixty foot wide round room. The ramp gracefully made its way around the huge open center of the building, leading down several stories into the ground.

"This was going to be a new art museum until the money ran out. So they just put some shops over what they had finished so far and called it a day. Now this place belongs to us."

"Us?" Lisa asked, her eyes adjusting to the low light as they walked.

"Raichel, who's your friend?" a voice called out from behind them. Lisa turned suddenly, surprised.

The oldest of the pregnant girls she'd seen last night stood in the darkness, barely visible in the dim light.

"This is Lisa. She's new in town." Raichel said.

"And you brought her here," the older pregnant girl said, staring at Raichel, her face blank.

"She looked like she needed a friend and something to eat." After a pause she said, "Lisa, this is Allison."

Allison nodded to Lisa and pointed past Lisa and Raichel. "And that's Tina, Rhonda and Miranda."

Lisa turned around, surprised to find three more very pregnant girls right behind them.

"Come on Lisa," Allison said, walking up and putting her arm around Lisa's shoulder. "Let's get something for you to eat," she said, leading Lisa down the ramp.

At the bottom of the ramp was a wide marble floor with ten out coves, partitioned off with flowery curtains. The only light came from small, battery-powered camping lanterns that barely made a dent in the inky blackness of the museum. Still, there was much more light down here than there was above on the ramps, and Lisa was able to get her first look at the girls. They were all obviously pregnant, so much so that they looked more like some twisted cartoons of pregnant women than like the real thing. They were each easily large enough to be at full term with twins or more, and strangely enough all of them seemed to be just as far along in their pregnancies as each other. Their breasts were swollen hugely, easily larger than the bras commonly available at shopping malls, not that any of the girls were wearing any bras.

There the resemblance ended. The pregnant girls ranged in age from somewhere around fourteen to seventeen. Some blonde, some brunette, but with nothing else in common besides their huge bellies, swollen breasts, scanty clothing and attitude. The outfits and the attitude went hand in hand. Tube tops and short shorts when you're nine months pregnant with twins makes a pretty strong statement. All the girls seemed to be on the bandwagon, each completely comfortable with her appearance.

"Lisa, didn't you say you had to be home by 11:30?" Raichel reminded Lisa.

"I do," Lisa said, "But I don't remember telling you that..."

"Come on," Allison said, giving a cold look to Raichel, "Stick around."

Lisa chimed in, still transfixed by the pregnant girls. "We were gonna grab something to eat."

"Good idea," Allison smiled, first to Raichel then slowly turned to Lisa. "Glad you can stay. Miranda, food," she announced.

One of the girls waddled away from the group and into one of the out coves as Allison gestured for them all to sit down on the huge pile of cushions and pillows that filled the center of the room "It's the only way to fly." Allison smiled.

"You know, I think it's great how comfortable you are with how you're built now. Lots of girls cover up when they're pregnant but you... letting it all hang out, it's inspiring. I could never do that."

"I guess we'll find out," Allison chuckled. Before Lisa had a chance to ask her what she meant Tina laughed from her position on the cushions, "Yeah, it takes awhile to get used to it, but after a few years you're like, what the hell?" Tina smirked for a second. "Wanna feel?" she asked, lightly tapping her belly with both hands.

"No, I couldn't... really," Lisa replied.

"Come on, I don't bite," Tina said, smiling wickedly.

Lisa crawled across the pillows to where Tina half sat, half laid on the cushions. "Are you sure?" she asked.

"Very," Tina said, taking Lisa's hand and placing it on the curve of her belly, just above her huge belly button.

"Wow," Lisa said as she ran her hand back and forth, "That feels amazing."

"Well then," Allison said. "We'll just have to get you one of your own," she chuckled.

As Lisa began to react to the words, Miranda returned with another girl carrying a tray of food and a large ornate red glass bottle.

The girl carrying the tray was filthy, wearing what looked like cast off remnants. She sat the bed tray down amongst the cushions in front of Lisa. She vaguely recognized the girl. Then it struck her... it was the teen runaway from two days ago. Only now what had been very large breasts were now swollen massively beneath her oversize Baja pullover, their hugeness hanging well past her waist. As the girl stood up, her breasts bounced against Lisa's back, making it clear just how huge and heavy they were.

"Uh, what's with..." Lisa began to ask as the sad-looking runaway ran back to the out cove, her breasts bouncing heavily all the way.

"Mmmm," Allison said, looking down at the food and waved her hand across the tray majestically, "All you have to do is ask," she smiled and lit up a joint. "How about an appetizer?" she asked, taking a hit and passing it to Lisa.

Lisa looked at the joint for a moment, then at the other girls. She paused for a moment before she took a deep hit and passed it to Tina.

Loud music poured from speakers built into the walls surrounding the huge central room, but no one seemed to mind the volume as they all reclined among the pillows, totally blissed out a few hours after dinner.

"So, where are you all from?" Lisa asked, her eyes barely open.

"We're from here," Tina replied, giggling.

"No, I mean, like where do you live?"

Tina was still giggling so Rhonda replied. "Right here."

"Your folks let you? That is so great!" Lisa smiled.

"No one knows about this place Lisa. No one knows about us." Allison smiled at Lisa as she watched the idea sink in. "Freedom Lisa. No rules. No parents. We're all free, free to do whatever we want."

"Why don't you have something to drink Lisa?" Allison added, picking up the ornate bottle from the tray.

"You don't have to if you don't want to," Raichel said.

"Its okay, I'm not thirsty. Thanks though." Lisa said, barely glancing over at Raichel.

Allison gave Raichel a nasty look before turning to Lisa and smiling. Her voice seemed to take on a greater depth and odd richness as she spoke. "Lisa, why don't you have something to drink?" Allison said, holding out the bottle to Lisa. Lisa barely hesitated as she took the bottle from Allison and looked at it oddly for a moment before taking a small swig.

"Come on, don't be shy," Allison said staring deeply into Lisa's eyes. "Have as much as you like... all of it..." she continued, the humor leaving her voice. Lisa looked again at the bottle, blinking far more than was normal before she upended the bottle, emptying it down her throat. The pregnant girls all watched silently as she drank, dribbles of slightly yellowed, milky liquid running from the corner of her mouth as she drank.

"Chug, chug, chug, CHUG, CHUG, CHUG!" the girls called out as she drank, cheering as she lowered the empty bottle to the tray.

"Welcome to our world," Allison announced. She called out into the darkness. "Bitches. Get your asses out here... we're hungry!"

Lisa watched, her head spinning as she turned to see four dirty runaway girls coming from the nearest out cove, pulling off their tops as they approached. Lisa's eyes went wide when she saw their huge oval breasts, each larger than a basketball, swinging lazily as they walked, bouncing against each other, their nipples and areola as hugely swollen as their breasts. But before the runaways reached the pregnant girls Lisa passed out, collapsing against the cushions.

CHAPTER 4

The curtains were drawn tightly in the bedroom the next morning when Michelle came in to wake Lisa. She surveyed the situation and quickly decided what needed to be done and pulled the curtains open, bathing the room in light.

Lisa pulled her sheets across her face as sunlight streamed in her now open curtains. "Rise and shine!" Michelle called out.

Lisa threw one of her pillows blindly, standing no chance of hitting Michelle "Come on Michelle, its like one o'clock already."

"Go away," Lisa said, rolling over under the covers.

Michelle's shoulders slumped. "You're supposed to watch me and entertain me and make me appreciate the brief but happy years of my childhood."

"Entertain yourself." Lisa said, barely awake before she felt an odd thirst and forced herself to her feet, stumbling into the bathroom.

"Are you okay in there?" Michelle asked. As if to reply Lisa vomited into the toilet. *Yeah, I think I'm just gonna leave you alone for now....* Michelle thought as she turned and slipped out of Lisa's room.

Lisa held onto the bathroom sink and stared at her reflection in the mirror. *Just what happened last night*, she wondered, looking deeply into her bloodshot, dark circled eyes. She thought back, but aside from brief but very odd images nothing seemed to make any sense. Lisa splashed her face with cold water and grabbed her jeans off the laundry basket.

Five minutes later Lisa was still struggling to button her jeans. She didn't know how, but in the last ten hours or so they seemed to have shrunk a good two inches around the waist. After quite awhile of twisting and pulling she finally managed to get the top button of her jeans buttoned... just in time for that button to go shooting across the room, putting a nick in the bathroom mirror. *Fine*, she thought. *Sweats it is.*

An hour later she was at the Inner Harbor and it didn't take her long to get to the basement museum she'd been at the night before. *At least this much is real... but some of that shit was just too fucked up*, she thought as she turned toward the out cove the impossibly busty girls had come out of. Raichel had made it look so easy to jimmy the lock on the fire door, but it took Lisa about fifteen minutes to succeed where Raichel had only taken seconds.

Even though it was daytime it was impossible to tell the difference down here. There were no windows to let light in once the door closed behind her. She held onto the railing on the ramp until she reached the main floor of the building. Lisa lit one of the Coleman lanterns scattered around the floor and walked over to the curtain. *This is silly*, she thought. *Nothing is going to be back here. It was just some weird twisted dream from the pot. That's all.*

Finally she tried psyching herself up. *It's just a curtain. It's not like there's gonna be anyone behind here.* Finally she pulled the curtain aside and shined her light into the room.

The four massive breasted girls from the night before lay on the floor, their arms and legs twisted together into one mass, as if trying to conserve body heat. They

were filthy, their skin gone from pink to a brownish-gray from the layers of dirt. That is, except for the girls breasts. Each girl's breasts were scrupulously clean. It looked like it was the only part of these girls that had seen soap in months. Now that her eyes were adjusting she could really see just how huge these girls are... Each breast was a bit larger than a basketball, firm and full, their oversize nipples pushed out into angry little cones of flesh.

"Please, help me," one of the girls said weakly... "Please"

Lisa tried to help the poor girl to her feet, but she had no interest in getting up. Instead the girl immediately grabbed one of her breasts, holding it firmly from below, as if to relieve some of their weight. "Please... help me. They didn't empty me enough last night.... please... you can have as much as you want...."

"As much of what? What are you talking about?"

The girl looked puzzled for a moment... "Is this a test?" she asked warily.

"Yeah, sure...its a test." Lisa replied impatiently.

"The Mothers of the Apocalypse can only eat the purest of foods.... breast milk." she said, speaking as if she was a student trying to remember a speech. "So we've been called upon to supply their food.... but they are jealous masters and only they are capable of drawing milk from our breasts. Now that you're one of them you'll need to feed as well... and I'm very full... you can take all you want... please... drink all you want..."

Lisa's mouth fell open as she listened to the story. "I'm not one of them okay... I'm not. So where's Allison." she demanded.

"Not one of them? But you drank their milk... they said that would turn you..." the mammoth breasted girl said.

"Oh God," Lisa said and rubbed her temple as she remembered chugging at least a quart of that odd tasting milk the night before. "I'm not one of them, Okay?" she continued, rubbing her eyes, "So where is she, where's Allison?"

The other girls began to wake up and one replied, sleepily, "We don't know... but they're never here in the daytime. They only come back here late at night... to feed..."

"Please... it's starting to hurt really bad," the first girl butted in, squeezing her boob with her hands. She lifted the one breast with both hands, barely getting the massive organ off her lap. "Please...it doesn't have to be much...just a little will help...."

Lisa turned and began running across the room and up the ramp needing to be anywhere but here.

CHAPTER 5

"I thought I told you girls not to hang around here," Officer Drombowski said, standing in front of the Inner Harbor Visitor's Center at Harborplace later that same day.

Allison didn't even bother to look over to the police officer as she replied, "Gee officer, what did I do wrong?"

The Promenade was fairly empty this early in the afternoon and normally he wouldn't be patrolling at this time of day, but shopkeepers had complained about five obnoxious pregnant girls in front of their shops, yelling and throwing things at passersby. Since he knew the girls and where they hung out he headed over to take care of the problem. The girls seemed even larger in the bright sunlight than they had in the evening a few nights before if that was even possible. He tried to maintain his professional attitude but he couldn't help but wonder how the girls could manage to get around as well as they did, given how obviously overburdened they were by the size and weight of their large bellies and swollen breasts.

"Come on, you know exactly what's wrong. I told you, you need to stay off the Promenade or I'm going to have to take you in." Officer Drombowski said.

"Aww," Tina said pouting, rubbing her nipple through her top, "Pweese Officer Drombowski, Pweese! We'll be good. We pwomice!"

Allison turned toward Tina. "Come on, don't be so formal. He's a friend." Allison turned slowly to the policeman and leaned towards him, as if talking to a young child. "Since we're all such *good friends* do you mind if we call you Steve?"

Officer Drombowski felt the hair on the back of his neck stand on end, as much from Allison's tone of voice as from hearing her use his first name. "How'd you know my name?" he asked.

Allison smirked, "Mary told us." she said as her gaze left Officer Drombowski and headed to the water.

"Mary?" Steve said, momentarily off balance. "My daughter Mary? How do you know her?"

Allison held out her hand and one of the other pregnant girls slapped a cell phone into her hand. Without even looking away from the harbor she held it out to Officer Drombowski. He took the phone, seeming disoriented by the turn of events and slowly placed the phone to his ear.

"Hello? Who is this?" Steve asked, using his authoritative voice.

"Daddy!" a terrified girls voice shouted, "Daddy! Please! Leave them alone Please Daddy! Please! They say I'll be okay if you leave them alone! Daddy! Please!"

Drombowski's face turned red, twisted by rage. He reached over, grabbing Allison's arm in a vice-like grip, "What the hell did you do to my daughter!"

Allison lazily looked away from the harbor and down at Drombowski's hand gripping her arm. "There are things worse than death," Allison said raising her eyebrows before she looked lazily back out over the water.

Drombowski, stunned, released his grip on Allison's arm as he continued to listen to his daughter's impassioned pleas on the phone.

"Leave us alone and she'll be fine. You can even come here and talk to her any time you like. But fuck with us and she's done." Allison said calmly

"The hell with that! You're all under arrest." Officer Drombowski said as he reached for his cuffs.

"Well, that just means she might as well be dead. You don't know where she is. I do. Besides, she's free to leave whenever she wants. She *wants* to stay." Allison smiled.

"Baby, where are you... Can you get away?" Drombowski said into the phone.

"I'm near Harborplace. I guess I could get away... but you don't understand Daddy... I can't. I just can't." Mary said, obviously terrified.

"I want to see her," Drombowski said, turning to Allison.

Allison smirked, "No, no you don't." Allison shook her head, "Believe me, you really don't."

"Dammit," he replied, gathering up all the menace he could muster, "I said I want to see her!"

"Okay, if you insist... but you're not gonna be happy," Allison said and with a theatrical flourish she snapped her fingers and looked down between two buildings on the Promenade. Drombowski followed her gaze and saw a young woman step out from behind one of the buildings and slowly and awkwardly walk toward them.

She was fourteen years old, no older, that much was obvious from her face. But aside from that she appeared at least ten years older. She was wearing bright red, knee-high spike heeled go-go boots and it was obvious she wasn't used to walking in heels this high, if she had ever walked in heels at all. The boots left her full dark thighs uncovered, very little of them covered by the shiny satin short shorts she wore. But that's not where Drombowski was looking. The girl's breasts were massive orbs, swollen egg shapes each at least as large as a basketball, maybe larger. A bikini top struggled to contain their massiveness, but by design it could do little more than cover the huge balls of flesh that swayed heavily as she walked. Every few steps she had to raise her hands and hold her breasts to slow their constant sway and bounce. It wasn't until she walked into the sunlight that he realized her bikini top was iridescent, the shining fabric showing every detail of her tiny areola and nipples.

Once she was within ten feet of her father she walked quickly, as close to running as she could get in spiked heels with the massive breasts she carried and fell into her father's arms, hugging him firmly. After a long moment she let go, pushing back from him, leaving several feet between them. "Daddy," she said crying, "You have to go. "

Drombowski couldn't help but to stare down the canyon formed between his daughter's breasts. "Baby, Oh God, baby! What did they do to you?"

"not did... Doing..." Mary cried.

"What do you mean? Come on, we're getting out of here." he said, gently placing his hand on her upper arm.

"I can't go Daddy... It's still happening... whatever they did... I can still feel...ARRRG!"

Mary winced and gritted her teeth as a moan escaped her lips. She looked down, still unable to catch her breath. It took a moment for Steve to realize what was happening, but soon he could see the outline of his daughter's areola growing wider

and pushing out further from her breasts, widening until they were about eight inches across and nearly an inch higher in the center than at the edges. Even before her areola stopped swelling her nipples began twitching slightly beneath the very thin fabric of her bikini before growing firmly outward to the the size of the tip of his pinky.

"My God," Steve said, still staring at his daughter.... "Stop this!"

"Sure thing," Allison replied, drawing Steve's gaze. "She comes with us and you leave us alone... and it stops... She goes with you.... and well.... POP!"

Mary groaned again, pulling Steve's eyes back to her as she held onto the outer curves of her breasts with her hands, staring down into her cleavage as her breasts swelled, quickly filling the space between them until they pressed firmly together and began sliding against each other, her sweat lubricating them, as they jockeyed for position.

"Please Daddy! Please leave so they'll make it stop! Please Daddy please!"

CHAPTER 6

Hours later Lisa walked quickly down the huge ramp leading to the girl's inner sanctum, not looking down into the lighted central room so her eyes could stay adjust to the darkness. The light cascading up from below wasn't that bright, but compared to the darkness everywhere else it was like staring into the sun. Lisa shielded her eyes with one hand and held her upset stomach with the other. Her queasiness had been getting worse, especially since she ate... *weird*, she thought, *eating usually settles my stomach*.

As she neared the bottom she rehearsed what she wanted to say over and over in her head, gaining momentum and purpose as she approached the bottom. Finally she reached the main floor and turned toward the center of the room and yelled, "What the fuck did you bitches do to me!"

At least that's what she intended to say. What made it out of her mouth was more of a "What the fuck...." The pregnant girls were lying naked on the cushions, their hugely breasted servants waiting on them hand and foot.

Her eyes danced quickly from one pregnant girl to the next... Miranda was getting a foot rub. Raichel was relaxing, her huge breasted girl rubbing some sort of cream onto her oversized belly. Rhonda, the youngest and largest of the girls, lay back, caressing her belly as the cleanest and largest busted of the massive boobed girls, in go-go boots, short-shorts and a bikini no less, kneeled behind her, allowing Rhonda to use her breasts as a pillow.

Allison alone ignored Lisa's entrance, occupied with sucking on the teat of the huge breasted runaway kneeling next to her. She opened her eyes and glanced vaguely in Lisa's direction before raising her hand, her forefinger aloft as she continued to suck greedily at the girl's boob. Lisa looked away, trying to find anywhere else to look. Finally she heard a slurping sound and Allison called out to her, "We were wondering what was keeping you... our pets said you were here earlier... you know, they're here for you too," she said, placing a hand under the runaway's hugely bloated breast as if offering it on a platter. "Me pecho es su pecho." Allison laughed.

"What the fuck is wrong with you..." Lisa said, reaching into her purse and pulling out a couple of crackers. She quickly ate them, hoping they would settle her stomach.

Allison laughed, "Upset stomach? That's not gonna help... Your one of us now..." Allison wiped a dribble of milk away from the corner of her mouth, her lips twisted into a cruel smile... "But you must drink..."

"What do you mean 'one of you'? One of you what?"

Allison smiled again, pushing her handmaiden onto her backside and forcing herself upright, "Check out our little gallery," she said, walking toward a dimly illuminated wall, beckoning Lisa to follow her.

Lisa walked warily toward the wall Allison indicated, unnerved by Allison's casual nudity, how she looked, the general wrongness of everything around her and her growing nausea. She approached the wall, but kept her distance from the strangely imposing Allison. It took a moment for Allison to realize why Lisa wasn't

stepping up to the wall, but when she did, she laughed quietly..."Your gonna have to get used to pregnant bellies and boobs sooner or later," she said, stepping back from the wall.

Lisa approached the wall, looking over the yellowed newspaper and magazine clippings. There must have been thirty or forty, stretching from the 1960s to the present... all of them were lifestyle pieces about the city, most about pregnant teenagers or young mothers, but she didn't see any real unifying thread until Allison reached over her shoulder, pointing at one of the pictures. "Look, there I am."

Lisa squinted at the picture, leaning closer, not noticing the pressure of Allison's belly pushing into the small of her back. "Wow..." Lisa said, looking at the conservatively dressed pregnant girl standing on a street corner. She glanced at the article... "That can't be you! This is from 1971."

"Yeah, and this one is from 1964," she said, pointing at a magazine clipping.

Lisa looked at the second, larger photo, struck by how obvious it was that this -was- Allison in the picture.

"You're one of us now," Allison whispered in her ear. "You'll live forever... but you must drink..."

Lisa stared at the clippings transfixed, her eyes darting from one old photo to the next, catching glimpses of Allison, and Raichel... and Rhonda stood out easily wherever she appeared, her tiny size and hugely rotund belly making her stand out in any crowd. Lisa absentmindedly reached into her purse and pulled out another cracker, shoving it silently into her mouth.

"I told you, that's not going to help," Allison said, sliding her hand across Lisa's slightly puffy abdomen... "That won't be able to sustain you. Already your body is rejecting it... soon nothing but breast milk will feed the hunger you feel." Lisa shuttered, freezing at Allison's touch, only now realizing the pressure against her back was Allison's hugely rounded belly.

"I know it's a lot to take in at first... getting huge, sucking on some dirty girl's tit... We keep a few gallons of milk in a cooler... you know, for emergencies... I can get you a glass if you like... If it makes it easier for you at first..."

"But believe me," Allison said in a stage whisper, "Once you suck on the real deal you'll never go back."

Lisa began to twist out from under Allison's hand but Allison admonished her... her voice becoming richer and seeming to echo as she spoke. "You're not going anywhere. Relax and stand still."

Lisa stopped moving as Allison stepped back up to Lisa, standing sideways behind her, the side of Allison's belly pressed into the small of Lisa's back. "Now, where was I," Allison asked..."Oh yes," she said' running her fingertips across Lisa's middle. Lisa looked down confused, but stayed still as Allison spoke.

"That's one thing I miss," Allison mused, "A flat belly... its been so long..." she said, running the palm of her hand repeatedly across Allison's belly before she stopped just below her belly button... "Ooooh, but not for long," Allison said, cupping the slight rise in Lisa's belly, just above her pubic bone.

"You know, you don't appreciate how nice small breasts are until your boobs are huge and you've got the giant brown nipples of doom..." Allison said, tracing her

finger up Lisa's abdomen to her right breast and tracing around her nipple. "Just be thankful we decided to make you one of us and not into one of the milk dolls..."

"Thankful?" Lisa spat... "Thankful!" Lisa twisted around, spinning out from beneath Allison's hand. "Fuck you bitch."

Allison smiled. "You see, it's already begun. Just two days ago you could never have moved after I told you to be still. The power is within you. You must only feed it for it to be yours forever."

"Fuck that," Lisa said, clutching her stomach as she bolted across the room and up the ramp. Allison watched as Lisa's shadow made its way around the edge of the room, climbing upward until they all heard the outside door slam.

"We're not going after her?" Raichel asked, still lounging on the cushions.

"She'll be back," Allison said, lowering herself slowly and carefully to the cushions and calling her milk doll back to her side. "She has nowhere else to go," Allison smiled before sucking the young wet nurse's nipple back into her mouth.

CHAPTER 7

Sometime around four AM Michele heard Lisa stumble into her room and collapse onto her bed. She stared at her alarm clock for several long minutes before she drifted back to sleep, unable to stay awake against the lure of the pleasant four AM darkness.

By two thirty that afternoon, after their mother had long since left for her first job at the deli, Michelle decided it was time to try to wake up Lisa and get a ride to the Inner Harbor. Lisa's room was dark, her curtains reinforced with a heavy sheet tossed over the curtain rod, blocking most of the light.

Michelle walked up to the bed, considering the misshapen pile of sheets and blankets before lifting one corner then another trying to find where Lisa lay sleeping.

"Hmmm, where's the Lisa..." Michelle said smiling as she peeked under the covers again, then stepped around to the other side of the bed and lifted the sheets.

Lisa lay across the bed, curled up into as close to a fetal position as she could get, at least with her belly as swollen as it was.

Michelle barely contained a gasp as she looked down at Lisa's swollen frame. Admittedly, she didn't pay a whole lot of attention to her sister's body, but there was no way Lisa had looked like this even a day ago. Lisa's belly pushed outward, forced a smooth shallow oval curve from her sternum down to her panties by the pressure within. Michelle stared for a moment, holding the sheets aloft, her eyes tracking from Lisa's full middle up to her swollen breasts. Lisa had never exactly bloomed, although she did manage to wear an A cup bra. It was more for appearances sake than for any kind of need. Not so anymore. Lisa's breasts were much larger than any Michelle had ever seen personally. Without a frame of reference it was hard to guess their size but she was definitely larger than the busty girl in Michelle's gym class back home and that girl was a 34 DD and Lisa blew that girl away. Even more disturbing somehow were Lisa's darkened, swollen nipples. They seemed to almost grow atop her breasts, more like a coating than part of her boob.

Michelle carefully folded the sheet back, leaving Lisa's belly and legs exposed. Tentatively she reached forward, resting first one fingertip, then another on Lisa's belly, pressing slightly. Feeling little or no give Michelle placed her whole palm against Lisa's belly and pushed, feeling the firmness of Lisa's belly rebounding against her hand. But something felt odd. Michelle let her hand sit on Lisa's belly for a moment, trying to figure out what was wrong... then it struck her... she could feel the skin of Lisa's belly slowly sliding from under her hand, as if the skin was stretching beneath it. It only took a moment to put two and two together and she gasped as she realized just how fast Lisa was growing.

"What the fuck are you doing!" Lisa said, her eyes narrowed into angry little slits.

"Uh... I... Um...."

"Get your goddamned hands off me. What the fuck!" Lisa exclaimed.

Michelle was still frozen in place, startled by her sister's sudden awakening. When Michelle didn't move Lisa spoke again, but in her blind rage her voice seemed

different somehow, more full, the sound more melodious, "Get the hell out of here and get back to your room and you better not say a single word to mom!"

Michelle looked confused for a moment as she pulled her hand back and turned to the door. Lisa wrapped herself in her sheets as she watched Michelle leave and listened as Michelle's door closed down the hall.

Lisa blinked, not quite sure what had just happened but realizing she felt very odd. She pulled herself awkwardly to her feet, very unsteady as she crossed the room, still wrapped in a nest of blankets. Lisa reached the full-length mirror and rested one hand against the wall next to it as she let go of the blankets surrounding her.

Michelle obediently went back to her room and sat on the edge of her bed before she even considered what had just happened. Before she even had a chance to think about it she heard Lisa's voice crying out loudly and hoarsely, "What the hell???"

Michelle began to get to her feet but quickly sat back down. Whatever was up with her sister she was bad news right now. Suddenly something clicked in her head... Bad news... Pregnant girls... She grabbed her butt pack and rummaged through it until she pulled out a photocopied pamphlet, crumpled in the bottom. She pulled out the sheet and flattened it with her hands before opening it up and beginning to read.

It took her almost two hours to reach the inner harbor and by the time she left the last bus in the long line of busses it had taken to get here Michelle was tired. She shook her head as if to clear her thoughts as she stepped out into the sunlight and raised her hand to shield her eyes as she looked across Harborplace at the small vintage clothing store where she'd gotten the pamphlet, the one run by those weird twins.

Moments later she was in the store, the bell announcing her arrival. Before she even had a chance to look around one of the twins seemed to appear from nowhere.

"We don't have any legwarmers in yet." the girl said.

"And we don't have any of those sweatshirts either," her sister added.

"Yeah," Michelle said, standing at the front of the vintage clothing store. "I'm not looking for that stuff," Michelle looked at the girl's nametags. "Mandy and Candy?"

"Shut up" the girls replied in unison. "So what do you want anyway?"

Michelle pulled out her crumpled pamphlet. "They've got my sister... What do I do?"

Minutes later the store was closed and the three girls sat in the backroom around an undersized card table.

"So who are they?" Michelle asked.

"They're these ancient beings," Candy said.

"What are they called? Mandy asked.

"Some Latin name, I dunno," Mandy said

"Some Latin name?" Michelle said doubtfully.

"So we don't speak Latin." Candy said. "Like you do..." Mandy added. "They're called the Mothers of the Apocalypse" Mandy said. "Cursed to walk the earth until the end times, when they will bear the warriors that will fight God's Army of Angels. They give up their souls and bodies to evil and in exchange receive life until death"

"Uh... don't they get that anyway?" Michelle asked, growing confused.

"Shut up" Candy said. "You can't kill them. The only way they can die is when the end of the world comes and the demons within them are born. Their bodies will be consumed in hellfire and the final battle will begin."

"So how do we beat them?" Michelle asked.

"Uh...were you not listening. We don't, they're immortal. As long as those demons are inside them they can't be injured," Mandy said.

"They can't get sick," Candy said.

"They can't get old," Mandy added.

"And they can never die." Candy continued, "Unless...."

Michelle winced. "Could you stop that, you're giving me a headache."

"Sorry," they said in unison. "We're always doing..." they continued, in harmony. "Stop! I hate when this happens. Dammit." they said, echoing each other's words. "Shit, shit, shit" they continued... The two girls turned away from each other, staring at opposite walls.

"Are we done now? Cause if your gonna..."

"Platypus!" The two girls shouted together. "Dammit," they continued.

Michelle looked at the two girls for a moment before allowing her head to drop to the table... then repeatedly banged it against the table as hard as she could as Mandy and Candy continued bickering in harmony.

It took four hours, but they finally had a plan. Mandy and Candy turned out to be more resourceful than Michelle had first hoped. There were five of these Mothers of the Apocalypse around and four or five of their lackeys. Mandy and Candy called them Milk Dolls. Turns out the only thing these girls can drink is milk... and not cows milk. Michelle cringed just thinking about that. *Anyway, that explains those busty runaways down by the gas station.* she thought. According to Mandy and Candy each of the pregnant girls needed one girl to supply her with all the food... she needed. but they didn't exactly hold the milk dolls in high respect... they're left to their own devices to forage for food... and if they had to forage they could be spotted. That also gave them another important tidbit... they couldn't afford to turn Lisa... not yet anyway. They just had no way to feed her.

Hours later, well after dark, Michelle stood atop the patio surrounding the entrance to the National Aquarium, using binoculars to look across the Inner Harbor for any sign of the pregnant girls or the uber-busty helpers. She scanned back and forth slowly, trying to zoom in as close as she could just to try to make out the girls. She'd a couple of them very briefly a few days ago, but knew she'd never recognize their faces, but as Mandy and Candy pointed out, its not their faces your gonna be looking for...

In the end she almost missed them. Two girls walking slowly down the Promenade... one in multicolored pullover, the other in a bikini and spiked heels, both lugging so much boob with them it was a miracle they could either stand up. Michelle whipped out her cell phone and dialed one handed while holding the binoculars in the other hand. "Candy?.... Sorry Mandy... I got them.. one of the street people and the other ones dressed like a hooker..."

"Her name's Marie" a voice said from behind Michelle.

Michelle slowly turned, lowering the binoculars and her cell phone slightly as she turned, now face to face with three of the pregnant girls.

"or is it Marcy.... Mary? Anyway, like it matters," Allison said. "Now why are you watching our not so little friends?" she asked as Tina and Miranda circled behind her.

"What do you want?" Michelle asked.

"It's not so much what we want as..." Allison began.

"What are you gonna do to me?" Michelle asked as Allison reached out with an almost superhuman swiftness and snagged her cell phone before tossing it into the Harbor.

"Depends. Answer the question." Tina laughed.

"You're after my sister." Michelle said.

"No way? You're Lisa's little sister?. Allison said, suddenly taking a more relaxed, conversational tone of voice, as if talking to a friend. She stepped up and grabbed Michelle's face in one hand, squeezing her cheeks painfully. "Awww, dats so cute. Twying to help your big sister..."

"So... what do you know..." Miranda said...

"I just know you're trying to make Lisa like you and that you're bad news. Somethings not right about you. You're not normal." Michelle said.

"And..." Allison said.

"And what?" Michelle replied.

"That's all you've got?" Allison said in amazement, her mouth hanging open in a wide smile. "You, came after us. Alone. And that's all you've got." Allison laughed. "Your one brave little bitch!"

Michelle just stared at them defiantly.

"So, that's all you know?" Allison asked again

"Yeah. That's it..." Michelle said.

"Really." Allison said coldly.

"Yeah, that's it." Michelle repeated.

"Are you sure you don't know anything else," Allison said, her voice growing deeper and more harmonic.

Michelle blinked. "I know you can't finish what you started with Lisa."

Allison, who had been waddling back and forth as they talked, stopped and looked at Michelle in amazement. For her own part Michelle seemed just as surprised as anyone that she said anything.

"What exactly do you mean?" Allison continued.

"You each need one of those big boobed milk girls to eat.... and you only have enough for you five. So you can't do whatever it takes to make her like you..."

Allison nodded to the Tina, still behind Michelle and she stepped forward, grabbing Michelle's arms in her hands, holding them firmly behind her back.

"Need is a very strong word... But you know, you're right... I really should have thought ahead, Lisa is going to be thirsty," Allison said as she was handed a small ornate bottle. She unscrewed the lid and dipped her thumb in the contents...

"But," Allison continued, reaching forward and smearing an inverted cross on Michelle's forehead with her thumb, "I don't think that will be a problem."

"HELP! HELP ANYBODY! HELP!!!!" Michelle screamed, continuing until, to her relief, she saw a policeman running across Harborplace toward the steps. He leaped the barricades in the queue and ran up the twisting ramp to the patio where they all stood.

"Okay, everybody freeze..." He said, removing a set of handcuffs from his belt.

"Steve..." Allison said, wagging her finger back and forth. "You're being a very naughty boy. No ice cream for you."

The policeman stopped dead in his tracks.

"Just for that you're going to have to help us..." Allison smiled to Steve.

Steve swallowed hard, "Help you with what?" he asked nervously.

"You're in on this?" Michelle yelled at the policeman. "Fuck me." Allison nodded to Miranda and she reached over and clamped her hand over Michelle's mouth.

"You're gonna do to this girl what we did to Mary." Allison smiled.

Steve's mouth fell open, then closed. "No way. Not a chance."

"Okay girls," Allison said. "Pack it in. We're done here. We can't beat this kind of determination."

"You're serious? That's it?" Steve asked incredulously.

Allison slapped Steve hard across the face, leaving a large red welt. "No, I'm not fucking serious. Give me your hands."

Steve nervously held out his hands as Allison dug one finger into the bottle of brown slime. "Now... this is how much I used on that first girl... I don't even remember her fucking name." Allison said as she smeared a streak of the brown sludge across the tips of Steve's fingers.

"And this is how much I gave Mary," Allison said, adding a bit more of the sludge to each of Steve's hands.

"and this is how much you're gonna give to her." she said, smearing another streak across Steve's fingertips.

"Sweetie, tell Steve here your name and how old you are." Allison said as she nodded to Miranda to uncover her mouth.

"I'm Michelle. Uh... I'm fifteen," she said, tears running down her cheeks.

"Isn't that a cute name..." Allison said. "Are you good at school?"

"Pretty good. I, uh, I made honor roll last quarter." Michelle supplied.

Steve began to shake, listening to Michelle's voice.

"You like any sports Michelle..." Allison asked.

"I sometimes play basketball... and I like roller-skating..." Michelle said haltingly.

"Not for much longer, I think your gonna..." Allison chuckled before Steve cut her off.

"For the love of God, if you're gonna make me do this just let me do it..." Steve said.

Allison stared into his eyes for a moment, then smiled. "What the hell, it is getting late."

"Do her up," Allison said to the Miranda. Miranda reached over and pulled the front of Michelle's top upward, uncovering her bra.

"What an adorable little bra... you're not gonna need that anymore." Allison said, pulling it away, ripping it between the cups. Despite herself Michelle turned bright red, embarrassed beyond belief.

"Thanks for the idea..." Allison said... you're right, your sister is going to need a good breakfast tomorrow.... and what makes a healthy breakfast but milk... and with this head start," Allison continued, glancing at Steve's fingertips, "you should be all gangbusters."

"Do it." Allison said.

Steve seemed shocked, as if suddenly realizing what he was expected to do. He stood, staring incredulously at Allison for a moment.

Allison just looked at him coldly. "Daddy. Daddy, please Daddy, do what they say. Please daddy. Please." she said quietly.

"Damn you," Steve said, tears rolling from his eyes as he stepped closer to Michelle.

"Not something I'm really worried about," Allison smiled as she watched him raise his goo-coated fingers to Michelle's chest.

Minutes later Michelle stumbled across Harborplace, trying her best not to look back over her shoulder as she ran. She cleared the corner near Phil's Seafood and headed down the West Shore Promenade slowing as she made it about halfway to the vintage clothing store. Michelle ran her hand across her forehead, wiping the sweat from her brow as she began to feel cold. She wrapped her arms across her chest, hugging herself as she began to slow. As she approached the vintage clothing store she slowed, seeing that the lights were out inside.

Michelle stumbled up to the door and pressed against it, feeling the door click against the deadbolt holding it closed. "Shit" she said, pounding on the door with her fists. "OPEN THE GODDAMNED DOOR!" she yelled, continuing to pound against the door but after a few minutes it was obvious the twins had cut and run. "Damn them," Michelle said, leaning against the door before sliding slowly down to the ground, her face pale, now shivering in the warm night air.

Michelle reached up, resting her hands on her thighs and leaning forward until her head rested in her hands. Michelle's eyes narrowed, a curious expression on her face as she leaned back and forth, putting pressure against her arms and feeling an unfamiliar softness pushing back. She carefully leaned back, slowly lifting her arms away from her chest, as if afraid for them to touch her breasts. Warily she looked down, then, slowly reached over with one hand and pulled the neckline of her shirt away from her chest and looked down at her braless breasts.

The thick brown paste that the policeman had rubbed into her breasts has soaked in, not leaving so much as a discoloration where it had been placed but the lack of dirty boobs wasn't a concern. Her boobs being at least a cup size or two bigger than normal was. Where her breasts had been firm and perky but not overly large, now they hung lower, pulled down slightly by their own weight. They had lost their slight pointiness, now taking on a more round, full shape.

Michelle pinched her eyes shut as she released the neckline of her top, a tear barely squeezing out from between her eyelashes before she wiped her eyes and exhaled sharply. For a moment she sat. Her hands braced against the ground as she

looked out across the Harbor before she pushed herself to her feet and, leaning against the building, began the long walk home.

CHAPTER 8

"It's bad enough Lisa is sleeping all day," June said, "But I won't have you sleeping in all day too"

Michelle groggily nodded, buried under her covers, barely conscious.

"We'll talk about this when I get home," June added before she left Michelle's room. Almost immediately Michelle drifted back to sleep.

Michelle shivered and pulled her leg back under her sheets before realizing how damp and cold she felt. Sweat ran down her face, gathering on the tip of her nose and chin before dripping down onto the sheets below. Michelle slowly opened her eyes, only gradually realizing where she was and that, in fact, she was awake. She found herself collapsed across her bed, laying catty-cornered, her pillows stacked beneath her, her arms stretched out above her head, her head hovering several inches above her mattress.

Michelle stretched her arms, lifting her head as she yawned, feeling an odd squishy shifting as she moved before she allowed her arms to drop back to the bed, physically spent. "God, I feel like shit," she croaked as she placed her hands flat against the bed and pushed herself up.

Or tried to. Michelle's back lifted slightly, but only slightly before the massive resistance she felt forced her back to the mattress. Michelle rolled her eyes and shook her head as she lifted herself up again, this time giving up even sooner, her energy spent by the first attempt. Still not quite awake, but now growing confused at her inability to get up. She felt sick, even very sick... but this overwhelming weakness just didn't make sense to her.

Finally giving up on pushing herself up Michelle slid her feet toward the side of her bed and allowed her weight to slide her body toward the edge of the bed. As she slid backwards her breasts stayed put, firmly held in place by their weight until Michelle's face lay in her own cleavage. Michelle screamed against the soft flesh covering her face as she scrambled to the edge of the bed, her body toppling over the edge, lifting her upper body off the bed and her face off her now gigantic breasts.

Michelle was hyperventilating as she looked down, mouth hanging open, her eyes huge with fear. Her breasts... When Michelle had heard about the milk dolls from the twins, even after seeing them in her binoculars she never for a moment imagined this. Her breasts pooled in front of her, swollen into huge torpedo-shaped mounds of flesh. She reached down toward her breast, stopping inches short, afraid to touch the massive mounds. *They look as big as basketballs*, she thought, lowering her hand until it almost touched her hot, sweaty boob, comparing the size of her hand to her boob. *Bigger than a basketball*, she thought. *Fuck. FUCK. FUCK!*

Michelle took a deep breath and braced her hands on the edge of the mattress and pushed up with all her might. The weight of her breasts kept them firmly planted on the edge of the mattress, at least until she managed to push herself back, away from the bed. Her breasts rolled off the bed like mounds of Jell-O. Suddenly their

massive weight pulled unexpectedly against her chest, yanking her straight to the floor, her breasts hitting with a loud, wet slap.

"AAAAAAGH!" She screamed, instantly grabbing at her breasts, moans of pleasure coming unbidden as she touched them. She drew her hands back, the dull aching from the impact quickly returning, growing into a deep, bruised feeling. She reached forward again, this time trying carefully to touch her breast as little as possible, but the gentle caress had an even stronger reaction than just feeling them had. Her other hand was drawn forward as well, caressing her other boob lightly, both hands tracing delicate swirling patterns as she murmured contently, her hands slowly grinding to a halt as a look of serene bliss crossed her face before she snapped out of her daze, amazed by the intensity of the feeling.

Michelle gritted her teeth and crawled toward the corner of her bed, her breasts dragging across the carpet, until she reached the bedpost and, reaching upward, pulled herself slowly upright. She forced her legs under herself before retreating to a squat and resting. "Halfway there," she sighed, careful to neither look down or come close to anything that might brush against her. After a few minutes she pushed herself slowly to her feet. She paused for a moment, allowing her breasts to settle against her stomach and for the slight rubbing between them to cease before she stepped toward the full length mirror on the inside of her closet door.

She stepped awkwardly and hesitantly, the immense weight of her newly enlarged breasts forcing her to take small steps, as walking with them was like trying to push a full supermarket cart with a stuck wheel. Her breasts almost seemed to have a mind of their own, swaying and bouncing heavily with every step, forcing her to stop every few feet until they settled down enough for her to continue. She was unwilling to touch them, even long enough to steady them. Finally she reached the door and, after hesitating for almost two minutes with her hand on the doorknob, pulled the door open and looked at her reflection.

She gasped at her own appearance. Her face was pasty and white, sweat was running in tiny beads down her forehead and the front of her chest, heading into her wide cleavage. Her breasts hung low and wide, barely touching in the middle, their full curves sticking out quite a few inches to either side of her waist. Her breasts were not immune to the cold sweats Michelle was experiencing, she noticed, seeing the droplets of sweat forming and slowly rolling down the curve of her boob and past her areola. She stared at her reflection, first for one minute, then for five before she could stand the sight no longer and, tears running down her face, began quickly digging through her closet for something to cover herself with.

Michelle walked very slowly and very carefully, her arms stretched out to either side, trying to keep her balance, a clearly failing proposition. After giving up on any of her shirts and sweatshirts as-is she finally took a pair of scissors to one of her t-shirts, cutting off the shoulders and sleeves at the armpits, leaving a narrow but fairly long tube of thin, knit cotton. Slipping into the damn thing took forever, as Michelle had to keep stopping as the soft fabric slid across her breasts and nipples making her knees buckle if she tried to pull it into position with anything like haste. Finally she had it on and bounced up and down slightly in front of her mirror, almost knocking herself over in the process. Unfortunately for Michelle the thin fabric could do little aside from covering her, and *it doesn't really do that very well*, Michelle

thought, looking skeptically at the semi-transparent fabric. She took a few tentative steps before she started using her arms to help balance. Her breasts still leapt around like puppies in a sack, but at least she was still standing. *Now what do I do*, she thought before suddenly remembering her sister. *Lisa. She'll know what to do.* She slowly made her way out her room and into the hallway.

Michelle leaned against the wall with one hand as she approached Lisa's room, coming to a stop just outside her door. She placed her head against the door to Lisa's room, about to listen for any sounds from within before pulling back as the outer curve of her breast pressed into the wall, pushing it against her other breast and throwing her off balance. She barely managed to remain upright before giving up on listening at the door and simply turned the knob and opened the door a few inches and peeked in.

Lisa was waddling unsteadily across the room, her back to Michelle. Still, the changes since last night were evident. Lisa's hips had grown wider, her butt cheeks swollen outward into what could only be politely called a ghetto booty. Round and semi-firm, her butt jiggled slightly as she walked, her hips swaying side to side with each step. But that wasn't all that was swaying. With each step her belly rolled from one side to the other, becoming visible first on one side, then the other as she teetered along, not doing much better than Michelle at keeping her balance.

Lisa made a slow turn, walking in a semi-circle, grabbing onto her full-length mirror for support. *Why's the mirror covered with a sheet?* Michelle thought before Lisa's appearance demanded her complete attention. Now that Lisa turned toward the door Michelle could really see how much Lisa's belly and breasts had grown. She looked bigger than any pregnant woman Michelle had ever seen, save the evil bitches at the Harbor. Her belly looked large enough that if Michelle had to make a guess she'd have said that Lisa was nine months pregnant with twins. Her belly was full and tight, her panties falling just under the lower curve of her belly, her belly button pushed out into a rubbery looking little knot. Lisa's breasts had grown as well, but she was still a far cry from the Mothers of the Apocalypse. Still, they poured down on either side of her belly, much larger than the night before, her nipples and areola now larger as well and turned a dark shade of reddish brown. Michelle couldn't help but gasp at the sight.

It was only as Lisa yelled that Michelle realized she was crying.

"Fuck you! Okay. Just fuck off. I can't take anymore!" she cried out, placing her hands over her face to hide her tears as she widened her stance and rested her elbows to rest against her breasts.

Michelle just stared for a moment at her oversized sister, mouth agape, shocked for a moment at how much she changed before thinking of her own predicament. "I, uh..." Michelle began.

"Fuck, are you still here?" Lisa said, uncovering her face, placing one hand absentmindedly on either side of her belly, gently stroking her fullness. "You have something to say? Just fucking say it!" Lisa bawled.

Michelle wasn't sure what to say, but she knew something that would speak volumes. Michelle leaned back slightly, pulling her boobs away from the edges of the slightly open door before pushing the door open, revealing herself to Lisa in all her mega-breasted glory.

Now it was Lisa's turn to gape, her eyes wide at she stared at Michelle's massive, barely covered bust. "Oh my God, Michelle!" Lisa said, her tears slowing, "What the hell happened to you?"

"Allison happened to me," Michelle said, stepping into the room, hesitating for a moment before she placed one hand on either side of her breasts to stop as much of their nearly incessant movement as possible.

"*Allison???*!" Lisa repeated. "How do you know Allison???"

"You know," Michelle said, "it's not like those girls keep a low profile. I was worried about you and I wanted to help."

"Helped yourself right out of all your bras!," Lisa added, the anger evident in her voice.

"Uh," Michelle said, trying to find a place to sit, like a desk or table, anywhere easy to get up from, "You think you could stop staring at my boobs and licking your lips. I mean, I know that's the whole evil plan here but you are so not sucking my boobs for so many reasons."

Saying this in such a forthright manner seemed to shock Lisa, making her realize exactly what she had been doing and exactly how wrong it was to be even thinking that way. "Oh God," Lisa said, waddling heavily to the edge of the bed before dropping to the mattress. "I'm sorry... it's just... you don't... you can't know... I'm just so thirsty... So, so thirsty..."

"CHILL!" Michelle said, "Focus! If we're gonna get the plan to work we have to motor before either of us gets any bigger."

"Bigger?" Lisa said, skeptically. "You look as big as the other girls... except for Mary... and I must be as big as Allison and her friends..."

Michelle laughed dryly, "Please, you are so not that big. If you're gonna get as big as them you got a ways to go yet."

"No way," Lisa said, looking down at her belly, between her boobs, running both her hands over her immense roundness.

"I hate to get pushy cause I know I'm not in the best state of mind myself and I'm not like mega pregnant with God knows..." Michelle's voice trailed away as she saw her sister's scared, puppy dog eyes staring at her...

Michelle cleared her throat, "Uh... if this is gonna work we have to get dressed and get down there before the girls return to their lair. Do you know where they live?"

Lisa continued staring down at her belly, rubbing her hands across the tight, tense surface. "Yes. I know."

"Good. Then lets get dressed and get down there. We got demon-bitch ass kicking to do." Michelle smiled.

CHAPTER 9

In the end it took far longer than either girl imagined to get dressed. Having a sense of balance was just something they each took for granted and, now that it was gone something as simple as pulling on a pair of shorts took on a whole new dimension.

After foraging through her closet Michelle settled for a simple pair of shorts and flip-flops, the only shoe type thing she could find with neither laces nor heels. The added search time didn't help find anything new in the way of a top so Michelle continued to wear the stretchy, clingy tube of cotton that had the unfortunate tendency to ride down as she moved around.

"You ready?" Michelle asked through the door to Lisa's room as she leaned heavily against the wall.

"I guess..." Lisa replied unconvincingly.

Michelle opened the door. Lisa stood before her now uncovered full-length mirror staring at her reflection. Like Michelle she wore flip-flops. Lisa had settled upon thin white pajama bottoms, covered with small pink and blue ducks. Michelle had seen them before but wondered why in the world Lisa would choose to wear them in public before she realized that despite their normally baggy appearance they were nearly form fitting around Lisa's butt and thighs. *Probably the only thing she can pull up over her hips*, Michelle thought.

Lisa's belly was uncovered, none of her tops even coming close to covering the wide expanse of flesh. Her hands caressed her belly, running back and forth over it as if to continually remind herself that it was really there and that this wasn't some nightmare. Despite the obvious tightness and firmness of her belly her skin, especially near her outthrust belly button had taken on a stretchy, rubber-like consistency, moving back and forth as her hands worked against it. For a top she had chosen a simple oversize t-shirt, looking not at all simple with the hem pulled up under her breasts and through the neck before being tied into a knot, serving as a makeshift bra.

"Come on, we gotta go..."

"I dunno... I don't... I can't go out like this..." Lisa replied, rubbing her belly with one hand, cupping her boob in the other.

"Damn it, we don't have time for..." Michelle said before a moan escaped her lips and she clutched blindly at her breasts.

"What's wrong," Lisa demanded, turning around so suddenly she almost wound up planting her face on the floor.

"I dunno," Michelle said, breathing in short, quick bursts, "It's almost like..."

"Oh my GOD!" Lisa said, "Your nipples..."

Michelle pulled down her makeshift tube top, uncovering her now sweat-covered breasts as she felt around her nipples before her hands froze, her eyes growing wide. Her areola puffed up, as if being inflated from below, slowly growing taller and then wider as they went from a pale pink to an ever-darkening reddish-brown. They continued to widen, over the course of two or three minutes stretching out over at least 8 inches in width and one in height, looking like a milk chocolate cap coating the front of her boob. Even before her areola slowed their outward growth

Michelle felt her nipples twitching before beginning to swell themselves, quickly pushing outward to the size of the tips of her thumbs before they slowed and finally stopped.

"God," Lisa said, waddling slowly and ponderously over to Lisa's side, "Are you okay???"

Michelle stood, hands on her thighs, just above her knees, half squatting, trying to catch her breath. "Oh shit... what the fuck was that???"

"I dunno," Lisa said, "but your boobs look a lot like Mary's. She's one of..."

"ARRRRG!" Michelle grunted, as she reached down, holding her breasts under their lower curves to support the weight. Lisa watched as they swelled quickly, her wide cleavage filling to a narrow cleft between her tightly packed breasts as they grew. As their growth slowed it became obvious that even the slightest motion was enough to make Michelle's breasts push against each other in an almost obscene way, sliding against and over each other, looking as if they contained a pair of lively puppies and not simply flesh. Almost as suddenly as it started the growth ended.

"Christ..." Michelle said, catching her breath as she stared at her now larger breasts, tapping their lower curves with her fingertips, feeling their firmness and heft before she pulled up her makeshift top, "I think we're all out of time. Lets go."

Lisa nodded silently as they both slowly and ponderously made their way to the bedroom door.

Two hours later Michelle and Lisa slowly crossed Harbor Place, gathering quite a few stares as they slowly headed toward the distant shops. Michelle was trying her steady best to keep the massive wobbling of her oversized breasts in check but was failing miserably. They shook, quaked and leaped, seemingly unrestrained by physics, dragging her body along for the ride. Lisa, for her part stared at the display intently, the dreamy contentedness evident in her eyes as she watched, occasionally licking her lips.

"Can you please try to control yourself for like two minutes," Michelle sighed, staring at Lisa.

Lisa shook her head, as if waking herself up. "I'm sorry...its just... You don't know what its like... My stomach hasn't felt right in almost 2 days... But I know... I can feel... milk... that would..."

"Just get that whole idea right out of your head right now. Do you want to be stuck like those girls till the end of time?. Just stop with the "I want so suck your blood" talk, okay?"

"Okay," Lisa said, her voice returning to the dreamlike numbness as she stared into Michelle's exposed cleavage.

"So what's it like being pregnant," Michelle said, changing the topic.

"Really, really weird." Lisa replied, running her hand across her belly as she walked, her belly bobbing back and forth as she lumbered along.

"Yeah. I kinda figured," Michelle said.

"Its just... all this weight up front... I can barely walk... and my belly feels so weird, like my skin is rubbery and stretched out and... weird. Here, feel." Lisa said, taking Michelle's hand and placing it on her belly.

Michelle rubbed Lisa's belly lightly, taking in the texture of her skin and the firmness of her belly. "Wow... that feels... amazing..." Michelle said.

"Yeah right," Lisa said as she turned to Michelle, her belly pushing Michelle's boobs back as it passed over them. Almost as soon as Michelle's boobs touched Lisa's belly Lisa let out a gasp and grabbed her belly with both hands.

"What happened?" Michelle asked as she stepped back from Lisa.

"I dunno but I think..." Lisa said before experimentally stepping forward, pressing her belly against Michelle's boobs. "Aghhhh!" Lisa exclaimed, stepping back...but not before Michelle realized what Lisa already knew...

"Holy shit, your belly grew! It really grew!! That must be what the twins meant when they said the milk dolls completed the becoming of the Mothers of the Apocalypse.

"Whatever," Lisa said quietly. Let's just not ever do that again..." she replied, as she turned and began to waddle toward their destination, one hand rubbing the side of her belly, the other pressed firmly into the small of her back.

The fire door that led down to the museum clicked open with ease. The girls ducked in the doorway quickly, pulling the door closed behind them, hopefully before the light alerted anyone to their presence. "Okay," Lisa said. "Just let your eyes get used to the dark and we'll head down."

"Okay. This should be easy," Michelle said. "We go down, grab the milk dolls, you tell them to come with me. We take them back to our house. No food for the baddies and they go poof!"

"And they have to listen to me. Hell, they wanted to listen to be before when I was here," Lisa replied.

"Okay. Piece of cake. Where are the preggos?" Michelle asked.

"Dunno, but the boob girls said they're out all day," Lisa said.

"Hey!!" Michelle said, obviously offended as she crossed her arms over her chest, trying to look angry.

"Sorry," Lisa said as they made it one level down. "I wasn't thinking. Besides, like calling them Milk Dolls is any better."

Michelle shook her head, "Where are they anyway?" she asked as soon they made it to the ground floor and she had a chance to look around the room.

"Over here," Lisa said, waddling toward the arched out cove she found the girls in a few days ago.

Lisa carefully stepped toward the curtain and carefully pulled it aside, scaring herself as she found one of the five milk dolls standing inches behind the curtain, as if waiting. She, like the other four wore only shorts, barefoot and topless.

"Girls," Lisa said, "This is my sister. She's going to get you out of here. Follow her."

"Okay," the standing milk doll said and shortly all five girls pulled themselves up and followed Michelle and Lisa out of the little room, clutching what clothes they possessed in their hands. Michelle stared at the girls as they went by, silently comparing her own size to theirs. Two of the girls sprinted ahead toward the exit, they're breasts shaking and bouncing madly as Michelle and Lisa followed.

"See, I knew we could pull this off," Michelle said as she looked at Lisa before they both walked into the two girls that had run ahead, almost knocking themselves down.

"What's up? Lets go." Lisa said.

"Allison said we're not going anywhere," the lead milk doll said, dropping her top as she stepped toward Lisa. "And neither are you."

"It's nearly five..." one of the milk dolls said, "they'll be back soon..."

"And when we give them both of you," Mary said, "they're gonna fix one of us and let her go..."

Lisa turned to the girls, and said, obviously frightened as the milk dolls closed in, "No, stay back! Leave me alone!" but the girls ignored her.

"You need to be angry... their power comes from anger!" Michelle said as one of the girls pushed her away and another leapt at Lisa, easily knocking her unbalanced body into the huge nest of pillows. Another Milk doll quickly joined the first, sitting across Lisa's legs before leaning forward and resting her breasts across Lisa's belly. Lisa let out a gasp as the first girl made contact and then the second and soon all five milk dolls were atop Lisa, joined together in some sort of rhythmic tribal dance-like movement

Michelle pulled at the girls, trying to pull them off her sister as Lisa fought against them, but to no avail. As quickly as one would begin to come loose another would grab her and pull her tighter. As Michelle began to realize the full futility of her actions Lisa called out to her quietly.

"You have to get out of here," Lisa said as one of the girls untied her t-shirt, allowing her boobs to fall naturally against her belly.

"I'm not leaving you here!" Michelle screamed as she began to cry.

"They're coming. I can... I can feel them okay... they're close." Lisa groaned again, trying to reach her belly past the flurry of hands and breasts rubbing against it. "If you're not gone when they get here we're both fucked. You have to go."

"NO! I'm not leaving you!" Michelle shouted.

"You have to," Lisa said, then gasped almost orgasmically, "Before it's too late..."

"I'll get help... you just stay away from that milk." Michelle shouted.

"Just hurry, please, I can't hold out for long," Lisa said, "I'm so thirsty, so very thirsty."

Michelle turned as quickly as she dared and ran up the ramp to the exit, clutching the handrail to avoid being thrown to the ground by the weight of her heavily bouncing breasts. As she reached the doorway she turned and looked back but without the bright Coleman lanterns she could only see the vague outlines of what was going on below.

"I'm coming sis," Michelle said, and turned the doorknob.

CHAPTER 10

The vintage clothing store was empty when Michelle wobbled in, the bell on the door dinging as she entered.

"Shit" Mandy said, "They got her!"

"Get out!" Candy said, holding up a cross.

"Hello? Crosses? You were the ones that told me those wouldn't work. Remember? The only thing that works is making them drink holy water, and that's just the pregnant ones."

"Shut up!" Mandy and Candy replied.

"Besides, I'm not one of them."

"Those 88 double Zs say different." Mandy said, poking her in the boob.

"Hey, she's not full of milk yet!" Mandy added, pressing her hand into Michelle's boob.

"Hey!" Michelle shouted.

"Really?" Candy added, feeling her other boob.

"Uh, is this really necessary?" Michelle asked, then after a moment added, "Okay, that's enough. Leave my boobs alone."

"They're so soft" Mandy said.

"She can't be milking yet," Candy said.

"So their evil torture mind control crap can't be working yet." Mandy replied.

"Let go of my boobs," Michelle said.

"Sorry," the girls said in unison. "It's just.... Wow..." Mandy said.

"You want a set of your own? I'm sure it can be arranged," Michelle sighed. "It's heavy as fuck, its way sweaty and sticky. Very ewwww...." Michelle continued.

"So you're fucked. Just not yet," Candy said.

"Gee, you're so supportive." Michelle sighed and walked over to the counter before she stood on her tip-toes, maneuvered her breasts over the counter and dropped back down, allowing the counter to bear the massive weight. "Lisa and I went to go take care of all this mess and they captured her and almost got me."

"Almost?" Candy said, staring at Michelle's massive bust line.

"Okay, try to think this through. The preggo bitches don't know who you are, right? But Lisa and I do..." Michelle said, gathering confidence as she spoke, "So if they get me and my sister, guess who's next..."

Candy and Mandy swallowed hard, looking away from Michelle before their gaze returned to her face. "Okay, but what were you trying to accomplish down there?"

"We were gonna take the milk dolls outta there and leave the preggos without anything to eat. No food and they die. Done in one."

"Yeah, and it took them how long to turn you from a normal high-school girl into a mega-boobed sex slave." Mandy said.

Michelle blinked.

"Taking away their food won't work. They could make a dozen more milk dolls in one night. You have to pour holy water down their throat. That will burn them out from the inside." Mandy continued.

"How can we force them to drink anything? They'll just tell us to go away or fuck ourselves or something with that hypno-voice thing and we're done." Michelle asked.

"Plus even if you did get in there and get past the magic voice thing you need someone to help you get the mega-boob girls out." Candy said.

"Hey!" Michelle said.

"Sorry, but it -so- fits." Mandy said as she shrugged and gestured to Michelle's massive boobs.

"So how are we gonna get to where they are and get them out and avoid the preggo bitches from hell." Michelle said.

"We have an ace up our sleeve," Candy said. "I'll make the call."

Minutes later their cavalry arrived.

"Fuck no! I am not working with him," Michelle said, slamming her hand on the tiny table they were working at, sending her boobs off into another tremor tantrum.

Officer Steve Drombowski was too ashamed to even look at Michelle as she spoke.

"I'm sorry... I had to do what they said..." Steve tried to explain.

"So much for protect and fucking serve!" Michelle said, throwing a large book at Steve.

"They have his daughter." Candy said, "The one dressed like a hook.... a beach slu... the one in the bikini."

"They did the same thing to her they made me do to you..." Steve said quietly.

"Except they did me worse, whatever that means." Michelle added, rolling her eyes.

"You look about Mary's size now," Steve said, his eyes unconsciously drawn to Michelle's impossibly deep cleavage.

"Yeah but who knows when its gonna kick in again," Michelle replied as she caught Steve's gaze and pulled up her jury-rigged tube top, covering as much of her cleavage as possible.

"So we better act fast. Steve, what's in that bag of tricks."

Steve turned to his rucksack and pulled out a long cardboard tube and upended it, knocking a large roll of white and blue papers to the table.

"We start here."

It took until almost 2 am to finish the plan and by that time no one was up for anything besides sleep.

"Lets just crash here so we're ready. Two PM is zero hour. Lets all try to get some sleep."

The girls hit the sack in the back room of the store amidst the piles of newly arrived and unsorted vintage clothes. They slept very well at first, but around four AM a noise awoke Mandy.

"Who's there?" Mandy said, listening again for the sound.

A dull moan sounded again, this time easily recognizable. Mandy got up and walked across the room to where Michelle had been asleep.

Michelle lay on a pile of jeans and denim jackets, biting down on a denim sleeve to stifle the sounds she was making. Still, she was loud enough to wake Mandy.

Michelle's breasts were growing again, that much was certain. They know were even larger than before in general, but her nipples were larger than before as well, and, unlike the rest of her boobs, her nipples were still growing.

Michelle's areola had grown, along with her nipple forming a huge, almost cone-shaped mass of nipple and areola. Her nipples were thickening, now beginning to look more and more like cow's teats than anything that belonged on a person. Her areola had swollen as well, forming a wide and firm base for her newly enlarged nipples to rest upon. But they weren't resting. Michelle was diligently rubbing her hands over and around her nipples and areola, her eyes closed, tears pushing out between them.

"Fuck" as all Mandy managed to say.

Michelle opened her eyes and looked up, "They're so much pressure... it feels so... I dunno... its like the pressure is pushing them out..."

"Uh, maybe you should get a room," Candy added, wiping the sleep from her eyes.

Michelle groaned even as she gave Candy an angry but slightly disaffected look.

"God, like this could get any worse," Michelle added just as Steve walked into the back room.

"Is everyone all... Oh God," Steve said, looking away.

"It's okay Steve." Michelle said as she forced herself to her feet, instantly grabbing and rubbing at her nipples again as she spoke, "Of course you can look, it's your handiwork," she continued, closing the gap between them until her breasts were only inches away from his belly.

"Think you could leave them alone for a minute, that's just disturbing." Candy said.

As their eyes adjusted to the light they realized Michelle's face was bright red. "If I leave them alone they hurt, ok. I don't mean 'minor discomfort' hurt or 'dull ache' hurt. I mean 'jammed my nipple in a car door' hurt. So if it makes you uncomfortable just fuck off. I'm at least ten times as embarrassed as you are." Michelle said through her tears, still tugging and massaging her giant nipples.

Everyone looked away, embarrassed.

"But what do they..." Candy began.

"Like hot dogs okay?" Michelle shouted. "Morbidity time over? How about you all stop staring at me and go back to sleep. Hopefully this won't be so bad by morning."

CHAPTER II

Mid afternoon, deep in the bowels of the partially completed Peale Museum of Fine Arts something stirred for the first time in ten or more years.

A quiet electrical hum filled the lower level for a moment before the very familiar sound of air conditioning began. The nearly naked milk dolls began to get up, abandoning their charge at the center of the room and trying to track down where the blasts of cold air were coming from, even as their nipples grew hard and they began to shiver under the frigid onslaught.

As they reached the edges of the room, finding the offending air vents, lights on the uppermost level flickered to life, quickly followed by the next level. By the time the milk dolls realized what was going on it was too late as several thousand watts of lights switched on, illuminating the marble main floor and entrance foyer from above. The milk dolls folded under the lights, blinded temporarily by the brightness.

With a quiet ding a large hanging mural featuring ZZ-Top fell to the ground as the elevator doors behind it slid open, the mural snagged on the opening doors. Steve bolted out before the other girls even had time to move, racing from huge breasted girl to huge breasted girl handcuffing them as quickly as he could. Before the others had even made it ten feet into the entrance foyer he had returned. "They're taken care of."

"Good," Mandy said. "Your turn."

Michelle walked slowly toward the main room and the huge futonesque pile of pillows there. Even from a distance it was obvious that Lisa was there, sitting in the middle of the room. What Michelle wasn't ready for were the details.

Overnight under the milk dolls expert manipulation and ripening skills Lisa had grown to at least the same size as the other girls, now rivaling the largest of their number for sheer belly size. There was no way people would accept this as a normal pregnancy simply due to how gigantic her belly was, well into triplet or quadruplet territory. She sat in her nest of pillows, eyes barely open, gently running her fingertips across the sides of her belly.

"Holy shit, you're huge," Michelle said, still fondling her oversize nipples as she spoke.

Lisa's eyes snapped open, giving the evil eye to Michelle.

"You suck," she said, her voice dropping in pitch while picking up a deep melodious rhythm.

Michelle blinked then, after pulling down her makeshift top, carefully placed her arms under one breast, slowly and carefully hoisting the thirty pounds of breast to her mouth before sucking her huge nipple in.

"Oh my God," Lisa said, totally embarrassed and mortified. "Stop sucking!" she said.

"yaw naw doin ip wite!" Michelle lisped, not able to close her mouth completely to form words around the gigantic nipple. "yew ar a foken bish!" Michelle added, but that only seemed to get Lisa laughing, far and away the wrong frame of mind she needed to figure out how to undo the command.

Steve crossed the room, quickly closing the distance between himself and his daughter, "Mary honey, it's me... dad..."

"You can't be here daddy. You have to go," Mary cried, obviously terrified. "If they catch you here..."

"Honey, we're going," he said, wrapping his coat around her while ignoring her handcuffs. "But I need to know... Michelle's sister said they keep a tank of milk here for emergencies. Were do they keep it."

"Down in the fridge over there," Mary said, pointing to one of the out coves, "But that won't help... why open the carton when the cows are here for free..." Mary cried.

"Let's go." Steve said, planting a warm, fatherly kiss on the girls cheek, lifting Mary to her feet.

Steve went back to the elevator to the twins. "It's in there," He said, pointing to one out cove as he led Mary into the elevator. Mandy and Candy nodded, each grabbing one of the handles of a large duffel bag they had left in they elevator when they arrived. Steve cut across the room quickly, headed toward the next milk doll as Michelle called out quietly for help.

"Twy again!" Michele said, drool escaping from around the sides of her mouth, flowing down her nipple and over her boob.

The twins opened the duffel bag on the small table, pulling out two-gallon jugs of milk and one gallon of water. After dumping and rinsing the original container they popped the tops on each of the gallon jugs. "2 gallons milk, half cup sugar." Candy said quietly, dumping the ingredients into the vat. "And one gallon holy water," Mandy added, pouring it into the cooler before giving it a good stir and sliding it carefully back into the fridge.

As Steve continued to round up the milk dolls and walk them to the elevator Mandy and Candy went check on Michelle and Lisa.

"I didn't think it was possible," Candy said.

"But this is even more disturbing than the playing with the nipples thing," Mandy continued.

"Shuf op!" Michelle said, before returning to her overly eager sucking.

"What do we do about her. There's like no way we can lift her, she's too huge," Candy said.

"Hey!"

"Ixnay with the uge-hay!" Mandy said. "You wanna wind up like her?" Mandy continued, pointing to Michelle.

"HEY!" Lisa replied.

"Shwes god a poin" Michelle mumbled.

Steve reported back to Mandy and Candy and between the three of them they pulled Lisa to her feet. She stood even more unsteadily than the day before, her belly and breasts now making it nearly impossible for her to move at any more than a slow mosey.

"Uh... Clothes?" Mandy said. looking at the nearly naked Lisa and topless Michelle.

"Time guys," Steve said, tapping his watch.

"Allison and the others must have some stuff around her somewhere," Candy said as she went to search, having a hard time pulling her eyes away from the car wreck that was Michelle and Lisa."

"Stop with the sucking!" Lisa ordered again.

"Ewe hav to twy hawder!" Michelle said, but this time Lisa laughed so hard that Michelle began to think that her grossly enlarged nipple was going to become a permanent fixture in her mouth.

Soon Steve was headed up the ramp to the surface entrance carrying tools and three wooden beams while Candy returned with various random items of clothes.

Five minutes later everyone was back in the elevator.

"What do we do now?" Lisa asked.

"Now we wait." Michelle replied.

CHAPTER 12

Steve entered the vintage clothing store, finding Candy and Mandy milling about among the racks. He nodded to them before he turned, locked the door and pulled down the shade. "Where are the girls?"

"Back room," Candy shivered. "You don't want to go back there."

Steve headed to the door to the back room, "I have to see Mary."

Almost as if from nowhere Mandy stepped in front of the door as Steve reached for the doorknob.

"No you don't," Mandy deadpanned. "Believe me, I've seen what's happening in there and I can't stomach it... and one of them isn't my daughter."

Steve stared into Mandy's eyes and again reached for the doorknob. Mandy sighed and stepped back. "Every time you close your eyes your gonna see this..."

Steve opened the door and stepped in, even as Mandy shielded her eyes and stepped away.

Lisa was sitting atop the pile of jeans and denim jackets that Michelle had slept in the night before. The top they'd put her in when they left the museums was gone, her huge breasts pouring to either side of her belly. The five milk dolls surrounded her, their tops and shorts gone, some wearing panties, others not. They ran their hands and breasts across Lisa's belly, and over each other's breasts. Lisa's head lolled to one side, her eyes barely half open. "Get them off me," she whispered over and over, "get them off me...."

Steve reached down, his disgust turning to anger as he grabbed his daughter by the arm, pulling her off the pile and grabbing her by both arms, shaking her. "What the hell is wrong with you!"

"I can't stop daddy..." she cried, "They can make you do things... they just tell you and you can't stop," Mary said, struggling against her father, her eyes already staring at the dog pile.

"Swes tewwing da twuth" Michelle said, sitting on a chair at the opposite corner of the room, sucking intently on her massively overgrown nipple. "Bewive me, yu habe no choize."

"Besides... I have to get it out!" Mary shouted, pulling at her oversized nipples. "They're so full now. If I don't get nursed soon they're gonna start growing again!"

Steve released Mary and grabbed another girl's arm, but as Mary went right back to her former position he realized the futility of his actions and released the second girl to return to the dog pile before backing out of the room.

Meanwhile, across Harborplace...

"What the fuck!" Allison exclaimed, tugging at the street level door to the museum.

"Maybe it's just stuck" Miranda opined.

"Fat chance," Allison replied, placing one hand against the door. "A little help here."

Inside the door there was little or no indication of what was going on outside aside from some mumblings heard through the heavy fire door. Soon however the

door seemed to be glowing, first from one spot, then two, and then three. Each glowing spot expanded, taking on a definite hand shape before the door blew off its hinges, flying inward and crashing into the wall thirty feet away.

Allison strode through the doorway first, looked upwards at the bright lights shining down from above and shivering slightly at the unexpected chill of the central air. Quiet but pleasant music played in the background as all the girls looked around confused. "What the fuck?" Raichel exclaimed.

Allison strode over to the edge of the ramp and looked down into the central room. "Tina, check on the food." she commanded. Tina nodded and leapt to the top of the railing surrounding the ramp, perching there momentarily before she leapt down to the floor three stories below.

"They're gone... and so is Lisa," Tina shouted.

"How **dare** they!" Allison said, leaping down to join Tina. She strode purposefully to the out cove where the milk dolls slept and threw open the curtain revealing the squalid but empty room within.

"They didn't touch our little backup." Rhonda called out from the out cove with the refrigerator.

Allison strode back into the main room and joined the other girls who had by now leapt down to the main floor, fury evident in her eyes.

"Okay. Now they're gonna pay." Allison said quietly, "First we eat, then they die."

CHAPTER 13

Several hours later nothing had changed inside the clothing store, aside from the increasing desperation of those within.

"Guws?" Michelle said, coming out of the back room, still suckling her gigantic breast, "I done kno how mush logger Lisa cam hold oup".

"Is anyone else hungry," Mandy said, then quickly added, "Uh, besides Lisa."

Michelle just gave Mandy a cold look.

"Oh... and Michelle." Candy continued.

Michelle just stared at her.

"Hey, We haven't eaten since breakfast and I'm starving... and besides...its just too weird in here." Mandy said.

"Wike dats my fawlt," Michelle replied trying her best to look indignant, not an easy proposition when sucking on her own gigantic nipple while cradling her massive breast in her arms.

Candy and Mandy just stared at Michelle, "Uh... yeah." The twins turned to Steve. "Could you go next door and grab us something at the burrito place?"

Steve looked at his watch. "It has been five hours, I guess its safe." Steve said and walked over to the door. "Lock it right behind me. Just check to make sure its me when I get back before you unlock the door."

Mandy followed Steve over to the door, hands on the knob and lock. "Ready?" she asked.

Steve nodded and Mandy opened the door. Steve only managed a step or two through the doorway until he flew backwards into the shop, landing heavily against a rack of 50s biker jackets, leaving him unconsciou. Mandy tried to push the door closed, but against the force being applied from the outside her arms felt like wet noodles.

Allison walked past Mandy as if she was of no concern, but when the other preggos filed in they quickly grabbed her, holding her arms behind her back.

"So this is the nerve center, our enemies headquarters," Allison laughed as Rhonda and Tina dragged the twins over in front of Allison.

"What are you going to do with us?" Candy asked.

"Well... first you're going to help replace what was stolen from us," Allison said, pulling out a small bottle and opening the lid, plunging her thumb into the thick brown slime.

Steve slowly awoke to the stabbing pain in his right kidney. Soon he could hear a conversation, as if off in the distance, but almost that quickly he recognized Allison's voice and suddenly found himself wide awake.

"After that dose we won't need five girls anymore, you two and Lisa's sister will be plenty," Allison said, nodding to Tina and Rhonda. They released the girls and both stood akimbo, staring down at their chests. While neither girl had been busty before that was quickly changing as their breasts began to grow, already up to C-cups.

Allison laughed, "You know, stimulation speeds this up... and we don't have all day... we like our food fresh... Rub each others boobs. Now."

"You've got to be kidding," Mandy deadpanned.

"Rub each other's boobs." Tina said, her voice taking on a richer, deeper tone.

Even as the twins reached for each others breasts it was obvious something was wrong with Tina. She clutched at her stomach and leaned heavily against a clothing rack, pulling it to the ground with her. Suddenly she screamed as her whole body convulsed, her belly stretching as if something within desperately wanted out. Her belly split open lengthwise and the indistinct silhouette of a six-foot tall, muscular figure burst from Tina's frame before turning almost instantly to a thin brown dust that dissipated before it even reached the floor. Only moments later what was left of Tina followed suit, turning to a pale brown dust before disappearing completely.

The preggos stood around, staring in awe at the empty spot on the floor where Tina had been.

"What the fuck!" Randi said.

"It must be them. Some bullshit," Allison said, turning to the twins. They were crying now as they prodded and rubbed each others breasts, each of them rapidly approaching a time when their only option would be custom made bras. Raichel grabbed Mandy and spun her around, Candy instantly following, continuing to rub Mandy's breasts from behind. "What happened to her!" Raichel demanded her voice taking on an increased resonance. "I...I dunno..." Candy said, but before she even began to speak Raichel had already fallen backward, writhing on the floor before exploding in a cloud of rapidly disappearing brown dust.

"FUCK!" Allison yelled, grabbing Mandy by the wrist, folding her hand back painfully. "What did you do to us!" Allison asked, careful to remain calm.

"I'm going to check the back," Miranda said as she waddled to the back of the store. Just as she reached the door Steve stood up and, after taking careful aim with his pistol, fired a single shot at Miranda.

Miranda turned, her face shocked as she felt the wet spot on her chest with her fingertips. Then she began to laugh. "You stupid fuck, you can't kill us. we're fucking immortal," she said as she ripped her top open, a pale light already shining from her bullet wound as her flesh knit itself back together. Then a look of concern crossed Miranda's face as she reached up, touching her wound again. She drew back her hand and stared at the brown dust that covered her fingertips. "Allison!" she cried out as the corruption spread outward, flesh turning to dust turning to nothing as it spread.

"Screw this," Rhonda said, "I don't know what they did to us, but I can feel it eating away at me... and using our powers just makes it happen faster. Fuck this. Let's kill them all."

Steve turned his gun on Rhonda and said, "You might want to think twice about that... without your powers you're just bitchy 16 year old with a weight problem. You can't kill me. Hell, you can't even put on your own shoes anymore. Gave up your soul to turn to dust in a vintage clothing store outsmarted by a couple of townies... now that's rich!"

"SHUT UP!" Rhonda said, the fury and energy evident in her voice. Even as Steve fell silent Rhonda had already clamped her hands over her mouth but it was too late. She turned to Allison and began to waddle toward her but the only thing that reached Allison was a cloud of dust.

Allison looked desperate for a moment, then looked at the twins and their rapidly swelling breasts, which they continued to massage, then over to Steve...

"Still can't talk Steve?" Allison asked, a sly look in her eyes...

Steve opened his mouth then closed it again, unable to speak.

Allison laughed, "Well, you might have gotten rid of us, but I'll have the last laugh.

"Listen very closely Stevie.... KILL THEM. KILL THEM ALL. SHOOT EVERY ONE OF THE BITCHES THAT SET US UP THEN GO TO YOUR DAUGHTER AND KILL YOURSELF IN FRONT OF HER!"

Steve blinked and pulled his pistol out of his holster even as a bright light began to stream from Allison's eyes and mouth. She seemed to be molting, layers of skin sloughing off and turning to dust before drifting away into nothingness. Steve raised his weapon and took careful aim at Candy as Allison continued to dissipate, enough of her flesh dissolved to make her skeleton clearly visible. Beads of sweat erupted from Steve's forehead as he hands shook, obviously trying his hardest to force his hands to lower his pistol, but to no avail.

Then suddenly Allison's skeleton exploded into a massive cloud of dust and light, filling the room with a thick brown haze.

Steve stood there aiming and cocked his pistol, unable to find a target, tears streaming down his cheeks as he peered through the dust and smoke.

"Steve," Michelle said, no longer sucking on her oversized nipple. She placed her hand on the top of the barrel of his pistol and pushed it toward the ground. "It's over..."

Steve blinked and dropped his pistol to his side, rubbing his eyes with his fingers.

"Not quite over," Candy and Mandy said, trying desperately to support their now soccer ball sized breasts.

"Almost" Michelle said, pulling on her gigantic teat. A stream of milk shot from her nipple, pouring onto the floor. Even in this brief time it was obvious her breasts were shrinking as the milk left her boob, forming a large puddle on the floor.

"What about me?" Lisa said, struggling out of the back room, still big as a house, her belly almost preventing her from walking at all.

"I dunno," Michelle said.

"Hold on," Candy said as she stumbled behind the counter and pulled out her backpack. She opened it and pulled out a spring water bottle. "Drink this," she said, holding the bottle out to Lisa, "It's holy water."

