

# THE LOST GIRLS

## APCALYPSE RISING

Book 2 of the Lost Girls Series  
by Carter Cheviot

This story is a work of fiction. Names, people, happenings or locations are either used fictitiously or are a product of the author's imagination. Any resemblance to actual names, people, happenings or locations are purely coincidental.

Copyright © 2005 by Carter Cheviot

All rights reserved, including right of reproduction in whole or in part in any form.

My thanks to Gammarai, Wren and Mr. B . Without their support this would have taken much longer to write and not been nearly as good. Thanks.

Set in Times and Exocet.

## CHAPTER I

### WASHINGTON D.C.

The National Mall in Washington D.C. and the surrounding buildings could be considered to be the world's largest museum complex for the sheer square footage of display and storage space alone. By itself the Smithsonian Institution in its sixteen museums and the National Zoo covered more than fourteen square miles of floor space, almost entirely on the Mall itself, situated along the wide thoroughfare between the Washington Monument and the United States Congress.

After just the first of their three days in Washington D.C. Mandy and Candy felt as if they'd walked every one of those fourteen square miles. They spent a full day of touring the Air and Space Museum, the Natural History Museum and the American History Museum and after that what Mandy and Candy wanted more than anything else was to sit down and soak their feet until their nagging soreness went away. What they most certainly did not want to be doing was dragging their massively pregnant forms up four flights of stairs just to wander around the rotunda in the National Archives.

"We're not built for this crap anymore," Mandy said, huffing and puffing at the top of the stairs leading into the hallway outside the rotunda, leaning heavily against the wall, holding her belly with one hand.

"It was your idea to come on this trip anyway," Candy said, leaning against the stair railing.

"If I would have known there was this much walking I wouldn't have," Mandy said, finally catching her breath. "Anyway, better for them to see us now then wait 'till school starts."

Candy nodded in silent agreement. Deciding to go on the pre-term, three-day field trip to Washington hadn't been a decision they'd put much thought into. They'd pre-paid for their seats months before they'd had the misfortune of being infected by chaos and they weren't about to let a little thing like being made immortal and massively pregnant with angelic warriors stop them from going on their senior class trip. But between the walking and the overly suspicious security guards and other minor issues they weren't sure they'd made the right decision.

The problem, Candy decided later, was that the security guards in Washington just cared too much about their jobs. Mandy thought it had much more to do with the fact that, despite their conservative, blousy and downright tent-like tops the still looked like they were trying to shoplift beach balls from the museum gift shop. Most of the security guards were just content to watch them carefully, but every so often they got a live one, one guard that decided he'd spotted terrorists trying to sneak some massive explosives cache into whatever museum they happened to be in and with images of promotions and pay raises in his eyes radioed for the cavalry.

Mandy nodded to the left of the hallway as they slowly waddled toward the Rotunda. "We've got another one," Mandy said, "Your side, your turn."

Candy looked to the left past one stoic looking security guard to one who seemed to be allocating far too much of his attention to the sisters. "We have to

switch sides,” Candy said as she stopped and placed both of her hands in the small of her back and stretched, holding her back at its maximum extension for several seconds. “All the gung-ho guards are on my side,” she said quietly before she reached around to her front and ran her hand under her top, across her belly. As she moved her hand around from the side of her belly to the top in a slow arc her top lifted up, uncovering the side and front of her unquestionably and hugely gravid belly, small shiny patches of skin reflecting glimmers of light.

Her fingertips crawled along the taut skin of her upper belly, navigating over the variety of textures that now formed her midsection, where weeks before there had been only one. Candy’s skin stretched under her fingertips, its texture growing more and more rubbery as she moved toward her belly button, near the limits of her reach, well short of her oversized belly button. She reversed the motion of her hand, now pressing firmly against her belly as she slid her hand backwards, feeling the give of the soft layer of flesh surrounding the firm, unyielding mass within, still fascinated and quietly horrified by the odd mix of textures. As soon as the guard saw that despite her size she was obviously pregnant and not a terrorist smuggling explosives or something like that the guard seemed to relax, quickly finished his radio call and put his microphone back in its shoulder clip.

“What difference does it make who gets more of them?” Mandy asked. “Who cares if some guard you’ll never see again sees your belly?”