"You want to turn me to dust too!?!?" Lisa said, pulling her hands back.

"Duh. You're not one of them. After Allison went poof you were free. According to the twins this will just purge the last of the demonic energy from you."

"Well, you've been right so far..." Lisa said and opened the bottle. She stared at it for a long moment before upending the bottle, drinking the water as fast as she could. For a moment she felt like she was choking then her body shook like a wet leaf. Her skin began to take on a shine, then a glow, growing brighter and brighter as Lisa collapsed on the floor, soon so bright that no one could bear to look at her.

The light faded quickly, leaving Michelle lying on the floor. Her old self, flat chested and flat bellied, but nude, her clothes burned away by the transformation.

"Good thing we're in a clothing store," Lisa laughed, ducking behind a rack of prom dresses while trying to preserve what was left of her modesty with her hands.

CHAPTER 14

Several days later things were back to normal at Lisa and Michelle's house.

"Girls, I have great news!" June called out, carrying two pizzas with her as she walked in the front door. Lisa and Michelle came running down the stairs together, but, June's noticed, for a change they weren't arguing.

"You know the new job I've been telling you I interviewed for? The director of advertising for F.A.O. Schwartz? I got the job." she smiled. "\$62,500 plus benefits!"

June high-fived her daughters on her way to the living room with the pizzas. "You two dig in awhile. I'll get the drinks." June continued as she danced into the kitchen. She reached into her shopping bag and pulled out a bottle of white zinfandel and poured out a glass, taking a self-satisfied sip before pulling a box of vanilla ice cream out of her grocery bag. "Who wants milkshakes?!?!" She called out, leaning into the hallway.

"Me!" Michelle and Lisa called out, their mouths full of pizza.

June returned to the kitchen, scooping ice cream into the blender even as she considered what her new job would be like and thinking of all the new opportunities. She poured vanilla extract on top of the ice cream then went to the fridge for some milk.

I just knew everything would work out, she thought as she opened the refrigerator door.

June reached past the gallon of whole milk and grabbed a brown sack from the back of the fridge. She sat it on the counter and carefully pulled out a large ornate red glass bottle and uncorked it, pouring the slightly yellowed liquid into the blender before throwing the empty bottle into the trash, a dreamy emptiness evident in her face. *Finally, I'll be able to give my girls the life they deserve.*

CHAPTER 15

“Ugh,” Michelle said as she dragged herself out of bed the next morning. After the hard last few days she’d had being up this early wasn’t really a great plan but both Michelle and Lisa, were trying to make a point that everything was back to normal and their sleeping-all-day ways were over.

Michelle splashed her face with cold water, trying to wake herself up before she noticed her reflection in the full length mirror on the back of the bathroom door. *No worse for wear, but no better either,*” Michelle thought, running her hand over her slightly fleshy belly and down the side of her hips. *At least I didn’t get fat or anything,* she mused, still feeling overly tired. *Hopefully a nice hot shower will wake me up...* Michelle allowed her gaze to move upward to her comfortably sized breasts. She cupped them in her hands as she looked down at her chest, “Welcome back girls,” she whispered, a wide smile on her face.

Michelle got dressed and went to the kitchen to make herself breakfast and hopefully chase away the last bits of sleepiness that still clung to her. “Lisa,” Michelle called out, “What do you want for breakfast?” Michelle pulled out a carton of eggs and a bottle of orange juice from the fridge before calling out again, “Lisa.... Food....”

Now Michelle was curious, it wasn’t like Lisa to ignore the siren call of the great cheese omelet. Michelle went to Lisa’s room and knocked on the door. “Hey, are you up?”

“Yeah,” Lisa said groggily.

“Yeah...” Michelle replied, “Listen, I know it’s been a tough week for you but it was your idea to get up this early to show mom we’re being responsible...”

The door opened and a disheveled but otherwise normal Lisa greeted her. “Sorry, I’m not feeling so hot. I think maybe the anchovies from the pizza last night went bad or something. You feel okay?”

“Yeah, just tired,” Michelle replied, “but I didn’t have pizza with dead fish either. I mean seriously, ewwwww! So, no breakfast for you?”

“No,” Lisa said, then closed her eyes and forced herself to swallow before turning and running to the bathroom.”

“Nice to know the pizza decisions I made when I was six have been right all the long...” Michelle smiled as she headed back downstairs.

As Lisa moped around the house wallowing in her achyness Michelle decided to bike down to the Inner Harbor. For the first five or ten minutes she was fine, but she quickly tired and by the time she reached the Inner Harbor she had to push her bike along until she got to the bike rack and locked it..

“You look like crap,” Mandy said after she lifted her head from the counter in the vintage clothing shop.

“Gee thanks,” Michelle said as she pushed her soaking wet hair off her forehead. She pulled out a comb and began to fix her hair. “You don’t look so hot either and you didn’t just bike here.”

“We’re thinking it’s the flu or...” Candy said.

“The flu? In the summer?” Michelle asked.

"Or we're dying... either or." Mandy replied dismissively.

"Hmmm," Michelle asked. "Did you have pizza last night?"

"Why do you ask?" both girls replied before turning to look at each other.

"Country Squire, right?"

"They been indicted for selling ass as pizza topping again?" Mandy asked.

"No.... but Lisa and I had pizza there last night and she's sick. Did you go for the salty fishies?"

"It's not pizza without anchovies." Candy said.

"Well, maybe you'll change your mind after this. Lisa had the anchovies too and she's looking as green as you."

"Great. Just great. So I guess you're fine little miss I-hate-salty-fish?"

"Tired but not sick. Blah. Have you seen Mary around?" Michelle asked.

"Yesterday, but she hasn't been in today,"

"Can I use your phone?" Michelle asked.

"Local call?" Mandy asked, putting her hand over the receiver.

"I saved you from becoming demonic mega-boobed handmaids and you want to know if it's a local call?" Michelle asked, eyebrows raised.

"We saved *each other*... but still," Mandy said as she turned the phone around and pushed it toward Michelle.

Michelle's call was brief and to the point, ending almost as soon as it began.

"So she's sick too?" Mandy asked.

"Yeah... pizza with anchovies last night." Michelle replied.

"Damn," Candy said, "So whatcha gonna do today?"

"Dunno. First I gotta swing by the video store and tell them Lisa won't be in this afternoon." Michelle replied.

"She's got a job at Video Nation?" Mandy asked.

"Yeah, a few days ago. Her boss is gonna be pissed," Michelle said.

Michelle biked over to the video store, ready to take the brunt of the store's owner's anger over Lisa's absence. The video store itself seemed bright and popular, at least judging by the number of patrons. The décor, however, left a bit to be desired. It seemed as if it was stuck in the mid-eighties.

"Uh, excuse me, is the owner in?" Michelle asked the busty girl at the counter.

"Max?" the busty young woman replied. She looked to be the type of beauty that Michelle hated. Thin and tall aside from her bust, not a spare ounce of fat on her, long brown hair just barely caressing her shoulders, her light brown skin giving her the look of a perpetual tan. "No, he only comes in nights. He's busy opening another store in Columbia. Much bigger than this one."

"Oh, okay. Could you let the right person know that Lisa won't be in today, she's really sick."

"For her first day? How'd you get suckered into coming down here to tell me," the girl smiled as she leaned forward, as if talking to a friend.

"Sorry," Michelle apologized as she yawned, "She's my sister and I was gonna be down here anyway so I just figured..."

"Her sister?" the girl smiled. "Cool. I'm Maria. Listen, as long as she's back tomorrow I can cover for her but if she's not here then..."

Maria stopped and looked at Michelle for a moment, “Are you okay? You look tired.”

Michelle blinked slowly, “I’m fine, just a little tired. Nothing sleeping the next few weeks won’t fix.”

Maria laughed, “Seeyah later. I hope you’re feeling better.”

“Thanks,” Michelle replied and headed back to her bike.

CHAPTER 16

Michelle was greeted by a ringing phone when she finally made it home.

“Hello?” Michelle said.

“Hi Michelle, Are you feeling any better?” June asked

“Yeah Mom, just tired,” she replied.

“Is your sister up yet?” her mother asked.

“I don’t know, I just got home, but I can check on her...” Michelle said, suppressing a sigh.

“I’m going to be late at work tonight,” June said. “Can you two make yourselves some dinner tonight?”

“Sure, no problem. I’ll see you when you get home,” Michelle replied before she hung up the phone.

Michelle sighed and headed up to her sister’s bedroom. She knocked once quietly and after hearing a quiet moan from within she opened the door and poked her head in. “Hey sicky. You feeling any better?” Michelle asked.

“Ugh,” Lisa replied from beneath her sheets.

Michelle crossed the room quickly and stood over the bed before she lifted the covers and peeked underneath at Lisa’s scantily clad form.

“Hey!” Lisa called out weakly.

“Sorry, it’s just the last time you were feeling sick all of a sudden you got all pregnant overnight,” Michelle said as she poked Lisa’s middle with her finger. “Looks okay to me this time though...”

“Ha. Ha. Ha.” Lisa replied seriously. “You are just so funny.”

“I try. Anyway that was Mom on the phone. She’s gonna be late so she said we should make dinner on our own.” Michelle explained.

“I am so the opposite of hungry right now.” Lisa replied.

“I’m more tired now than before. I shouldn’t have biked down to the Harbor. How about I take a nap and we’ll see what’s good to eat after that.”

“Whatever. Come and get me when you get up.”

It was dark when Michelle finally woke up and, after she looked out the window at the darkened landscape, headed down to the kitchen. *Geez... ten-thirty already? I slept like 8 hours...* Michelle thought as she looked at the kitchen clock and rubbed her eyes.

“Snack time,” Michelle said quietly and yawned as she pulled a box of Oreo cookies out of the cabinet and grabbed herself a glass. Half asleep she pulled out a jug of milk and poured herself a glass before she headed back to her room, already dunking and snacking on the cookies.

CHAPTER 17

“Girls! I thought I made myself clear before but I guess I didn’t. You’re not going to be laying in bed sleeping all day when I’m at work. School is just a month away and there is still a lot of unpacking and cleaning to do around here. Am I making myself clear?!?”

“Yes Mom” Michelle called out from within her room. Thankfully her mom had stayed in the hallway to shout her ultimatum. *How the hell could I explain this to her anyway*, she thought as she stared into her full-length mirror. She stood topless just a few feet from the glass as she ran her hands over her belly, up and down the dome-like curve that ran from her pubic bone to her sternum, centered on her belly button. She was by no means large, but the firmness and roundness of the half-basketball sized bump suggested she was at least six months pregnant, maybe more.

Fuck, Fuck, Fuck, Fuck, FUCK, FUCK!

Michelle grabbed the nearest top she could find and threw it on. She paused briefly at the door and listened as her mother’s footsteps headed down the stairs before she opened the door and waddled to Lisa’s room as she tugged at the elastic of her shorts as she went, pulling the waistband up as high as she could toward the peak of her distended stomach. Even as she walked to Lisa’s bed the waistband slid back down and rubbed against the lower curve of her belly.

“Lisa... Lisa... Wake up...” Michelle said quietly.

Lisa poked her head out from under the blankets. “Go way!” she said as she tossed her pillow at Michelle, this time hitting Michelle square in the chest.

“Come on, get up,” Michelle said, barely able to hold back her tears, “We have a problem.”

Lisa stuck her head out from under the covers again and rubbed her eyes, now focused on Michelle, or more importantly on Michelle’s belly. “That is so not funny. Not at all.”

“Does it look like I’m laughing?” Michelle asked as tears streamed down her face as she pulled up her top and revealed the reality of her swollen middle.

“OH MY GOD!” Lisa called out, coming awake immediately and pulled herself out of bed and quickly crossed the room to stand next to Michelle. “What happened to you? You didn’t drink any of that weird milk did you?”

“Firstly, No, I didn’t drink any of the weird milk.” Michelle replied. “Secondly, what happened to us...” she added as she stared at Lisa’s middle.

Lisa looked curious for a second, then her eyes grew wide and the color drained from her face as she slowly looked down at her own rounded middle. “Oh shit, not again!”

“Yeah...” Michelle said as she allowed her top to fall back over her belly. “What are we gonna do?”

“Why are you so big?” Lisa asked as she poked at Michelle’s obviously larger belly with one finger.

“Hey!” Michelle called out as she twisted away from Lisa’s pointy finger. “Let’s go down and grab something to eat then we can come up with a plan.”

“Uh, that won’t help settle your stomach, it just makes it worse...”

Michelle looked at Lisa oddly, “My stomach isn’t upset... Is yours?”

“Yeah, but it just gets worse the more normal food you eat.”

Downstairs June stopped at the front door and grabbed her keys. “Girls, are you up! I’m heading to work!”

“Yes Mom,” both girls called out in unison.

“Good, see if you can get the kitchen unpacked today, okay?”

“Sure mom,” Lisa called down before the front door closed and locked.

“What are we gonna do?” Lisa said.

“Let’s get dressed and go down to the kitchen,” Michelle suggested.

“You want to unpack the kitchen?” Lisa asked incredulously.

“No... we have people to call. We have connections, remember?” Michelle said.

The kitchen was in moderate disarray as Michelle and Lisa entered... “Ewww... I left milk out last night,” Michelle said and picked up the jug of milk and carefully emptied it into the sink.

As Lisa sat down at the island and put her head in her hands Michelle pulled another gallon of milk out of the fridge and pulled a glass out of the cupboard.

“How much milk do we have?” Lisa asked, confused, as she looked at the empty milk jug in the trash.

“Just this gallon and one more in the fridge.” Michelle asked as she poured herself a glass.

“And the gallon you just threw out...” Lisa said suspiciously before she eyed the trashcan. Lisa jumped to her feet and knocked the glass out of Michelle’s hand just as she was about to drink from it.

“What the hell?” Michelle asked.

“Why were there two open gallons of milk...” Lisa asked before she opened the fridge and checked the last milk jug, “Make that three open gallons of milk. Mom never buys more than a gallon at a time. Why would today be any different?”

“I dunno,” Michelle asked.. “For that you knocked my milk all over me?”

“Look,” Lisa replied and pointed to the trash.”

“It’s trash...”

Lisa reached into the trashcan and carefully pulled out a large ornate red glass bottle, holding it by the neck with two fingers.

Michelle stared at it for a moment... “Oh my GOD! Allison’s bottle!”

“We are so fucked.” Lisa said.

“It’s good to see you girls up and working on the kitchen,” June said as she breezed passed the girls and looked around the kitchen table. “Have you seen my keys?”

The girls looked at each other’s obviously pregnant bodies for a moment then at their Mom. “Uh... You don’t notice anything unusual?” Michelle asked.

“You mean besides my missing keys?” June replied as she looked straight at her daughters.

“Mom,” Lisa said, have you seen this bottle before?” and held aloft the ornate bottle.

June looked confused...”Bottle? It’s an milk carton.. Are you two okay?”

Michelle looked at the clock. "The bus is gonna be out front in like two minutes. We have to motor."

"What about Mom?" Lisa asked.

"She's been hypno-voiced or something. She can't help."

"Wait... Hypno-voiced? What are you talking about?" June replied, now sounding very concerned.

"Never mind Mom, seeyah tonight!" Lisa said as she grabbed Michelle by the arm and pulled her to the front door and out to the bus stop.

"Stop! This is serious!" June replied, "What do you mean hypno-voiced?"

"Talk later Mom!" Lisa said as she and Michelle stepped onto the bus to the Inner Harbor as June watched from the front door.

CHAPTER 18

The trip to Harborplace was uneventful and unhelpful. The vintage clothing store was closed.

"Now what?" Lisa said.

"You have fifty cents? I'll call them from the payphone. Maybe they can do some research or something." Michelle replied, subconsciously rubbing her swollen belly.

"Research?"

"Well the Mothers of the Apocalypse are gone, right? So who hypno-voiced mom and spiked the milk?" Michelle asked.

"I dunno," Lisa said impatiently.

"Right. So maybe Mandy and Candy can look it up. They must have books about this or something."

"I guess," Lisa replied, unconvinced as she handed Michelle two quarters.

It only took them a minute to walk to the nearest payphone and dial.

"Hey, it's me." Michelle said into the phone.

"Yeah, we aren't either but it's kinda important," she replied into the phone.

"No, very important," Michelle said, rolling her eyes.

"Lisa's pregnant again and... uh, now I am too," she whispered, as if someone other than Lisa might be listening.

"Sure. 2115 West Madison. We'll be right there," Michelle finished and hung up the phone.

Michelle hung up the phone and turned to Lisa, "See? We're almost home free." A half-hour later Lisa and Michelle knocked on the Candy and Mandy's front door. After several minutes of knocking the door finally opened a crack. "Who is it?" one of the twins croaked.

"Who else? Why the..." Michelle was cut off as the door slammed shut and the chain was unlatched before the door swung open again. As soon as Michelle and Lisa were inside Mandy pulled the door closed and began throwing multiple latches on the inside of the door.

"You too, huh?" Candy said, silhouetted against the doorway to the living room, the bulge in her middle obvious.

"Wow, so you're..." Michelle began.

"Shut up," the Mandy said, rubbing her own swollen middle. The sisters were both pregnant and looked about as far along as Lisa appeared.

"You should talk," Candy said to Michelle as she gave her a once-over. "God, you're big."

"What are we gonna do?" Lisa asked, changing the subject.

"We have help on the way," Mandy said as she passed Lisa and Michelle and joined Candy before walking into the living room.

"Help?" Michelle asked.

"Yeah, our mentor. The woman that taught us all about the Mothers of the Apocalypse." Candy said.

“What did you think? That we read about them in a Time-Life Book?” Mandy added.

Lisa smiled and turned to Michelle.

“Shut up,” Michelle said before following the twins into the living room.

“So when’s your mentor person coming?” Lisa asked as Michelle lowered herself carefully into the girl’s sofa.

“Like a half hour, maybe an hour.” Candy replied.

“Why?” Mandy added.

“Instead of waiting here with you guys I’m gonna go try to save my job.” Lisa said, turning toward the front door.

“You’re worried about your job. You’re pregnant with demon babies and you’re worried about a part-time job.” Mandy replied.

“Ixnay on the emonbabies-day,” Candy said as she looked at Michelle, sitting on the sofa, her top pulled up as she stared at her belly while tears ran down her face, dripping onto her belly.

Lisa wiped her eyes. “I’ll be right back,” she said quietly. “You take care of Michelle, okay?”

Mandy and Candy nodded as Lisa knelt in front of Michelle. “I’m gonna be right back. Will you be okay.”

Michelle didn’t even acknowledge her sister.

“Michelle, will you be okay while I’m gone?” Lisa repeated slowly and gently. This time Michelle looked up, her eyes red and puffy and nodded slowly before her eyes were drawn back to her round middle.

It didn’t take long to get to video Nation at this time of day. *I hope they don’t think I’m horrible, but I just couldn’t stay in there anymore...* Lisa thought as she stepped off the bus and crossed Harborplace and headed to the South Shore Promenade.

The video store was free of customers when Lisa arrived. Maria, the girl that worked days, leaned against the rear counter looking toward the back into the store, her head in her hands.. Lisa took the opportunity to creep up to the counter, hoping it would block Maria’s view of her bloated middle.

“Maria?” Lisa said.

Maria turned her head slowly, not lifting her arms from the counter. She looked over her shoulder, her face pale and sweaty, dark circled under her eyes. She stared at Lisa for a moment until she seemed to remember who Lisa was. “Good,” Maria said slowly, turning back toward the rear of the store and lowering her head into her hands. “Just stand up here and follow the instructions next to the register. I gotta go lay down or something.”

“Uh, I can’t stay,” Lisa replied. “I’m still sick.”

“But... you have to. I don’t know what it is but something is like really wrong with me.”

“You’re not pregnant, are you?” Lisa asked suspiciously.

“What?” Maria asked as she looked back over her shoulder, making it obvious the answer was no.

“Sorry, there’s just some weird stuff going around.” Lisa replied.

"Tell me about it," Maria said, pushing herself up off the counter and turning to face Lisa.

Something was obviously wrong with Maria, at least with Maria's breasts. While her breasts had been large before they now were on beginning to pass beyond normal. They overflowed her bra, making her chest look like some sort of cantilevered architect's nightmare. The cups barely held a half of her breasts, the rest pouring out the top and middle forming a huge puffy eruption of cleavage through her v-neck sweater. She was obviously uncomfortable but was doing her best to stay calm.

"If you can't stay I have to... I can't just leave, not after everything Max has done for me." Maria said.

"Max? The owner?"

"He took me in, got me off the streets, gave me this job, a place to stay... I'd be out on the street if it wasn't for him. I can't just leave." Maria sobbed.

"You were a runaway?" Lisa asked.

Maria nodded slowly before she carefully leaned against the front counter, resting the weight of her swollen breasts against the cool glass of the display case.

"Listen, I'm sure Max wouldn't want you here in pain, would he? Lets go lock up. You're coming with me."

"God, it hurts so much!" Maria cried.

"Well," Lisa considered, "I think most of that is that bra. It's really pinching you."

"I'm not going out braless." Maria said, looking up at Lisa, "especially like this."

"Don't think of it as going out braless, think of it as going out painless."

Maria nodded and reached back along the rear strap of her bra and slowly undid the hooks. She took a deep breath as the last hook came undone, her breasts dropping lower while thrusting forward, the effect only magnified by Maria stretching, no longer pinched by the over-tight bra.

"Uh, could you not do that..." Maria said.

"Do what?" Lisa said.

"Stare... and lick your lips... I mean, I don't have anything against lesbians, but ewwww."

Lisa seemed perplexed as she raised her hand to her mouth and felt her tongue caress her lips, saliva beginning to pool at the corner of her mouth.

"Shit. Come on, time to go," Lisa said, heading for the door.

"Oh my God, you're pregnant!" Maria said as she eyed Lisa's belly while she wrapped her arms around her waist, under her breasts to support them.

Lisa almost chuckled. "You don't know the half of it."

CHAPTER 19

"Hope you don't mind, I brought a friend," Lisa said after Mandy let her and Maria into their house.

"Mind... uh... wow... uh..." Mandy said, staring at Maria's breasts.

"God, not you too!" Maria said, wrapping her arms around her breasts, ineffectively trying to cover them as she twisted past Mandy and slipped into the living room.

"Who's your friend?" Candy asked, doing her best to look anywhere but Maria's breasts.

"This is Maria," Lisa said. "She was a runaway until her boss, Max. took her in... and now look at her..."

"Yeah... Look at her..." Candy said, her eyes drawn by Lisa's words, her mouth falling open as she smacked her full, pouty lips. Candy blinked and held her eyes closed while she took a deep breath and shook her head before letting out a long whistle. "Sorry I made fun of you the other day when you were staring at the milk dolls."

"Its okay," Lisa said as she joined Mandy and Candy eying Maria's rapidly swelling bosom.

"Uh... Is she okay?" Maria said, pointing to Michelle, very effectively changing the subject.

Michelle still sat on the sofa, her top pulled up, now pushing her innie belly button back and forth with her forefinger, testing her belly's solidity and the flexibility of her skin.

"Is she bigger?" Lisa asked skeptically as she looked at Michelle.

"Looks bigger to me," Mandy replied just before the doorbell rang.

"I got it," Candy said and headed to the front door.

"Are you okay?" Lisa asked as she lowered herself to the sofa next to Michelle.

"No," Michelle whispered and sniffed. "It didn't seem real at first," she continued, placing both her hands on her belly, "but it is."

Lisa nodded.

"Why am I so big?" Michelle asked, rubbing the skin on her belly back and forth, stretching it slightly with her fingertips.

"It's not that big," Lisa replied, putting her hand on Michelle's shoulder.

"It's bigger than yours and Candy's and Mandy's..." Michelle replied and placed both hands on her belly. "Its more firm too..."

"Now you're just imagin..." Lisa began, but stopped as she placed her hand on Michelle's belly and realized she was right. It wasn't just bigger, it was firmer than Lisa's belly. Before she had a chance to reply Candy had returned with a group of new people, four teenage girls following a striking woman in her late thirties.

"Mandy!," the woman said and enveloped Mandy in her arms.

"It's so good to see you," Mandy said.

"Likewise," I just didn't hope to see so much of you," the woman replied, releasing Mandy from the hug and looking at her at arms length.

“Lisa, Michelle... This is Amber. She’s taught us everything we know about the Mothers of the Apocalypse”

“Obviously not quite enough,” Amber added in a friendly tone.

“We feel so stupid,” Mandy and Candy replied.

“Now, now...lets just sit down, tell me everything that happened.” Amber said then turned to her girls. “Could you go into the kitchen and get everyone something to drink?”

“Nothing for us,” Mandy and Candy replied.

“Me either,” Lisa added.

“You have any soda?” Maria asked.

Amber looked Maria over, “Bringing her here was a mistake.”

“I couldn’t just leave her,” Lisa replied.

“Um... Could I have some...uh... maybe” Michelle said quietly, looking up at Amber, blushing furiously, still rubbing her belly.

“What’s your name?” Amber asked smiling.

“Michelle,” she replied.

“A soda for this one,” Amber said, pointing to Maria, “and a glass of warm milk for Michelle.”

Although Amber didn’t look at anyone’s startled face she seemed to foresee the reaction her words would have. “Don’t worry, just cow’s milk with a bit of sugar. It won’t fool your body for long, but we don’t need to fool it for long.”

All the other girls stared at Michelle, especially Maria.

“What?” Michelle said, looking very uncomfortable as she turned an even deeper shade of red. “Like you don’t want some too.”

As the girls returned with a soda for Maria and a cup of tea for Amber one of the girls brought a huge glass of milk to Michelle. She sipped it tentatively at first, then faster as the warmth and flavor filled her mouth, finally upending the glass and guzzling the remainder, rivulets of milk pouring down her cheeks. It was only seconds after she was handed the glass of warm milk that she took the glass from her lips and, having realized what she just did, looked around nervously, her cheeks again turning bright red.

“Well now, girls... Let’s begin.” Amber said, raising her teacup to her lips.

“It all started about five days ago,” Mandy began...

It didn’t take very long to tell the entire story, even including the history of the museum and Lisa & Michelle’s family history in the town. Amber accepted the story at face value, others were less convinced. You have got to be kidding,” Maria said as she looked back and forth from girl to girl.

“If they’re kidding how do you explain this?” Amber said, motioning to indicate Maria’s now even larger bust line.

“Shit!” she said as she looked down and cupped her breasts in her hands, “They’re still swelling and I didn’t even feel it.”

“Just wait,” Michelle said slowly, “That’s nothing.”

“What do you mean? They’re huge!” Maria said.

“Believe me, you don’t know what big is yet...” Michelle replied, ignoring Maria’s shocked expression.

“You have no idea who might have done this to you?” Amber asked.

"No," Mandy and Candy replied before Candy continued. "We thought we got the whole nest."

"What about Max?" Lisa asked. "He owns the video store. Turns in he took in a homeless girl and now she's turned up as a milk doll."

"I am not a milk doll!" Maria replied.

"Yeah. Right." Candy replied staring greedily at Maria's breasts.

"Max seems like a possibility, but we can't just go accusing people of running covens." Amber said.

"What about Allison," Mandy said.

"What about her," Candy replied. "She's toast."

"Right," Mandy said, "but remember when Amber told us about communicating with the dead?"

"You mean about how it's so dangerous you're likely to wind up as dead as the person you're trying to contact?" Candy sighed.

"She never said that!" Mandy replied.

"It is dangerous," Amber said. "Especially if she's unfriendly. She may not tell us anything... or she may simply not know the answers to the questions we need answered."

"How dangerous? I think we can pretty much count on Allison being unfriendly," Lisa opined.

"Very dangerous..." Amber said.

"Well I think this qualifies a desperate situation," Mandy said as she thrust her belly forward. "Anyway, I think it's a good idea. If you don't want to do it I will. I think I remember *most* of what you described."

"If you're set on this course, fine. We'll do it. But we're going to take precautions... and no more than 4 of us will go" Amber explained.

"What about Mary?" Mandy asked.

"Mary? The milk doll?" Michelle asked hopefully before blushing as every eye in the room turned to stare at her.

"She called before you got here. She's down at the homeless shelter. She says there's trouble," Mandy replied.

"So why didn't she just come here," Lisa asked.

"She said we had to see it what was going on there." Candy answered.

"I'll go!" Michelle called out and pulled her top over her swollen middle.

"You don't even know where the shelter is," Lisa said.

"No, but Maria does... besides, we can't all go raise the dead." Michelle replied.

"She's got a point." Mandy said.

"Right," Michelle nodded as she turned, pressing her hands into the small of her back as she stretched. "God, my back hurts already... So Amber will take Mandy, Candy and Lisa to speak to Allison and I'll take Maria and go check out the shelter and bring back Mary."

"Okay, Sounds good I guess," Lisa replied, "But no freaking out Maria."

"I'll try not to," Michelle said, her eyes already wandering back to Maria's overstuffed top, her mouth hanging slightly open.

"Try harder." Lisa said and patted Michelle on the shoulder.

“Alright, we’ll meet back here in two hours.” Amber said, “If you’re not back we’ll come running. If we’re not back we expect you to do the same. My girls will wait here for us.”

“Sounds good,” Michelle said and offered her hand to Maria to help her up. Maria just gave her the evil eye.

“Relax. You think I want to be stuck like this forever? Cause that’s what would happen if I even touched a drop of your... sweet... smooth... rich...” Michelle began

Maria’s eyes had begun to bug out as Michelle spoke and she whispered, almost under her breath, “So much for not freaking me out...” Before Michelle even had time to respond Lisa appeared between the two girls.

“Time to go!” Lisa said cheerily, putting one arm around Maria’s shoulders and the other around Michelle’s shoulders and leading them to the door.

“So why are you bigger than the other girls?” Maria asked Michelle as they walked out the front door and headed north as the other group of girls headed south.

“Shut up.” Michelle replied as they walked off into the night.

CHAPTER 20

The Greater Baltimore Public Assistance Center was an imposing but run down building from the early sixties. It was a huge cinderblock monstrosity, horribly maintained, badly situated and to those that lived there the only hope they had.

Maria and Michelle got off the bus and walked quickly toward the door.

"At the time of night you really don't want to be out here for long," Maria said, moving as quickly as she could, one arm thrown across her massive bust line to steady them. *It's not like she's milk doll material*, Michelle thought, *at least not yet. But what the hell is going on with me.* Michelle's middle had continued to slowly round out on the trip here and she looked bigger than ever, the top of her belly slowly approaching her sternum.

"I'm hurrying as much as I can," Michelle gasped as she half-ran toward the center's front door and stopped to catch her breath next to Maria.

"God... running like this sucks," Michelle said, still trying to catch her breath.

"Be glad you don't have these," Maria said and looked down at her boobs. "I swear they're bigger and jigglier than they were when we left Mandy and Candy's place.

"Yeah, really," Michelle replied, her attention now focused on Maria's still slowly expanding bosom.

"Remind me to keep my big mouth shut," Maria said under her breath and walked into the shelter's reception area.

"Hi Linda," Maria said as she walked up to the desk and signed in.

"Maria! It's good to see you! How've you been?" the woman at the desk replied.

"Pretty good. Have you seen a girl around here named Mary." Maria asked

"I don't recognize the name but we get so many new girls this time of year. It's sad."

"She's not staying here. She volunteers or something." Michelle asked.

"Oh, Mary!" She's in the girl's dorm helping out. It's a shame about her. I thought she was gonna be okay..."

"What do you mean?" Michelle asked, but Maria was already heading into the shelter.

"Hold on, you have to sign in," Linda said, holding out a clipboard.

As Maria and Michelle walked though the wide hallway toward the girls dorm all eyes were on them.

"I hate this," Maria said as she adjusted her top, trying to fluff it up a bit to disguise her very obvious contours.

"Oh come on, a little attention is nice," Michelle said and looked around smiling... until she realized most of those paying attention to her were very scary looking old men.

"Okay, you got a point. So when were you here?" Michelle asked.

"Two years ago, before Max found me and got me out." Maria looked around at the walls that were badly in need of paint and the floors in desperate need of tiling. "It seems like a lifetime ago. I don't know what he saw in me. You wouldn't

recognize me from back then,” Maria said waving to the woman at the girl’s dorm’s reception desk and walked through the double doors, passing a young pregnant teen on her way out.

“Michelle?” a voice questioned from behind them.

Michelle and Maria stopped and turned to the pregnant girl that had just spoken to her. “Oh no, not you too!” Michelle said as she stepped forward and gave Mary a big hug.

After a long embrace they pulled apart, “Maria, this is Mary. Mary this is...”

“A milk doll,” Mary said, her eyes locked on Maria’s breasts.

“I am not! Why does everyone keep saying that?!?” Maria said.

“She doesn’t mean it that way,” Michelle said. “Mary was a milk doll until we...” Michelle stopped, noticing the woman at the reception desk listening to them talk.

“Let’s go in,” Mary said. “I’m not the only one screwed up around here.”

“Yeah, what’s happening?” Michelle asked as they walked down the hall.

“You first, now you’re pregnant?” Mary asked.

“Well so are you.” Michelle pointed out. “Besides, it’s not just me. Lisa and Mandy and Candy are too. We thought it was bad anchovies at first but you know how that turned out.”

Mary laughed nervously. “I don’t know how I’m gonna explain this to my dad.”

“You can just tell him,” Michelle suggested, rubbing her belly, “Steve is really cool.”

“Maybe to you,” Mary said, “to me he’s my Dad.” Mary gave Michelle a good once-over. Did you start with the pregnancy thing three days ago?” Mary asked, as if trying to beat around the bush.

“No, just two days... why?” Michelle sounded confused.

“It’s just... you’re so much bigger than me that I thought...”

Michelle’s smile dropped away, “Sooo, what was so important that we come here to look around.”

“Maybe we should just look in through the windows in the door...” Mary said.

“We’re allowed in,” Maria replied, and stepped up to the door to the common room, pushing the door open,”

Michelle and Mary looked through the doorway into the common room.

“Shit,” Maria said, eyeing the girls as they sat around the room.

While there were several normal looking girls and a few pregnant girls the most plentiful occupants were the very busty girls. At least a dozen girls sat around the room as they watched television or read books but they were all obviously uncomfortable and it wasn’t a great stretch to see why. Each of the girls had huge breasts. Not anywhere near the milk doll range, but any one of them certainly could list their occupation as ‘stripper’ on their nametags without any questions being raised. The girls in the common room had left the lower end of the alphabet behind, their bust lines in the mid forties. None of them seemed accustomed to the size and weight and even if they had managed to look comfortable their clothing made it obvious that they had grown to this size both rapidly and recently.

They wore crop tops, tube tops, belly shirts and t-shirts, but they all had one thing in common. Their tops were all way too small. The girls continuously adjusted their tops, trying to make them cover more and fit more comfortably, but due to the tightness of the cloth it was a losing battle. Those girls that weren't tugging at their tops were tracing their fingertips along the lower curves of their breasts, as if trying to make it less obvious that they were feeling themselves up.

"Damn," Maria said, "Now I see what you mean. What are we gonna do?"

After a moment Maria turned around, "Hello?"

Michelle and Mary stood in the doorway, not having moved a step since they caught sight of the busty girls, their eyes wide, their mouths agape.

"Come on," Maria said as she walked between Michelle and Mary, hooking her arms in theirs and pulling them along after her as she stepped out of the room.

"What are you doing?" Mary asked.

"Making sure no one has to clean up huge puddles of drool from the carpet." Maria said.

"Oh please!" Michelle said.

"Come on, let's get out of here," Maria said.

"Maybe we should take them with us." Mary said.

"That way we can take care of them if they get too big," Michelle replied.

"Are those bellies destroying your brains or do you just think I'm that stupid?" Maria said while she looked at them, eyebrows raised. "They're staying here. Geez, you two have it bad."

Maria turned and walked around the corner and headed back toward the reception desk when she walked straight into a man's chest. Before she even looked up she shouted "Man on the floor!"

"It's only nine twenty Maria. The dorms are still open for visitors," the man said.

He looked to be in his mid to late forties, his light brown hair tinged with grey. He was tall and gangly, looking like Norman Rockwell's idea of an all-American uncle. He even wore a sweater-vest with a tie.

"Max!" Maria said and gave him a big hug. "How are you?"

Max stepped back from her after their hug and looked her over, "I think the question is how *are you*?" he asked, the concern in his voice evident.

Maria sighed, "It's a long story."

"I'd imagine. Definitely a big story anyway," he said and smiled slightly. "Who are your two frien... Mary???" he asked and turned towards Mary.

"Hi," Mary said as she blushed. She adjusted her top, trying to hide her swollen middle from Max.

"If you ever need anyone to talk to you know we have excellent counseling services..." Max said and placed his hand on Mary's shoulder and squeezed lightly, then looked over to Michelle, "And it's never too late to get into our pre-natal classes, no matter how soon you're due." Michelle sighed and rolled her eyes.

"I have to get down to the common room... but just call and leave a message at the store when you'll be back. Take as much time as you need." Max said to Maria as he obviously eyed her bust. "And if it's a medical problem... just let me know... I'm sure we can arrange something."

“Thanks Max.” Maria smiled.

“And I’m not leaving you two out. Feel free to stop by and stay as long as you like. I have some pull with the management, so whatever you need, if we can provide it, it’s yours.”

“Max runs this place,” Maria added, smiling along with Max at his little joke.

“Um... yeah. I think we better go...” Mary said.

“Yeah... good idea. Nice meeting you Max.” Michelle said.

“Excellent meeting you as well,” Max said, taking Michelle’s tiny hands in his own warm, dry hands. “Just remember, whatever you need, I’m here to help.”

“Yeahhh,” Michelle said, “I’ll keep that in mind.”

CHAPTER 21

Meanwhile Lisa, Mandy, Candy and Amber were at Harborplace, approaching the vintage clothing shop.

“So why do we have to come here?” Lisa asked.

“This is where her presence will be the strongest. She left our world in the shop, it is the easiest place to make her return.” Amber replied.

“I still don’t like the sound of this,” Lisa said.

“Nor do I,” Amber said, “but Mandy and Candy are right, this may be the only way to find out what is going on.”

“Besides, it’s not like we’re gonna reincarnate her or re-corporialize her...” Mandy said.

“Re-corporialize?” Candy smirked, holding out her hand.

Mandy sighed and handed Candy a quarter. “It’s not like we’re gonna make her solid. She’s still gonna be a ghost or spirit or whatever. We’ll just be able to see and hear her.”

“I still don’t like the sound of this,” Lisa said as they walked up to the front door to the shop. “How’s this supposed to work anyway.”

Amber considered for a moment, “The recently deceased take time to get to their final destination. We can interrupt that trip and open a doorway between that shadow realm and the living world. The mirrored circle I use will act as a portal. Then, after she has told us what we need to know Allison must be dispelled and the doorway sealed.”

“Or...” Lisa said.

“Or it’s going to be a really bad day.” Amber replied.

“Well, we could just go back home,” Mandy said, unlocking the door.

“Sit around,” Candy said running her hands across her rounded middle, “rubbing our bellies. Waiting for this,”

“To become this,” Mandy finished, holding her hands in front of her as if holding an imaginary beach ball.”

“Okay. I got it, I got it... where do we start?” Lisa asked.

“Where was Allison when she passed?” Amber asked as she unpacked some items from her bag onto the counter.

“Right over there,” Mandy and Candy said, pointing to the same spot on the floor.

Amber looked around, first at the floor then at the surrounding clothing racks before beginning to push the racks out of the way, clearing an eight foot circle around the spot Mandy and Candy had pointed to.

Amber placed a mirror about the size of a serving tray on the floor at the spot where Allison had turned to dust just days before and pulled out a large piece of chalk and began drawing the outline of a large “X” on the floor, the mirror at it’s center. Then Amber bent down and drew a large circle on the floor, just meeting the edges of the cross within. She carefully worked her way around the edge, careful not to lift the chalk until she made her way back to the beginning.

Amber stood up and went back to her satchel on the counter. "It's time. Everyone stand around the chalk outline but don't break the circle." Amber admonished, pulling a large gold chalice from her bag. "Whatever you see or hear do not interrupt or interfere and whatever happens do not break the circle. You understand?" Amber asked, looking from one girl to the next, waiting for each to acknowledge her before moving to the next.

The girls all stepped up to the circle as Amber raised the chalice in the air. She looked around at each girl one last time before she looked up at the chalice. "In our time of need we bade thee, Allison, to cross the great divide."

Lisa looked questioningly between Mandy and Candy. "That's it?" she whispered.

"Shhh!" Mandy and Candy replied, rolling their eyes.

It started small. A few tiny motes of dust swirled on the floor, picking up speed as they began to spin around the mirror. Within moments a huge torrent of dust was swirling over the mirror like a miniature tornado, bits of it joining together as the whirlwind contracted into large pieces of smoldering ash. As the inner core of smoke and dust began to concentrate into a semi-human shape more dust began to be sucked into the whirlwind, making up a secondary layer of smoke-like miasma around the now forming shape of a skeleton, its head thrown back as if screaming.

"We beseech thee, grant us communion with those departed," Amber said, "Throw open the gates."

The charring of the skeleton retreated as it appeared to un-burn, the burning embers returning to the color of clean bone even as layers of burning dust began coating the bones, in only minutes looking like the figure of a woman made of ash. The figure began to writhe in pain, doubling over and reaching out, as if trying to grab onto something for support as white light began to glow through its ashen surface, slowly fading as the light moved away from her now pristine white skin, now emerging only from her wide-open eyes and mouth. The last of the dust caught fire as it swirled around Allison and formed into the same clothes she had been wearing when she died just a few nights before, a belly shirt, shorts and flats, now all in a pristine white rather than their originally multicolored hues. Allison stood over the mirror in the middle of the circle, looking around unsteadily, dazed, confused and very *not* pregnant.

"Oh... my... God..." Lisa said, staring at Allison. Allison spun around, trying to focus on Lisa, then looked around the room, as if trying to figure out what was going on.

"Allison, we have some questions for you," Amber said, lowering the chalice from above her head.

Allison turned to Amber and pulled herself upright, "You! You did this to me!" Allison yelled, stepping toward Allison, held in place by some unseen force.

"Answer our questions and we will hold you here no longer." Amber said as lightning jumped from Allison's hands, dancing across the inside of an invisible sphere that made up the true border of the circle.

"This isn't going to work," Amber said stress apparent in her voice as the lightning began to inch out through the sphere, licking at the chalice in her hands. As she spoke the lightning wrapped around Amber. She shook as if being electrocuted,

barely able to remain standing. The lighting ebbed and waxed and in one of the brief moments of respite Amber threw the chalice through the lightning at the center of the circle. Allison screamed in pain as the chalice struck the mirror, shattering it into hundreds of fragments. Allison switched off like a light, and the lightning storm quickly followed. Amber collapsed onto the floor, breathing heavily.

"I told you this was a bad idea," Candy said as she rushed over to Amber's side.

"Are you alright," Lisa added as she crossed the defunct circle and joined Mandy as Candy helped Amber to her feet.

"I'll be fine," Amber said, rubbing her temple, "but I don't think Allison is going to tell us anything. Not now, not ever."

"I could have told you that," Lisa said. "So what now?"

"Well, we don't know who's doing this to us and we don't have any clues. We can't use holy water to purge ourselves if the Mother of the Apocalypse that did this is still alive and we don't even know who she is, much less where." Mandy said.

"So you're saying..." Lisa said before Candy interrupted her.

"She's saying we're totally fucked."

CHAPTER 22

It was nearly two thirty the next afternoon when Michelle awoke. After returning from the shelter with Mary and Marie they had waited up for the other girls to return from the store. After a disappointing explanation of what happened with Allison, Amber and the lighting, well, no one felt much like talking after that. Given how tired they all were anyway then decided to call it a night.

Michelle's eyes fluttered open then slammed shut as bright sunlight shone into her barely open eyes and she tried to twist and roll over, away from the light. She failed. Michelle sighed and braced her hands against the mattress and tried to push herself upright. She failed. *Now this is just getting stupid*, she thought as she swept away the sheets with one hand while swinging her feet over the edge of the bed. She teetered for a moment, the mass of her legs being almost, but not quite, enough to pull her now massive upper body upright.

'Massive' was certainly the right word. Michelle's belly had grown overnight, now nearly the size of a beach ball, but that hardly described how it looked or felt to Michelle. She was shocked at the massive size of her middle. While not as large as Allison's belly, it was certainly very large. Her belly forced her knees apart, sitting heavily on the inner curve her outwardly thrust thighs. She raised her hands to her belly but stopped just short of touching it, as if afraid, as if touching it would somehow make it even more real.

Michelle's tan was uninterrupted, her golden brown tan stretching across her amazingly tight belly. Her skin shone in the bright afternoon light, as if her belly had been polished to a high shine. With great trepidation she allowed her fingers to gently caress the sides of her belly, inching up the taut skin toward her belly button. There the skin seemed to become thicker and rubbery but looser. Then she reached her outthrust belly button. Tears dripped from her face as she toyed with it, pushing it right and left then pushed it in and watched it pop back out again.

She slid her hands upward to her hugely swollen breasts. They were large and full and while offering no comparison to the milk dolls they certainly seemed larger than any Michelle had ever seen. They fell heavily to either side of her belly, hanging large and round, feeling very odd resting on the top and sides of her belly. They were not just beyond a handful but well beyond two of Michelle's handfuls. Her nipples and areola, while not huge, were certainly much larger than before, now a deep chocolate brown.

Michelle wiped at her eyes and tried to stand up but barely managed to lift her butt off the mattress. She sighed and began rocking back and forth, slowly building up momentum until she rocked forward, sliding off the bed onto the balls of her feet, stumbling forward until she caught herself and straightened up. She stopped for a moment and caught her breath before she looked around for her clothes. She stepped forward toward the chair but stopped suddenly, swinging her leg back and forth. It took her a moment to figure out what was wrong before she slid her feet apart and felt her belly settle down into her pelvis. She tried walking over to the chair again, waddling heavily, her belly and breasts wobbling as she went. *I better not wind up having to get used to this shit*, she thought as she reached the chair and tried to grab

her shirt and shorts off the seat but they were too low to reach without bending over. *Okay, this is gonna take some thought...*

Michelle struggled down the stairway, unsure of just how anyone with this much weight in front of them was supposed to get down steps they couldn't even see. Her shorts barely fit at all now, stretched across her butt as if they were painted on. The zipper couldn't go up, there was just too much belly riding too low for that, but the pressure from within was more than enough to keep her shorts up. Her top, however, was another story. Although it fit fine across her shoulders, by the time it got down over her breasts she was lucky if it managed to cover her oversized breasts and wrap under them a bit,, and that's before it started to ride up. When it did it revealed at least an inch of the lower curves of her breasts before she tugged it back into place.

Before she was even halfway down the stairs she heard the other girls. Heard them gasping, that is.

"Oh my God, Michelle! What happened to you?" Lisa said.

"Milk, it does a body good," Mandy said.

"Shut up!" Michelle said.

Michelle tried to look past her belly and boobs to see them but they were still too far below her and her view too obstructed to see them.

Michelle eventually reached the bottom of the stairs and looked around the room, boggled as she looked from one girl to the next, "Hey! Why are you all so small???"

"More like why are you so big," Mandy said.

"Hey!" Michelle replied but it wasn't like she could really argue with them. The other girls were bigger than the night before, sure, but they looked maybe eight months pregnant, small compared to Michelle's size.

"You asked." Candy said.

"You have anything to eat?" Michelle asked.

"Don't you mean drink," Mandy said.

"Lay off her," Lisa said. There's probably something in the kitch... Wait, your stomach's not upset?"

"No, why? I feel fine. Just thirsty."

"Cause none of us can stomach anything. Well, there's probably one thing we could drink but we're not finding out." Mandy said.

"It's just cow's milk. Its not like I'm sucking on some girl's boob," Michelle said, waddling into the kitchen and almost ran into Marie, sitting at the breakfast bar, her breasts spread out across the table in front of her.

If there had been any doubt she was a milk doll before there certainly was no doubt now. Each of her breasts was larger than a basketball, firm and round despite their size. They stood proudly on the table, her top stretched tightly over the top two-thirds of her breasts. The full lower bare curves resting on the table, the upper curves almost as high as her chin.

"Shit," Michelle said, staring open-mouthed at Marie's chest.

"Don't you start now too. I am NOT A MILK DOLL!" Marie said and then swiveled in her chair to face Michelle, her breasts tumbling awkwardly into her lap.

“God, you’re so big!” Marie exclaimed, trying to keep her breasts from falling off her lap.

“Like you have room to talk,” Michelle added, looking Marie over, not even realizing she was licking her lips.

“Shut up.” Marie said, trying to turn back to the table, her breasts in the way.

“So what’s the plan?” Michelle asked as she opened the fridge and pulled out a gallon jug of milk.

“What do you mean?” Marie said as she tried to wrestle her breasts up onto the table, failing miserably. As soon as she got one breast back onto the table and tried to lift the other back up the first would slide back off the table and fall into her lap.

“You know. *The plan*. Where we go kick butt,” Michelle began, pouring a glass of milk and adding spoon after spoon of sugar to her glass.

“Oh, *that* plan.” Marie said. “We don’t have one.”

“What?” Michelle said and put the glass of milk in the microwave.

“There... is... no... plan...” Marie said, staring sadly at Michelle as the buzzer on the microwave sounded before she began wrestling with her breasts again.

Michelle opened the microwave and sucked back a deep draw from her glass before waddling as quickly as she could into the living room. “Why is Marie saying we don’t have a plan?”

“Sit down.” Lisa said as Michelle downed half the glass of warm milk.

“If I sit down I’m pretty sure I’m not gonna be able to get up again,” Michelle said, looking down over the vastness of her belly, both hands pushed into the small of her back to try to support the weight.

“That’s kinda the idea,” Lisa said sadly.

“We don’t have a plan,” Mandy said.

“And we’re out of ideas, Candy added.

“So, what? You’re just gonna sit around here and do nothing.” Michelle said.

“We can barely walk,” Mandy and Candy replied.

“That’s just an excuse. I’m getting around fine and...” Michelle began, “Anyway, what’s wrong with you all anyway? You look half dead.”

“Better question is ‘What’s right with you?’ We’re all starving here but you seem fine.”

“I dunno, but I feel okay,” Michelle said and placed one hand on either side of her belly before rocking back and forth on the balls of her feet, causing her belly to bounce up and down heavily in her hands, “aside from this goddamned huge belly anyway. So if I can do it you can too.”

“Do what?” Candy asked.

“I don’t know, something besides just sitting around here,” Michelle replied. “I’m going back to the store.”

“Why? The whole resurrection thing was a bust,” Mandy said.

“I know but... something just seems wrong about it,” Michelle replied

“Like what?” Candy asked.

“If I knew that I wouldn’t need to go take a look,” Michelle said, “but maybe if I look around I’ll figure it out. Any of you coming?”

The girls looked at each other skeptically before shaking their heads. "Fine, Maria and I will go alone. Maria! Come on, we're going down to the vintage shop."

"Thank God," Maria said, wobbling out of the kitchen. She hands were trying to steady her boobs as she walked, but it was a losing proposition, they leaped and bounced against each other, as if alive, slowly working their way further and further out of her top. "I seriously need a new top."

"We aren't going shopping!" Michelle replied, "We're going to see if there's anything weird about what went on last night."

"You mean besides raising the dead?" Maria mused. "If we're not gonna go shopping I'm not going. I need to cover these damn things up," she added, still wrestling with her breasts.

"If we don't get this straightened out you won't need a top. You'll just sit around all day with Mandy and Candy sucking on your boobs."

"Hey!" Mandy and Candy said.

"Ewww," Maria replied. "You're sick, all of you and your weird ass boob sucking fetish thing. If you're going out at least take Mary with you."

"Where? I didn't see her." Michelle replied.

"Uh, standing in the corner in the kitchen, staring at my boobs for like the last three hours." Maria added.

"Mary?" Michelle asked, peeking into the kitchen. Sure enough, tucked into the corner was Mary, as pregnant as the three other girls, eyes only half open, licking her lips, drool running from the corner of her mouth. "Mary, snap out of it... Coming with me?"

Mary ignored her and continued staring at Maria through the kitchen doorway.

"Fine. I'm going. See you later," Michelle sighed and waddled to the front door.

"You're gonna need the keys," Mandy said. "Hook next to the door, green key ring."

"Mandy!" Candy called out, confused.

"What's she gonna do, burn the place down. Besides, maybe she's right." Mandy shrugged. Mandy turned to Michelle, "Bring back some big tops and, uh... get some shorts for yourself that leave a little something to the imagination."

"Ha, ha, ha," Michelle replied. As she waddled down the front steps, keys in hand before slamming the door behind her.

CHAPTER 23

In the end it took Michelle almost two hours to make the half-hour trip to the Harbor. Between the weight she had gained and the overall discomfort of her new, large self it took at least twice as long to get anywhere not even taking into account the long stops she had to rest along the way.

Waddling around like this, wearing nothing but a belly shirt and way too short short-shorts and the mega-belly of doom really gives you a different perspective on the town, Michelle thought. She was quick to notice there were three types of people around town. First were the gawkers. From as far as thirty or forty feet away they'd stop and stare, some whispering to their companions to look, other's not bothering to whisper, some even rude enough to point. But they all paled in comparison to the teenage boy gawkers. They'd snicker and point and then make fun of how big Michelle was right to her face whether they were with their parents or not.

Then came the pregnant teens, the normal ones. In some ways they were worse than the gawkers. They stared too, but with this sad expression on their faces that seemed to say both *'You poor thing!'* and *'Thank God I didn't get so huge!'* at the same time. The worst were the ones that wanted to talk. They'd waddle up Michelle, calling out to her to attract her attention so she'd slow down a bit, making it easier to catch up to her. When they finally did catch up they'd almost always stand so close that with even the slightest movement their belly would bump into Michelle's belly.

My belly, Michelle thought, *that still seems like such a weird thought.*

The pregnant teens would make small talk about when Michelle is due, what the sex of the baby is so on, some even having the nerve to put their hand on her belly. *You'd think they, of all people, would know that bellies are a no-ask, no-touch zone.* All of this in an effort to get her to divulge just why she was so enormous. Sigh.

Then there were the scared ones. You could see it in their eyes. They knew who, if not what, the Mothers of the Apocalypse were and had developed a very healthy respect for them. These folks would look at Michelle, but only for long enough to register how large her belly was and how she was dressed, then looked away, as if afraid she might see them looking. When one young saleswoman thought Michelle had seen her looking and was coming to talk to her she fled, abandoning her pushcart full of merchandise. *Screw living forever and all that. Just look at someone and they run? That's power.*

Michelle put the key in the door at the clothing store and turned, before she pulled on the handle. The door opened about a half inch before hitting Michelle's belly and bouncing back, pulling the handle right out of her fingers. Michelle sighed and grabbed the door handle again and was about to pull the door open when she considered for a moment, looking down over the massive curves of her breasts and belly, trying to see past the horizon of her middle. She stepped backwards slowly, pulling the door with her until the door was open far enough for her to enter.

Michelle reached for the light switch as she entered but found nothing but a smooth wall next to the door. *Stupid,* Michelle thought, *stores don't have their light switches out in the store.* She looked around the darkened store, waddling slowly and

carefully though the very narrow aisle. Michelle looked back over her shoulder, having caught sight of something out of the corner of her eye. She dismissed it and continued on, her belly brushing against the racks of clothes as she moved past them. As she passed another of the chrome fixtures a glint of light reflected off it, startling her. She tried to wrap her arms around herself, to cross her arms and warm herself, but her breasts and belly conspired to block her attempt at self-comfort.

Michelle looked around, growing more and more disconcerted as she spotted movement among the shadows of the room. Little glints of light reflecting off shiny, mirrored surfaces, seen out of the corner of her eye. She spun around, off balance due to the massive weight she carried, trying to catch a glimpse of what her mind told her must be reflected in the glints of light flashing in the reflections around the room. She tried to reverse herself in mid turn and while the rest of her body twisted one way, her belly and breasts went the other and she tumbled to the ground, landing heavily on her side.

Michelle caught her breath, looking around wildly for the something that wasn't there. She closed her eyes and rubbed them for a moment, then slowly, very slowly, worked her way to her feet. She shook her head, clearing her mind, before looking around the room again, this time trying to ignore what *should* be creating the reflections and instead focusing on the reflections themselves. Whatever it was seemed to be heading toward the back of the store, toward the dressing rooms. Michelle waddled back to the rear of the store, passing the flickering shadows, heading to their obvious destination, the three full-length mirrors angled together attached to the back wall.

Michelle stepped up to the mirrors, seeing herself in reflection for the first time since she'd begun to change. She was shocked at her appearance, the size, the obvious weight, the toll it was taking on her body evident in her stance, posture, even her expression. She was even more shocked when she noticed Allison standing behind her. Michelle spun around, barely keeping herself upright as she regained her balance and looked at the spot where Allison should have been standing, but the room was empty. She looked back over her shoulder, at the reflection where she could see Allison walking closer. She turned back to the room, squinting, looking for any hint of what was going on when, behind her, Allison stepped through the mirror. Her footsteps were nearly silent but something alerted Michelle. She froze, the hairs on the back of her neck standing up. She closed her eyes, a tear squeezing out before she slowly began to turn her head to look back over her shoulder.

Allison reached out, and placed her hand on Michelle's shoulder as the front door to the shop opened and a bright flashlight shone in both Michelle and Allison's faces. Then everything went black.

CHAPTER 24

By five o'clock everyone at the house was beginning to wonder what was keeping Michelle and by seven that concern had moved up to a full worry. They tried calling the store but no one answered the phone any of the times they called. Lisa suggested going to look for Michelle, but even just searching between the house and the store, the foot and public transit routes, would probably take hours on bikes and none of the girls could even imagine riding a bike right now. So when the doorbell rang at almost eight thirty the girls were more relieved than concerned.

Mandy slowly pushed herself off the sofa, taking a minute or two to get to her feet and another to get her balance. By then the doorbell had rung a second and third time then they gave up on the doorbell and began frantically knocking. Mandy waddled over to the door as Candy got to her feet and Mary began to waddle out of the kitchen.

"Is it Michelle," Mary asked.

"Hold on," Mandy replied and unchained the door, opened the deadbolt and threw the door open. "It's about time you..." Mandy stopped short, confused. It was one of Amber's girls. The other three were standing beside the open door to a taxi parked at the curb but it took a moment for it to register who they were, because it was far more obvious that all four girls were now milk dolls, at least as large as Marie had been six hours before.

"We need money for the taxi," the girl said, desperately trying to support her massive breasts and remain standing upright at the same time. It was a losing proposition.

"What the..." Mandy replied.

"He's not gonna let Michelle out if we don't pay the fare," the girl said.

"Hold on," Mandy said, "Candy, could you..."

"Grab your wallet from your purse in the kitchen?" Candy finished, handing Mandy her wallet.

"Thanks," Mandy said as she waddled down the front steps to the cab.

"Eighteen fifty," the cabbie growled.

"Isn't that a lot from the Inner Harbor?" Mandy asked, handing him the cash.

"Inner Harbor? We didn't come from no Inner Harbor," he replied and handed her some change and rolled up his window.

"Now what's going on here...." Mandy began but quickly stopped as she saw the four dolls pulling a girl out of the back seat of the cab by her ankles.

"What the hell?" she said as she watched them inch her slowly to the doorway, then paused for a moment as two of the girls remained by the door and reached in, grabbing her arms while the other two grabbed at her legs.

"Oh shit," Candy exclaimed from the doorway.

"Christ," Mandy said.

"Shut up!" Michelle exclaimed from the back seat of the cab.

As the girls continued to pull Michelle's belly slowly slid into view. During the last six hours somehow Michelle had managed to grow larger again, now easily larger than Allison was. So large in fact that Michelle didn't seem to be able to get up

on her own. Once her belly was out of the cab all four girls grabbed Michelle's arms and pulled, forcing her upright, allowing her much larger breasts to pour out over either side of her belly, her top unable to restrain the massive leaky basketball sized orbs.

If Michelle could still walk on her own she showed no inclination to do so as the four girls got beneath Michelle's arms and slowly, carefully and with much boob-mashing half carried Michelle to the stairs. From the front door Candy's view was remarkable, the five girl's breasts forming a huge version of the executive desk toy with the metal balls. As they walked you could see each girls breasts move to the left slightly before the left most milk doll's boob bounced away from the pack and returned, shifting them all to the right. It was fascinating to watch, especially for Candy, who had now decided she was the thirstiest girl in the world as she stared at the heavy fullness of their breasts and their huge nipples.

The girls carried Michelle in, past Candy and into the living room where the other girls quickly cleared a love seat just for her.

"Geez," Mary said.

"Wow," Lisa said, "That's gotta suck"

"That's pretty amazing," Mandy said.

"Shut up!" Michelle said as the four milk dolls settled in around her, two rubbing her feet and one to either side of her rubbing her belly. "You think you can get them off me or something," Michelle said, obviously both tired and annoyed.

"We tried that with me, remember?" Lisa said. "Remember how that went?"

"Yeah," Michelle said, obviously irritated, "But I had no idea..."

"It felt so good? Yeah, I know. It's like your brain starts screaming 'Ewwww, lesbian thing' but it's not really like that."

"Ewwww!" the four milk dolls said simultaneously, "We're not lesbians," one volunteered, "I keep trying to stop but I just can't."

"You didn't hypno-voice them?" Mandy said.

"NO! They were at it when I woke up..." Michelle said, looking down, trying to assess the damage. "Shit. I grew a lot, didn't I?"

"That's putting it mildly," Mandy replied.

Michelle reached out, trying to reach around the fullest part of her belly to her belly button. Her fingertips barely brushed the outstretched nub, even after she stretched. Michelle gave up on her belly and ran her hands up under her breasts, attempting to lift them from below, but their weight and size was far too much for her petite hands. She looked up at the other girls, moon eyed before looking down at her body again and burst into tears.

"Don't worry, it's going to be all right," Lisa said, putting her hand on Michelle's shoulder.

"All right? I can't even walk! God-damn! How did Allison get around with all this..."

"Well she didn't have 'all that' for one thing," Mandy replied.

"Yeah, it's bad enough being pregnant but what's with the huge boobs?" Mary asked.

"God, I don't know," Michelle said, looking down, "They're so heavy and achy..."

“You think yours are achy? Try having them filled with so much milk you think they’re gonna pop and having to beg some girl to suck it out.” Mary said.

Michelle blinked. “Uh, I’ll pass.”

“Okay, so spill. What happened?” Candy asked.

“I don’t know. After I saw Allison I passed out.” Michelle said.

“Hello, important information,” Mary said.

“You saw Allison?” Lisa asked.

“Yeah, just before I got knocked out.” Michelle said, her voice getting quieter as she spoke until she fell silent, her hands feeling her newly enlarged form as she ran her hands down over her hugely swollen breasts and belly.

“Uh, Michelle?” Mandy said, but Michelle seemed a million miles away.

Lisa put her hand on Mandy’s shoulder, “Lets just leave her alone.

“But she was right, we can’t just sit around here doing nothing.” Mandy said.

“You want to end up like her?” Mary said in a loud whisper.

“Uh, I think she can hear you since she’s only three feet away.” Mandy said.

“Besides, if we do nothing we’re all gonna look like her tomorrow.”

“So what do you suggest?” Lisa said, now beginning to rub her own belly.

“Lets go have a talk with that Max guy. He just seemed too perfect,” Candy suggested.

“Too nice and assured. Way suspicious.” Mandy added.

“Even if it doesn't help at least its better than sitting around here,” Lisa said.

“Lets get Michelle up to bed and we’ll get going.” Candy said.

“Bed? It’s only like nine.” Michelle said, obviously starting to groove on the milk dolls massage techniques.

“Yeah, but we’re not gonna be back for hours. You might as well be comfortable,” Mandy said.

“Fine, whatever,” Michelle said quietly, her head lolling to one side.

“Okay, she’s down for the count.” Mary said, waving her hand in front of Michelle’s vacant eyes as they slowly fell closed.

“Fine. Lets get her upstairs and get going. Its not gonna be a quick trip down to the center.” Lisa said.

CHAPTER 25

The girls had much better luck getting to the homeless shelter than Michelle had getting to the Harbor. One bus ride and ten minutes of very slow, very awkward walking and they were there.

"We made really good time," Lisa said, checking the clock as they walked in.

"Where are we headed," Mandy said.

"This way," Mary replied and crossed the lobby. The woman at the desk glanced at the four very pregnant girls and started to call out to them as she lifted the visitor log, when she got a good look at them. Her face blanched and she dropped the log to the desk before waving them through the entrance.

They waddled down the corridors in silence, perplexed by how the people they encountered reacted to them. People all but dove out of their way, as if desperate not to either get in their way or attract attention. Just the looks the shelter resident's faces told them everything they needed to know.

"Looks like we're in the right place," Lisa said quietly to the other girls. "Where's Max's office?"

"Just up ahead and to the right," Mary said.

"Thank God," Mandy said.

"I think my feet are gonna fall off," Candy continued as they walked up to the door.

"Okay," Lisa whispered as she leaned toward Mandy and Candy. Mary leaned in as well until they all stood in a tiny circle, their bellies pushed together. "We got one chance at this. We've got to..."

"Ladies," Max said through the now open doorway.

Lisa spun around as fast as she was able, which admittedly wasn't very fast.

"Max... we have to talk," Lisa replied.

"Of course, why don't we all come inside where it's a bit more private." Max smiled thinly.

The girls waddled into the office, slowly passing Max until Mary brought up the rear.

"Why Mary, I never expected to see you here, not like this..."

"Shut up!" Mary said as she tugged on her top as if trying to get it to cover a bit more of her belly than it could as Max gave her an odd look.

"So, what can I do for you girls," Max said as he sat down at his desk.

"You know why we're here," Lisa bluffed.

"Of course," Max replied. He took off his glasses and began to polish the lenses with a small grey cloth he pulled from his pocket. "I'm a bit surprised though," Max said, holding his glasses in his hands as he slid his chair back and got to his feet. "I didn't expect to see you so soon."

"You didn't?" Candy replied.

"Not at all. Everything has been one hundred percent according to plan so far. It seems such a shame to spoil it now," Max said with a faux pout.

“So exactly what are you planning on doing to...” Lisa began but stopped speaking when Max tossed a thick envelope across the desk, landing just in front of her

“You can count it, It’s all there,” Max said as Lisa picked up the envelope and thumbed through the contents. “There must be like three thousand dollars here.” Lisa said, now becoming confused.

“Twenty five hundred. But I didn’t know about you four as well. Perhaps we can come to some sort of a new arrangement. When I agreed to pay five hundred dollars a month to for each member of your little club to ‘protect’ me I had no idea Allison intended to add four more...” Max paused for a moment, considering his words before he smiled, “little friends to the mix.” Max reached down to the humidor on the corner of his desk and removed a cigar. “I’m a man of means, but please, almost five thousand dollars a month? That’s a bit beyond even me,” Max said, clipping the end off the cigar. He raised it to his mouth and pulled a small box of stick matches from his pocket, carefully lighting the cigar.

“I can understand, but that’s...” Lisa began, trying not to say anything substantial.

“not your problem.” Max replied, blowing a smoke ring. “Fine. Tuesday you’ll have the other two thousand. Will that be good for you?” Max asked.

Lisa just stared at him, hoping for a moment to think all this through.

Max cleared his throat, “I suppose you’re here to see how progress is coming along...” Max said, not asking them. “I’m still a bit surprised though. Allison always loves doing this part herself, the picking and choosing. Seeing which to keep and which to throw away.”

“Yeah Max, listen...” Lisa said, now beginning to get angry as she realized just how low a position Max occupied on the ladder.

Max held his hands just in front of his chest, palms forward. “Please, no need for unpleasantness.” Allison will tell you, I’ve always done whatever she’s asked with whatever she asked and to whom ever she asked,” he said and lowered his hands. “She needs young girls for her purposes,” Max paused for a long moment, “and I need them for mine. It all works out for both of us,” Max said with a dry smile.

“Come along, this way,” Max said as he walked past the girls and opened the office door, holding it for them, as if he expected them to follow. “This way.”

Michelle awoke slowly having drifted off to sleep in the serene bliss that the girl’s belly massage had afforded. She glanced around the darkened bedroom, barely able to see a thing, the only sounds the quiet, uncomfortable cooing coming from several girls around the room.

“Hello? Who’s there?” she said in the darkness.

“Michelle, is that you?” Maria said from somewhere across the room.

“Maria? Are you up?” Michelle replied

Suddenly Maria was right in front of Michelle. Beads of sweat danced across her fore head, her skin pale, her eyes exhausted. “Please... get it out... It won’t come out for me... and there’s so much... please... you have to help me... please!”

“What the hell are you talking about?” Michelle asked as the lamp next to one of the beds flickered to life.

Maria stood in front of Michelle, bent in half at the waist, her breasts dangling in front of Michelle's belly. They were, in a word, enormous. The firm round ball shape had given way to a slightly pointy torpedo-like form, her areola swollen into a huge dark brown cap over the pointy-end of each of her breasts. Her nipples stuck out long and firm, each close to an inch thick. Her hands gripped them as a farmer would as he tried to hand milk a cow. As Michelle watched Marie tugged at her nipples, stretching them slightly as her hands slid down their length. It was obvious how it felt. A quick look at Maria's face told Michelle that, but her actions seemed fueled by a silent desperation as she continued trying to milk herself to no effect.

"Please... get it out..." Maria cried.

Now the other girls in the room began to awaken from their fitful sleep. Amber's girls pulled themselves awkwardly from their beds, clinging desperately to each other and the bed frames, both to stop themselves from falling and to stop their seriously over-pressurized breasts from bumping into anything. The girls slowly began to converge on Michelle, first barely touching their obviously very full breasts with their fingertips, then tapping with their fingertips, finally working their way up to a sort of rhythmic thumping as they got closer to Michelle. When they saw Maria trying to milk herself they were so desperate for relief that they began trying to milk themselves as well. They had as little success as Maria did, but that didn't stop the girls from approaching, their tiny hands squeezing and pulling their huge nipples. "Help me," the girls each said, their voices overlapping and repeating each other, but their meaning was clear.

"Help us," they said as they converged on Michelle, "You're the only one that can help... please... you have to... suck it out... please... suck our boobs... drink our milk... please!"

"I gotta get out of here!" Michelle shouted, her own body beginning to get the better of her as her mouth began to water. She pushed herself up and forward with all her strength, almost knocking the five milk dolls down as she tried desperately to gain her balance as she nearly leapt to her feet. She turned her head and looked at the door as she tried to steady her massive breasts while her legs were still wobbling.

It was then that she heard what was quite possibly the worst sound she could imagine at that moment in time.

The sound of the bedroom door being locked from the outside.

The girls waddled slowly down the hallway, Max only a few feet ahead of them. As they began to lag Max would slow down, allowing them to catch up before beginning to walk again, but even moving as slowly as he could his long legs made it very difficult for the girls to keep up, even at a very fast waddle.

They waddled through the snakelike corridors until they reached a stairwell and descended several floors before continuing on, now in the dank, musty underground levels. "I'm sorry about the smell. It's just impossible to keep it dry down here, even with the dehumidifiers. Max opened a set of double doors and reached inside, flicking a light switch. "Hmmm, the light must be out. Just wait here. I'll be right back."

Max strode into the darkened room, his footsteps echoing as he crossed the twenty feet in darkness and opened a door at the opposite side of the room, casting a

bridge of light across the darkness. Lisa looked back at Candy suspiciously and Candy waved her on. Lisa shrugged as she began crossing the room, the other girls following her lead. When they were about halfway across the lights snapped on in the room, momentarily blinding them.

They squinted, trying to focus on Max as they adjusted to the light. It was only as they regained their composure that they realized just how screwed they were.

"Girls," Max said, "I'd have to say you've not been totally forthcoming with me," he said, walking slowly over to where the four girls stood clustered in the middle of the room like a wagon train, watching the other girls in the room.

There had to be thirty or forty girls in the room, or more accurately, milk dolls. Max strode over to Lisa and took the envelope from her hand. "I don't think you'll be needing this for the moment," Max said and stepped away, walking to the nearest milk doll, sitting Indian-style on the floor, cradling her oversized breasts in her lap.

"These are the girls too far gone for even my little movies," Max said, kneeling down and tapping the girl's hugely swollen, throbbing nipple with his fingers. She cried out at even that mild touch. "At first they're good for just general porn, then big breast porn, then for a short while I can use them for custom videos... but eventually..." Max said, resting his hand on the girl's massive boob, easily as big as both of Maria's boobs put together, "Eventually they're even too big for that... luckily I have a little arrangement going on here... One that works out great for both of us."

"Both of you?" Mary said. "Both who?"

"I think he's referring to me," a woman's voice said from behind them.

The girls spun around, their mouths falling open as their eyes landed on Amber as she stepped away from the now locked entrance doors.

"You thought you could kill my girls and you wouldn't have to pay for it?" Amber said, walking toward them.

"But... but..." Mandy and Candy said. "But you taught us about the Mothers of the Apocalypse."

"Yes, a fictionalized version of their history," Amber said, "as a lightning rod for anyone who might come looking for someone to help them stamp out those bad little pregnant girls." Amber continued walking toward them, slowly circling the little group of pregnant girls. "I never expected you'd actually manage to destroy even one of my girls, much less my whole little coven. How resourceful of you."

Amber walked up to Mandy and Candy, "But no good deed ever goes unpunished," she said, running her fingertip across their bloated stomachs, flicking their belly buttons.

"Wait... your coven?" Lisa asked. "You're like what, thirty-five-ish?"

"You flatter me," Amber said. "I'm seven hundred and twelve years old," she replied, toying with a little charm on her necklace.

"How can that be? If you're not one of them... what the hell are you???" Mary asked.

"But I am one of them," Amber said and reached behind her neck, undoing the clasp on her necklace and allowing it to fall to the ground.

Reality seemed to warp and bend around Amber as they watched, her face growing younger as her waist grew thicker. Her legs seem to spread slightly as her belly grew, quickly filling all available space and then some, quickly swelling to the size Michelle was when they last saw her.

“Fuck Me!” Mandy and Candy said.

“Oh my God, you’re as big as Michelle!” Lisa said.

“I should hope she’s grown as big and strong as I am... what with all the human milk I’ve been feeding her.”

“What? She hasn’t had any milk from the milk dolls!” Lisa insisted.

“But she had glass after glass of the milk from the refrigerator at your home, didn’t she?” Amber smiled.

“Oh shit,” Lisa whispered, remembering Michelle’s late night Oreos and milk snack.

“Not to mention all the nice warm milk she was drinking at your house.” Amber said as she began waddling in a wide circle around the girls before she headed toward the crowd of milk dolls, carefully squatting in front of one of the girls before, with the milk doll’s help, guiding the poor girl’s massive breast to Amber’s lips, resting the oversize breast on her own oversized belly. “Just a second, all this talking is drying me out,” she said before sucking deeply, a moan of relief coming from the milk doll as she squeezed her breast, trying to get as much milk expressed while the getting was good. Reluctantly Amber released the girl’s breast, allowing gravity to pull the nipple from between her lips, allowing the still overfull boob to fall into the girl’s lap with a loud slap.

Amber pushed herself back to her feet as she began to speak, “Anyway, it’s been more than two hours since I locked Michelle in the bedroom with those five milk dolls. By now I suppose she’s had her fill and will be on her way to find us.”

As if on queue the doors the girls had entered through just minutes before shook as someone twisted the door handle from the outside. The noise stopped and for a long moment everyone watched the doors. A small spot next to the doorknob began to turn colors, first black as the paint burned off, then red and finally a glowing white. As the colors changed the small spot grew, at first just a dot, but soon taking on the definite shape of a small hand. The door blew off its hinges, flying through the air well away from the center of the room, but missing Max by just a few spare inches.

The smoke hadn’t even cleared before Michelle waddled through the smoky doorway, making a beeline for Amber. “You fucking whore!”

Amber and Max smiled... then laughed as Michelle stepped into the room. Amber stopped laughing and turned to Max. “Max dear... go stop her.”

“What?” Max said, his eyes growing wide as he backed away from Amber. “No... I’ve.. I’ve done everything you asked....”

“Until now...” Amber said, her voice becoming deeper and more melodic. “Kill her Max. Kill Michelle.”

Mac turned, the terror on his face obvious as he walked toward Michelle, quickly stepping between Amber and her attacker. He closed the distance quickly, grabbing at Michelle’s arms. He snagged her left arm in his own much larger hand and twisted. Michelle only smiled as she twisted her arm in the opposite direction,

pleased by the solid crunching sound that came from Max's forearm. Michelle reached out and grabbed Max by the upper arm and lifted her other hand to his chest.

As Amber watched Michelle's palm began to glow, first a very pale yellow, then white before a voice called out from the doors at the opposite side of the room.

"Michelle... Don't! It's not too late."

Michelle twisted sideways, looking past Max as Amber and the other girls turned toward the opposite wall and toward the woman in her mid-thirties that stood there.

"Michelle... let him go," June said, standing in front of the pried open doors to the room, a crowbar in one hand and a battery powered lantern in the other.

"Mom..." Michelle said, her expression momentarily softening before the fury returned to her eyes. "It's too late for me Mom... but at least I can take out this bastard."

"Michelle, listen very carefully... It's not too late. It's not... Just put him down and step away."

"But... I drank the milk... Like a gallon of it by now..."

"It doesn't matter," June said plainly.

"It doesn't matter???" Michelle replied, her grip on Max's arm loosening,

"Finish him!" Amber screamed.

"It's a world of difference." June replied. "Everything you know about what's happening to you... you learned it from the most evil and vile person you could have, Her worlds are all true but she speaks only lies."

Michelle loosened her grip on Max even more, allowing him to fall at her feet, clutching his arm.

"She told you about the Mothers of the Apocalypse, and how they will birth the devil's army at the time after time." June began as Michelle began to cry.

"But she didn't tell you they also birth the army of God. It all depends on what you do and what your intentions are. You have three days. Do good and the being within becomes an angel, do evil and it becomes a demon." June said.

"But it's not too late... Once we take care of Amber we can reverse this... return you all to normal." June continued. "All of you," she said, looking into the crowd of milk dolls.

"So that wasn't Allison attacking during the séance," Michelle said.

Amber laughed, "You know, after Mandy and Candy suggested the séance I knew I needed find a way around it.. and what better way than to make it appear she was attacking us."

"Any of her power would have been destroyed when she was dispelled," June said. "All just part of the ruse."

Amber began to clap slowly. "Bravo June, Bravo. You know, I never thought I'd see you again after you took off for Philly in the 80s." Amber said, closing the gap.

"If I thought you'd still be here performing your parlor tricks I'd never have brought my girls here... but some people just don't know when it's time to go."

"Maybe so," Amber chuckled. "Now what? Unless you have some way to trick me into drinking holy water or putting the fear of God into me I think we're done here... and I win."

Michelle's eyes lit up as if remembering something important. "Mom, toss me your purse!"

"What? Honey!" June replied.

"Just do it!" Michelle said, remembering the events back at the vintage clothing store.

As Amber began to waddle toward June she tossed her purse high into the air.

"Mom, you said you can still save me...I thought after I drank that milk I was damned" Michelle said as she caught the purse and dumped its contents into her cleavage and began digging through the mess.

"Of course honey," June said as she backed away from Amber. "Demon or no, it can't touch your soul. Your soul is like a tiny slice of God's beauty. Nothing can change that."

"That's what I was hoping you'd say," Michelle said as she pulled her mom's compact from the mess as June backed into the wall.

"Mom! TURN OUT THE LIGHTS!" Michelle called as she opened the compact.

"Now," Michelle whispered into the tiny mirror.

June reached up and fumbled for a moment before the lights flickered out.

"Mom, Lantern!" Michelle yelled.

June twisted, and hit the button on the lantern, sending a blinding beam across the room toward Michelle... and straight at Allison, standing bathed in pure white light a few feet in front of Michelle's mirror, her image reflected in everyone's eyes.

"Allison!" Mandy gasped.

"She came through the mirror," Michelle said. "She can pass back and forth through to the shadow realms through any mirror. **Any** mirror, get it?"

"Amber," Allison said, stepping towards the other end of the room, "It's my turn now."

Amber turned slowly, amazed by the sound of Allison's voice until she looked at Allison head on, Allison's glowing form reflected in Amber's eyes.

Allison seemed to disappear, as she moved to the other side of the reflection in Amber's eyes, moving in an instant from outside of Amber in the living world to inside Amber in the shadow realms, the purity of her soul burning away at the evil within Amber.

"You bitch," Amber said as she turned toward Michelle, her palms beginning to glow.

Amber shook for a moment, grabbing her head before she fell backward, her skin glowing a pale orange, then red then quickly progressing to a white glow too brilliant to look at directly. Amber screamed as she exploded in a flurry of dust and light. Then she was gone.