“It’s not the guards that bother me,” Candy sighed as she pulled her hand away and straightened her top, nodding toward a group of students across the room from them. Mandy glanced over and it was immediately apparent that their classmates, at least this bunch of them, wanted to look like they were doing anything but looking at Mandy and Candy while they most obviously were doing just that. They seemed to quickly realize that Mandy and Candy were both looking straight at them and to their credit each tried to immediately find someone or something else to look at, whether it was the painting on the wall behind them, the fine stone cutting work of the walls or floors or even the maps and pamphlets they had with them, even if they were less than convincing as they looked at them upside down. “You’d think I’d be used to the stares by now,” Candy continued sadly.

“Don’t worry,” Mandy replied, totally deadpan. “Give it fifty or sixty years. I’m sure it’ll be just like water off a duck’s back by then.”

“So not funny,” Candy replied, echoing her sister’s tone, “I’m not looking forward to the sleeping accommodations either.”

Now Mandy had to agree. “Nothing like trying to sleep in the same room with a pair of curious friends who want to poke and prod you until you tell them exactly how you feel about your *illness*, Then there’s the staring and ogling.”

“So the fact that Jackie’s like a G-cup has *nothing* to do with it then,” Candy smiled dryly.

Mandy looked at her shocked, “No... and Shhh! They’ll hear you!” Mandy said as her face turned red before she slowly leaned in toward her sister, “God, I could suck on those things till my lips fell off,” she whispered.

“Yeah, and when she was feeling my belly the same thought just kept going through my mind over and over again,” Candy whispered.

“I know,” Mandy replied, “I thought the same thing. She would make a great milk doll, wouldn’t she?”

“Bad Mandy,” Candy said, swatting her sister with a replica Declaration of Independence.

“Hey,” Mandy smiled as she held her arms up to block her sister’s attack, “You thought it too, don’t try to say you didn’t.” Mandy reached into her bag and pulled out a folded map. “Bad Candy,” she said, whacking her sister in the arm with the map.

“Excuse me,” a man’s voice said from directly behind them and both girls jumped a tiny bit before they turned toward the voice. Unfortunately they chose to turn toward each other and their bellies almost immediately slapped into one another with a resounding thud, blocking their path. Still, even only quarter turned they were able to see the guard standing directly behind them. “Please try to keep it down,” he said pleasantly. “Loud noise carries for quite a distance in here,”

“Sorry sir,” Mandy said, looking properly chagrined.

Candy on the other hand smiled thinly and raised her hand, waving it in front of his chest. “Badges? We don’t need no stinking badges,” she said quietly, in a perfectly normal tone of voice.

The officer looked at Candy oddly for a moment, then back to Mandy before he nodded and turned, heading back for his post.

“What was that all about?” Mandy asked.

“Just something I’ve been working on that’s obviously not working,” Candy said as they finally waddled into the rotunda proper.

The rotunda was a vast room, easily one hundred feet across and nearly fifty feet high, its walls and floors made of a yellowish orange marble, huge paintings and pillars adorning the walls. But when you looked into the room your eyes were instantly drawn to a large black plaque flanked by two American flags. There, below the flags lay, in glass and steel frames, the Declaration of Independence, The United States Constitution and The Bill of Rights, documents that were, even as they watched, being covered by large brass and steel doors. The girls had time to look at each other questioningly, then to the nearest guard, who was on his radio, before the alarms began to sound. The large metal doors the girls had seen moving earlier continued to close and as they slid home the pedestals themselves began to retract smoothly into their bases until nothing was visible except for the smooth marble of the rotunda’s floor.

“Everyone, can I have your attention.” Mrs. Ryan, the chaperone for Mandy and Candy’s group said a few minutes later, just after the alarms shut off, “There’s been a little security problem downstairs and for the moment the building has been closed. No one is allowed in or out. I’m told this shouldn’t last more than a few minutes and then we’ll be free to go about our business. There’s no danger,” she said, raising her hands in front of her chest, “Everything is fine. There’s nothing to worry about. We were planning on being here another twenty or thirty minutes anyway so just keep looking around.”

As soon as she fell silent the room erupted in a chorus of not very quiet whispers. Shortly everyone began to get back to what they had doing before, milling around the rotunda without any particular purpose. Soon the few minutes their

teacher spoke of turned into ten minutes, then twenty, then thirty, “I think Mrs. Ryan forgot there’s nothing to do here if there’s no Constitution and stuff,” one of the girls mused to Candy.

Candy considered for a moment before she turned and began to waddle off in the direction of the hallway leading to the stairs. “Hey, where are you going?” Mandy asked as she tried to catch up with her sister.

“Well, I don’t know about you, but I have to pee,” Candy said. “I’m gonna find a bathroom.”

“I guess they have to let us leave the room for that,” Mandy said as she followed her sister to the hallway leading to the stairwells and straight into a security guard standing in front of a red velvet rope that blocked the hallway.

“Excuse me,” Candy said to the security guard. “My sister and I have to go to the bathroom, could you...”

The guard cut her off crisply, “I’m sorry. No one can leave the room until we get the all clear.”

“Hello?” Mandy said, arching her back, sticking her belly out as she placed her hands on either side of her immense belly, “Baby on board? I have to pee like every ten minutes and we’ve been here like a half hour. If I don’t get out of here soon I’m gonna...”

“I’m sorry,” the guard repeated in an obviously practiced tone. “You can’t leave the room until we get the all clear.”

The girls sighed and Mandy told the guard that they’d wait. Defeated, they waddled away from the velvet rope. “Now what? You have that map handy?” Candy asked.

Mandy dug around in her bag, pulled out her map of the National Archives building and unfolded it, using her belly as an impromptu table.

“This map sucks,” Candy said after looking at it for several minutes. “Most of the building is blacked out,”

“It doesn’t matter, I have to pee now too. I’ve got a plan,” she said as she waddled back toward the same guard.

“Oh, when I had to pee we needed to figure something out but...” Candy began before Mandy interrupted her as they stepped up to the guard.

“I’m sorry,” he began before Mandy cut him off.

“Take us to the nearest bathroom,” Mandy said, the odd resonance to her voice amplified by the room, seeming to take on a deeper, more colorful sound that came not just from Mandy, but from the room itself.

The security guard blinked, then blinked again. “This way,” he said as he walked between the girls and crossed the gallery outside the rotunda, the twins waddling behind him. Opposite the archway that lead to the stairs they had come up when they entered was another arch, this one blocked by another velvet rope. The security guard pulled the rope aside and ushered the girls through the opening. After replacing the rope behind him he walked briskly past the girls in the wide hallway and crossed to an elevator labeled “Staff Only.” He pulled a card from his pocket, one attached to his belt by a retractable cable and slid it through a small panel next to the door before typing a number on a keypad. “Day word: Delphi, Code Word: Ezekiel, Password: Trinity,” he said in a steady, emotionless voice. The elevator

doors slid open in front of them and Officer Miller ushered them into the elevator. He followed immediately behind them and pressed the door close button.

“Uh... didn’t we pass two bathrooms to get here?” Mandy said, looking at her map.

“They weren’t the closest,” Officer Miller said as the elevator came to a halt.

“Where exactly is the closest?” Candy said, beginning to suspect a problem.

“About ten feet to the left and fifteen feet below us when we were in the rotunda gallery,” Officer Miller responded, looking straight ahead.

Preparing herself for the worst, Mandy squinted and asked, “So, what else is in that area?”

The doors to the elevator opened into a long marble hallway. The lingering smell of arid smoke filled the air and it was obvious that at least two doors in the hallway had been burned off their hinges, probably by some sort of munitions designed for that exact purpose. Officer Miller stepped out into the wide hallway, sidestepping a group of EMTs that were pulling a gurney and began to head down the hallway, back in the general direction they had come from. “This is the restoration and sensitive document area. It’s where documents of high intrinsic or historical value are conserved and stored.”

“So it’s like Fort Knox or something,” Candy marveled as she waddled down the hallway, past various people rushing by in each direction.

“We **so** should not be here,” Mandy said nervously, looking back and forth, as she waddled after them, subconsciously rubbing the side of her belly.

“You’re **so** right,” a man’s voice boomed from behind them. The girls spun around, again slapping their massive bellies against each other as they turned. Still, they again could see the man behind them. He was very tall, with white hair and a build that suggested he not only knew how to deal with trouble, but also welcomed it.

“You’re both under arrest,” he said calmly as the two security guards flanking him stepped to the girls and pulled their handcuffs from their belts.

## CHAPTER 2

Mary waddled slowly along the street toward Michelle's home after school, smacking her oversized lips together, wondering why June had emailed her and asking her to come by. It wasn't that Mary wasn't grateful for the help that June had given her since she'd wound up trapped by her own flesh several weeks before, but it still seemed odd to her to be hanging out with Michelle's mother rather than with Michelle. As she considered this and more she rubbed the massive, gauze-covered and splinted middle digit from each hand absentmindedly across her belly as she wobbled along. Although covered, the huge size of the massive digits would have been apparent to anyone who saw Mary without the amulet Michelle had given her to camouflage most of the effects of the chaos infection that had almost done something horrible to her boyfriend.