Michelle turned toward the far end of the room, tears streaming down her cheeks as her mother ran to Lisa and, with her in hand, crossed the room to Michelle, wrapping themselves in a group hug.

"Mom," Michelle said, crying her eyes out as they hugged for a minute or two.

"Lets get back home... we have some work to do there..."

“What about all these girls,” Mandy and Candy said, looking around the room.

“I don’t think you need to worry about them,” June said, noticing the girl’s were already milking themselves now that the magic had been broken. Some were barely leaking, some were squirting and some, the unluckiest of the girls, were gushing.

“I don’t think you’ll be needing this,” June said, taking the fat envelope of money from Max and picking up the necklace and charm from the floor.

“Bastard,” Mandy and Candy said, kicking Max in the groin as they passed.

“Come on girls, let’s get home,” June smiled as they headed for the exit.

CHAPTER 26

It was close to midnight before they managed to get everyone back to Michelle and June's house. By that time of night most of the busses had stopped running and they had to rely on taxis and foot power. The girls were all exhausted, June included, but curiously not Michelle. It took a minute or so for each girl to fight her way up the three front steps to Michelle's front door. The stairway was just a bit too steep to make the going easy not to mention their bellies a bit too wide to make it through the door easily.

"So, you can change us back, right?" Mandy said as she waddled slowly toward the kitchen. "I think I'm still getting bigger," she added, looking down, one hand on either side of her belly.

"Just don't go drinking anything out of the fridge and you'll be fine," June replied, still outside the house.

Candy waddled down the entrance hall slowing only as she came upon Mandy stopped in the hallway, "You gonna move or are you just gonna stand here staring at your belly all day."

"Hey," Mandy said, turning around, her oversized belly swinging around until it slapped heavily against Candy's belly.

"Hey!" Candy called out as she backed up slightly before bouncing her belly into Mandy's.

"Come on, this isn't a time for games," Michelle said as she wobbled up behind Mandy and Candy. The twins looked at each other for a moment before they turned to Michelle and smiled. "Bumper bellies!" they shouted and they pushed their bellies into Michelle's, forcing her back, sending her falling to the floor laughing.

June smiled thinly as she watched the girls fooling around before turning and going through the dining room into the kitchen, clearing the way for Mary and Lisa to join the others.

Mary came down the hall far too quickly, tripping over Michelle and falling into Mandy and Candy before sliding down to the floor.

"Whenever you're ready girls," June said, looking into the hallway.

"You know its weird," Mandy said, one hand braced at the small of her back, the other rubbing her outsized belly, "but now that there's no danger or anything..."

"This is kinda neat," Candy continued,

"Yeah," Michelle said as she crawled along the floor toward Mandy and Candy, her belly and breasts pushed firmly into the carpet, "It's kinda weird but I dunno, interesting too. As long as we know we're changing back," Michelle said as she reached for one of Mandy's ankles and looked to Mary who immediately got the idea. They each grabbed one of the twin's ankles and pulled, sending Mandy and Candy down on top of the other girls.

Now all four girls were laying on the floor laughing and crying, eager to release the tension that had been building up over the last few days. Then they spotted Lisa standing several feet away. As she saw their wide eyed, laughing, smiling faces she began to back away. "No way," Lisa said and waddled into the living room. She

quickly found herself trapped by the low furniture as the pile of very pregnant, very giggly girls rolled into the living room and pulled Lisa to the floor. Soon all five girls were laughing and playing, exploring the changes to their own and each others bodies before they changed back.

June stepped into the entrance hallway and called down the hall, “Girls... come on...time to get back to normal and get to bed...”

“Aww,” the girls said but despite their reluctance they began to pull themselves and each other back to their feet, for the first time appearing comfortable with how they were built now as they waddled into the kitchen, still kidding with each other, Mary patting her belly like a bongo drum.

“Now girls, I know I’ve said this before,” June began as she poured five glasses of water from her canteen, “But you can come to me with any problem. Anything... and I’ll help. Okay?”

Lisa laughed, “Okay, okay... somehow I just didn’t think demonic pregnancy applied. I know better now.”

“Bottoms up,” she said, handing one glass to each of the girls, save Michelle. “Honey, could you come into the living room please?” June said, carrying Michelle’s glass of holy water.

“Yeah mom, uh... can this wait... I’m not really into deep philosophy right now... I just want to get rid of this,” Michelle said, slapping her belly with a resounding thud, “and get to bed.”

“Mitch,” June began,,

“Mom, you’re scaring me,” Michelle said, genuinely disturbed, “You never call me Mitch except..”

“I can’t change you back.” June said sadly.

Michelle stood there silently for a moment, then looked down at her massive belly and equally huge breasts and began to laugh, “Come on mom, enough with the joke. Make with the holy water.”

June handed Michelle the holy water and Michelle raised it to her lips. “I’m sorry Mitch,” June said as Michelle downed the water.

It felt to Michelle as if a Mack truck had slammed her into a wall. Every last bit of strength and resilience seemed to melt away as her legs buckled beneath her, her energy totally spent.

Michelle looked down at herself, staring at her own massiveness...”What the fuck... Mom... What... No, no, no, no, no, no” Michelle muttered as June knelt down and rested Michelle’s head on her shoulder.

“It was too long,” June said, “and you drank too much of that milk. I purged the demonic energy from within you... but there’s a price... You’re one of the bearer’s of God’s army... but you’ve probably noticed how in every story you’ve ever read that evil gets all the superpowers while good just has to live with being good...”

Michelle nodded, sniffing as she ran her hands across her breasts, working her way over the huge puffy areola toward her nipples.

“Well, you are one of God’s chosen ones now... but all you really get to show for it is that belly... those boobs.... and life eternal until death.”

“Eternal life? Like this????” Michelle said, lifting one of her boobs an inch off her belly, using all the strength in both her arms before it slipped from her hands, dropping onto her belly with a heavy slap. “I’d rather be dead! I can’t go through life like this!” Michelle cried. “How can I ever be seen in public...or go to school... or anything!”

June put her finger to Michelle’s lips as she reached into her pocket with the other hand, pulling out a small necklace with a charm. “It’s not much, but it worked well enough for Amber,” June said, helping to pull Michelle very slowly to her feet before putting the necklace around Michelle’s neck.

Michelle looked around, first down at her still bloated body, then to her unreasonably happy looking mother then back to her gigantically swollen belly. “This thing is broken or something,” Michelle said as she took a few tentative waddling steps.

“No it’s not. Look in the mirror.” June replied.

June helped Michelle to her feet and she waddled into the stair hallway to the large mirror on the landing and watched in silence as her reflection walked slowly and smoothly toward the mirror, belly shirt and shorts clad, looking amazingly not pregnant.

“But... but... this sucks!” Michelle said, turning back toward her mom.

“Honey, you have a guest.” June said with a small smile, pointing back toward the mirror before she turned and walked away.

Michelle turned back toward the mirror and saw Allison standing across the room, far behind her. As Michelle watched Allison walked across the room, sidestepping Michelle’s mirror self before stepping carefully through the mirror.

“I have to go... but I couldn’t without thanking you.” Allison said. “What you did, what you have up... just to save me,” she continued, tears running down her cheeks. “I’ll never forget it,” Allison said as she reached forward and gave Michelle a long, warm, firm hug before turning and stepping back into the mirror, the white glow that made up her body fading and dispersing like fog.

Michelle turned from the mirror and wiped her eyes as a very not-pregnant Lisa came running into the living room, “Come on, what’s keeping you!” Lisa asked, grabbing Michelle by the arm.

“Nothing,” Michelle smiled into the mirror before turning and waddling toward the kitchen and the happy sounds of her friends and family’s laughter.

“Nothing at all.”

PART 2

THE CHAOS REALMS

CHAPTER 27

Michelle made her way slowly down the street toward her house after school. It wasn't fast going, obviously due to her injured and splinted leg. She moved slowly but steadily, limping along through the normal foot traffic of the intercity sidewalks. People seemed to part and make way for Michelle as she walked by, unwilling to intrude on her personal space but blissfully unaware they were even making allowances in their walk to avoid her.

Aside from her injured leg there wasn't much overly remarkable about Michelle. Her strawberry red hair was pulled back into a ponytail but fell in delicate natural curls to her shoulders when it was loose. All five feet, two inches of her was clad in typical teen attire, in this case a short tank top, shorts and sneakers. While certainly not voluptuous she was curvy for a sixteen year old. Slightly busty and a bit broad through the hips but with a very flat, lightly tanned belly and well toned arms and legs she looked a bit above the average high school boy's fare, but not so much above that she'd have any trouble getting a date. The only thing that really stood out about her was a small silver and crystal amulet hanging from around her neck. With each step the bauble bounced slightly, catching the afternoon sun.

In the last year since they had moved to their duplex in Baltimore much had changed. Once a run down remnant of the 1950s housing boom now the house was bright and cheery. The local Town Watch had helped make the neighborhood safer and thus emboldened many of the homeowners began to spruce up their homes. Michelle carefully pulled herself up the new granite steps of her home and let herself in the front door, admiring the now-restored oval stained-glass window as she closed the door and stepped into the front hall.

"Mom? You home?" she called out, stepping carefully toward the rear of the house, just far enough down the hall to see the lights were off in the kitchen and hear that the television was off in the den. Oh well, Michelle thought, Mom's been busy with work a lot recently. Michelle returned to the front hallway and slowly began fighting her way up the stairway to her room. It was slow going, much slower than it would seem possible, even if her knee actually had been injured, as she had told everyone at school. She moved like she was carrying an immense weight and as if she was unable to see where she was going, feeling for each step before carefully placing her foot on the tread. In the end it took her almost ten minutes to make it up the flight of stairs and she leaned heavily against the wall at the top of the stairs to catch her breath before heading into her room.

Michelle's room was bright and cheery, filled with the odd mix of childlike and adult possessions peculiar to girls in their late teens. Posters of teen idols and movie stars competed with schoolbooks and her computer for space between the dozens of teddy bears she had collected since she was four years old. The only thing that was odd about her room, if you could call it that, was that there was not a single thing on the floor. Not a book, not a magazine, not a sock. Nothing was anywhere that it could not be reached while standing.

Michelle stepped carefully over to her mirror, tossing her backpack onto her bed as she passed and pulled her hands over her hair, releasing the scrunchy holding

her hair back in its pony tail and shaking it free, allowing her hair to cascade over her shoulders. She examined her reflection carefully, as if looking for any alterations or changes in her appearance. After she was satisfied she reached back behind her neck and took the clasp of her necklace in her hands and unlocked it before carefully removing the chain and its attached amulet.

Michelle kept her eyes rigidly fixed on her own eyes in her reflection as she watched her cheekbones soften, her cheeks taking on a bit of baby fat as the makeup faded from her eyelids, her delicately tweezed eyebrows returning to a more natural appearance. She seemed to drop a year or two in age as she watched her face return to its exact appearance of almost ten months ago. Unfortunately the changes didn't stop at her face. She sighed sadly as her eyes were drawn downward against her will as her body seemed to stretch and expand now that the glamour that the amulet provided to disguise her true appearance had been removed.

Michelle's breasts appeared to swell rapidly against her top, the illusion that she had been wearing a bra fading even before her breasts had doubled in size, long before they appeared to grow to their actual, slightly larger than basketball, size. Her top was not able to cover the entirety of her breasts lower curves, much less anything below. Even before the illusion was completely stripped from her breasts her belly began to expand as the magic hiding it slipped away and she appeared to grow larger and larger. First it appeared she was simply pregnant, then obviously overdue before looking more like she was about to deliver twins, then triplets, then quads before her massive midsection appeared to stop its outward growth, her feet spreading apart as the illusion fell away, obviously necessary to support her massive weight.

Michelle sighed as she looked at her reflection, the exact same reflection that had greeted her for the last ten months every time she took off the amulet that kept her condition a secret from her neighbors and classmates and allowed her to lead a somewhat normal life.

Now Michelle and her mom lived alone, her sister Lisa had moved back to Pennsylvania to start college. It was just as well. Lisa had been wracked by guilt since their last run-in with the Mothers of the Apocalypse, blaming herself for the position Michelle had found herself trapped in. Still, despite the hardships, Michelle thought as she took one breast in both hands and, with great effort, lifted until her huge brown nipple met her waiting lips, smiling slightly to herself, *there are a few advantages to this.*

CHAPTER 28

About an hour later Michelle headed to her bathroom to clean herself up. It was not an easy task. Although many small changes had been made around the house to help Michelle work around certain limitations, major changes, like remodeling the tiny bathrooms in the house, had yet to be started. Michelle waddled carefully and slowly into the tiny bathroom, her belly alternately brushing against the sink and shower curtain as her belly bobbed back and forth, even with the tiny steps she was taking. She took two more steps until she was in front of the toilet and carefully turned around, swinging her belly around over the bowl and stepping back toward the sink, standing sideways in front of the mirror.

Michelle pulled off her soggy top and tossed it into the laundry basket before grabbing a washcloth and washing her breasts and upper chest. She towed off quickly and, after washing her face, brushed out her hair and pulled it back into a ponytail. She stared into her own reflection for a moment, as if trying to think of something. Then she realized what the problem was. She felt a little ill, just a slight headache and slightly upset stomach. It wouldn't have taken her so long to identify the all too common feeling except that for the last ten months since she had been "blessed" she'd never had a moment that she didn't feel perfectly wonderful. Not a headache, not an upset stomach, not so much as an achy knee or a cramp in ten months.

Michelle glanced through the open bathroom door at the clock in her bedroom. It was still more than an hour until her mother would be home and after a moment's thought she decided she could risk a trip downstairs amulet-free. Michelle's mother insisted that anytime she was outside her bedroom or bathroom she must wear her amulet. "What if someone sees you through a window or someone unexpectedly stops by," her mother said. "The hell with unwelcome visitors," Michelle said under her breath as she waddled out into her bedroom and grabbed a top from a hanger in her closet, pulling it over her head as she waddled toward the upstairs hallway. "Screw that," she thought, "I bet something to drink will clear up this crappy feeling and I'm not putting on my amulet if I don't feel like it."

Michelle began working her way down the stairs purposefully slowing herself down so she didn't barrel down the stairway and fall through the railing at the bottom. When she was only about six steps from the top of the stairs she heard the front door unlock and her mother breezed in, speaking quickly on her cell phone headset as she headed into the kitchen.

"No, I understand Monsignor. We'll be ready in about thirty minutes," she said, glaring at Michelle as she walked back into the kitchen. Michelle stopped her decent and watched her mother pass and then watched as her mother returned to the central hallway, hanging up her cell phone and waiting at the foot of the stairs and looking at Michelle expectantly.

"What?" Michelle asked.

"I can't go up until you come down," June said, "and why aren't you wearing your amulet?" she added, watching Michelle as she descended the stairs.

"Like anyone ever comes here unexpectedly," Michelle said as she finally reached the foot of the steps and braced her lower back with both her hands.

June shook her head and shot Michelle an angry look as she headed up the stairs. Before June was halfway up the stairs there was a knock at the front door.

"Mirrors are the gateway to the soul," June said loudly as she continued up the stairs.

A key twisted in the front door's lock and it opened, revealing a priest and two men accompanying him. "and doorways are the gateway to the future," he called out cheerily before pointing toward the rear of the house. The priest's two assistants nodded and headed to the back of the house, excusing themselves as they passed Michelle, nodding and saying "Ma'am," as they passed. They seemed completely unsurprised by her appearance.

"You must be Michelle," the priest said. "I'm Father Williams. It's a privilege to make your acquaintance. I'm sorry for the short notice but you'll be briefed on the way. A plane is standing by at BWI for immediate departure."

"Departure? For where?" Michelle asked, turning as the two men returned from the rear of the house. "Building's secure," they reported before heading back out the front door.

"Santos, Brazil," June said as she descended the stairs. "Father Williams, I'm afraid Michelle hasn't been briefed yet. This is her first intervention."

"Oh... I wasn't aware," Father Williams said, looking slightly nervous as he very obviously avoided looking at Michelle's huge belly.

"Mom, what's in Brazil?" Michelle asked.

"Your amulet?" June said as someone knocked on the front door.

Michelle pulled the amulet from her pocket and placed the necklace around her neck. Reality seemed to twist around her and in a few moments she looked like any other seventeen-year-old girl. As soon as Father Williams was sure the amulet was doing its intended job he went to the door and opened it, revealing a limo driver and a stretch limo waiting in the street.

"I'm sorry... a bit ostentatious but it was the best we could arrange on short notice." Father Williams said before exiting the house and heading to the limo with the two assistants and the limo driver.

"So... The Catholics are right?" Michelle whispered to her mother as soon as the priest was out of earshot.

"They support our cause and provide the administration to keep us all in contact with one another. Who is "right" doesn't enter into it. They usually keep a low profile, but this... this is a bit beyond the norm," June said, obviously concerned.

"So... What's up?"

"We'll be briefed as soon as the plane is in the air," June said. "That's all the Monsignor would say except that we're headed to Brazil," June continued as she headed for the open rear door of the limo.

Michelle sighed and shrugged, defeated for the moment before following her mother to the waiting limo.

CHAPTER 29

Once they arrived at the airport Michelle expected a horrible mess given the security nightmares she'd heard about. *I wonder how the amulet would handle a strip search*, she thought. She needn't have worried. On the strength of the diplomatic passports Father Michaels had provided they were whisked through security and within thirty minutes they were in the air.

The plane itself was a bit larger than Michelle or her mother had expected, separated into a small room with just eight seats facing one another and some general seating in the rear. Fortunately for Michelle the seats were the same type of wide, comfortable seats they had in first class. Michelle and her mother sat on one side of the smaller room with two priests neither of them recognized sitting opposite them. As soon as they were in the air the elder priest began to speak.

"This is all the information we have," he said, handing each of them a manila folder. "Three days ago several girls went missing in the Santos Dioceses in Brazil. Around the same time we began getting disturbing reports of unusual activity in the area. The signs were very clear. We've made the appropriate contacts and called a C-Alert.

"Shit." June said before quickly apologizing to the father.

"Quite all right. Truth be told I said the same thing," the unnamed priest said

"What's a C-Alert?" Michelle asked.

"She hasn't been briefed?" the priest said, surprised.

"There hasn't been time today and she's new to all of this."

"How new?" the priest asked skeptically.

"Hello? What's a C-Alert?" Michelle repeated.

"She's my daughter. She's seventeen years old." June replied.

"Oh my..." the priest said, obviously surprised. "I had no idea. Well, that explains why she's on backup status and not..."

"Honey, let me explain," June said, cutting off the priest. "In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth, But beyond creation, beyond the heavens, is a place so insidious and dark most of those that know of it try never to think of it again. It's a place of powerful entities and vast amounts of power. But that power is without form and darkness is everywhere."

"So it's evil?" Michelle asked.

"No. Evil is part of creation." June said, then noting her daughter's expression, "Don't look so surprised. Everything that's part of the natural order, everything within the universe is part of God's plan. But there are places beyond that, the Chaos Realms, where beings, the Chaos Lords dwell. We cannot describe them, they are different from anything we know. We cannot understand them, if they even think their thoughts are different from anything we can imagine. But like moths to a flame they are drawn to the light of creation. They seek weak points in the fabric of reality and try to force through those points. When the Chaos Realm's power is released here it quickly takes a random form based on what is nearby. In open air it appears to be a thick purplish black smoke. In walls, floors, rock, it appears as living breathing flesh. It's when the weakness is in a living being that there is danger."

"I don't like the sound of this," Michelle said.

"But this is the good part," an extraordinarily pregnant teenager said as she waddled in from the nearby restroom and sat down. The girl appeared to be about sixteen, her long brown hair cut to just above her shoulders. Aside from that she looked like a typical teenager, aside from the very large midsection. "Padre, you gotta do something about these bathrooms. It's like taking a crap in a sardine can."

"I'll see what we can do for next time," the priest replied coldly.

"That's what they said back in '72 and they didn't do jack since then." The girl replied. "So this is the newbie?" she said, looking at Michelle.

"This is Michelle," the priest said and then turned to Michelle, "This is Roberta, she'll be the team leader for this outing."

"Yah, lucky me," she replied as she snapped her gum. "So what? You recruiting 'em before they're knocked up now?" Roberta asked the priest as she looked at Michelle.

The priest cleared his throat. "If the Chaos Realms are released on air or an inanimate object their influence is limited to the confines of that object but if they're released into a living being... it can grow and change as any living thing can, but this growth would be chaotic, twisted, driven by unknown forces. When the disruptions in reality get too severe they can open a rift between our world and the Chaos Realms, allowing the Chaos Lords to enter.

"Kinda like in Hellboy," Roberta said dismissively looking around the room. "You got anything to eat in here? Maybe a mini-bar?"

"This plane is the property of the Holy See," the priest said, anger evident in his voice. "It does not have a mini-bar."

"She's team leader?" Michelle asked.

"You see anyone else here with the experience and belly like a beach ball?" Roberta replied.

"Mothers of the Apocalypse are immune to the corruption of Chaos," the father replied.

"And what am I? Chopped liver?" Michelle asked.

"No. You're a warm body. They're bringing 5 people and so are we." Roberta said.

"No," the priest said. "She's our backup in case the others try some sort of a double-cross."

"Her?" Roberta said, eyeing Michelle.

Michelle pushed herself to her feet and reached behind her neck and undid the clasp on her necklace, removing the amulet and undoing her illusion of normality. "Me," Michelle replied.

"How'd you... Where'd she... How's she rate? I want one of those!" Roberta yelled as she waddled over to the priest thrusting her massive belly right in his face.

"We didn't supply it. It was recovered after flushing out a coven in Baltimore," the priest said defensively, raising his hands and turning his face away from her roundness.

"But I want one!" Roberta chanted.

"Why don't you just grow up," Michelle said.

Roberta turned and chuckled, "God, like I haven't heard that before." She glanced away from Michelle to June's face. "Ooooh, you haven't told her. Why don'tcha fill her in. I'm gonna go see if there's a cardinal or pope or somebody up front with some smokes." Roberta turned and waddled toward first class.

"What's she talking about?" Michelle asked.

"Let's not get into it now," June replied. "When will we meet the others?"

"At the hotel. They should have already arrived by the time we check in."

"And who are these others you keep talking about? And why won't anyone answer my questions?" Michelle said, refastening her amulet and sitting down.

June sighed, "Probably because the answers aren't very comforting."

"The 'others' we've been speaking of are the other side. The evil ones." The priest replied.

"It takes the unity and order to close such a rift in reality." June said. "Like it or not both good and evil are parts of creation and both are needed to seal holes in reality."

"But they're the ones that did this to me!" Michelle said, "How can I work with them?"

"I don't know. But it's that or the slow end of the world," the priest replied.

"Besides, you're just the backup remember? The ace in the hole in case they decide to pull something." June said.

"Why would they pull something? Wouldn't that be the end of the world?" Michelle asked.

"Ever hear the story of the frog and the scorpion?" June asked.

Michelle nodded, "It's their nature. It's what they do." Michelle thought for a moment. "So you said there would be five of us, Father?"

"Yes," the priest said, "But I'm still not happy about the choice of personnel."

"We've worked with them before. They're good people." June said.

"They were dupes of the coven you destroyed. They're not to be trusted." The priest replied.

"I trust them completely," June replied.

"Trust who?" Michelle asked, already anticipating the answer.

"Mandy and Candy," June replied. "They're up in first class."

"Wow! That's so great!" Michelle said as she slowly forced herself to her feet and waddled to the front of the plane.

"I hope bringing those girls don't turn out to be a mistake," the priest said to June.

"I know it won't be," she replied.

CHAPTER 30

They were met at the airport by a Brazilian priest who had already arranged their transportation.

"It's a pleasure to meet you all, I'm Father Antonio. A car is waiting for us outside," the priest said as he met them at the gate. "Just follow me," he added, "We won't be going into the terminal."

"We won't? How are we gonna get to the hotel?" Roberta asked and snapped her gum. "We gonna fly?"

Father Antonio looked confused for a moment before replying, "I'm sorry. My English is not that good."

"No Father, your English is excellent," June said then glared at Roberta. "Where are we going?"

"There is a service stairway just before the entrance to the terminal. From there we can get to the luggage sort and through to the car I have waiting," Father Antonio said, opening a non-descript door next to the double doors that barely contained the sounds of the terminal.

"Stairs?" Roberta asked. "Why can't we just go through the terminal. Stairs suck."

"I thought you'd want to keep a low profile," Father Antonio replied. "Did I misunderstand?"

"No Father. Roberta is just a bit confused," June said.

"I'm not fucking confused," Roberta said, her voice getting louder.

"Hey," Michelle hissed quietly, "I'm as big as you are, if not bigger, and I got a damned leg brace on. If I can do the steps and not complain you damn well can too."

Roberta shrugged, "Fine, whatever. Let's just get going."

It took nearly an hour to reach the hotel, a trip much less comfortable for Michelle and Roberta than for the other girls or Father Antonio. The bumpiness of the road combined with the poor shocks on the minivan had everyone bouncing with each bump or pothole in the road but Mandy, Candy and June were light enough to ride out the unevenness while Michelle and Roberta weren't so lucky. Their weight anchored them firmly, compressing the springs and bottoming out the seats. With every bump the motion was transmitted straight through the minivan's frame and into Michelle and Roberta. The shaking started in their breasts, first just a slight shaking, progressing to a wobble that their hands couldn't quite manage to control. Then the vibration started to shake their bellies, making them bounce heavily between their thighs, slapping against the bottoms of their breasts. No one was more thankful than Michelle and Roberta when they finally reached the hotel.

Their van pulled around to the loading dock at the rear of the hotel and, with a few quick words from Father Antonio to the kitchen staff they were in the service elevator and on their way to their suite. Father Antonio spoke briefly in Portuguese to a man that met them in the hallway outside the elevator. They shook hands and Father Antonio turned to June. "This is the hotel manager, Fredrico Araujo. He will take care

of whatever you need while you're here. If you need anything he cannot supply please contact me immediately.

"Thank you Father, I'm sure everything will be fine." June replied.

"It's a pleasure to help you. Any friend of the Father is a friend to me," Mr. Araujo said. "Your suite is..." his voice trailed off as he caught sight of Roberta, his eyes locked on her huge belly. It took a moment for Roberta to realize why he stopped talking but once she did she waddled slowly over to him until her belly pressed firmly into his. "Like what you see? How about taking a picture. Maybe a video? You know, I am so sick of people like..."

"ROBERTA!" June shouted, snapping Mr. Araujo from his trance.

"I'm sorry, I meant no disrespect," he said, quickly turning and heading down the hall. They walked for about fifty feet until they came to a door. Mr.

Araujo handed June an envelope. "Here are keys for your suite. Your friends have already arrived.

"Our friends?" Michelle asked.

"Thank you very much. You've been so helpful." June said.

"It is nothing," Mr. Araujo replied. "The church has done so much for me, it is only right that I be able to do something in return. Call if you need anything." Mr. Araujo smiled and walked away.

"What friends Mom?" Michelle asked, this time more urgently as her mother opened the door and stepped into the suite. The main room itself was dark, the only light coming in through the windows from the beautiful sunset on the horizon. A slim woman stood silhouetted in the window, smoke rising from a cigarette. As their eyes adjusted to the light they were able to make out her outfit, a black Armani pantsuit with gray pinstripes. Her hair was dark pulled up and pinned in place. She was speaking into a cellular phone in Italian as they entered. She barely took note of their entrance. She merely raised her forefinger as she continued to speak.

"Sono spiacente. Devo andare. I imbeciles sono qui," she said pleasantly then paused, listening for the response. She laughed and replied "Per non preoccuparsi. _ciò non prend lungamente affare con." After another brief pause she smiled. "Schiavo."

Her pleasant mood evaporated as she closed her cell phone, going quickly from Sunday school teacher to bitch in two seconds flat. "You're late," she scowled as she turned and walked into one of the bedrooms.

June stepped into the suite followed by the other girls. "I'm not late. Nothing happens until I'm here so I'm always on time. You're early." Roberta said and looked around the room.

"Who's the self-important bitch?" a voice in the bedroom asked.

"I'd assume it's your yin," the older woman said. "

"Huh?" the first voice asked.

The older woman sighed. "Would it be too much to ask... just once to have a well-read charge?"

June and Michelle headed for the bedroom as Mandy and Candy looked around the common room.

"Great view" Mandy said.

"Yeah. Looks like they have a nice beach" Candy replied.

“Not going right?” Mandy asked.

“Not if paid.” Candy replied.

Meanwhile June and Michelle headed into the bedroom. “Hello,” June said. “I’m sorry. We haven’t had a chance to introduce ourselves. We’re...” June fell silent as she stopped in her tracks.

“Mom? What the...” Michelle said, then stopped as she saw the girls sitting by the bed.

There were three milk dolls kneeling by the side of the bed, their huge angry looking breasts resting atop the mattress. They were far larger than Michelle’s were all those months ago when she had been forcibly converted into a milk doll herself. Each of their breasts was far larger than a basketball, almost as large as their torsos. They stood, firm and round, their huge, meaty and vaguely cone-shaped nipples pointing upwards at a forty-five degree angle, tiny droplets of milk massing at their tips. That alone would have been disturbing enough under ordinary circumstances but given the situation it really was par for the course however there were other things to consider.

The girls had been driven almost into a frenzy, not seeming driven as much by pain as by discomfort. They were frantically trying anything they could think of to force the milk from their breasts, but to no effect. They massaged the heavy, full flesh with their hands, working outward from their chests toward their nipples then continued working their tiny hands over the length of their nipples, much as if they were milking cows. Over and over again they tried, undeterred by their complete lack of success. Their heads lolled, rolling from side to side as they continued their futile work, sweat beading then running off their foreheads.

A fourth girl lay across the bed, resting on her side. She seemed to be very young, younger than the other Mothers of the Apocalypse Michelle had met but there was no way to guess her real age based on her appearance. She wore a t-shirt, split up the middle to her flat chest, revealing her gigantic belly and a pair of tiny hip-hugging shorts. She lay heavily on her side facing the milk dolls, her massive belly taking up quite a bit more space than Michelle’s did. Michelle silently thanked God that she hadn’t wound up as big as this girl. Without the extra power granted to the Mothers of the Apocalypse that served evil she doubted she would have been able to stand, much less walk.

Standing seemed to be the last thing on the very pregnant girls mind though. She simply lay there smiling, humming an aimless tune as she watched the milk dolls venting their frustrations on their breasts. She propped up her head with one arm, her other arm laying against her side, her hand laying on the side of her belly, tracing little circles with the tip of her index finger. The girl’s belly was amazing to look at. Unlike Michelle’s belly this girl’s was a very pale white, blue veins just under the surface of her thin, overstretched skin. While Michelle’s belly had spots where it achieved a certain shininess due to her overly tight skin this girl’s belly almost seemed as though it had been polished from top to bottom. The obvious tightness and pressure made it uncomfortable even to look at.

“Recruiting a bit young aren’t you?” Michelle asked, her appearance still disguised by her amulet.

“Appearances can be deceiving,” the older woman replied. “She was on the

culsp of adulthood in her time. Times have changed. She has not.”

“Why the hell are you talking to her Penelope. She’s nobody. She’s meat,” the pregnant girl said, not even bothering to look away from the milk dolls.

“Julia!” Penelope replied, “These people are, for better or worse, our allies for the moment. They will need to be treated with some small amount of respect.”

“So,” June said, stepping forward. “I’m June and you’re Penelope right?” June offered her hand. Penelope looked at the pro-offered hand for a moment before smirking and ignoring it.

“Yes,” Penelope said, “and this is Julia,” she continued as she glanced at the very pregnant girls on the bed. “Say hello to the nice people Julia.”

“Suck my toes,” Julia replied.

June’s smile disappeared. “Charmed, I’m sure.”

“This is all you’ve got?” Roberta said as she waddled into the room and looked at Julia, “A knocked up 12 year old with a boob fetish?”

Now Julia did look up, a strange regalness in her expression, “When you’re grandparents, grandparents, grandparents were not yet born I was as I am now. I was born in Constantinople in the year 799, shortly before Charlemagne was crowned Emperor of the Holy Roman Empire. You’ve not even lived for a hundred years. As you say... This is all you’ve got? This is all the forces of heaven could spare, an insufferable brat with delusions of grandeur? Please,” she sneered before looking back at her suffering milk dolls.

Silence hung heavily in the room for several moments but soon June could bear the torment of the milk dolls no longer.

“Aren’t you going to...” June said, looking at the poor girls.

“Feed?” Julia asked, “No. I have been fasting these last two days and will continue to do so for at least four more.”

“For the ritual?” Michelle asked.

“A good guess, but no.” Julia said, slightly amused. “I’m fasting because the girl’s suffering rests upon your hearts like bitter ashes,” Julia said and smiled in a way that would have seemed innocent on any other girls face but here only served to remind Michelle, June and Roberta of just who the enemy was and why they could not be reasoned with. “Their torment will eat away at you, coloring your thoughts and actions, so that even when we are successful here you will know naught but defeat as you may have saved the world but were unable to help these four.”

“Go to Hell,” June replied.

“I shall June, I shall.”

After a few moments of awkward and seemingly unwelcome introductions June took the opportunity to break the ice by ordering dinner for herself and the girls as well as for Penelope and the milk dolls. Roberta quickly excused herself, asking Michelle to keep her company for her walk. Within twenty minutes they made their way down to the beach, walking on the dry side of the surf.

“So, what do you think?” Michelle asked as they waddled along, the beach only illuminated by moonlight and the distant lamps at the rear of the hotel.

“Nice. A little warmer than I expected, but nice,” Roberta replied.

“No, I mean Julia and Penelope and all their crap,” Michelle answered.

"Better than I expected," Roberta said. "Can you believe the crap she's pulling with the milk dolls though?"

"God, that's just insane. How can she be that..." Michelle stopped as she realized where her thoughts were going.

"Evil?" Roberta asked, smiling thinly.

"Shut up," Michelle said. "I didn't expect her to be so..."

"Yeah, really. How can she even walk? She's just insanely huge," Roberta replied.

"I don't think I could handle that," Michelle said. "This is bad enough," Michelle said, putting one hand on each side of her belly.

"Not without the evil power thing. The weight would just kill you," Roberta sighed.

"I don't mean that... I mean mentally. I mean really, she can't even reach past her belly. Someone has to do everything for her. I don't think I could stand not being able to do things for myself," Michelle mused. "Can't we do something about the milk dolls? It's going to be hell having to watch them suffer."

"Like what? Remember, we have to play nice for now. Besides, even if we weren't, what are we gonna do? It's not like we can milk them."

They walked silently for a few minutes each seeming to want to say something but neither able to do so. Finally Michelle broke the silence. "You've been at this a lot longer than I have so you're pretty much an expert on all this, right?"

"Well, I guess," Roberta said, "Not as much as little miss I'm-twelve-hundred-years-old-and-know-everything."

"Well," Michelle said, her face starting to redden as her brow furrowed. "When we walked into that bedroom... those girls..."

"I know..." Roberta replied. "I don't know how we'll be able to stand it."

"I don't mean that. I mean yeah, having to see them suffer like that is hard, really hard... but..." Michelle said, struggling to say what she really meant.

"But you just wanted to jump on the bed and suck the hell out of their boobs until you couldn't drink anymore."

Michelle stopped dead in her tracks, ashamed to even look over at Roberta. It took Roberta a step or two to realize what had happened and stop and awkwardly waddle around in a small circle to stand face to face with Michelle.

"Hey," Roberta said sweetly as she reached out and tilted Michelle's bright red face upwards until they were looking eye to eye, "It's not your fault. It's just part of how we're wired now."

"Really?" Michelle asked, tears beginning to pool at the corners of her eyes.

"Really." Roberta smiled gently. "It was all I could do not to start drooling right there. It's just so good..."

Michelle closed her eyes and let out a sigh, "Thank God, I thought it was just me. From the moment I first saw them all I've been able to think about was sucking them dry."

"Yeah, me too," Roberta said. "They say it never goes away. Like a constant temptation, a reminder to be ever vigilant."

"That's just cruel." Michelle said, her eyes clouding over and her mouth opening slightly as she licked her lips.

“You better get it out of your system now, Can’t let the bad guys see you drooling over the milk doll or your cover is blown and who knows what they’ll do then.”

“We just gotta get this over and done with,” Michelle replied. “We’re a lot closer to the chaos thingie right? I just feel so weird... like twisted up on the inside.”

“Yeah, really close. It’s going to take us all to find it, but if you want to get an idea of where it is you can just close your eyes and concentrate on it and you should be able to tell what direction its in.”

“No thanks, I think I’ll pass.” Michelle replied as she wiped her eyes.

Roberta stepped forward and reached out to give Michelle a hug, forgetting about Michelle’s amulet. Roberta’s very visible belly slapped against Michelle’s very invisible belly as Roberta approached, making her planned hug impossible. It took a moment but soon they both realized what had happened and they began to laugh. “Mind if I ask you a question?” Roberta asked as they finally began to stifle their laughter.

“Sure,” Michelle smiled. “Whatcha want to know?”

“Well,” Roberta mused, “I know why I’m this big but what about you? I’ve met a few girls who were *recruited* for us by the other side but they’re never so... Well...”

“Gigantic?” Michelle sighed.

Roberta nodded slowly.

“I got tricked. The leader of the coven we destroyed used the amulet I’m wearing now to hide her appearance. She pretended to be our friend and mentor. So when she told me warming up some cows milk would trick my body and stop me from being so thirsty for human milk...”

“But that won’t work,” Roberta said, “Cow milk is like any other food. It would just make you sick to your stomach.”

“Duh, I know that now. But at the time I was licking my lips and drooling while I stared at my friends getting bustier and bustier. It didn’t have to make sense, it just had to offer some relief.”

“So it wasn’t cow milk huh?” Roberta said quietly.

“No.. I just kept growing so fast and no one understood why. Amber was tricking us and she’d hypno-voiced my mom so she wouldn’t notice and...What?” Michelle stopped, noticing Roberta smiling.

“Hypno-voiced. That’s clever.” Roberta smiled.

“Shut up,” Michelle said, “How’d you get to be so big too?”

Roberta stopped and thought for a moment. “That’s the one thing I’m most bitter about with this whole thing.”

“If you don’t want to...” Michelle said.

“No, it’s okay. You do need to know what kind of people you’re dealing with.” Roberta said. “I was a rescue case like you, but after they found me they knew it had been too long and I’d be a Mother of the Apocalypse no matter what they did... so they decided that my little warrior should be as strong as he possibly could be. They didn’t tell me what all the milk they were feeding me would do... only that it would help my baby be healthy. Well, that much was true... being pregnant until the end of time was the bad guys fault but being twice as big as I would have been

otherwise because I trusted the good guys... Well, that just sucks.”

“That's horrible!” Michelle said.

“Just watch your back,” Roberta said as she put her hand on Michelle's shoulder. “Come on, let's get back to the hotel. We're gonna need our sleep... besides, we can't let them kill each other up there.

“Yeah, besides, I need so much sleep these days,” Michelle replied as they began to walk back towards the hotel.

CHAPTER 31

It was almost an hour later when Michelle and Roberta returned to the suite, ready for a good night's sleep. They certainly didn't expect to find a party going on. Loud music was playing and although it was barely audible in the hallway by the time Michelle and Roberta reached the common room of the suite it was nearly deafening. The suite was packed with young local men and women, all in their late teens or early twenties. The music had a very driven South American beat that resonated deep within their chests like the pounding was coming from within them. There was hardly enough room to breathe, much less for two very pregnant girls to fight their way through the crowd. Eventually they made it to the main room of the suite and were completely shocked by what they saw.

Mandy and Candy were dancing with two local boys, as were the milk dolls. Michelle and Roberta couldn't help watching the very busty and very bra-less milk dolls dancing, their breasts bouncing and heaving beneath their very thin tops. Michelle and Roberta stood transfixed, watching the girl's massive bosoms jump as if they had large puppies under their shirts. "HAVING A GOOD TIME," someone yelled from behind Roberta, barely audible above the din. Michelle and Roberta turned. It was Julia, standing about three or four feet behind them. She was even more impressive standing up than lying on the bed. She was very short, far less than five feet tall, but what she lacked in height she made up for in width and breadth. Her belly stuck out at least two and a half feet in front of her, forming a huge round ball that barely intersected with her torso. It was clear that without the extra power afforded to the evil Mothers of the Apocalypse she would never be able to stand, much less walk. But now, now she was dancing, if not very energetically.

"WHAT'S UP WITH THE PARTY," Roberta called out over the din.

"WHAT?" Julia asked.

"I CAN'T HEAR A THING IN HERE," Roberta replied.

"I CAN'T HEAR YOU," Julia replied and blew a bubble with her gum, "LET'S GO INTO THE BEDROOM!"

"WHY DON'T WE GO INTO THE BEDROOM?" Roberta yelled, pointing toward one of the bedrooms.

Cutting through the crowd to the bedroom was no faster than getting into the living room, but eventually Roberta, Julia and Michelle made it into the bedroom and closed the door.

"Bitchin' party huh?" Julia asked.

"Yeah, but... why are we having a party?" Roberta asked.

"Yeah, we need to get some sleep... big chaos destroying day tomorrow, remember?" Michelle added.

Julia turned and began to scowl before she seemed to remember something and smiled. "Today we party for tomorrow we die!" Julia smiled. When she saw the look was not being returned she sighed and said "Listen, this was all June's idea. She wanted to break the ice and get everyone feeling good so I set up a party. Now everyone is happy."

"True," Roberta said.

“Roberta!” Michelle said, her eyes questioning.

“What? We needed some team spirit and now we have it and now everyone is happy even the milk dolls.” Roberta replied.

“They have names you know,” Michelle said.

“No they don’t,” Julia replied. “So if we’re done now can we get back to the party?”

Michelle and Roberta nodded and began to leave the room followed closely by Julia. Just before they reached the door Michelle stopped and turned around. “Thanks for uh... relieving the milk dolls..”

“Not a problem. Their whining was getting *so* annoying.” Julia replied.

“How are you going to keep them all milked down? The three of them must make a lot more milk than you need.” Michelle replied.

“Milked down?” Julia asked, tilting her head as if trying to understand a difficult concept. “Ohhhh... No, no, no... I didn’t milk them. I told you, I’m fasting. I *commanded* them to act like their boobs being engorged doesn’t bother them. Now everyone is happy.”

“Couldn’t you just command them so that they wouldn’t be bothered instead of just acting like they aren’t?” Roberta asked.

“Sure, but where’s the fun in that?” Julia grinned.

“Oh my GOD! That’s just repulsive! So they’re suffering and just can’t show it? That’s sick! You call that making everyone happy???” Michelle asked.

Julia didn’t skip a beat before she replied, “Everyone that’s important,” and shrugged before heading back to the party.

CHAPTER 32

The next morning they stood in the common room of their suite at about six AM. The girls seemed barely awake, except for Julia who seemed well rested and ready for work.

“Okay, lets get on with this,” Julia said then looked around the room. “Uh, hello? Is anyone awake besides me?”

The girls looked around sleepy-eyed as if none of them understood what was being said. Julia waddled over to Roberta and slapped her across the face. “Hello? Chaos busting time.”

“Yeah... sorry... I’m not used to staying up that late.” Roberta replied.

“It was only three A.M.” Julia sighed and held out her hands and closed her eyes. “Come on, we got work to do.”

Roberta reached out and took Julia’s hands in her own and took a deep breath before closing her eyes. They were both silent for a few moments before Julia spoke. “We’re close. Less than ten miles away.”

“They’re above the ground... second floor?” Roberta asked.

“More like third,” Julia replied, her head turning to the left as if she was looking at something despite the fact that her eyes were closed. She stood there silently for a moment before she opened her eyes and let go of Roberta’s hands. “Got it. Its about 4 miles that way,” she said, pointing deep within the hotel. Third floor of an old garment factory.”

“Are you sure?” Michelle asked.

Julia just sneered and waddled toward Penelope and the door.

Roberta turned to Michelle as they both followed Julia as quickly as they could. “It’s like you can see the exact place. The more concentrated the chaos energy’s the easier it is to see the area that’s being disrupted. Believe me, it’s there.”

“So what are we waiting for?” Michelle asked.

“You, stupid!” Julia yelled as she shook her head and rolled her eyes before waddling off down the hallway, her three milk dolls bouncing along behind.

“You know, I could learn to hate her,” Mandy opined.

“Already ahead of you,” Candy added.

The girls stood at the entrance to a large industrial elevator, probably dating back to the early 1900s. It had an open cage with metal barred gates which now stood open, ready for them to enter.

June quickly gathered up Michelle, Mandy and Candy. “All right, This is important. Things are going to move very fast when we get up there and there’s some ground rules you need to know. You understand?” June looked to each girl and waited for her to nod before continuing. “First, don’t bother trying to avoid looking at what ever is up there. You won’t remember what they look like anyway. Your mind will block them out as soon as you get a good look at them. But that takes a lot longer if you try not to look at them. So whatever you see up there just give it a good look. Trust me, you won’t remember what they look like anyway. Does everyone understand?” June again looked from girl to girl before continuing.

“Second. This isn’t going to be hard to remember but don’t touch anything otherworldly up there. Anything that looks strange or distorted is probably touched by chaos and until the rift is sealed and order restored any contact with chaos can allow it to spread. So don’t touch anything!

“Lastly, depending on how far things have gone there may be a gateway opening to the Chaos Realms. It will look like a purplish black smoke. Do not look directly into the gateway. Right now even if there is one it will most probably be closed but we can’t risk any of you seeing what’s on the other side?”

“Why not?” Mandy and Candy asked.

“Because it would drive you insane.” June said. “So be safe. Don’t look into the gateway. Now, basically what’s going to happen... Julia and Roberta will each stand on one side of the disturbance and read the ritual. As they read reality will begin to reassert itself and the chaos that’s infected the poor souls up there will retreat and the gateway, if there’s one open, will close. It’s important that nothing interferes with the ritual. Any questions?”

Michelle raised her hand, “Can I go home now?”

June smiled and gave her daughter a small hug. “It’s all right. There’s some things its good to be scared of. “ Then June pulled herself very close to Michelle and whispered in her ear. “*Remember, you’re immune to the effects of chaos. Just watch out for your friends.*”

“Will do mom,” Michelle replied and kissed her mom on the cheek.

“Aww, isn’t that sweet? Think we can go seal the portal before chaos eats a hole big enough in reality for the Chaos Lords to get through or do we have some more Goddamn hugging and kissing to do?” Julia yelled from the elevator where she stood with Penelope and the three milk dolls.

“We’re coming!” June yelled back before she turned and walked toward the elevator.

“No, It’s okay, really. We have some time. We can all sit around in a circle and sing Kum-Ba-fucking-Yah while the world ends for all I care.”

“I said we’re coming,” June said furiously as Michelle, Mandy and Candy stepped on the elevator.

As soon as everyone was on the elevator and the gate was pulled shut Julia glanced at the elevator control then to Penelope. Penelope crossed the large platform and pulled the lever. The elevator lurched to life, first only moving a few inches then smoothing out into a steady, if slow ascent.

“I love the anticipation, I hope it lasts.” Julia said as the roar of wind from above increased dramatically in volume.

“Twelve hundred years old, wisdom of the ages and you’re quoting Willy Wonka?” Mandy replied, yelling to be heard over the din.

“Mock me now young one.” Julia said as she looked upward smiling, the top of the car reaching the third floor, wind whistling in the opening as it grew. Julia turned to Mandy as the elevator car reached the third floor, wind blowing through her hair, illuminated by the bright, multicolored lights shining into the car. “Behold the darkness!” she shouted and turned, pointing into the maelstrom.

Everyone turned and looked into the room. A deep howl, which they first mistook for the roar of wind, attacked them as they stepped off the elevator car. The

room was huge, at least forty by sixty feet, the ceilings close to twenty feet high. Despite the time of day the huge wall of windows making up one side of the room showed only a black starry sky. Of course no one was looking at the windows.

Four *things* writhed on the floor, spaced equal-distant from one another. Later none of the girls would remember just what they looked like, although they each remembered some aspect of the creatures, but later when they compared notes each of them was sure that they were reaching out for each other as they screamed in voices almost entirely inhuman.

Their flesh roiled as if made of some sort of liquid, only capable of holding its form for a moment before another aspect became more prevalent, wiping out whatever they had thought they had seen just moments before. They were obviously feral, their uncontrolled movements and screams making it all too evident that anything human about them was long gone. *At least that makes the job easier*, Roberta thought as she waddled to one side of the disturbance and Julia waddled to the other. Almost as soon as they had laid eyes on the four *things* in the room the other girls no longer seemed to be able to focus on them. But they could focus on the rift at the center of the room.

The portal was exactly as June had described it and still at the same time was nothing like what they imagined. It was as if a knife had sliced through reality, leaving an angry rip though it, revealing it's inner workings. Its borders shifted and twisted, a dark haze surrounded it that didn't really look like anything they could describe. Strange flashes of light shone from within as the hurricane like winds whipped out of the rift, swirling around the confines of the room. But even in such a maddening view there was something even more disturbing to contemplate. There were large, fleshy tentacles reaching from the rift, feeling around its edges, trying to stretch out far enough to reach the floor below the rift. Later the girls would agree that they weren't octopus tentacles, not squid tentacles not anything they could even begin to describe despite the fact they had all seen the tentacles quite clearly.

Remembering their instructions the girls all looked away from the rift, concentrating on Roberta and Julia. Roberta had pulled a small paper from her pocket and, at a mutually agreed upon signal began to recite the ritual's oral component at the same time as Julia. They were only a few words into the Latin text when a strange glow began to form around Julia and Roberta. It began simply as a glow that seemed to come from their skin but slowly it expanded into an aura that stood first an inch, then two, then four inches from their bodies. As it expanded the other girls noticed that looking through the space between the aura and Roberta the room looked normal, bright sunlight shining through the windows overlooking the garment district of the town, long shadows cast by the morning sun. Outside the auras however, everything looked as before.

As Julia and Roberta continued to speak their aura's spread out into an oval, stretching out toward the *things* surrounding the rift at the center of the room. The effort was obviously taking its toll on Roberta and Julia, Roberta was barely able to keep her footing against the winds howling from the rift. The aura surrounding Roberta reached the two *things* on either side of her and they seemed to shrink somehow, compressing and reforming as their screams became more and more human. Finally and mercifully the aura enveloped them and they returned to their

original, human forms and collapsed on the floor, eyes and mouth wide open in a soundless scream, their backs arched to the degree that the middle of their spines were at least two feet off the floor.

Julia and Roberta continued the ritual, the aura that surrounded each of them as well as the four unfortunates continued to expand until they met, forming a circle of light around the rift. The ring slowly began to constrict, moving slowly closer to the rift as they spoke, however, both Roberta and Julia seemed to be wilting under the pressure. The wind was, if anything, stronger than it was before, and Roberta held up one arm to block the worst of the wind from hitting her in face. As she did so the small piece of paper she held in her hand flew away, caught by the wind.

Michelle turned and watched the small piece of paper fly this way and that, caught in the wind before it whipped into a corner and spun around in a small circle, out of harms way. Michelle quickly glanced over to Roberta then to the paper before she began to waddle to the corner of the room to grab the paper, unaware that Roberta had continued on without it. As the aura of light closed in on the rift the tentacles that reached through the hole in reality twisted and fought to keep the rift open as the aura of light closed in, slowly but surely.

Michelle squatted down slowly and carefully and felt around for the paper, unable to see the floor beneath her past her massive breasts and belly. Still she managed to find the paper and forced herself back to her feet. She turned and braced herself against the wind and began to fight her way back to Roberta.

Meanwhile Roberta and Julia continued the ritual, the aura now forming circle ten feet away from the rift on all sides. It slowly contracted as they spoke, the tentacles now beginning to retreat through the rift as it began to slowly close.

Michelle worked her way slowly toward Roberta, the wind pushing her back almost as hard as she was able to push herself forward. As she got closer to Roberta she held out the paper with the ritual written on it and called out to her, "Roberta!" At first Roberta didn't seem to hear here but as she got closer and continued to yell Roberta slowly began to turn toward the sound of Michelle's voice. It took a moment for Roberta to focus and realize exactly what was happening but when she did her reaction was immediate and severe.

"NOOOOOOOO!" Roberta screamed as Michelle's hand broke the aura. The aura quickly flowed around Michelle and attacked the magic surrounding her. The veil of normality coming from her amulet collapsed, her appearance returning to her actual, massively pregnant self as the aura surrounding Julia, Roberta and Michelle surged forward unexpectedly, hitting the rift and sealing it like a door being slammed. The wind disappeared as a sound like a thunderclap exploded through the room, knocking everyone off their feet.

"What the FUCK!!" Julia screamed as she crossed the room to where Michelle and Roberta still lay on the floor.

"Wha... Huh?" Roberta said, shielding her eyes against the bright sunlight shining in the windows.

"You lying sons of bitches!" Julia yelled as she looked down at Michelle, her amulet again disguising her pregnant form.,

"What?" Michelle asked as she started to push herself up on her elbows.

"THIS!" Julia yelled and kicked Michelle firmly where her stomach was,

despite the illusion. “We did everything we we’re fucking supposed to do and you fucked us! I don’t believe this shit! YOU fucked US!”

“Julia,” Penelope said, looking back where the rift had been, “We must go. Now.”

Roberta looked to the center of the room as she pushed herself to her feet even as Julia looked over her shoulder and turned back to Michelle. “Well, it looks like you’re in for some fun now...” Julia said and waddled toward the elevator, Michelle turned and looked at Roberta who stood wide eyed as she stared at the middle of the room before turning and waddling toward the elevator as fast as she could.

Michelle clutched her belly, still in shock from the huge amount of pain from Julia’s kick. Seeing everyone running for the elevator she rolled slowly and painfully onto her side and saw what everyone was running from.

A tentacle, one of the tentacles that had been extending through the rift, lay on the floor twisting and jumping of its own accord, severed when the rift had suddenly slammed shut. Michelle scrambled, trying to get some kind of footing as the others ran, watching in horrid fascination as the tentacle began to burn, small embers floating upwards as they burned to nothingness.

Michelle slowly got her feet under her and began to push herself up when she heard her mother shouting behind her, “NO! Get back to the elevator! She’ll be fine! COME BACK!”

Michelle twisted around in time to see Mandy and Candy running to her side. “NO! Get away!” Michelle yelled as Mandy and Candy each put one of Michelle’s arms on their shoulder and pulled her to her feet.

“What kinda friends would we be...” Candy said.

“If we just left you there while we ran?” Mandy finished.

“Dammit! It can’t hurt me! I’m immune! RUN!” Michelle said. The girls looked back over their shoulders at the tentacle piece, now grotesquely swollen, glowing with the same purplish light as the rift had. They ran.

The girls ran for the elevator as Julia threw the lever and the elevator began to descend. The girls continued to run as Michelle waddled along behind them, falling very far behind. The girls pushed open the metal grated doors and looked down at the car some ten feet below them. They looked at each other and gave each other a big hug before they leapt into the elevator shaft.

Then the tentacle exploded.

CHAPTER 33

"We are so out of here," Julia said as she dusted off some of the dirt that had been blown out of the room upstairs by the explosion and waddled toward the front door of the building.

"What's the big deal?" Michelle said as she too tried to brush off the filth that covered each of them and waddled forward.

Julia stopped and took a deep breath before turning around. She eyed Michelle's amulet disguised form from head to toe before looking past Michelle and speaking directly to Roberta. "You want to tell blimp & tits or should I?"

"Hey!" Michelle said indignantly.

"See, we have this agreement..." Julia began.

"Had," Penelope interrupted.

"Had this agreement," Julia resumed. "We set aside all out differences and work together when the nature of reality is threatened. No cheating. No double talk. No subterfuge," Julia said, running her finger down Michelle's arm.

"And we've honored that agreement since the time before time," June replied.

"Suuuure," Julia said, "That's kinda what you have to say now that we caught you with your hand in the cookie jar. How many are here today besides limpy here?"

"Just us two," Michelle said.

Julia slowly turned her head to loom at Michelle. "One: No one is talking to you. Two: The leg brace ain't fooling anyone no more and Three: Shut the fuck up." Julia then looked back to June.

"Two huh? So the Bobbsey Twins over there aren't Mothers of the Apocalypse?"

June sighed, "No."

"Not anymore," Mandy and Candy added.

Julia turned and looked at them both for a moment, wide-eyed, then turned to June, rolled her eyes then turned to Penelope, "We are so fucking out of here it's not even funny."

"No," Penelope said as she gathered up the milk dolls. "There's still the post-mortem upstairs. Then we can leave."

"Why should we stay for that? They're planning on screwing us. Can't you see?" Julia pleaded. "Once the good contingent starts doing stuff like this its time to pack up and go home."

"Okay, I might be the new kid on the block," Michelle said as she struggled to remove her useless leg brace, "but isn't this all a little pot-calling-the-kettle-black?"

"What exactly do you mean," Julia said suddenly in a very calm, very pleasant voice. "Choose your words with care, child."

"You're bitching on and on cause you think we might try to cheat you, might try to break the rules, might try this or might try that. But you know we won't. We're the good guys. We don't do that. If anyone should have been worried about what was going to happen here it was us. After all, you're evil."

"I knew they'd pull this crap again," Julia ranted.

Roberta put her hand over her eyes and rubbed as her head sunk, "Don't get

them started... please.”

“We are so not evil.” Julia said.

“Not evil? Then what’s with the torture of the milk dolls?” Michelle said sharply.

“They have names you know,” Julia sing-songed and paused, smiling, letting her words hit home.

“The whole universe’s existence is about balance. Darkness and Light, Air and Water, Yin and Yang, Good and Evil. It’s all part of the Creator’s plan. Without the Darkness the radiance of the Light means nothing. Without the Star of the Morning as contrast how would you know the true light of God? You have it easy. You get to be nice and sweet and kind and gentle and trusting and still fit within the order of the universe. To keep the balance we have a sacred trust to be mean and cruel and torturous and treacherous. Your Yin, our Yang.”

“You seriously expect me to believe that?” Michelle said.

“They do,” Roberta sighed. “I’ve heard all this crap before. Can we skip to the end this time?”

“Not quite yet,” Julia said and turned back to Michelle. “You dare call us evil. That amulet you wear. Do you know how it was created?” Julia waited a moment. “No? Well I do.” Julia stepped up to Michelle, passing just to one side of her until their heads were right next to each other then Julia tilted her head toward Michelle, “To make one of those amulets... The things you must do... Even I will not do those things... Yet you bear that power and dare call me evil? Go fuck yourself!”

“That’s quite enough,” Penelope snarled. “We finish upstairs and then we’re done. Our superiors will be in touch. I don’t expect we shall have cause to ever speak again.” Penelope turned and walked into the elevator, a train of milk dolls following her. Julia smirked and turned and waddled slowly into the freight elevator.

Michelle. Mandy and Candy looked to June, who nodded and began walking toward the elevator. Mandy and Candy followed her, followed closely by Michelle and Roberta.

“Going up,” Mandy said as she threw the lever to the up position.

The elevator slowed to a stop a full foot short of the third floor and it took several minutes of jockeying for Mandy to get the floors close enough to even for them to step out onto the third floor. The sun had risen higher into the sky now, the bright light shining in through the banks of windows covering the eastern wall. The floor was covered with burn and scorch marks radiating out from where the tentacle had exploded just minutes before. June and Penelope began going over the room with a fine-tooth comb, starting on opposite sides, working their way toward the center.

Mandy and Candy walked up to the nearest former chaos beast, a girl, maybe sixteen or seventeen, the look of absolute terror etched into her face and her frame. “So how do we fix them?” Mandy asked.

“Fix them?” Julia said, “You miss a memo?” she asked as she waddled toward the windows and looked out over the city.

Roberta waddled over to Mandy and Candy, careful not to look at the girl lying on the floor. “There’s nothing we can do for her now,” Roberta said sadly.

“Oh my God, they’re dead?” Michelle said, waddling up to the other girls.

“How about losing the necklace pretty girl,” Julia called out from across the room.

Michelle ignored her as Roberta turned to face Michelle, her belly bouncing against Michelle’s invisible middle. “Maybe she has a point,” Roberta said. “Anyway, they’re not dead... they’re just beyond our reach,” Roberta said.

“What do you mean?” Michelle asked as she frowned, removing her necklace. The illusion evaporated as she seemed to morph back to her actual, extremely pregnant state.

Roberta looked down as she spoke, “They’re bodies were saved when the rift to the Chaos Realms was sealed and chaos was expelled, but it was too late for their minds. They’ve seen the other side and once you’ve seen the chaos realms... you may stay sane while the chaos mutates your body and rips open reality but once that power is one there’s no way they could cope with what they had seen.

“God, so they’re in there but they’re nuts?” Mandy said, waving her hand in front of the poor girl’s face.

“Not in any way we understand insanity,” June said, “its more like their minds have been shredded.”

“We’re done here,” Penelope said and headed for the elevator, followed closely by Julia.

June looked over the room and headed for the elevator herself.

“What about the victims and the burn marks on the floor?” Michelle asked as she waddled to the elevator.

“They’ll be picked up by the local police... and by the time the police arrive the burn marks will have disappeared. They’re already starting to fade.” Roberta replied as she followed June. “Everywhere the bits of chaos beast landed they left a burn mark. As long as they didn’t hit anything alive there’s no problem. That’s what June and Penelope we’re looking for. The room is clean.”

Michelle waddled up to Mandy and Candy as she headed for the elevator. “Come on,” she said softly, “Time to go.”

Mandy looked at Candy and they nodded to each other before they got to their feet and walked to the elevator, the filth from the earlier explosion almost completely obscuring the burn marks on the back of their tops before they, like the burn marks on the floor, began to fade away.

CHAPTER 34

"I don't want to talk about it, okay?" Michelle said and turned toward the small window in the cabin of the plane.

"I know it seems silly," Roberta said, "but talking about it helps."

"It doesn't help me okay? Can we just give it a rest?" Michelle asked, exasperated.

"I think every time I close my eyes I'm gonna see those faces," Mandy said, her voice thrown uncharacteristically off kilter by the days events.

"Stop it," Michelle said as her head spun and she stared at Mandy.

"And their eyes... they were..." Candy began.

"ENOUGH!" Michelle said and forced herself out of her seat as quickly as she could, given her ponderous size and shape, and waddled out of the conference area and into the vacant first class seating.

"She's going to have to get used to all this sometime," Roberta said sadly as she watched the curtain covering the doorway leading to the first class seating flutter closed.

"Yes," June nodded sadly, "but not today. She's been through enough these past few months. You had decades to get used to all this. She's had months... and not much experience during that time." June stood up and walked to the doorway to first class. "I'll be back," she said before stepping through the curtain.

"It's gotta be hard on her..." Roberta said as she turned to look out the window.

"Yeah, I can't even imagine..." Mandy said.

"Well, we *were* pregnant for awhile," Candy said.

"You... were pregnant?" Roberta asked.

"Well, not really, just for like three days," Mandy replied.

"You don't know what you're talking about," Roberta said to Candy. "It's not about what it's like for a day or a week or a month. It's about years.. decades, with all this," Roberta continued, placing one hand on either side of her belly and trying to shake it, her huge belly's firmness barely budging.

"But she's doing pretty good isn't she?" Candy asked.

"I dunno about that. When's the last time you saw her without that amulet?" Roberta asked.

"Just today at the warehouse," Candy replied.

"Well, I meant before that... but did you notice how she looked when she had the amulet off?"

"Way pregnant!" Mandy replied.

Roberta sighed, "That's part of the problem, no one sees past the belly and boobs. She wasn't wearing any makeup. Her hair was a mess, she had dark circles under her eyes. She's not coping very well."

Candy paused to think for a moment, "Are you sure? I think I'd have noticed all that."

"Maybe you would," Roberta replied, "if you ever got used to how she looks now... but with that amulet on all the time... you'll never get used to it... and if

you're not used to the big stuff you won't catch the little stuff. So before today when was the last time you saw her without the amulet.

Candy paused for a moment. "Like eight months, maybe ten... like right after it happened."

"At first she didn't even tell us... we had to figure it out," Candy sighed. "She thought she was fooling us with the amulet but after you bump into a big round nothing in front of someone a few dozen times it eventually sinks in."

"She still looked normal, the amulet still worked, but we knew something was up. When we confronted her she denied it at first," Mandy added.

"But when we concentrated on it we could push through enough of the magic to reach out and touch her belly... then she broke down and told us," Candy replied.

"So you saw what she looked like then," Roberta said.

"No," Mandy said, shaking her head, "she said we remembered what she looked like from when we were all pregnant."

"See, she's not accepting any of this. It takes time. Lots of time," Roberta sighed. "You just need to be there for her."

"So..." Mandy said, changing the subject, "Isn't there anything we could do for those people at the warehouse?"

Roberta shook her head, "There's nothing to do. Once enough of the chaos realms have spilled into a living being it can't be saved. The being begins to mutate, sometimes slowly, sometimes quickly, but always progressing toward its own goals. As the changes occur the Chaos Lords take control of the victim's body, leaving them aware of what they're doing but unable to control their bodies even as they change more and more." Michelle looked away as she continued to speak, "The chaos energy that's changing them also is the only thing keeping them sane. After all, what better to help you cope with chaos than chaos? When we closed the portal and cleansed them of the chaos energy we saved their bodies and souls but doomed their minds."

"But there has to be something..." Candy said.

"If there is I'd love to hear it. I've seen too many of those twisted faces. Far too many."

By the time their flight had arrived back at BWI Airport and they had cleared customs it was nearly one AM and nearly two before Michelle and her mother were dropped off at their home and fifteen minutes later before Mandy and Candy were left off at their own front door. At first they were both disoriented, both from exhaustion and from the eternal daylight present both in airplanes as well as airports. It didn't take long for Mandy and Candy to realize their exhaustion had nothing to do with jet-lag and everything to do with the hour and stumble upstairs to their bedrooms, barely managing to strip off their outer clothes before falling into bed.

The room was huge and mostly dark, only a small brightly lit area left surrounding Mandy and Candy as the double doors some thirty feet away closed, blocking out the light from outside. The girls looked around, not sure what to make of their surroundings but feeling sure that someone was watching them from the shadows. Quiet shuffling and murmured voices could be heard coming from the fringes of the room and Mandy and Candy spun around in the small lit center of the room trying to localize the sound.

"It's all right," a sweet innocent voice said, "Don't panic. Nothing is going to

happen to you.”

Both girls turned in the direction of the voice and watched as a figure slowly duck-walked out of the shadows, halfway into the light. She, and despite the grotesque changes to her body it was very obvious she was indeed a she, stepped forward slowly, walking on her massively oversized hands, each about four times the size of a normal teenage girl’s hands. Her arms bent slightly before being hidden behind her massive lower body. The girl’s lower body, from her waist to her knees was several times larger than would be appropriate for a girl of her size. Her hips were more than three feet wide, her ass formed into two beach ball-sized cheeks, her thighs stretched out nearly four feet in length, each as thick as a tree trunk, before narrowing to her normal sized calves and feet.

There was no way those tiny feet could have possibly supported her weight and even if she wished to try standing on them it appeared her body was twisted sufficiently to stop the attempt. Her legs were held in front of her torso, spread into a V shape, her massive thighs resting against the front of her shoulders, her knees towering about a foot above her head, her useless lower legs and feet dangling limply at the knee. The picture was completed by the girl’s massive breasts which pushed through the space between her open legs and rested heavily on her butt cheeks which tilted forward at her waist, her oversized nipples and areola pointing straight forward, the line of her cleavage and the lower curve of her breasts neatly framing her oversized vulva.

And she was slowly headed toward Mandy and Candy, her breasts wobbling heavily as she approached, her hands slapping heavily against the floor as she walked on them.

“It’s all right,” the girl said, “shhhhh... don’t cry... everything is going to be fine. I’m not here to hurt you.” As she wobbled forward Mandy and Candy could see the girl’s angelic face, beautiful brown locks framing her very cute teenaged face.

“Then what are you here for?” Mandy asked as she wiped her eyes, unaware that she had cried.

“I just want you to know that if you need someone to talk to, somewhere to go... then we will be here for you,” the warped girl said.

“Uh, don’t get me wrong... but why would I even want to think about talking to you?” Candy asked.

“All of this may be unnecessary,” the girl said, “You’ve both been touched but our Lord’s power is too much for the human body to contain. Most of those who are touched last only days before destroying themselves or being destroyed. It is only the rare person who is selected to do our Lord’s work on Earth.”

“Your Lord?” Mandy asked.

The girl looked downward, her eyes half closed and smiled, “As I said, this may all be unnecessary... but if you need us... If you make it through the fire and become one of the chosen ones... I just want you to know you’ll not be alone.”

“Why would we be alone?” Candy asked, raising one eyebrow.

The girl looked away, “People are... jealous of the favor our Lord bestows upon us,” the girl said, choking back tears, “They can’t stand to be in the presence of our beauty and chase us away. But we will always be here for each other.... Always.”

“What the fuck is all this? Mandy asked Candy.

“I think we’re having a nightmare,” Candy said.

“Both of us? At the same time?” Mandy replied.

“No dumb ass. I’m having the nightmare. You’re just part of it.” Candy said.

“Who are you calling dumb ass?” Mandy said and pushed Candy.

“Uh... girls?” the bizarrely built woman interrupted.

“SHUT UP!” Mandy and Candy yelled at each other.

CHAPTER 35

Candy woke up early the next morning, her recent dream quickly brushed aside as she opened her eyes and looked around her bedroom. She began to slowly push herself up in bed before she realized she wasn't tired in the least and hopped out of bed and headed for the bathroom she shared with her sister,

The shower was already running when she stepped into the steamy bathroom, still marveling at how wide-awake and alive she felt. She padded over to the vanity and wiped her hand across the mirror, clearing the steam from it and looked at her reflection. Her eyes were alert, the dark shadows and half-asleep eyelids of the night before gone. By habit she reached down and ran the cold water and scooped it up in her hands to splash her face before realizing she was more than awake enough that she didn't need the bracing splash of water. Candy let the water drop from her hands and took a deep breath, holding it for several seconds, luxuriating in the feeling of warmth and energy coming from within her.

She turned quickly toward the shower stall and raised her hand to knock on the frosted glass door when she felt something odd. Candy paused for a second then repeated the motion, pausing for a moment before doing it again just to be sure. Curious, she turned to the mirror and wiped the steam from it with a cool washcloth. She eyed her reflection for a moment, carefully looking over her entire upper body, but more specifically at her breasts. She looked them over with a slight look of concern. They'd always been about a b-cup but at the moment they looked slightly larger. Candy rocked back and forth on her heels for a moment, feeling her breasts move slightly before cupping them in her hands and confirming what she already suspected. They were bigger. Not much, but unmistakably bigger. Candy smiled as she looked down at her chest, first looking straight down then admiring her slightly improved shape in the mirror. Candy turned, a huge grin on her face as she headed back into her bedroom before stopping abruptly.

She turned back toward the mirror slowly, a look of concern crossing her face before she closed her eyes and stood at the vanity, holding onto the edge of the countertop for a moment before she opened her eyes and gave her breasts a good once over. After a minute or two she was satisfied and was about to head back to her bedroom when she both felt and saw her nipple twitch, her areola expanding slightly beneath it. Realizing she was about to scream Candy clamped her hand over her mouth and ran back into her bedroom, slamming the bathroom door in the process before collapsing on the bed and pulling the covers over her head.

Mandy woke to the sound of birds chirping at her window as the sun rose, and stretched as she opened her eyes and yawned before she tossed aside her sheets and headed for the bathroom. She had a slight bounce to her step as she pulled off her nightie over her head as she approached the bathroom door, quickly forgetting her recent dream. She tossed her nightie aside as she pulled the bathroom door closed and bent down to start the water in the shower, growing curious at just how wide awake and full of energy she was for this hour of the morning. Mandy stood up and turned, pulling her panties down as she turned back toward the shower, catching a glimpse of

herself in the mirror. She twisted back, looking over her shoulder and ran her hand down the outer curve of her thigh. She looked more closely, wiggling her hips before smiling slightly. *Looks like I'm finally putting on a little weight in the right places, bye bye belly, hello butt. Full of pep, wide awake, having a good butt day... Life is good.*

Mandy stepped into the shower and slid the smoked-glass door closed before adjusting the water temperature and stepping under the hot spray, tilting her head back under the water, allowing her eyes to close as the steaming water splashed against her forehead. As she washed her hair she heard the door from Candy's room open as Candy entered the bathroom. She only stayed a moment before Mandy heard the door to Candy's room open and slam shut. Mandy glanced toward the door, concerned before she felt a slight twinge in her lower back. She slid her hands down her back, resting the heel of her palm against her lower back as the twinge increased into a full fledged ache just as her fingertips reached the top of her butt. She stretched, feeling her back crack slightly against the pressure before she relaxed, her hands still pressed into the small of her back. Mandy's curiosity began to drain away when she felt her fingertips being pushed out by the upper curves of her butt.

Her eyes grew wide as she felt her back arching further even as her butt pushed outward. In all the change was minimal, but it was certainly obvious to Mandy as she felt it happening. She yanked her hands back from her bottom and stepped back from under the shower, her eyes wild as she tried to figure out what was going on.

For a moment the truth flashed through her before she pushed the idea aside, the reality of the situation too horrible for her to accept. She quickly stepped out of the shower and dashed for her room to get dressed before her sister came looking for her, abandoning the running shower.

Several minutes later Candy stood in front of the full-length mirror in her room. She turned around slowly as she looked at herself and how the oversize, baggy sweatshirt hung on her frame. *Everything looks normal enough*, Candy thought. *Maybe it's just my period or something.* But the feeling, the slight but definite pressure from within her breasts, was something that couldn't be so easily explained. Unsure if the sweatshirt was hiding things enough she turned around again, then walked across the room and watched in the mirror as she approached. She sighed and started again, puffing out her top as she slowly turned around.

Mandy lay on her bed and pulled at the waist of her jeans, trying desperately to pull them up over her thighs and hips. She grunted as she arched her back and pulled again before she collapsed against the bed, her jeans still refused to go up over her hips. Frustrated Mandy jumped to her feet and kicked her jeans off, sending them across the room. She looked through her chest of drawers, pulling open drawers one after another before pausing. She closed her eyes and shook her head as if to dismiss something before she reached back and placed one hand on each of her butt cheeks and pushed them together, holding her hands there for a moment before she released but the pressure that was pushing her butt cheeks apart and her hips wider didn't let up for a moment. Try as she might Mandy simply couldn't come up with any explanation for the pressure and obvious growth of her rear that didn't scare her half to death. So she dismissed the whole idea from her mind and pulled a pair of spandex

running shorts and a sweater from her drawers. Quickly, before she changed her mind, she pulled on the shorts, stretching them over her slightly enlarged bottom before tying the sweater around her waist by the sleeves, allowing the body of the sweater to lie against her rear.

She turned around in front of her mirror and looked back over her shoulder, cocking her hips one way then the other before walking away from the mirror, trying to watch herself in reflection as she moved to see if the extra sway she felt from her hips would be visible to anyone watching her. She turned around and walked back to the mirror before she turned again and tried to watch herself walking away. Frustrated at the slight but constant and slowly increasing pressure pushing her butt cheeks apart she reached down and pressed firmly against her butt, arching her back as she pushed against her butt, momentarily relieving the pressure.

“What are you doing?” Candy asked from Mandy’s bedroom doorway.

Mandy jumped back, startled, almost falling to the floor before she recovered and leaned forward, resting her hands on her knees. “Oh my God, you scared me!” Mandy said as she caught her breath.

“Uh, yeah...” Candy replied. “We better get going or we’re gonna be late.”

“Okay, okay,” Mandy said. “What’s up with the big sweat-shirt? It’s gonna be like ninety degrees today.”

“Why do you have a sweater tied around your waist?” Candy asked.

“Never mind,” both girls said simultaneously, neither liking where the conversation was headed.

“Let’s go get some breakfast,” Mandy said, motioning for Candy to lead the way.

Candy turned and headed for the door, crossing her arms across her chest as if to hide her very slight growth from view.

“Now what?” Mandy asked and sighed.

“What what?” Candy asked. She stopped and turned towards Mandy

“You look all angry. Like you’re about to give me a stern talking to,” Mandy said noting Candy’s crossed arms,

“I’m just cold, Okay?” Candy said

“But it’s not cold...” Mandy replied.

Candy turned for the stairs, “Then why do you have that sweater tied around your waist?”

Mandy sighed. “Let’s just eat and get down to the shop.”

“Fine,” Candy said, bopping down the stairs, her arms still crossed over her chest.

It didn’t take long for the girls to get to their vintage clothing shop and open up. Given it was Saturday they each thought, separately, that with the store as busy as it always is on Saturday that neither of them would have the time to notice each other’s changes. For the most part they were right. The constant throng of people kept both girls preoccupied and they didn’t really have much time to talk to one another much less give each other the good once-over it would take to notice the changes they were undergoing. By two o’clock a good once over wasn’t really necessary to see the changes, but much like the way most people react when someone changes their

glasses, most people just realized there was something different about the twins, but couldn't quite put their finger on what.

A little after two that afternoon Mandy noticed the crowd in the store seeming to part as someone made their way from the door to the front counter, an aisle three feet wide forming as the girl slowly limped her way to the counter.

"Hey," Michelle said, "I didn't know it was this busy on Saturdays."

"Tourists," Mandy said and handed a customer a bag and their change. "Thanks and come again!" she said with an exaggerated perkiness before she returned to her normal demeanor and turned back to Michelle. "So, what's up?"

"I thought I'd see if you two wanted to do something later on. I'm not feeling all that great right now but I'm thinking maybe later..."

"Today's going to be nuts here at the store," Mandy said quickly, "Why don't we just order in some lunch."

"No thanks," Michelle said, "I feel kinda weird. Not really sick... kinda like seasick and achy."

"I thought you were never sick anymore since the..." Mandy said, puffing out her cheeks like balloons.

"Ha ha ha. I'm usually not, but ever since before we went to Brazil I've been feeling like this. I was hoping getting some air might help but..."

Mandy cut Michelle off, "Maybe you should talk to Candy, see how she's doing."

"O-kay," Michelle said suspiciously, "Where's she hiding?"

"I'm not sure," Mandy said, twisting as she tried to see through and over the crowd of people, cocking her hips to one side as she stood on tiptoe.

Instantly Michelle's fat radar went off, that strange seventh sense that all women seem to have, enabling them to instantly spot a friend's embarrassing weight gains. *Maybe she just needs to exercise more*, Michelle thought, *but that sweater just draws attention to her butt. Later I gotta tell her in private that...*

Mandy turned toward Michelle, almost catching Michelle looking at her butt. "There she is, back by the door to the stock room." Mandy said, pointing.

"Thanks," Michelle said suspiciously. "Talk to you soon,"

As Mandy turned to the next customer in line Michelle worked her way slowly to the back of the store. Her bulk, camouflaged or otherwise, slowed her down, but with the amulet's ability to help coerce people out of her personal space she was able to make it to the back of the store, some thirty feet away, without any pushing at all.

Candy was at the back of the store holding a vintage 50s leather jacket for a young girl as she slid her arms into the coat. Once on she pulled it tight around herself and spun around in front of the nearby mirror before turning and talking to her mother,

Meanwhile Michelle's radar was going off again, this time looking at Candy's chest. *It's one thing to pop a few tissues into your bra, or maybe even those silicone enhancer things, but someone has to tell Candy that when you're a twin you can't be like four cup sizes larger than your sister.* "How's it going?" Michelle asked.

"Hey!" Candy replied, suddenly surprised. She quickly looked down at her no-longer-baggy top and then around the area before coming back to Michelle's face.

“So, what’s up? What are you doing here?”

“Visiting friends?” Michelle said, feeling like she was suddenly a character in a David Lynch movie. “So,” Michelle asked, staring fixedly at Candy’s breasts. “what’s up with you?”

Candy’s face blanched for a moment before she recovered, “Oh... OH!” she continued, as if suddenly realizing something. “You like? They’re a new thing we’re carrying. The ideas supposed to be to wear them with sweaters and poodle skirts, you know, for that 50s look?” Candy stared at Michelle wide eyed, eyebrows raised, as if she was wondering if Michelle believed a word she said.

“They look a pretty big. Well, big for you anyway. I know mine are a lot bigger, but you know, for your frame.”

“We only got this size in, its like a test thing. Plus they’re supposed to be big, you know, to play into the whole image.

“So why aren’t you in a sweater and poodle skirt?” Michelle asked.

“Like I would ever wear those,” Candy replied, taking the leather coat from the girl and putting it back on the hanger.

“Wow,” Michelle said, “They really move natural. Are they like silicone or something?”

“Something,” Candy replied, “You’d be amazed how real they feel,” she sighed.

“Really?” Michelle asked just as her hand shot out and cupped Candy’s right breast. “Oh my God, they feel just like real boobs! They’re warm and everything.”

“Yeah...” Candy said as she watched uncomfortably while Michelle played with her right boob.