But she did have the amulet, and with it the huge, penis-like digits that grew from each hand were hidden and her massively pregnant belly, while not entirely hidden, was at least minimized, making her look like a teenager pregnant with twins or triplets, not like some hideous chaos freak, which was much closer to how she felt about herself than she cared to admit. Even her parents had no idea just how badly the chaos had effected her. Before June visited Officer Drombowski and his wife he explained to Mary that she'd tell him nothing about her physical state beyond what they could see by looking at her. How, when and if she told them more would be up to Mary.

June surprised Mary by keeping that promise. She wasn't sure why she'd been so suspicious and scared of what June might tell her father and mother, but to deal with any possible resistance she brought Michelle and Maria with her, with Mary available on a moment's notice via cell phone.

Steve and his wife took things surprisingly well given the situation and their mood improved noticeably as soon as Mary was in front of them and obviously fine, fine aside from her very pregnant middle. After being momentarily taken aback they embraced her and the June led the two girls she's brought back to her car, leaving Mary with her family to come to terms with what happened to her while Mary tried carefully to avoid touching her huge finger-cocks against her parent's backs as they hugged.

Her gauze finger wraps had served her well for the past several weeks, even through getting ready to go back to school. But now, three weeks later the suspicion about the illness she supposedly shared with Michelle and her friends had begun to fade and people were starting to ask questions about the middle fingers of each of her hands and why they were still wrapped with gauze and splinted weeks after broken fingers or burns should have healed.

Mary climbed the steps in front of Michelle's house and reached up, knocking on the front door, her finger-cock slapping against the door. She yanked her hand back, about to cradle her massive digit in her hand before hesitating and shoving it into her armpit, the pressure helping to lessen the pain. Within moments though the familiar pressure she'd managed to mostly avoid over the last few weeks has begun to build again and she pulled the massive phallus from her armpit, the

gauze and aluminum brace slipping off, revealing her finger-cock in all its glory, the wrappings falling to ground. What had appeared to be a tiny wrapping of gauze and a two inch metal splint morphed into a huge wad of stringy fabric and an eight inch long bent metal strip as they passed out of the disguising field of the amulet.

As Mary looked down at the discarded coverings the door opened. June looked at Mary for a moment before following her gaze down to the pile of gauze on the ground before she looked Mary over and realized her right hand was uncovered. "Come on inside," June said cautiously as she stepped back from the doorway. Mary waddled slowly into the living room, looking around awkwardly, as if she expected something to pounce on her at any moment.

"I really want to thank you for all the stuff you've done for me over the past couple of weeks," Mary said quietly, not looking at June as she talked. "It's been hard, I mean really hard and... Okay, that came out wrong," Mary looked up at June, a shocked expression on her blushing face.

June opened her mouth to say something then closed her eyes and shook her head. "Never mind," June replied, "I got something for you. It's custom made and given where you're... going to be wearing them... if they don't fit...comfortably... just let me know and I'll get them adjusted." June stepped over to the coffee table and picked up two boxes, each about the size of a hardcover novel. "Here," she said, handing them to Mary, "I hope they help."

Mary held the boxes in both her hands for a moment as she tried to figure out how to approach the problem. She tried shifting both boxes to one hand, her normal fingers barely able to grasp the edges of the boxes past the enormity of the ridge running through the palm of her hand. Then with her other hand she tried to open the top box but only succeeded in almost knocking it out of her other hand. As she grabbed at the boxes to stop them from falling to the floor June saw the increasing frustration in her face as she got closer and closer to tears.

"Here, let me," June said as she reached out and took the boxes from Mary. She opened the top box and revealed a delicate handflower, a piece of jewelry made up of chains that would wrap around her wrists, across the back of her hand and, normally, up to four small heavily engraved metal caps that would top each of her fingertips. However this handflower was different. While the outer two metal finger caps were normal sized the middle two had been replaced with a cap the size of a Dixie cup.

"Is this some kind of joke?" Mary said, staring into the box. "Ha. Ha. Ha."

"Mary," June began, tilting her head, a very kind, gentle look in her eyes.

"Yeah, I gotta go." Mary said turning as quickly as she was able and waddling at her top speed out of the living room and into the hallway, past the large mirror by the door.

"Wait," June called out. "Mary?"

Mary stopped and turned to look, "What?"

"Think fast," June said, tossing the handflower straight at Mary. Without thinking she reached up and caught the wad of chains and intricately engraved finger caps.

“What am I gonna do with this,” Mary sneered, looking at the strange contraption, noticing for the first time that the large central cap was heavily padded within.