“They’re about the right weight for the size. What are they? DDs?” Michelle added, weighing Candy’s boob in her hand. “I’m surprised they didn’t make them lighter. Those must kill your back after awhile.”

“You’re telling me?” Candy said, now beginning to squirm under Michelle’s touch.

“Why’d they make the nipples so huge?” Michelle asked, now feeling the front of Candy’s boob. Candy twisted away, out of Michelle’s reach, trying to make it seem like she was just hanging up the leather jacket in her hand rather than escaping Michelle’s nipple play. It almost worked.

“They’re not that big,” Candy said, stepping back from Michelle, just out of arms reach.

“Get real, they’re way huge even for boobs that size and the areola are way big too and all puffed out. I’m amazed they could make them feel so real though. So.... Anyway, what are you up to later?”

“More work,” Candy said, grateful the topic had shifted away from her ‘phony’ breasts.

“That’s what Mandy said too. Has anything seemed odd about Mandy? She seems a little off today... and I think she’s putting on weight.”

Eager to deflect attention from herself Candy dove at the change Michelle gave her and held on tight. “You noticed too huh? I wasn’t sure how to bring it up. I’ll try talking to her later today.”

“Cool. I hate to see bad things happen to good friends.”

“Yeah,” Candy said... “I know.”

“Tomorrow then?”

“Yeah, maybe.”

Candy stood behind the register neatening up later that day. Throughout the day her breasts had been steadily growing, the pressure within them slowly increasing. Gone were the DD cup breasts that she'd somehow managed to convince Michelle were fakes. Now... *Now I look like a stripper*, she thought as she looked at her huge breasts in the showroom mirror. Her once baggy top was pulled tightly across her chest like Saran Wrap, no longer making any attempt to hide her roughly head-sized breasts. She reached up and felt their weight in her hands and wondered how she could possibly get out of the store and away without Mandy seeing her. She thought about it for several long minutes before returning to the stool behind the front counter, defeat in her eyes as she felt the weight on her chest slowly increasing.

By six thirty the mid-day crowds had finally thinned down to nothing and Mandy took the opportunity to get off the sales floor and into the back room before Candy got a good look at her. Mandy's butt had been steadily growing all day, the pressure within her pelvis growing stronger as the day went on. While by no means huge Mandy would certainly now easily win in a biggest butt contest competing against Jennifer Lopez. Of course combined with Mandy's smaller frame her butt looked even larger. Thankfully Mandy had been able to retreat into the stock room, supposedly to pull clothes to restock the floor, but more accurately to hide her huge butt from Candy. It wasn't just the size that concerned Mandy, but the fact that the pressure was not only pushing her hips wider, but also spreading her cheeks while her lower back curve deepened making walking feel very odd. Finally she had enough. She had to get out of here before Candy found her and her massive butt. But how?

The buzzer on the intercom next to the stock room door went off, making Mandy jump. “Mandy? I'm not feeling so well. Think you can cover for the rest of the night?” Candy asked.

Mandy looked up at the intercom amazed. *Candy is never sick... but this is my perfect chance....* “Sure, it's probably going to be way slow here tonight anyway. Piece of cake.”

Candy sighed in relief before pressing the talk button again. “Cool. I'm putting the keys in the register and heading for home. You're coming right out, right?” Candy said, making ready to run for the front door if the stockroom door opened.

“Uh,” Mandy replied, “I have some stuff to finish up here. I'll be right out, sooner if someone comes in.”

Candy relaxed again, “Okay... see you tonight.” Candy said and headed for the door. She took one last look around the store, wiping a tear from her eye before she pushed open the door and headed across Harborplace, her arms folded beneath her breasts to stop them from bouncing right out of her top.

Mandy waited several minutes before cautiously peeking out into the store. She waddled as quickly as she could across the room, surprised and disturbed by how much her lower back was bent and how her stride was affected by the widening of her

hips. She looked out the front door of the store and looked for Candy, but she was long gone. Mandy pulled the door closed and locked it before she turned off the lights and waddled slowly to the back room and tried to figure out what she could possibly do now.

CHAPTER 36

When Candy got home she stormed up to her room, tossing aside her sweatshirt in the upstairs hallway, eager to try anything to get rid of the horrible pressure that had been building all day within her breasts, slowly making them larger. She strode purposefully into her room, pulling off her ill-fitting t-shirt and tossing it onto her oversize rattan chair. Suddenly she froze in her tracks. The pressure. Gone. Just like that.

Candy continued on toward the mirror, actually spinning around in front of it now that she was free of the incessant pressure. Her happiness was short lived though as she got the first good look at her breasts all day. While earlier in the day her breasts had been large for her age, now they were large for a stripper. Each of her breasts swelled out firmly, seeming to ignore gravity as her head-sized mammeries jutted out in front of her, blocking her downward view. She turned sideways, her mouth falling open as she looked at the smooth, pale, soft skin of her breasts, small blue veins crisscrossing them just below the skin. She looked down at her reflection to confirm Michelle's observation and she wasn't happy to find Michelle's description had been accurate. Her nipples were huge, the oversize nubs poking out firm and hard, as if demanding attention, sitting atop her oversized, deep brown areola.

Candy bounced up and down lightly on her heels, feeling her breasts bouncing heavily against her chest. She stopped and turned toward the mirror, waiting for her breasts to stop shaking. After several moments Candy gave up on waiting and reached up, cupping her breasts in her hands to slow their movement. Her first impression was due to the weight of her breasts, *I thought they'd be heavy, but not **this** heavy*. But another feeling made her pull her hands back almost as soon as she rested them on the lower curves of her breasts. She stood there, her hands just inches away from her breasts as she stared wide-eyed at her massive breasts. Cautiously she took her breasts in her hands. For a moment there was nothing. Then the pressure she'd been feeling all day suddenly returned, at least as strong as it had been earlier, if not stronger. She stood there for a moment, shocked by the intensity before felt the skin of her breasts slowly stretching under her hands. Realizing what was happening she yanked her hands away and as soon as her hands were away from her breasts the pressure disappeared.

Well, that's easy enough. I'll just leave them alone... but how am I going to hide these? Candy thought as she crossed the room, the slight bouncing of her breasts reminding her of their increased heft as she approached her rattan chair and grabbed her top. *Maybe I can strap them down or something*, she thought as she pulled her sheer t-shirt over her head and pulled it down, tenting it outward until it cleared her breasts before letting the elastic take over and letting it constrict around her like a second skin. Suddenly the pressure was back, as if a switch had been thrown. Thinking quickly Candy pulled her top off and tossed it aside. As soon as the cloth was off her breasts the pressure disappeared and her breast's growth stopped dead.

"Fuck me!" Candy said, padding slowly and carefully to her bed before dropping onto the edge of her mattress without thinking of the consequences. As her

bottom hit the bed her breasts slapped against her thighs before leaping back into the air, bouncing wildly before Candy threw her arm across them, just long enough to slow their motion, barely enough time for the pressure to return before it disappeared again. *Maybe if I just go to sleep it will be better in the morning*, she thought hopefully, looking skeptically at her digital clock, 7:04 PM blinking brightly in red. Candy sighed as she kicked off her shoes and wiggled out of her shorts before sliding into bed and pulling up her light summer sheet. Even the light cotton sheet betrayed her as the pressure returned, the skin of her breasts stretching against the cloth. Candy sighed and folded the sheet back before she reached over and flicked off her light and tried to sleep.

Three hours later she still lay flat on her back, her sheets folded down to her waists, a huge weight pressing down on her chest, staring at the ceiling, waiting.

Waiting for sleep to come.

Mandy went into the stock room at the store and closed the door, collapsing against the door after it was closed, as if she was shutting out the entire world. The pressure in her pelvis, while not painful, was uncomfortable and growing more so by the minute. Mandy looked down at her lower body and frowned as she shuffled her feet together, all the better to see the contour of her hips. She ran her hands down the outer curves of her hips and thighs and paused a moment before glancing around the room. It only took a moment for her to spot the broken mirror propped up in the far corner of the room behind the sidewalk sale signs from last year. She pushed herself upright off the door, grunting with the effort. As soon as she was upright her upper body swung forward, the curve of her lower back even more pronounced. She tried to ignore the oddness as she waddled across the room and began to shift the signs and rubbish away from the broken mirror.

In moments the large shard of mirrored glass was clear and, not believing what her reflection told her, Mandy pulled off her sweatpants, forcing them down over her butt and hips before kicking them across the room. Unfortunately the picture was no better without the sweatpants than with them. Mandy's legs were longer, both her calves and thighs having grown longer and curvier, but the changes from her thighs up were the real problem. Mandy's thighs had grown much more plump compared to only a few days before. Then her legs had been more like sticks, now they were firm, tan and downright thick where they reached her rump, approaching the size of her waist. Mandy's hips and butt had grown massively, her rear looking more like a pair of basketballs than anything else. Her cheeks were firm tan spheres, spread widely by the pressure within her pelvis. Everything between her waist and knees had gotten into the act, Mandy noticed, her eyes growing wide as she spotted the massive size of her vulva, its contours clearly visible through her panties. *I'd probably enjoy the extra height if I could just stand up straight*, Mandy thought, pushing against her lower back as she tried to push herself upright. She failed.

I am so fucked, she thought, *I can't go home, I can't let anyone see me like this... I gotta find someway to fix this... and ARRGH!* Mandy's thoughts were interrupted as she reached down and pressed against either butt cheek, venting her frustrations against the ever-increasing pressure coming from within her hips. Getting no relief she sat on the floor, pulling her knees toward her chest, concentrating her

weight, trying to push back against the pressure. It didn't make any difference. Mandy began to cry as she hugged her legs, her knees in front of her face, rocking slowly back and forth, feeling the padding of her bottom slowly becoming more plush.

Michelle stood in front of her full length mirror immaculately dressed with two equally trendy outfits on hangers in her hands, alternately holding them in front of her, first one, then the other. Her hair was perfectly coiffed, her makeup understated but flattering, all three of the outfits exuding a sense of style and grace not known by most thirty year olds, much less teenagers.

She held up one of the outfits to her body again and her eyes locked into her eyes in her reflection. Her expression froze for a moment before her smile began to fade and she dropped the two outfits to the ground, her shoulders drooping as she looked away from her reflection before she raised her head and looked into her own eyes. While she stared at her own reflection she reached behind her neck and undid the clasp on her necklace, removed the amulet from around her neck and tossed it on her bed.

The first thing she noticed was her hair. Here and there a little tuft of hair began to pop up, the highlights in her hair fading as the ends appeared to split, taking on the appearance of having barely been combed, much less styled. Her eye shadow faded first, followed quickly by her tan. The area under her eyes got puffy, then darkened as the circles under her eyes became more pronounced. Her skin paled as the color leached from her lips, leaving her looking exhausted and unkempt.

No matter how many times she saw it, the sight of her belly practically exploding outward from her abdomen never ceased to depress her. It started as a slight bulge just below her panty line but quickly swelled into a small melon. Soon it appeared to push upward, her belly button pushed out over the curve of her belly as it grew. Soon her belly reached her sternum and it seemed as if it's expansion must stop, as there was nowhere left for her belly to grow but Michelle had learned not to underestimate how massively bloated she really was. She watched as belly continued to swell, pushing forward and outward to either side, the massive orb rapidly overtaking her body, appearing far too large for her to possibly carry. The change radiated outward, her rump and legs began to look more sturdy, a combination of muscle and fat. Meanwhile her breasts seemed to expand out of control, stretching her top to an insane degree, flopping heavily against the upper curve of her belly, her nipples becoming easily visible, even from some distance away. All together the changes made quite an impression.

Michelle stared at her reflection for a minute, her eyes half closed. Then for five minutes. Then ten. Then she turned and slowly waddled over to her bed, her belly and breasts wobbling madly. Michelle sat on the edge of her bed and laid down across the bed, resting on her side, reaching for the phone on the far nightstand. Her fingers came up several inches short of their goal. She sighed and tried wiggling this way and that, the bed creaking beneath her as she slowly inched toward the phone, her massive belly anchoring her firmly in place. Finally just as she was about to give up her fingertips reached the base of the phone and pulled it toward her, barely managing to catch it before it fell on the floor.

Michelle took the phone in hand and hit the speed dial. The phone was answered after only two rings. "Zoey? It's Michelle. I'm gonna pass on the dance tonight," Michelle said as she drew little circles on the side of her belly with her fingertip. "Yeah I know...It's just... I really don't feel good." She paused for a moment as she listened. "It's okay. I'm fine. I just think I'll stay home tonight." She paused again, listening to the phone. "Yeah, maybe next time." Michelle said as she hung up, tears coming to her eyes as she rubbed her belly, trying to dismiss the itchy tightness of her skin that never went away.

"Maybe."

CHAPTER 37

The morning light slowly illuminated Candy's bedroom as she lay, tossing and turning. She seemed to be dreaming, her head tilting from side to side, smiling slightly, occasionally making quiet cooing sounds or small gasps, as if her dreams were a bit more... exciting than her usual fare. Slowly, as the morning sunlight brightened her room Candy faded into that sort of twilight sleep just preceding full wakefulness. In her dream she still felt the strong firm touch of his hands running down her back and over her thighs before moving up her front and running gently over her breasts. But as she dreamed the gentle touch of his hands gave way to a gentle massaging and, at least in her dream, an unfamiliar pressure from within her breasts. She twisted away from her dream man's grasp, but his incessant massaging became rougher, the pressure she felt in her breasts becoming strong and achy. Finally, unable to stand it anymore she pushed herself away from his grasp and closed her eyes, as if to shut out the whole of the dream. That was when she realized it. She was awake, barely, laying flat on her back, but the breast massage and the horrid achy pressure were all too real.

Still half asleep she quickly rolled over, both removing the massive weight from her chest and trying desperately to twist away from who ever was accosting her in her sleep. She twisted back and forth, rolling across the bed, unable to shake the hands of her attacker. Frantic, Candy rolled out of the bed kicking and screaming. She landed heavily on her panty-clad butt, supporting herself with her hands, now wide awake, her breasts bouncing to a stop in her lap. It only took a moment for her to glance around the room and realize she was still alone before she realized that neither the massage of her breasts nor had the overwhelming pressure stopped. Candy pinched her eyes closed, tears flowing liberally down her cheeks as she lowered her head to look down at her breasts, sitting in her lap.

Then she opened her eyes and screamed.

Overnight Candy's breasts had grown massively, now approaching the size of large watermelons. Her areola had grown as well, forming hemispherical outcroppings of soft, dark flesh capped with oversized nipples. But that was not what had made Candy scream. She'd had giant breasts before. What she screamed about were the hands.

A second set of arms, identical to the ones she'd always had, emerged from either side of her waist. They moved of their own accord, each tiny hand massaging her breasts as she watched, unable to control them or even feel them. As her new hands worked over her huge breasts, kneading them like they were bread dough, she felt the pressure within them increasing as they slowly expanded. Frantic, she began clawing at the unwelcome new appendages massaging her breasts, but they were like steel. Her hands couldn't even manage to slow their movements, much less pry them away from her breasts as she was so desperate to do. She grasped the new arms at the wrists and pulled as hard as she could, but the newly acquired limbs simply went about their business, unimpeded by her efforts.

As she continued to fight Candy began to cry, then bawl as the situation she was trapped in became more and more obvious. Finally she gave up on pulling at the

new arms and simply began slapping them out of futility. This, finally, did seem to get the hands attention and one of the hands released her breast and pointed at the ceiling and wagged its index finger back and forth, as if scolding a naughty child. Outraged Candy slapped at it again. Both hands seemed to shrug for a moment before they both let go of her breasts. Candy's relief was only momentary though as they immediately reached around her massive breasts and began rubbing her nipples. Now she felt the pressure growing within them as they grew hard, then began to swell in a sort of feverish bloating. As she stared crying and moaning, all but paralyzed from the intense pleasure she watched her nipples grow under the expert manipulations of the otherworldly hands. The pressure and bloating grew together until her nipples stood, painfully erect and deep reddish brown, each more than an inch thick and three inches long.

Then the hands released them, paused momentarily and began working her breasts again, the pressure within them growing even before the pressure in her nipples had ceased. The message was clear. *Leave the hands alone.* As she realized this Candy let her hands drop back to the floor and leaned back as she watched the hands as they massaged her breasts as she sobbed.

It was more than an hour before Candy managed to compose herself enough to go and find help. Once she made that decision it took her longer to get up off of the floor than to her sister's bedroom door. The massive weight of her breasts made it next to impossible for her to balance and the constant fondling by her new hands was driving her insane. She grabbed a sheet off her bed and wrapped in around herself, covering her newly larger breasts and busy extra hands before she stumbled out into the hallway and headed to Mandy's bedroom door. She leaned heavily against the doorframe, sweat beginning to bead across her forehead as the breast play began to take its toll.

"Mandy?" Candy said, "I... I need your help. I'm screwed up bad and I don't know what to do," she sobbed. "Dammit, are you listening to me?" she asked through the closed door, trying to ignore the incessant massage of her new and very much out of control hands. Finally losing patience both with Mandy and the constant sensual massage she opened the door and burst into Mandy's room. The still made bed told Candy everything she needed to know.

Dammit, where is she? Candy thought. *If she didn't come home last night,* Candy reasoned as she looked for the phone amid Mandy's very messy room. *She must have fallen asleep at the store,* she decided as she found the phone beneath a pile of dirty clothes and picked up the phone.

"Answer... answer..." Candy quietly pled into the phone.

At the vintage clothing shop's storeroom Mandy slept atop a pile of newly arrived blue jeans waiting to be washed and tagged for sale. At first she slept fitfully, wobbling slightly back and forth as the night wore on until, at some point in the night, the pressure in her hips and thighs finally relented and with the newly found peace afforded by the lack of constant pressure she fell into a deep sleep. It wasn't until early Sunday morning that she began to awaken to the distant sound of a phone ringing. Mandy yawned and reached up to brush her bangs out of her eyes, momentarily puzzled as what felt unmistakably like a big toe brushing across her

forehead. Mandy opened her eyes and looked around the room, her eyes barely open. *The phone*, she thought and reached up to pull herself up by the shelving unit behind her but her hand just bumped against the shelf. Still half-asleep she tried again, but again she failed to grab the shelf. Curious, she flexed her fingers and found them practically immobile. Now worried she lowered her hand so it was in front of her face where she could see it.

Only it was no longer a hand.

Mandy's hands had been replaced by what appeared to be perfect copies of her own dainty feet. Even as she watched she could see her forearm slowly lengthening and fattening, looking more and more like a calf than forearm. Mandy raised her other hand in front of her face and, seeing it matched the first rubbed her new feet together, as if testing their reality. Everything seemed to be moving slowly to Mandy as she realized she heard someone shrieking even as she sat watching her wrists twist into the obvious shape of ankles, losing almost all of their flexibility in the process. Then she realized where the shrieking was coming from.

Mandy continued to shriek as she stumbled to her (original) feet and wobbled around the room. Her original legs had grown even longer and thicker, her thighs now thicker than her waist, her butt swollen into two huge hemispheres. Although she hadn't noticed yet, her torso had shortened to half its original size, her back bent like an S by her very curved spine. Mandy slammed into the door into stockroom door, fumbling at the doorknob with her new feet before finally giving up and simply pounding on the door with her new little feet.. With only a few hits the thin interior door gave way, first one hole, then two, then the door popped open as the door folded against itself down the middle and Mandy stumbled into the showroom, her shrieking now quieted to gasps and whimpering. She crossed to the phone quickly, her eyes glazed, tears pouring from her eyes as she reached for the phone automatically and knocked it off the counter with her new hand-become-foot.

"Hello?" Mandy heard quietly coming from the phone as it lay on the floor.

Mandy looked at the phone, then down at herself and back to the floor again before something clicked in her mind that made everything make sense, no matter how implausible the idea was. She lowered herself carefully to the floor and, using both of her new feet, carefully picked up the phone and raised it to her head.

"Hello?" Candy said, obviously still crying. "Hello, are you there Mandy?"

"I'm here," Mandy said, amazingly calm even for a normal day. "What's up?"

"I'm so, so screwed," Candy bawled, "I need your help. When can you get home."

"I can't," Mandy deadpanned, having maneuvered the phone between her shoulder and head so that she was free to examine her still changing forearms and hands. "I'm having like the weirdest nightmare ever and I can't really do anything until I wake up."

"Listen to me, okay?" Candy said, "I'm not asleep and neither are you. Now get yourself together and get home."

"If I'm not asleep I am sooo totally screwed," Mandy laughed as she wiggled her new toes, "besides, I keep falling down."

"You always did have two left feet," Candy said, "Listen I'll..."

Mandy cut Candy off, laughing at Candy's comment, the laughter going on far

longer than it should have, becoming more and more maniacal as the laughter went on and on. Candy just stared at the phone for a moment before she yelled into the handset, trying to be heard over Mandy's insane laughter. "Listen to me! Just stay put. I don't know how but I'm coming to the store. Don't move and don't let anyone into the store." Mandy's laughter got even louder as she looked at the bulge of the store's keychain in her tiny pockets, the phone dropping from her shoulder as she fumbled at her pockets with her feet, her laughter growing in volume as it continued on and on and on and on and on...

CHAPTER 38

Candy stood outside the store as she tried to look in the windows. The early morning sun reflected off them, making seeing inside practically impossible. All she could see was the reflection of the Inner Harbor. Candy cupped her hands against the glass and tried to step up to the window but the massive outcropping of her breasts and new arms, barely covered by an oversized top, blocked her from getting close enough to the glass to see in. Finding no joy Candy went to the door and pulled, fully expecting it to be locked and she was not disappointed. She reached into her pockets and searched for her keychain but found nothing, even her house keys were still at home. Candy banged futilely on the door, hoping Mandy would hear her and come to the door but after several minutes no one came to the door. *Luckily there's more than one way to get into the store*, Candy thought before she turned and headed around to back hallway that connected the rear entrances of the three stores connected to the vintage shop. Halfway to the rear entrance Candy paused to catch her breath, leaning heavily against the wall of the building even as the her newly grown arms continued their work, massaging her breasts. Their weight and size had continued to increase as she made her way to shop, the hands relentlessly driving their growth, not to mention the intensely erotic nature of the massage. It took a minute for Candy to catch her breath and push the thoughts of what had happened to her out of her mind and concentrated on one idea, getting to Mandy.

Mandy can help. She always was able to make things right.

Candy drew in a deep breath and stretched, placing her hands in the small of her back and pushed against the immense weight of her breasts and leaned back before she headed to the rear entrance to the store. Candy got to the steel fire door and grabbed the metal jamb next to the doorknob and slid it up and down as she jiggled the knob. As she pulled against the knob she continued sliding the doorjamb up and down until the door popped open, spilling vintage jeans into the hallway. "Mandy?" Candy called out as she awkwardly stepped over the wash of jeans and stumbled into the stockroom, barely keeping her balance as her breasts swung heavily back and forth, bouncing against each other, the erotic friction between them momentarily drawing her attention before they came to a halt.

Candy looked around the room, instantly spotting the shattered door into the showroom. "Mandy?!" Candy called out, now very concerned as she slipped over a jacket laying on the floor and fell through the doorway into the main room of the store. Mandy lay on her side across the room, mostly obscured by the clothing racks. Candy rushed to Mandy's side and rolled Mandy onto her back. Candy straddled Mandy's prone form, resting one of her hands against Mandy's cheek and pushing her head back and forth until her eyes slowly opened.

"Am I awake now?" Mandy asked.

"We're both awake and I'm majorly fucked. I don't know what I'm gonna do." Candy said, looking down at Mandy's face.

"What's with the coat," Mandy said, still half asleep, as she stared at Candy's

overstuffed windbreaker and a constant motion continued underneath. Candy looked down at her top, tears streaming down her face as she pulled the zipper down slightly before she reached down and grabbed the lower hem of the pull-over and lifted up, above her breasts.

Mandy gasped as she looked at Candy's massive breasts. They were hugely full, hanging down below Candy's waist, the full lower curves only inches from brushing against Mandy's abdomen. They pressed firmly against each other, bouncing and rubbing against each other as they moved. It took a moment for Mandy to process what she was seeing, her eyes tracking down the length of Candy's cleavage and to her grotesquely oversized nipples before she wondered why Candy was constantly rubbing and massaging her breasts. From there it only took a moment for her to grasp the fact that Mandy now had two sets of arms. Mandy's mouth fell open as she looked up to Mandy's face.

"They won't stop. I can't... they're not... I'm not making them do stuff. I can't..." Candy said, stumbling over the words before she just stopped talking and broke into a slow, quiet sob and pulled her top back over her massive breasts.

Mandy's eyes opened a bit wider as something suddenly dawned on her. "So wait," Mandy said. "I'm awake?"

Candy nodded silently though her sobs.

Mandy looked at Candy's face then down at Candy's boobs, beginning to cry as she closed her eyes, tears squeezing from between her eyelids. Slowly she lifted both her arms-become-legs up and raised her new right foot in between herself and Candy. She began sobbing loudly as she lay there, her new arm-leg beginning to shake slightly before she opened her eyes. Her tiny foot and ankle looked as they had before but now her forearm had taken the very obvious shape of her own overly meaty calf. Her forearms were thin, quickly swelling into a large meaty calf just south of her elbow. This observation took place in less than a second.

Mandy gasped, instinctively trying to cover her mouth with her hand, but only succeeding in placing her other new foot over her mouth, against her lips. As soon as she realized the hand covering her mouth was not a hand but a foot she yanked it away from her face, disgusted, her new foot bouncing off Candy's massive breasts. Without thinking Mandy reached up with her hand to push the offending hand-foot away, but as her other hand-come- foot came into view she panicked and began thrashing back and forth in a blind panic, even as her upper arms slowly began to fatten and elongate.

Candy reached out and grabbed Mandy's new legs by her ankles and tried to stop their kicking but as her arms had begun to change to legs they had become much stronger and Candy could barely hold onto Mandy's ankles and certainly couldn't stop Mandy's new feet from repeatedly bouncing off her own massively swollen breasts. After a minute of the constant barrage of little feet against her breast Candy had enough. "Stop kicking me in the boobs!" she yelled. Mandy froze, startled by Candy's scream and the realization of what she was doing.

For a moment both girls sat there staring into each other's eyes, tears streaming down their cheeks and their lips quivered, their faces pale from shock, their arms outstretched, Candy holding Mandy's new feet just out of view. Slowly their breathing began to return to normal and Candy said, "Okay... okay... Lets both just

take a few deep breaths and then we can start to sort this out.”

Mandy stared at Candy, her mouth falling open before she said, “Deep breaths then sort this out? We didn’t oversleep for the SATs, we’re fucking mutated.”

“DEEP BREATHS!” Candy said, making it very clear this was not a point she was going to budge on.

Mandy sighed and took a deep breath and waited for Candy to do the same. Then they released at the same time and took another deep breath, then another, both girls slowly calming down.

“Okay,” Candy said. “We can’t go to Michelle for help...”

“cause this is because of that chaos crap from Brazil right?” Mandy replied.

“What else?” Candy asked.

“Then we’re royally fucked.” Mandy replied.

“No we’re not!” Candy shouted.

“We’re not?” Mandy said as she twisted her foot free from Candy’s grasp and held it out less than an inch from the tip of Candy’s nose. “See this? It’s a foot. A FOOT. Remember what they said about chaos. They can’t undo what it does. And I have feet for fucking hands. How can I go through life with...”

Candy cut her off “Shut up! Okay! Just SHUT UP! I have to think... and get that thing outta my face!” Candy said, swatting Mandy’s foot.

Mandy pulled her foot back from in front of Candy’s face and held it in front of her own. She tilted her head slightly as she tilted her new foot this way, then that, looking at it silently. Slowly she turned her new foot so its arch faced her nose and slowly wiggled her toes back and forth. It was only then she realized that Candy was staring at her. “What?!?” she asked.

“What are you doing?” Candy asked, one eyebrow raised as she watched Mandy inspecting her new foot.

“Are my toes really this big?” Mandy asked, curling her smaller toes, leaving her big toe pointed upward.

Candy’s mouth fell open. “Come on, get serious!” Candy said, then gasped involuntarily.

“Me... get serious. Me. *I’m* not the one moaning and gasping and groaning every five seconds because of all the boob play.”

“I can’t help it!” Candy said, “It’s these goddamned demon hands. I can’t make them stop.” Candy grabbed the hands massaging her breasts by the wrists and pulled as hard as she could. The hands didn’t budge, but the moment she released them they slid over the full curves of her breasts to her nipples and began stretching and tugging on them, as if milking a cow. Candy gasped, her eyes rolling back as her head lolled to one side. After a few minutes the demon hands released her nipples and went back to rubbing the large, full curves of her breasts, leaving her nipples nearly twice the size they had been before. Slowly Candy’s eyes opened and she struggled to catch her breath.

“Done yet?” Mandy said. “Like you want them to stop. Looks like you’re having way too much fun over there.”

“Fun?” Candy asked, incredulous. “Fun?! It’s like being groped by some asshole except there’s no one to slap... and did I mention that the more they grope the bigger my boobs get???”

“No way! That’s why they’re so huge?” Mandy asked, looking at Candy’s boobs and how they filled her lap.

“Yeah... and they’re a lot bigger now than they were on the way over here. “

“They’ve got to be so heavy!” Mandy said and, without thinking, reached out, resting her two tiny new feet on the outside curves of Candy’s hugely bloated breasts.

“Uh...” Candy said, looking down at her breasts. “Get your han... fee... uh... just lay off my boobs, okay? It’s bad enough with the goddamned demon hand things.”

“So what the fuck do we do now?” Mandy said, her breathing slowing to a more normal pace.

“I don’t know, but we can’t stay here.” Candy said, staring down into her slowly deepening cleavage. “People will be on Harborplace in an few hours and the store is too open.”

“So where do we go?” Mandy asked, as she lifted her still stretching and fattening arms in front of her, watching with almost clinical detachment as her upper arms fattened and lengthened into thighs.

“I don’t know okay!” Candy yelled. “We can’t go home, that’s the first place...” Candy trailed off.

“What’s up?” Mandy asked.

“Why are we sitting around having a normal everyday conversation while we’re fucking mutating,” Candy replied.

“Yeah,” Mandy said as she raised an eyebrow, “Shouldn’t we like be in denial or screaming and crying or something?”

“Unless... Remember what Michelle’s mom said?” Candy said.

“The chaos energy preserves their minds while it destroys their bodies.” Mandy said.

Candy scrunched up her face. “No, that’s now how it went, it was more like....”

“I think your making the point right now,” Mandy said, cutting Candy off as she began fumbling at the waistband of her sweatpants with her feet, trying to slide them inside.

“Ha, ha, ha. Okay Ms. Smarty-Pants. Where do we go?” Candy said, her eyes closed, beginning to groove on the constant breast massage from her new hands.,

“There’s only one place to go,” Mandy said as she grew more frustrated at her inability to bend her new legs to get her feet down the front of her sweatpants. Soon she gave up on that idea and simply place the heel of one of her new feet against her pubic mound and began gently rubbing in tiny circles.

“The museum, it’s the only place. No one goes there anymore. Most people never knew about it anyway...” Candy said wistfully.

“And the ones that do know probably think the nest of evil bitches is still there,” Mandy said, her voice overly relaxed.

Candy shook her head and tried to clear her thoughts, dismissing the feelings coming from her massive breasts. “Come on we better motor while we can still get there. If my boobs get much heavier I won’t be able to stand up, much less walk.” Candy started to push herself to her feet before she looked over to Mandy. “What the fuck are you doing? Now’s not the time to play with yourself.”

“Shut up!” Mandy said. “I don’t know what’s wrong.”

“Besides your arms turning into legs and me growing giant boobs and extra arms?”

“**Shut up!**” Mandy said again, “I’m just so horny... You think its part of this chaos crap?”

Candy rolled her eyes as she pushed herself slowly off the floor, “No, I think it's a coincidence.... Duh! Of *course* its part of it,” Candy finished as she finally got to her feet and waited for her breasts to settle down, at least as much as they could settle given the constant fondling before she reached out with both arms. “Come on, we gotta go while it’s still early enough that no ones around.”

Mandy held up her new legs, not even thinking that she couldn’t grasp Candy’s hands to pull herself up. “Don’t worry about it,” Candy said as if she read Mandy’s thoughts while she grabbed Mandy by the ankles and pulled. “I got you.” As Candy pulled Mandy pushed herself off the floor and together they got Mandy to her (original) feet. Only when she was on her feet were they both able to see the less obvious changes going on. Mandy’s torso had shortened a great deal, by more than half, leaving her shoulders very close to her waist. Her original legs had grown longer and thicker, her hips and thighs had spread and her butt looked more like a pair of basketballs than anything a girl her age should ever have to cram into her sweatpants.

Almost as soon as Mandy was on her feet and Candy released her grip the weight of Mandy’s still growing arms-become-legs threw her off balance. For an awkward moment she stood, teetering back and forth, her new legs flailing before she fell forward, her decent stopped when her new feet suddenly hit the floor, allowing her to stand on all fours. Almost as soon as she realized she was standing on her new feet Mandy panicked, kicking off the floor with her front legs and flailing about as she babbled incoherently.

Candy carefully stepped forward, avoiding Mandy’s flailing legs and hugged her tightly, until she slowly calmed down. “Come on, we have to get going before it gets much later and people start showing up on Harborplace. Are you gonna be okay?”

Mandy nodded slowly and after considering for a moment Candy released her and stepped back. “Okay. Lets find something to wear.”

“Why am I still getting more and more fucked up and you’re not getting any worse?” Mandy said as she looked back and forth from her still fattening and lengthening upper arms to the massive outcropping under Candy’s now not-so-oversized pullover.

“You’re kidding right? They’re so heavy now I can’t stand up straight.” Candy said and lifted her top up again. It was obvious that even in the twenty minutes the two girls had been talking Candy’s breasts had grown even larger, but not just larger. Now they seemed more swollen, more tightly packed, as if they had been inflated with flesh. Her ripening breasts stood much further out from her body, her breasts taking on more of a heavy torpedo shape as the swelled, her gigantic nipples and areola capping the great football shaped breasts. “Do they look like they’re not getting worse?” Candy said, barely able to hold back a gasp as her new hands took the opportunity to give her nipples a tease.

“Let’s just get going,” Mandy said.

Candy nodded silently as she pulled her top back over her increasingly heavy breasts.

They dressed quickly, Candy simply tossing a poncho over herself while Mandy wrapped herself as best she could in an Indian blanket. Within minutes they were ready to go and Mandy and Candy met at the front door. The twins found they could barely remain upright, the weight of their new legs and breasts pulling them forward. "Come on," Candy said as she leaned against Mandy, helping them both remain upright. "This is going to be easy. We stick together. It's only a few hundred yards to the museum and we're home free"

Mandy nodded. "Let's just get this over with before I change my mind."

Together the girls headed out of the store into the cool morning air, slowly limping across Harborplace toward the only safe haven they could think of. The only place no one would think to look for them. "Don't worry," Candy said, "I know where we can get some help..."

CHAPTER 39

Michelle called downstairs from her room, "Hold on! I'm coming!"

The doorbell rang several times in quick succession as the button was tapped.

"Dammit, I said I'm coming!" Michelle said as she slowly and carefully limped down the stairs. Both her necklace and leg brace were in place, together giving her the appearance of being just an injured sixteen year old rather than the massively pregnant supernatural being she really was. She held onto the handrails on either side of the stairway, holding on for dear life as she slowly wobbled down the stairs toward the front door, her massive belly shifting side to side with each step, the huge weight pulling her this way and that as she tried to hurry down the stairs, her huge breasts bouncing heavily with each step, slapping against the upper curve of her belly. Only her tiny hand's grip on the handrails kept her from tumbling down into the stair hall below. But even that tiny amount of safety began to slip away as her hands grew slick with sweat even as the doorbell rang yet again. Just in the nick of time Michelle reached the stair hall and grabbed the newel post, barely able to stop herself from falling. Michelle caught her breath and pulled herself upright before she headed to the front door. The doorbell rang yet again as Michelle reached forward for the doorknob, only to be thwarted as her belly bounced against the door just as her hand was about to reach the doorknob.

Michelle sighed and turned slightly to one side and grabbed the doorknob. She turned the brass knob and sidestepped away from the door, pulling the heavy oak door open.

"Hey, what kept you?" Julia smiled, standing in the doorway, a shopping bag in one hand. Even having seen Julia before the sight still surprised Michelle. Julia was four and a half feet tall, no more, and aside from her belly looked like any twelve-year old girl she had ever seen. Her belly though, that was amazing. Julia's belly was at least half-again as large as Michelle's, the huge egg shaped orb dominating her body, sticking out further in front of her than she could reach, wrapping around her sides, filling most of the space between her armpits and hips. She wore a simple pale yellow tank top, bunched up above her massive belly, and red shorts that were barely visible beneath the huge outcropping of her belly.

"Sorry, I was upstairs... HEY! What are you doing here? I almost killed myself getting down here just to find you at the door?"

"Sorry...", Julia replied, seemingly saddened by the greeting she received. "I brought ice cream..." she continued, holding her bag aloft.

"You expect me to just invite you in because you've brought ice cream?" Michelle said incredulously.

"It is double chocolate," Julia pouted.

Michelle thought for a moment, "Well, I'm not inviting you in. If you can come in without being invited, feel free," she said, stepping backwards from the door.

Julia smiled, and waddled through the door, barely clearing the doorframe and Michelle's glamoured form., "Don't look so surprised. I'm not a vampire."

Michelle closed her eyes and rubbed them, embarrassed. "So, ice cream?" Julia said hopefully.

“So, “ Michelle said, resting her bowl of ice cream on her outsized but camouflaged belly, “why are you here?”

Julia continued to look Michelle, but the moment Michelle sat her bowl down atop her belly Julia got a quizzical, confused look on her face, as if something was confusing or simply not making sense. She raised her hand, blocking her view of Michelle. “Could you take off that amulet? When you do stuff like rest that bowl on your belly it really messes with my head. Besides, we’re all preggo here...”

“Uh...I look like hell, besides I’m so fat.” Michelle said.

“You? You’re fat?” Julia laughed.

She had a point. Sitting Julia’s belly stuck out well past her knees, its massive size forcing her legs apart to a degree that was painful to observe, not to mention the fact that her belly occupied all the space between her sternum and pelvis. Her thighs and calves, while thinner than you would expect given the size of her belly, were not exactly thin either.

Michelle sighed and reached behind her neck, removing her amulet, the illusion collapsing, revealing her true appearance.

Julia carefully lowered her hand and glanced in Michelle’s direction before she smiled and raised her head, a look of concern crossing her face as she saw Michelle’s disheveled appearance. “Time for a spa day?” Julia said kindly, “Everyone needs to treat themselves once in awhile.”

“Why are you here again?” Michelle asked.

“Think of me as the welcome wagon. Welcoming you into our little club.” Julia said.

“Isn’t it a little late for a welcome? I’ve been like this for most of a year.” Michelle sneered.

“You’ve been *blessed* for about eight months. I’ve been alive for about twelve hundred years. Eight months is nothing. Besides, we don’t exactly have a newsletter. No messages saying ‘Lets all welcome our new friend, Michelle’. Besides, the Welcome Wagon isn’t the only reason I’m here.” Julia said

“I knew it... What?” Michelle said.

“You feel it too.. vaguely uncomfortable, slightly upset stomach, almost a headache, but not... Chaos is brewing here, and we’re gonna stop it.” Julia replied.

“Us? You and me? Shouldn’t we get some help?” Michelle asked.

Julia laughed, “ Yeah right. From who? Penelope and your mom? They don’t have any power. They just try to pigeonhole us, try to make what we are fit into their own beliefs. They can’t help it. They have faith in what they believe. But that’s different than knowing... and I do know...”

“Why should I trust you? After all, you’re evil.” Michelle said.

Julia rolled her eyes, “You see, there you go. There’s this fundamental misunderstanding. I’m not evil. I’m *influenced* by evil, but I’m not evil.”

“Yeah right, what’s the difference?” Michelle said.

“That’s going to take awhile to explain and I don’t know about you but I’m all out of ice cream. Maybe now is as good a time as any to take a look around. I’ve never been to Baltimore before.” Julia said, setting her bowl aside.

“So now you want to sightsee?” Michelle replied, getting tired of the whole

conversation.

“Well, that and talk and start scouting around for where ever the chaos infestation is,” Julia said.

“I’m not really up for a walking tour of Baltimore. I won’t last a half hour waddling around out there.” Michelle said as Julia slowly pulled herself to her feet, grunting quietly at the effort and widened her stance, allowing her belly to settle into her pelvis, before she crossed the room and offered her hands to Michelle. She took them into her own hands and the both pulled.

“And I could jog around Baltimore all day, ” Julia mused as Michelle finally made it to her feet. Julia leaned to Michelle’s side as she regained her balance and whispered, “Jog... on a good day I can fly...” Julia pulled back and stopped to consider something. “...and you’re weak as a kitty cat. Why do you think that is?” Julia said as she turned and headed to the front door.

“All that energy didn’t help you get off the sofa any faster than I can,” Michelle smirked before she realized Julia was headed to the front door.

“Hold on, I can’t go out there with you,” Michelle said as she put on her amulet, disguising her appearance, “Everyone around here knows me.”

Julia gave Michelle’s disguised form a once over. “Evidently they don’t know you very well. You know, you have to learn to be more accepting. Just cause I look pregnant...”

“You don’t just *look pregnant*. You look like a twelve year-old pregnant with septuplets.” Michelle said.

Julia mumbled something. “What?” Michelle asked. “I said *I can’t help I look young*,” she repeated. “Things were different when I was young. I was fifteen when I was blessed, we just didn’t... mature as quickly back then. Everyone I knew my age looked like I do...”

“Sorry, I didn’t mean...” Michelle began.

“At least before they grew up, got old and died.” Julia continued before she pushed the thought aside and said “Come on, live a little... We can take a taxi if you get too tired... come on...” Julia said and smiled as she stepped out into the sunlight and tilted her head back and spread her arms as she slowly spun around in a circle. “Isn’t it a beautiful day?”

Michelle rolled her eyes and stepped carefully down the front stairs, smiling slightly at Julia’s attitude. “Come on, the Inner Harbor is this way...”

“You know, every city is kinda unique. At first they all seem the same but after you visit enough cities you see little differences.” Julia said as she waddled down the sidewalk.

“You’ve never been to Baltimore?” Michelle asked.

“I’ve been in the harbor on the way to New York but never in town. Its been awhile... back in those days looking like this was a good way to have torch and pitchfork wielding town folk burn down your inn, “ Julia said. “Even then New York was cosmopolitan. I remember...”

Their conversation was interrupted by a loud wolf whistle from across the street. Both girls turned involuntarily toward the sound. A group of teenagers was milling around the steps in front of one of the houses, now all looking around in

different directions, as if none of them had anything to do with making the noise.

Julia stared at the group for a long moment before Michelle tapped her on the arm. "Come on, they're not worth it. Lets go." Julia continued to stare at them for a moment before she turned, her steely gaze melting as she turned to Michelle. "That's one thing I've never managed to develop... patience with..."

"HEY HOT MOMMMA!!!" a male voice shouted across the street. Now the small group made no attempt to hide their amusement as they laughed and pointed at Julia.

"That's it. Be right back," Julia said and crossed the street, ignoring oncoming traffic. Cars screeched to a halt, just inches from Julia as she slowly and deliberately waddled across the street. The group of teenagers began to quiet down as she approached, gathering together, as if to gather their bravery. "Wait, Julia!" Michelle cried out, waddling slowly behind, trying to catch up.

"Who said that?" Julia said, looking from boy to boy. None of them seemed the least bit embarrassed or guilty, but Julia quickly focused on one boy. "I should have known it would be you," she said to the boy, concentrating on his face for a moment before she continued, "Ramón."

The boy looked at Julia shocked for a moment before Julia spoke, her voice taking on a more melodic resonance. "Don't look so surprised. We dated for six months until you knocked me up," she said, looking at the girl hanging on Ramón's arm.

"Who's this?" the girl asked, slapping her boyfriend across the side of his head. "Huh? Who the fuck is she?" the girl continued, slugging him in the arm.

"Ramón and I go way back. He used to date my older sister. I shoulda known better when he got her pregnant but I was stupid and he didn't have any trouble doing me and my sister at the same time."

"What the fuck! The girl yelled, stepping away from Ramón. "She's like fucking ten years old."

"I don't know who this bitch is!" Ramón said to her, "I swear baby, I never saw her before today."

Julia acted shocked, "Ramón, how can you say that." Her voice grew richer as she continued, "Tell her Ramón, tell her how I'm pregnant with your babies. Tell her in your own words so she'll believe."

Michelle stepped up next to Julia... "Uh... come on... shouldn't we..."

Julia raised her hand, making it very clear she didn't want to hear what Michelle had to say.

"Is it true? Is it?" the girl asked.

"Baby..." Ramón said, "You gotta understand, everyone does things they're not proud of... lots of my friends have kids with like three or four bitc... women... I only have kids with one."

"You son of a bitch!" the girl yelled, slapping him across his face.

"Ramón," Julia said, pouting, "The babies want their daddy to feel them." Her voice grew subtly more commanding, "Come feel your babies kick."

Ramón closed the distance between them and placed his hand on Julia's belly, rubbing across the tight, shiny expanse. "There you go, that's not so bad... feels really good," Julia said. "Now give me a kiss..." Ramón leaned in close, starting to

give Julia a peck on the cheek but Julia turned into his kiss, thrusting her tongue into his mouth. By now Ramón's friends had long since seen enough and were walking away, not looking back. Ramón's girlfriend was long gone.

"Now Ramón," Julia said, "I want you to go make up with your girl... and fuck her until she's knocked up. Then seduce all her friends and knock them up too..." Julia paused for a moment..."Your girlfriend have a sister?"

"Yeah, two" Ramón said, terrified.

"Knock them up too, just to be safe... and I want you to get this all taken care of this week... so get busy," Julia continued, her voice continuing with the same subtle, rich overtones. Ramón stared at Julia for a moment before he bolted, running down the street.

Julia turned around to face Michelle, smiling. "I never had any patience for assholes," Julia said and began waddling down the street. "Like I was saying, New York, even in 1922 was very cosmopolitan. You just had to know the right people."

"Oh my GOD!" Michelle said, "How could you do that? You've been so nice today and then.... Oh my GOD!" Michelle said again, as if her feelings about what just happened grew worse the more she thought about them.

"I'm making a point," Julia said.

"What point?" Michelle said incredulously.

"Okay... before I did anything nasty to Ramón... Just when I told him to tell his girlfriend something that wasn't true... how did you feel?"

"Uh... not good." Michelle admitted.

"Right... and that wasn't anything nasty was it? Just a bit of cleverness... but it made you feel bad and me feel good... Why do you think that is?"

"Cause you're evil! I can't believe I trusted you..." Michelle said, holding her face in her hands, still trying to come to terms with what she just saw happen.

"No. Because the not-so-little-bambino here," Julia said, slapping her belly, "has an evil influence. Your munchkin, on the other hand, is a much better influence on you." Every time you think of doing something right or moral or proper you practically burst with the glow of goodness within you, even if it's something you have absolutely no desire to do at all. And after that you wind up doing it... Doesn't seem so bad anymore, right? Mom asks you to do the dishes for three nights in a row when it's your sisters job and instead of being unhappy and put out suddenly you're embracing the warm happy feeling of giving. Aww, isn't it cute." Julia said smiling, wrapping her arms around her upper body, giving herself a hug. "And heaven forbid you think of doing something mean, or nasty or even just a little dishonest. Truthfully, when they told you that you were gonna be undercover girl in Brazil, how did you feel?"

Michelle thought about it for a moment, "Not good... nauseous I guess. I thought it was from the plane.

"No. It's the munchkin deciding for you what's the right and proper thing for you to do. Every time you do something it likes, you feel wonderful, when you do something it doesn't like you feel horrible."

Michelle looked shocked, "It's the same for you?"

"Now she's got it," Julia continued. "And believe me, after just a few years with the big Buddha belly your own morals kinda get pushed to the side."

“But you were so nice earlier,” Michelle said.

“Yeah, and you were mean to me in Brazil.” Not everything is about what they-that-make-us-waddle want.” Julia smiled, running her hand across the side of her belly. “They don’t influence everything. But the more emotional you get, the more strongly you feel about something the more they can influence you. Like just now. I was pissed. Way pissed... and things just got out of control.”

“But don’t you feel bad about it???” Michelle asked.

“You’re not getting it. I feel GREAT about it. When I think back on what just happened I feel a warm happiness in my heart that doesn’t compare to a dozen little puppies. I *know* that's not how I should feel about it, but there you go.”

“So it’s not really your fault?” Michelle said and stopped dead on the sidewalk. “Well how unfair is that! It’s not like it’s your fault that the demon you’re carrying is making you feel the way you do. Why the hell should you get damned for it?”

Julia stopped and turned as she began to laugh. “You’ve been listening to the monsignor too much. Who the hell said I’m damned? I’ve got a golden ticket and when God turns out the lights and puts the chairs up on the tables I’m headed straight for the pearly gates!”

CHAPTER 4

"Thanks for coming down so quickly," Candy said from within the darkened, barely open back doorway of the Peale Museum of Fine Arts. More to the point, the barely finished basement of said museum. She stood in the darkness, a large Indian blanket wrapped around her, despite the warm weather.

"It's no problem," Maria said as she relayed three bags of groceries from Mary to Candy one at a time. "I just wish you could tell me what this is all about."

"Don't worry, I will soon. Just remember, no matter who asks you don't know where Mandy and me are. You haven't seen us and we didn't say where we were going."

"Okay...." Maria said, making it obvious everything wasn't okay at all. "You just call if I can do anything for you. Anything at all."

"No problem," Candy smiled. "I got my cell phone right..." Candy gasped for breath and moaned sensuously before she choked back the sound. "I got my phone right here. I'll call if there's any trouble," Candy added, reaching out to Maria with a fist full of cash. Maria took the money as Candy shoved it into her hands. "Thanks again," Candy said as she pushed the fire door shut, the door clanging shut with a loud bang.

Maria and Mary stood outside the door as they heard the heavy metal bolts on the new fire door being thrown. "You think they're okay in there?" Mary asked skeptically.

"I don't know. We can check on them tomorrow or Tuesday and see if they're still here." Maria sorted through the wad of bills Candy had thrust into her hands pulling out a ten and five ones. "Here's your money back." Maria said as she handed it to Mary.

"Thanks," Mary said as Maria shoved the rest of the cash into her overly tight blue jeans. "So, what do you want to do today?" Maria asked, "And don't say Orange Julius."

Mary's face fell as she heard those words, "But I love Orange Julius!" Mary said, not noticing that Maria was scrubbing the palms of her hands against her denim-clad thighs, as if trying to rub something off that just didn't want to come loose.

"Let's go to Dairy Queen, I have to use the bathroom," Maria said, rubbing her hands together, trying to rub some sort of residue from her palms.

"Are they gone?" Mandy asked as she slowly and awkwardly teetered out of the darkness. Mandy's torso had shortened, barely large enough to connect her hips and shoulders. Her arms had continued to become more leg-like. Her upper arms now were nearly identical to her thighs, although they continued to slowly fatten where they met her shoulders. She had her forelegs bent at the knees, carefully holding her new feet off the floor.

"Yeah, they're gone," Candy said, dragging the three bags of groceries off the Guggenheim like circular ramp that surrounded the room and into the lowest level, the central room of the museum. As soon as Candy got near the center of the room she dropped the rope she used to drag her makeshift grocery sled and threw aside the

Indian blanket she was wrapped in. She still wore her windbreaker beneath it, but now the nylon fabric was stretched tightly over her breasts and new, unwelcome arms. She fought with the zipper at the neckline, forcing it down before grabbing the bottom hem of the top and trying to pull it off, but it was no use. Her breasts had simply grown too big to allow her to get the top over their massiveness. Candy pulled at the top, trying to rip the seams near the neckline zipper, but it was no use. Finally between the brave front she put on for Maria and Mary and the frustration she felt trying to get off her top, a top that by the minute was getting harder and harder to remove Candy could take it no longer and began to cry, dropping to her knees as her feet dropped out from under her.

Mandy began to slowly and carefully wobble across the room, careful not to allow her forelegs to touch the ground. "Oh Candy," she said as she wobbled along but stopped five feet short of Mandy. "Uh... Candy... something's happening... Candy!" Mandy called out. Through her tears Candy looked up and realized immediately what Mandy was complaining about. Mandy's shoulders had begun to swell, even now taking on the fairly obvious general shape of butt cheeks. Her shoulder blades folded together as her shoulders expanded, pushing her breasts together into the increasingly tight space between the swelling hemispheres of a new and rapidly expanding ass. Candy watched horrified as Mandy's breasts pushed together and melded as her new shoulders swelled and grew together, what was left of her breasts settling below and between the quickly swelling ass cheeks, forming a vulva.

"Candy!" Mandy called out again as her new ass began to rapidly swell, pushing upwards and outwards. Mandy lifted her head, trying to get her face out of the way as the two massive hemisphere's neared her chin, but it was no use, her body just refused to bend the way she wanted it to. "Mmmmdmm!" Mandy mumbled, as her face pushed firmly into the crevice between the two huge fat spheres of flesh.

"Oh my God!" Candy cried out and tried to push herself to her feet, but the massive weight of her breasts pulled her down, not to mention the constrictive nature of the more than skintight windbreaker. Then Candy had a brainstorm. She slapped at the demonic hands through the windbreaker, pummeling them and grabbing at their wrists as they continued to massage her gigantically swollen breasts. Within moments Candy's actions had the desired effect. The demonic hands ceased their constant breast-play and reached for Candy's own normal hands, ignoring the fabric of the windbreaker, passing through it like it was tissue. The hands grabbed Candy's normal arms at the wrist and held them there for a moment, but just as they released their grip and began to reach for Candy's breasts they stopped. Suddenly the constant pressure Candy had been feeling for the past day was gone and the swelling of her breasts stopped. Unfortunately it was far too late for that to matter. Each of Candy's breasts shined like an overfilled balloon, the skin taught and shiny over each massive football-shaped breast. Even with their immense weight they refused to lay completely against her torso, instead sticking out nearly two feet in front of her at the waist. Candy stared at her breasts, then back to the demonic arms as they paused, as if unsure what to do next. Candy turned slowly toward Mandy, feeling and hearing the skin of her breasts sliding against each other, the feeling almost intoxicating.

"Mandy! Hold on!" she said and took three steps toward Candy. Then the

demonic hands jumped into action. One slid around Candy's belly, feeling back and forth for a moment before it unexpectedly pushed its way under the waistband of Candy's jeans and into her panties. Candy gasped, first as the hand began its ministrations, and again as she realized the horrid pressure she had felt in her breasts for the last day was now coming from between her legs. Meanwhile the other demonic hand slid along Candy's side and up, across her chest. It caressed Candy's neck and ran over her ear before it settled on the right side of Candy's face and began rubbing back and forth, ignoring her hair and the discomfort it caused as it ran over the corner of her eye.

Candy grabbed at the demonic hand, even as the pressure that had grown her breasts to the size they were now began to press outward from within her cheek and forehead. Candy screamed as she realized on some primal level what was happening and tried to wrestle with the demonic arm, but its strength was insurmountable. Only when she gave up and allowed her arms to drop to her sides as she bawled did the hand stop for a moment. Before it had chastised her when she interfered with its work, but now it only stopped for a moment before it returned to her head and slid along her cheek until it reached her nose. The demonic hand began rubbing in circles around Candy's nose, beginning in a large circle and slowly spiraling in. Candy felt the pressure building as the demonic hand continued its work. She barely saw though her tears as the front of her face began to push out into a sort of mussel. She could feel the flesh wanting... no needing to grow outward and when she looked down she could see her cheeks and the area under her nose pushing outwards, the skin darkening as her face became more pointed. Finally the gentle massage of the demonic hand reached her nose and began to pull and knead it, at first gently then with more vigor as the tip of her nose swelled into a semi-firm, fleshy nub. It grew longer, darker and thicker as the demonic hands worked their magic, only stopping when Mandy's entire view when looking down was filled with the huge nipple and areola that her nose and the front of her face had become.

Candy wanted to collapse on the floor and cry herself to sleep right there, but her sister still struggled just a few feet away. Candy pushed herself upright, trying to ignore the incredible and horrific feelings coming between her legs as well as the view of her distorted face and made her way to Mandy's side. But try as she might she couldn't take her eyes off the massive nipple now growing from the center of her face and she stumbled right into Mandy, knocking them both off their feet into a pile of twisted and tangled limbs.

As they landed Candy heard her sister gasp for breath, taking huge deep breaths, trying to make up for lost time. "Mandy?" Candy called out, not sure which of Mandy's legs was in front of her face. "Yeah..." Mandy panted, still unable to catch her breath.

"Whew... thank God you're all right." Candy said.

"All right?! I'm pretty fucking far from all right, I can't even fucking stand up without smothering on my own...oh my God, what happened to your face???"

"What?" Candy said, gasping for air as the demonic hand in her pants continued its evil doings. All ready Candy could feel her jeans growing tighter as the flesh between her legs swelled. "What happened?" She asked, reaching up and feeling the front of her face. The skin across her face had turned more delicate and silky

smooth, even more so than normal. It took a moment for her to realize that it felt just like her areola did, even down to the downright pleasant feeling from gently tracing her fingers around the soft flesh. If there was any doubt that her nose had been turned into a huge nipple that was dispelled from her mind as soon as she felt its firm warm flesh. It felt exactly the same as the massive nipples now adorning her original but hugely swollen breasts.

Candy pulled her hands away from her nose and began to untangle herself from Mandy's four very long legs. Within a few moments Candy was free and forced herself to her feet, her breasts wobbling heavily in front of her. "Come on, let me try to help you up." Candy said as she held out her hands to Mandy. Mandy drew her original set of legs under her as she reached up with her forelegs. Candy grabbed Mandy's forelegs at the ankle and they pulled together, slowly lifting Mandy to her rear feet. But as soon as Mandy was upright, her forefeet held as high off the floor as she could manage, she began to smother again, her face pushed into the massive upper curves of the ass her chest had become. Only now Candy could see why Mandy was having so much trouble...

"Mandy! Listen to me" Candy shouted, "You have to stand up... on all your legs... put your feet on the floor,

Mandy tried to say something, but it just came out as a muffled "mnnnnnewwww!"

Candy knew instantly what Mandy had meant and placed her hands on Mandy's new butt and pushed down as hard as she could. Mandy teetered forward until her forefeet touched the floor, allowing her new and very plush bottom to drop away from her face. "Holy shit!" Mandy gasped as she stood there on her four very dainty feet. "This feels sooo weird." Mandy said, carefully stepping forward, trying to get used to her new stance, looking very much like a baby deer trying to stand for the first time.

"You think you feel weird," Candy said, trying to look down between her massive breasts at the hand stuck down her pants.

"Oh my God. Your evil hand is getting you off!" Mandy nearly squealed.

"Shut up!" Candy replied, twisting away from Mandy's view.

"Sorry, I'm not making fun of you or anything... I'm just..." Mandy began before she drifted off into a whisper.

"Just what?" Candy asked.

"I'm just so fucking horny. Okay? Is that what you wanted to hear?"

Candy was quiet for a moment. "I guess that makes sense, you do have two of all the important parts for that now, makes sense when your horny you'd be twice as horny as normal."

"No, no, no, no, no... This isn't like twice as horny as when I'm normally horny. This is like screw-all-the-guys-in-the-debate-team horny. It's like coming in waves and oh my GOD, is my vulva really that huge?" Mandy asked, her head tilted forward, looking down over and between the new massive butt cheeks that had taken up residence only inches from her face.

Candy stared at her sister for a moment, wide eyed before she sighed and began speaking. "Yes. Your brand new special parts are really that big... and so is the SECOND ASS you just GREW... What's the matter with you? WHO CARES how

big it is????”

“Like you don’t care how big your butt is,” Mandy snorted.

Mandy thought about that for a moment before continuing. “My butt is still just like it was yesterday. But you don’t see me sitting here complaining that my nipples are too damn big, do you?” Candy looked down at her very sizable assets. “Pretty big aren’t they? Bigger than damn salt shakers and you know what?” She paused for an instant, catching her breath, “I don’t care. I’m not complaining and I don’t care. You know why?” Candy paused again, giving her sister time to reply but just as Mandy opened her mouth Candy continued, “Because when you’re boobs are the bigger than a couple of watermelons, WHO CARES how big your nipples are?!?!”

As Candy screamed at Mandy she realized that Mandy was no longer looking her in the eye but staring downward, In the moments it took Candy to wonder why Mandy was looking down at her new butt again she realized that Mandy wasn’t examining her newly massive curves but was just trying to avoid looking at Candy as the tears poured down her face. Only at that moment did Candy realize Mandy was blubbering, her sobbing barely audible over the sound of skin rubbing against skin as her own breasts slid against each other, propelled by her slightest movements.

Candy felt horribly for ranting at her sister, *Mandy has to be even more screwed up than I am now*, Candy thought as she quickly crossed the space between them. Mandy tried to back away but her awkward Bambi steps no match for Candy. Candy considered for a moment, trying to figure out just how to hug Mandy before she shook her head, closed her eyes and charged in blindly, wrapping her arms around whatever parts of Mandy she could reach, pulling herself in until she could feel the hot breath of Mandy’s sobs against her cheek.

They stayed there, hugging and crying, comforting each other.

All alone in the dark.

CHAPTER 41

“Pearly Gates my ass!” Michelle said incredulously.

Julia laughed, “You don’t get it do you? We exist in a state of grace. Our actions are so influenced by powers greater than our own, our sacrifice so great that we *all* get a free pass into the great hereafter, assuming that’s the side that wins.”

“So you’re telling me I could....” Michelle began, searching her mind for an example.

“Blow up a bus full of nuns.” Julia supplied.

Michelle grimaced. “See?” Julia asked. “Just the thought of doing evil makes you feel bad and don’t even try to wrap it up in the whole *a sin to think of doing it, a sin to do it and a sin not to repent for doing it* bullshit. You’re waddling around with a belly full of the most incorruptible and scrupulous conscience on the planet. You couldn’t commit a sin if you tried.”

“But what about you? You break three commandments before breakfast.” Michelle said smugly.

“This isn’t like some ancient Slavic myth. No one gets damned for something someone else does to you. Vampires? Werewolves? Its all horseshit.”

“Like you said though, you’re not a vampire.” Michelle replied.

Julia smirked, “At least I know you’re listening. Okay, no, I’m not a vampire. But do you think you’ll ever meet a Mother of the Apocalypse playing nursemaid to a demon who’s nice and sweet and pure and says her prayers at night?”

“No... you’re all evil...” Michelle replied, not liking where the conversation was headed.

“Right, and that’s not my fault, is it? And if I don’t have a choice, I can’t sin. You gotta want to do it...” Julia laughed.

“But you do...” Michelle said, hugging herself, imitating Julia’s earlier speech, “Slaughtering baby kittens and puppies and taking candy from babies just makes me feel sooo good”.

“Uh... Michelle?” a girl said from about ten feet away.”

“Oh my God... Kristen and Heather.” Michelle whispered. “Hi!” she replied, glancing at the impossibly ripe belly Julia sported.

“Who’re the dorks?” Julia asked.

All three girls stared at her. “These are two of my friends from school, Kristen and Heather. Girls, this is my..... cousin, Julia.”

“Hi...” Kristen said, never looking away from Julia’s massive, shiny belly. “It’s very..... nice... to meet you.”

“Gee thanks. Yeah, Its really great to meet you to. Gotta get together again real soon now,” Julia blurted out, then continued, staring right at Kristen, “Oh my God, look at the time,” she deadpanned, “We’re going to be so late. Sorry we have to talk and run. Bye.”

Kristen and Heather ignored Julia and walked to Michelle’s side, even as Michelle glared at Julia. “So, what is up with your cousin?” Kristen asked in a very loud whisper.

Michelle thought for a moment, “Try not to stare, okay? She has a medical

condition.”

“Yeah, nymphomania,” Julia blurted out.

Kristen and Heather laughed uncomfortably. “So you’re pregnant?” Kristen asked.

Julia twisted up her face, as if confused. She looked from Kristen to Heather to Michelle then back to Kristen before she looked down at herself, staring at her belly. “OH MY GOD! I’m PREGNANT!” Julia screeched, waving her arms and bouncing slightly from one foot to the other, feigning panic. Just as suddenly as her ranting began she stopped and said, very calmly and quietly, “Yeah, I’m pregnant. Want to make something of it?”

“Hey!” Michelle said, butting in between Julia and Kristen. “We have to get going. We have to get Julia downtown for a doctor’s appointment. *Come on*,” Michelle took Julia by the arm and tried to lead her away.

“It’s okay. You’re friends just seem sooo nice!” Julia beamed. “I just can’t wait to hear what bits of wit and wisdom come falling out of their mouths next.”

If Kristen realized Julia was being sarcastic and condescending she didn’t show it. “So, how many are you having? Triplets?” Kristen asked as she walked up and began rubbing the side of Julia’s massive belly. “Wow, it’s so tight! When my aunt got pregnant she got big, but not like you... You’re like way big,” Kristen continued, still running her hand over Julia’s belly. When she reached Julia’s outthrust belly button she toyed with it, feeling it with her fingers as she spoke, not seeming to notice the alarm in Michelle’s face or the simmering anger in Julia’s. “Wow! It pops right back out!” she said as she repeatedly pushed in Julia’s belly button and watched it pop out again.

“Stop touching me,” Julia said, the simmering rage now bubbling to the surface.

“You don’t need to get all testy,” Kristen said, taken aback. “It just feels so cool.. I don’t think I could handle being pregnant at my age though, much less yours.”

“Lets find out.” Julia said, finally having enough of this.

“Wow!” Michelle said, glancing at her watch. “Julia, you were right, we’re going to be so late...”

“We can spare a minute to help out your friends though, right?” Julia said, twisting her body sideways and stepping closer to Kristen at the same time so that she could reach Kristen’s belly with her hand. She slid her hand under the lower hem of Kristen’s belly shirt, pushing it up from the mere one inch of exposed belly to enough room for her whole hand to sit against Kristen’s flat abs. “You know,” Julia said, “It’s great being thin. You can’t imagine how awkward it is carrying all this weight around everywhere you go. Hell, my belly’s so big I can barely reach past it.” Michelle’s eyes grew wide as she saw Julia’s palm begin to glow, a faint aura visible around her hand against Kristen’s belly. “It would be a shame if you had to find out what it’s like being pregnant and huge... I know you like rubbing my belly now...” Julia said, then her voice got much more melodic, “but believe me, when you have a belly like mine you wind up rubbing it all the time. Only skin to skin will do. You’ll always have at least one hand on it, rubbing like your trying to polish it up... but it gets shiny all on its own.”

Shaking off her surprise Michelle pushed Kristen back, knocking her off

balance and sending her tumbling into Heather and sending both of them to the ground.

“Oops... Slipped, sorry,” Michelle said and took Julia by the hand and led her away as quickly as her waddling little steps would take her. Luckily as Kristen and Heather were getting to their feet a bus stopped on the corner less than ten feet from where Julia and Michelle stood. Michelle waved to the driver and they boarded and pulled away from the curb before Kristen and Heather were anywhere near the bus stop.

“They seemed nice,” Julia smiled as they fought against the rocking bus, headed toward open seats in the back.

“What did you do?!?” Michelle asked.

“Don’t worry. There’s only one way I can make someone pregnant and you’d have noticed her sucking on my boob.” Julia said.

Conversation in the bus within earshot of Julia stopped.

“What? You ain’t never heard a pregnant twelve year old talk about sex before??” she called out. The other passengers looked away embarrassed and resumed their conversations.

“So what was with the glowing hand thing? I thought that was only good for burning tough stuff.”

“Oh no,” Julia said, glancing at her hand for a moment. “You can do all sorts of cool stuff. Blow things up, change metabolisms, cause illnesses... and I guess *you* could mend things, fixed imbalances and cure people... if you knew the trick.” Julia said and winked.

“What’s the tri... Don’t change the subject. What did you do to Kristen.”

“Well, “ Julia smiled and whispered. “She didn’t know if she could handle being pregnant at her age... Well, it’s not like handling being pregnant really *requires* you to be pregnant... So by the end of the month she’ll be about..” Julia placed one hand on either side of her belly, pushing slightly it this way and that, “sixty-five, seventy pounds... heavier in all the wrong places. Girl’s gonna have her own belly to play with soon.”

Michelle’s head began to swim... “Seventy pounds? She’s going to get as big as you.... In a month?”

“Well, about as big as me. They usually get bigger than I want them to... Don’t know why. It’s not like I don’t practice enough.” Julia mused.

“Oh my God! You can’t keep doing stuff like this! You’re leaving in a few days but I have to live with these people!”

“No you don’t. You’re probably not ever going to see them again after you’re out of school.” Julia said.

“That’s two whole years!” Michelle said.

“What’s two years compared to eternity? Anyway, I did you a favor. Now you can have a belly buddy. Maybe that will stop you from being so depressed and you can start leaving that amulet at home.” Julia added.

“I am so not depressed.” Michelle replied, “Besides, you’re changing the subject. You can’t just keep screwing with people!”

“Why not, it feels so gooooooooood....” Julia smiled.

“And you think you’re going to heaven,” Michelle sighed.

“I don’t think. I know.” Julia said. “Want me to prove it?”

“Sure... prove it,” Michelle said dismissively.

“I heard you guys yanked Allison back across the shroud after you fried her ass,” Julia said.

“Yeah... some big ritual thing... turns out it was all a setup though. Allison came through for us in the end though.”

Julia nodded. “I knew Allison,” she said. Michelle looked over to Julia, alarmed. “Don’t worry, I knew her...didn’t like her.” Julia laughed. “Girl was a bitch on wheels. Anyway, she tortured people, blackmailed them, condemned them to being human cows, infested them with demon spawn against their will... not to mention stealing, killing, lying, coveting... she did it all... She’s headed straight to hell, right?”

Michelle nodded slowly, not sure where this was all going.

“So... when you summoned her... Must have been miserable... Fire and brimstone, the stench of sulfur, her charred corpse trying to feed you information... But it wasn’t like that, was it?” Julia said.

Michelle said something.

“What was that?” Julia asked.

“I said, *No*, it wasn’t like that.” Michelle answered.

“What was it like,” Julia said, leaning way back on her bench, her butt perched on the very edge of the seat, her belly thrusting out into the aisle, as if she was relaxing, settling in for a good story.

“She just stepped through the mirror and she was there.” Michelle said.

“And?” Julia asked.

“And what?” Michelle said.

“Okay, we’ll do this the hard way... did she seem like she had just come back from the everlasting flames? Clothes burned away revealing charred flesh?”

“No,” Michelle said, “She was all dressed in white. She practically glowed.”

“Now think back...Close your eyes... imagine being in the room with her... What did she smell like...”

Michelle closed her eyes... and as she concentrated her head tilted back slightly and she began to smile. Slowly tears began to cascade down her cheeks as she remembered their final goodbyes.

“What do you smell...” Julia asked.

Michelle took a deep breath, “Lilacs and honeysuckle,” she replied wistfully.

“Think Hell smells like lilacs and honeysuckle?” Julia asked.

Michelle slowly opened her eyes, obviously still caught in the moment. “Oh my God...It was like I was there again...it was so vivid...”

“It’s one of our gifts... absolute memory,” Julia smiled.

“She didn’t go to hell,” Michelle said, “She really didn’t.”

Julia rolled her eyes, “That’s what I’ve been trying to tell you!” Julia replied and pulled the cord to stop the bus. “Come on, lets go blow up some nuns.”

CHAPTER 42

“Mandy! Where are you?” Candy called out into the darkness of the museum. The last four hours had not been kind to her. Hours ago the fly on Candy’s jeans had split open under the relentless pressure of a breast growing between her legs, fed by the constant massage by one of her two new demonic hands. Now it was nearly as large as her original two breasts had become. The other hand had not been idle however. Ignoring Candy’s attempts to distract it the other hand had massaged Candy’s head. The pressure doubled then redoubled as the hand worked its dark magic. Candy was terrified every time she felt her head to see what changes had occurred. Now her head was a huge breast, the same size and shape as the other three, it’s nipple replacing her nose, her eyes and mouth occupying the massive areola. But for the moment she was desperately trying to ignore all that and the search for Mandy was just the ticket, not that she was really up for searching. The massive weight of all her breasts combined with her complete lack of balance meant she wasn’t going anywhere, at least not on foot.

“I’m up here!” Mandy replied and Candy heard the delicate pitter-patter of far too many feet running down the massive circular ramp that surrounded the circular exhibition space of the abandoned museum. Candy braced herself, knowing that given what had happened to herself, the changed to Mandy must be equally disturbing. She wasn’t disappointed.

Mandy reached the base of the steps and came skittering out of the darkness. Her four legs had been joined by two others, making her resemble a six-legged octopus. Her head sat, perched between six huge, round butt cheeks, each connected to one of her very long and heavy legs. The cheeks were spread apart from each other, looking as if someone was bent over, grabbing their ankles. As if those attributes weren’t enough, between each massive cheek lay a huge vulva, the lips slowly undulating of their own volition, almost as if they were breathing.

“What?” Mandy asked, looking around, trying to see what Candy was staring at but was stymied by the massive size of the ring of cheeks surrounding her head.

“Uh... Nothing...” Candy said and looked away. “So where were you?”

“Trying to get used to walking like this... and burning off some energy. I’m so damn horny!” Mandy said.

“Yeah, I can see why?” Candy said, instantly regretting it.

“What?” Mandy said, stretching her neck even more, but still unable to see over the massive ring of cheeks that surrounded her head at shoulder height.

“Uh... maybe you should look in the mirror,” Candy said, unwilling to try to describe the new equipment that nestled between the lower curves of Mandy’s multiple ass cheeks.

Mandy looked at her sister warily before she headed off in the direction of the bathrooms, turning to face her direction of travel as she went. It took her several moments to figure out how to clear the bathroom door, and it was several minutes from when she entered until Candy saw the light flick on beneath the door. There was silence for a moment before the door opened and Mandy emerged, talking quietly to herself.

Candy watched her for a few moments as Mandy scrambled across the room, her legs moving together in a pattern to propel her across the room at amazing speed. But even as she approached Candy she said nothing. Finally Candy could stand the silence no longer. "Mandy? Are you..."

"I've got six twats!" Mandy blurted out. "Six... and they're like moving and shit. By themselves. What were you gonna ask again?"

"Uh, nothing." Candy said. "So what are we gonna do now?"

Mandy shook her head for a moment. "No, I don't know what we're gonna do but we're not gonna..." Mandy paused as an odd sound came from her body, somewhere between the sound of a stomach growling and a burp. It was obviously uncomfortable, the odd look on Mandy's face made that clear.

"What was that?" Candy asked as she tried to push herself to her feet.

"I don't..." Mandy began, then stopped speaking as her mouth fell open and head tilted back. The sound came from the center of Mandy's altered body, louder this time and rather than just lasting several seconds it just kept going.

"Mandy!" Candy called out as she again tried to get to her feet. It was only as the weight of her massive breasts forced her back to the floor that she realized something was happening to Mandy. The area underneath the center of her body, between her legs, had begun to bulge downward, as if filling with liquid. The bulge quickly formed a hemisphere as it continued to swell, the odd noise coming from Mandy now coming from her growing belly.

Candy looked on, amazed as Mandy's belly continued to swell, growing full and round as its weight pulled it downward. Soon it reached as low as her knees but rather than dropping even lower it began to swell outward, its skin growing tiny and taut, only stopping when the outer curve of her massive pregnant looking belly reached her thighs and pressed outward against them. As suddenly as it began the odd sound coming from Mandy's new belly stopped and Mandy coughed, even as she gasped, trying to catch her breath. "Oh my God..." Mandy blurted out between gasps, "What the hell.... Was that..."

"Uh... can't you feel it?" Candy asked.

Mandy tried looking down but seeing directly below her was even more impossible than her attempts to see between her legs had been before. After several moments of trying to wiggle her many legs around to press her thighs against the massive gravid ball between her legs she seemed to get an idea. She skittered to the center of the room, her thighs slapping against the huge fleshy ball as she moved before she allowed herself to drop onto her side amongst the huge futon and pillow pile at the center of the room.

Candy stared, amazed and disgusted at Mandy's six legs bent at the knees, allowing her to feel the huge tight sphere between her legs with all six of her tiny feet. "Holy shit... this is so fucking weird."

"Uh... you don't know the half of it," Candy said as she looked on, her eyes focused on the lowest point of the huge, gravid belly where a gigantic vulva had formed.

"What's it look like?" Mandy asked, pressing against the sphere with all of her little feet, alternately pressing and releasing, feeling its solidity. "It's like its under pressure or something."

“Maybe you shouldn’t mess with it,” Candy said, looking more and more disturbed. “Maybe we could just...” Candy stopped speaking and gasped as a fifth arm stretched out from between her cleavage and stretched, wiggling its fingers for a moment as Candy watched in shock before it began rubbing her thigh, Just as she was beginning to catch her breath she gasped again as the rear of her jeans began to push outward until another arm pushed out of the center of her butt. It stretched out behind Candy for a moment before it began rubbing Candy’s shoulder blade. Just as suddenly as it began whatever feeling had gripped Candy released her and she fought to catch her breath even as her thigh began to slowly bloat, becoming softer as it grew.

“We are so fucked,” Mandy said, still rubbing her new belly with all six of her feet.

“You’re telling me,” Candy said, as she fell forward, the weight of her ever more massive and breast-like head pulling her down to the floor. She compensated, placing each of her original hands on either side of her head stopping it from flopping all over the place as she moved. “Now what do we do?” Candy asked.

“There’s only one thing to do” Mandy replied.

“We pray,” they said together.

CHAPTER 43

The Party. Michelle couldn't remember how long it had been going on or when she arrived but in the end it didn't really matter. Michelle was in her own little world, sitting in Julia's hotel room. She didn't consciously hear the music playing, despite its volume. She didn't really notice most of the people there, despite the fact that many of them went to her school or hung out at the Inner Harbor. For Michelle her whole world was focused on one thing. Her tunnel vision focused on the two milk dolls dancing across the room, their sheer silk tops not even pretending to obscure their massive breasts as they shook and wobbled and bounced heavily against each other before rebounding and bouncing outward, only to be restrained by the almost transparent tops they wore. Michelle hadn't thought it could be possible that the girls were even larger than they had been in Brazil, but Julia's fasting had taken its toll. Each girl's breasts were larger than watermelons, their weight pulling them together at their tightly packed cleavage, at least when they stood still.

Michelle's eyes followed their every movement, watching as their oversized nipples and areola pushed against their silk tops, trying over and over again to think of something, anything else, but the images and thoughts of the girls giant breasts and the milk they contained blocked out everything else. Blindly Michelle reached out to the end table next to her and grabbed her glass, sucking back half the whisky in the glass before she returned it to the table and propped her head in her hands and continued watching the show, trying to process what had gone on between her and Julia over the last few hours. The whole conversation had started simply enough several hours before.

"We are **not** blowing up any nuns!" Michelle said, incredulous as they stepped off the bus and onto the sidewalk just outside Harborplace.

"Aww... but you said this was going to be a fun trip," Julia moped.

"So, you were making a point?" Michelle asked.

"Was I?" Julia asked as the two girls waddled onto Harborplace amongst the tourists.

"Yeah, you were." Michelle said, watching as people stepped out of their way, their heads swiveling to look back at Julia as they passed. Luckily no one stopped to comment.

"Let me show you something," Julia said and stopped in the middle of the group of tourists, forcing the tourists to walk around them. "Close your eyes," Julia said.

"Here?" Michelle said, "Right in the middle of all these people?" Michelle said as the tourists walked around them, commenting to each other about the pregnant girl and her friend as they passed.

"Right here," Julia said and waited for Michelle to waddle back to where Julia stood.

"Okay, what?" Michelle said, waddling back to where Julia stood. Julia stared at her expectantly for a moment before Michelle realized what Julia was waiting for and sighed before she closed her eyes.

"Okay... now picture yourself on a beach walking along in the surf," Julia

said, “when all of a sudden a group of rosary-totting nuns step in front of you. Thinking quickly you whip out your Uzi and gun them all down.”

“Hey!” Michelle said, the queasiness evident in her expression. “That kinda hurt...”

“Sorry,” Julia said and motioned for Michelle to close. “Imagine they’re not nuns. Just happy beach-going families that you’re mowing down.”

“Stop!” Michelle said, raising a hand to her head... I’m getting a headache.”

“Just making a point,” Julia smiled. “When you think of doing something you shouldn’t it makes you feel uneasy... and the worse whatever it is you’re thinking of is... the worse it feels, hence that ice-pick-in-the-eye feeling...”

“Tell me something I didn’t know.” Michelle said, rubbing her eyes until the pain slowly faded away.

“Ok... Picture those same beachgoers walking by... and one walks really close to you... so you trip her...” Julia said.

Michelle made a face, but not nearly as bad as when she thought of slaughtering nuns.

“Okay... lets mark that as bad.” Julia smiled. “Now their mom comes over and starts yelling at you... and even though you know you’re wrong you start to insult her...”

Michelle’s grimace weakened, but it was obvious she was still uncomfortable.

“Another for the bad list?” Julia said... “Fine... soon you grow tired of arguing and head off the beach... so you head toward the hotel... and you spot that family’s beach stuff... and there, sitting in the sand, is their child’s kite... and out of spite you step on it, ripping a big hole in it and breaking the spine.”

Michelle still looked uncomfortable, but much less so than before. “I guess property damage just isn’t as evil as doing things to people, huh?” Julia said.

“Are we done yet?” Michelle asked impatiently.

“Just one more,” Julia said, waiting for Michelle to close her eyes before she turned her back to Michelle and began to speak. “Bored with the beach you head back to the hotel and go into your bedroom. You’re tempted to order room service but you have something much better in mind. A couple of your milk dolls are waiting for you there and as you walk into the bedroom they unbutton their tops and let them drop to the floor. Before you can even sit down they’re all over you, begging and pleading for you to express their milk, nurse from them, drain them dry... and within moments you’re reclining on the bed, one milk doll waiting, the other with her oversized nipple shoved into your mouth as you suck furiously, not just sucking up the liquid love, but that’s not all that it’s about. You’re running your tongue around her areola, while she’s rubbing your nipples and her friend... well, she’s occupied below the waistline, sunshine.”

Julia turned back to Michelle smiling. Michelle, for her part stood there, eyes wide open in surprise, a warm blush in her cheeks, but obviously not in any pain or discomfort. She breathed heavily, obviously aroused, small beads of sweat forming on her forehead and beginning to slowly slide down her toward her eyebrows.

“There, that’s more like it...” Julia smiled.

“But...” Michelle said.

“Yes?” Julia asked.

“I don’t feel bad.”

“Nope,” Julia smiled, shaking her head slowly.

Suddenly Michelle seemed to realize something. “I’m not a lesbian,” she said desperately. “I mean I don’t have anything against lesbians its just...”

“Shhhh...” Julia said, cutting her off by placing her forefinger on Michelle’s lips. “Those kind of labels don’t really apply anymore, kiddo. Whatever you were before, straight, bi, lesbian, that was how you were wired as part of the urge to procreate. Now,” Julia continued, resting her hand atop Michelle’s swollen belly, purposefully looking away to make it easier for her to push through Michelle’s amulet’s magic. “Now your priorities have changed... not just mentally but biologically. You’ve been rewired girlfriend and the old taboos don’t apply.”

“But what about the milk of human suffering?” Michelle asked.

“What???” Julia laughed, doing a spit take.

“That’s what Allison told us... if you drink the milk of human suffering after you’ve been made a Mother of the Apocalypse you carry a demon, otherwise you carry an angel.”

Julia began to smile as Michelle spoke, her grin growing wider as Michelle continued until she broke into laughter.

“What’s so funny!” Michelle demanded.

“I’m sorry,” Julia said, holding her sides as she continued to chuckle. “I’m not laughing at you... but that story...its like the Sunday School version...”

“Well if that’s not the reason, what is?” Michelle asked.

“That would take more time to explain than we really have,” Julia said as she waddled away. Michelle stood staring at her for a few moments until Julia finally noticed. “Are you coming or not?” she shouted.

“You have to understand, we’re like that DeLorean in Back to the Future.”

Michelle held up her hand as she finished sipping her milkshake outside of Baskin Robbins. “Okay, say what now?” Michelle smiled.

“Remember in Back to the Future II when Marty was all ready to take Doc Brown back to 1985 but the gas line broke when he arrived back in 1885?” Julia asked.

“Uh, kinda...” Michelle said, sucking on her milkshake “This going somewhere?”

“You know, if you want to suck on something there’s four milk dolls back at my hotel room. That’s eight boobs, no waiting.” Julia smiled.

“Shut up!” Michelle replied. “So what was that about the DeLorean?”

“Marty doesn’t care that the gas line is broken since they have Mr. Fusion...” Julia says.

“And Doc Brown explains that while the time travel circuitry will run from the power generated by Mr. Fusion, to get up to 88 miles an hour they still need gasoline to run the car’s engine.” Michelle continued.

Julia looked taken aback, “I’m impressed.”

“Yeah, yeah. Geeky ex-boyfriend,” she explained. “So what about the DeLorean?”

“We’re just like them, We eat food to get around, walk and talk and breath

and shit, but to be strong, to control others with just the sound of your voice, to burn holes in steel or distort someone's body... well for that you need the power that only some nice fresh wholesome girl-milk will get you, straight from the boob." Julia smiled.

"But drinking milk is evil. You have to enslave those poor girls and keep them prisoner." Michelle said.

"Hey, they're not prisoners. My girls all stay voluntarily." Julia pouted.

"And cause if they don't their boobs will keep swelling up till they can't move." Michelle said.

"Okay, so that's the fine print." Julia laughed, "but you have to admit... you didn't feel the least bit bad when you thought not only of sucking my milk doll's boobs till they run dry, but also engaging in all sorts of carnal relations. " Michelle seemed about to protest when she closed her mouth. "See? Its perfectly okay and once you drink up you'll actually be able to walk fifty feet without falling over dead tired. I don't know how you manage with your belly *and* staying off the sauce. That amulet help with the weight?"

"I wish," Michelle said.

"Well, we've done as much scouting as we can today. Time to party!" Julia said.

"Party?" Michelle asked.

"Party!" Julia replied. "The best parts about being immortal are the parties and the sex." Julia said as she waddled away then she turned and walked back and whispered in Michelle's ear "But not necessarily in that order..." Julia smirked and waddled off toward a hotel just across the street from Harborplace.

Michelle stared at the milk dolls breasts leaping up and down, their momentum only increasing her amazement at the girl's... talents. Michelle barely noticed as the room slowly began to empty as the hours passed. She saw very little other than the two dancing milk dolls. She'd heard boys say that when they couldn't think about sex they just thought about baseball, but when Michelle tried that all she could see were the milk dolls dressed in frilly baseball uniforms, running braless between the bases in slow motion. Baseball: not helping. Suddenly one of the girls began to dance over toward Michelle.

"Hi," she said, still dancing, "Julia says you're a friend. A *special* friend," the milk doll winked.

Michelle looked away, "Uh... listen, whatever you're selling, I'm not buying okay? So don't ask. Really, just don't." Michelle added and turned back to stare the girl down, to drive her point home.

The girl looked taken aback as she stopped dancing and forced her breasts to a halt with her hands. Still, even though she must have been well practiced her breasts continued to shimmy slightly, swaying slowly back and forth. The girl followed Michelle's eyes as they followed the sway of her breasts beneath the nearly transparent silk blouse. "Okay, I understand," the milk doll said. "But maybe you could help me with something."

"It's in here," she said, taking Michelle by the hand. As if hypnotized Michelle forced herself slowly to her feet and allowed herself to be led into the

bedroom by the milk doll.

The girl led Michelle into a bedroom, one of several in the suite. She released Michelle's hand as she made it halfway into the room and continued forward until she reached a full-length mirror.

"So, uh... what did you want my help with?" Michelle said nervously.

"Well, I need your opinion," the girl said and turned back toward Michelle. She had unbuttoned her blouse, removing the only physical barrier between them and the outside world. "It's okay if you stare..." she said.

With the girl's comment Michelle's eyes were drawn instantly to her huge, egg shaped breasts. Each breast was much larger around as the girl's waist, swaying heavily as she walked, bouncing gently against each other, rebounding before coming together again for a repeat performance. "It's my nipples," the girl explained through a pout. "They're just getting so big."

The girl had a point. About a quarter of the girl's breast was covered by chocolate brown areola, puffed out from the surface of her breast. Her nipple itself was at least two inches long and an inch thick at the tip, although it widened as it reached her breast.

"Julia says she's not doing anything," the girl explained as she walked toward Michelle, playing with her nipples, her hips swaying as she walked. "But every time she sucks them they get bigger and bigger and stay that way. It's getting hard for me to suck them myself," she added, pouting.

Michelle turned quickly toward the door only to find another topless milk doll leaning against it, toying with her own nipples. "Eeeew, you suck your own nipples?" the second girl asked her equally endowed friend. "Like you don't," the first milk doll replied.

"Touché."

"Anyway," the first girl continued, "We want to perform a little experiment. You just take a little off the top and then we know if it's just us being silly or if Julia is doing something to us."

"I thought you said she was one of them?" The second milk doll asked.

"She is, she's just wearing some magic thing around her neck that makes her look normal."

"Girls, come on," Michelle said, backing away from both girls, arms outstretched, palms out, creeping backwards toward the bed. "Why don't we just all go back to the party."

"Your mouth keeps saying no," the first girl said, cupping her hands against the outer curves of her breasts as she walked toward Michelle, "but your eyes keep saying *bring on the nipples and tits*."

"Besides, we're like four days full.. You see how big they've gotten? That's all milk and it's heavy and it hurts," The girl said, holding her hands on the outer lower curves of her breasts. Michelle couldn't help but look at their size, each breast easily the volume of two gallons of rich milk. "And it's not like they get smaller after they're emptied. I just don't want them getting any bigger," the girl by the door said. "If it helps," the second girl continued, "You don't have to say yes. Just don't say no."

Michelle backed into the bed and toppled over, landing on her butt, seated at

the edge of the bed. The first milkmaid approached Michelle from the front as the other crept around the back. “ I don’t bite,” the first milk doll said as she stepped closer to Michelle. As the second milk doll released the catch on Michelle’s necklace and pulled the amulet away Michelle seemed to expand, as if she was rapidly growing out of her clothes. The first milk doll stared as Michelle’s belly and breasts practically exploded out of her top, seeming to grow at an amazing speed as the glamour covering her true appearance dissipated. Michelle reached over and snatched the amulet out of the girl’s hand and the first milk doll took the opportunity to step up, pressing her breasts up against Michelle’s.

“So... what’s it going to be?” the girl asked, her nipples only inches from Michelle’s face. Michelle turned away right into the second milk doll’s massive breasts. Both girls now stepped forward, into Michelle as she leaned back, trying to avoid them, but instead just making it easier for them to advance on her until both milk dolls kneeled above her, their nipples brushing against her cheeks.

No, no, no, no, no, Michelle thought over and over until she realized that nothing she could do would prevent what was about to happen and when one of the girl’s massive nipples ran over her face, crossing her lips she sucked it in, up to the areola, and suckled like there was no tomorrow, warm rich milk pouring down her throat. The second milkmaid climbed behind Michelle, allowing Michelle to use her breasts as a pillow.

Julia stood in the doorway, staring into the bedroom. *Everything according to plan*, Julia thought to herself and began to step out of the room before she paused as if remembering something. She stepped back into the room, closing the door behind her as she pulled up a chair and sat down to watch.

CHAPTER 44

“Candy!” Mandy shouted into the darkness early the next morning. “Candy, are you awake?”

“Hold on,” Candy called out, “Let me try to get over there.” It wasn’t an easy task. Overnight the number of huge, torpedo shaped breasts covering her body had multiplied until Candy was just a ball of breasts, supported by some of the many demonic arms that pushed out between the multiple gigantic mammeries. They acted like an insects legs, allowing her to skitter along the floor. Unfortunately those arms weren’t long enough to allow her free movement and the lowest facing breasts pushed firmly into the floor. The upper arms weren’t holding her up, but were instead continually massaged random breasts. As her body became more and more mutated by the chaos energies infesting her she found herself less and less in control of her body. Now she only controlled her two original arms and her breast-shaped head.

Candy reached down with her hands and pressed against the floor, trying to move her massive body, but her arms simply weren’t strong enough to move the huge weight. “Why don’t you come down here? I don’t think I can...whoa!” Candy called out, interrupted as the demonic arms began to propel her, rolling her like she was a ball. As she turned the top ward facing arms left the breasts they were massaging and braced themselves to support her as she rolled. Thinking quickly Candy braced her head with both hands still under her control as she rolled, carried along for the ride. Her lack of control, unfortunately did not mean a lack of sensation and Candy felt every bump, every brush, every caress as she moved, the sound of breast rubbing against breast filling her ears.

“Candy!” Mandy shouted again.

“Coming.... I think!” Candy replied, her voice growing louder and softer as she rolled up the ramp toward Mandy.

“Hurry!” Mandy shouted.

It only took a minute or two for Candy to roll up the ramp to the landing where Mandy stood, her six legs half-bent, squatting, her huge gravid belly hanging barely more than a foot above the floor. “I thought you couldn’t control where you were going?” Mandy asked as Candy rolled to a stop about six feet from Mandy.

“I can’t... I guess something wanted me to come up here,” Candy said, using her hands to point her swollen, breast-shaped head toward Mandy. “What’s wrong. Are you okay... well, as okay as you were a half hour ago anyway?”

“I... I feel really weird,” Mandy said, looking down, unable to see over the ring of massive buttocks surrounding her head.

“Yeah, so do I...” Candy replied before Mandy cut her off.

“No...I mean really weird! Like something’s...” Mandy’s reply was cut off by a deep gasp.

“Mandy!” Candy called out as Mandy looked around in a panic. Suddenly her head bobbed, looking much like a swimmer’s head bobbing above the water during a shark attack. As quickly as it bobbed upward it dropped again, descending halfway into her body for several moments before bobbing back to its original position. Mandy looked around wide-eyed, obviously in a panic as her head suddenly

descended again, this time falling entirely into her body as she screamed and the flesh sealed around the orifice her head had disappeared into.

“MANDY!” Candy shouted as Mandy’s whole body shuttered and tensed, spasming as if in the midst of seizure. Candy released her head, allowing it to bob free, bouncing against her many other breasts as she reached down and tried to push herself toward Mandy, but again, her massive body made it impossible for her move on her own. Several minutes passed as Mandy’s mutated body shook and tensed, much as a beheaded animal would twitch, her belly swelling as she shook. Soon it seemed as if the massive orb could take no more, it’s skin growing shiny and translucent when suddenly the massive vulva on her belly’s ventral side began to open like a blooming flower and thick, translucent mucus poured onto the floor. Candy stared on in horror, immediately realizing what was happening. Mandy was giving birth.

From Candy’s position she saw a head crowning, forcing Mandy’s massive vulva open. The huge head, covered with a thick matted hair and slowly began to emerge from within Mandy’s huge belly. Now Candy tried to back away, pushing against the floor, trying to scramble away, but it was useless. Before she could manage to move even a few inches whatever was being born would have emerged. With a gush of the vile fluid the head pushed its way out and screamed, the sound of its voice echoing in the huge empty museum. The head gasped, then coughed, choking for a moment before spitting out mouthful after mouthful of thick slime. Slowly the head turned 180 degrees until it faced Candy, still coughing up thick blobs of slime.

“Mandy!” Candy called out when she saw her sister’s face come into view, hanging out of her massive belly, upside down, “Mandy, say something!”

Mandy continued coughing as she lifted her head as much as she could and tried to catch her breath. “There’s... something... in there... God... I thought it was... there’s something in my belly... its alive... God...” she said and coughed again spewing more of the liquid over the floor.

“We are sooo fucked.” Candy said aloud,

Suddenly there was a loud banging at the fire door above, the one that lead to the outside. Someone was calling out from the other side of the door, but between the banging and the thickness of the door it was impossible to make out what was being said. Even as the girls turned to look at each other their bodies seemed to have ideas of their own and both girls began skittering down the ramp, toward the large central room below.

“Now what?” Candy sighed.

“What the hell... Who’s at the door?” Mandy asked.

“You just... I don’t even know what you just did and you’re worried about the door???” Candy asked, incredulous.

The banging from the door above stopped for a moment before the door slowly pushed open. Someone stepped through from the outside and the door swung slowly closed, slamming with a resounding bang.

“Hello! Anyone here?” Maria called out into the darkness. “Mandy? Candy? You there.... I think... I need your help....”

The girls looked at each other as they skulked on the floor, far below Maria,

hiding in the dark.

“Come on... “ Maria said... You have to be here...I'm in trouble... “

“You don't want to be here,” Mandy called out, “You *really* don't want to be here. Things are really fucked up...” Mandy continued.

“*Really* fucked up,” Candy continued. “You want to be somewhere else....”

“Anywhere else,” Mandy finished.

“What do you mean ‘really fucked up’? “ Maria asked. “What the hell did you do to me?!?!”

“Do to you???” Mandy asked. “What are you talking about...”

Maria slowly wobbled over to the edge of the long ramp leading down to the main floor where Mandy and Candy hid. “Where are you?”

“Just go!” Mandy and Candy called out, in harmony.

“I'm not going anywhere... hold on” Maria said and began to make her way slowly down the ramp to the main room. Several minutes elapsed as Mandy and candy watched Maria make her way slowly along the ramp. Nearly ten minutes later she made it off the ramp and into the light where the ramp let out into the great hall. It wasn't hard to see why Maria was concerned. Her legs had become both shorter and thinner, barely looking like they had enough substance to support her body, meanwhile her arms had grown much longer and thicker, nearly reaching the floor. Her hands were many times their original size, each nearly twenty-four inches from the base of her palm to the tip of her middle finger. So heavy were her hands that she could not even lift them from the ground.

“Oh my God,” Mandy said. “We must have infected you...”

“Infected me with what???” Maria asked in a panic. “What's happening to me?!? Where are you?”

“You really don't want to see us yet,” Candy said.

“Let us, uh, prepare you,” Mandy said, but before either of them could say anything else their bodies skittered out of their hiding spots of their own accord, completely outside their control. Although the room was fairly large it didn't take Maria long to spot them and even less time for her to recognize them for who they were.

It was nearly an hour before the screaming stopped.

CHAPTER 45

Michelle woke early the next morning as the sun poured in through her bedroom window. She started to pull the covers up over her head when she realized she wasn't the least bit tired. Given how tired she had been these last months it took her only a moment of wondering before she dismissed the thought and decided she would just be happy for her wakefulness.

Michelle kicked off the covers and, with much effort, pushed herself upright in bed, throwing her legs over the side of the mattress as her belly settled heavily between her thighs. Michelle looked around, puzzled for a moment before she rested her hands on her thighs, just above her knees and pushed herself to her feet. No one was more surprised than Michelle when she practically leapt to her feet, calling on unknown reserves of strength to push herself upright. It took her several steps to catch her balance as she stumbled along until she finally grabbed a hold of the bathroom doorframe, her fingers denting the pine trim as she caught herself. Michelle spun around now, the room looking more vibrant, the colors deeper, the shadows darker. Everything looked sharper and clearer than she'd ever seen before.

Weirdest damned hangover I ever heard of, Michelle thought. Then suddenly Michelle remembered where she would have gotten a hangover, if she actually had one. "The party," Michelle whispered and raised her hand to cover her mouth as the previous lights escapades quickly flashed though her mind, and unconsciously licked her lips as she remembered the warm, sweet taste of the milk doll's nectar pouring down her throat.

"The milk! That must be it..." Michelle said. "Oh my God..." Michelle whispered as she remembered the immense pleasure of the night before, not just the taste of the milk, but the warm intimacy of sucking the milk from the milk doll's huge nipples and distended breasts. The feeling of the warm, firm yet yielding flesh in her mouth, the silky smoothness of the girl's areola against her lips, the warm jet of milk pouring down her throat as the girls rubbed her belly and traced their fingertips over her own swollen breasts. Michelle blushed and drove the thoughts out of her mind. *Enough!* Michelle closed her eyes and breathed deeply, standing still until her breathing returned to normal. "Now," she said to no one in particular, "What am I going to wear?"

Within minutes Michelle was running down the stairs toward her front door, only catching herself at the base of the stairs before she turned back and ran back up the stairs, grabbing her amulet from her dresser, putting it on as she headed back to the stairway, her appearance returning to that of a normal sixteen year old girl. She ran down the stairs, almost more of a controlled fall than a run, only slowing slightly at the landing before she turned and threw open the front door.

"Hey lover," Julia said, thrusting a chocolate covered banana into her mouth before slowly extracting it. "Hope you liked the party," she smiled.

"Can we talk about something else, please?" Michelle asked and pushed past Julia.

"Hey!" Julia said as Michelle pushed her out of the way. "No need to be rude."

“Sorry,” Michelle said, “What’s with the banana anyway?”

“It helps to have something to suck on when you can’t have the real deal. Granted, its way too cold but its about thick enough.” Julia smiled before she stuck the banana back into her mouth.

“Please?!” Michelle asked again and turned, striding purposefully down the street.

“I brought one for you too!” Julia called out then, defeated, tossed the second banana aside and hurried after Michelle, waddling as quickly as she could. “Could you slow down a minute? I can’t go much faster than this or I’ll knock myself over.”

Michelle paused and turned around. Julia waddled quickly, her massive belly shifting this way then that with each stride, the immense weight threatening to pull her off balance and send her tumbling to the ground with every step. “Sorry, I didn’t mean to upset you. It’s just that it’s such a wonderful feeling that...” Julia said before Michelle cut her off.

“Enough! Okay. Enough,” Michelle said. “So, where to?” Michelle added, changing the subject.

“How about that harbor you’ve been telling me so much about?” Julia replied.

“Sure. The Inner Harbor it is.” Michelle replied.

“One thing I don’t get,” Michelle asked an hour or so later, “Why’s it our job to root out chaos and destroy it?”

“Well,” Julia replied, “Ideally it isn’t, but the ones who’s job it really is... they’ve been locked out by management,” smiling at a boy as he walked by smiling at her.

“Locked out?” Michelle replied, first noticing the boy’s looks, then realizing they were directed not at her idealized form, but at Julia’s rotund frame.

“Okay. Universe 101. ‘In the beginning’ type stuff. The universe was but one vast endless morass of Chaos with no form, no intelligence, no plan. Then the Light of Creation shone across the emptiness and Order was thrust upon the Chaos.” Julia explained, sounding far more like a Sunday School teacher than Michelle was comfortable with.

“Yeah, then the night and day were separated and the water separated from the land and...” Michelle said before Julia cut her off.

“No. That all came later. Then the first Angel was created, the one to stand above the heavenly choirs. Then the first seven Archangels were created and with them the seven choirs of angels. Then the Earth was created, then Man.” Julia said.

“That’s not what the Bible says.” Michelle replied, growing annoyed as Julia openly flirted with a couple of guys.

“Your bible sucks. It’s missing tons of books and I’m not talking the Apocrypha. Anyway,” Julia said, getting back on track, “The angels were tasked with protecting and preserving creation and that includes all the Chaos dispelling goodness. But then they had some problems with their contract and the first angel? He called a strike and there’s been thing long running labor dispute going on ever since. Since everybody up there is worried about the eternal lockout the big guy needed someone else to deal with Chaos infestations. And while we aren’t as close to creation as Angels we’re sure a lot closer than the average dweeb on the street,” she

smiled, licking her lips as she eyed the boy who'd been exchanging glances with her.

"And that's why we're immune to Chaos? Cause we're so close to Creation?" Michelle asked.

"Well, not quite," Julia said, not taking her eyes off the boy across the street as she ran her hands over the sides of her belly, reaching forward as far as she could, emphasizing how large her belly was and how small the rest of her was, shifting her hips seductively, "The little bambinos. They're close enough to creation that it rubs off on us. Once we've been blessed there's no way for chaos to touch us. Any little bit of corruption would just be burned away."

"Why don't you two just get a room?" Michelle asked and stormed off as Julia continued mouthing something to the boy across the street. "Hey! Wait up! I'm not done yet!" Julia said, turning away from the guy across the street and hurrying after Michelle.

"What??" Julia called out, following Michelle as quickly as she could.

"What? We're having a serious conversation and you're making time with some guy!" Michelle replied as she continued down the street.

Julia snickered, "Making time? Is it the '50s again?"

"Shut up!" Michelle replied as she stopped and turned to face Julia. "Can't you stop thinking about sex for one minute?"

"Listen, I've been around for a long time and if there's one thing I've learned... Everything is about sex. Forget Freud. A cigar is never just a cigar."

"Come on, get serious," Michelle said.

"I am serious. Maybe you haven't realized it yet but it's one of those things about us. Our biological alarm clocks keep ringing like a damn fire alarm and there's no snooze button girlfriend. So it's either have sex, one way or the other, or start to go a little loopy."

"Yeah, right," Michelle laughed. "I'm pretty sure if that was true I'd have noticed by now," Michelle said as she turned and continued down the street.

"Then I guess getting hot and heavy with the two very busty and very desperate girls with lust on their minds and milk in their boobs was just a normal evening for you?" Julia asked.

Michelle coughed loudly, almost as if she was choking, "What? You're nuts."

"Uh, hello? I was there." Julia replied.

Michelle paused for a moment, "I don't remember anything like that. I was sooo drunk last night..."

"So you don't remember two of my girls pulling you aside in the bedroom and forcing themselves on you?" Julia said.

"No," Michelle said, a dreamy look beginning to cloud her eyes.

"Don't remember them backing you up until you flat on your back across the bed with both of them dangling those huge udders right over your face..." Julia said.

"Uh... no," Michelle said, even more distracted than just moments before.

"Then I'm sure you don't remember them dragging their huge, thick succulent nipples across your face as they begged you for some relief from the constant growing pressure of the huge amounts of creamy, sweet milk trapped inside, just waiting to be sucked out." Julia continued, her waddle slowing as Michelle coasted to a stop in front of her.

“Wha? Huh...” Michelle asked, wiping the sweat from her brow.

“Perfect recall, remember?” Julia replied, tapping her temple, “All it takes is something to remind you and you’ll remember every last moment as if it’s happening right now.”

“God.” Michelle said. “Oh my God...” Michelle continued, snapping out of her dreamlike state and spinning around, her hands covering her face. “*Oh my God!*”

“Yeah, that’s what you said when Tiffany started fingering you.” Julia smiled.

“I thought you said they didn’t have names?” Michelle said.

“I lied,” Julia replied, before she smiled and shook her head, “Now stop trying to change the subject. You’re just as horny as the rest of us. You can’t help it, that’s how you’re wired, how *we’re* wired. You like milk, looking at huge boobs and, time permitting, sucking the hell out of them. Accept it. You’ll feel much better.”

“Listen, “ Michelle said, suddenly strictly business, “I barely know you. We’re not even really friends. We’re just here to do a job. So lets just do it and get out of here.” Michelle said, slightly angry.

“What do you think we’ve been doing for the last two days? Sightseeing?” Julia asked. “We’ve been scouting the town. Getting to know the lay of the land. Where reality is at its strongest and weakest.”

“We have? Then why don’t I know where to go?” Michelle said.

“You do,” Julia replied. “Just close your eyes and think about it.”

Michelle looked at Julia quizzically for a moment before she closed her eyes. “Is this supposed to do...” Michelle’s voice trailed off into a whisper.

“How close?” Julia asked.

“Very, less than half a mile.” Michelle whispered.

“Which direction?” Julia asked.

“Harborplace, that way,” Michelle said, pointing blindly.

“Do you see them?” Julia asked.

Michelle concentrated for a moment longer before her face seemed to collapse in defeat, tears streaming from the corners of her eyes. “Yes... yeah...it’s...”

“I know,” Julia said, putting one hand on Michelle’s shoulder, the other on her belly. “I know. Come on. Let’s go set them free.”

“I can’t...” Michelle said, opening her eyes, “I can’t do that to my friends...”

“They’re not your friends, not anymore... and if we don’t do something soon there aren’t going to be any more friends for anyone.”

“It’s too late for them already, isn’t it?” Michelle asked.

Julia nodded silently.

“Then lets send the chaos that destroyed them back from wherever the hell it came from!” Michelle replied as she wiped the tears from her face. She looked briefly at Julia before she turned and headed toward Harborplace as Julia followed closely behind.

CHAPTER 46

The girls made their way halfway across town in a little less than an hour, quite a feat considering their bulkiness. They spoke very little as they waddled quickly along, stunned passers-by stopping to stare at Julia's massively gravid form as they passed. Finally Julia broke the silence. "You seem to enjoy being on the juice."

"What? Juice?" Michelle said, not slowing down.

"You know," Julia said and made an exaggerated slurping sound.

"Ewwwww!" Michelle replied, "That's just gross."

"Come on, you can't suck on two girls boobs while they finger you and then get all dainty and innocent the next day. Besides, I'm not talking about the actual sucking, I mean the extra energy. It's nice to see you zipping along, light as a feather..."

Michelle chuckled coolly, "I'm hardly light,"

"You know what I mean," Julia replied.

"Yeah, I do... It's nice being able to get around easier for a change. I just have to sort out the weird lesbian vibe thing," Michelle said.

"Don't worry, you get used to it pretty quick. When I was blessed we didn't even talk about sex between husband and wife. You've got it easy." Julia said.

"Yeah," Michelle sighed, "I can see how it could grow on you."

Julia laughed, "Yeah, in more ways than one!"

Now Michelle slowed and looked to Julia, "What's that supposed to mean? It makes you fat?"

"Not fat that way," Julia replied. "Fat this way," Julia said putting one hand on either side of her massive midsection, shaking her belly back and forth slowly, as if belly dancing. "It's kinda like ice cream. Ice cream doesn't make you fat unless you don't burn it off. That's when you start packing on the pounds. Milk's the same way. You can drink all you want as long as you burn it off. But drink too much without blowing some stuff up, ordering someone around or doing a lot of running around and..." Julia puffed out her cheeks as she pulled her hands away from her hugely pregnant belly, as if it was growing.

"I guess that's not a problem for you," Michelle said.

Julia laughed, "What makes you say that?"

"You're fasting. No big deal I guess," Michelle replied.

"I'm not fasting. You can't fast this long, not with four milk dolls with you." Julia replied.

"But you said..." Michelle said before Julia cut her off.

"I lied." Julia paused for a moment to let that idea sink in for a moment, "You let milk dolls go for too long their tits get so big they can't walk and it's not like it has to be all at once. Whenever you don't keep them milked down they grow and they don't get smaller when you empty them out. I swear they're way high maintenance pets. Puppies have nothing on milk dolls."

"And you're telling me you don't get some sort of perverse pleasure out of watching the milk dolls growing out of control with no way they can stop it?"

“Nooooooo,” Julia smiled, a huge grin on her face, “I’m not saying that. But listen,” Julia said, leaning toward Michelle as if sharing a confidence. “Once a milk doll gets too big she can’t forage for food anymore. Suddenly I’m stuck going to the grocery store every couple of days and she’s eating all my ice cream. Screw that. They work for me, I don’t work for them,” Julia said before she resumed waddling toward Harborplace.

“Wait? Your ice cream? I thought all you could eat is milk.” Michelle said.

“Why’d you think that?” Julia said, “Can’t you eat whatever you want?”

“Well, yeah... but...” Michelle replied.

“But those people teaching you which end is up? I’m gonna let you in on a little secret. You can’t trust what they have to say. They twist everything to fit their dogma. All that ‘eat naught but bitter ashes’ bullshit is just that. Bullshit.” Julia replied. “Come on, we can talk about this later. I know, you don’t want to do this. But it has to be done. Now. You understand?”

Michelle looked down, “Yeah, I do.”

“Okay. There are different kinds of chaos lords. The one that destroyed your friends is a corrupter. They can only affect living flesh and they can only mutate life based on what it is. So they can’t make people grow horns and a tail or something like that.” Julia explained.

“So there’s different kinds of chaos?” Michelle asked.

“Sure, but at the end it doesn’t matter, they all have to be destroyed.” Julia replied.

“So what’s the big?” Michelle asked.

“The big is that they’re not real far gone... you’re probably still going to be able

to see them. Just don’t want you being too surprised.” Julia added.

“I don’t think anything you can tell me is gonna make this any easier,” Michelle said.

“Then lets get this over with.” Julia replied. “Then pizza and beer, my treat!” Julia said cheerily.

The girls waddled to an non-descript fire door behind a row of small shops and, approaching it carefully, Michelle wobbled up sideways and tried the door. “Locked.”

“There’s a surprise.” Julia said as she handed Michelle a piece of paper. “Okay, this is the ritual. Read it now. Then you can do the memory trick to keep going if you drop the paper.”

Michelle began to read as Julia continued talking. “Once we’re inside you have to take off that amulet. It bends reality and we’re trying to unbend it. I’m not sure but I don’t think the ritual will work at all if you have it on.”

Michelle nodded as Julia continued, “I don’t know how far gone the girls are. If they’re as far gone as the kids in Brazil we’re set. “

“And if they’re not?” Michelle asked cautiously.

“If not it’s going to be really hard for you. They might still be conscious and recognizable. Kinda. Sorta. Think you can go through with it if they’re still...” Julia said before Michelle cut her off.

“They’re my friends. I can’t let them go on like this, it must be hell.” Michelle replied.

“Then lets go,” Julia said, putting her hand against the door and closing her eyes. Michelle watched as a warm glow began to appear around Julia’s hand as the door heated up. “What are you waiting for?” Julia asked. “Remember, burn it off or lug it around until the end of the time?”

“Oh...” Michelle said, embarrassed as she put her hand on the door next to Julia’s and began to concentrate.

The new fire door was much stronger the one blown off its hinges by Allison and her crew close to a year before. No matter. The door only resisted a minute or so longer this time before it dented inward, freeing the lock from the strike plate and allowing the door to swing inwards. “Try to close that somehow,” Julia said. “We don’t want anything getting out.”

Michelle turned back to the door and began pushing it back into shape, Julia’s words echoing in her head. *Anything. Not Anyone. Anything.* Michelle thought sadly. Within a minute or so the door was pushed back to a semblance of its proper shape and was braced closed using some of the construction materials left behind from when it had been replaced. Michelle turned and looked around for Julia. It was very dark in the huge room, but she could just barely make out the white of Julia’s top in the distance, about sixty feet down the gently sloping ramp. Michelle did her best to catch up with Julia, then she stopped, having remembered Julia’s warning, and removed her amulet, revealing herself in her all her swollen, gravid glory before setting off again.

Within moments she was by Julia’s side. “Why’d you take off like that?” Michelle whispered.

“Because, little belly, you can move like twice as fast as I can. Now lets keep quiet until we get down there and see if this is going to be an easy one or a hard one.” Julia replied quietly.

“Hello?” a voice called out nervously from below. “Is someone there? You better go...it’s not safe here... Please...”

“Mandy?” Michelle called out.

“Candy!” The voice replied indignantly.

Julia sighed. “Hard one.”

“Where are you?” Michelle shouted.

“Uh... Everything’s fine!” Candy called out. “You don’t need to come down here! Right Mandy!”

“Right!” Mandy replied. “Nothing to see here... see you tomorrow...”

“Everything is not fine! It’s pretty fucking far from fine!” a third voice called out.

Michelle’s face fell, “Maria...”

“Come on, don’t listen to them. We just have to keep going.” Julia said.

Michelle nodded sadly and they continued down the ramp toward the main floor.

“No you don’t” one of the twins called out, “We’ve got everything under control. Stop!”

Julia and Michelle continued down the ramp, ignoring the voices coming from

below as they ever more desperately tried to talk Michelle and Julia out of their duty. Julia moved along steadily, waddling as quickly as she could without knocking herself off her feet. Michelle followed closely behind, for the first time in these last two days happy that Julia moved so slowly. But all too soon they reached the main floor of the museum. The room was practically pitch black, only illuminated by a faint green glow, almost entirely unlike the glow of a light stick. The color was similar, but this light seemed to dart about the room almost like a glowing miasma, carried along by tiny air currents too small for the girls to even feel, if indeed they were there at all.

Michelle heard the sounds first. The sound of feet scampering across the marble floor, then the sound of flesh slapping against flesh against the tile floor, a girls voice calling out in the darkness, "Whoooooaaooooaaaaa," her voice growing louder and softer as if she was spinning around as she approached. Then Michelle saw them.

"Holy Christ!" Michelle said quietly, dumbfounded as a tear rolled down her cheek.

"There's no Christ here," Julia said as she circled around the two creatures that had once been Mandy and Candy, crossing to the other side of the room as Maria crept out of the darkness. She walked along on her knuckles, supporting herself on her massive arms and hands. Her legs had been almost completely absorbed into her body, leaving just the tiny stubs of feet hanging uselessly from her torso. "Thank God you're here," Maria called out as she approached, the other two girls scampering and rolling out of her way as she approached. It was only now that Michelle realized all three girls, no matter how they moved, were staying equidistance from each other, forming an equilateral triangle. *And right in between them, that's where the gate is going to form.* Michelle thought, shivering.

"What the hell is going on?" Maria asked as she strode quickly toward Michelle, her long arms enabling her to cover a lot of ground quickly. "You've got to help me!" Michelle began to sob now as Maria approached, covering her face with her hands." "Holy shit, what happened to you?" Maria asked as she got a good look at Michelle's massively pregnant belly, having never seen Michelle without her amulet since that night eight months before.

"Come on, we have to do this quick" Julia said, ignoring Maria, as she began to chant.

Michelle looked across the vast room to Julia then back to Maria and the twins and she knew what she must do. She wiped the tears from her eyes and reached into her cleavage, pulling out the slip of paper Julia had given her earlier and began to chant along with Julia. The faint greenish light in the room began to slowly shift towards white as it grew brighter. Maria's approach slowed, finally stopping less than ten feet from Michelle, her questions coming more slowly and quietly as Julia and Michelle continued to chant.

By now Mandy and Candy had stopped speaking at all, their bodies frozen, eyes looking vacantly toward the center of the room as Maria slowed to a stop, freezing in place. Or close to freezing. From her vantage point Michelle could see Maria's face stretching, her mouth opening wider and wider into the soundless scream she had seen etched into the faces of the poor hapless souls in Brazil.

Thankfully whatever magic they were doing spun Maria around until she too faced the center of the room. A small pinpoint of light opened in the center of the room, glowing with the eerie purple light they had seen a few days before, only this time the ritual had opened it, not the cursed ones. A tiny rivulet of purple light began to snake it's way from each girl's mouth toward that tiny whole in reality. It darted and weaved, as if conscious of its coming expulsion from our plane, but still it moved steadily toward the tiny pore in the normally solid fabric of reality. That is, until the hole closed.

The wind neither Michelle nor Julia had realized was enveloping them slowed, the roar falling away from their ears. Julia looked around the room and realized Michelle was crossing the room toward her, waddling slowly but deliberately around the three paralyzed girls.

Julia stopped chanting, shock evident in her face. "What the *fuck* do you think you're doing????"

"There has to be some other way!" Michelle pleaded. "I can't do this to them!"

"*They* aren't *them* anymore. *They* were as good as dead the moment they got infected with that shit in Brazil. Do you think *they* want to live like this? Do you think *they* would want to destroy everything they ever knew?" Julia said.

"But..." Michelle said.

"But what. This is reality. It's hard. It's cold. It's immediate. It's now. Either we do this now, right now, or in a very few minutes everything in this room will be gone. Then everything in this city. Then the state. Then the world. Everything. Will. Be. Gone."

"But it can't do anything to us, can it?" Michelle asked.

"You say that like it's a good thing. Yes. You, me, the other Mothers of the Apocalypse. We'll be fine. Fine forever. Floating in a sea of chaos. No food. no water, no light and no milk. Just an eternal sea of chaos with no ending in sight, no light at the end of the tunnel. FOREVER. Now get your ass back across the room and chant your Goddamned chant!"

Julia yelled at Michelle with such force she swore she was being physically pushed back, Michelle turned and looked in either direction, at Mandy and Candy, still mostly frozen in place by the ritual, then forward and Maria, looking into the girl's vacant eyes before she looked away and waddled back across the room to where she had been.

Julia waited a moment after Michelle had reached the far side of the room. "So what are you waiting for?" Julia called out. "Chant!"

Michelle reluctantly raised the slip of paper and began to read. Julia joined in almost immediately. The room began to grow brighter again just as it had before, the small purple wisps of chaos making their way back to the center of the room before the room began to grow dark again, the wind fading back away to nothing. Julia looked flabbergasted as she watched Michelle wadding across the room to Mandy.

"What the FUCK are you doing?" Julia screamed.

"Something you said," Michelle said as she crossed the room and dropped to her hands and knees in front of Mandy's dangling upside down head. "It can't touch us. Chaos can't break the protection of creation, not if it's close enough."

“It doesn’t matter how close you fucking sit to them.” Julia said, sounding as if she was speaking to a very stupid child, “The angel in you and the demon in me protect us. They don’t.... Oh no... No you don’t!” Julia said and began to waddle across the room toward Michelle and Mandy.

“Mandy,” Michelle said, slapping Mandy across the face then placing one hand on each cheek and shaking her face back and forth until she began to wake up. “Mandy, this is important. I think I can save you, but I don’t know if it’s going to work. I’m going to make you into one of us. Like Julia and I. Chaos can’t exist within us. The power within us burns out the chaos. But it’s your choice. I’m not going to trap you here forever without your say so. You understand.”

“Of course she doesn’t fucking understand. She’s a vegetable. You’re friend is GONE. DEAD. THAT,” Julia said, pointing at Mandy’s multi-legged body, “IS WHAT KILLED HER.”

“Mandy....” Michelle said.

Mandy’s eyes began to clear as the effects of the ritual began to wear off. “I... wanna.... Live...” she gasped quietly, the words barely escaping her lips.

Michelle nodded silently as she pulled her top off, over her head and tossed it aside. She picked up one of her vast, swollen breasts and tweaked her nipple, watching as it grew firm and proud, a droplet of milk forming at the tip before she held her nipple up to Mandy’s mouth. “Then drink and be free.”

“NO!” Julia shouted, now in a full run as Mandy’s lips met Michelle’s breast. At first nothing happened, then Mandy began to suck, slowly at first, but then more and more quickly as if she was suddenly gaining more and more energy. After less than a minute Mandy released Michelle’s nipple from her lips, milk dribbling down the corner of her mouth. “Wow...” Mandy said, what a rush,” Mandy said before she fell over smiling, her legs twitching.

Michelle crawled over to Mandy’s head. “Mandy! Speak to me!”

Mandy smiled warmly, her eyes a mix of energy and pleasantly buzzed. “I’m good. You better do Candy and Maria before it’s too late...”

Michelle pulled herself to her feet, coming face to face with Julia. “If you think I’m letting you turn all three of these girls into good little pregnant angel bearers you are sorely mistaken.”

“No I’m not. You don’t have a choice.” Michelle said.

“What?!?! I can burn you where you stand.” Julia replied

“You can try,” Michelle said. “But I’m not going to do the ritual. I’m sure as hell not going to if you try to burn a hole in me. And you can’t dispel the chaos alone. So save my friends or it’s end of the world. Your choice.”

Julia began to fume, the pleasant, friendly exterior she had so carefully constructed before her visit to Baltimore evaporating away as Michelle waddled over to Candy and dropped to her hands and knees, whispering in Candy’s ear.

“This isn’t over. You fucked with the wrong fucker today. You think I’m just going to let this stand you got another thing coming girl.” Julia ranted as Michelle offered her breast to Candy’s eager lips.

“There’s going to be hell to pay for this shit. You think we were uncooperative before, just you wait and fucking see....” Julia said as Michelle crossed the room to Maria and began to whisper quietly to her.

Ten minutes later the three mutated girls and Michelle sat in the middle of the room talking. Michelle explained how Julia herself had given her the idea when she explained that chaos couldn't affect the Mothers of the Apocalypse, how the power of the angel or demon within them would just burn out whatever chaos was within them.

"Soooo," Mandy said, tapping one of her many feet against the floor, "Why do I still have three left feet... and three right feet for that matter..."

"Yeah...uh... thanks for saving us and all, but I really don't want to live forever as a ball of giant boobs," Candy added, holding her breast/head with both hands so she could aim it at the other girls.

"Yep. Looks like you're fucked." Julia said as she waddled up to the little group. "Now whatcha gonna do? Can't go out in public," Julia said, reaching down and tweaking one of Candy's many nipples. "Can't stay here... that fire door is gonna bring repair men..." Julia said as she circled. "Where are you going to find jeans with six legs anyway?" Julia asked Mandy and slapped her on one of her many ass cheeks. "Hell, forget pants, where are you gonna get gloves?" Julia laughed, looking at Maria.

"They're not going to need to. They just need enough energy to burn all this chaos out of them. That *is* what you said, right? So we're just going to need to borrow your milk dolls for a little while. They drink, they get stronger, they burn off the chaos, they return to normal." Michelle said.

"You forgot, 'they get big as houses, they turn evil, oh... and pigs fly out of their butt... cause that's gotta happen before I help you make the good guys three stronger."

Michelle smiled. "You don't really have a choice here. *They're* still filled with chaos that needs to be burned off. *Your* sworn duty is to remove chaos from creation. We need *your* milk dolls to do that."

Julia reached over and cupped one of Mandy's six vulvas in her hand, ignoring the girl's passionate gasp. "They seem stable. I walk away, no harm, no foul."

"Maybe...or maybe your people take the whole defeating chaos thing as seriously as you said they did. How will they react if they find out you broke an agreement between good and evil that's existed since the time before time because you didn't think things were going your way?"

Julia considered a moment. "Fine. They'll be here in twenty minutes." Julia said as she waddled toward the ramp, pulling a cell phone from her pocket. "But you'd just better damn well know... if our paths cross again... and they will.... There are things far worse than death.... Things that would make you beg for a death that can never come.... And I'll be there to do it..."

CHAPTER 47

Twenty minutes later, like clockwork, Julia's four milk dolls appeared at the fire door. "Hello?" One of the four girls called out as she wobbled in through the doorway at the top of the ramp, clutching her breasts with either hand to slow their incessant shaking. "Is anyone there?" another girl called out in the darkness.

"Hold on," Mandy called out and felt around the wall near the elevator until she found some light switches and turned on the small accent lights that were designed to illuminate the floor so people wouldn't trip and fall. "We're down here," she called out to the girls.

"Well, at least it's not steps," one of the girls said to another and they wobbled down the stairs, trying desperately to keep their massively oversized breasts under control as they made their way down the long, winding ramp. When they reached the bottom Michelle called the four girls over to the huge futon in the center of the room where Mandy, Candy and Maria lay covered in sheets. "Julia told us she was fasting," Michelle said, "but I know that's not true. Still, there's four of you and only one of her, so you must all be pretty full."

"I'm past pretty full," one girl said, her hands resting on her breasts, fingertips tapping against their firmness. "They're like a third bigger than they were last week. If I don't get them emptied and keep them empty I'm not gonna be able to walk for much longer." *The girl has a point*, Michelle thought. The girl's breasts were massive teardrops, lying firmly on the girl's belly, falling well past where her waist must have been under her oversized top. They were far wider than her torso, wider even than her hips, her tiny hands bracing them from either side, unable to stop the constant, tiny breast quakes that shook through her heavy, firm flesh. But Michelle couldn't take her eyes off the girl's huge nipples, pushed out through the thin fabric of her top, erect and unavoidable. Michelle's mouth began to water and she pulled her eyes away, noticing the two girls from the night before at the hotel, their arms crossed atop their breasts, now seeming restrained, embarrassed and quiet, a far cry from the night before. Still, there were more pressing matters at hand.

"Well, the good news is I can get you all emptied out. The bad news is, well, you have to nurse these girls."

The lead girl looked over Mandy, Candy and Maria's covered forms. "I'm used to nursing girls. I'm not into it or anything, don't get me wrong, but once they've done this to your boobs you don't have any choice.... But just what the hell is under those sheets and what's with that girl's head?" she asked, pointing at the oddly shaped, sheet covered bodies of the three girls as well as Candy's hugely swollen, breast-shaped head.

"Don't worry. They won't hurt you or anything. They need your milk to burn the chaos out of them. Once that's done they should be back to normal." Michelle said.

"Yeah, and we'll be emptied out," the lead girl said, still eyeing the three mutated girls cautiously. "I guess we don't have a choice."

"Of course you have a choice. I'm asking you to help us." Michelle said.

"That's not what I meant. We can't say no even if we want to. Gotta get all

this milk out,” the girl said, squeezing her breasts from either side.

“Yeah... What’s your name?” Michelle asked.

“I don’t remember,” the girl said. “Julia fixed it so we can’t remember our names.”

“What? That’s just nuts!” Michelle said, incredulous. “Until I can figure out how to fix this I’m just going to call you Rachel.”

“Call me what?” the girl said.

“Rachel,” Michelle repeated.

The girl rolled her eyes. “That’s not going to work. We tried giving each other different names. We can’t even hear them.”

“When Julia comes back I’m going to give her such a piece of my mind!” Michelle fumed.

“Uh... Julia said to give you this,” the girl said and handed Michelle a folded piece of paper before she pulled her top off, over her head, and tossed it aside before kneeling down on the futon next to Mandy, Candy and Maria. “Come on,” she said to the other milk dolls, “They need our help!”

Michelle opened the folded note, trying to focus on anything other than the stripping teenage boob queens pulling off their tops only feet away,

My Dearest Michelle,

By now you’ve probably discovered that I wasn’t just pulling your leg, the milk dolls really don’t have names. Sorry, I just couldn’t resist.

But I digress. The milk dolls, such as they are... Think of them as a gift, personally, from me to you. At first I was upset by your demand that I let you borrow the girls, but then I thought about it... and I realized as much as you need the milk dolls now, you need them not at all in a day or two... so gifting you with all four should be more than you can handle. Good luck convincing your friends that milk is good for them without telling them how you’ve become a boob-sucking lesbian freak. Hopefully you come up with a way before the milk dolls swell into immobility or you suck your way to a belly so big you can’t walk... I wish I could be there to see how it turns out, but alas, I have obligations elsewhere. May you live in interesting times.

Yours always,

Julia

P.S. You must talk to your two girlfriends from last night. I know they just can’t wait to tell you how much they enjoyed your night together. Ta ta!

Michelle read and reread the note, turning her back to the overly arousing spectacle beginning on the futons behind her. She folded up the note and stepped away from the loud, desperate sucking sounds behind her, shoving the note deep into her pocket, her fingertips brushing against her amulet, reminding her of its presence. She pulled it out quickly and put it on, cloaking her very pregnant body in its aura of normalcy.

Several minutes later one of the milk dolls, one of the two that had been with her in the hotel room the night before, came up to Michelle, clutching her t-shirt across her very ample breasts. "Uh, is there somewhere I can go?" the girl asked. "There's only three of them over there and there are four of us..."

Michelle turned around and looked the girl over as she clutched her top to her breasts, trying to cover them as best she could as she looked down at the floor, red-faced and nervous. "Well, I guess I could find somewhere you can relax," Michelle said, staring at the girl's huge breasts. "Are you feeling full," she whispered, "because I could..."

The girl cut her off. "No. I'm good. I'm gonna go over there," she said curtly and headed to one of the out coves circling the room, struggling to keep her massive breasts covered, unaware that the outer curves of her breasts were easily visible from behind, the hugely swollen curves overwhelming her torso, extending past her waist nearly eight inches on either side.

Michelle watched her as the girl wobbled away, her expression a mix of confusion, concern and lust. *Never mind, I can work my crap out later. I better check on the twins and Maria.*

Several hours later the milk seemed to be doing its job, although not nearly quickly enough for anyone in the room. Mandy, Candy and Maria started out very eager, but were becoming increasingly uncomfortable as time went on. With their eyes closed they seemed blissful enough, but in the minutes when the milk dolls were resting as they switched between the newly forged Mothers of the Apocalypse, all three now supernatural girls seemed incredibly uncomfortable and embarrassed, refusing to even look each other in the eyes, much less actually talk with each other.

As for the milk dolls, they seemed used to the physical side of the job but were surprised by how awkward and embarrassed everyone else was reacting and that embarrassment was quickly rubbing off on the milk dolls. All except for the lead girl, who seemed unshakable. Michelle caught up with her in the rest room as she washed herself.

"How are you holding up?" Michelle asked, trying to act nonchalant as she tried to look at the girl's face while her eyes kept darting to her massive breasts and hugely erect nipples.

"I'm fine," the girl said as she washed her breasts in warm, soapy water, "but my nipples feel like they're gonna fall off. I'm used to the sucking, just not for hours at a time. Usually it's just a few minutes a day, almost enough to take the edge off."

"Almost?" Michelle asked.

The girl sighed, "It's like they could tell when the pressure was almost gone and there'd be no discomfort at all and you could sleep without waking up in a

puddle... and just then they'd stop and I'd go to bed achy. God, I can't believe how big they got this time," the girl exclaimed, looking at her reflection.

Michelle took this as permission to look, but it turned into more of a gawk. "Really? They got a lot worse?" Michelle said, hoping her concern concealed her excitement.

"Hell yeah," the girl said, running her hands over the huge, full curves of her breasts until they cupped the darkened, raised mounds of her swollen areola before she slid her hands slowly along that delicate skin and felt her salt shaker sized nipples with her fingers. "Just look at how big they are!" she said, perturbed. "They're almost too big to suck on. I don't know what the hell I'll do if that happens."

"Yeah, I bet it feels good having them sucked on," Michelle said, trying to sound as casual as possible.

"It's not like that," the girl said, still examining her breasts as if Michelle wasn't even there. "I'm straight. I'd *really* rather no one be sucking on my boobs at all but I don't have much of a choice. Either I let some supernatural pregnant bitch suck on my boobs or they start growing again and just a bit bigger and no ones going to be able to suck them ever again and then there'll be no way to stop them growing."

"Supernatural pregnant bitches?" Michelle said, shocked.

"I didn't mean you," the girl said in the way of apology, but Michelle realized that, in a way, the girl did mean her. "It's just that it's so frustrating. Every day they're bigger and heavier and more sensitive and Julia's still helping the other girls out and here I am just sitting around growing.

"She just left you? I figured she would have like had a rotation or something. Why'd she do that?" Michelle asked.

"Well," the girl said, "You might not have noticed, but I'm kinda mouthy sometimes and Julia really, *really* doesn't like that."

"No, not you..." Michelle smiled and joined the girl laughing quietly.

"So," the girl said, tweaking her nipples, her fingers barely denting the firm flesh. "They're still a little sore but they're ready to go. I gotta get back in there but I can go for a couple of minutes."

"What?" Michelle said, surprised. "I thought you said you're not into girls."

The girl looked surprised. "I'm not, but you're like way into boobs so I figured..."

"I am not!" Michelle said, struggling to lock her gaze on the girl's accusing eyes.

"Uh... we're standing in front of a bunch of mirrors. You've been drooling since you came in here," the girl replied.

"Wha..." Michelle said, turning toward the mirrors, looking at the girl's face in reflection before she turned away, crossing her arms across her breasts. "Maybe you should just get back in there. Mandy, Candy and Maria need you."

"Okay," the girl said and walked past Michelle on the way to the bathroom door before she stopped and came back, momentarily resting her hand on Michelle's shoulder. "Thanks," she said before she turned and left the bathroom, returning to the museum's main floor.

CHAPTER 48

It didn't happen all at once, or with any sort of rhyme or reason but by the time four hours had past Mandy and Candy were about in the same state they were in the day Mandy woke up in the vintage clothing store. Mandy was down to just two sets of legs, her original legs, which were much longer than before, her butt much larger than it had been originally and her new legs, which had once been her arms. Candy was down to just two breasts, although they were massive, larger even than those of the lead milk doll helping them out. They hung heavy and full, well past her waist, her nipples swollen hugely, well past the size that would allow them to be sucked. Her demonic arms hung limply at her sides. Maria, on the other hand, was almost back to normal, her hands only a bit larger than when they started growing. Still, Maria decided that being this close to normal she might as well persevere along with her friends.

Two hours later Mandy and Candy were very close to normal, although Mandy's rear and thighs were still much larger than they had been before this began and Candy's breasts were still very large, about the same size as the milk doll helping her. Maria, on the other hand, was no closer to her original tiny girl-hands than she was two hours before, her hands about the size of her ex-boyfriend's.

"I think you're about as back to normal as you're gonna get," Michelle said, looking over the sheet-clad girls as they lay on the futons, their heads resting in the milk doll's laps.

"Just a few more minutes," Mandy said, "I'm almost back to normal."

"Me too," Candy said, feeling herself up, "Just a few more minutes and I'll be back to my good old b-cup."

"I didn't want to get into this before," Michelle said, "but when I was talking to Julia she was telling me how the more milk you drink and don't burn off the bigger you get. You remember how much milk I drank when they did this to me and you know how big I got."

"Yeah," Maria said, "but you didn't burn any of it off. We've been using it to cancel out all this chaos crap."

"More like you *were* using it," Michelle said. "You look the same as you did two hours ago. I know you're not big on the big man-hands but just how big do you want to risk your belly getting anyway?"

Maria considered for a moment, looking between Michelle, the milkmaid's face, and the massive breast taking up most of her field of vision. "Fine," she said. "I'm done." She shook her head, as if trying to clear her thoughts. "So, why not just undo the whole magic pregnancy crap so we can get back to normal?"

"Because the only way to do that is to kill me and I'd really appreciate it if you didn't kill me for saving your lives." Michelle replied.

Maria sighed and sat up, pulling her sheet around her as she looked around for her top. She spotted it across the room but before she got up she turned to the milk doll she'd been resting her head on. "Thank you so much," she said, hugging the girl warmly and firmly before getting up and walking into the darkness in search of her

top. "So, anybody want anything from Micky-D's? I'm starving!"

Two hours later Michelle and Maria had eaten and were sitting in one of the out coves watching television. Despite their desperate suckling neither Mandy nor Candy had changed at all in the last two hours and after some prodding from Michelle and Maria, along with the threat of massive midsections, they gave up their hopes of returning to their original sizes. Even wrapped in sheets it was obvious which twin was which now. Mandy obviously was carrying around an extra thirty pounds or so across her hips and thighs while Candy carried about the same amount of weight on her chest. Only Maria seemed relatively normal, aside from her slightly oversized hands.

After a quick clothing run to the vintage clothing store for Mandy and Candy everyone in the museum packed up for the trip to Michelle's house. They made their way up the long spiral ramp, Mandy, Candy and Maria leading the way, followed at a respectable distance by the jiggling milk dolls with Michelle bringing up the rear. Michelle paused for a moment by the bent, twisted door. "They're probably going to just cement over the doorway or something this time," she mused.

"Good riddance," Mandy said.

"If I see this place ever again it will be too soon," Candy finished as they left Harborplace behind and headed back to Michelle's house.

As the girl's stumbled in June came to the door and was stared at the parade of people heading upstairs. Not so much at Mandy, Candy and Maria, although the twins had put on quite a bit of weight, but she seemed very disturbed by the four milk dolls as they passed her on their way upstairs. By the time Michelle waddled in the front door June was ready to get some answers from her daughter.

Seeing the look on her mother's face Michelle cut straight to the chase. "Can we talk about this after we all get some sleep. Please... It's been a way long day."

June looked into her daughter's eyes for a long moment. "Okay, okay... but as soon as you're up..."

"I want some answers, young lady, and they better be the truth. " Michelle said, wagging her finger the way an angry mother might as she did a passable imitation of her mother's voice, "No problem. Just let me sleep on it."

Michelle led Mandy and Candy to her mother's bedroom and pulled the shades before she left, taking Maria and two of the milk dolls to her sister's now-vacant room. She brought the last two milk dolls, the ones she had spent the night with at the hotel, back to her room and closed the door behind them.

"I know it's been a really long day," Michelle said, removing her amulet, allowing her image to morph back to her true appearance, "But if you're up for some fun, I'm game," she said hopefully, pulling her top off over her head, revealing her oversized breasts.

"Uh, no thanks," the first girl said, but even as she spoke she was pulling her top off, rubbing her breast with one hand as she tossed her shirt away with the other.

"We just need some sleep," the second girl said, already ahead of her companion, her top and shorts tossed aside, one hand caressing her oversized nipple, the other down her panties.

Michelle laughed, “you keep saying no but you sure look like you’re saying yes,” Michelle said, walking up to the two girls. They both stopped fondling themselves and began feeling up Michelle’s belly and boobs as they spoke.

“Please,” the first girl said in a husky, sexy voice, “Please don’t make us do this...”

“You’re supposed to be one of the good guys,” the second girl moaned seductively, “You’re not supposed to make us do stuff we don’t want to do...”

“What are you talking about?” Michelle demanded as she gently pushed aside the one girl’s massive breast that she held aloft with both hands for Michelle to suck on.

“Julia made us do what we did at the hotel,” the first girl whispered sexily, sliding one hand across Michelle’s butt, the other over her belly, “We don’t have any choice.”

“Don’t or didn’t?” Michelle asked, the true nature of her situation dawning on her.

“Don’t,” the second girl breathed into Michelle’s ear as she ground her thin, flat belly against Michelle’s massive gravid middle. “She told us that we had to go along with whatever you suggest, no matter how much we hate it,” the girl cooed.

“Please, don’t make us,” the first girl pleaded, not sounding at all unhappy, despite her words, but the expression on her face said it all, even as her fingers slid under the elastic of Michelle’s panties.

That sensation was all it took for Michelle to feel the full brunt of the reality stick and she jumped back, horrified and ashamed at what had almost happened, but more turned on than she’d ever been in her life. She pushed past the girls and waddled out of the room, pulling the door shut behind her. She leaned heavily against the wall for a moment, trying to catch her breath, before she heard the distinctive sound of the door’s lock being thrown behind her.

CHAPTER 49

Michelle woke in the hallway, laying on the floor, to the sound of screams from down the hall. She forced herself slowly to her feet, her milk-borne energy spent, and waddled as quickly as she could down the hall to her mother's bedroom and threw open the door.

Mandy sat on the bed, her legs spread and folded under her, sitting on her feet, topless. Her belly pressed out into a firm but shallow oval from just under her sternum to somewhere deep beneath the granny-panties she wore. She had stopped screaming now and simply sat there, her hands out to her sides, far away from her swollen middle, staring down at her belly, looking every day of six months pregnant. While Mandy seemed to be in no hurry to touch her stomach Candy had no such qualms, feeling Mandy's belly with one hand as she sat straddling the edge of the bed.

"Are you two okay?" Michelle asked, looking over the two girls.

"Are we looking at the same belly here?" Mandy asked.

Michelle sighed, "I thought something was really wrong."

"It is!" Mandy and Candy said at the same time.

"You've both been through this before, at least this much of it. After the first night you should be about this big." Michelle yawned.

"First night?" Mandy asked. "How long do you think we've been..." Mandy stopped speaking and looked back down at her belly. Suddenly it gurgled, almost like a water bubbling, before her belly pushed out, gaining several inches in circumference, forcing the elastic waistband of her panties down off the apex of her belly, which was now beginning to take on a slightly round shape as opposed to the flat oval it had been before.

"We've only been in bed two hours," Candy said, her hand just an inch above Mandy's belly, as if afraid to actually touch it. "Plus I feel way tired, like tons more tir..." Candy stopped speaking as a similar gurgling sound came from her belly and within moments her belly was pushing out into her t-shirt as much as Mandy's was.

"That's... really fast..." Michelle said, stepping back. "I'm going to go check on Maria," she said and waddled heavily out of the room, yawning and rubbing her eyes.

My mistake, I should have knocked, Michelle thought after she threw open the door to her sister's room and found Maria laying with her head in the lap of one of the milk dolls, sucking the girl's massive nipple, taking in a morning feeding, the other giving her a foot massage.

"Hey," the lead milk doll said, nonplussed.

Maria's eyes opened for a moment, just enough to see who'd come into the room, Suddenly she flailed, practically jumping out of the milk doll's lap, rolling off the bed and into a pile on the floor, looking around, red-faced and panicky.

"Chill, okay, everything's fine. Relax." Michelle said, her hands in front of her, waving them slowly back and forth, trying to calm Maria down. "It's okay, there's nothing to get excited about. Just breathe," Michelle continued, trying to remain focused on Maria, ignoring the lead milk doll's huge, erect, dripping nipples.

"I was just... Uh... Just... I was asleep! I didn't know... uh..." Maria fumbled.

"It's okay. It's perfectly natural. Last week when I was in Brazil? I found out that all of the Mothers of the Apocalypse have this... desire to drink milk."

"They do?" Maria asked, not noticing the milk running from the corner of her mouth. "But isn't that like the ultimate evil? It's what makes you evil instead of good."

"That's supposed to be some kind of symbolic thing. Believe me, once you're completely changed whenever you think of doing something bad you feel bad and when you think of doing something good you feel good and when I think of drinking milk, even from milk dolls.... I get nothing...good or bad." Michelle said, sympathetically.

"So... you...drink...?" Maria asked, now noticing and wiping the dribble of milk away from the corner of her mouth.

"No," Michelle lied curtly. "Not that there's anything wrong with it. It just seems so...."

"Lezzy?" Maria provided.

"Yeah, I guess." Michelle said as Maria pulled herself to her feet. As she saw Maria standing there, her belly pushing against her t-shirt Michelle suddenly remembered why she'd run in. "So are you all right?" Michelle asked, looking squarely at Maria's bulging belly.

"What?" Maria said, looking down, "You said it was gonna be faster because of all the milk we had to drink to burn out the chaos energy."

"Good attitude," Michelle said, "I wish Mandy and Candy were coping so well."

"Was that them yelling a few minutes ago," Maria asked. "I was gonna check but I..." Maria gasped and grabbed onto the bedpost as a loud gurgle came from her belly, before it swelled noticeably, quickly growing another few inches, propelling her belly solidly into the appearance of the seventh month of pregnancy. Within a minute it was over and Maria stood, still catching her breath, looking to Michelle for guidance.

"Uh... I'd lay off the milk dolls. The more milk you drink the faster and bigger you get. I know you didn't meet Julia, but believe me, you don't want to end up her size."

"But, I wasn't... I didn't," Maria blushed, ignoring the obvious fact that Michelle had just seen her sucking the hell out of the lead milk doll's nipples.

"Okay, fine," Michelle said, understanding Maria's need to keep private things private. "I'm gonna try to get some sleep and you should too... we've only been back two hours."

"That's it? It feels like forever!" Maria said, feeling her now rounder belly before she turned and lifted up her top to examine it more closely. "See you later," she said as Michelle began to pull the door closed. "Sleep tight," Michelle said and closed the door.

"Okay, time for some rest," Maria said, looking to the two milk dolls. "But first..." she said, smiling broadly and she stepped back over to the bed and tossed her t-shirt aside, "momma is still a little thirsty."

The lead milk doll sighed and looked down at her nipples before she reached around her massive endowments and tapped them with her fingertips. "Come on girls, it's show time."

Michelle awoke several hours later to the sounds of screams. Disoriented, she tried to roll out of bed, but the shape and weight of her belly stopped any sort of rolling motion before it even began. Michelle pushed herself slowly into a sitting position, unhappy to find that any extra strength or power she had gained from the milk doll's breast milk had faded away, leaving her as weak as she had been for the last eight months. She sighed as she slowly pushed herself to her feet and took a moment to gain her balance before she waddled toward her bedroom door,

She only managed to make it several steps before she stopped and looked curiously at her massively gravid middle. Michelle slowly took another step and watched as her belly moved from one side of her hips to the other. The look of curiosity turned to concern as she felt the weight of her belly shift. *Oh my God, don't tell me I'm fucking bigger*, she thought and placed one hand on either side of her belly as she tried to assess the situation. Her introspection was interrupted only moments later as the nearby screaming resumed. Michelle pushed herself into the hallway, directly in front of her mother, who, having bounded up the stairs was running down the hallway toward the master bedroom and the screaming. Running into Michelle was like hitting a brick wall and June tumbled to the floor. Michelle teetered this way and that, desperately reaching for anything to grab a hold of to keep her upright before fell over. Slowly, even without a handhold she regained her balance and placed her hand against the wall and relaxed as she breathed a sigh of relief.

"Who was that?" June asked as she quickly picked herself off the floor.

"I don't know," Michelle said as she rubbed her belly with one hand and adjusted her top with the other. "I think it came from..." Michelle was interrupted as another harmonious scream pierced the air. The two made their way down the narrow hall as quickly as possible, Michelle's size slowing their progress and stopping June from passing her. Soon they were at the bedroom door and Michelle twisted the handle and threw the door open.

Mandy stood about halfway between the bed and bedroom door, clad only in bra and panties, her back to Michelle and June. It was immediately obvious which of the sisters it was since Mandy's rear end hadn't returned to its original, thin but slightly curvy shape after her bout with chaos but instead was still massively plump, a suitable size for a much heavier girl. The plumpness only extended between Mandy's knees and waist, but between those boundaries her thighs and butt cheeks had filled out, firm and fleshy, her panties barely large enough to stretch over the two massive hemispheres. She stood with her feet apart, her hands pressed into the small of her back, leaning as far back as she could without falling over.

When the bedroom door opened Mandy tried to turn toward the door, but her body simply refused to swivel at the waist, her very gravid belly making it impossible for her to twist or bend at the waist. Given the brief period of time since Michelle had seen Mandy the growth was remarkable. Her belly had swollen into a huge oval, taller than it was wide, pressing firmly into her pubic bone and ribcage, forcing her back to arch to an unnatural degree. It wrapped halfway around her sides and stuck out nearly

a foot and a half in front of her, capped by a large, out thrust navel. All together her belly rivaled the size of Michelle's, if not the shape.

Mandy fought against the constraints of her body and soon she began an awkward shuffling waddle to turn in place and face the door. "Holy shit!" Mandy said as she pulled her hands from her back, laced her fingers together and pushed down against the upper curve of her belly. "Arrrrgh! The pressure is killing me! I didn't know it would be so..."

"Damn huge!" Candy said, clad only in panties, pinned flat on her back on the king-sized bed by the massive weight of her breasts and huge egg-shaped belly, looking very much like how a cartoon character would look had they eaten one of the eggs from the movie 'Alien', her outthrust belly button pointed skyward, her back arched by the pressure of her belly against her ribs. She flailed her arms and legs wildly, unable to get any purchase. "How the hell do I get up!"

"Uh... you kinda have to get out from under it," Michelle said before she turned back to Mandy, "and the pressure? Your ribs kinda spread out at the bottom and make room. It takes awhile to get used to moving around though."

"Michelle? We need to have a little talk," June said with a bit of annoyance and a generous dose of artificial cheer in her voice.

"Why'd we have to get so damn big?" Mandy asked as she wrestled with her body, trying to force herself to walk normally to Candy's side.

"That's from all that milk you drank," Michelle said. "Would you rather be practically dead but thin or be alive forever and a little on the rotund side?"

"A little??" Candy said, still on her back, one hand on either side of her upwardly pointing belly. "I'm gigantic!"

"We're already almost as big as you," Mandy said as she reached over and tried to take Candy's hand in her own.

"Michelle... a minute?" June asked, her annoyance taking over for her falsely pleasant demeanor.

Michelle didn't bother to tell them they were actually a bit larger than she was. She simply nodded to her mother and replied, "At least you're pretty much done..."

Candy grunted as she clutched her belly desperately, her hands struggling for purchase. Suddenly her belly seemed to expand, growing upward slightly but widening significantly. Her belly pushed her hands outward as it grew, her large oval belly becoming more spherical.

Mandy looked away from Michelle and to Candy. "But it's not over! We keep having these little..." Mandy said before Candy interrupted.

"Little???" Candy exclaimed as she ran her hands over her now larger belly. "I wouldn't call them little!"

"You!" Mandy said as she turned and fought with her legs as she tried to move closer to Michelle. "You did this to..." Mandy gasped as she clutched her belly when suddenly her belly swelled, growing wider, enveloping more of her torso as it pushed forward, extending further from her body. As she gasped for breath Mandy lost her balance and tumbled to the floor, landing heavily on her now-oversized butt.

"Mom?" Michelle asked.

June sighed and rolled her eyes, "I'll be right back. *I* have to pick up some

holy water and some more food at the market. Who all is here?"

"Uh," Michelle said, wilting under her mother's gaze. "Mandy, Candy and Maria... and the four milk dolls."

"We're *definitely* going to talk," June fumed as she headed back to the stairs. "Mom!" Mandy sighed as her shoulders fell and followed as quickly as she was able.

"Isn't *someone* going to help me up???" Candy called out and tensed her whole body before she let go, flailing beneath the weight of her massive belly.

June was halfway down the stairs by the time Michelle reached the hallway. "Mom?"

June turned around on the steps, "What the hell were you thinking? How are we going to hide three more of you in a town this size?"

"Allison had five girls and that was no trouble." Michelle said.

"They didn't try to hide. They didn't have to go to school or have after-school jobs and certainly didn't have concerned parents who are going to wonder why their daughters suddenly look like they ate a beach balls".

"What was I going to do, they got infected with chaos down in Brazil. We had to do something." Michelle replied.

"We?" June asked.

"Julia and I. She stopped by the day before yesterday." Michelle said

June's eyes narrowed. "Quite possibly the oldest and most evil person in the western world just 'stopped by' yesterday and you didn't... They were infected with chaos?" June said, her anger giving way to curiosity and concern.

"Yeah, but I remembered how we're immune to chaos and how any chaos that does get to us is just burned out... I put two and two together." Michelle replied.

Now June appeared deeply concerned. "But there's just Mandy, Candy and Maria... that's just 3."

"And the milk dolls," Michelle added.

"No, you don't understand. Chaos usually travels in fours. They need four to open a stable gateway. If you saved three there's probably a fourth one out there somewhere."

"God, not again," Michelle said, "It was bad enough seeing them like that."

June climbed back up the stairs and hugged her daughter, carefully navigating around Michelle's massive midsection. "I'm sorry I got angry earlier...I didn't realize..." June said as they hugged.

"It's okay," Michelle said, her head against her mother's shoulder. "I should have come to you first," she added, then the stress of the last few days finally broke and she cried, unashamed, against her mother's shoulder.

"Aww, come on, you stopped two chaos breakouts in a week. You did good kid," June said, pulling her daughter as close as she could, a look of concern crossing her face as her hands reached around Michelle's slightly larger middle, not sure if anything had changed there or not. "Come on, let's go to the supermarket and you can think about who the fourth might be."

Michelle leaned away from her mother and wiped her eyes. "Okay, but really there's only one person that could really be..."

"No, really, I'm fine." Mary chuckled, "What's up?"

“Nothing... well, okay, something.” Michelle replied from the front steps of Mary’s house. “Some weird stuff went on with Mandy, Candy and Maria and we just wanted to make sure you were all right.”

“Are they all right? I thought something was funny when Candy asked us to bring stuff to the museum.” Mary replied.

“They’re fine, mostly” Michelle said in none too sure a tone as Mary ducked into the house. “Uh, where are you going?”

“I’m grabbing my shoes. Time to check on my friends.” Mary said as she sat down on the threshold of her home and started to put on her sneakers.

“I’m not sure they want visitors right now,” June said from Michelle’s side.

“Besides, you have stuff to do too...” Michelle said.

Mary got very angry. “After all we’ve been through together??? They’re my friends too and I’m coming over. Now are you going to give me a ride or do I have to take the bus?”

Michelle smiled, “Come on. We have to go to the supermarket first though.”

“One more mouth to feed,” June sighed then looked skyward, smiling pleasantly.

Soon all three were headed back to June’s car. June led the way, Michelle and Mary followed close behind. Mary lagged just far enough behind so that she could focus on Michelle’s appearance, watching as the magical field that kept Michelle’s massively gravid form concealed seemed to weaken and strengthen, allowing her true form to show through. Mary looked around and realized no one they passed seemed to notice anything amiss. She rubbed her eyes and looked again but now Michelle’s illusion was as real as anything else on the street. Mary breathed a quiet sigh of relief and brushed the hair out of her face, lingering as her fingertips crossed her forehead. Without even thinking about it Mary lowered her hands to her front pockets and began rubbing the tips of the two middle fingers of each hand across the fabric of her jeans, sighing contentedly as she and Michelle crossed the street to June’s car.

“You okay,” Michelle asked as she noticed the amazingly blissful expression on Mary’s face.

“Yeah,” she said and waited for Michelle to turn back around before she redoubled her efforts as they stood next to the car waiting for June to unlock it. Mary’s eyes rolled back in her head as she rubbed her fingertips against the denim faster and faster until she tensed up, going rigid for several seconds, a look of complete and utter happiness on her face.

“Don’t worry,” Mary replied, “I’m a lot better than okay.”

PART 3

**THE TROUBLE WITH MILK
DOLLS**

CHAPTER 50

Her belly was massive, a huge, wide, slightly pointy ball, far too large for her body. It overwhelmed her, almost as if it wrapped around her, taking over not just her front but her sides as well. Her top didn't even attempt to contain it, her belly's pale skin stretched to the point that it had taken on a high gloss, only broken by a thin dark line that ran down the center of the giant outcropping, leading to her huge belly button from above and below. Her tiny hands moved gently over its very firm surface and only paused occasionally to attempt to tug her woefully undersized top back down to cover a bit more of her belly, but the elastic fabric was having none of it and, as soon as it was released, crept back up toward the meeting of her breasts and belly. Being so large her belly stretched out massively both upwards, pressing firmly against her ribcage, as well as to her sides, which wasn't doing her hips any favors. Sitting, the gigantic gravid ball pressed down upon her legs, forcing them out to either side to an unnatural degree. Her hips ached just sitting there as the weight tried to settle lower between her thighs, pushing them ever further apart. If her belly was impressive for just its sheer size, her breasts were staggering. They lay heavily on either side of her belly, cascading down over the massive ball. Each was far larger than a basketball, although in shape they resembled teardrops far more than a sphere. Even through the fabric of her top her areola and nipples were visible. They pushed out, huge, dark and proud, as if refusing to be hidden. With any tiny little motion small breast quakes shook her massive endowments, taking minutes to stop on their own. All together her breasts and belly must have added more than one hundred pounds to her weight and regardless of how anyone felt about the girl attached to the belly and breasts it was impossible not to stare.

Not that Kristen noticed. These days she tuned everyone and everything out as best she could, everyone who stared or laughed or pointed or poked her. And that just left one person.

"Thanks for having lunch with me today, you know, in public," Kristen said, not looking up from her plate. She lifted a hamburger to her mouth with one hand, her other hand still caressing the side of her massive belly, "I'm sorry for earlier. No one else will talk to me since.... You know..."

"You don't need to thank me for eating with you, we're friends," Michelle said. "How are you doing?"

"We think it's almost stopped," Kristen said. "I've only grown an inch since Thursday and I can barely measure the difference day to day."

"That's not what I meant," Michelle replied. "How are *you*?"

"How do you think?" Kristen asked, her voice tired. Dark circles ran under her eyes, her face was devoid of makeup and she barely spoke, even when spoken to. A far cry from the peppy, outgoing and admittedly annoying girl she had been only a month before.

Kristen's condition was due to Julia, one of the evil Mothers of the Apocalypse. Kristen had gushed over Julia and her massively pregnant belly and Julia had long ago lost any patience for such people. When they had begun that conversation Kristen was a normal girl, when it was over the process had already

begun that would give her all the superficial trappings of being a Mother of the Apocalypse, but with none of the magic. Over the next month her body expanded against her will. She visited doctor after doctor and was referred to specialists without end, none of which could help her. Not really a surprise as her problem was mystical, not medical. Soon she was so large she was unable to walk without assistance.

With her bubbly, outgoing personality Kristen assumed she'd have no trouble helping her friends understand what was happening to her, at least as much as he understood, and getting on with her life, business as semi-normal. But she hadn't counted on how depressed she'd become and how hanging out with a sixteen-year old depressed girl with an unknown and horrifying medical condition wasn't exactly in any of her girlfriend's things-to-do lists, especially when they didn't know if they could catch it or not. Now the only place she ever went was the tiny outdoor café less than a block from her house and the only friend that would visit with her there was Michelle.

Kristen had said something, Michelle realized as she sat, staring unconsciously at Kristen's massive belly and gigantic boobs.

She shook her head, "I'm sorry, I was zoning there for a second. What did you say?"

"I said, did your cousin's doctor come up with anything new yet?" Kristen asked desperately.

Michelle's cousin, there's a sticky point, Michelle thought. That "cousin" had been Julia. "No. nothing since last time we talked." Michelle said, remembering back to a month ago when Julia had done this to Kristen. She looked up and upon seeing Kristen's face sink Michelle added, "But I'll ask again next time I see her." They sat silently for several minutes, eating before Michelle thought someone must break the silence. "So, are you coming back to school, its only a few weeks away?"

"I dunno," Kristen began, "It depends on the doctors and stuff but I don't know..." tears began to well up in Kristen's eyes as she looked away from Michelle to her own massive belly. "Even if they say I can go back tomorrow... they only have those chairs with the desks attached..." Kristen's hands were on either side of her belly, gently rubbing at some itchiness "But... but... I can't fit in those anymore," Kristen said, collapsing into tears. Michelle forced herself to her feet, hoping Kristen didn't see the difficulty she had rising and waddled over to Kristen's side.

"Come on," Michelle said, putting her hand on Kristen's shoulder. "They have separate chairs and desks for me because they think my leg is... It's going to be fine."