“Try it on,” June said as she looked at Mary’s reflection in the mirror. Confused she looked over to June, then followed her gaze to the mirror, it only now becoming apparent what June had done for her. Now that it was in her hands and affected by her amulet’s magic the handflower took on the appearance of a normally proportioned piece of jewelry, the chains leading to four individual caps, one for each fingertip. Mary pulled it onto her bare right hand, fumbling for a moment with the clasp at her wrist before she held up her hand to the mirror, the jewelry fitting her like a glove both in the illusion as well as real life.

“It’s beautiful,” Mary said, looking at the reflection of her hand from the front and back, flipping it back and forth.

“I know you’ve been having trouble with accidentally getting... over stimulated,” June said, choosing her words carefully. “These should be just what the doctor ordered.”

Mary turned her back to June and ran her right hand across her belly, the metal finger cap blocking all of the normal abnormal sensations that would have sent her into a tailspin of ecstasy and regret. She spun around, as quickly as her very pregnant form would allow and waddled the three steps to June’s side, throwing her arms around her, “Oh my God, thank you SO MUCH!” she gushed, hugging June and pulling her close, for the first time since all this had begun feeling like she was finally starting to emerge from the nightmare, even if only a tiny bit.

Mary frowned for a moment before she spoke again. “They wobble around a lot more with these than they did with the splints though,” Mary mused as she shook her right hand behind June’s back, feeling her massive appendage flopping back and forth under its own weight.

“A little too much information...” June winced.

“Sorry.”

## CHAPTER 3

“So, are you ready to go back to school?” Maria asked Michelle as they waddled down the street toward her house.

Michelle sighed before she replied, “You know, I’m not sure. I’m going to play it by ear for now.” Since her epiphany several weeks before Michelle had slowly been backsliding, the happiness she felt with accepting her new self slowly fading, to be replaced with the reality of her much larger, heavier and more awkward body. The fact that her belly and breasts were so large that even her fellow immortal pregnant friends couldn’t help but stare didn’t help her in the least.

Michelle paused, as she often did while walking, and stretched, trying to relieve some of the massive pressure on her lower back, even for a few moments. Once the shine had worn off her newly minted sense of emotional security Michelle had begun to wear slightly less revealing outfits than she had been wearing in public, hoping to draw less attention to herself, but with a belly large enough for her to be pregnant with a six year old the clothes covering her seemed to draw more attention than they deflected.

“Hey,” Maria said, “You’re not allowed to get depressed again yet. The rest of us haven’t even started to accept this,” she said, resting her hands on either side of her very pregnant belly. “If you start again too who’s gonna be the voice of reason this weekend when we’re all sitting around crying over our ice cream.”

“Hey, I’m not exactly sobbing over my oversized yet practical granny panties,” Michelle began, a trace of a sneer in her voice, “but dealing with weighing about twice as much as my average classmate, having boobs so big they need their own zip codes and having a belly so huge, tight and shiny that it looks like I’ve hired someone to keep it polished... That doesn’t exactly lead to kittens and rainbows,” Michelle finished, her tone not exactly sad, but certainly pragmatic.

Maria looked skyward as she sighed, “I know, but you could at least try to be cheery when we’re down... or at least offer some light at the end of the tunnel instead of just telling us that we’re right, whatever we’re complaining about really does suck.”

Michelle followed Maria up the three steps to her front door and waited as she dug in her purse for her keys. “So how’s your sister doing?” Michelle asked, trying to make it seem like idle rather than prurient curiosity.

“She’s still putting on the pounds,” Maria said, “She’s really starting to live up to her namesake. Anyway, whatever you do don’t mention it. As bad as you are about people mentioning your nipples she is with her butt.”

“Hey!” Michelle said, mildly indignant as they stepped inside and Maria locked the door behind them. “Mom, I’m home!” she shouted and turned toward the stairs.

“Maria!” her mother shouted from the kitchen, “You’re Aunt Juanita is here, come in and say hello.”

Maria cocked her head to one side, “Mom, Michelle’s with me...”

“Then you can both say hello,” her mother insisted.

“She knows?” Michelle asked quietly.

“About our *illness*?” Maria replied. “Yeah, mom told her about how all the doctors are just baffled by our condition. Come on, we might as well get this over with,” Maria said waddling toward the kitchen.

“Who are you talking to, stranger?” Michelle said, hanging back by the stairs.

“If I’m getting my cheeks pinched and belly rubbed so are you,” Marie said as she waddled back and took Michelle by the hand, pulling her reluctantly into the kitchen.

“Maria!” Her aunt cried out from her seat on the opposite side of the kitchen table as she held out her arms, waving Maria over. “Get over here where I can see you.”

Maria reluctantly crossed the room, waddling right into her aunt’s arms. The woman, obviously her mother’s older sister, hugged Maria tightly for a few moments, the side of her face pressed against Maria’s belly before she released her and Maria stepped back. “Let’s have a look at you,” her aunt said.

In a manner familiar to any teenage girl Maria stepped back and awkwardly turned around in place. “¡Oh mi dios, su vientre pobre!” she whispered as she reached out, allowing her fingertips to drag against Maria’s t-shirt clad belly as she turned.

“Good to see you Aunt Juanita,” Maria said, but I’ve got a friend visiting so I have to...”

Maria’s aunt did a double take as she looked toward the doorway that led into the kitchen and spotted Michelle. “Oh my... You poor child!” she said, making no attempt to hide her shock at Michelle’s size.

“Nice to meet you,” Michelle said as she grabbed Maria’s hand and started for the stairs to the second floor before Maria even had a chance to finish her goodbyes.

“Michelle?” Maria said...

“Like you didn’t want to escape,” Michelle smiled as she started up the stairs.

“That’s not the point,” Maria said as she waddled slowly up the stairs behind Michelle.

“It’s exactly about the point,” Michelle said as they waddled up the stairs and down the hallway to Maria’s room, the door closing behind them a bit more loudly than they expected.

Juanita glanced toward the door to her bedroom, startled by the noise of a slamming door before she looked back to her mirror. Unfortunately in the last few seconds the view hadn’t improved. From the waist up Juanita looked pretty much as she’d looked a few weeks ago, but from the waist down it was a different story. Over the last month or so Juanita had begun to gain weight, first across her lower belly, then on her hips, then her butt and thighs as well. It was something Juanita had been dreading all her life, the possibility of getting the ‘family butt’.

Most of the women on her mom’s side of the family had it, the odd, very pear shaped build her aunt, grandmother and all of her cousins shared. Now it seemed she shared it as well. Juanita turned in front of the mirror until her back faced the shiny

surface and looked over her shoulder at her panty-clad bottom. *At my huge fat ass*, she thought sadly as she reached around, her hands stopping just short of feeling the full, flabby lobes. It wasn't that long ago when her hips had been slim, her belly flat, her butt cute and perky. Now though, it was hard to picture that. Her hips were wide, far wider than her shoulders, , her lower belly overflowed her panties and her butt... she preferred not to even think about the flabby, oversized bottom that slowly but surely was swelling into two overripe hemispheres.

*I guess gaining weight like almost everyone else in my family isn't so bad*, Juanita thought, *At least if that was what was really going on*. Unfortunately for Juanita she knew that wasn't what was going on. Over the last four weeks, ever since she'd visited that disgusting man in the burned out strip club something had been going wrong, very, **very** wrong. He was *supposed* to grant her wish, make her sister normal and happy again. She paid the price, he was *supposed* to deliver. But nothing happened. At first she figured it would just take some time, a few days, maybe a week for the wish to take effect, but the more time that passed the more angry with herself she became. *How could I believe him. How could I trust him. How could I do that*, she had thought at the time. Then she just tried to forget. Then within a few days she'd started to feel weird. Her hands and ankles were getting puffy, like she was retaining water. After a few days she was so puffy she couldn't even make a fist. Then her pants started to feel tight. All that was easy to dismiss as just hormones but when she started burping up thick stringy globs of cum... then she knew she was fucked.

Juanita coughed as she looked over her shoulder into the mirror, then cleared her throat. She reached over to her dressing table and grabbed a tissue and spat into it before tossing it in her wastepaper basket. She looked down at her bloated lower belly before she tentatively reached out and pressed against it with her fingertips, her flesh rebounding like loose Jell-O, quite unlike any sort of flesh. *It's almost as if I'm filling up with...* Juanita quickly dismissed the disturbing thought as she grabbed a pair of new jeans off her chair and wobbled over to her bed, her belly, butt and thighs quivering as she moved. Luckily for Juanita once she had her lower body wrapped in skin-tight jeans she at least seemed normal.