"No it's not!" Kristen's screamed before breaking down into tears again. "Don't you understand? Nothings ever going to be fine again. I just want to be normal, not some freak show!" she pleaded.

"Don't we all," Michelle replied quietly. "Don't we all."

CHAPTER 51

ONE MONTH EARLIER

“Okay,” Mary said from the back seat of June’s car. “So who died?”

“What?” Michelle replied, “No one died!”

“Then why’s no one talking?” Mary added, slowly rubbing the two middle fingers of each hand against her jeans.

June sighed, “You see, there are more forces in the universe than just good and evil. There are also powers outside of creation, known as the chaos lords. They live beyond..”

Michelle looked over her shoulder at Mary and cut her mother off, “Mandy, Candy and Maria are like me now.”

Mary looked confused, “Like you how?”

June blinked, “You never told her?”

“It never came up.” Michelle said.

“So you were just going to wait until it came up?” June replied. “Well luckily *that’s* a topic that comes up a lot in conversation.” June rolled her eyes.

“Mom, please...” Michelle replied and looked back to Mary. “We’re all Mothers of the Apocalypse.”

Mary looked surprised for a moment, then downright scared, “Don’t hurt me, please... we’ve always been friends... please!” she said as she pushed herself as far away from Michelle as she could in the confines of the back seat of the car.

Michelle didn’t understand why Mary was freaking out, but she quickly remembered that Mary didn’t even know there were good Mothers of the Apocalypse. She’d only met the evil variety. “No, no, no... relax... deep breaths. We’re not evil, okay? We’re good.”

“And I would know that how?” Mary replied, still crammed into the corner of the seat behind Michelle’s mother.

“She can prove it to you in a minute,” June said as they pulled into a parking lot. June parked and turned around, handing Mary a large Thermos. “Take this inside and ask to talk to Father Whitson. Tell him you need holy water. If he gives you any trouble just tell him ‘Mirrors are the gateway to the soul.’ He’ll reply then he’ll do as you ask.”

“What will that prove?” Mary asked.

“Well, when you get back Michelle is going to drink a cup of Holy Water. You remember what Holy Water does to the evil ones. That a good enough test?” June asked.

Mary nodded and took the Thermos from June and bolted from the car and up the stairs into the church.

“I’m not sure this is such a good idea,” Michelle said as she scratched the side of her belly.

“Why not?” June asked, “We needed Holy Water to fix the other girls anyway and now we can kill two birds with one stone.”

Michelle didn't even hear her mother's reply as she thought about the last few days, the all-night sex and milking session in the hotel with the two milk dolls playing over and over in her mind. She kept telling herself that it wasn't a problem... that she didn't do anything wrong... that she could drink milk and have the same power as the evil ones without being evil herself. But somehow telling herself that over and over just wasn't helping.

Before Michelle knew it there was a knock at her mother's side window. June rolled down her window and Mary thrust the Thermos into her hands before she stepped back from the car. June sighed and opened the Thermos and poured Holy Water into the cup. She held it out to Michelle, "Here."

"Uh...I'm not thirsty," Michelle said.

June gave Michelle a long look. "You're not thirsty? Come on Michelle, I'm pretty sure Mary isn't going to get into the car until you drink that."

"I know," Michelle said, "but..."

Now June looked concerned, "But what? Is there something I need to know?" she asked as she eyed Michelle with a mix of suspicion and concern.

"No... no...everything's fine," Michelle said as she stared into the cup for a long moment before making up her mind and downing the cupful of water in one long gulp.

"There see?" June said as Mary let out a sigh of relief. "Can we go now?"

Mary nodded slowly before turning and getting into the back seat of the car. "Sorry about that," she told Michelle. "When did all this happen?"

"Yesterday," Michelle said quietly. Despite nothing having happened when she drank the water Michelle was far from okay. Although both Mary and June knew how they destroyed the first coven using holy water, at least in broad strokes, neither of them knew the details. Neither knew that Holy Water didn't do anything to evil Mothers of the Apocalypse until they tried to use their powers.

Michelle grabbed the armrest tightly as they drove, nodding occasionally when there was a lull in the conversation, trying to build up enough courage to try using any of her powers. Finally she concentrated, directing what little energy she still had. A droplet of sweat formed on her forehead before it slowly rolled down the side of her face. Suddenly everyone was getting out of the car. Without Michelle even realizing it they had returned home and parked. Michelle looked down as she released the armrest. She smiled for a moment before she opened her door and twisted in her seat, maneuvering her legs through the open car door.

June came to Michelle's side of the car and took one of Michelle's hands in her own. June looked over to Mary who quickly got the hint and took Michelle's other hand. Together they pulled, slowly lifting Michelle's massive bulk from the seat until she wobbled to her feet. She took a moment to regain her balance before she waddled toward the front door of her house smiling. Neither June or Mary noticed the arm rest in the passenger seat of the car was melted, a vague hand shape pressed into it's surface.

CHAPTER 52

“Oh my God, you two are even bigger than Michelle,” Mary gasped as she stood in the doorway of the room Mandy and Candy currently shared at Michelle’s home.

“Am not!” Mandy and Candy shouted in unison as they both fought with their clothes, trying to get dressed. Neither was having much success. By the looks of things they had raided Michelle’s closet and were putting on some of her stylish, but extra-large maternity sized clothes, or at least trying to. It wasn’t just that Mandy’s butt was twice the size of Michelle’s or that Candy’s breasts were twice the size of Michelle’s, that was a given. Discounting the twins obvious physical oddities left over from their brush with Chaos, they were still larger than Michelle. Not as large as Julia, not by a long shot, but much larger than Michelle.

Candy’s belly pushed against the waistband of the maternity shorts, forcing them down in the front as quickly as she could pull them up. On Michelle they covered half the distance from her panties to her belly button. On Candy the waistband repeatedly slid down until it settled along her bikini line, framing her belly from below with the stretchy elastic running shorts. From above things weren’t much better. Candy’s borrowed top didn’t even manage to cover her oversized breasts, the lower curves of the vast mounds completely uncovered from just below her nipples all the way down to her belly.

Mandy didn’t fare any better. While her breasts weren’t much larger than Michelle’s they were enough larger that the remaining fabric of her top wouldn’t stay put over the upper curve of her belly. As soon as she stopped pulling the top down it began to slide up, the curve of her belly so steep that the elastic of the top itself pulled it into her under-cleavage between her belly and breasts, uncovering her entire upper belly. From the looks of things her enlarged bottom and hips took up so much of the fabric of the shorts she was wearing that there was no give left to pull the stretch panel up to cover even the lower part of her belly, much less to pull them up where they belonged.

All in all the clothes only served to accentuate their massive forms. Their posture didn’t help either. Neither girl was managing to stand up straight. They both leaned back, trying to balance the size and weight of their large, egg-shaped bellies so they wouldn’t go tumbling to the ground with the first step they took. As a side effect their bellies thrust outward even further than if they stood upright. They at least seemed to have mastered waddling since the day before Michelle noted from the hallway. The night before Mandy could barely turn around and Candy was pinned to the bed by the size and weight of her belly. Now they were both on their feet and, as much she didn’t want to agree with Mary on this point, both of the twins *were* bigger than she was.

“What happened to you two? You seemed fine when Maria and I dropped off those groceries at the museum.

“Why don’t you ask her,” Candy hissed, pointing past Mary to Michelle and, in the process, hitting her newly enlarged breasts with her arm, knocking one into the other, starting them swaying back and forth, sliding over the upper curve of her belly.

Mary turned to Michelle as Candy sighed and tried to get her breasts under control. "Oh, I just saved their lives so they wouldn't wind up as brain dead ex-chaos beasts or even worse yet the destroyers of all creation."

"She left out the part where she made us as fat and ugly and pregnant as she is!" Mandy shouted, her eyes like red-hot coals.

Michelle stopped dead as what Mandy said sunk in. Her mouth fell open and she turned awkwardly, bumping into the wall and waddled to the stairwell. Mary could see Michelle's eyes already tearing up. By the time she was halfway down the stairs Mary could hear her sobbing. No one said a word until they heard the front door slam below.

"What the fuck?" Mary said, turning back to Mandy and Candy.

Mandy's eyes were wide open, her hand covering her mouth, obviously shocked by what she had just said. Even Candy stared at her sister, amazement obvious in her expression. "Oh my God... what did I do?"

As Candy and Mary looked from each other to Mandy and as Mandy looked down, her view of the floor blocked, first by her breasts, then by her belly, they heard the front door open and close a few seconds later. Soon all three girls heard the sound of high-heeled shoes clicking against the stairs and they watched silently as Michelle's mother June came into view. Her face was cold, her eyes steely as she turned the corner carrying two glasses of water. She seemed to ignore Mary as she walked into the bedroom and handed each of the twins a glass. "Here," she said coldly, "It's holy water. It will purge all the evil out of your systems."

Mandy let out a sigh as she took the glass. "Thank God. I forgot about the evil thing. No wonder I was so mean to Michelle."

June froze at those words, her back to Mandy. "The holy water," June began, her jaw set firmly, her eyes beginning to tear up, "It stops you from becoming evil when the change becomes irreversible, two days from now. How you act until then is *entirely* your responsibility. June's voice trailed off into almost a whisper as she shoved the second glass into Candy's hand. "Now I'm going to go and try to find my daughter. You just stay here. I wouldn't want," June stopped and swallowed hard, "to inconvenience you. After all, it's not like she just risked her life and the whole world to save you." June turned and walked quickly down the hall and down the stairs, the front door slamming loudly as she stormed out.

CHAPTER 53

Michelle waddled up to the café near Kristen's house and looked around for her friend for several moments before pulling her cell phone from her bag and making a call.

"Where are you?" Michelle asked as she looked around. "You said you'd be here and I don't see you anywhere." Michelle paused a moment. "Hello?" she asked, desperation beginning to creep into her voice.

"Ugh," Kristen said, her voice sounding staticy though the phone, "If you'd just hold on a second, I'm like twenty feet behind you... hold on."

Michelle twisted, or at least tried to twist to look behind her, but the bulk of her belly conspired against her, blocking her from twisting at the waist and almost throwing her off balance before she sidestepped, allowing her to turn in place. There, about ten or fifteen feet away Kristen was backing slowly through one of the doors leading into the café, a large tray in her hands held tightly against her slim midsection, her cell phone cocked between her shoulder and ear. She inched the door open, her butt pressed firmly into the glass door until it was as open as it would go. Then she twisted at the waist and stepped clear of the doorway, toward Michelle. "After how you sounded on the phone I figured you'd need one of these," Kristen said, glancing awkwardly down at the ice cream sundae and two sodas on the tray.

Michelle's shoulders dropped as she relaxed and closed her cell phone as she dropped it into her bag, clearly relieved. "Thank God, I was afraid you weren't going to show up."

"Me? I'm like the queen of showing-upness." Kristen said, carefully making her way over to the table, the glasses and bowl on the tray she carried shaking and clinking against one another until finally she was able to rest the tray on the table. Her relief was obvious as she sat the tray down before dropping into one of the small wrought-iron chairs surrounding the café table. Kristen frowned for a moment and fumbled at her waist before she looked back to the table.

"Whew... that's heavier than it looks," Kristen said, pulling her soda from the tray. "So, what's bugging you?"

Michelle looked up at Kristen, obviously unsure of what she wanted to say or how she wanted to say it. Finally she said, "Less talk, more ice cream," before she carefully lowered her vast but camouflaged bulk into the small chair. She pulled the sundae toward her and picked up the long spoon on the tray and began to eat.

Kristen rolled her eyes and, after drinking a mouthful of soda, began to speak. "Listen, I know what's bothering you."

Michelle glanced up from her ice cream and shook her head before returning to its rich, hot-fudge covered goodness.

"Yes, I do," Kristen continued. "Someone said something didn't they?"

Michelle went right on eating, ignoring Kristen's words.

"I'm your friend and maybe I should have told you before but I didn't want to hurt your feelings and I figured you were probably hearing about it anyway."

"About what?" Michelle asked, her mouth filled with ice cream.

"Hello, the obvious?" Kristen said, gesturing towards Michelle's lower body.

Suddenly Kristen had Michelle's full attention, "**What?**"

"You've been waddling around the school for most of a year. Karen Gonzon had arthroscopic surgery on her knee and was only in a brace for like six months so it's not like anyone's still buying the leg brace. Besides, it's not like you even wear it all the time," Kristen said, putting her foot on Michelle's supposedly injured leg, right where the leg brace she normally wore should have been. *Would have been if she hadn't run out of the house in such a hurry*, Michelle thought, wincing inwardly.

Or maybe not so inwardly, she thought as Kristen looked at her. "I was..."

"Come on..." Kristen said incredulously, cutting Michelle off. "It's not like you're some master of disguise or something, You might be able to hide this from people that don't know you but you can't hide it from me."

"How did you..." Michelle began, fingering the magical amulet that was *supposed* to be keeping her very large, very pregnant form disguised before Kristen interrupted.

"Please," Kristen said as she reached for her soda. "It's so obvious. Remember when you first moved here?" Kristen said, again fumbling just below the edge of the table. "You were on the field hockey team and the swim team then within a month you were out of both. Then there are those weird girls, Sandy and Randi?"

"Their names are..." Michelle interrupted before Kristen interrupted her.

"Mandy and Candy," Kristen said, snapping her fingers. "Anyway, they started making excuses for you. First Mandy said you'd sprained your ankle, then Candy said you broke your leg. Then you said you hurt your knee. But I was there all those nights when you complained about how you spent all your time tied up in hockey at a swim meet or with me in yearbook. All those times when Heather or I asked you to the movies and you couldn't go because of all the stuff you had going. Then suddenly you had to quit all that stuff because of your *bad knee*. So I put two and two together. The problem is after all these months I'm not the only one. So who was teasing you about it? Rachel? Marge?" Kristen asked before she took another drink from her glass.

"No... its not like... uh," Michelle hesitated as she saw her chance. "You don't know her."

"I never understood why you thought you needed an excuse to drop out of stuff anyway. I used to be lots more stuff and I just told people I wasn't happy anymore and needed to take a break and boom, I was out. Why couldn't you just do that?" Kristen asked.

Michelle, seeing a question was coming, had spooned more ice cream into her mouth just before Kristen finished asking the question. All she could do was make quiet, unintelligible sounds.

"I know... but you can't live for other people. You have to be happy with yourself. Making other people happy doesn't make you happy. Being happy with who you are makes you happy. Let them worry about being responsible for themselves. You're just responsible for you."

Michelle nodded, both relieved that Kristen didn't know what was really going on and surprised by the maturity of Kristen's advice.

"You gonna be okay?" Kristen asked, finishing her soda.

"Yeah," Michelle said smiling and paused, expecting to be cut off.

“What?” Kristen asked.

“Nothing,” Michelle smiled, “Lets go do something fun.”

“Good plan,” Kristen said as she got to her feet and sighed, looking down before she reached for her waist.

“What’s up?” Michelle asked.

Kristen sighed again, “Nothing, The button on my jeans keeps popping. I guess Mom shrank them or something. I dunno, it’s weird.” Kristen said as she tugged lightly at one of her belt loops, the button popping again.

Michelle’s smile dropped from her face as she realized what was going on. “Come on, let’s get out of here,” she suggested, pushing herself back from the table.

CHAPTER 54

"How can you treat her like that?" Mary asked, totally appalled.

"I said I was sorry!" Mandy said angrily, "I didn't mean it."

"It sure sounded like you meant it," Mary said, shoving the middle two fingers of each hand into her pockets, rubbing them back and forth.

"I guess, in a way, she did," Candy said. Mandy turned to Candy surprised at what she had said. "Come on," Candy said, "We're both loud and indignant, but we're honest. I don't doubt you didn't want to keep that to yourself... but I know I blame Michelle. I know it doesn't make any sense. I know it's not fair to her. But that's how I feel."

"That's no excuse!" Mary said.

"I'm not making an excuse," Mandy and Candy said in unison. "It's how I feel," Mandy said sadly as she looked away from Mary.

"Well if you two want to sit around here and blame the person that risked everything to save you, go right ahead but I'm going to look for Michelle."

"Duh," Mandy said. "We can't go out, not like this."

"Michelle saw to that," Candy sneered, one hand on either side of her belly. "We can't let anyone see us like this until we figure out what to do."

Mary sighed and turned pausing briefly at the doorway as if she was about to turn back around before she continued onward to the hallway and started down the stairs, barely registering that she was dragging the fingertips of the middle fingers of her right hand down the banister as she jogged down the stairs and headed out to the street. It was only then, with nothing to distract her, that she noticed she was again rubbing her fingertips across the slightly rough fabric of her jeans.

She paused for a moment as she lifted her right hand and looked curiously at her middle fingers, wiggling all her fingers back and forth in a wavelike motion, feeling the flesh of her two middle fingers rubbing against each other, as if slightly swollen. She stopped moving her fingers and looked over her hand cautiously, first the palm side, then the back before slowly wiggling her fingers again, watching as the flesh of her middle fingers barely brushed against each other a situation and sensation entirely unfamiliar to her.

Concerned, Mary brought the middle fingers of her right hand and her thumb together, rubbing her thumb back and forth across the tips of her fingers. While there wasn't even a possibility of her actually gasping aloud at the sensation she certainly was surprised by the intensity of the feeling. She pulled her thumb away, staring incredulously at the tips of her fingers, that wonderful feeling slipping away, leaving a mildly irritating tingling sensation. She shook her hand, as if trying to improve circulation to her hand, but the tingling sensation continued. After a moment she stuck the tips of her fingers into her mouth, as if to suck on a wound.

Her knees almost gave out at the near orgasmic feeling that began to build the moment her tongue started to dance across the tips of her fingers. *Absolute bliss*, she thought... or came close to thinking as fragments of thoughts attempted to assemble as the excruciating ecstasy continued to build. The outside world drifted further and further from her thoughts as time seemed to slow down and finally stop as she

continued sucking on her two errant digits, the pleasure she felt growing stronger and stronger. She didn't even notice when her knees actually did give out, leaving her sprawled on the sidewalk a few doors down from Michelle's house. Now a pressure began to build, centered on her fingertips but filling her whole body with warmth. A warmth that quickly doubled and redoubled until it exploded within her, filling her whole body with a hot, sweaty goodness as it forced itself throughout her limbs, pushing a moan of pleasure from her lips. Then, almost as soon as it began, it was over. Mary's eyes flickered open as her fingers slipped from her mouth. For a moment she didn't know where she was, then the multicolored blur surrounding her came into focus.

"Are you all right?" a man asked, one of the ten or so people standing around her. Mary became instantly alert and pushed herself up, quickly gathering where she was and what was happening. Mary quickly stood up and bolted from the crowd, running away from the group as quickly as she could. She didn't stop running for several blocks until she was sure no one had been able to follow her. She ran into a small community garden and, after making sure she was only one there, dropped heavily onto a park bench below a large tree.

Mary held her right hand up to get a better look at her two middle fingers, not even noticing that even now she was rubbing the fingertips of her left hand back and forth slowly across her thigh. Nothing seemed amiss with her two right fingers, aside from a slight puffiness. Not as bad as the time she'd slammed her hand in the car door, but slightly puffy nonetheless. She rubbed her thumb across her fingertips, cursing herself even as she did so, remembering the irritating tingling left behind the last time she'd done the same thing. She wasn't disappointed.

Despite the very short contact the annoying tingling had already begun and without even thinking about it she raised her fingertips to her lips before she caught herself, remembering the scene moments ago and lowered her hand, trying to shake away the bothersome buzzing. After a few moments she realized that shaking the feeling away wasn't going to work and she tried to massage it out. She realized her mistake as soon as the fingers of her right hand and left hand met.

The wonderfully arousing feeling from the massage was at least twice as good as simply rubbing her thumb against her fingertips. Within moments she was rubbing the middle fingers of both her hands together and moments later the fingers of her left hand were back in her mouth. Even as her left hand began to snake toward the waistband of her jeans she froze, running her tongue around the fingers in her mouth, a very concerned look coming to her face.

Mary pulled her fingers out of her mouth and looked them over, realizing instantly that what she thought she had felt was true. Her fingers looked and felt more swollen than they had just moments before. Not **much** more, but enough that she could feel and see the difference. Still, the hot, sweaty glow that filled her showed no signs of fading and soon her concern and curiosity were overwhelmed by her horniness and her fingers shot back into her mouth and after a brief thought as she felt her fingers swell slightly she lost herself in the sensation, even as her left hand down the front of her jeans.

CHAPTER 55

When Julia had come to the four milk dolls and told them they would be staying with Michelle and her friends all of them had been ecstatic. But it was only the oldest and largest of the girls that immediately became concerned. Then Julia had told them all, in her overbearing, commanding voice that none of them could remember any name attached to them. She told them to ask Michelle about it, she'd explain. Then, before any of them had time to protest, Julia piled them into a taxi and within minutes they were at Michelle's house and their new home.

But now, a few days later, the oldest girl's initial worries began to return to her as she showered, her hands helplessly drawn to her massively oversize breasts. *So far they've done a good job*, she thought, feeling the mild tension and fullness within her breasts. *And they were polite about how I look too*, she continued. Not one of the girls had mentioned the massive size of her breasts, each of which hung to her hips, the massive teardrops of flesh wide enough to block her from clearing the narrowest of doorways. But she was used to those. *As used to fifty pounds of breasts as a girl could get*, she supposed. It was her nipples that had her worried.

From the moment they're created milk dolls make milk. Far more milk than any lactating woman would naturally. From there it became a symbiotic relationship. The Mother's of the Apocalypse needed her milk to fuel their supernatural powers and the milk dolls needed them to drain the ever present and ever increasing supply of milk from their breasts. The problem was that **only** Mothers of the Apocalypse could even hope to coax any milk from a milk doll's breast. With this one simple fact there was no need to tie or shackle or even do much convincing to keep a milk doll from running away. Either she stayed and was milked... or ran away and grew.

She shuttered when she thought back to one milk doll she had seen Julia abandon 3 years before, Her name was Sharon. Julia had been out of town for several days and while she took a few milk dolls with her she didn't take them all. What Julia had forgotten was that Sharon was teetering on the edge of doom and that she hadn't been milked in three days even before they left. When she returned nearly a week later Julia realized her error and tried to suckle from the poor left-behind milk doll. But any milk doll who is not milked for awhile begins to grow, first simply to hold more milk, but then to produce more milk as well. Soon her nipples got into the act as well, growing proportionately to her breasts. So when Julia tried to suckle from Sharon she found the milk doll's nipple too large to fit within her mouth. She tried again, stretching the girl's nipple slightly as she tried to draw it in. But it was no use, her nipple had simply grown too long and, more importantly, too thick to be suckled.

Julia sighed, as if she'd lost a mildly amusing toy and walked over to the next nearest milk doll for her daily drink, ignoring the oversized milk dolls pleas for her to return. She knew that not being milked wasn't exactly painful, but was certainly very uncomfortable. She'd experienced this first hand when she'd made the mistake of mouthing off to Julia just before they left for Brazil. But she didn't even want to imagine what that poor girl had gone through.

Over the next few days Julia acted as if Sharon didn't even exist, ignoring her as she grew, except when she stopped to tease her. On one of those occasions Julia

went to the room the milk dolls shared and stood in the doorway. "Oh Sharon!" she called out. The other girls backed away from Sharon, knowing that now was not the time to comfort her, not when Julia sounded this happy. "I have a surprise for you... I figured out a way to get you down to a more manageable size... all you have to do is come with me and we'll get you all taken care of." Julia smiled and turned from the door and walked away only to return a few seconds later, a look of mock concern on her face. "Well, come on... let's go... you want them smaller don't you?" Sharon tried to push herself to her feet, but in the last few days her breasts has grown, slowly at first, but with increasing speed as time went on. Now each breast was larger than Julia's belly, their weight pulling them to the cold floor. They were too large for her to get on all fours, as her hands would not reach the floor, or for her to sit, as her breasts held her torso too far up for her butt to reach the floor, so she settled for kneeling, leaning forward, the bulk of her weight supported by what was getting to be close to two hundred pounds of breasts. Her hands hopelessly massaged her gigantic nipples, nipples that looked more like small traffic cones at this point than anything else, their dark brown pebbly flesh barely denting under her ministrations. Sharon blinked, looking up at Julia through her tear streaked eyes, sniffed and tried to push herself forward toward the door. She barely even moved, the weight and size of her breasts pinning her to the floor. She tried again, this time grabbing her nipples and pulling up, as if trying to get some of the weight off the floor. She lurched forward, but no more than an inch. She tried again as Julia returned to the door a second time. "Come on, do you want me to fix this or not?" she smiled. "I don't have all day..." she added, tapping her foot against the floor before waddling away again.

Sharon pushed and pulled at her massive breasts, struggling to move even a tiny bit closer to the door. She had made it a bit less than a foot closer to the door when Julia returned. "Gee, I guess you **don't** want to be any smaller. I never figured you for a big boob fetish, but hey, to each his own." Julia smirked then waited a moment before she turned and waddled away. Sharon broke down in tears as the other milk dolls tried to comfort her, reminding her that Julia had no intention of helping her...that Julia was just torturing her. But knowledge of what Julia was doing didn't stop Sharon's breasts from continuing to grow. Within a day Julia had ordered Sharon to keep quiet, as her pleas made it impossible to sleep... even with the hypno-voiced order within a few more days she was moaning from the discomfort and finally, unable to sleep for the noise, Julia had moved them all to another location, leaving the still growing Sharon behind.

Now the oldest of Julia's former milk dolls was facing the same doom. She sat down in the bathtub and hefted one of her breasts awkwardly in her arms, pulling it upward until her oversized nipple was hovering just in front of her mouth. She leaned forward, sucking her nipple into her mouth, feeling its size and texture before allowing it to slide from her lips. *About the same size as last week, but a helluva lot bigger than the week before that*, she thought. Although she probably could go the better part of a week... maybe even a full seven days without being milked before she would grow out of control the enemy she faced was much harder to beat than Sharon's had been. She had to fight middle class morality.

While evil Mothers of the Apocalypse had no qualms about nursing from her, in fact Julia was the one that had cursed her and the other girls with the massive

milky breasts of doom, but she'd never known a good Mother of the Apocalypse to indulge, aside from Michelle that night at the hotel with the two younger milk dolls. But even then Julia had to do some serious mental voodoo on both of the milk dolls before they could seduce Michelle and get her to do what Julia wanted her to do. Now she was stuck. Even if Michelle was game there were four of them and each of them required milking on a daily basis to keep them from growing. Michelle could try to keep them all milked down, but within a few days Michelle would certainly discover what over consumption of milk did to a Mother of the Apocalypse, if she didn't already know.

As she turned off the shower and began to dry off she heard arguing coming from the upstairs hallway, as she dried herself off, a task made extraordinarily more time consuming by her breasts, she heard the front door slam once, then again and a minute later a third time. She pulled on the clearly inadequate top she'd been given to wear and tried to tug it down to completely cover her breasts, but unfortunately it barely covered her nipples, leaving the full lower curves of her breasts uncovered. She looked at her reflection and sighed. While not really modest she was still seventeen years old and really didn't feel like showing this much boob. *On the other hand*, she considered... she did have three girls in the house that needed to be convinced of the necessity of suckling and given what she'd seen of even good Mother's of the Apocalypse... *From a lust standpoint I have the edge*, she thought and pulled her top off, throwing it over her shoulder before heading out of the bathroom, through the bedroom and into the hallway.

"What was all that about?" she asked, watching as Mandy and Candy's heads turned to look at her, began to turn away, then swiveled back, staring directly at her breasts, their mouths falling open as if they were one person controlling two bodies. "Hello?" she asked again, watching as their eyes darted upward briefly before returning to her breasts. It was only then that she noticed how large Mandy and Candy had become. Granted, they were nowhere near Julia sized, but they were big for Mothers of the Apocalypse. Given the amount of milk they'd had trying to force their bodies back to normal it really wasn't a surprise, but still, they'd have a hell of a time pretending to be normal teenagers, pregnant or otherwise.

"Uh," she began, then remembered what he'd had in mind before she'd seen the two girls. "Do you have any bigger tops?" she asked, pouting as she took the top off her shoulder and pulled it on, "This one barely covers my nipples," the milk doll continued, allowing the elastic of the waistband of the top to pull her nipples upward. *Damn, too far*, she thought as Mandy and Candy looked away. Candy grabbed a top lying across the bed and tossed it to the milk doll, trying to appear nonchalant as she glanced between the milk doll's breasts and face. "Here you go," Candy said. "Won't fit either of us anyway."

"Thanks," she said as she pulled on the top and felt it cover, miraculously enough, her entire front, "but the other milk dolls and I are starting to have a problem," she said, as she reached under her huge, low-slung breasts, tapping her fingertips against their full lower curves as she talked, emphasizing their size, weight and density. "I don't know how much you know about milk dolls, but we just keep making milk no matter if it's used up or not."

"But..." Mandy said, getting the problem right away, "what happens when

you're full? I thought you couldn't express milk on your own. Do they start leaking or something?"

"No..." and, acting as demure as she could, she said, "They just grow to hold it all." The elder milk doll rubbed one of her feet against the other as she looked down from their gaze, bracing herself against the wall with her hand. "And the bigger they are the more they make, so you can kinda see the problem," she added, trying to give her breasts as much of a shake as she could then fell silent, waiting for Mandy and Candy to put things together for themselves.

"All that milk," Mandy said, staring at those massive breasts.

"Is that why you're boobs are so big?" Candy asked, her head tilting to get a better view of the eldest milk doll's breasts.

"Big and heavy," she replied, lifting her breasts all of a half inch before allowing them to drop again, the jell-o like shuttering continuing for a minute or so. "The problem is that if they get too big I can't nurse anymore and then they'll just keep growing."

"God," Mandy said, biting her lower lip, still mesmerized.

"Is that why you're nipples are so big?" Candy said unconsciously licking her lips.

"Yeah," she replied, still trying to look as embarrassed and shy as possible, which really wasn't all that hard. "They grow along with your boobs and when they're too big..."

Mandy gasped quietly as Candy finished the thought, "they're too big to suck... and they just grow forever," her voice quieting to a whisper.

The door downstairs slammed closed as someone came in and headed very slowly up the stairs, the noise breaking the spell the elder milk doll had been weaving. "Uh..." Candy said, looking away, "We have to talk to Michelle about this," she said quickly.

"and do some major groveling and butt kissing," Mandy added.

It was a dismissal and she knew it. The eldest milk doll nodded. "I'm going to let the other girls know I talked to you. They're worried too, she said and went into the bedroom where the other three milk dolls slept.

CHAPTER 56

Mandy and Candy waited a moment to see if whoever had come in the front door was coming upstairs but when they heard someone walking into the kitchen looked to each other for a moment, the look carrying their thoughts in a way only twins are capable of.

"You really think we're ready to try the stairs?" Candy asked.

"Ready or not if that's Michelle we have to go talk to her," Mandy replied as she headed for the bedroom door, Candy following close behind. They headed down the hallway and turned toward the top of the stairs, then paused, looking down the steep flight of stairs. Rather **tried** to look down the steep flight of stairs. In fact all they saw were their own massive bellies, blocking the view.

"Okay, so now what?" Candy asked frowning.

Mandy looked back and Candy and shrugged before she turned sideways, facing the handrail and grabbed it with her left hand. Carefully she felt for the edge of the step and, once she found it, carefully but decisively stepped down. But when she reached for the railing with her right hand she found that the size of her belly prevented both hands from holding the railing at the same time, even if she pushed her belly into the balusters. After struggling for a moment she gave in, releasing her left hand's grip and swinging her belly to her left side before grabbing the railing with her right hand. *Now I've just got to do that like fifteen more times*, Mandy thought, already tired. "Wash, rinse and repeat," Mandy mumbled and began fighting her way slowly down the stairs.

Ten minutes later Mandy and Candy had made it to the bottom of the stairs and waddled toward the sounds of movement at the rear of the house, in the kitchen.

"Michelle?" Mandy called out as the twins waddled toward the kitchen.

The two girls continued on despite the lack of a response to find Michelle's mother, June, preparing a meal. She glanced up at them coldly before returning to work.

"Oh... I thought you were Michelle..." Mandy said.

"We are so sorry," Candy blurted out. "We never meant to upset Michelle like that it just..."

June cut her off. "It's not me you have to apologize to," June explained. "I just got Michelle on her cell phone. She should be home in a half hour. When she's good with you, I am too. Understood?"

Mandy nodded, obviously embarrassed by her earlier behavior. "Anything we can do to help?"

"No." June replied and turned away from the twins.

Candy turned and began to waddle to the living room, with a glance back Mandy followed her. Once Candy was halfway to the sofa and Mandy was entering the living room the front door swung open. Mandy and Candy both turned expectantly but looked crestfallen as Mary stepped through the threshold. "Oh, it's you," the girls said together.

"Gee thanks," Mary replied, shoving her hands into her pockets. "It's indifferent to see you too."

"That's not what I meant," Mandy said, rubbing her belly with both hands, "We thought you were Michelle. Did you find her?"

"No," Mary said and shrugged as she crossed the room and sat next to Mandy, "I got a few blocks from the house and realized I had no idea where she headed when she left so I came back."

"June says that she got Michelle on her cell. She's on her way back." Candy said.

"Good. Cause we have something to deal with... besides the apologizing," Candy said.

"What's the problem," Mary said, now very concerned, rubbing her fingers back and forth in her pockets.

"Well," Mandy said and sighed, "It looks like unless we can find a better solution there's going to be a whole lot more sucking going on here than any of us are comfortable with."

"Wha..." Mary stuttered, a lump rising in her throat as she suddenly went pale.

"Milk doll problem," Candy said. "Not sure what we're gonna do about it."

Mary let out a breath she didn't even realize she'd been holding and wiped her brow.

"Gee, what did you think it was?" Mandy asked and laughed.

"I...uh..." Mary began then reached over and placed her hand on Mandy's belly. "How is all this going?" she asked, rubbing her hand across the taut curved skin, holding back a gasp as her fingertips rubbed over the tight, rubbery skin.

Mandy glared at Mary, not even noticing her stifled gasp, "Don't ask. It just feels weirder and weirder as time goes on."

"Don't forget, I've been through this too," Mary said, still running her hand back and forth against Mandy's belly, both girls now beginning to get into it.

"Yeah," Candy replied, "but you didn't even get to be half this size before you got changed back.

"So?" Mary said wistfully, her voice taking a relaxed tone as she began rubbing her fingertips in circles on Mandy's belly.

"So..." Mandy began, slowly looking over to Mary's face, her breathing becoming heavier until she saw the same look she felt on her own face mirrored on Mary's. Mary must have realized the same thing and she yanked her hand back as if she's touched a hot stove. Luckily for both Mandy and Mary at that moment the front door opened and someone came into the front hallway, walking heavily.

Mandy and Candy tried to push themselves to their feet as Michelle got to the living room doorway.

"Michelle I am so sorry!" both girls said in unison. "We didn't mean it!"

Michelle sighed. "Yes you did, but its okay. I understand." Mandy and Candy relaxed visibly as Michelle began to speak again, "But you two have got to get over this. Being..."

Mandy cut off Michelle, "Get over this?" she said angrily, "**This?**" she added, holding her oversized belly on both sides with her hands. "**How am I supposed to...**" Mandy's voice trailed off as she noticed the looks she was getting from everyone in the room, including her sister. "Sorry," she whispered. "It's going to take some

time...”

“Anyway, we have a bigger problem. The oldest milk doll is going to start having trouble unless she’s milked soon,” Candy said. “I guess the younger ones won’t be far behind.”

“Which one is the oldest?” Michelle asked.

“Uh, the blonde mouthy one,” Mandy replied.

“Amy,” Candy said.

“Who?” Michelle asked.

“Well we can’t just keep calling them the oldest or the one with the scar on her arm or the one with the huge nipples...”, Candy stopped herself, “Not that I’ve noticed...” Candy plowed ahead, hoping no one noticed what she’s said. “Why don’t we just give them names for us to use so we can tell who’s who.”

“Like Amy for the oldest.” Michelle said, “Good idea. What about the others?”

“A, B, C, D.” Mary offered. “Amy, Kari, Debbie... What’s a good B name?”

“Bobbi,” Mandy offered.

“Bella,” Michelle opined.

“Buffy,” Mary added.

“Why don’t we just pick one so we can talk about their problem...” Candy sighed.

“Fine. It’s Booby... Bobbi,” Michelle said and half-coughed, half-choked.

“Doesn’t Kari start with a k,” Mary asked. The girls all stared at her for a moment. “**Anyway...**” Mandy continued, “Amy’s not just the oldest, she’s the biggest... and the bigger she gets the bigger her nipples get and when they get too big to ... let her milk be expressed... her boobs will just keep growing and growing and not stop.”

“We’ll come up with something,” Michelle said.

“But it’s not gonna just be a problem for Amy,” Mary reminded them. “I wasn’t as big as any of these girls when I was a milk doll, but mine were growing the whole time...”

“Yeah, “ Mandy and Candy echoed before Mandy continued, “Anytime you’re not being milked they grow. We have maybe a week to come up with a solution before it’s too late for Amy, maybe a week and a half or two weeks before the other... before Bobbi, Kari and Debbie start growing out of control.

“So what do we do about it?” Mandy asked.

“Let me talk to some people, I have some contacts,” Michelle said cryptically.

“Fine, just let us know,” Mandy said. “Where’s Marie anyway?” she asked.

“She’s still asleep I think,” Candy said. “She was up late last night. Some of the milk dolls....uh... Kari and Debbie were pretty upset. I don’t know what it was about but she calmed them down.”

“I’m gonna go check on them and talk to... Amy,” Michelle said, thinking for a moment. “The other girls all look up to her. Maybe she can help calm their nerves.” Michelle turned and waddled heavily toward the stairs.

“I’m going to order pizza, you want the usual?” June asked as she stepped into the central hall just as Michelle began climbing the stairs.

“Yeah. Thanks,” Michelle replied and smiled. June eyed her daughter for a

moment before deciding the smile was genuine and then returned the cheery look before returning to the kitchen.

Michelle fought her way up the stairs, what little remaining energy she possessed having been expended walking back from the café near Kristen's house. *Hopefully Julia was just kidding when she told me what she did to Kristen*, she thought. *Maybe her jeans really are just a little too tight.*

After almost ten minutes Michelle finally made it to the top of the stairs and waddled to the door to the back bedroom and reached for the knob, stopping just as she was about to turn it. She paused for a moment, drawing back her hand and knocked quietly. After a moment Michelle heard shuffling and then the door opened, first just a few inches to reveal Amy's face then just wide enough for Amy to slide her massive breasts through the door and pull it closed again. "Good, we need to talk," she said, her breasts sliding across Michelle's invisible belly as she tried to slip past Michelle into the hallway. "Whoa," she said and gasped, steadying her swaying breasts with her hands, "You gotta stop wearing that necklace around here. The more my boobs rub against your belly the bigger it gets. It takes awhile, but I'm getting the feeling we're in this for the long haul." Amy said, already through the door into Michelle's bedroom.

Michelle followed Amy into the room, waddling slowly and closed the door behind her. "I think we have a solution to the whole name mess thing," Michelle began. "See, we're going to..." Michelle trailed off as Amy stripped off her top and turned to face Michelle, her hands on the outer curves of her breasts, trying valiantly to stop the tiny little breast quakes shuttering through her wide, massive ovoid spheres. "Uh... what are you doing? This is serious."

"So is this," Amy said. "I get milked or I get bigger. I can't get much bigger. They weigh like forty or fifty pounds now. So get to work."

Michelle blushed and looked away before she continued speaking quietly. "We figured out how to deal with the name thing," Michelle repeated, biting her lower lip as she tried to stop stealing glances at Amy's huge nipples. "We're going to give all four of you names oldest to youngest. You'll be Amy, then it's Bobbi, Kari and Debbie."

"This is a lot more serious than..." Amy trailed off. "Bobbi, Kari and Debbie?" she asked, surprised. "How'd you make it so I can hear their names?" she asked, forgetting about her massive breasts for a moment, although her hands continued to dance across their surface.

"I don't think **their** names were ever the problem. You just can't hear any name people call you," Michelle smiled.

"Fine, but how does that help me," Amy frowned.

"Well..." Michelle mused, I could try ordering you to remember your name again but my batteries are dead."

"Yeah, yeah, yeah," Amy said, "Any excuse to..." she trailed off, not wanting to embarrass Michelle out of the room or worse into not helping with the most pressing problem at hand. "So, how are we gonna do this?" Amy asked.

Michelle waddled across the room and sat heavily on the edge of the bed, rubbing her hips with her hands as she settled in. "Come over here," she said, motioning Amy forward. Amy walked over, her feet rolling, ball to heel, as if to

minimize the bouncing she experienced with each step. Then she walked right into the huge, round, invisible orb of Michelle's belly, her breasts bouncing this way and that as they rebounded off the swollen sphere. Amy took a half-step back, rolling her eyes as her tried in vain to steady her breasts. "You have **got** to stop wearing that damn thing," Amy said, mildly upset.

"Like you wouldn't wear it all the time if you had one," Michelle said, for the first time talking honestly about why she wore the necklace so much. Unfortunately Amy had little time for this at the moment. She stepped forward again hoisting her right breast in her hands, just high enough to clear Michelle's seated belly and, with Michelle's help, guided Amy's nipple to her mouth. While not a lesbian Amy had to admit that the sensation of having her breasts suckled, especially since her nipples had grown to this size, was amazing. As Michelle sucked Amy wondered silently if enjoying this made her a lesbian. *Well, enjoying smoking marijuana if you have glaucoma doesn't make you a druggie*, she thought as she felt the pressure within her breast drop away as Michelle continued to drink, mindless of the time or amount of milk she was drinking. Then, as suddenly as she began Michelle stopped, allowing the huge nipple to slip reluctantly from between her lips. Amy began to lift her left breast up but Michelle shooed her away. "Hello, just recharging, remember?" she said as she wiped her lips with her forearm. Amy looked at her for a moment but held her tongue.

"Okay," Michelle said. "Let's try this." Suddenly Michelle's voice took on a deeper, more harmonic resonance. "Your name is Amy." she said.

Amy looked at her puzzled for a moment then shook her head. Michelle frowned for a moment then seemed to concentrate. Her voice took on an even greater richness as she said, "Tell me what your name is."

Amy's mouth popped open, surprising her, as if she spoke without her own consent or desire. "I don't know," she said monotonically, her eyes growing wide as she looked down, crossing her eyes as if she could catch a glimpse of her errant lips speaking.

"Dammit," Michelle said, giving up, "I guess Julia is just a lot stronger than me, I guess that's what it is, right?"

"Yes," Amy said, only now realizing Michelle's voice was still colored by the deep harmonious, commanding tone.

Michelle blinked. "You still need the other side emptied?" Michelle asked.

"Yes," Amy replied, now growing nervous, unsure if Michelle realized she was invoking her powers or not.

"Then let me help you," she said, motioning for Amy to step closer. Amy began hefting her breast and Michelle guided it toward her increasingly blushing face. Suddenly she paused. "This is okay isn't it?" Michelle asked, "Just tell me... This doesn't make me some lesbian boob freak, does it?"

"No, it doesn't," Amy replied, unable to disobey Michelle's command even had she wanted to.

Michelle sighed with relief as she pulled Amy closer, drawing Amy's nipple into her mouth as she caressed Amy's right breast with her free hand.

"Thanks... I don't want to be some freak.... I just want to be normal..." Michelle said before she began nursing in earnest, sucking Amy's nipple and much of

her areola between her lips.

“I know...” Amy said though her heavy breathing as she ran her fingers through Michelle’s hair, unable to tell if Michelle’s voice was still directing her actions or not.

“Believe me, I know.”

CHAPTER 57

An hour later Michelle lay on her side, reclining on her bed, feeling the warm flush of power filling her. Amy was in the bathroom cleaning up as Michelle basked in the afterglow of her feeding, a feeling of wellbeing and happiness filling her. Soon Amy returned to the room, her top already back on, drying her hair with a towel. "Thanks," Amy said, "I feel a lot better. You didn't need to take so much though."

"You seemed pretty uncomfortable," Michelle hummed, her eyes closed, as she rolled slightly toward her back before returning fully to her side, rubbing the side of her belly with one hand, propping her head up with the other, unaware that her current pose was almost identical to the position Julia was in when Michelle had first met her, a fact that did not escape Amy's notice.

"So what are we gonna do about the other girls?" Amy said conversationally, pulling up the desk chair and turning it around, beginning to sit down on it backwards until her breasts began to press against the high back. She sighed and turned it around one handed and sat down, her breasts filling her lap and spilling off to either side.

"What about them?" Michelle asked. They've all just been milked when we rescued Mandy, Candy and Marie.

"Uh, that's was yesterday," Amy said cautiously, unsure if she had been getting through to Michelle. "We each need to be milked everyday or else we start growing," Amy reminded her.

"I'll figure something out," Michelle sing-songed, still obviously very cheery from her recent refueling.

"Well, maybe if we get the other three of you to help out," Amy mused.

Suddenly Michelle's eyes snapped open, a look of cold anger apparent in her face, "**NO!**" Michelle said, jumping to her feet as if she had the agility of an Olympic gymnast. In only three steps she crossed the room and grabbed Amy by the upper arms. Amy tried to back away, afraid of what Michelle might do in her fully powered anger, but she realized Michelle's hands carried no more than normal human strength and the look she had taken for anger was now obviously terror.

"Please! You can't ask them!" Michelle implored, "If you do they'll know.... Please don't tell them. Don't ask them to help. I'll find a way. Please!" Michelle begged, tears running down her face as she shook Amy by the arms.

Amy looked at Michelle in wonder, unsure what to make of this poor conflicted girl after so many years with one so evil and conniving as Julia. For a moment she just looked at Michelle, stone-faced before the sincerity of Michelle's words and reaction pushed past her years of cynicism. Amy looked into Michelle's eyes and smiled and pulled Michelle closer to her. She slid slightly to Michelle's side where it was actually possible for her to approach, despite her massive endowments and gave Michelle a hug, holding her as Michelle stood as if stunned for a moment before wrapping her arms around Amy's back, pulling them closer together.

After several minutes Michelle sniffed and broke their hug, stepping back and wiping her eyes. "Thanks. I really needed that."

"Yeah, it looked like you did," Amy smiled. "Don't worry, I'll never tell them a thing," she continued.

Michelle looked at Amy for a moment, a thought coming to mind. "I know," she said, looking deep into Amy's eyes. Then she turned away, looking far into the distance out her bedroom window. "I just wish..." she began.

"Wish what?" Amy asked as she walked up Michelle from behind, reaching out to put her hand on her shoulder.

"That I knew you better..." Michelle said, "That I knew I could trust you," she continued, "That I didn't have to do this..." she finished, slowly turning back toward Amy.

Amy drew her hand back, holding it aloft in the air as if she'd just snatched it back from certain doom instead of from a friendly shoulder. Michelle had turned toward Amy, but she didn't look Amy in the face as she spoke slowly, choosing her words carefully as she spoke, as if not wanting to do any more or any less than she had to as her voice became more resonant.

"You'll do nothing to let anyone know I'm... taking care of your milk problem. You won't tell anyone I'm nursing from you or do anything that would give anyone the indication that I am. What we do together regarding your breasts will be between me and you alone." Michelle considered for a moment, her lips moving as she repeated the words silently to herself. "Do you understand?"

"You didn't need to do that," Amy said unhappily. "I know how much it means to you."

"Do you understand?" she asked desperately. Amy couldn't tell if she was intentionally invoking her power or not.

"Yes." Amy said, the goodwill she'd been feeling toward Michelle fading away.

Michelle turned and waddled slowly back to her bed before she turned around and lowered herself carefully onto the mattress, still not looking at Amy. She didn't say anything for a minute or so. When she spoke it was barely a whisper, her voice hoarse from her crying. "I'm sorry... I just can't take the chance... I can't risk the few friends I still have over some sick lesbo..."

Amy cut her off coldly, "What about the other girls. They need to be milked. Not tomorrow, not the day after. Today."

"I know... can you send them in one at a time...I'll take care of it." Michelle said, still not looking up at Amy.

"But you know if..." Amy trailed off. *Screw her .After all that we just went through the bitch can't trust me? Fine. Let her get big as a fucking house from drinking all that goddamned milk.*

"What?" Michelle asked, only now looking up through her tears and into Amy's cold eyes, looking away when she saw Amy's expression.

Seeing the genuine guilt in Michelle's eyes her expression began to soften... but not much.

"Nothing. I'll send them in."

CHAPTER 58

That first night it took a long time for them to work from girl to girl, between the actual milking and the carefully chosen commands she gave them each as she finished with them. Even as she finished she thought about what she'd done and what else she could have done and realized she'd done the only thing she could do, no matter how bad doing it had made her feel. Although she hadn't realized it that first night, there was a certain feeling of fullness that she'd felt after drinking a certain amount of milk. A sort of high water mark, as if she'd been topped off. Unfortunately that feeling came quickly when she was still nursing from the first girl each night, long before she finished drawing enough milk from each girl to relieve the pressure that would eventually force their breasts to grow larger if she didn't release the milk from within them.

On the day after their first milking, when Michelle left the house to go to the market and pick up some stuff for dinner Amy was in the room she shared with the other milk dolls trying to figure out how pissed she was going to be with Michelle as she played with her breasts. She glanced around the room, long since over the embarrassment of fondling her huge breasts in front of the other milk dolls. It was an unfortunate side effect of being a milk doll, although if it was just because of being a milk doll or because of her breasts added sensitivity she couldn't say, but she couldn't keep her hands off her breasts when she was idle. And these days, unless she wanted four sets of leering milk-hungry eyes staring at her as she bounced around the house she wound up idling in her room with the girls that she now knew as Bobbi, Kari and Debbie, all of them playing with their breasts.

Curiously enough Michelle's little idea had worked better than she'd thought possible, making it harder for her to remain mad at her, despite the violation of Michelle imposing her will on Amy the night before. As she worked her breasts, one nipple in each hand she heard Michelle call out from the first floor to anyone within earshot, explaining she was going to the supermarket. She heard Michelle walking quickly to the front door then heard the door slam heavily as she left.

Good, she thought. Now there's no chance of running into her and having to deal with that awkward moment where they avoided each others gaze before Michelle apologized yet again... yet was unwilling to remove the command she had imposed.

Amy was already to her feet before it had even occurred to her that she hadn't actually decided to go anywhere. She dug through her pile of clothes, the ones June had brought for them until she found the smallest, most useless top she had. Amy watched her hands move through the clothes, confused and terrified, but as she caught sight of herself in the mirror behind the dresser she realized she didn't look distressed. She pulled on the tiny top, looking in the mirror to adjust it so that her upper areola were barely covered by the fabric before she headed for the coat tree in the corner of the room and grabbed a bathrobe, sliding it on, allowing it to frame her nipples and the full, lower curves of her breasts. She twisted this way and that in front of the mirror, allowing the robe to fall naturally open, as if by accident, a suspicion growing in her mind as to what was going on even as she watched her body continue to move on autopilot, watching helplessly as her body moved and acted without her

consent, although undoubtedly moving in the way that she would have, were she wanting to do any of what she was doing.

“Be right back,” she said to the girls, not even realizing she was talking to Bobbi, Kari and Debbie until after she said it. She sauntered down the hallway, her hips swaying, the motion of her hips and thighs relaying their sway to her breasts, sending them moving in the opposite direction. Soon she came to the door of the bedroom Mandy & Candy were sharing and she paused, knocking quietly before she poked her head in, looking to see if anyone was there.

Still on autopilot she spotted Candy sitting on the edge of her bed, doing something Amy was very familiar with, trying to wrestle her oversize breasts into her top. While her breasts weren’t nearly as large as Amy’s, she did have the added disadvantage of her massive belly to deal with. Between the two getting on any type of top that could possibly hold her breasts in place was a challenge, and the fact that the only top she had that would do the job was a stretchy elastic top just compounded the problem. She fought with her breasts, their large size compounded with their soft texture, so unlike the heavy fullness of the milk doll’s heavily laden breasts. It was like trying to shove a beanbag chair into a too small trash bag.

Amy watched, disconnected, still wondering what was going on, but strangely she wasn’t upset... although she suspected that things would be different when whatever the hell was happening had stopped.

“Uh... Can I talk to you for a minute?” Amy asked quietly.

Candy looked up from her losing battle and blushed, glanced down and shrugged, giving up not only on the top, but, for the moment, on her modesty as she pulled the top off and balled it up, tossing it neatly into the trash can across the room.

“Sure,” Candy sighed. “How the hell do you deal with these things?” she sighed.

Amy laughed, inwardly wondering where all this was going. “It’s not easy... at least yours aren’t filled with milk.”

“Thank God,” Candy said, unable to pull her eyes from Amy’s bloated breasts.

“That’s kinda what I’m here about,” Amy said as she crossed the room and pulled up a chair, sitting just a few feet in front of Candy’s belly. *Sounds like we’re finally getting to the point*, she thought. As the conversation began she took advantage of the fact that she **wasn’t** running the show to really give Candy a good once over, still surprised how large Candy’s belly had gotten in just three days. *Not like I know how long it took for Julia to get that big, but I bet a lot of that was from too much milk.*

Now the conversation began to get interesting. Amy took a deep breath before she began to speak. “I got a problem. You know how milk dolls work, right?”

“Well, pretty much,” Candy said, “I was one for a few hours.”

“Only a few hours? Lucky!” Amy laughed.

“A few hours was enough,” Candy sighed. “It was horrible, There was this pressure that just kept building and building, filling my boobs and the worse the pressure got the bigger they got.”

Amy nodded in understanding, now suspecting inwardly just what was going on. “Yeah, so you’ll really understand just what’s going on and why I’m asking you

what I'm gonna ask." Candy looked at her, cocking her head to listen. "What you said is true as far as it goes. That's just how it is when they first do this to you," she said, indicating her breasts. But then the pressure drops off... for awhile."

Candy tilted her head toward Amy as she blushed, breaking Candy's gaze. "But the pressure starts growing again as they fill up with milk," Amy said, resting her hands on the side of her breasts. "As long as you're milked down every day the pressure goes away and you're fine... but if you're not.... They start to grow again."

Candy nodded, unsure of where this was going.

Amy, on the other hand, had her suspicions confirmed as she continued to speak.

"I guess it's kinda obvious that this isn't the size I started out," Amy explained. "I wasn't much bigger than Kari when all this started. But I'm a smartass and Julia doesn't appreciate smart asses. So she'd punish me the nastiest way she could. She wouldn't milk me. Since she was the only one that could milk me they started to grow... it didn't happen all at once... but an inch here... an inch there... and worst of all... an inch here," she said, slowly and with great difficulty lifting her breast with both hands until her huge nipple was pointing upwards between the two girls. Amy laughed nervously as Candy stared lustfully, mouth agape. "More like an inch and a half, huh?" Amy paused before continuing. "They're like three inches long now but the bad part isn't the length, it's the thickness. If they grow much more they'll be too big to... get the milk out... then they'll just keep growing and growing forever."

If Amy's inner monologue could have gasped she would have gasped now. *Dammit Michelle!* she thought. *'You won't tell anyone I'm nursing from you or do anything that would give anyone the indication that I am... That bitch!* Now it was all clear to Amy. If Michelle was sucking her boobs she wouldn't need anyone else to do it... so if she didn't ask someone else to help her... she'd be giving away that **someone** was drinking her milk... and that must count as an indication. *Fuck Michelle!* she thought, then wondered to herself... *I wonder... If I go along with this... Maybe I can....*

"So I have to get them emptied out every day," Amy said, fully in control of the words leaving her mouth. "And only a Mother of the Apocalypse can do it." *That's much better,* she thought.

Suddenly Candy realized what was being asked of her. "No," she laughed, as if this was some sort of embarrassing joke. "I can't... even if I wanted to..." she continued, trying to push herself back from the edge of the bed unsuccessfully even as her eyes remained firmly fixed on Amy's nipples.

"It's okay... I know it's really gross but..."

Candy cut Amy off. "It's not just that. I can't. I'd turn evil! Only evil Mothers of the Apocalypse can drink human milk."

"How can it be evil to relieve someone's suffering," Amy said, tapping her fingertips against the swollen, milk filled lower curves of her breasts, exaggerating her discomfort for effect. Seeing the look on Candy's face Amy realized she had almost won the girl over. "Well... just a drop wouldn't be enough to do anything would it? I've heard that evil things make you good Mothers of the Apocalypse feel bad right?"

Candy nodded, clearly mesmerized, looking for an out.

“Well, why don’t you try helping me... and if it’s really evil...you’ll know...” Amy said as she got to her feet, allowing her robe to fall onto the chair as she stood up and approached Candy, stepping forward until her breasts hovered just inches from Candy’s nose.

“Maybe just a try...” Candy said, running her tongue over her pouty lips. “But you have to understand... this is just... it has to be...”

“You scratch my back, I’ll scratch yours. I don’t nurse and tell.” Amy smiled.

Candy evidently took Amy at her word and leaned forward quickly, as if not to give herself time to change her mind and drew Amy’s nipple into her mouth. She sucked for a moment, then paused, as if waiting for some thing. It was an oddly comedic moment as Candy sat there, looking upward, contemplating, Amy’s oversize nipple still in her mouth. Finally, after what seemed like forever Candy shrugged and resumed suckling, wrapping her arms around Amy and leaning backwards, pulling them both onto the bed.

CHAPTER 59

In the four days since Michelle had begun taking care of all the girl's milk issues she found herself filled with energy. Power all but bursting from within her, radiating from her like there was a huge bright light within her. She was careful to take it easy when anyone besides the milk dolls was around, waddling slowly back and forth, complaining about the weight she drug around with her and the hot sweaty summer, just as they all expected.

It was on the morning of the second day of her new job as self-appointed maid-a-milking that she thought she noticed something. By the third day she was sure.

She had tried to burn off the massive amounts of power she was generating from her over consumption of milk, but it was a losing battle. No matter how much running around she did, how much gymnastics she tried, how many cinderblocks she destroyed with the burning hand trick she could not hope to burn off enough power to stop her own growth. Luckily no one else ever saw her without her amulet, because without the amulet it was becoming obvious something was going on.

On the morning of her fourth day milking all four girls Michelle awoke around seven in the morning to a quiet beeping from her cell phone. She reached over, feeling blindly over the top of her nightstand. She grabbed her phone and popped it open. "Meet me @ the Café 9:00 Kris" Michelle closed the phone then popped it open again, glancing at the time before she closed it again and tossed it back onto the nightstand. She stretched for a moment then relaxed. Feeling the power within her, not sure if she was imagining the feeling that it had lessened somewhat overnight. She brushed the thought aside and with a flourish she whipped the thin bed sheet away and leaped to her feet, marveling at both her grace and power. Marveling until she got to her feet when she found herself unexpectedly off balance and began to teeter forward.

Michelle held out her hands in front of her, as if to block her fall. She barely registered as her hands began to glow white and her balance began to stabilize, a force pushing her backwards until she was again upright and on her feet. She pulled her hands back slowly, surprised, bringing them up just above her breasts and looking at her palms.

Michelle blinked. She blinked again, this time keeping her eyes closed as she rubbed them then opened them again, not believing what she was seeing. She waddled quickly to the full-length mirror at one side of her room and looked into her reflection, the reflection of a cute little redheaded seventeen-year-old girl in a sexy little nightie. She sighed, her shoulders dropping before she reached behind her neck and undid the clasp on her amulet and tossed it across the room onto the bed.

She stared at her reflection as the magic hiding her true shape dissipated, looking first with just curiosity, then concern, then a growing gnawing worry as she watched her belly and breasts expand, first to the size of those of a normal pregnant woman, then to the size she'd grown accustomed to over these last ten months. Then she crossed her fingers and waited for her appearance to stabilize. It didn't. Her belly and breasts continued to swell as the last of the magic hiding her true appearance

faded away, leaving her looking as she truly looked. *Fuck me, I'm a Goddamned cow*, she thought as she looked at herself, taking tiny steps back and forth to be sure of what she thought she saw. *Well, I knew this would happen*, she thought, *I just didn't think it would be this quick. Fuck!*

While by no means anywhere near as large as Julia she found herself looking perilously similar to Candy. Her breasts and belly were only inches away from being the same size as Candy's... *and Candy isn't going to stay in the lead for long*, Michelle thought, feeling either side of her belly with both hands, rubbing in large figure-eight motions. *What the fuck am I going to do?* she wondered. *I must have gained ten pounds, maybe twenty. Fuck!*

There was a knock at the door and before the door even began to open Michelle was across the room, her amulet back in place, her appearance returning to that of any seventeen-year-old girl just seconds before Debbie walked in, her fingers tapping on the lower curves of her breasts.

"Could you give me a hand," she asked after she closed the door. "They feel kinda heavy today... maybe just take the edge off?" Even after three days she still acted like a scared kitten, like Oliver asking for more gruel.

Michelle waddled over to the girl and smiled, putting her hand on the girl's shoulder and glancing down, thinking of her growing middle. She shook her head. "Sure. Whatever I can do to help," she said and they walked over to the bed, Debbie pulling off her top as they went.

Several hours later Michelle sat at the café near Kristen's house, hands flat on the tabletop, an iced cappuccino and some doughnuts begging her to eat them. For now though she just sat there, hands where she could see them. She realized quickly she was beginning to have the same problem she'd thought she'd licked months ago. When she first became a Mother of the Apocalypse she couldn't keep her hands off her belly, much like expectant mothers to be. It must have been the novelty of her new size and shape, for as she became accustomed to it she'd stopped with the rubbing. Just as well. The amulet she wore was magical, but it couldn't work miracles. What people saw when she wore her amulet while caressing her very gravid belly varied from person to person, but she felt it wasn't a good idea to tempt fate. All she needed was for the wrong person to half-see something and she'd be stuck with her very own Gladys Cravitz.

So she sat, hands flat on the table, waiting for Kristen to arrive. *I wonder what's so important that we have to get over here this early*, she thought, *Oh well, at least it gives me a chance to see that I was wrong about what I thought I saw last time*. She remembered Kristen's slightly swollen middle then dismissed the thought. *Even Julia can't do stuff like that...* she thought not really sure if she believed it or not.

It was nearly fifteen minutes after nine when Michelle saw Kristen approaching the café from the direction of her house. Waddling. It wasn't so much the severity of the waddle, it wasn't very bad at all, but the fact that she had one at all that shocked Michelle. Kristen walked with her feet further apart than normal, causing her hips to wobble slightly back and forth as she walked. She wore jeans and a t-shirt, but they were both obviously new purchases, purposefully a larger than

normal size, picked to try to cover an increasingly obvious flaw in her physique.

Kristen's belly pushed outward against her jeans, the waistband stretching across her middle just below her belly button, right across the very solid looking outcropping of a taut, smooth belly under pressure. She looked six months pregnant, her belly forming a shallow oval, filling her abdomen from below the waist to nearly three quarters of the way to her sternum. Her oversized t-shirt was obviously meant to hide her shape, but it draped over her belly, highlighting her outtie belly button, the shallow indentation around it and the curving line of the waistband of her jeans as it circled around what was unmistakably a pregnant belly.

Unmistakable to everyone but one teenage girl that refused to admit what her eyes and hands told her was true.

Michelle watched as Kristen waddled over to her table, trying not to stare at her belly as she approached. "Hi," Kristen said as she paused briefly at the table as she looked around for a waiter and, not seeing one, turned to Michelle. "Be right back, I'm just gonna grab milkshake and some doughnuts." She watched Kristen as she headed into the shop then closed her eyes, rubbing them with her hand.

"Hey, are you all right?" Kristen said a few minutes later. Michelle opened her eyes to see Kristen carefully lowering herself into her seat.

"Yeah..." Michelle said, closing her eyes, her head shaking slightly back and forth. "How are you?"

"Okay.... Uh, I was thinking, what do you think of those girls you see at the mall and school who are a little thick around the middle but still wear like normal sized tops and stuff?"

Michelle looked at Kristen, seeing that although she was really trying to hide it she was worried. "I think its great. All us girls should be comfortable with how we look no matter what. Some girls are thinner, some have big boobs, some don't, some have big butts..."

Kristen cut her off, "And some people are chubby around the middle and some are pretty much perfect looking."

"Yeah right, I'd like to meet someone like that," Michelle laughed before she realized who Kristen was talking about.

Kristen made a raspberry. "At least compared to me you are," she replied. "I feel like a blimp."

"Yeah," Michelle said cautiously. "I was meaning to ask you about that.... Okay, I lie. I was trying to figure out any excuse to avoid mentioning it."

Kristen's shoulders dropped, defeated, "It's that obvious? I thought the top would kinda hide it." Michelle looked at her dubiously. "I don't understand it. I'm not eating different or anything and you know I'm not weight obsessed but I've weighed 115 for like 2 years. Guess how much I weigh now."

"Uh, 120?" Michelle asked hopefully.

"Funny." Kristen said and took a long draw on her shake before mumbling something.

"Huh?" Michelle asked.

"I said 130." Kristen said slowly, as if speaking to someone who spoke English poorly.

"I guess that's not so bad," Michelle said, "lots of girls have a little extra

around the middle these days.”

“The problem is I’m gaining it all in one place... well, two places,” Kristen looked down at her breasts and belly before she continued as if she hadn’t even heard Michelle. “And I dunno, but since I started gaining weight I’ve been paying more attention to other girls that are a little thick around the middle and I’m not gaining like they are.” Kristen looked around for a moment, “There, see that girl in the red top over there?” she nodded.

Michelle looked over at the girl then back to Kristen, “Yeah.”

“Well she has a little belly too, but its like soft and kinda cute,” Kristen said. “It moves when she moves, Mine is like this big firm... I feel like I ate a basketball.”

Michelle smiled, “Oh come on, it’s not that bad.”

Kristen wasn’t smiling. “You’re right, it’s worse. It’s like I ate a basketball filled with sand... all solid and heavy,” Kristen said, her hands pressing on her rounded belly. “Then there’s this huge pressure pushing down, like I’m gonna pass a cannonball. It’s weird. I can’t even walk right.

Michelle began to get fidgety, not sure what to say to her friend now that her worst suspicions had been confirmed. Suddenly Kristen brightened up. “Anyway, I’m going over to Mary’s. We’re gonna go shopping for some outfits and stuff. She has a little belly too so she must have some experience with this kinda thing.”

Michelle looked over Kristen, “You’re taking this all pretty well.”

“All?” Kristen asked, genuinely surprised. “I put on a few pounds. It’s not like my house burned down with my cat inside.”

Michelle frowned, “You don’t have a cat.”

Kristen rolled her eyes. “That’s not the point. I just mean this isn’t major bad, its just static. I’ll cope. I’m like overloaded with cheery. You’d be surprised how much some extra cheery will help when you’re having a bad day. I just wish I knew what was going on,” she said as Michelle noticed for the first time that Kristen had been running her hand back and forth absentmindedly across the curve of her belly the entire time they’d been talking.

“Damn,” Michelle said under her breath.

“Oh well, thanks for stopping by,” Kristen said as she stood up, widened her stance and leaned back slightly, resting her hand on her belly, moving her fingertips in little circles, seeming not to notice the pose she’d struck. “I gotta motor if I’m gonna get to Mary’s in time. We have a lot of shopping to do, I’m growing out of everything...”

“Yeah...” Michelle said sadly as Kristen walked out of earshot. “I bet you are..”

CHAPTER 60

When the sunlight began to shine through the windows in Mary's bedroom she had already been awake for several hours. Ever since she'd discovered the amazing feeling of sucking on her fingertips (or inserting them in certain other orifices) she felt her energy level slowly rise. Not that she was hyper or jittery, she wasn't. But she found herself needing less and less sleep and although she couldn't run any faster than just days before she found she could run for longer and longer distances without getting tired. Unfortunately not all the news was as good as her stamina.

While in the first days of her miraculous new fingers the wonderful explosion of sensations began the moment she began to suck on the tips of her fingers, however over the last few days that had slowly changed. The wonderful sensations began to take time to build up, first taking as little as thirty seconds to return her to the wonderfully erotic glow she'd experienced the first time she'd tongued her fingertips. Now, nearly forty minutes after she'd begun massaging the tips of her fingers with her tongue she was still in the pleasant but not yet amazing stage. Not bad but not what she was really here for. Luckily her other hand wasn't counting solely on the sensations coming from her fingers for the desired effect but also relied on the girth of her slowly swelling digits.

She couldn't help but notice the size of her fingers now, inserted where they were and it was past merely beginning to worry her. The first time she'd felt the swelling she'd thought she'd imagined it, but was quickly able to confirm that it wasn't her imagination. Now there wasn't even a question. But the question wasn't "are they swelling," it was "how do I hide them." Mary reluctantly slid the two middle fingers of her right hand from her mouth, allowing the tips of her fingers to be massaged by her pouty lips as they emerged. *Funny, I don't remember them being that pouty*, she thought, without thinking rubbing her fingertips over her full lower lip, feeling them plump slightly before she realized what was about to happen and pulled them away.

When this had all first started the bloating was barely noticeable. Now the middle fingers of both hands looked like hot dogs. Her knuckles were barely visible and only as little wrinkles around where she knew the joints must be. Both affected fingers were now the same length, about a quarter inch longer than her ring finger had started out. While their appearance was scaring Mary, their behavior was scaring her more. At first her fingers worked normally. Then, slowly, she found that moving either of her middle fingers caused them both to move. Now a thin web of skin had slowly grown upwards, closing the space between her middle fingers, bonding them together.

Mary examined her fingers, curious and scared, noticing that now that between the webbed flesh between her fingertips and the swelling her fingers were like one large digit, the deep cleavage all that was keeping them looking like two separate fingers. She turned her hand over, looking at the back side, seeming to have already forgotten that the fingers of her left hand were still moving in and out of her sex with slowly increasing speed. The view of the rear of her hand was no better than

the palm side and was, in some ways, even worse. The indentation between the backside of her middle fingers had begun to fill in, now only a slight dent rather than the sharp indentation on the palm side of her hand.

It was then that her phone rang. Mary cocked the phone between her shoulder and head as she ran her swollen fingertips along her inner thigh absentmindedly, listening to what the caller had to say. She replied and moments later was off the phone, extracting her left hand from below and heading to the bathroom to clean herself up and get dressed for Kristen's arrival, the middle fingertips of her right hand back in her mouth before she made it even halfway though to the bathroom.

Mary headed down the stairs from her room, running down the stairs, holding her hands up in front of her as she flew down the stairs, even as the doorbell rang for a third time. "Coming!" she shouted as she hit the landing and headed down the last few steps, stopping just short of slamming into the wall next to the front door. She caught herself and turned to the door and carefully turned the doorknob, using the palms of her hands.

"Hey," Kristen said as Mary stepped back, allowing Kristen to push the door open.

"Hey yourself," Mary replied as Kristen stepped into the foyer. Mary's eyes were instantly drawn to Kristen's swollen, pregnant looking middle, her normal clothes not doing much at all to hide her firm, slightly rounded belly or her out-pressed belly button. Mary looked away, not wanting to be caught staring. "Come on, lets go up to my room."

"Oh my God, what happened to your hands?"

Mary sighed as she held up her gauze-wrapped hands. "I burned myself," she explained. "I reached into the oven to pull out a cake I *thought* was cool enough to grab," she said as she mimed reaching into an oven with both hands. "But it was still way hot. I'm okay but I'm gonna be wrapped up for a little while."

"That sucks!" Kristen said as she followed Mary up the stairs.

Mary rolled her eyes, "Believe me, you couldn't be more right."

They crossed the hallway and Mary led Kristen into her room, closing the door behind them. "So what's up?" Mary asked as she sat side-saddle on the edge of her bed.

Kristen tried to join her, taking a similar pose, but her body wasn't cooperating. She wasn't bending properly at the waist, leaving her leaning over the bed at a severe angle rather than upright as Mary was. Kristen sighed quietly and tried to shift nonchalantly to a more comfortable position but the only position she found with any degree of comfort was sitting on the edge of the bed, her legs slightly apart, allowing her small but firm belly to settle between her thighs. Mary just watched Kristen shift from position to position, curious how Mary could have gotten so awkward in the last few days.

"So," Kristen said, searching for a way to begin, "I've got this problem..."

Mary slid along the edge of the bed until she was right next to Kristen, "Thanks for coming to me," Mary said quietly, resting the palm of her hand on Kristen's shoulder. "I have some experience with this and whatever you decide to do I'm going to support you one hundred percent."

Kristen looked at Mary with a slightly odd look in her eyes. "Okay..."

"But the first thing we have to do is get you out of that outfit and into some maternity clothes. I think we still have the..."

Kristen cut her off with a choked laugh, "Maternity? I'd look totally stupid in maternity... Besides, hello? Everyone would think I'm pregnant."

Mary blinked, her face turning red at her presumptuousness, then she looked again at Kristen's belly, expecting now to immediately see she'd been wrong, just mistaken a little bit of a belly for being pregnant. But she hadn't. From all appearances Mary was as convinced as ever that Kristen was pregnant but surely Kristen would be the one who'd know... "Sorry, I'm just not quite awake yet," Mary said, trying to excuse herself.

"It's okay..." Kristen said, in a tone of voice that made it clear it really wasn't. "I just...I've put on a little weight and most of it went right around my middle," she explained. "I just threw on some stuff to cover it up but lots of girls these days have a little belly and don't even try to hide it," Kristen said as she gazed at Mary's puffy belly without much subtlety.

"And you were hoping I could give you some ideas?" Mary frowned.

The hopeful and desperate look on Mary's face said it all.

Mary couldn't help but melt when she saw Kristen's expression. "Okay, let's see what we can do... Be right back." Mary got to her feet and headed out of the room, returning just minutes later with an armful of clothes.

"These are my sisters. She's closer to your height and after she had her baby she wound up with a bit of a belly too so they should fit pretty well."

Kristen sighed, "This sucks. Is this what it's come down to? Trying on someone else's fat clothes?"

"Come on, it'll be fun! Just like playing dress-up when we were younger," Mary said, dropping the two armloads of clothes heavily to the floor near her full-length mirror.

"Okay," Kristen said warily, "Promise not to laugh? And I don't just mean laugh. I mean no little knowing smiles or fat jokes either."

Mary was taken aback, "I wouldn't do that to you," she said. "I know how it feels for your body not to be doing what you'd like..."

Kristen looked over at Mary and after she realized Mary was a good enough friend to trust, besides, it's not like they hadn't done these clothes dress up things before. They'd done the same thing when they went shopping just before the new school year began. She pulled her oversized t-shirt over her head, tossing it on the bed before she kicked off her shoes and unbuttoned her jeans, kicking them off before turning to the massive piles of clothes Kristen had dumped and bent at the waist. "What do we have to work with," Kristen said, poking through the clothes, her thong-clad butt thrust into the air.

Mary didn't notice anything odd at first... then something stirred within her. That same insistent itching-tingling she felt when she'd start to massage her fingertips but stopped before she'd reached full gratification. But now the middle fingers of both her hands practically throbbed with that nasty itching feeling and she had the certain knowledge if she could just stick them somewhere warm and moist the problem would go away. Then she spotted a warm, moist place she'd never even

thought of before. She looked, with a sort of clinical detachment, at the full, rounded curves of Kristen's butt, the pale yellow thong ran down the center of Kristen's backside and wrapped around her sex like a candy wrapper, revealing the details of the flesh within.

Without conscious thought Mary crossed the room, her head tilted, mouth slightly open, until she was just behind Kristen. Mary placed the palms of her hands on either side of Kristen's hips and leaned forward to look over Kristen's shoulder. "Finding anything good," Mary asked.

"Uh, yeah..." Kristen said uncomfortably as she bent her knees and knelt over the pile of clothes, escaping Mary's touch without being *too* obvious about it. "Hey, these look good," she exclaimed with a bit more enthusiasm than necessary as she picked up a pair of slacks.

Mary stepped back self-consciously as Kristen pulled herself slowly to her feet, obviously having a difficult time of it. Kristen headed to Mary's bed with a gentle waddle and sat down to pull on the beige stretchy pants.

"Those were always my sister's favorites," Mary said as Kristen buttoned the slacks. "They really showed off her butt," Mary added as she observed that very part of Kristen's anatomy. But as Kristen stepped over to the full-length mirror and looked over her shoulder at how her butt filled the stretchy fabric Mary realized this wasn't going to work. "Okay, now we have to get a belt on you," Mary said and shook her head before turning to her own dresser and digging through the pile of accessories in the top drawer.

"Uh, I never wear a belt," Kristen said as Mary turned toward her, belt in hand.

"You do from now on," Mary said and pointed at the mirror. "Take a look at yourself."

Kristen turned awkwardly until she faced the mirror. "So, what am I looking for?" she asked, looking down at the reflection of her pot belly.

"Okay," Mary began as she handed Kristen the belt. "A little belly is fine but your jeans have to cut into it a little. It breaks up the lines and besides, with that dent across your belly," Mary said, reaching around Kristen from either side with both hands, resting them on either side of her belly, a few inches below her bra, before pushing in against Kristen's girth, "you won't look so...pregnant," she trailed off as she realized Kristen's belly wasn't giving at all as she pushed against it.

Kristen twisted out from under Mary's hands, this time not seeming uncomfortable, just anxious to put on the belt. She looped it quickly through the loops and pulled it tight as she wobbled around to face Kristen. Even as Mary began to thread the belt back through the buckle Kristen's mind began to churn. She thought back to how her sister had looked when she was pregnant and how she looked in these slacks in particular. "Uh... how are things going with you and Rob," Mary asked as Kristen tried to pull the belt tight, with no success.

"Fine," Kristen grunted as she pulled against the belt, trying to get it to constrict her waist, but it wouldn't tighten any further than the slacks had already allowed.

"Have things gone any further between you two?" Mary asked knowingly.

"What's that supposed to mean?" Kristen snapped, "Do you know something I

don't."

"It looks like it," Mary replied, looking at Kristen's belly. "You know I'm your friend and I wouldn't say anything to hurt you, but sometimes friends have to tell friends the truth too."

Now Kristen's face went white. "What do you know? Is Rob cheating on me? Who's he with? Not that damned cheerleading bitch!"

"Whoa, whoa, whoa.." Mary said as she waved her hands back and forth then thought better of that and lowered her hands. "It's nothing about Rob."

"What then?" Kristen asked, even more concerned.

"Well," Mary said, unable to look away from Kristen's obviously pregnant belly.

"Well what?" Kristen said, her frustration showing.

Mary sighed, "I think you're pregnant."

Kristen laugh was so genuine and so hearty and full that Mary began to doubt what her eyes had told her, at least until she looked back at Kristen's belly. *Oh my God*, she thought, *she doesn't know...*

"I can't be pregnant!" she laughed, "Rob and I never... we haven't..."

"You don't have to actually do it to get pregnant," Mary said quietly.

"I'm not pregnant, I just gained a little weight around the middle," Kristen replied.

"Give me your hand," Mary said and placed Kristen's reluctant hand on her own belly. "Feel that? How soft it feels. That's what a little weight around the middle feels like. Now feel yours." Almost robotically Kristen took her hand and ran it over her swollen belly, pressing against it, feeling the firm solidity of it, feeling her outie belly button. "Feel the difference?" Mary asked quietly.

"But... but..." Kristen said, groping for words, "I haven't felt sick in the morning and I'm not late or anything."

"Not everyone gets morning sickness," Mary said, "my sister didn't until right near the end."

Kristen looked into Mary's eyes. "I think I'd know if I was pregnant," she said. "If it will make you happy we can go get a pregnancy test or something. How much are they?"

Mary began emptying her pockets onto the bed. "God, you're really serious," Kristen said.

"I've got four-fifty," Mary said.

Kristen's shoulders dipped and she grabbed her jeans from the bed. "I have three bucks."

"Damn, that's not enough," Mary spat.

"Aren't there some other symptoms?" Kristen asked, obviously losing patience with this whole pregnancy thing.

"Well," Mary said, eyeing Kristen's slightly overflowing bra. "You're boobs get bigger."

"That's called puberty," Kristen said after glancing down at her chest.

"Yeah," Mary said, "but puberty doesn't make your nipples get huge and brown," she added.

"Well then, see...I'm not pregnant. They're little and cute and pink." Kristen

said triumphantly. "Brown? Ewwwww."

Mary looked at Kristen's face, her eyebrows raised as she glanced between Kristen's face and boobs. It only took a moment for Kristen to get the picture. "You're not serious?" she asked as if she already knew the answer.

Mary just looked at Kristen for a long moment. Finally Kristen broke the silence. "Okay," she nodded, "Okay, fine." Kristen reached around behind her, fumbling with the hooks on her lacy pink bra. "I don't know what's up with this obsession with me being pregnant but if this is the only way to end it," she said as she finally released the hooks and pulled her bra off, tossing it to the bed, "so be it."