*I'm not getting any answers here*, she thought as she pulled on her top. *There's only one person who can tell me what's happening and he's...* Juanita paused as she sneezed, then sneezed again. She grabbed a tissue and wiped her nose, a thick trail of familiar whitish-clear goo running from the tissue back to her nose. She looked at the tissue for a moment before she realized what had happened. Juanita tossed the tissue away in disgust and grabbed a handful of tissues, holding them up as she blew her nose into them, once, twice, three times, until the tickle was gone and her sinuses were clear. She held the handful of cum-soaked tissues in her hands as if they were radioactive while she carried them into the bathroom and dropped them into the toilet. She turned to the sink and squirted some soap in the hands and began to wash, or rather scrub her hands, washing them over and over until their skin began to turn painfully pink. She stared into her own bloodshot eyes in the mirror for a moment, catching her breath before she turned and headed for her bedroom door. She grabbed her purse from her bedpost and reached in, snagging three Altoids and tossing them in her mouth, chewing on them, trying to get rid of

the horrible taste and smell in her mouth before she got downstairs and had to play nice for the family.

## CHAPTER 4

Mandy and Candy sat silently at a table in what appeared to be a hastily cleared lab. Aside from the table they sat at the rest of the room was filled with counter height workstations and photographic equipment but anything small enough to be moved had been taken away.

“So what are we going to do now?” Mandy said.

“You’re the one that got us into this mess,” Candy sighed.

“HEY! You needed to go to the bathroom too,” Mandy said

“I still do!” Candy shouted.

“Well, so do I!” Mandy shouted back.

“Then the hell with this, let’s go.” Candy said as she scooted her chair backwards and pushed herself unsteadily to her feet. “Damn, I’m starting to really get run down. We should have brought one of the milk dolls along.”

“They have names you know.” Mandy teased.

“Don’t start...” Candy replied.

“We can’t even go to the bathroom without getting arrested. How could we hide a milk doll?” Mandy said as she waddled slowly over to the door.

“They have names you know?” Candy replied smartly as she approached the door and looked through the large glass window. “Officer?” she said, tapping on the glass. “Could you take us to a restroom?” Mandy pouted, her voice taking on a deeper, more harmonic resonance.

The guard turned and looked at her sternly. “Ma’am, return to the table and sit down.”

“But...” Candy said, stopping as she saw the guard raise his hand to his holster and release the snap holding his gun in place.

“Ma’am, return to the table and sit down,” he repeated.

Defeated, Candy turned around and began to waddle back to the table.

“He didn’t even blink,” Candy sighed.

“Look,” Mandy said, pointing to the door.

The large man who’d arrested them stood in the hallway with a folder in his hand. He looked to be in his late forties, his hair gone almost entirely gray from what must have been a dark brown or black. Even ignoring his age he was surprisingly well built. He looked like the sort of man they got to play action heroes in movies. Only he did it for real. The man spoke briefly to the guard outside before he reached under his jacket, removed his sidearm and handed it to the guard. Only then did he enter the lab.

“Ladies,” he said quietly as he stepped into the room and looked at Candy. “Please take a seat.”

“If I sit down I’m not getting up again without a lot of help,” Candy said, placing her hands in the small of her back.

“That wasn’t a request,” he said coldly as he stared Candy down. It was no contest. Candy sat.

“Was haben Sie mit den Dokumenten gemacht?” he asked.

“What?” Candy and Mandy said in unison.

"Bitte, es besteht kein Grund sich zu verstellen. Ich weis wer und was Sie sind," he replied, as he crossed the room to stand in front of the table the twins sat at.

"Sie sind nicht schwer zu durchschauen," he said as he reached into the folder and tossed a group of photos onto the table in front of them.

Mandy and Candy looked through the photos. All were old black and white photos of girls their own age. They looked like school photos or as if they had been taken for some sort of ID card, but they were obviously decades old. The photos were worn around the edges with tiny rips and creases across the corners.. None of the girls looked remotely familiar to them. "Who are they?" Mandy asked.

"This one looks kinda cute," Candy said, handing her sister a picture of a cute blonde with braided hair.

The man closed the distance to the table in two steps and began rifling through the photos. He yanked two photos out of the bunch, photos of remarkably similar dark haired girls. He threw them onto the table between the sisters and strode away. "Hier! Werden Sie jetzt aufhören sich zu verstellen?" he shouted. The photos were obviously of twins. They were also obviously not Mandy and Candy.

"Uh, they're not us." Mandy said, holding up one of the photos next to her face.

At those words the man paused, watching them while he seemed to be waiting for something. He didn't have to wait long before a radio on his hip began to squawk, "Agent Cussler, there's nothing odd going on."