Mary gasped as she looked at Kristen's chest. "What?" Kristen said, resting her hands on her hips. It took her a moment to acknowledge the shocked look on Mary's face and follow her gaze downward. Kristen looked back and forth, from one breast to the other before she spun around and took two steps toward the full-length mirror before she stopped dead, her expression matching Mary's.

Kristen's breasts had been a large B or small C cup for almost a year but now, unrestrained by her bra, it was obvious that she was more like a large C or small D cup but that much had been almost obvious, even with her bra on. What wasn't obvious was the state of her nipples and areola. Her nipples were only slightly larger than they had been before, her firm little pencil erasers sized nipples had grown slightly into larger nubs, but their new deep brownish-red color had flooded out, encompassing not only her nipples but her now huge areolas. *Huge is relative*, Mary thought, remembering seeing Candy topless at Michelle's house, *but for the size of her boobs...* Her areolas covered most of her breasts, their delicate, slightly bumpy, brown flesh engulfing most of what she could see of her boobs, leaving only the underside and a small area around them the color of normal skin. Unlike Candy's areola Kristen's didn't puff out from the surface of her mammeries, but that was small comfort. Candy was a Mother of the Apocalypse, not a totally screwed pregnant teenager. It wasn't a wonder that Candy's boobs were much more extreme than Kristen's.

"Oh shit," Kristen said, summing up the whole situation. "Fuck!" Kristen continued, turning awkwardly to face Mary, eyes agape. "What the... What am... FUCK!"

"It's going to be all right," Mary said as she stepped up to Kristen and wrapped her arm around her shoulder.

"Are you nuts?" Kristen asked, turning back toward the mirror. "I'm pregnant and my boobs are a freak show," she added, delicately running her fingers of one hand over her areolas as the other stroked her belly.

Mary stepped up next to Kristen, glad to find that the sight of Kristen's boobs wasn't having any effect on her and put her arm around Kristen's shoulder again. "Whatever happens I'll be with you. We're friends and that's what friends do." she said.

"Thanks," Kristen said, putting her arm around Mary's waist, not even noticing as Mary's gaze fell to the reflection of Kristen's pubic mound. "I'm just glad I have a friend like you."

"Yeah," Mary replied, her mouth watering, still staring at the crotch of Kristen's overly tight slacks, more desperate than ever to shove her fingers

somewhere warm, wet and soft.

CHAPTER 61

Amy returned to the room she and the three other milk dolls shared and closed the door behind her. Bobbi, Kari and Debbie were already there, practically piled upon one another, talking, watching television and absentmindedly playing with each other's breasts as well as their own. "Hey," Amy said as she joined the girls on the bed, her top tossed aside as soon as the door had closed.

"Hey," Kari said, "any ideas yet?"

Amy sighed, knowing exactly what Kari meant without being able to speak to it directly. With Michelle's command not to tell anyone or let on that she was nursing from them given to each of the four girls they found themselves unable to bring up the topic directly and had to settle for beating around the bush, lest the magic Michelle had used simply take over their conversation completely, much like it had when Amy enlisted Candy's help.

"We're each going to have to pick one and work on her. Sooner or later we can wear them down and then we're set," Amy explained.

"Yeah, I couldn't stand being as big as you are," Bobbi said, running her hand over the full, overstuffed curve of Amy's boob.

"Hey!" Amy replied, half serious, "It's not like you're *that* much smaller than me" she added, patting Bobbi on the boob. "So who are you going to pick? I got Candy on board."

Bobbi sighed, "Anyone but Michelle," she shivered. "Thanks to Julia I still can't control myself when I'm with her."

"It's horrible," Debbie said as she tugged at Kari's nipples. "It's like your whole body is on remote control."

"Yeah. You can kinda get back in control again if you play along," *kinda like we're doing now*, she continued in her head, unable to form the words.

"I'd rather be remote-control-girl than be doing any of that on purpose." Bobbi said, her eyes closed, her head shaking. "I guess I'll talk to Mandy," she said, her eyes closed.

"I guess that leaves Maria for me," Debbie said. "She seems okay, but she was a little milk-happy at first."

"They all are," Amy said. "At least they stay nice and light that way." The girls murmured their agreement. While normal feedings took the very uncomfortable edge off the tenseness of their breasts, the massive weight of all the milk they were dragging along with them still weighed them down heavily. It took either multiple feedings in quick succession or very long feeding sessions to relieve the pressure on their backs, but it was mostly worth it. After all, once you're used to having some girl you barely know sucking your boob for a half hour, who cares if its just a half hour or as much as two... as long as it got rid of that horrible weight.

"What about Michelle?" Debbie asked cautiously.

Amy took a deep breath, "What about her?" she asked, unsure of how far Michelle's magic would allow this conversation to go.

"Well, she's pretty much taken responsibility for us," Debbie replied. "Once we have our major basic need taken care of shouldn't we tell her," she paused for a

moment, as if thinking about how to continue. "So she can stop worrying about trying to make sure we have nursing partners."

Amy tried to reply several times, making a few false starts before she found a way to begin that didn't lead almost directly to Michelle's magic taking over her every word. "Well, I understand how you too feel," Amy said, looking between Bobbi and Debbie, "but given the wonderful way Michelle has treated us," she continued, her voice dripping with sarcasm, "I think it's only fair to treat her with the same respect she's given us."

It took a moment for all the girls to get exactly what Amy was implying. Bobbi and Debbie didn't seem to have a problem with it, but Kari was obviously bothered.

"I don't know," Kari explained, "She's taken us into her home, fed us, clothed us... well, kinda clothed us..."

"Because she needed us, remember," Amy replied. "We were sent over like luggage."

"Yeah... but..." Kari exclaimed, clearly frustrated by the limits put on her speech by Michelle, limitations that were making Amy's point for her. "You're a lot of responsibility for one girl," Kari continued, giving Amy's oversized and overfull breast a squeeze. All four of us are too much *responsibility* for any one girl to handle, especially Michelle. She's got issues."

The three other girls nodded, understanding exactly what Kari meant, both about the responsibility and Michelle's issues.

"I'd agree," Amy said, "but after the way she's been treating us... Candy hasn't asked me to do anything for her since she's been helping me with my milk. Didn't even ask."

"But if we don't say something to Michelle," Bobbi said before she took a deep breath, opened her eyes wide and puffed out her cheeks. A shutter ran through Bobbi's frame and for a second she fell silent before a sneeze shook through her body. Then another, then a third. Bobbi pulled herself from the tangle of bodies on the bed and crossed the room, headed for the tissues on the dresser.

"I think we just lost Bobbi," Amy said, watching the girl cross the room, her breasts visible on either side of her torso as she walked, even from behind, bouncing wildly as she sneezed again. "Anyway," she continued as she turned back to Kari and Debbie. "It's really up to you two," she said to Debbie. "It's going to be hardest on you."

Debbie considered for a moment. "With everything added up," Debbie replied, "I think we should just keep going like we talked about and not bother Michelle with stuff like this. Besides, it will be nice to have some of this weight gone," Debbie added before she struck off on a different tangent. "Do you think dieting will make our boobs any smaller?"

Amy sighed, realizing as Debbie began to prattle on about the possible wonders of diets and weight loss that she'd gone too far a moment before and was now in remote-control-damn-voice-command-magic-shit mode and wasn't coming down until the topic of conversation changed. Amy rolled her eyes and turned her head to Bobbi, "When you're done sneezing your eyes out could you bring over the skin cream? Me might as well get this over with while we're all still here."

Debbie sighed, grabbing three small containers of udder cream from the dresser while Bobbi continued to dab her nose with tissues, another tub in her other hand. Soon the girls were back in their topless tangle, scooping globs of the thick white cream out onto each other's breasts and rubbing it in slowly, paying special attention to their nipples, where dry skin could quickly become a problem.

CHAPTER 62

Several nights later Michelle waddled awkwardly through the house, getting more than one nasty stare from Mandy and Candy as she passed, her necklace hiding her true appearance, making her seem like any other nubile teenager in a lacy nightie, completely unlike their oversized forms. Within the magical barrier it was a different story.

She wasn't sure what she was going to do, but Michelle was quickly reaching a point where something would have to be done. At first the growth had been gradual, taking several days for her to go from her old size to about the same size as Mandy and Candy. But now when she looked down she looked and felt massive. *I'll have to check myself out in the mirror without the charm*, she thought. *See what the damage really is*. After fighting her way slowly up the stairs she took a few minutes to waddle around the upstairs, checking on each girl.

She knocked on Maria's door. "Yeah?" she called out, surprised and half asleep.

Michelle opened the door into the darkened room, "Sorry to wake you, just checking in before I head to bed," she explained.

"It's okay," Maria said. "Everything's good here," she replied. Michelle nodded and pulled the door closed. Debbie didn't wait for the door to close entirely before she began to pad back to Maria's bed, her topless upper body bouncing and swaying with every step. "Thanks again for helping out," she said as she got onto Maria's bed, tugging her nipples back to attention."

"No problem," Maria replied, "I just wish it wasn't so embarrassing." Maria sighed. "Why does something so good have to be so embarrassing? I just would love to be able to tell the other girls what they're missing out on, but they'd never understand."

Whatever, Debbie thought as she lifted her breast to Maria's greedy mouth.

Michelle continued on to the milk dolls' room, passing Mandy & Candy's shared bedroom as they were still downstairs with her mom in the living room. *The milk dolls*, she thought. Even with their assigned names she had a hard time not thinking of them as a group. Especially when they're milking sessions always degenerated into silent, utilitarian times. Not that she could talk, her mouth being full, but the girls had given up all pretense of making even small talk and just sat there, letting her suck the milk from their breasts. She stepped forward until the tip of her belly touched the door and reached for the doorknob, fumbling with her fingertips for a moment before she got enough traction to turn it, her belly now large enough to prevent her from grabbing the knob firmly. She looked in on the milk dolls, seeing all the girls asleep on their beds, noticing for the first time that even in her sleep Amy's hands were working over her boobs, massaging them and teasing and tugging at her nipples. *I gotta see if that's just part of being **that** big or if it's something I can undo*, she thought, trying to ignore the inherent sexiness of the scene. "Goodnight," she said quietly into the darkened room, pulling the door slowly closed.

Michelle slowly waddled back to her own room and took off her amulet, far

away from the mirror, having grown tired of watching the magic undo itself like a bad special effect. Michelle waited for a few moments before she waddled to the mirror. She wasn't prepared for the image that greeted her. All the milk she'd been drinking had been taking its toll and now, in the week since the milk dolls had come to live with her she'd begun to approach Julia-belly territory. Not that she was nearly Julia sized, but now she had to think of her belly's size in relation to Julia's, not Mandy & Candy's. The vast expanse of tight, round skin shocked her, more so for it being part of her than anything else. She ran her hands along the wide curves of her sides, feeling the solidity and weight as her fingertips stroked over her delicate skin and, quite unexpectedly, bumped into her breasts. She looked away without giving so much as a look to her growing breasts. They too had been affected by all the milk and were rapidly approaching the size of Candy's oversized breasts, *Next stop, milk doll-ville*, she thought contemptuously, refusing to even look at them, much less feel them.

Michelle dropped heavily to the bed and pulled the beautiful, but uncomfortable to sleep in nightie off and tossed it aside before she turned off her nightstand lamp and rolled heavily onto her side atop the covers, ready for a good summer night's sleep.

It was less than ten minutes after her light was out that the door to her room opened quietly and two figures stepped in slowly and silently, closing the door behind them as quickly as they could, trying to keep the amount of light pouring into the room to a minimum. They padded across the room as if it was brightly illuminated, deftly avoiding the small obstacles and furniture that they should have been unable to see in the pitch-blackness. Soon they were upon her, one on either side of her bed. They lowered themselves onto the bed, their weight pressing down on the mattress, rocking the springs as they settled in and turned toward Michelle, their hands feeling their way from either side, running over her exaggerated curves.

"Wow, she's really grown," the first whispered, her voice unable to hide her surprise.

"Like that's a wonder," the second said quietly. "She's sucked down enough milk to feed four of her kind for weeks."

"All the better for us," the first replied, now not just running her hands over Michelle's curves, but stroking them, focusing on Michelle's belly as the other focused on her breasts. Now Michelle began to stir, twisting toward their touch as they did their level best to slowly escalate the amount of pleasure they had been applying. Michelle gasped, now half-awake, not sure of what was happening but very sure it felt better than anything she'd experienced in weeks. Then, almost as if a light switch had been turned on inside her head Michelle came fully awake.

She looked around in the darkness, feeling both the hands and bodies of two people pushed against her, rubbing and fondling her. She twisted away from their grasp, still not acclimated enough to her powers to even think of using them in this situation. For now there was one word in her head, rape. Her only thought was escape. One of the people was at either side of her bed, blocking her from rolling out of the bed. Without even thinking she rolled sideways onto her back and dug her hands and feet into the mattress, pushing herself toward the head of the bed, into a half-seated position. Not that it would buy her much time, the two intruders were already back upon her, running their hands over her belly and breasts, making

comforting cooing and shhing sounds that seemed oddly familiar. No, she couldn't escape this way, but she could see what she was up against. Michelle reached behind her and grabbed the cord from the mini-blinds covering one of her bedroom windows and pulled, yanking the shade up and illuminating the room with moonlight.

Michelle paused, shocked by what she saw. Bobbi and Debbie were now on their hands and knees, crawling up Michelle's bed toward her, their breasts dragging heavily over her and her mattress as they moved. Confused she looked to their faces for some explanation as to what was going on, knowing full well this was something they were not only reluctant to participate in, but actually opposed with every fiber of their beings. Their faces were blank slates, slack, mouths hanging open slightly their heads only vaguely pointed at Michelle's face. She looked carefully at their closed eyes, now noticing their eyes were moving back and forth rapidly beneath their eyelids. *They're dreaming?* she asked herself, not aware she had said it aloud.

"Dream come true," Debbie said, her face still slack, eyes still closed. "Being in bed with you I mean," she continued licking her lips slowly for effect.

"I know you've been trying," Bobbi said and looked down at her massive breasts, "but I still think they're growing, I can barely suck them at all anymore. My nipples are just too big for me."

Michelle felt sweat breaking out across her forehead as the girls talked while she watched. But they were doing more than just talking. Debbie turned toward Bobbi, pushing herself up so that she stood upright on her knees. "They can't be that big. I bet I can still suck them!" Bobbie turned toward Debbie and pushed herself up onto her own knees as well, so each girl was on one side of Michelle, their breasts filling most of the gap between them. Michelle was mesmerized by the conversation but seemed to be hearing it through a rose-colored hearing aid. The girls monotonic tone and halting speech not registering over the words they used. All Michelle heard through the horn-dog hormone haze that filled her head was the amazingly sexy conversation between two amazingly sexy girls who she could only imagine wanted to do amazingly sexy things to her.

"There's no way you can still suck my nipples," Bobbi said, holding her right breast up with both hands, presenting it to Debbie.

No one had to ask Debbie twice. She leaned forward, her forward motion sending her breasts down to land atop Michelle's breasts and belly below. Their weight lay there for a few minutes, then, with an effort, Debbie sat back up and wiped her mouth with forearm. "Damn, I thought you were kidding, but they're huge." Debbie said.

"Yours aren't much better," Bobbi said, dropping her breast, allowing it to drop to her lap, still bouncing as she reached forward and took Debbie's nipples in her hands, "They feel about the same size as mine."

"There's only one way to settle this," Debbie said and turned to face the massively pregnant girl beneath her.

"Oh yeah," Bobbi added, "but that's not really fair to her, We get our boobs sucked and she gets nothing in return."

Debbie scratched the side of her head, as if thinking, but the blank look on her face and closed eyes betrayed the fact that no such activity was actually going on. "Well then," she said, "I suppose we'll have to take turns. She can try to suck yours

first while I suck hers, then we'll switch."

"Good plan," Bobbi said, even as Michelle began to wonder how she would escape from the two sleeping but magically animated girls. Waking them wasn't an option. They'd flip out and probably assume she was the one making them do this. They'd never trust her again. She could command them, but she could barely do that in a loud voice, much less a soft one. A thought interrupted her planning, *What did Debbie mean about sucking her?*

As Bobbi moved toward Michelle's head, Debbie began to move down the bed, climbing over Michelle's leg so that she was positioned right between her outstretched, spread legs as Debbie straddled Michelle's chest, thrusting her massive breasts into Michelle's face. *I can't!* Michelle thought, realizing what was about to happen even as Bobbi lifted one of her breasts slowly to Michelle's face, pushing her huge nipple against Michelle's sealed lips. Then Debbie got to work. Michelle gasped involuntarily and any thought of resistance was tossed to the wind as Bobbi's nipple swelled between her eager lips and Debbie's tongue got to work. *It's not my fault,* Michelle thought to herself. *I'm not making them do this...* Those thoughts quickly faded away, replaced by the ecstasy that consumed her thoughts... but in the very back of her mind a string of thoughts continued to echo.

They're just asleep... All I have to do is make myself wake them up and they'll stop. Just a noise, a push, a shake. They're just asleep. All I have to do is just make myself wake them and they'll stop. Just make a loud noise, push them, shake them. DAMMIT, DO IT! WAKE THEM UP!

CHAPTER 63

The next morning Michelle awoke alone in her bed, the cold wet spots on the sheets the only telltale reminders of what had happened the night before. She looked around, confused, unsure what had woken her up until the phone on her nightstand rang again. Then suddenly the events of the night before came flooding back to her as she awoke, with the perfect clarity that no one but a Mother of the Apocalypse could know, followed by an almost palpable wave of guilt. She tried to push the thoughts aside as she forced herself upright, her belly settling heavily against her thighs. She reached for the phone and stopped as her hand brushed against the outcropping of her breast and belly as she moved. She looked down in genuinely shocked disbelief at her belly and breasts.

Fuck me, she thought, *How'd I grow this fast?* Even as the thought crossed her mind she already knew the answer. Between the her normal feedings with the four girls, the ones that she had been slowly extending as the milk she consumed buoyed both her energy and her mood and Debbie and Bobbi's little visit the night before... she paused as a sickening feeling filled the her, much as she had felt when Julia had her think of various evils to commit to test her... then the nausea passed. With all the milk she'd been drinking and considering she'd barely used her powers in the week and a half since she'd rescued Mandy, Candy and Maria from the Chaos Realms and brought the milk dolls out of slavery... *But DAMN!* she thought, looking down, feeling her belly with both hands.

Now she began to question just how large Julia was, or at least what the view was like when she looked down. Her belly stretched out in front of her, the outer curves of its roundness overlapping her thighs despite how far apart her legs were spread, the forward curve sticking out slightly past her knees. She couldn't even see her belly button from this angle, much less reach it. She tried to look down over the sides of her ever-expanding belly, but her view was blocked by the now much larger mass of her breasts. She blinked, as if only now realizing how large her breasts were getting. She knew that her breasts were nearly as large as Kari's, the smallest of her milk dolls, but now she was beginning to wonder if they were actually larger than Kari's... perhaps larger than Debbie's as well. She lifted her breast in her hands, unused to lifting a breast this way that wasn't engorged with milk. She felt the weight in her hands before she lifted her breast to her face, her erect nipple wobbling in front of her lips, ready for her to test just how big she really was compared to her milk dolls.

Suddenly she didn't want to know the answer to that question any longer. Not remembering how long it had been since the phone rang Michelle reached out and picked it up to hear a woman with a Spanish accent arguing loudly with her mother. It took her a moment to work out, the loud woman was switching back and forth from Spanish to English as she pleaded and threatened. Soon Michelle realized what was going on.

It was Maria's mother on the phone and she was tired of the excuses, the short phone conversations, the visits to Michelle and June's house where she'd found no one home despite speaking to them on the cell phone minutes before. She had had

enough. She would see Maria, have her home today or she would be calling the police.

Michelle's mind was agog as she heard her mother agree that they, Maria, June and Michelle, would be at Maria's house within the hour. Then Maria's mother hung up.

"Michelle?" June said, Michelle hearing her voice just as she was about to hang up the phone.

She slowly raised the phone back to her head, "Yes?" she said tentatively.

"You caught most of that. Get dressed and get Maria ready to go. We're taking her home.

"But..." Michelle began.

"No buts. We're out of time. I've been stalling her mother for a week and a half. Now we have less than an hour. Get ready and get Maria down here. I'll explain on the way."

Michelle hung up the phone wondering what her mother could possibly have in mind. *I'll find out soon enough*, she thought as she pushed herself up of the bed. Or rather, tried to push herself up. Michelle's hands sunk into the mattress as she pushed against her added weight. She paused for a moment and cursed under her breath before she tried again, but again her hands just sank into the mattress. Then it occurred to her. *Silly. Lift with your legs*. Michelle pushed up with her hand and with her legs at the same time and combined with her extra strength from the milk she'd been consuming she leapt into the air, landing heavily on the floor several feet from her bed. She tried to catch herself, but she was unused to balancing this much belly, size or weight wise and she teetered back and forth, almost, but not quite falling over. She wobbled awkwardly to the side of the room, grabbing the corner of her desk for support as she half-waddled, half-fell past it. Now she paused, one hand holding her steady as she caught her breath and looked around the room for her amulet.

All in all it took Michelle about twenty minutes to get ready, Maria another ten and by the time they were all in the car headed to Maria's almost forty minutes had passed. The only problem was they weren't headed to Maria's house. They were headed in the opposite direction. June seemed to realize what Michelle was thinking. "We're meeting the Bishop and he's following us to Maria's house," June explained.

"The Bishop?" Michelle asked.

June sighed. "First I'm going to try to reason with Maria's mom," June explained. "When that doesn't work... Maria's family are good Catholics... very faithful. The bishop may be able to convince her that what we're telling her is true and nothing to worry about."

"You don't sound very convinced," Michelle said.

"My mom is way religious," Maria said, "but I'm pretty sure the Pope could have shown up and told Mom I was pregnant with a angelic warrior of the Apocalypse and she'd call him a shit-faced liar."

June nodded as she slowed down, a car pulling out and following behind them before they began to head back toward Maria's house. "That's pretty much what I thought," June said. "That's why we have a failsafe."

"What failsafe?" Michelle asked.

"You," June replied matter-of-factly. "You're going to tell her to accept what

we've told her as the unchanging divine truth."

Michelle felt a nasty ball of guilt beginning to form in the pit of her stomach, "I can't do that! It's not right."

"It's the only thing we can do. Either that or we might as well put a neon sign in front of Maria's house so the doctors, scientists, government people... so they can all find her place when they start poking around after Maria's mom starts poking her nose into all this."

"But..." Michelle said, feeling worse the more she heard of the plan.

"I'm not asking you to lie. I'm asking you to make her understand what you and I and Maria and the other girls already know. That there's nothing she can do about this. There's no reason to be upset and that her daughter has a very special place in the universe and responsibilities to go along with that position."

The knot in Michelle's stomach loosened slightly, but not much, "Let's just see how it goes."

When they arrived at Maria's house June and the Bishop spoke briefly and headed up the front steps, leaving Maria in the car. "Don't worry," Michelle said, "I won't do anything that I don't have to. She'll understand."

Maria nodded, trusting Michelle but the worry evident in her face. Michelle smiled at her, not sure why she was so confident, not even considering it might be from the aftereffects of all the milk she'd been drinking. June stepped up the front door and rang the bell. Without even so much as a pause the door flew open, a frazzled looking woman in her mid to late thirties in the doorway, cell phone in hand.

She looked at June then down at the back seat of the car where Maria sat, waiting. "Why isn't she over here?" the woman asked, her thumb already working the numbers on her phone.

June nodded, "Maybe the Bishop can explain that better than I can," she said, stepping out of the way, allowing the Bishop to step forward. At first Maria's mother stepped back, not recognizing the man, but in the space of no more than five seconds her eyes grew wide, the cell phone fell from her hand and she dropped to her knees, reaching forward to take the Bishop's hand. She grasped his warm, dry hands in both of hers and pulled it to her and kissed his ring before she released his hand and crossed herself. "Your Excellency!" she exclaimed as he motioned her to her feet. "What's this all about? What's Maria done?" she asked as she stepped back, allowing them to enter her home.

The Bishop looked back to June. "Lucinda," she supplied.

"Lucinda," the Bishop said, "You're daughter has done nothing wrong. She's simply come to find herself in a unique position. Is anyone else at home?"

"Please your Excellence, call my Lucy. There are just the three of us, myself, Maria and Juanita."

"Can I meet Juanita?" the Bishop asked.

Lucy's eyes grew wide. "Juanita!" she yelled and then paused for a moment, then bellowed again. Midway through her second shout she realized she was bellowing in front of the Bishop and her eyes opened wide and mouth fell open. "You're Excellence! I'm so sorry! She must be out with her friends."

"It's all right," he said and looked over at June. "Clean this up later," he said quietly before he turned back to Lucy. "Can we sit down, I have something very

important to tell you. About the world, its beginning and it's ending and how you're daughter's place in it has changed for the better."

Lucy sat heavily on the sofa as the Bishop took a nearby chair and began to speak, even as June followed her and sat at Lucy's side.

The Bishop spoke for almost thirty minutes, explaining in almost minute detail what exactly the Mothers of the Apocalypse are and what their duties and responsibilities were but it was becoming more and more apparent that he just wasn't convincing her.

"So she's to bear one of the angels that will fight with the devil at the apocalypse?" Lucy asked.

"Yes," the Bishop said, letting out a breath he wasn't even aware he'd been holding.

"So it's like an honor," she said, trying to understand. "Figuratively speaking," she nodded.

"It is a great honor," the Bishop said. "Literally."

Lucy looked as if she obviously believed the Bishop was confused. "I understand that but you're talking like she's literally pregnant with an angel!" Lucy laughed.

"The Bishop's voice remained calm but firm. "She is."

Lucy looked at the Bishop for a moment, trying to judge if he was serious or not. Seeing he was she looked over to June and, seeing the same serious look, began to panic. Lucy's face turned pale as she began first to fidget, then to grow louder as she questioned the Bishop's and June's sanity. Then, before either could react Lucy was on her feet and running for the front door. She glanced at Michelle's camouflaged form as she sat on the main stairway and threw open the door, running out to the sidewalk. "MARIA!" she shouted into the street even as Michelle tried to push herself to her feet. The Bishop and June reached the front door in time to see the rear door of June's sedan open and Maria begin to push herself out through the doorway, legs first. Lucy ran down to the open car door and took Maria's hands in her own and pulled, Maria slowly pulled herself free of the car, her large belly pushing firmly into her mother as she got to her feet.

Lucy crossed herself again, "What have they done to you!" Lucy cried, clawing at Maria's top and maternity slacks, uncovering her very real and very obviously very pregnant belly.

"Mom, we have to talk to them, They know what's going on!" Maria said, looking up and down the street as people began to poke their heads out.

"Son insanos. Nos estamos yendo," Lucy said, taking Maria's hand in her own. "We have to get away from this madhouse!"

"No." Michelle said, standing in the open doorway of Lucy and Maria's home, her voice resonating deeply. She looked up and down the street and faces of the people watching from their homes. "Nothing interesting is happening here. Go about your business." She shouted, easily matching Lucy in volume. The people who'd stopped to watch what was happening turned and looked at each other, slightly confused before they headed about their business.

Lucy looked up and down the street like a trapped animal, looking for

someone to help her make her escape. After a moment spent watching Lucy, June turned to Michelle... "Get her inside."

Michelle frowned as she looked at Lucy, "Please. Come inside," she said, her voice seeming to echo in Lucy's head.

Lucy still looked upset and frantic, but she turned and walked up the front walk and into her house, looking down at her legs as if they were alien, her expression making it obvious she wasn't in control of her own body. Moments later the Bishop, June, Michelle and Marie sat around Lucy in her living room. They were all looking at Michelle, their anticipation obvious.

Michelle looked to June before she spoke, her discomfort obvious, "Everything the Bishop told you is true," she said. "Maria is now bearing one of God's army to the final battle at the end of time. She will live until the end of the world before she goes to heaven, her service complete. It's a great honor and a great secret." Michelle said, looking at Lucy questioningly, wondering if she'd done enough. Lucy nodded her understanding, but was still very upset. "Uh," Michelle said, looking around the room from one person to the next.

"And you know deep within your heart that not only is everything we told you true, but that this is a happy occasion, something to be celebrated, not mourned." June said.

"That's pretty harsh, isn't it?" Michelle said and turned back to Lucy, waiting to see her reaction. Lucy just stared at them both like they were insane.

"Honey," June said and touched her on the arm, "Just saying everything is okay isn't going to do it. She has to believe it." June chided mildly.

Michelle looked uncomfortable for a moment before she turned to Lucy, "You know deep within your heart that not only is everything we told you true, but that this is a happy occasion, something to be celebrated, not mourned."

Now Lucy's face softened, for the first time a slight smile coming to her lips before it melted away. Lucy dropped back to her knees in front of the Bishop, "You're Excellency!" She said, "I'm so sorry I didn't believe. I... my faith failed me..."

"No, you're faith is strong...it is I that did not explain properly," the Bishop said, taking his hand from Lucy. "Thank you for your hospitality, but there are things you and your family must discuss."

Lucy looked over at Maria, practically beaming with approval.

Maria looked between her mother and June. "I can stay for awhile," Maria said, "But there's work I have to do at Michelle's house," she added.

Lucy nodded and smiled, "With great power comes great responsibility," she said. "Thank you for explaining everything your Excellency," Lucy said, following the Bishop, June and finally Michelle to the door."

"If you ever have any questions or need any help, just call me," the Bishop added, pressing a calling card into Lucy's hand and then they were gone.

Lucy pulled the door to the street closed and smiled to Maria. "My little girl is all grown up!"

"You're really fine with all this," Maria said, looking down at her very busty, big-bellied form.

Lucy was about to answer when a loud thump from the upstairs hallway cut

her off. Both women looked up the stairs, not sure of what had made the sound.

CHAPTER 64

Mary watched television in her room, the door locked and a chair wedged under the door. Not that she really wanted that much privacy, but over the last two weeks she'd found herself needing much more private time if she wanted it or not. Mary lay on her stomach, her left arm pinned beneath her, her left hand down her panties, her two middle fingers pressed deeply into her vagina, fitting much tighter than they had just half a week before. But if she even noticed her swollen fingers were pressed into her sex she didn't give any indication of it. In fact, it seemed she couldn't possibly miss the fact that the massively swollen middle fingers of her right hand were in her mouth, pumping slowly in and out through her plump pouty lips, but she watched the television, flipping through the channels as if she didn't even realize what she was doing.

Mary had done her level-headed best to ignore whatever was happening to her hands and for the most part had succeeded admirably. Over the last few days what looked like a large vein had begun to work its way up from her wrist, across the palm of her hand headed toward her huge middle fingers, just below the surface of her skin. At the same time her swollen fingers began to grow downward into the palm of her hand while also growing longer at their tips as well. Yesterday that ridge and the growth of her fingers down into her palm had met and the tube began snaking its way up her fingers, filling the cleft that was the only thing that separated her middle fingers from each other, leaving a small raised lump along the line where her once separate fingers joined.

When Mary awoke this morning she had pulled herself from her bed and padded into the bathroom, her right hand already moving to her lips to insert them into her mouth. As her fingertips touched her lips she knew something was wrong. She tried to bend her middle fingers to make it easier to maneuver them into her mouth, but to no avail, they simply wouldn't bend. She tried again, this time flexing her whole hand, making a fist then releasing it. Still nothing. It wasn't as if her middle fingers were inert, far from it. Each day they became more and more sensitive to touch, especially the wonderful feeling at the tip of her fingers pressed through the gap between her large, pouty, wet lips. In the bathroom Mary pressed her middle fingers against the countertop next to the basin, feeling them give like they were made of firm rubber, but they certainly weren't any more likely to bend at her command than they were before. She pressed the huge middle fingers of each of her hands against each other, testing both their resilience and texture, becoming lost in the moment as her oversized fingers slid over each other. Moments later, having relieved herself, she was back in bed, her right hand's fingers back in her mouth, her left hand down her panties.

She was still there four hours later, absentmindedly tonguing her fingertips as she sucked, flipping through the three hundred and twelve cable channels filled with nothing to watch. Her phone rang and, with a wet slurp Mary pulled her left hand free and grabbed the phone, raising it awkwardly to her head. "Wewow" she said, her right hand's middle fingers still deep within her mouth. She looked down cross-eyed at her hand and the thickened fingers that extended past her pouty lips, unable to fit

fully into her mouth and rolled her eyes, amazed that her fingers had managed to get back into her mouth without her even noticing. *Back at it again*, she thought and mentally sighed as she pulled her fingers back out of her mouth, and began to speak with her friend on the phone. With nothing else to do she did what she never had the courage to do anymore. She took the time to examine what was happening to her hands. She wasn't happy with what she found. Whatever was making her fingers grow had certainly done its job, she thought, looking at the back of her hand. The dent that separated the two middle fingers had filled completely now, leaving just smooth unblemished skin from just below her fingernails to... she looked at the back of her hand, where her two middle fingers should have joined to her hand at the joints and found nothing there. Her fingers simply merged into the flesh of her hand, no joints present at all. Not at the base of her fingers and not along their whole length. Confused, Mary flipped her hand over and saw what she'd seen on the backside of her hand confirmed on the palm side. Her fingers had now swollen to the size and shape of large hotdogs, joined together along their full length, as if two such hot dogs were covered in one loose fitting casing. Both fingers were now nearly an inch longer than her other fingers, but even more disturbing, the shafts of her fingers had been growing down across her palm for the last few days, as if trying to grow down to her wrist. This left her entire hand, from middle finger to halfway across her palm, a firm, rubbery, barely flexible mass.

She traced the large vein-like ridge that had begun to grow upward with the thumb of her opposite hand, across her palm to meet her fingers. It met the point where the flesh of her palm met the flesh of her massive fingers and ran down the channel that seemed natural for it, down the cleft that was the only thing separating her fingers from each other. The ridge had made it halfway along the length of her fingers, nearly as far from her wrist as where her fingers would have joined her hand if that joint hadn't simply disappeared. *What the fuck!* she thought as she continued her conversation on the phone, tracing the wormlike ridge up her palm and onto the swollen mass of her fingers. She rolled her eyes and put her hands out of sight and out of mind. But as soon as they were out of her view her old habits returned. Without even realizing it her left hand snaked back down her panties and her friend didn't notice so much as a release of breath as her left hand began pumping again.

Her call was over quickly and Mary hung up the phone and reclined on her bed, picking up the remote and fumbling through the channels, her oversized digits getting in the way. Soon she stumbled upon something mildly interesting and sat the remote on the bed. She'd only begun to raise her right hand toward her face when the phone rang again. She let out an exaggerated sigh as she reached over and grabbed the phone.

"Mary?" a voice asked, "it's me, Candy."

"Hey," Mary said, cocking the phone between her ear and shoulder as she grabbed blindly at the remote. "What's up?" she asked just as she found the mute button.

"No one's home that can go out and there's like zero food in the house. I was wondering if you could pick up a few things for us." Candy replied.

"Like that went so well the last time you asked me..." Mary stopped, suddenly remembering how badly Maria had been affected by that trip to the

museum... *or not, I don't really know what happened,*" she thought as she raised herself on her knees and leaned forward, her knees as far apart as she could get them and remain kneeling. "What exactly did go on that night?" Mary asked, her right hand sliding down the small of her back and onto her curvy but not amazingly unusual bottom.

"Well, uh...it's not so much went on that night but what went on over the next few nights... but, uh, I really don't feel comfortable talking about it on the phone. Maybe when you come over..." Candy said quietly.

"Okay, I can understand that," Mary said, her oversize digits now sliding down the cleft between her ass cheeks. "but I don't think tonight's really goooahhhhhh!" she began, her speech turning into a very uncomfortable moan as her oversize digits thrust themselves deeply through her sphincter and, before she could recover from the huge discomfort of stretching muscle, began to move in and out.

"Mary! Are you all right?" Candy asked, shouting through the phone.

Mandy pulled at her right hand, trying to free it and realized quickly that whatever force had gotten her in the predicament she was in now, it wasn't about to help her get out of it. *If this is how the whole day is going to go I can't stay here... it's only nine AM, what the fuck will I be doing by noon?* she thought, her hands still down the front and back of her panties. "Yeah," Mary said... I just... stubbed my toe, " she lied as her fingers got back to what they had been up to before she's interrupted them. "On second thought I better come over. Give me an hour or so, okay?"

"Sounds good," Candy said, with an artificial cheeriness to her voice.

"Seeyah soon," Mary said and waited for the telltale click as Candy hung up before she let the phone drop from her shoulder to the bed. She began to awkwardly wobble toward the edge of her bed, seemingly so worried about where her right hand was that she forgot to remove her left hand from it's post. She paused to assess her situation and realized that much like pulling off a Band-Aid, the quick way would be the best. Mary let herself fall over onto her side and braced herself before she pulled her right arm back as firmly as she could. She kept up the pressure for more than just a few seconds, the discomfort growing the longer she pulled, and began to think that there was no progress was in the offering when suddenly, with a burst of pain almost too quick to notice her hand came free with a cartoonish popping sound.

Mary took a deep breath and relaxed on the edge of her bed for several minutes, wobbling back and forth as if to find a more comfortable seat. Finally she gave up and wobbled awkwardly to the bathroom, taking one hand in the other as she slowly crossed the room, realizing for the first time the biggest obstacle to her trip to Michelle's house. *What the fuck am I going to wear?*

Twenty minutes later Mary was in front of Michelle's house. Nervously she climbed the front stairs and after glancing down at herself for a moment sighed and kicked the door as gently as she could while still being sure the sound could be heard indoors. *That better sound enough like a knock...* she thought. She waited a few moments for someone to answer before she raised her foot again. Then the door opened several inches and a face peered out before it closed again. There was a sound

of the chain being removed before the door swung open.

"Isn't that a little warm?" Mandy asked from the hallway, staying as far out of doorway as she could while still holding the doorknob.

Mary looked down at her pullover sweatshirt and shrugged, wringing her hands inside the large pocket that lay across her belly. "I didn't feel like getting dressed-dressed. You know?" she asked as she stepped in and walked past Mandy, allowing her to close the door as stepped toward the living room.

"Hey," Candy said from the sofa as Mary stepped into the room and leaned against the wall. "Thanks for coming over."

"No problem, I was just watching TV. I needed to get out anyway."

Candy nodded. "What's with the big pout? You talk your mom into collagen?" she added, pushing her lips out as if making an exaggerated kiss.

"Wha?" Mary said, surprised that there was enough of a difference in her lips for anyone else to see. Not that she hadn't noticed it, she just didn't think anyone else would. "Its from my new lip gloss," Mary said, running the tip of her tongue over her puffy upper lip. "I think I'm allergic."

"Uh huh," Mandy said doubtfully as she waddled past Mary into the living room. "I want to get mine done sometime, just to see how it looks."

"If it'll even work on us anymore," Candy sighed as she began to rub her belly.

"Okay, I got the short story from Michelle. What the hell happened to you? Last time I saw you both you were..." she stumbled, avoiding the word *normal*, "fine.. then you get back from Brazil, you're missing for a few days and the next time I see you you're all..."

Both girls stared at her as she paused, as if waiting for her to say the wrong thing.

"supernatural," she finished, glancing from twin to twin to see if that would be acceptable.

Neither of the twins seemed to like it, as it was her obvious attempt to grab for words that weren't her first choice, but that was far too petty to start a thing about. Mandy and Candy looked at each other for a long moment. "I guess we could tell it again," Mandy said. "It's been what? At least three...maybe four..."

"Days," Candy completed. "Wouldn't want the whole thing to get stale and start forgetting it."

Mary frowned, "I thought you had photographic memory now or something." Mary said.

Both sisters just looked at Mary for a long moment. Mandy shook her head as Candy started talking. "When we got back from Brazil we felt pretty good. Like energetic and stuff. Then that night I had this weird ass dream."

A shiver went down Mary's spine, the hair on the back of her neck standing on end. "I thought I just dreamed that!" Mandy said.

"Nope, you were in my dream." Candy said.

"No way, you were in mine!"

"Weird dream?" Mary interrupted reluctantly, not wanting to really talk about the dream but wanting them to get back on track and stop arguing.

Both girls looked over to her, "So this freaky mutated girl showed up and was

telling us she'd be our friend basically," Mandy continued.

"But I woke up and didn't really think about it.. it faded away like a dream."

"But the next day things started getting creepy," Candy said. "My boobs started to feel really weird, like there was all this pressure in them."

"And my hips and butt," Mandy said as she shook her head. "at least that's taken care of."

"Yeah really," Candy said sarcastically, looking down at her massive bust line."

"Mostly taken care of." Mandy sighed.

"That's when things started to get really fucked up." Candy said.

"What happened?"

"Let's just say it was a real pain in my asses," Mandy said.

"And I felt like a real boob," Candy added, smiling thinly.

Mary just looked at the two of them questioningly.

"Never mind," Candy said shortly. "So things got really bad. At first I was mostly in control..."

"But the longer it went on the more *it* took over. By the end we were just along for the ride," Mandy sighed.

"That's when Michelle came in and saved us," Candy said.

"And fucked us." Mandy said.

"Same difference." Candy replied flatly.

"How can you say that?" Mary said. "She saved your lives!"

"And ruined them at the same time," Mandy said.

"Have you noticed we've been stuck in this house since she did this to us?" Candy said. "We can't go anywhere or the townsfolk with pitchforks and torches will attack."

"No school, no college, no boyfriends, no fun," Mandy said, "We're fucked."

"At least it fixed you," Mary said.

"Have you even seen my ass?" Mandy said. "It's not as bad as it was, but its still pretty damned big."

"And don't get me started on my boobs," Candy said, "I don't know how the milk dolls put up with the sweat."

"I thought Michelle fixed you... why are your... you still messed up a little," Mary asked.

"Because it went on too long for her to fix. See, while we were mutating alone in the dark she was off giving Julia the walking tour of Baltimore."

"How long is too long?" Mary asked cautiously, remembering each and every day of the last fourteen days her fingers had been growing.

"For us it was three days." Mandy said. "Now we have to drag around sixty pounds of belly wherever we go."

Candy pulled up her top, revealing her huge round belly and oversized torpedo shaped breasts, complete with the giant nipples of doom, "You try to make this look good in a bikini" she sneered.

"Like you ever wear a bikini," Mandy said.

But Mary never heard their squabbling, their voices fading into the background as she thought about what they'd said while she rubbed her gigantic

digits over and around each other in her sweatshirt pocket. *Three days. I had three days and now it's been like five times that and even if Michelle can fix me I'm still fucked. Why the hell didn't I come straight to her and ask for help when it would still matter. Three goddamned days and Mandy still has enough butt for three girls and god I need to suck the hell out of something. Now.*

Mary looked over at the girls and interrupted their arguing. "Uh, I'm going to the bathroom," she said and wandered away, leaving the twins oblivious as they continued their spat.

CHAPTER 65

Juanita ran through the front door of her house, barely pausing to look through the living room and into the kitchen for her mother before bounding up the stairs and heading into her bedroom. Within moments she was into the first of a string of likely dozens of phone calls that would fill most of her afternoon, driving her mother crazy. *Screw it*, Juanita thought, *it's not like anyone ever calls here anyway*.

As Juanita continued to talk she heard her mother pacing downstairs, as she had been for the past few days. For almost two weeks Maria had supposedly been staying at one of her friend's homes, only no one seemed to know why she'd stayed so long and Maria certainly never asked Mom before going on her extended trip. Then there was the fact that she didn't take any clothes with her. After the first day or so Maria had called and explained where she was, but since that day all anyone got from Michelle or her mom were excuses. Over the last week their mother had gotten more and more angry until finally she called them with an ultimatum. Maria was home, today, within the hour, or she would call the police.

Juanita thought her mother was way overreacting. *I talked to Maria like a dozen times in the last two weeks and she's fine. Mom's just pissed because she won't come home*. But Juanita wasn't worried. Maria could handle herself. *Besides, I have a party to get ready for*, she thought, beginning to grab clothes from her dresser and closet even as she continued to talk on the phone. While not beautiful Juanita was definitely above-average in both beauty and body and her wardrobe was designed to show off her curves.

She pulled on a mini-shirt and slipped into a pair of pumps, not even bothering to look at how the fabric stretched over her ripe, full butt. She pulled on a thin silky top, comfortable with the lack of any major boobage, and even more comfortable with the idea that she didn't need to wear a bra, so much so that she didn't even glance twice at herself as she pulled on her fuck-me pumps and started to apply her makeup, even as she continued to talk.

"Juanita!" her mother called from downstairs. Juanita glanced toward her open bedroom door before she went back to her conversation on the phone, ignoring the summons. *Evidently nothing important again*, Juanita thought as she continued talking. About five minutes later Juanita's friend had to go and Juanita made her goodbyes and hung up. Now that she didn't have the phone to her ear she heard the sounds of several people talking from down below.

Juanita stopped primping and left her room, headed for the stairs before she began to hear what they were talking about and stopped. There was a man there and at least two women besides her mother and she quickly realized that the visitors were either deluded or insane. They were talking about some heavenly warriors and living forever and magical powers. She waited to see how her mother responded and Juanita smiled as her mother started to tell them just what she thought of their bullshit. Then an almost familiar voice told her mother that everything she'd just been told was true and not only that, but that she should be happy about it. Juanita almost laughed hearing those words, but she felt... almost a pressure against her mind. She couldn't explain it any other way. The feeling passed, leaving no unusual effects, but her

mother downstairs, that seemed to be a different story.

Suddenly her mother's attitude had done a complete one-eighty and she was thanking her visitors from coming and bringing her the *good news*. Then, almost as soon as they'd arrived the group left and only then could Juanita recognize her sister's voice along with her mother's. *Whatever the hell was going on is over now*, she thought and returned to her room, curious as to what had just happened, but not *too* curious. At least not curious enough to keep her from her room, her phone and her friends.

About twenty minutes later she heard someone coming up the stairs, but after several minutes she realized something odd was going on. Juanita told her friend she had to go and hung up the phone, listening to the noises coming from the hallway. Someone was working their way up the stairs all right, but something was wrong. Whoever it was, they were moving very slowly and from the sound of their footfalls they were large, far larger than Maria or her mom. The sound of each footfall resonated, almost as if whoever was coming up the stairs was purposefully slamming their feet down with each step. Whoever the person was made it to the top of the stairs and Juanita crossed her room to the bedroom door to listen to the other coming down the hallway

Here too they walked very slowly and deliberately down the hallway. The footfalls passed the bathroom and were about to pass Maria's bedroom door by the sound of them when the sound of footsteps stopped and the door to Maria's door opened and then closed again. Juanita stood at her bedroom door, listening for a few more minutes before she finally gathered her courage and stepped into the hall. It was, unsurprisingly, empty and, brow furrowed, she walked slowly and quietly down the hall, at least as quietly as her heels would let her. She slowed as she approached Maria's bedroom door, noticing the light shining from beneath it. Juanita took a deep breath and after a pause let it out and with one motion knocked and opened the door.

"Maria," she exclaimed, about to launch into some now forgotten small talk. Then she saw her sister. Maria stood about eight feet from the doorway to the hall, her feet spread apart for balance, looking into her full-length mirror, turned sideways to get a look at her profile. She wore shorts and an oversized t-shirt that should have been loose on her, but she'd grabbed the hem and was pulling it back, presumably so she could see what shape the tent-like top was covering. Juanita stared for a moment, trying to decide exactly what kind of trick Maria was playing at, but then she remembered the conversation she'd overheard... and noticed that Maria was crying.

"Maria?" she asked, concerned.

Maria glanced upward, taking a moment to recognize Juanita though her tears. For a moment she seemed shocked and surprised, but that quickly faded to a sort of embarrassed smile. "Hey," Maria said, trying to sound casual but sounding very nervous, "Did, uh, Mom tell you what's going on?"

"No, but I overheard most of it..." Juanita said. "Just kinda hard to believe."

"Not for me," Maria said and chuckled nervously as she looked down at her belly.

Juanita stepped into the room and approached Maria, "So that's real?" she asked, pointing to Maria's oversize middle, "Cause I seen pregnant girls at school and, no offence, their bellies aren't that big."

“Chill, okay?” Maria said, putting a hand on her sister’s shoulder. “It’s real okay. I wish it wasn’t, but it is.”

Juanita reached out tentatively to feel Maria’s belly and just as she was about to touch it Maria pulled back her top, revealing her oversized middle. Juanita pulled her hand back, shocked at the size, texture and reality of her sister’s middle. *It’s like a big egg or balloon or something*, she thought, seeing the tautness of Maria’s belly and the shininess of her darkly tanned, toffee-colored skin.

“Wow...” Juanita said and reached out, pressing Maria’s belly with her fingertips, pressing into the soft flesh covering the firm, hard roundness within. “How can you walk with that?” she exclaimed, placing her whole palm against Maria’s belly, just above her belly button and pressed against the firmness.

Maria turned away, her belly pulling out from under Juanita’s hand as she waddled back to her bed and by the time she’d turned to sit down she’d regained her composure and sat down, her belly settling firmly between her thighs. “So, how’ve you been?” Maria smiled weakly.

“Screw that,” Juanita said as she crossed the room and sat next to Maria. “Is all the crap that guy said true?”

“*That Guy* was the Bishop and yes, it’s true,” Maria said, absentmindedly running her hands over her naked belly.

“The Bishop?” Juanita asked sarcastically. “Since when are you religious?”

“Since I went from being a normal girl to pregnant and immortal in three days,” Maria said.

“So why were you at your friend’s house for the last two weeks? Why not just come straight here.”

“Because all of us are staying there. All of *us*,” she repeated, indicating her belly.

“There’s more immortal girls?” Maria snorted.

“Yeah, Michelle, Mandy, Candy and me.” Maria said quietly.

“O... kay, so why are you all staying there?” Juanita asked.

“I can’t go out like this!” Maria said. “If people see me... us... they might figure out what’s going on and then we’re all screwed. Well, screwed more than we already are.”

“But that’s not fair,” Juanita said.

“No kidding, like it’s fair I suddenly weigh like a hundred and sixty pounds. Like it’s not fair I’m like so pregnant I feel like I’m gonna pop and never even had sex. It fucking sucks!” Maria exclaimed, finally breaking down into tears.

Juanita leaned toward her sister, wrapping her arms around her sister’s shoulders as she sobbed, already setting the gears in her head to motion. “Shhh, shhhhh,” Juanita said quietly. “Everything is going to be okay. You understand? I’m gonna make sure everything’s okay, no matter what it takes.”

As Juanita spoke Maria’s sobbing slowed and soon they both sat quietly on the bed, holding each other tightly. One sister supporting another.

CHAPTER 66

Maria's occasional commutes from her home to Michelle and June's were a logistical nightmare, but things were slowly settling down into a semi-regular routine, not that the routine was particularly good for any of the girls involved.

Case in point. Several days after Maria visited her home for the first time since she'd become a Mother of the Apocalypse Michelle's cell phone buzzed. As she held the phone to her ear the sound of loud, angry arguing assaulted her ear, obscuring whatever the person calling was saying. "Hello?" Michelle called into the phone, but the noise on the other end was blocking any chance of communicating. That is until the noise was abruptly silenced by the slamming of a door.

"Hello?" a nervous voice asked, "Hello? Please be there!"

"Kristen?" Michelle asked.

"Thank God!" Kristen replied, sounding extremely relieved. "I'm so glad you're there. I need a **huge** favor."

"What can I do?" Michelle asked.

"Can I come over to your place? It's an emergency," Kristen asked.

"Uh, now's not such a good time," Michelle replied as she looked around the living room at the four milk dolls and three other massively pregnant girls who were all eating nachos and watching *Big Trouble in Little China*.

"Who is it," Candy asked as she picked a cheese-covered nacho off the plate perched on Mandy's belly.

"Hey, get your own," Mandy said.

"Like there's anywhere for me to put them," Candy said, indicating the meager belly space she had that wasn't eclipsed by her overgrown breasts.

"SHHH!" Michelle said, her hand over the mouthpiece of her phone, "It's Kristen."

"Please," Kristen begged, "Please. I have no where else to go!"

"Uh..." Michelle began.

"It's just for a few hours until my aunt gets off work at the hospital. **Please!**" she implored.

"Hold on," Michelle said before she muted her phone.

"She wants to come over," Michelle told the group.

"What are you going to do? Throw a sheet over us," Candy asked.

"I don't know but she sounds desperate," Michelle said.

"Things are a bit desperate around here too," June said.

"Yeah... but..." Michelle said, "I'm kinda responsible for this."

"Responsible for what?" June said.

"A few weeks ago... when Julia was in town... she... did something to Kristen."

"Something?" June asked incredulously, "Something?"

"Yeah," Michelle replied. "She's been putting on weight like crazy."

"Then we don't have a choice," June said. "I wish you'd said something earlier."

"I know, but I didn't," Michelle said. "and if I hadn't been with Julia she'd be

fine. I owe her.”

Michelle looked around the room at the other girls before she un-muted her phone. “Sorry it took so long,” Michelle said. “You can come over. You need a ride?”

“No,” Kristen said, obviously relieved, “I’m already on the bus. I should be there in like twenty minutes.”

“Twenty? But you didn’t know...”

“I told you, I don’t have anywhere else to go. Please don’t make this harder.” Kristen said. Her voice was rough, as if about to break into sobbing.

“I’m sorry,” Michelle said and swallowed hard. “I’ll see you in twenty minutes.”

“Twenty?” Mandy said as soon as it was clear Michelle had hung up the phone. “It’ll take us that long just to get up the stairs!”

“What was I supposed to say? She’s already on the bus,” Michelle asked defensively.

“How about *no*,” Candy replied.

Michelle was about to argue but Candy was already forcing herself to her feet, “She said she just needs a few hours till her aunt gets off work.”

“Just tell us as soon as she’s gone,” Amy said. “There’s like nothing to do up there.”

Mandy snorted, “You always seem pretty busy when you four are in your room.”

“Hey!” Bobbi said, “that’s not fair!”

“I can’t believe you even brought that up,” Kari added as she attempted to fold her arms over her breasts without success.

Michelle sighed. “Come on... everybody upstairs...”

It was nearly a half hour later when the doorbell rang. June came to the door and opened it, according to the plan she and Michelle had made. Less time for Kristen to realize just how awkward Michelle moved in contrast to her appearance, especially in the confines of the entry foyer. They needn’t have worried. Kristen’s thoughts were elsewhere. “Michelle?” June called out as she walked into the living room, another person just a few steps behind. “You’re friend Kristen is here.”

“What kept you?” Michelle asked before the front door even closed.

Moments later June turned into the living room and Michelle looked over at her mother’s concerned face before Kristen turned the corner and wobbled into the living room. Kristen was a mess, wearing a hodge-podge of seemingly cast off clothes, chosen only for their ability to be pulled over parts of her body, not that they covered much.

Michelle looked Kristen over, starting at her flip-flop clad feet that sat more than a foot apart to help her balance. She followed Kristen’s legs up to a pair of stretched out biking shorts. Most of the elastic had failed and they were loose and baggy everywhere except for the waistband where they were stretched far beyond what they had been designed for. The elastic of the waist dipped down in the front, unable to reach around the very pregnant belly that now adorned her frame. Where less than a week before Kristen had a small but obviously pregnant belly, now her belly was like a tribute to the ripeness of motherhood. While nowhere near the size of

any of the Mother of the Apocalypse's abdomens she was certainly at least as large as any pregnant teenager she'd ever known, or for that matter any pregnant woman she'd ever known as well, *Aside from that one girl that wound up having twins*, she thought.

Her top was clearly inadequate to the task it had been put to. Nearly half of her belly hung out from under the hem, her belly button stopping the front of her shirt from dropping as much as it would have otherwise. As her eyes traced upward she realized the tank top Kristen was wearing might just have covered her belly had her breasts not reached such a large size. Even encased in a bra they tried to overflow its lacy confines, bubbling up into a magnificent show of cleavage in the low neckline of the top.

Kristen's hair was a mess, looking like it might have been brushed a few days before, but now was in disarray. Sweat ran across her brow and down the sides of her face leaving damp spots on her tank top under her arms and atop her belly. That, combined with her awkward stance, she leaned back so far it seemed she was about to fall, both her hands pressed into the small of her back, made her look completely exhausted. Michelle supposed that wasn't far from the truth.

"Thirty-four G," Kristen said, noting where Michelle's gaze had landed. "At least that's what size the bra is, not that it really fits anymore."

"Sorry," Michelle said and looked away.

"It's okay, I guess you can see why it took me so long to get here.. Don't worry about the staring. I'm not used to it... but just about everyone else stares at my..." Kristen paused for a moment as she coughed. "At my belly."

Suddenly Michelle remembered she was supposed to be surprised at Kristen's appearance. "What happened to you?" she asked, looking Kristen straight in the eyes.

"My folks threw me out," Kristen said, looking down into her cleavage. "No one believes me."

"Believes what?" Michelle asked, cocking her head to one side.

"That I'm not pregnant," Kristen sighed.

"Well, I can kinda get where they're coming from," Michelle said warily.

Kristen just stared at her for a moment before she turned and waddled over to the sofa. She carefully and slowly lowered herself until her butt just managed to catch the edge of the seat cushion, then she began to lean back as she grabbed first one pillow than another and shoved them under the small of her back. Then she lay back and let out a deep breath as her head came to a rest on the back of the sofa. "You think I don't get that?" Kristen said, lifting her head to look disgustedly over the rise of her breasts and belly to focus on Michelle. "But I *can't* be," Kristen said as she began to rub the exposed lower half of her bare belly with both hands. "You've seen me like every week this month and you know there's no way I could be this pregnant, even if Rob and I had done it and we never did. So I can't be pregnant. You believe me, don't you?" Kristen said hopefully.

"I know," Michelle replied. "This all happened really suddenly. If you were pregnant it would take a lot longer."

"Try telling my parents that," Kristen huffed.

"They didn't believe you?" Michelle asked.

"They think I've been hiding this for the last six months," Kristen said,

pulling her top up, exposing her entire belly and bouncing her hands off it like it was a pair of bongo drums. "Like that's even possible, I mean come on, its bigger than a basketball!"

Michelle looked over to her mother, a question obviously on the tip of her tongue. June looked over at Kristen then back to Michelle before her eyes widened and she shrugged and returned to the kitchen.

"What do you thinks happening then," Michelle asked.

"I dunno," Kristen said, toying with her belly button with one hand while the other rubbed the side of her belly.

"Maybe you should go to the doctor or something. Maybe it's something medical." Michelle suggested.

"Oh my GOD!" Kristen said, her face suddenly lit up and full of energy, "Mrs. Reed!" she called out.

"What is it?" Michelle asked, wondering what it was she'd said.

June looked in from the kitchen, "Just call me June," she said. "What is it?"

"I think I know what's wrong with me," Kristen said.

"What's that?" June asked cautiously.

"The same thing Michelle's cousin has!" Kristen said triumphantly. "It all fits. This all started right after we met!"

"You're cousin?" June asked, her eyebrow raised as she slowly turned to look at Michelle.

"Yeah, you know... my cousin, Julia," Michelle winced, withering under her mother's gaze.

"Can we call her and get the name of her doctor?" Kristen said, for the first time today hope appearing in her eyes.

"We can try," June said, choosing her words with care, "but they're on vacation right now.... Besides, I don't want you to get your hopes up. If you met her you know her doctor hasn't exactly done a lot for her."

The light dropped from Kristen's eyes as she thought back, "God, do you think..." Kristen trailed off, unwilling to even complete the thought. "How long as Julia been sick?"

"I don't know," Michelle answered. "Awhile I guess..." she said, trying to pick her words as not to anger her mother any more than she already was.

"Cause if this is just two and a half weeks," Kristen said looking down over her breasts and belly. Tears began running down her cheeks as she looked down at her large belly and her tiny hands running over its firmness.

June came out of the kitchen, not running but certainly not walking as she crossed the room and sat next to Kristen. "Shhh... it's going to be okay," she said, wrapping her arms around Kristen's shoulders and pulling her up into a firm hug. Now Kristen did cry, tears quickly leading to sobbing as she reached around and pulled June to her, resting her head on June's shoulder as she released the emotions she'd been holding in these last seven days.

CHAPTER 67

It was nearly six hours later when Kristen's aunt arrived to pick her up and they were again about to bring everyone downstairs who'd been hiding in the upstairs bedrooms. They flooded down into the first floor, starting down the main stairs and when that got clogged by the slow advance of Mandy and Candy the milk dolls started down the back stairs and through the kitchen, already speculating about what had happened.

"So is she another Mother of the Apocalypse?" Bobbi asked.

"No, its some weird curse thing Julia did to her," Kari explained, bracing her breasts as they moved quickly down the narrow back stairs, hardly slowing down their left-right motion. "Did I remember to tell you how much I hate stairs?"

"Only every time we use them, like I need a reminder," Bobbi replied, her arms folded atop her own breasts, settling for slowing their bouncing.

"Was she like Julia big or like Mandy & Candy big?" Kari asked.

"No, no, not nearly that big. " Amy said from the kitchen, "But she looked like she was like a normal eight months pregnant, more or less."

"How would you know?" Michelle asked. "Everyone was upstairs."

"I **was** upstairs," Amy said. "I came down to see what was going on."

"What if she would have seen you?" Michelle asked incredulously.

"Then I guess you'd just have had to tell her I'm your very busty cousin from out of town." Amy said, "It's not like that hasn't worked before."

"That's not fair," Michelle said, "I was trying to protect her."

"Protect her? It's not like I can give her these goddamned things," Amy said, thrusting her gigantic breasts forward, "Unlike some people she's met."

"Girls." June said, stepping between Michelle and Amy as she looked between them, staring them both down. "No harm, no foul."

"I know. I screwed up. Again," Michelle whispered as she turned away and waddled into the living room.

"Take it easy on her," June said, her tone making it more of a request than an order."

"She treats us like we're slaves." Amy said, making no attempt to keep her voice down. "She never asks us to do things, she just tells us then gets upset if we don't kneel down and obey,"

"She's having a hard time with all this," June said, "Try to be patient with her."

"What is this with *everybody protecting Michelle*," Amy said, now starting to rant. "Every time Michelle does something rude or uncaring or just plain doesn't think everyone all rallies around and says we have to take it easy on poor little Michelle."

"Not everyone," Mandy said as she waddled past Amy and June, nudging them not so gently aside with her belly as she made her way to the fridge.

Suddenly June's eyes lit up like hot coals as she grabbed Amy by the shoulders and pulled her close, so that their noses were barely an inch apart. "Now you listen to me. I don't know what you've been through with Julia and being a milk

doll. There's no way I can understand. But I do know one thing. You might look like you're an ordinary sixteen year old girl..."

Amy raised her eyebrows.

"An ordinary sixteen year old girl with giant breasts," June said without breaking stride. "But we both know better. How old are you really? Twenty? Twenty-two?"

"Twenty-six," Amy said, unsure where all this was going.

"Twenty six," June repeated, shaking her head.

"Twenty six?" Mandy said as she passed the two women as she passed them in the opposite direction, several large containers of food in her hands. "Damn, you look fiiiine..." she drawled, slapping Amy on the rear as she passed.

"Do you know how old Michelle is?" June asked.

Now Amy looked confused, "What do you mean, she's like my age."

"Do I look old enough to have a twenty-six year old daughter?" June asked, a hint of sarcasm in her voice. Amy just looked at her, confused. "No," June said, "She's not. She's seventeen."

A look of concern crossed Amy's face just to be brushed away, "Well, yeah... she **looks** seventeen, but she's really..."

"Seventeen," June cut her off. "How old were you when Julia did this to you?" June asked, not so gently poking her in the breast.

"Sixteen," Amy whispered, no longer looking at June's face, the fight gone out of her voice.

"And how well did you come with these things back then," June asked, her voice having lost none of it's fire.

"They weren't this big back then," Amy said quietly, still not looking at June.

"True, so it must not have been as hard to deal with as I thought at first, right?"

Amy mumbled something so quietly neither June nor any of the other milk dolls could hear her.

"What?"

"It was horrible," Amy said. "I cried myself to sleep every night."

Only now was June's voice the same even tempered, motherly tone Amy had come to know these past two and a half weeks, "Maybe you should go talk to her,"

"Yeah," Amy said and sniffed as she wiped her eyes before she looked up at June. "Thanks."

"Don't thank me," June said and turned to watch as Amy hurried away, bracing her fore arms against the outer curves of her breasts to slow their movement, "Thank that brave little girl up there,"

"Michelle," Amy said, knocking on Michelle's bedroom door.

"Go away," Michelle said quietly.

"I'm sorry," Amy said, "I didn't realize..."

There was a long pause and Amy imagined she could hear Michelle's sigh. "Come in."

Michelle sat with her butt on the very edge of her bed, her amulet obviously in place, looking all the world like a perfectly dressed, coiffed and appointed teenage

girl, aside from the obvious fact that she'd been crying. "What now, time to twist the knife?"

"No," Amy said as she crossed the room to stand right in front of Michelle. "I came to say I'm sorry. I've been a real bitch."

"Yeah, you have," Michelle said quietly, "I just don't understand why."

Amy looked away, "It started when you used that magic voice thing to order me not to tell anyone about the fact you were nursing from me or the other girls."

"But you said you understood why I did that," Michelle said, looking at Mary's down turned head.

"I understood, that doesn't mean I liked it..." Amy said then reconsidered then spoke again. "Actually I didn't understand until just now, downstairs, talking to your mom. Before I thought you were my age."

"Uh, you are, aren't you?" Michelle said.

Now Amy looked even more embarrassed, "Milk dolls kinda have a limited version of the whole immortality thing you have going," Amy said. "As long as I can eat, drink and breathe I can't get sick, grow old or die. Don't get me wrong, if I get injured too badly I'm as dead as the next person, but I'm not going to get older just sitting around."

"So how old are you anyway?" Michelle asked, eying Amy curiously.

Amy looked upward at the ceiling, "Twenty-six, Twenty-seven in December."

Michelle's shoulders dropped and her mouth fell open slightly. "Is that all? I thought you were gonna say like two hundred and twenty six or something."

"Old enough to forget what it's like for you to be going though this," Amy said, "I got these monsters when I was sixteen and I'd almost forgotten how hard it had been. I cried myself to sleep every night for months," she continued, resting her hands on the outer curves of her oversized breasts.

"I'm doing fine," Michelle pouted.

"Listen, you can't keep beating yourself up like this." Amy said and took a deep breath. "I know you're embarrassed about the whole monster boob fetish thing. I get that. **Believe me**, I get it. Before these I never even thought about sucking on my nipples but now I do it like every night... and every morning... and every other damned time I have the chance. And you've seen what happens when you get more than one milk doll into a room. Suddenly the tops come off everyone is feeling each other up."

Michelle looked away. "Yeah, whatever," she said, trying to change the subject.

"You don't get it," Amy said. "It's not like its some automatic magic voice crap. Suddenly you want to do it. **Have** to do it. And you love every minute of it."

"So?" Michelle asked. "What does this have to do with me?"

"Uh, hello... you've been staring at my boobs and drooling since I came in here."

Michelle quickly looked away and wiped the side of her mouth, surprised to find a thin trail of spittle running down her chin.

"It's okay. It's how you're put together now. You have to accept it. Not just you. All of four of you," Amy said.

"Whatever," Michelle said. "It's really late. Are you full or not."

Amy sighed and stared at Michelle, "You're really not listening are you?"

Michelle just stared into Amy's eyes, looking tired despite her perfect makeup and hair. Amy held her stare for a minute, then two before she finally gave up and rolled her eyes, reaching down to the underside of her breasts and crossing her fingers before she pressed them into her breasts and lifted slightly. "Yeah, they're pretty tight," Amy admitted.

"Then come over her," Michelle sighed, trying to make it sound as if she didn't care, but Amy saw the greedy look in her eyes. Amy's shoulders sank as she gave up and walked around Michelle's desk chair and pulled off her top, hanging it over the chair back before she turned and stepped up to Michelle, or rather, tried to step up to Michelle.

As soon as Amy stepped up to Michelle's knees she felt her breasts bump into something. She paused for a moment and looked down curiously, her view blocked by her breasts. Amy shook her head and backed up before she stepped up again, this time both the underside of her breasts and the front of her leg bumping very firmly into something. Amy looked up questioningly to Michelle, unsure of what was going on. Michelle just stared back at her, eyes wide, like deer caught in the headlights.

Amy stepped back again, this time far enough back so that Michelle's entire frame was visible despite her breasts blocking much of her downward view. She stood there for a moment, then the thought came to her. "Michelle," Amy asked slowly. "Could you take off your amulet?"

Michelle stared at her, the deer-in-headlights look continuing for a few moments before she snapped out of it. "Uh... No..." she said, laughing nervously. "I'm a mess under this. I don't have any makeup on and my hair isn't done and..."

Amy cut her off, "Michelle, this is serious. If what I think is going on is... there's stuff I have to tell people... but I can't tell them because of this magic orders crap. And I can't tell you what I know cause I promised them."

"Promised them what?" Michelle asked.

"I can't tell you. They trusted me not too." Amy said. *I can't very well convince her I won't tell her secret by telling her that I have someone else milking me on the condition I keep it to myself.*

"Yeah, they trusted you and I didn't. cause I'm such an immature little girl. Gotcha." Michelle said with an exaggerated wink. "You want me to empty you out or not."

"It's not like that! Besides, you don't need to empty me out you know... just take the edge off," Amy reminded her.

"While you're here I might as well clean you out," Michelle said, motioning for Amy to approach her from the side.

"Michelle, this isn't necessary," she said as she stepped up to her side until she was close enough for Michelle to take one of Amy's massive breasts in her hands and lifted it to her lips.

"You want these things to start growing again?" Michelle said as she looked at Amy's nipple.

"Fine, just get it over with." Amy said, trying to keep her voice from getting too breathy with anticipation.

Without another word Michelle sucked Amy's nipple into her mouth and

began to tongue the tip. Amy felt the pressure within her breast begin to drop almost immediately and she concentrated, focusing on a poster on Michelle's bedroom wall, trying to ignore the wonderful sensations coming from Michelle's sucking, every few moments looking down and checking Michelle's expression. After several minutes Amy realized Michelle was beginning to bliss out as she pulled Amy's breast closer, forcing her to sit next to Michelle. *Now's my chance*, Amy thought as she reached over and carefully undid the clasp of the necklace that held the amulet around Michelle's neck. *I just hope that undoing the clasp is enough... and that when the magic dissolves it doesn't tingle or feel stretchy or anything*, Amy thought.

Then she reached over and undid the clasp.

Michelle's body seemed to writhe as the magic dissipated, her body appearing to stretch and expand as Amy watched. Michelle's belly surged forward, followed quickly by her breasts, making it hard for Amy to notice the lesser changes to Michelle's face and hair. Michelle's breasts and belly finally stopped expanding as the last of the cloaking spell drifted off, revealing her true size. ***Fuck!*** Amy thought, *No wonder she never takes that damned amulet off... and this is all my fault!*.

Amy reached around carefully and relocked the clasp on Michelle's necklace, finally allowing herself to get into the groove as Michelle's appearance returned to her normal, non-pregnant, seventeen year old self before she lost herself in the bliss.

CHAPTER 68

It had taken nearly six days for Juanita to arrive in front of the building where she hoped to find a solution to her sister's problem. In fact, she was surprised it had only taken this long. Of course she and the other girls at school had seen the massively pregnant teenagers that had hung out at Harborplace for as long as any of them could remember, at least until last year. They'd all heard the rumors about them and all knew enough to stay well away from them and anyone they associated with... or else.

But there were other, more mysterious people and events that were rarely spoken of above a very quiet whisper, lest the wrong person hear the discussion. Many of the things Juanita had heard she discounted immediately as pure fantasy. Unfortunately one of those purely fantastic tales told of just what she needed to help her sister. Ever since that first night when they talked Juanita had put up a brave front every time she saw her sister waddling, saw the massive curve of her distended belly or the swell of her oversized breasts. Juanita remembered the sadness she'd seen in her sister that first night when she'd first come home from her friend's house. A sadness she couldn't bear to let her sister endure.

Friend, Juanita inwardly sneered, thinking of the night when she listened to Michelle hypnotize her mother and convince her that all the freaky magical preggo shit that happened to Maria was just fine and dandy. Worse yet, they wanted to bring Michelle back to do the same thing to her. Luckily it wasn't hard to convince Maria that she was fine with the whole mega-pregnancy thing. At least her acting was convincing enough for someone who wanted to believe... like Maria.

The very next day she got to work, asking her friends... and those not so friendly for anything they'd heard about the various rumors she heard. Mostly people didn't want to talk about it, those who did... they had stories that made the hairs on the back of your neck stand up. But she was only interested in one story, one name... and after six days and one ended friendship she finally had a name, an address and, most importantly, an answer.

She had to take the bus out here, it was much too far for her to bike and even if it wasn't the neighborhood wasn't exactly the place she felt comfortable biking through. The bus driver didn't even want to let her off there, instead quizzing her on what she was doing out here and how unsafe the neighborhood was. It took her a minute but she convinced the bus driver she would be fine. It was only once she was on the sidewalk and the bus had pulled away that she was unsure.

She pulled a folded up piece of paper and looked at the note. "The Moonlight Cabaret, between Eddie's Garage and Wackenfild Tire Reclamation Center," she read quietly to herself before she looked up at the burned out shell of what could only be The Moonlight Cabaret, wedged beneath the massive overhead roadway of Interstate 95, at least that's what the half of the neon sign that still stood on the rooftop seemed to indicate. The place seemed mostly boarded up and burned out, but there was a hastily added door on the front of the building that seemed to have been added by the same crew that boarded the place up. She walked slowly across the buckled, weedy parking lot, through the remnants of burnt chunks of wood and

insulation to the front door, only noticing when she was a few feet away that the door wasn't quite closed.

Juanita grabbed the door by the handle and pulled it open, looking into the darkness, her fear now stopping her as she considered. She wasn't as scared as she might have been. After all, she had been warned about all of this and more before she arrived, but it was still quite a leap from hearing about it and actually having to walk into the dark, burned out husk of a building. After a minute or so Juanita took a deep breath and stepped into the building, her feet sinking into the mush of ash, dirt and carpet that covered the rotting floorboards. By the time she was ten feet into the building the door had finished slowly closing behind her, leaving her in the dark.

Only it wasn't really completely dark. There was light filtering through the roof and, she now noticed, from small lights near the floor, probably originally to light the hallway she was in even in low light. Even though most of them were burned out there were still a few alit... and that few was more than enough. As her eyes adjusted to the low light she began to notice the stench of the place. At first it just seemed to be a minor background annoyance, but as she walked further into the building the smells of burned wood and plastic gave way to the more subtle smells, first of wet, rotting newspaper but as she began to get used to that she realized, with disgust, that there was a light, almost unnoticeable smell of stale sex. A scent that, once she noticed it, only seemed to grow stronger as she continued onward, into what must have been the main room of the club.

The odor was almost overwhelming in this area, a large, multi-tiered room. The remnants of tables and chairs sat burned and melted on each level, the ceiling tiles collapsing into the room, some laying across the furniture like huge, soggy pieces of bread, others bent downward from the water that must have poured through the roof when they extinguished the fire. Juanita carefully stepped through the offal on the floor as she headed for the stage at the lowest level of the room, her disgust at the smell and condition of the place, not to mention what she was walking through, was obvious.

"You like my place?" a far too friendly voice said from the darkness.

Juanita almost jumped out of her skin, "Who's there?"

"You came here to talk to me, remember," the voice said from the depths of the stage. "Who are you?"

"I'm here to ask a favor." Juanita said.

The man laughed as he stepped out of the darkness at the back of the stage. "I don't give favors honey, I grant wishes. You have a wish you need me to fill?" The man was never what Juanita had expected. He stood all of five feet five inches tall, his arms gaunt, a thinness that only years of drug abuse could produce. Juanita couldn't peg his age but he was at least in his forties, the dirty plaid western shirt and dirty chinos out of style even back when he was in his prime, not to mention the obviously imitation leather P-coat he wore.

"Yeah," Juanita said, "You're Daryl?"

The man walked quickly across the stage onto the catwalk that extended into lowest level of the show floor. "Who the fuck do you think I am? Elton-fucking-John? What's your God-damned wish."

Juanita drew back, shocked by Daryl's sudden movement. "My sister had

some really screwed up crap happen to her last week. Now she just sits in her bedroom crying everyday. She never goes out, she never..."

"Blah, blah, blah, blah..." Daryl said, cutting her off. "Must be tragic. What do you want me to do?"

"I want her to be back to normal, healthy and happy, like she was two weeks ago." Juanita said.

Daryl stared at her as she talked and waited for her to finish, tapping his foot impatiently against the floor until Juanita stopped talking. He stood there staring at her for a moment before he cleared his throat and spat on the floor. "I grant wishes, not fucking happy thoughts. If you want it, fucking **wish** for it."

"Aren't you going to tell me what the trade off is? What the price is?" Juanita said awkwardly.

"If you didn't know the price you wouldn't have gotten this far." Daryl said, amused.

Juanita stopped, considering for a moment.

"And if you didn't want to play you wouldn't be here now. So tell me your fucking wish," Daryl snarled.

Juanita only paused a moment before she pulled a piece of folded up notebook paper out of her pocket and began to read. "I wish my sister Maria was back to her normal self, as happy and healthy as she was just three weeks ago."

"Clever.... Writing out your wish. But this isn't some fucking fairy-tale. You wish it, I deliver. No fucking around. No monkey's paw shit," Daryl said amused. "I gotcha covered. Now get your cute little ass up here and we'll get this show on the road."

Juanita looked down at the floor and slowly crossed the room to the stairs leading up to the stage and climbed them slowly.

"Okay, maybe not so cute, a little too much junk in the trunk..." Daryl said offhandedly.

Juanita looked at the smarmy little man, her pace slowing. "How do I know you're going to follow through?"

Daryl stared at her for a moment before he turned, walked back to the large armchair at the rear of the stage and turned, as if about to sit down. "If you weren't ready to pay you'd already be gone," he said, undoing his pants and letting them fall to the floor.

Juanita didn't raise her head as she crossed the room and knelt down in front of Daryl, the stench of his body and his sweat almost overwhelming her as her knees sunk into the damp muck on the stage.

"One last thing," Daryl said, "You swallow. You spit and the deal is fucking off. Comprehend?"

Juanita nodded slowly. Daryl seemed to consider a moment before he pulled down his oversized jockey shorts, letting them fall around his ankles and laced his fingers together with his hands behind his head. Then he just leaned back, a smile drifting across his face.

CHAPTER 69

Mary stood naked in the tiny bathroom that connected her room and the guest bedroom next door, staring into the mirror, specifically, staring at her lips. In the days since Mandy had noted her extra pouty lips she'd tried to avoid situations where anyone would notice that they were getting even more full. This was a lot easier since her parents took off for the month to visit her sick aunt in Georgia, leaving her alone in the house. She'd hoped to hide whatever was happening to her hands for as long as she could, but whatever was going on with her lips was making that more and more difficult.

She ran her forefinger over the full, overstuffed curve of her lower lip, keeping her massive gauze-wrapped middle digit as far away from her lips as she could. Where before her lips had swollen into a cute pout, now her lower lip was far beyond that. Now her lip was nearly the thickness of a roll of quarters, its flesh firm and heavy, pulling at her lower jaw, forcing her into an exaggerated open-mouthed pout. She pushed her lip down with her forefinger, feeling the thickness and weight of her lip as it compressed against her chin before her finger slid off it, allowing it to rebound, slapping against her slightly enlarged upper lip like very thick Jell-O.

Mary frowned for a moment before she said,

“Betty Becker had some butter, 'But,' she said, 'this butter's bitter. If I bake this bitter butter, it would make my batter bitter. But a bit of better butter, that would make my batter better.'”

She watched and felt as her lips smacked against each other with every ‘b’ sound, feeling their firm, turgid flesh rebound with each word, as if to remind her how large her lower lip, both her lips, had grown. Even as she stared into the mirror, examining her lips she began licking them, running her tongue along their sensitive flesh, almost as if she was unaware she was doing so. Mary shook her head, trying to clear her head but only succeeding in reminding herself of how large and heavy her lips were.

Now she did what she'd been avoiding all day. Mary held her right hand up and carefully unwrapped the thick layer of gauze wrapping her huge middle digit. Over the last few days it, like her lip, had continued to grow, in this case more in length than in any other way. Now it was nearly two inches longer than her other fingers. Her two middle fingers had been one large digit for almost two weeks now and Mary had finally begun to think of them as one huge finger. She examined her hand, feeling where the thick shaft of her middle finger had grown down through her hand, leaving a large rounded ridge that practically filled her palm, making it impossible for her to do something as simple as pick up a glass.

With the index finger of her opposite hand she traced the tube that ran up the palm side of her massive middle finger, just under the skin. Now it nearly reached the tip of her huge digit, neatly filling the ridge that once separated her two fingers. Mary flipped her hand over, looking over the backside of her middle finger, pressing

against it with her index finger, feeling its firm, rubbery texture, far more firm than her lip, but not nearly as firm as her fingers once had been before they had become these heavy, rubbery masses.

Mary pressed the middle fingers of both hands against the vanity's countertop, feeling her fingers flex under the pressure, but more than that, feeling something like a tightness being slowly released, as if a band-aid's glue was giving out, allowing the skin underneath it to spread. She looked down curiously, continuing to press down on her middle fingers then releasing before repeating, feeling whatever was coming loose slowly but surely released itself, the discomfort she had never noticed before suddenly becoming more and more apparent as whatever it was worked its way loose.

Suddenly several small somethings hit Mary in the face and as she reached up to brush them away she realized one was still stuck to her cheek. She reached off, carefully plucking it from her face with her thumb and forefinger before looking at it..

Looks like a fingernail, she thought, twisting her wrist to look at it from different angles. Then, as she twisted her wrist she saw it. The two nails that had been on the backside of her massive middle fingertip had come off, leaving tiny, shallow depressions where the four nails had been. Even now those indentations were filling in and within a minute her massive middle finger was as smooth on the back as it was on the front.

Mary's resolve was beginning to evaporate now that her middle finger was unwrapped and technically available for sucking. She tried to distract herself from her middle finger by once again concentrating on her full lower lip. She reached up and pressed down on it, feeling its firmness, only realizing as she made contact that it was her massive middle digit she had brought to her lips, not her forefinger.

Mary gasped as the tip of her middle digit rolled over the curve of her oversized lower lip, the friction pulling her lip down even as her fingertip began to roll off of it. Before her fingertip cleared it she reversed direction, twisting her finger, rolling it around the inner edge of her oversized lips. She pulled her finger back for a moment, long enough for her to purse her lips before she pushed her enlarged finger in through the tiny opening, her fingertips rolling over the soft flesh of her lips. As soon as her fingertip cleared her lips she pulled it back, repeating the process over and over.

Very shortly she felt it. First it was just an itching on the underside of her mega-finger as the tube that had been growing up across her palm finished pushing its way up to the tip of her fingers, but then the feeling spread, covering her fingertip. She felt it begin to swell as it slid in and out of her mouth, growing into a very distinctive bell shape. Now with every stroke she felt it grow larger, the lower, flared boundary of the bell shaped head catching on her lips every time she tried to pull her massive finger from between the soft, wet folds of her lips.

Then, as if feeling neglected, her left hand slid down her belly and soon she had penetrated herself below as well. Now the same feeling that had just been coming from her right hand were coming from her left and the pleasure from both her hands built to the point that moments later, when her knees gave out, dropping her to the floor, she didn't even notice. The pressure from within her fingers continued to grow, first only making them swell larger and larger as she worked them in and out, but

slowly a different sort of pressure began to build, a hot, desperate, lusty pressure that doubled and redoubled as she pumped her fingers faster and faster.

Suddenly and without warning her massive right digit exploded in ecstasy, pressure releasing for a moment before building again and then again letting go, before repeating the cycle again... and again... It was only as she began to come down from the amazing high she felt from that feeling that she noticed her cheeks were distended, pushed outward from the inside, making her look like a child who was holding their breath. She pulled her finger from her mouth slowly, the flared head of the massive digit hanging up for a moment on her overstuffed lips before, with one last burst of pleasure it pulled free, allowing the mouthful of thick, white slime to pour from her mouth. Mary looked down at her hand, where most of the white, sticky goo had landed and stared for a moment. While anyone else who had the opportunity to see what had been happening to Mary's fingers over the last few weeks would have had no trouble guessing what was happening, somehow Mary had been blissfully unaware of the actual direction of the transformation. But no matter how deeply in denial Mary was, there was a limit to what her mind could mask from her consciousness and her own giant finger-cock cumming in her mouth was far beyond the limits of where Mary's denial could take her.

She just stared at the massive cock that had grown out of her hand, now extending from her wrist, straight up through her palm and more than six inches beyond that, a two inch thick column of pulsing flesh, capped with a head the size of a lemon, only now admitting to herself what she must have known it was on some level for some time.

I am so totally fu... Mary thought before her second finger-cock orgasmed, embedded deep within her vagina, her free hand's finger-cock spitting slightly, as if in sympathetic response, the thick cum running down over its massive head and down the shaft. She continued to stare at her right hand, even as the orgasmic pulsing of her left hand slowed and finally stopped long enough for her to catch her breath. As her breathing finally slowed to its normal pace Mary noticed, almost as an afterthought that as she licked her overly full lips the salty slime that had filled her mouth now coated her lips as well, making them extra slippery. She considered for a moment, alternating between feeling the texture of her cum-covered oversized lips and staring at the massive head of the cock that had grown from her hand.

"Well, if you can't beat them..." she said quietly and shrugged before she shoved her free finger-cock between her pursed lips, pushing it in as far as it would go before beginning to thrust it in and out of her mouth, her left finger-cock leaving its place and moving around to her backside, as if looking for a tighter, lesser used orifice.

CHAPTER 70

Four days later Michelle got a call from Kristen. “Hey,” Kristen said. “Sorry I haven’t called. I’ve been getting settled in at my aunts and things have been really freaky.”

“I’m just glad you’re okay,” Michelle said, relieved to hear Kristen’s voice.

“Who said I’m okay?” Kristen asked seriously.

“I’m sorry, I didn’t mean... are you still getting...” Michelle began before Kristen cut her off.

“Still getting bigger? I thought it stopped but nooooooooo...” Kristen began, her voice betraying her anger and frustration.

“You’re at your aunt’s right?” Michelle asked.

“Yeah, on Wolfe near Johns Hopkins. That’s where my aunt works.” Kristen said.

“How is it going with your parents,” Michelle asked.

Kristen sounded very tired all of a sudden. “Can we talk about that once you’re here. It’s kinda awkward sitting where I am and I gotta go.”

“Okay,” Michelle said, see you in an hour.”

“Seeyah then,” Kristen replied.

It was nearly an hour and a half later when Michelle knocked on Kristen’s aunt’s door. There was a muffled thump at the door a minute or two after she rang the bell, followed by another, than another. Now mild swearing joined the thumping as Michelle heard the apartment’s locks opening one by one. Then the door opened, or rather, began to open. The door opened no more than two inches before it slammed shut and Michelle heard Kristen swear. The door immediately opened again, only to slam closed again the same way. Finally Michelle heard someone slowly waddling away from door before she heard Kristen’s voice weakly through the door. “I give up on the door, you can come on in!”

Luckily Michelle had the advantage in that the door opened inward so that when she opened the door it swung away from her, into the living room of the apartment. Kristen stood there, feet set far apart, hands holding a sheet wrapped around her frame, covering whatever changes the last few days had brought.

“How are you doing?” Michelle asked.

Kristen sighed, “Let’s go sit down.” Kristen turned and waddled slowly into the living room, “Standing hurts my feet and back.”

Michelle followed Kristen into the living room where she saw a chair that had been placed on a platform, apparently to make it easier for Kristen to get up and down. Kristen approached the chair and carefully sidestepped slowly in place until she turned, as if to sit down. Then she looked down at her body and the sheet that was billowing around her. “I guess I better explain first,” Kristen said and looked up at Michelle. “I went to the doctor the day after I was at your place. The next day he called. I’m not pregnant.”

Michelle released a deep breath, hoping it seemed realistic, “Well, that’s a relief.”

“What relief? I already knew that.” Kristen sighed. “Yeah, so now mom and dad are all apologetic but screw them, they didn’t believe me. So I’m staying here for a while. So anyway like the next day it just stopped.”

“Stopped?” Michelle said, relieved.

“Yeah, for like two days. I was **sooooo** relieved. Then the next day I woke up with these damn things.” Kristen said, her voice tired as she let go of the sheet and let it fall to the floor. Michelle’s mouth fell open as she stared at Kristen’s body, clad only in panties, a bra and ankle length socks. While her belly had certainly grown, now looking more like she was having twins or triplets than just being nine months pregnant with one, the big changes were in her breasts. Her breasts were truly gigantic, looking like a pair of torpedoes wrapped in lace, extending out at least as far in front of her as her belly did and almost as far out to either side. The hastily sewn together bra held her massive breasts together and kept them atop her belly, nearly filling the space between her belly and chin with those massive orbs, cleavage stretching out nearly a foot from her chin before the bra covered the deep crevice.

“I thought this damn belly was bad but this is nuts!” Kristen said looking down, one hand on either side of the massive shelf of breasts that projected forward nearly two feet from her chest turning slightly back and forth to emphasize the problems such a large bust line would cause as her breasts swung back and forth like a huge shelf suspended in front of her.

“You know, it might not be so bad if you took off that bra,” Michelle said, trying to come up with some way to help her friend. “Then they wouldn’t stick so far out.”

Kristen looked up at Michelle, “Believe me, if it was any better I’d have this damn thing off in a minute, it really rubs,” she said, carefully pulling one of the hems away from her breast near her underarm.

“Then why wear it?” Michelle asked.

“I guess it’s...” Kristen began then started over. “The way I figure it some parts of your body aren’t meant to touch and your brain kinda knows that. Like if you suddenly felt your cheek on your thigh your brain would flip out or something and it would feel really weird.”

“That makes sense,” Michelle nodded, doing her best to stare into Kristen’s eyes and not at her chest.

“Well, without this bra on my boobs...” Kristen swallowed hard and started again, more quietly, “my boobs slide off and kinda lay on either side of my belly. I can’t stand it,” she added, now on the verge of tears, “It just feels so weird and gross and wrong,”

“I bet you’d get used to it after awhile,” Michelle said, trying to be helpful.

“I don't want to get used to it! YOU don't understand what it's like!”

Kristen shrieked and dropped into the raised chair behind her, her massive belly settling in between her thighs, pushing them apart with enough force for her to wince as her belly settled into it’s resting place. “After the mega-melons showed up my belly started getting bigger again,” Kristen said, slapping either side of her huge belly with her hands. “And my belly button feels really weird too,” she added, craning her neck forward, as if she had some chance of seeing over her breast horizon.

Michelle resisted the urge to argue with Kristen’s statement about

understanding, knowing full well there was no way she could explain her understanding of Kristen's seemingly unique situation without removing her amulet. *And given how I look without it now I'd scare the shit out of her*, Michelle thought, *hell, it scares me and I see it everyday*. Michelle brushed the thought away and stepped up to look at Kristen's belly button.

As Michelle approached she saw that the scattered patches of shiny skin had begun to coalesce into large swaths of shiny, tight skin. The tight firmness of Kristen's belly had become, if anything, even more tight and firm since Michelle had seen her last, the smooth, rounded curves of her belly only broken at its apex, where a shallow depression circled the massive nub of Kristen's belly button. Where before Kristen's belly button had been a little bump, as if her normal belly button had simply turned inside out, now it was a large fleshy slightly reddened nub. "What feels weird about it," Michelle asked reaching out to touch it, hoping Kristen wouldn't ask her what the darned thing looked like.

"I dunno," Kristen said, worry evident in her voice. "It's just.... uhhhhh," Kristen shuttered as Michelle pressed on Kristen's belly button and realized it felt almost like the firm fleshiness of Amy's oversized nipples. "Please, whatever you're doing," Kristen whispered, "stop doing it." Kristen shivered again. "It feels really, **really** weird."

"Sorry," Michelle said, pulling her hand back."

Kristen sighed with relief, obviously glad Michelle's hand was no longer touching her. "Never do that again. Please."

"No problem," Michelle said. "Is there anything I can do to help?"

Kristen looked up from her chest to Michelle, her eyes tired for a moment before a slight smile crossed her face and her eyes brightened a bit. "Thanks but I don't know what....ooooh... There is one thing, if you don't mind getting your hands dirty."

"Depends how dirty," Michelle said, her eyes closed to slits, her smile making it clear she was kidding,

"You probably can't tell, but my belly itches like crazy," Kristen said, reaching around her belly from either side, coming up more than a foot short of touching.

"Believe me, I understand," Michelle said, rolling her eyes, about to reach around to the side of her belly before she caught herself and looked up at Kristen, who was looking skeptically at Michelle.

"There's this tub of cream my aunt picked up for me," Kristen said, pointing across the room.

Michelle turned and waddled over to the tub, hoping Kristen didn't notice her gait as she picked up the tub. "Udder Cream," she read, an odd tone to her voice. "I know we're good friends and all but I'm sorry I draw the line at putting cream on your udders."

Kristen turned bright red as she tried to reply, but stuttered as she waved her hands, obviously wanting to try to correct a mistaken impression before her alarmed look dropped, quickly replaced by a wide smile that broke immediately into laughter. "I don't believe you!" Kristen chuckled.

Michelle laughed as well, taking the opportunity to cross the room, her waddle

unnoticed as Kristen laughed. "You looked like you needed a good laugh," Michelle said smiling.

"You're right, thanks," Kristen nodded. "This is the messy part," Kristen continued. "Could you take some of that cream and rub onto my belly? That's where it itches the most."

Michelle opened up the plastic tub and reached in, grabbing a finger full of the thick, greasy cream and rubbing it between her thumb and fingertip. "This stuff is really great, it really moisturizes!" Michelle said.

"Like you need it," Kristen said, "I know it's pretty gross, but if could just rub it on the shiny spots it would be great."

"It's not really gross," Michelle said, "just a little greasy."

"That's not what I meant," Kristen said. "People say my belly feels really weird."

Michelle looked surprised for a moment, then smiled. "I think I can cope." Michelle dug her fingers into the cream and brought the glob up to Kristen's belly. "Where should I start?"

"Anywhere but my belly button," Kristen said, "Just leave that alone."

Michelle nodded and began rubbing some of the cream into a large swath of shiny skin on Kristen's amazingly firm belly. "How's that?"

Kristen stretched for a moment, for the first time since Michelle arrived truly relaxing. "Mmmmm, wonderful. Just keep rubbing it in until it's all soaked up."

Michelle grabbed another glob of cream from the tub and began rubbing it in. "So," Kristen asked casually, "So tell me everything. Who've you seen from school?"

Michelle kicked a small ottoman over in front of Kristen so she could sit down, "Well, let me see..." Michelle began... "I saw Judy and her little brat pack down at the harbor on Tuesday..."

"God, what were they ruining this week?" Kristen laughed as they settled into a normal teenage gossip session.

CHAPTER 71

Since their last discussion several days before Michelle had been avoiding Amy, only seeing her for the very brief time that was actually necessary for her to do all the nursing she needed to do. At the time that was just fine with Amy. She really wanted to tell Michelle that she and the other milk dolls had each found themselves one of the others to nurse from them. The problem was each of them had promised they wouldn't mention it to the others. Given the circumstances Amy didn't see anything wrong with telling Michelle, especially given what drinking all that milk was doing to her, but then there was the real problem.

She needed Michelle to trust her enough to remove the magical command that prevented her from letting anyone know Michelle was feeding from her. *And there's no way she's going to trust me not to talk if I tell her I broke the other girl's confidences*, Amy pondered. The more she thought about it though, the more she realized she had to talk to Michelle, regardless of whether or not it convinced Michelle not to remove the mental command. *If I don't...* Amy thought, thinking back to the night just a few days before when she'd unsnapped the clasp on Michelle's amulet and seen how she truly looked, *soon she won't be able to stand up without the power she gets from all that milk*.

Finally Amy made up her mind and waited in her room for Michelle to come upstairs and return to her room just as she did every day after lunch. Amy waited for a moment, sitting on the edge of her bed, absentmindedly fondling her nipples through her top as she waited, looking out the barely open door. She waited a few minutes after she saw Michelle enter her room before she got to her feet and walked down the hall as quietly as she could, her arms folded across her breasts, holding them in place as best she was able.

As she approached the door she noticed a glow coming from between Michelle's bedroom door and the jamb. She approached carefully, almost sneaking up on the door until she could peer through the narrow gap. Michelle stood halfway across the room in front of her full-length mirror, amulet obviously in place, her hands overlapping, pressed against her upper chest, a bright white glow coming from beneath them, her whole body trembling slightly. Michelle stared into the mirror. "Be happy and thankful for what you have," she said, staring into her reflection, the deep harmonics of her voice obvious even to Amy, more than ten feet away. Michelle looked away from the mirror a moment, frowning, before her gaze returned to the mirror. "Don't let what others think of you get you down," Michelle tried again, and again seemed disappointed at the results, or lack of them.

Amy, thoroughly embarrassed, backed away from the door as quietly as she could, taking nearly five minutes to get back to her room and carefully close the door, all in complete silence. *Oh Michelle*, Amy thought sadly as made up her mind. She stepped up to the door to her room and opened it, making no effort to keep the sound of the lock silent. "Be right back," she said into the empty room, loud enough for anyone on the second floor who might be listening to hear before she slowly walked down the hallway to Michelle's bedroom. When she arrived at the door the glow that had been shining though the slightly ajar door was gone. Amy knocked firmly on the

door. "Michelle, you there?"

"Uh, yeah..." Michele replied. "Come in."

Amy opened the door and stepped inside, closing the door behind her. Michelle now sat on the edge of her bed, her favorite spot, about six feet from the mirror, which was now tilted slightly away from the bed. "What's up?"

"We need to talk," Amy said as she crossed the room.

"Fine, then talk," Michelle said quietly.

"I didn't want to tell you about this, because I didn't want you to take it the wrong way..." Amy began.

"Are you going to be putting me down again today?" Michelle asked, "Cause I'm really not up for it."

Amy sighed, "Why does everything have to be a putdown?" Amy asked. "I didn't tell you before because I really want you to trust me enough so you can undo that command thing ..."

"Hypno-voice," Michelle interrupted coldly. "That's what we call it."

"Stop trying to change the subject," Amy said, surprised..."really want you to undo that hypno-voice thing you did, but you'll never undo it if you don't trust me. And I guess this is just going to prove that you can't trust me but this is too important not to tell you about."

Now Michelle seemed confused, "What is it?" she asked, glancing away as she realized she was staring at Amy's breasts, or more specifically, Amy's nipples.

Amy seemed deep in thought for a moment before she made her final decision and blurted, "Bobbi, Kari, Debbie and I have made arrangements with Mandy, Candy and Maria. Only Kari still needs to come to you." Amy said.

Michelle seemed to think about it for a moment, "Okay..." she said warily..."And telling me this would make me not trust you because..."

"Because I promised I wouldn't tell." Amy said quietly.

Michelle stared at Amy like she was some sort of alien before she pushed herself to her feet and waddled over to Amy, stopping about four feet away, "You're breaking a promise... the same promise I hypno-voiced you not to break and you're thinking it **might** make me not trust you enough to undo it? Whoa... let's not make any big leaps of logic..."

"I said it doesn't matter anymore," Amy said. "I'm telling you **knowing** you're not going to undo it because of what I'm telling you." Michelle began to mumble something under her breath as she shifted her stance, spreading her feet to better distribute her weight and pressing her palms into her lower back, a very strange position given the illusion of normality her amulet provided. "Aren't you curious why?" Amy asked, interrupting Michelle's mumblings.

Michelle seemed to consider for a moment, "What the hell. Sure. Tell me, what's so damned important."

"This is," Amy said stepped toward Michelle and reached around her massive breasts, her hand outstretched. Suddenly a confused look crossed her face as her hand wavered, as if she was unsure if what she wanted her hand to do. Then she realized the problem. "Damn that amulet," Amy said and closed her eyes and reached out again, this time her hand didn't falter as it reached forward. Strangely, the air around her hand seemed to ripple, as if the illusion that camouflaged Michelle's true

appearance didn't like someone knowingly reaching through the illusion. The ripples compressed as her hand approached some invisible barrier, about two and a half feet in front of Michelle's seemingly thin form. Amy opened her eyes and looked at the shocked expression on Michelle's face, purposefully avoiding looking down at her hand. "You can't let this go on anymore," Amy said quietly, her hand firmly placed on Michelle's belly.

Michelle twisted from under Amy's hand and waddled away. "How did you know?" she asked.

"The other night, the one when we talked before you cleaned me out... My boobs bumped against your belly like three times. I felt it, you must have felt the tingling."

"I was hoping you didn't notice," Michelle said so quietly she was almost whispering.

"But I still wasn't sure how big you were, so while you were busy milking me I undid the clasp on your amulet." Amy continued.

Michelle looked back over her shoulder, "But.. I never... you didn't take my amulet off."

"Didn't need to. Once the clasp was open the illusion collapsed," Amy replied.

Michelle looked concerned and thoughtful for a moment before she reached back behind her neck and actually began to fumble before she realized what she was doing and pulled her hands away, "I'll take your word for it."

"Why'd you let it go on so long?" Amy asked, "You knew what would happen..."

"I couldn't let you and the other girls start growing again because of my stupidity," Michelle said quietly.

"Stupidity? What the hell are you talking about?" Amy asked, confused.

"When I told Julia I needed you girls to help with Mandy, Candy and Maria," Michelle said, "I never even thought about what to do with all you later..."

"Hello?" Michelle said. "You rescued us from an insane, megalomaniac with a cruel streak the size of the Mississippi." Amy said. "You did us all a huge, **huge**, favor we can never repay."

"Glad someone thinks so," Michelle said. "No matter what I do everyone tells me I'm wrong. I saved Mandy and Candy and they're still giving me a hard time about it. I tried to stay with Julia when she was in town and keep her out of trouble and you saw what she did to Kristen. I figured the one way I could make sure I did the right thing was to help you milk... you four personally and now you're telling me that's wrong too."

Amy walked up behind Michelle and put her hand on her shoulder, "Not wrong... just too much for you to deal with. You don't need to do this alone. You can't and better yet you don't have to. So you like big boobs now. So what. So do Mandy, Candy and Maria and you don't see them freaking out."

Michelle blushed furiously, "Really? So why'd they make you promise not to tell anyone?"

"Its one thing to be comfortable with who you are. Its another to come running out of the closet and tell everyone you like girls," Amy said.

“When did you do it?” Michelle asked.

Amy seemed taken aback.

“What? You said...” Michelle thought back for a moment. “Suddenly you want to do it. Have to do it. And you love every minute of it.”

“I guess that’s when...” Amy said, now blushing herself.

Michelle sighed, “Why does everyone come out to me?”

“Maybe because you care so much,” Amy said.

“Thanks,” Michelle said, “I needed that.”

“So, you ready to lose that necklace of yours,” Amy smiled.

Michelle looked suddenly skittish, like a frightened squirrel. “Uh, now? No.. no... I’m a total mess... my hair’s all messed...”

Amy nodded. “Whenever you’re ready.” She turned to leave.

“Wait,” Michelle said as she sat down on the edge of the bed, “Aren’t you full?”

Amy stopped and turned slowly back to Michelle. “Yeah, but Candy...” she trailed off tilting her head toward the door.”

“Oh, right.” Michelle said with an embarrassed smile. Amy turned and reached for the doorknob.

“Once more time,” Michelle said as Amy turned the doorknob. “Please.”

Amy looked back at Michelle, “You’ve had more than you can handle already,” she replied, looking at Michelle’s middle, as if she could see straight through the illusion disguising Michelle’s body.

Michelle looked down, “It’s the only thing that makes me feel good anymore,” she whispered, a tear running down her cheek.

Amy stared at Michelle for a moment before she turned around and began walking toward Michelle, pulling her top off as she stepped closer, tossing it aside as she approached the bed, her breasts swinging back and forth with each step. “Okay, tonight, but that’s it,” Amy said as she began to lift her right breast towards Michelle’s face, “A little help?” she asked.

Michelle looked up at Amy and reached forward, taking Amy’s breast in her hands and pulling it to her face. “Thanks, just this last time,” she said, sucking Amy’s nipple into her mouth.

CHAPTER 72

“Juanita? Are you coming or not?” Maria called from the living room of her house into the kitchen.

“Yeah, yeah, just give me a minute,” Juanita said as she took a bag of potato chips from the cupboard, looked at it a moment and put it back with a sigh. It had been nearly a week since Juanita had visited with Daryl, the wish granter, and now she was getting impatient to see results. After she had “paid” Daryl he explained that it would take a week or so for the wish to begin to come true. “What if it doesn’t?” Juanita had asked, but Daryl just scoffed and told her he wouldn’t still be around if he fucked around with people that way. *Besides*, Juanita realized, *if he couldn’t do what people said he could they would have been warning her about that, not about some vague misgivings.*

So far though Juanita hadn’t noticed any change in either her sister’s shape or attitude. As a matter of fact, her sister had gotten more depressed this last week as she sat trapped in the house. For a day or so Juanita stayed with her, but given that it would only be a few days before Maria was back to normal it didn’t seem like so big a deal to leave her at home alone. Now, six days after she’d made her wish she wasn’t so sure. Maria was sadder than ever and still as big as a house and just to make things worse Juanita seemed to be getting a touch of PMS. Not the depression or mood swing, but certainly a bit of water retention. Juanita held her hand out and tried to make a fist, feeling her over tight fingers squeeze together, their swelling preventing her from closing her hand.

Juanita reached back up into the cupboard and pulled out a bag of pretzels and looked at the bag. Seeing the amount of salt she blinked and put the bag back in the cupboard, next to the chips, not wanting to make things worse by eating salty foods. She grabbed a bag of cheddar cheese popcorn and seeing it had the least salt of anything in the kitchen left it on the counter before she ducked into the bathroom and grabbed some Midol from the medicine cabinet downing them with a swig of water, hoping these two capsules worked better than the last two.

Juanita dumped the popcorn into a large bowl and headed into the living room where Maria waited, a video ready to play. “What kept you?” Maria asked as she picked up the remote.”

“Sorry, just trying to find stuff without so much salt in it,” Juanita replied, holding up her hand and gently trying to make a fist.

Maria smiled thinly, “That’s one thing I don’t miss,” she replied, stroking her massive belly, “You hit the Midol?”

“Yeah, but its not helping much,” Juanita said.

“Yeah, that’s Midol,” Maria chuckled as she took the bowl of popcorn from Juanita so she could sit down.

“So what are we watching?” Juanita asked, grabbing her soda from the coffee table.

“I got that new Sandra Bullock movie,” she said and pressed play on the remote.

The film wasn’t bad, but about halfway through Juanita found herself

distracted. She felt oddly, not quite a cramp, but more like her stomach was unsettled. *It must have eaten something I ate*, she thought, running her hand across her lower abdomen, just below her waist. *Damn PMS*. The feeling passed, but as they continued to watch Juanita felt a tiny burp rise up her throat, followed by another, then, several minutes later, by a third. Juanita swallowed hard and returned her attention to the movie. Several minutes later her lower abdomen spasmed as she silently burped, although not painfully, but this time more forcefully, feeling something rising up her throat at the same time. Juanita took swallow of her soda, washing down whatever was trying to come up, hoping that her stomach would begin to settle and for the moment it did.

Several minutes later Juanita took another swallow of her soda, finishing the glass and went to the kitchen for a refill. As she poured her soda she felt it again, a tiny silent burp, then another, then a third, each larger than the last, working their way up her throat. She paused, placing her hand on her lower abdomen, waiting for the feeling to pass. Slowly it did and Juanita picked up her glass and headed back to the living room. Suddenly another burp forced its way up her throat, a bubble of saliva spanning her lips for a moment before it popped. Another burp immediately followed, accompanied by the feeling of liquid rising up her throat. This time the burp and liquid reached her lips simultaneously and another bubble formed across her lips before it popped, splattering over her lips. She reached up to wipe it away even as she wiped away the slime with her tongue, feeling the odd texture and unusual taste of the goo.

Juanita cleared her throat as she tried to identify the very odd but somehow familiar taste in her mouth as she swirled her tongue around. She reached up with her forefinger, drawing it across the tip of her tongue, feeling the light coating of goo coat her finger, a long string of the stuff hanging from her fingertip as she pulled it from her lips. Even as she considered another burp, this one large enough to be audible, reached her lips, Thinking she was about to throw up Juanita rushed into the bath room, resting her hands on the counter on either side of the sink, leaning forward, allowing her arms to support her.

She needn't have worried about vomiting. Even as the burp reached her lips it faded back, leaving only a small glob of goo running from the corner of her mouth. Juanita took a deep breath, taking a moment to catch her breath before she looked up into the mirror. She stared into her reflection for a moment as her abdomen seemed to relax, the muscles no longer spasming, but instead relaxing, her belly bloated slightly between her waist and pubic bone. She ran her hand across her lower belly before she noticed the glob of whitish goo that had dribbled from the corner of her mouth. She licked away the glob, tasting the same odd, yet familiar taste she'd noted earlier. She reached up with her finger, scooping up some of the slime on her fingertip and raising it to her nose.

Juanita sniffed at the goo, rubbing it between her thumb and forefinger. *It smells so familiar*, she thought. *Almost like... OH MY GOD*. She thought back a week to the stale smell that overwhelmed the burned out strip club, the scent under the rot and smoke. With obvious distaste she raised her fingertip back to her mouth and swiped the tip of her tongue across her fingertip, now instantly recognizing the taste. *Cum, it's fucking cum*, she realized. *What the hell does that mean?* she thought as

another small burp came silently to her lips, her abdomen pushing into the zipper of her jeans as another burp came.

Not just cum, she realized, *It's Daryl's cum*. Juanita stared at her reflection wide eyed, unsure of the implications as she looked down at herself, specifically at her lower belly, her hand still rubbing back and forth across the slight bulge.

“Fuck me.”

CHAPTER 73

Mary lay in the living room of her house, very glad that her parents were out of town as she lounged on the carpeted floor among a nest of pillows, completely naked. She'd given up on clothes, having ruined far too many outfits as she tore them as she unwittingly forced her finger-cock down her pants or stained them as cum poured from her mouth and down her blouse. Over the last week her finger-cocks had continued to grow, but their sensitivity declined as they grew. Now using them was less a pleasure than something that simply happened in the background. The only time she even noticed them was when they weren't inserted somewhere wet and tight. Then they ached, not so much a physical pain, but a yearning, her hands pulsing with the need to be contained, wrapped tightly in flesh.

Mary pulled hand free of her mouth and carefully reached for the can of soda trying to pick it up despite the deformity of her hand. She fumbled with the can, grasping it with her fingertips to avoid the wide rounded shaft that filled her palm. She lifted the soda to her head, the massive finger-cock slapping against her forehead as she tilted the can back. She rolled her eyes as she sat down the can and looked her hand over. *It seems to be slowing down anyway*, Mary thought, looking over the massive appendage. Over the last week it had gained about an inch in length and the head had swollen slightly, now barely able to fit between her lips. She still wasn't sure if that was due more to the head of her finger-cock growing or her lips swelling even more... but in the end she decided it didn't really matter.

What did matter was the round swelling of her abdomen. She rolled herself up into a sitting position and looked down, seeing the slight but obvious swell of her belly which reached from pubic bone to several inches above her belly button. She ran her right hand across the bulge, only now realizing her left hand was still working in and out of her sex, automatically, joylessly, but obviously occupied. She sighed as she thought of pulling her hand free, then decided to ignore it, realizing it would be right back were it was two minutes after she'd removed it.

She fumbled at the remote with her free hand, her finger-cock far too large to press the tiny buttons. She tried again with her index finger, but her finger-cock blocked her view of the buttons. Soon she settled for flying blind and pressed buttons at random until she found the channel up button and flipped through to her favorite soap. As soon as she'd looked up at the screen and began to watch her right hand was already at her face, and moments later, with a bit of pressure, the head of her finger-cock, all that fit anymore, was back in her mouth. The tip pushed past her pouty lips, parting them just enough for the flared edge of the head to squeeze through. Then slowly she began pumping in and out.

Although it wasn't as amazingly sensual as it was before, Mary still felt the pressure building slowly within her hand as it worked in and out, even as she watched television, seeming oblivious or at least bored by what was going on just inches from her eyes. After nearly a month she was used to it. But she wasn't ready for what happened next. She slid her finger-cock from her mouth, her lips caressing the head as it exited, allowing her lips to play over its surface before she thrust it back into her mouth again. As she did so the pressure built to a crescendo and released, the head of

her finger-cock growing larger in her mouth. For her part Mary was just glad the feeling had passed so she could get back to paying attention to the show. Then she tried to slide the head back out of her mouth again.

It didn't budge. Now her hand had her full attention. Mary crossed her eyes, looking down at the massive shaft protruding from between her oversize lips. She pulled again, feeling the wide, flared head of her finger-cock hitting the inside of her hugely swollen lips. She pulled again, the bell shaped head simply mushrooming against the backside of her lips. Worse, she felt the same pressure she'd felt moments earlier beginning to build again. Mary tried to relax, inhaling deeply through her nose, trying to figure out what she was going to do.

Then, without warning she began furiously pulling at her hand in a blind panic before she felt the pressure increasing again and stopped. She thought about it for a moment before she slowly got to her feet without freeing either of her hands and waddled awkwardly to the bathroom. Mary stopped cold as her left finger-cock came, swelling within her vagina as a burst of ecstasy washed over her. She tried to remain calm, taking deep breaths through her nose and pulled her left hand free with a wet, slurping sound before she continued to the bathroom.

Mary fumbled with the doorknob, barely able to grip it between her outstretched fingers. It took her a few moments but soon she'd twisted the doorknob enough to allow the lock to clear the jamb and it fell open. She pushed through the doorway to the sink and stared into her reflection. The view wasn't very promising. While she could feel that the head of her finger-cock had grown, she hadn't realized that the shaft had as well, now as wide as the head had been before her little spurt.

She twisted her hand left, then right, tilting it slightly, looking to see if there were any gaps around the edges of her lips. Seeing a tiny gap between the corner of her mouth and the shaft she reached up with the pinky of her left hand and poked herself in the eye with her left finger-cock. She cursed, the sound coming out as more of a "mmfmf mmmfm" and grabbed furiously at her right wrist with her left hand and pulled, pressing against the head with her tongue from the inside. Mary was just beginning to make some progress, her mouth beginning to stretch around the flared edge of the head when her tongue slipped into the hole at the tip and she yelped, the fight going out of her, even as the pressure within continued to build.

Finally she'd had enough. Mary returned to the living room and sat on the floor, folding her left leg at the knee and wrapping her left arm around it, grabbing her right arm with her left hand. Mary took several deep breaths through her nose, each deeper than the last. Then she braced herself and screamed. As the muffled yelp pushed out around the oversized member jammed into her mouth her lips stretched slightly and she pushed with her leg, unfolding it against her forearm, pushing against her right arm. At first nothing happened but as Mary's face reddened her scream slowly got louder as her mouth stretched and suddenly, with a loud pop, her oversized finger came free and she fell backward, sprawling across the floor.

Mary breathed heavily through her mouth, taking several minutes for her to catch her breath. She reached up to her mouth to rub away the soreness at the corners, only realizing at the last moment that it was her finger-cock that was about to rub across her lips. She jerked her hand back suddenly staring at it wide eyed, her lips pressed tightly closed as she began to shake. *Ohhhh no you don't!* she thought, *You*

waskily wabbit!

She placed both her hands on the floor in front of her, staring down at them, keeping them where she could see them as she planned her next move. But there nothing she could think of, no one she could call. *I can't call Michelle*, she thought, *Who knows what it would do to me if they tried to undo this after a whole month.* The hospital was out of the question too. Even if she didn't believe she'd be poked and prodded and kept locked away forever she had no way to get there. She certainly wasn't going out in public with the hands of doom. *Hell, they're so heavy now that even lifting them is a chore.* Besides, the hospital was too far away, out by the movie theater at the edge of town. *The only time I even get out there is if my parents drive me or when Joey and I go to the movies.*

"Joey," she whispered to herself. *Maybe he'll have some ideas*, she thought. Mary and Joey had been dating for nearly a year, at least until she had broken up with him almost a month ago when she could no longer hide her rapidly changing hands from him. They hadn't parted on good terms, but she felt sure she could at least trust him not to say anything to anyone else. Mary sighed and pushed herself to her feet, the heaviness of her hands a not so subtle reminder of what had happened to her, even when she couldn't see them.

Mary went to her parents bedroom and crawled across the bed. She reached for the phone on the far nightstand but her rubbery finger-cock just slapped against the phone. She rolled her eyes and pushed herself up onto her knees and reached out with both hands, awkwardly taking the phone in her hands and setting it on the bed in front of her. Mary fumbled with the handset, slowly lifting it to her head and she pawed at the phone's keypad with her other hand, but with her finger-cock being so much longer and thicker than her other fingers she could barely dial, but soon, using her pinky, she pressed the buttons.

Mary held the phone to her head, bracing it to her ear with her shoulder and waited as it rang, her hands already moving to the only openings available to them. "Hello? Is Joey there?" she asked.

"Thanks," she replied to the person she spoke with, even as she silently penetrated herself from the front. Mary began toying with her free finger-cock, pushing it against the mattress, tilting it right and left, back and forth, still fascinated and repulsed by its firm, rubbery texture, the bones within appearing to be completely gone. As she waited for Joey to reach the phone she licked her lips, feeling the firm flesh as she lifted her hand up to see the damage from her latest full-mouthed escapade. The shaft of her finger-cock was undoubtedly longer and thicker, but it was the head, which had almost left her hopelessly trapped, that held her attention. It had grown quite a bit from its lemon sized firmness of the last few days, Now it was closer to the size of an orange, the deep hole at the tip seeming to stare at her as she examined it.

"Joey!" Mary said, startled. "Yeah... can you come over? I really need your help." She paused for a few moments, listening, her right hand moving slowly, but deliberately toward her backside. "I know, but you said we'd still be friends and I really need a friend right now. She listened to the voice on the other end of the phone, her expression softening. "Thank you! I owe you. Believe me, you'll..." she said before being interrupted as she involuntarily gasped, sucking in a huge amount of air

as a massive and almost painful discomfort came from her butt. “No..” Mary said as she caught her breath, obviously unhappy with what had just happened. “I’m fine. Just come over. I’ll explain when you get here.” Mary looked down her front, between her breasts, as she spoke, looking over the rounded mound of her belly to her left hand, plunging in and out of her, a hot, sweaty pressure growing, picking up where it left off. “Just hurry, okay?” she added as the pressure suddenly released, her middle digit again growing larger, stretching herself to fit. She gasped, unable to catch her breath. “Please, hurry.”

CHAPTER 74

Michelle looked over the small, handmade invitation in her hand, pondering what to do with it.

What? Kristen's 17th Birthday Party!

When? Saturday at noon.

Where? My house!

Why? FUN, FUN, FUN!

She had intended to go to Kristen's party, but now, hours from when it was supposed to start, she wasn't so sure. Michelle was sure it would do Kristen good to see her friends she just wasn't sure it would do her any good. Now that Kristen was back home her parents were doing anything they could to try to make up for their earlier disbelief, including this party. Michelle had helped Kristen plan the party, from what food and decorations they'd have to being there with Kristen as she invited some of her friends over, one by one, so they wouldn't be shocked to see her when they arrived Saturday. Most of them hadn't seen her since the curse Julia had put on her had begun to take effect and the few that had certainly hadn't seen her recently. And if they hadn't seen her in the last week it was worse than seeing her for the first time.

Even for Michelle it had been four days since they'd been together and even then Kristen had been getting pretty large. Her belly had begun to catch up with the massive shelf of her breasts, the weight slowing her down immensely. While before you could, with only a little stretch of the imagination, believe that Kristen was just a very busty girl pregnant with twins or triplets it was becoming increasingly apparent to anyone who saw her that something unnatural or at the very least unhealthy was happening to Kristen.

Michelle tried to picture the party, Kristen and her friends having a blast, listening to music, partying, opening gifts while she sat off to one side, trying to keep her belly out of their way. She couldn't imagine that her being there would contribute anything to the party but, more to the point, she was sure that she'd be a real downer. The more she thought about it the more she thought she might as well stay at home and see if any of the milk dolls needed her help. She looked over at the phone and decided she'd been putting this off long enough. Even though she'd still have about twelve other friends over it would be rude to wait till the last minute to say she wasn't coming.

Michelle picked up the phone and dialed. The phone rang only once before it was answered. "Hello?" a hopeful voice answered.

"Hi, is Kristen there?" Michelle asked.

"Michelle?" a voice asked coolly. "Not you too."

"What?" Michelle began to ask before she realized there was no one on the other end of the phone to talk to. Michelle waited curiously as she heard some odd noises in the background before another extension picked up and Michelle heard

Kristen sniff before she said, very quietly, "Hello?"

"Hi," Michelle said, "I just wanted to see..."

Kristen cut her off, "You're not coming, are you?"

"What?" Michelle said, shocked that Kristen had guessed why she was calling.

"I don't believe this. Everyone else at least called me before today. I never thought you'd bail on me too!" Kristen said, obviously crying.

"Whoa, whoa!" Michelle said, feeling horrible, "Who's not coming?"

"Well, you and Rebecca and Sam and Denise and everybody!" she replied.

"Uh, I'm coming," Michelle said, "I was just calling... to see if you needed me to pick up anything on the way over. Why'd everyone bail?"

"Well," Kristen said sneering, "Denise's aunt is coming to visit and Becca says she's grounded for breaking curfew and Rhonda said she has to baby-sit and Heather says she's visiting her sick grandmother and blah, blah, blah, blah, blah."

"Those sound like pretty lame excuses," Michelle agreed.

"I know. You think they could have at least come up with good excuses if they were too chicken to tell me the truth, Now they won't even talk to me," Kristen said, holding back tears.

"Truth?" Michelle asked, afraid of what the answer would be.

"They're totally freaked out. Grossed out. Afraid," Kristen said quietly.

Michelle sighed, "You don't know that. Maybe they just..."

Kristen cut her off, "I asked around. Not everyone is as tight lipped as my so called friends. "They're afraid they'll stare all the time, or that they'll be really weirded out, or that whatever I have is catchy."

"But your doctor said it wasn't," Michelle said.

"Yeah, tell that to them," Kristen said dismissively. "I guess I can't blame them on that one. My doctor is useless and so are the specialists. They still don't know what the fuck is wrong with me."

"So what are you doing today then?" Michelle asked, "Maybe we can have lunch or something."

"Sounds good," Kristen said with mild suspicion. "How about we meet at the café around eleven-thirty?"

"You sure you want to meet there?" Michelle asked skeptically.

"What's the matter? Don't want to be seen in public with me?" Kristen spat.

"Hey! I was just thinking of you. I didn't know if you..." Michelle said before she was cut off.

"Then the café it is," Kristen said coldly. "See you at eleven-thirty."

Michelle arrived at the café at eleven o'clock, finding a table that had was near the edge of the patio, making it easy for someone as large as Michelle to get to the table without being obvious. She waited patiently, her appearance cloaked, as always, by her magical amulet, looking like the perfect teenage girl. By eleven-thirty she was on her third soda and Kristen was no where in sight, by twelve she was up to her fifth and Kristen was still nowhere to be seen.

Then she heard it, not any one person in particular, but bits and pieces of many conversations as people walked past the café's patio on the sidewalk. Talking

about that poor girl, wondering what was wrong with her, how she managed to get around, how she dressed herself how she... and then she saw Kristen. She was still a half-block away from the café, but she wasn't hard to spot, the crowd on the sidewalk parting around her as she slowly waddled closer to the café.

She wore an oversized orange tank top that was no where near oversized enough to cover her belly. The straps seemed loose on her shoulders, but the ribbed fabric was stretched tightly across her braless breasts and overripe middle. Michelle whistled, hoping Kristen couldn't hear her from this distance. She'd grown massively in the last few days, her belly now at least as large as Julia's, if not slightly larger, sticking out two feet from her otherwise small frame. Her belly was pale, obviously unused to the sunlight, the only indication of color being the brown line that ran down her outthrust pointy belly, through her belly button and down into her sweatpants. She leaned far back, so far back that Michelle thought she would surely fall, but she somehow managed to stay upright, her back not even supported by her hands. Instead her tiny hands reached around her massive breasts and were rubbing either side of her belly in wide, sweeping circles.

As Kristen approached Michelle could see why she was rubbing so intently. The swaths of shiny, tight skin she'd seen earlier had coalesced, leaving her belly one huge, tight, round, shiny and presumably itchy ball. Whatever else Julia's curse had been designed to do it certainly hadn't ignored Kristen's breasts. At some point she'd given up on wearing a bra, probably deciding the weird feeling was better than having a huge shelf of boob blocking her view. Now her milk-doll-sized breasts lay on either side of her belly, the contours of her gigantic nipples and areola clearly visible through the thin material. It was only then that Michelle realized why the top looked so familiar. It was one she'd helped Kristen pick out two weeks before, when it was still the right size. *Why is she still wearing that now?* Michelle wondered, *she must have stuff in her size.*

"What are you looking at?" Michelle heard Kristen growl as she passed some poor hapless couple, now almost on top of the café. They quickly stepped out of her way and looked elsewhere as Kristen slowly waddled up to the café, her belly wobbling back and forth, dragging the rest of her along for the ride. Kristen had already spotted Michelle and she hoped that Kristen hadn't caught her staring. Kristen nodded as she waddled up and pulled her chair out with one hand until it was almost three feet from the table before she even attempted to lower herself, "Thanks for having lunch with me today, you know, in public," Kristen said looking down at plate a waiter had just dropped off at her seat. She reached down and grabbed the hamburger from her plate her other hand returning to its itching duty. "I'm sorry for earlier. No one will even talk to me since... you know..." she said, slapping the side of her belly with her free hand.

"You don't need to thank me for eating with you," Michelle said, "we're friends. So how are you doing?"

Kristen's shoulders sank, "We think it's almost stopped. I've only grown an inch since Thursday and I can barely measure the difference day to day."

"That's not what I meant," Michelle said, reaching out and putting her hand on Kristen's forearm. "How are *you*?"

"How do you think?" Kristen replied. Michelle realized how stupid the

question was even as she asked it. Kristen's eyes were puffy and red from crying and the dark circles hinted that she'd been crying a lot recently. Even her voice sounded dull, listless and slightly hoarse, as if she'd not spoken to anyone in a while. Michelle realized just how much she missed the old, bubbly and slightly annoying Kristen.

"Did your mom hear anything from Julia's doctor?" Kristen asked.

Michelle just sat there for a moment, staring at Kristen's huge breasts. Kristen glanced down, unsure where Michelle was looking at first, then realizing Michelle was, like everyone else, staring at her massiveness she cleared her throat.

"I'm sorry, I was zoning there for a second," Michelle said now looking at Kristen's face. "What did you say?"

Kristen sighed, "I said, did your cousin's doctor come up with anything new yet?" she said, her words tinged with desperation.

"No, nothing since last time we talked," Michelle said apologetically as Kristen's face fell. "But I'll ask next time I see her." Kristen seemed to be able to spot a desperate hope when she heard one and didn't reply.

Finally Michelle broke the ice. "So, are you coming back to school, its only a few weeks away?"

Kristen looked upwards for a moment, as she began rubbing her belly with both hands and began to cry, "I dunno, It depends on the doctors and stuff but I don't know," she explained as she looked down over her breasts to the gigantic belly that her hands seemed to be polishing. "Even if they say I can go back tomorrow they only have those chairs with the desks attached," she explained, starting to get choked up, "But... but, I can't fit in those anymore," she continued, her words breaking up into quiet sobbing.

Kristen pushed herself to her feet, rising almost as if she was levitating, hoping no one, particularly Kristen, had seen the slight glow from her hands as she got to her feet and stepped behind Kristen, putting her hands on the girl's shoulders and squeezing.

"Come on," Michelle said, "They have separate chairs and desks for me because they think my leg is messed up, It's going to be fine."

"**No it's not!**" Kristen bellowed, surprising Michelle enough to make her step back. "'Don't you understand? Nothings ever going to be fine again. I just want to be normal, not some freak show!" she cried, tears running down her cheeks.

"Don't we all," Michelle replied quietly, "Don't we all."

"Huh?" Kristen said, looking over her shoulder, her hands still working her belly.

"Nothing," Michelle said. "Come on, lets go to your house."

"What are we going to do there?" she asked curiously.

"Well, you've got cake and ice cream for twelve, right? That's enough to make us so stuffed and happy we won't get up for a week." Michelle smiled.

Kristen laughed, her first true laugh in a while, "Sure, that's fine for me, I don't have a figure to ruin, What about you?"

Michelle looked down and shook her head, "I'm gonna risk it," she smiled slyly. "Come on, let's go."

CHAPTER 75

Two days later Michelle's cell phone rang. "Hello?" she said.

"Michelle, it's Mary," she said, loud traffic sounds in the background.

"Hey, what's up?" Michelle said casually, curious about the noise.

"Is there like a back way into your place? Like a garage or carport or anything?"

"Noooooooo," Michelle said suspiciously, "We have an alley, but the neighbors have it filled with junk and stuff. "Why?"

"Uh," Mary began before the loud honk of a car horn and the obvious sound of metal scraping on metal interrupted her. "Well... "

"Come on..." Michelle said, getting worried. Mary was always very forthright except when she was telling bad news.

"Well, it's bad," Mary said and Michelle heard someone moan in the background, probably close by.

"How bad," Michelle asked, "are you hurt?"

"No," Mary said, "Not exactly,"

"Just tell me," Michelle said, "Stop being such a dick,"

Mary paused for a moment before breaking out into a torrent of laughter, "Sorry," she said, "you'll get the joke later. Do you remember that spell thing for getting rid of chaos Mandy and Candy told me about?"

"Yes," Michelle said, dead serious. "What's going on," Michelle said, "Tell me right now!"

"Hold on," Mary said and Michelle heard a car horn both from the phone and from outside her house."

"Mary, where are you?" Michelle asked cautiously.

"In my mom's car," she said sheepishly.

"But you don't drive!" Michelle said incredulously!

"I know! That's why I'm crashing!" she said and the phone suddenly went dead as a loud crash occurred in front of her house. Michelle looked out the window and saw Mary's mom's Eclipse crashed into the rear end of June's car.

Michelle flew down the stairs without realizing it. She didn't run down the stairs. Her feet literally never touched the treads and before she knew it she was in the living room where Mandy and Candy were just getting to their feet. "Come on, that's Mary. She needs our help!"

Michelle turned and waddled quickly out the front door and down the steps to where Mary's car sat, her head sitting against the upper curve of the steering wheel.

"Mary? Mary?" Michelle said as she knocked on the window. Mary slowly raised her head and with her eyes half closed looked at Michelle and smiled. "Thank God," Mary said. Michelle grabbed the car door and opened it and offered Mary her hand, "Come on, let's get you out of there."

Without thinking Mary held out her hand and Michelle's eyes grew wide as she drew back from the huge phallus extending from Mary's hand. Then she looked up at Mary's face, noticing for the first time her massively overgrown lips. "Oh my God! Mary," she said sadly, not sure if there was anything she could do to help her

friend. “No, not me, help Joey!” she said, looking into the back seat. Michelle turned and opened the back door even as Mandy and Candy waddled out to the street. “Are you okay?” Mandy asked as she offered Mary a hand. “Probably want me to keep my hands to myself,” Mary said, waving her hands back and forth, her huge finger-cocks wobbling back and forth as if made of heavy rubber. Mary grabbed at the edges of the door opening, pulling herself out, the massive size of her own very pregnant belly only now becoming apparent. “She’s fucked,” Mandy said as Candy began ordering curious passersby away.

“A little help here,” Michelle said to Mandy, pulling someone out of the back seat of Mary’s car. At some point Amy had realized what was going on and had come out and brought Mary back into the living room, wrapped in a sheet.

Mandy glanced into the back seat of the car and rolled her eyes, drawing back before she made up her mind and reached in to help Michelle.

Moments later Mandy and Michelle pulled Joey, Mary’s boyfriend, from the back seat of Mary’s car. Mary’s now massively pregnant boyfriend. There wasn’t any question of his status. His belly was huge and distended and while not quite the same shape as a normal pregnant belly pretty obvious what was going on.

“So you did what now?” Michelle asked as she paced back and forth in front of the sofa where Mary and her boyfriend sat, the other girls sitting on the love seat, ottomans and chairs, all looking at the pair on the sofa.

“Well I had to do something,” Mary said, rubbing finger-cocks back and forth across her very pregnant belly. “Last time I sucked on them I got stuck.”

“Stuck?” Candy asked, one eyebrow raised.

“Don’t.” Mandy said, very seriously, “Do you **really** want to know?”

Joey gasped as his belly expanded, growing a few inches as they watched. “You said they’re going to help me?” he asked Mary desperately.

Mandy poked Joey’s belly, “So how’d this happen again?” she said warily.

Joey blushed as he glanced over at Mary, “Well, she’s my girlfriend and...”

“Enough,” Michelle said, shaking her head, cutting him off. “I just don’t want to know. What’s really weird is I don’t feel sick around them like I did when you two were infected,” she said to Mandy and Candy.

“Put your hand here,” Mandy said, her hand on Joey’s belly, a disgusted look on her face. Michelle’s hand joined Mandy’s for a moment before she flinched back, feeling suddenly ill.

Michelle looked over at Mandy and Candy, “Come on, we need to talk.” All three girls retreated to the stair hallways as Mary and Joey commiserated.

“Okay, can I be the first to say, What the fuck?” Candy said, shocked.

“The sooner we do that ritual thing the better,” Michelle said.

“Not to put a damper on things, but don’t we need Julia or someone to balance things out?” Mandy said.

“You know, I don’t think so,” Michelle answered. “The good and evil Mothers of the Apocalypse both fight chaos, but we’re really running on the same batteries. “

“Then why do they do these join expedition things like Brazil?” Mandy asked hesitantly.

“Think about it. They make us work together. They coordinate between good and evil. That means we do what they say.” Michelle said.

“They being the church?” Candy asked as she glanced into the living room and quickly glanced away as she saw Mary rubbing Joey’s belly with her mutated hands. “Ewwwww.”

“What if you’re wrong?” Mandy asked.

“Then I only half the power we need to do this and nothing happens. We call the church, they make the arrangements and we stomp out chaos.” Michelle said.

“Anything to get Mary back to normal,” Candy said, glancing into the living room. “That’s just disturbing.”

Michelle shivered and followed Candy’s gaze before she looked away. “Let’s do this thing.”

It took almost an hour, but soon they’d cleared the living room of all its major furniture except for an oversized ottoman that Mary and Joey sat on in the center of the room. The front door opened unexpectedly then closed as Maria walked into the living room, “Okay, so I’m here. What’s the emergency, oh my God, What happened to you?” She said, seeing the very pregnant Mary and Joey sitting on the ottoman. “Oh my God,” she continued as she stepped closer, “What happened to your lips,” and then she stepped back away from the pair, right into Michelle and the twins, “Oh my God, what happened to your hands!”

“Welcome to the party,” Candy said, handing Maria a slip of paper. “This is the ritual to dispel chaos.”

“It basically works by reinforcing reality. We get in a circle around them, we read the ritual, we make this bubble of like ultra-real reality and boom! Everything’s back to normal.” Michelle said.

“And the two of them are vegetables.” Mandy said totally deadpan.

“I still don’t think that’s gonna happen. Joey’s not mutated at all and whatever the hell happened to Mary doesn’t seem to have affected her that much.”

“Not that much?” Candy said, her eyebrows raised. “She knocked up her and her boyfriend with her oversize mutant cocks that, if you didn’t forget, are growing out of her hands, I think that qualifies as *much*.”

“You know what I mean.” When I tried to the ritual on you there was barely anything left and that was after just three days. It’s been a whole month for her.”

“Well, we can try it and if this doesn’t work we can try the old-fashioned way,” Mandy said. “What’s one more belly to feed.”

The four girls nodded to each other and took up positions around the room, all equidistant from each other and from Mary and Joey. They glanced at each other and began to read. As they spoke the room began to get darker, almost as if the sun was rapidly going down, despite the early hour. An aura began to form around each of the girls, but something wasn’t right. Mandy was the first to notice and stopped reading. The light slowly returned to normal as the others stopped talking.

“Michelle, you have to take off the necklace, remember?” Mandy said.

Michelle reached up, feeling the amulet in her hands, her face suddenly blanching. “But... I can’t.”

“This is no time for vanity,” Maria said, “It won’t work with the amulet on.”

“Okay,” Michelle said, “but everyone promise me we’ll talk about this **after** this is all over, okay?”

“Sure,” Mandy and Candy said simultaneously.

Michelle looked to Maria, “Uh, okay,” Maria replied.

Michelle nodded and reached behind her, undoing the clasp on her necklace and sat it on the table behind her.

The girls weren’t sure if it was their imaginations, the lingering power of the ritual or the fact that the amulet’s magic was covering more than it had been before, but the illusion seemed to collapse much more quickly this time than it had in the past. First her belly expanded, looking almost like a bad computer effect in a movie as it suddenly expanded to it’s full size, followed quickly by her breasts. She was, in a word, massive. Her belly stuck out at least a half foot further from her torso than Julia’s, the massive, egg shaped orb seeming far too large to allow her to do much of anything except sit. Her breasts, likewise, were gigantic, at least as big as Amy’s if not slightly larger, the lower two-thirds of her breasts hanging out from under her top, her huge nipples and areola firmly swollen and dark, larger even than Amy’s. None of them saw past the massive size of her belly and breasts to notice how pale she was, how she wore no makeup, how messy her hair was.

“Holy crap!” Maria said. “What the hell!”

“You promised!” Michelle said, half sobbing as she looked down at her belly “Just shut up and do this!”

Maria looked over at Mandy, blushing before she began to read the ritual. Shortly the rest followed and the room began to get darker. An aura formed around each of the girls, strongest around Maria as her aura began to expand outward toward Mandy and Candy. The twin’s auras though only extended a few inches from their bodies and Michelle’s barely amounted to a glow around her outsized form. Maria called a halt to things this time.

“Why isn’t it working?” she asked.

“Maybe we do need Julia or one of her friends,” Mandy suggested.

“No, I don’t think that’s it,” Maria said. “Did you see the auras?”

“Candy nodded,” Yours was really strong but ours were pretty weak and Michelle’s sucked.”

“Yeah,” Maria said. “What’s with that?”

“I know,” Amy said from the stair hallway.

All eyes were suddenly on Amy.

“Whenever Julia was getting ready for one of these things she always meditated for awhile. She said it was making sure she was being true to herself so she could resolve issues with own her reality before she tried to effect everyone else’s.”

“So who says I’m not being true to myself?” Mandy asked as she looked around at the other girls, “And who says you are?” she asked, looking at Maria.

“Could you get on with it, please?” Joey pleaded, looking quite a bit larger than the last time they’d looked him over.

“I think I know,” Maria said. “I think Michelle does too.”

Now everyone turned to Michelle.

“What?” she asked, looking from face to face.

“How’d you get so big?” Maria asked.

Michelle rolled her eyes, "You promised we could talk about this after!" Michelle exclaimed.

"Well I was wrong," Maria said. "You said drinking too much milk was what made Mandy and Candy so big when they became Mother's of the Apocalypse" Maria said. "Is that what made you so big too?"

Michelle glanced from face to face, purposefully avoiding the milk dolls, "I had to," Michelle said, "If I didn't they would have all started growing and then we'd really be stuck."

"But I thought drinking milk from milk dolls was evil," Mandy said.

Candy just stared at her sister, her eyes narrowing, "Neither of us has ever been good at acting," she said.

"Why didn't you just tell us so we could all work together," Maria asked.

Michelle looked away from the other girls, "I... I couldn't. You don't understand what it's like..."

"I think I pretty much have it figured out," Mandy said, one hand on either side of her very pregnant belly.

"You don't know!" Michelle screamed at her. "It hasn't sunk in yet. It took months before I got it. For now it's still all fun and games. Jumping off rooftops just to see what it's like to be okay when you hit the ground and walking around on the bottom of the harbor cause you can't drown. But you have to live with this. Really live with it," she said, putting one hand on one of her massive breasts, the other on her belly. "Not just today, or tomorrow. Forever. How'd you like to wake up every day worried your friends are gonna find out you're an immortal, pregnant, milk-guzzling, boob-sucking lesbo freak?" she screamed, turning from Mandy to Maria to Candy as she spoke.

Maria looked at Michelle, a cautious, but friendly look in her eyes. "Welcome to the club? I mean it's great you're coming out to us all, but..."

The other girls just stared at her.

"What? I've never exactly been in the closet, I just don't see what it has to do with all this."

"You're lesbian?" Michelle asked.

"Hello?" Maria asked. "What was your first hint? Maybe when you walked in on Kari and I doing the big boob suck-a-thon?"

"Uh," Mandy said, "So you were a lesbian before. I wasn't until after."

Now Candy stared at Mandy, "You too?"

"Julia said its not exactly like being straight or lesbian," Michelle explained, "its more like your mind has more options opened because we're not exactly gonna be having sex to make babies anymore."

"Okay, so... show of hands. Who here's sucked on someone else's boob for fun." Maria said, raising her hand. Reluctantly Mandy and Candy raised their hands, followed, sheepishly, by Michelle. Maria looked around the room and smiled as she saw Amy and Kari's hands up as well, although Bobbi and Debbie still had their hands down. Kari saw where Maria was looking and whispered something to the remaining milk dolls. They both blushed, and raised their hands.

"What was that about?" Maria asked.

Kari just looked at Maria, "It's not my place to say."

Bobbi stared down into her cleavage for a moment, her face turning bright red, "She just reminded us how we pretended to be sleepwalking to have sex with Michelle."

"What?" Michelle asked, "OH MY GOD! I don't believe you two I was so guilty over that!"

"Okay, where does this leave us?" Maria asked.

"Orgy after the chaos is dispelled?" Amy asked.

"Duh," Mandy and Candy said together, "But we don't have time to worry about that now."

Candy looked across the room and frowned, "Joey, put your hand down! We're talking about us girls..."

Joey sheepishly dropped his hand but quickly reached for his belly as a sudden pain struck him, forcing a moan from his lips, "Can we hurry this up please?" he asked through gritted teeth.

Mary looked over to him and placed one hand on his shoulder as she massaged the tip of her right finger-cock with her oversized lips.

"Ewwwww!" all four girls and Joey said at the same time.

"So are we ready to do this or not," Maria asked, looking away from Mary.

Michelle nodded, a wide smile on her face and the other girls followed suit as they began to read. The room quickly grew darker as they read, a bright aura extending from each of the girls, slowly expanding as they continued. It took several minutes for their auras to join, forming a large circle around Mary and Joey. Through the ring the room appeared bright and sunny while around them in the darkness the wind began to blow and thunder shook the house. The aura of light began to contract, growing closer and closer to Mary and Joey as they continued to read. Small wisps of smoke began to escape from both Mary and Joey, whipping around them like a tiny hurricane, the motion becoming more and more intense as the circle constricted until all that was visible in the room was a bright disk of blinding white light, driving every shadow from the room, making it impossible to see Mary or Joey.

Then, suddenly, it was gone, as if nothing had happened. The darkness, The wind. The thunder. Everything. The girls all looked from one to the other startled, no one saying a word.

Suddenly Joey stepped to his feet, his t-shirt ripped from waist to neck but otherwise looking none the worse for wear. He patted his tight, flat abdomen with one hand as he zigged and zagged through the room, avoiding all the massively pregnant women. "You know Mary, you were right," he said nervously as he backed away from her. "We shouldn't be together anymore, we're just bad for each other," he continued as he backed past Mandy and right into the hallway where the milk dolls stood. He turned around quickly as his back bounced against Kari's huge endowments. He spun around, his eyes fixing on hers as he turned and apologized and smiled. She smiled back, "Call me."

"Okay, that's it for the dating game," Mandy said, taking Joey by the arm and leading him to the door. "Can you drive?" she asked.

Joey nodded, his face covered with a stupid grin as he looked over her shoulder at Kari and winked at her. "Then take Mary's mom's car back to her house," she said, pushing him onto the front step and closing the door on his still grinning

face.

“But.... But...” Mary said, sitting on the ottoman, looking exactly as she did when she arrived, or maybe a bit larger. “Why am I still fucked up,” Mary asked, running her finger-cocked hands across her oversized pregnant belly. Quickly all four girls surrounded her and looked at her for a moment before Michelle reached out and rested her hand on Mary’s belly.

“I don’t feel any chaos or anything,” Michelle said, feeling around.

“Me either,” Mandy said, her hand on the side of Mary’s belly.

“Or me,” Candy said, her hand on the opposite side of Mary’s middle.

“I’ll take your word for it,” Maria said, “I’m staying as far away from those dick things as I can,”

Mary stifled a scream as she lifted her hands up and found them still overwhelmed by the giant male appendages growing from them. “OhMyGodOhMyGodOhMyGodOhMyGodOhMyGod” she began, chanting it like a mantra.

Michelle closed her eyes and winced as she reached down and took one of Mary’s finger-cocks into her hand, releasing it almost as soon as she touched it, but, unfortunately, not before Mary let out a deep, guttural and very sexual moan.

“Ooooo-K, I didn’t sense any chaos,” Michelle said, stepping back from Mary. “But do you think you can get that under control,” Michelle said.

“It’s not so bad when they’re covered or wrapped in gauze or something,” she said, rubbing them together, as if using a sharpening steel on a knife.

The front door opened and June stepped inside, looking around at the mess in the hallway, her mouth open, as if about to speak before she came to the arch leading into the living room. Just then the pressure that had been building in Mary’s finger-cock let go, shooting a huge glob of cum across the room. Mary looked down at her hands, shocked and everyone turned to follow the path of the slime to where it had hit June square in her glasses.

June took off her glasses with one hand, careful not to touch any of the slime. “Let me guess. You can explain all this.” June said coolly.

“Yeah,” Michelle said.

“Including the car?” June asked.

“Oh my God, I forgot the car...” Mary said.

“Least of your worries,” Candy said, putting her hand on Mary’s shoulder.

“Including the car.” Michelle said.

“Good. I’m going to go make dinner. How about you girls clean up and... Mary, isn’t it... why don’t you just take a break... it looks like you have your hands fu...” June caught herself, but not before the girls started snickering. June turned and looked at them before she turned back to the hall. “I’ll be making dinner.”

CHAPTER 76

The next day there was a knock at the door. Michelle struggled to look out the peephole before she thought about it and realized she could take anyone who might seek to cause them any trouble, Michelle reached up, confirmed her amulet was in place and opened the door. It was Kristen. Michelle quickly stepped through the door, past Kristen, pulling the door closed behind her before she even truly looked at her friend. When she did she was surprised.

Kristen's hair was freshly permed in a variation of her usual style, her makeup, as perfect as it always was anytime before the last month. What was new was her wardrobe. Michelle stared at Kristen in shock as she looked over the oversized bikini top she wore. The thin lycra didn't leave anything to the imagination as it fit itself around every contour of Kristen's massive breasts, her fleshy areolas and nipples highlighted by the tight fabric, the thin spaghetti-straps tied behind her neck. Her belly was framed by a pair of tiny white stretchy shorts that barely covered her bottom, leaving a huge expanse of very tan, very ripe and very shiny belly that just begged to be touched. The rest of her body was equally tan, the warm brown skin highlighting her eyes and smile.

"Hey!" Kristen smiled and awkwardly tried to spin around to show off her new look, failing miserably.

"Hey?" Michelle asked suspiciously, "What happened to you?"

"Well, I was home after you left the party that almost was and my mom said something that really put it all in perspective." Kristen said.

"What did she say?" Michelle asked, a smile beginning to come to her face.

"She came to my room and said, 'I know you're not happy, but you can't let those people decide if you're happy or not. You know what I say? Fuck em.' Then she turned around and left the room. You know what, she was right. I could either sit in my room and be miserable or I could get back on the horse. So I had mom make me a new bikini just like the one I was wearing everywhere at the beginning of summer and ta-da!" she said, throwing both hands into the air.

"Uh... isn't that kinda..." Michelle said, looking for the right word.

"Embarrassing?" Kristen asked. "Okay, at first a little, but everyone was already staring at me and my belly was hanging out of all my tops anyway so I figured I'd go to the salon and get my hair done and a spray on a tan and go out. And other people are uncomfortable? Fuck em." Kristen smiled.

Michelle laughed, "So, its really not embarrassing going out like that?"

"Well, I had weeks of going out like this," Kristen said. "Everyone knows I have a medical condition. Now I just make it look good!"

"I don't know what to say," Michelle said.

"Say you're happy for me," Kristen said smiling.

"I am," Michelle said. "I just don't know if I could do it, just get dressed up and show off like that."

"Besides my back it's wicked comfy," Kristen said, "Everything moves with you," she said, twisting slightly, sending her breasts and bikini bobbing."

"I just don't know if I could stand people looking at me all the time, especially

guys,” Michelle said quietly.

“Uh, Not a problem,” Kristen said opening her purse and pulling out a few pieces of paper. “You know Ted Griffin?”

“The football player?” Michelle asked.

“Exactly,” Kristen said handing Michelle a piece of paper. “That’s his number.”

“Where’d you get that?” Michelle asked, surprised.

Kristen grinned, “He gave it to me on the way back from the salon. I don’t like the way I look, but it looks like some guys don’t have a problem with it.”

“Good for you,” Michelle said smiling. “I’m so happy for you!”

“Me too, but that doesn’t mean you should stop bugging your cousin. I **really** can’t stay like this. It’s way weird.” Kristen dropped her voice to a whisper, “I’ve gained like a hundred pounds.”

“Don’t worry, I’ll keep asking her,” Michelle said, a small knot twisting in her stomach as she lied, “But I gotta go... dinner is almost ready.”

“That’s okay,” Kristen said, “I have to call Ted. Talk soon!” Kristen added before she turned and waddled back to her mother’s waiting car and sped off.

Michelle watched for a few moments as she drove off until the car was out of sight. She turned, still half smiling and headed back into the house. When she opened the door she found that most of the furniture had been returned to the living room, leaving Mary sitting alone on the oversized ottoman, her hands pressed firmly against her thighs, keeping them purposefully in sight and in mind. “Hey,” Michelle said.

“Hey,” Mary replied in a much less cheery tone.

Michelle placed her hand on Mary’s belly. “I don’t know why the ritual didn’t fix you,” she said, “But I don’t feel any chaos within you either.”

“What’s that mean?” Mary asked, her hands beginning to fidget.

“I dunno,” Michelle said. “But I do know you’re my friend and you need my help.”

“But you tried to help and you couldn’t,” Mary said. “Now what? I can’t go out like this!” she said, waving her hands back and forth, her massive finger-cocks wobbling madly in the air.

Michelle paused for a moment before she looked back to Mary, “That ritual...it’s not the only help I can give,” she said and reached behind her neck and removed her amulet, putting it around Mary’s neck.

“What’s that?” she asked as Michelle watched the amulet’s magic take effect. Mary seemed to shrink, her massive finger-cocks first shrinking then returning to the normal appearance of fingers. Even as they were returning to normal her lips deflated, returning to their slightly pouty, but average, size. The amulet was, however having a problem with her midsection. While the rest of her now looked normal, Mary’s large belly was still very much in evidence.

“There you go!” Michelle said, now looking every bit as huge as she really was.

“There I go what?” Mary said curiously, looking down at herself.

Michelle shook her head, “Sorry, I forgot, you can’t see what the amulet does when you’re wearing it. Come on.” Michelle said, taking Mary’s normal looking hand into her own and leading her to the huge mirror at the foot of the stairs. Mary

stared at her reflection, raising her hand to her normal looking lips before she turned her hands looking at them from the front and back, looking at their normal appearance in the reflection. "That reflection is what everyone else sees." Michelle said as she looked over and saw Mary biting her fingernail. It took her a moment to figure out what Mary was doing that the amulet was hiding. "Ewwww! Stop that!" Michelle said, slapping Mary's arm.

"Sorry," Mary said sheepishly. "I can't help it, it's hard to explain."

"You have to get that under control," Michelle said. "If we can't trust you not to make it worse I can't let you keep the amulet."

"Keep it?" Mary said, "but, don't you need it?"

"Why would I need it," Michelle said.

"Well, what about all your friends and people that think you're still normal." Mary asked.

Michelle turned and began to waddle toward the kitchen.

"Fuck 'em." Michelle smiled.

Mary stood in the hallway, staring at her normal looking reflection and comparing it to her true appearance as the living room behind her got slowly darker. The shadows growing deeper and deeper until the rear corner of the room was almost pitch black. A figure slowly wobbled out of that darkness, as if it was a tunnel leading somewhere else. She duck-walked out of the darkness, supported on her oversized hands, her massive hips and thighs tilted upward, her gigantic breasts pushed through the space between her legs, laying heavily on her forward thrust butt cheeks.

"You," Mary said, "My dream."

"Yes," the mutated woman said, "I visit many, but only a few survive. You've been tempered by the fire but did not burn. Your place with us is secure."

"My place where?" Mary said, stepping toward the woman.

"With others like you, those touched by chaos, those rejected by their families, their friends, their fellow townspeople. Everyone afraid of the power we have. Now you will come with us," she said.

"Are you nuts?" Mary said, stepping back from the mutated woman. "I have friends here, family, my boyfriend. They've all helped me.. I don't know if you saw my boyfriend, but he really went above and beyond. **Way** beyond. No one's rejecting me or afraid of me."

"Very well," the woman said as she wobbled backwards into the corner, "It is your decision, but if you ever need us," she said, "You are one of us. The shadows are your roads, the darkness your power." Now she had almost disappeared into the darkness. "Light and salvation are theirs, but chaos shall forever be ours and ours alone."

Mary watched until the woman was completely gone and the shadow she had stepped from was had faded and the light returned to normal before she turned and waddled back toward the kitchen. Back to be with her friends.

CHAPTER 77

It took a month of putting off Kristen, talking with her on the phone every day, but making any excuse not to actually see her in person. Kristen even stopped by the house several times and June had to head her off at the pass, explaining that Michelle wasn't seeing anyone, even her good friends. June also handled getting Kristen's doctor's name and number from her mother. It took one phone call, four doctors visits and scheduling future monthly checkups, not to mention some delicate and subtle hypno-voicing of not only the doctor, but his staff as well and soon all the details were set.

After a month of avoiding Kristen, Michelle made arrangements to meet her at the café near her house. Kristen waddled up to her favorite table right on time, still tired from her trip, but not as tired as she had been a month before. Over the past few weeks she'd been hitting the gym. Not to lose weight, but to tone up her legs. She never managed much more than simply toning her legs, but it was enough to keep her moving for short distances, even with all the extra weight.

Kristen had learned to sit sideways at tables to get close enough to them to eat and, at least here at the café they were used to her appearance. It was almost twenty minutes after the agreed upon time that Michelle actually arrived. "Sorry I'm late," Michelle said from behind Kristen, breathing heavily as she spoke, "I didn't know it was this hard for you to get around."

Kristen looked over her shoulder, directly into Michelle's huge belly button. She looked up, past Michelle's belly and up at her face. "Oh God! Not you too! What happened?" Kristen said as Michelle slowly wobbled around the table, making her way to an open chair and lowering herself slowly to the seat.

"My doctor thinks I got it from Julia but he's not sure," Michelle said, swallowing hard, forcing down the discomfort she felt at the lie.

Kristen sighed, her eyes showing her concern, "Why didn't you tell me or let me come over?"

"I couldn't," Michelle said, shaking her head, "I didn't know how you'd react or how I would."

Kristen nodded, "Well, at least I know now," she said. "I can help you get used to it anyway," she said as the waiter arrived, bringing a large tray full of food.

"A little much," Michelle said, looking over the spread.

"I don't know about you, but I'm not watching my figure anymore," Kristen laughed. "Dig in."

As they ate Kristen began to commiserate, "So how are you doing with the boobs of doom?"

"Ugh," Michelle said. "It doesn't matter what I do, they're everywhere."

"And you can't control them," Kristen said.

"It's like nailing Jell-O to a tree," Michelle laughed and Kristen quickly joined her.

Michelle reached for her soda, making a wide diversion around her belly. "This is one thing I don't think I'll ever get used to," she said as she demonstrated reaching around her belly like there was a barrel sitting in front of her.

“God, who thought a belly would be this much hassle,” Kristen said.

“At least pregnant women only have to put up with it for a few months,” Michelle said.

“Yeah,” Kristen said, her voice turning serious as she considered something.

“How long has Julia been big?”

“Awhile,” Michelle said quietly.

“Like how long?” Kristen asked.

“Can we talk about something else?” Michelle replied.

“That long huh?” Kristen said.

“Less talking, more eating,” Michelle smiled.

Two hours later they were done lunch, a second lunch and desert. “God, I can’t believe we ate all that!” Kristen said and leaned back in her seat.

“Carrying all this weight around really wears you out,” Michelle said, looking down at her belly.

“We’ll have to really hang together back at school,” Kristen said. “We’re doing okay for now, but school is going to be totally different,” she said sadly.

“I wouldn’t be so sure,” Michelle said, “I’m pretty sure there’s gonna be a few more of us at school this fall.”

“Oh no,” Kristen said, “Who? I wouldn’t wish this on anyone.”

“I don’t want to say,” Michelle said, “Let me ask if it’s okay first,”

Kristen nodded, “Yeah, I know what you mean, I wouldn’t have...” A car horn cut off the rest of her sentence.

“Crap, I gotta run... Well, you know...” Kristen sighed as she pushed herself to her feet and began to slowly waddle off toward the car parked at the curb. “Don’t be such a stranger.”

“Don’t worry, I won’t be,” Michelle said, surprising Kristen’s mom as she caught sight of Michelle’s massive frame.

Michelle watched them drive away, looking down the street until the car turned off onto a side street off in the distance.

“She’s a good kid,” Julia said from the seat Kristen had just vacated.

Michelle spun around, staring incredulously at Julia. “What the fuck are you doing here?” she spat.

“Tsk tsk,” Julia said, waving her finger back and forth. “Such a potty mouth. I just wanted to stop by and see how everything turned out. It’s too early to check on Ramón and his houseful of kids but it’s the perfect time to see you and Kristen and the whole bunch.” Julia looked over the spread on the table, “Looks like someone’s been eating too much,” Julia said, rubbing her bare foot against Michelle’s belly under the table.

“Thanks to you,” Michelle said. ““You know, I expected you to show up sooner or later,”

Julia smiled, “It’s funny. Everyone says that after I show up but no one ever says it before. Weird huh? Like they didn’t expect me but wanted to act like they did.”

“So why are you really here?” Michelle said shortly.

Julia sighed, “The same reason I was here before. To help.”

Michelle almost choked on her soda, “Help?” she laughed.

"Please, I've done nothing but help," Julia said. "When I first met you, you were alone, you were weak, you had tons of hang-ups." Julia said, rolling her eyes. "Now you have a whole little team of friends, you're powerful, well fed," Julia chuckled, again rubbing her foot against Michelle's oversized belly, "And if I overheard correctly, you're over your old mortal sexual hang-ups."

"And you're saying that's all because of you?" Michelle said.

"Well duh," Julia said chuckling. "What, you thought it was chance?"

"And you decided to do all these nice things for me because..." Michelle asked.

"Don't think of it as being nice, think of it as enlightened self-interest," Julia said. "When your backs against the wall its good to have someone who owes you one. And believe me, you owe me one."

"I don't think so," Michelle said. "You know what I think. I think you're far less clever than you think. I think you're not so good at planning ahead as you think you are. And I think you underestimate how clever other people are."

"Other people? You mean you?" Julia laughed. "No. I think I have your number."

Michelle glanced off in the distance for a moment, "Really? You know what else I think?"

"What?" Julia asked, a smug smile on her face.

"I think we might not know how to kill you," Mandy said, placing one glowing hand on Julia's right ear.

"But I don't think you'll be screwing anyone else over if you don't have any fucking brains," Candy said, placing her own glowing hand over Julia's other ear. Candy reached out, lacing her free hand's fingers with her sisters. Suddenly the light pouring from their palms doubled in brightness.

Julia looked to the left and right, moving only her eyes and not her head. "Ooooh, now everyone's getting nasty." she smiled tenting her fingers, "So it's a stalemate. Now what?"

"Stalemate?" Michelle chuckled. "Now you leave town and don't come back. Ever."

"Ever is a long time," Julia said, staring into Michelle's eyes, smiling thinly.

"Yes, I'm sure you'd understand that better than we would being so old," Michelle said. "So... we have an understanding?"

Julia just stared at Michelle.

"Do we have an understanding?" Michelle asked again.

Julia licked her lips. "Sure," she said holding her hands up as if she was surrendering. Mandy and Candy stepped back as Michelle got up from her chair and backed away from the table. Julia looked over her shoulder at Mandy and Candy, then back to Michelle before she grabbed the heavy cast-iron table and flipped it, sending it flying from in front of her.. She stood up and straightened her clothes. "It's a shame we couldn't all stay on nice, polite terms, I had such sights to show you, such people for you to meet."

"Just go," Candy said.

"Fine," Julia said, stepping to the curb as a limo screeched to a stop in front of her. A tall, strongly built chauffeur stepped out of the limo and opened Julia's door

for her. As she eased herself into the seat she looked up at the girls. "When you get the chance, say hello to Daryl for me."

"Who?" Michelle asked.

"Well, if we were still friends I'd tell you, but I'm sure you'll find out all on your own," Julia smiled as the chauffeur closed the door and stepped back into the driver's seat before speeding away.