"Thank you Danvers," he said into the radio and clipped it back onto his belt. Agent Cussler stepped back up to the table and picked up the photo showing one of the twins that Mandy didn't have in her hand and looked at it, then back at the two girls. Again his radio crackled to life.

"Agent Cussler, you're seeing what we're seeing," the staticy voice behind the security camera said.

"Thank you Danvers, I think I can take it from here." Agent Cussler said dismissively. "So... ladies... who are you?"

"Well, I'm Candy," Candy said smiling and then gestured with a flourish, "and this is my sister Mandy."

"Do you know why you're...." Agent Cussler began before his radio interrupted him again.

"Confirmed Sir. Amanda Lynn Ryan and Candice Marie Ryan."

Agent Cussler took the radio off his belt and turned a knob, silencing the voice just as it finished saying Candy's last name.

"Don't get any ideas," Agent Cussler said. "I just turned down the volume. They can still see and hear every word that goes on in this room."

"Okay," Candy replied, "Wait, I think I figured it out?"

"Shhh!" Mandy smiled, "No ideas! He said."

"It's time you two start to take this more seriously," Agent Cussler said as he stared the girls down.

"Or else what? You'll bust us for being escorted down here by one of the guards?" Candy said.

Agent Cussler's face turned bright red and he took a deep breath as he readied himself to reply when the door to the room opened and a younger, much more relaxed man walked in. "I got this one Agent Cussler," he said.

"I'm senior agent here," Cussler replied.

"Hmmm," the younger man mused as he sat down on the corner of the table Mandy & Candy sat behind. "I guess you're right," and got to his feet and began walking back to the door he had just entered. Then he stopped suddenly. "But this is about the Halder Archive, isn't it?" The newcomer turned around, looking far too innocent and earnest given his cavalier attitude. "That makes me S.A.I.C., doesn't it?"

Agent Cussler stared at him.

"See you back at the office Barry," the younger man said, a pleasant smile on his face.

Agent Cussler stared at him for a few more moments before he strode out of the room, retrieving his sidearm from the guard outside the door as he left.

"Now, what can I get for you ladies?" he asked.

"A BATHROOM!" Mandy and Candy squealed in unison.

Several minutes later Mandy and Candy were escorted back to the room by the same guard who had been watching their makeshift cell. The young agent was waiting, leaning against one of the workstations, a pitcher of water and several glasses waiting on the table. "Have a seat ladies," he said as they waddled back into the room. "I'm Dave Leyland," he said as he pulled the girls chairs out for them, giving their legs an obvious, unabashed once-over as they sat down before he returned to leaning casually against the bench.

"So, Dave..." Mandy began a slight smile crossing her face as she ran her tongue across her upper lip and slowly gave Agent Leyland a once-over.

"I suppose that's not Mr. Dave Leyland, private citizen, is it?" Candy continued.

Dave smiled to himself, "Well, not exactly. I'm Special Agent David Leyland, U.S. Secret Service." He stepped over to the table and poured each of them a glass of water before returning to his place against the bench. "So, what are you beautiful young ladies doing here?"

"Hey," Candy said, "You might be young for an FBI guy but we're still only sevente..." Candy stopped short as Mandy kicked her under the table.

"Go on," Mandy smiled to Agent Leyland as she played with her hair with her finger.

"Sorry about how dry it is in here," Dave said as he looked around the room. "They work on all sorts of old paper documents and moisture means mold," he said before taking a sip from his glass. "Now, just what brings you girls to Washington?" he asked.

"Senior class trip," Mandy smiled coyly as she took one of the glasses and took a long, slow sip.

"But you already know that, don't you?" Candy said, appearing dead serious.

Agent Leyland's head bobbed slightly back and forth as he smiled, "I talked to your teacher upstairs, but that doesn't really prove anything. You could tell her you're petunias and she'd believe you."

"You know who we are?" Candy asked as she toyed with her glass.

"Since the forties," Dave said, "but then again some of the things I believe aren't exactly commonly accepted."

"Really? Like what," Candy said as she took a long draw from her glass.

"Like it?" Agent Leyland asked before he took a swig from his glass. "There's a spring locally. It's a lot better than store bought."

"What kind of theories?" Candy repeated.

"Let me show you," Agent Leyland said. "Could you call the guard in from the door? His name is Sam."

Mandy looked at him, amused. "I don't think he's going to come in," she smiled. "Oh Sam..." She called out, "Sam, come in here please..."

"I think you'll have to be a bit more persuasive than that," Agent Leyland said.

Mandy looked over to Candy and they looked into each others eyes for a moment before Candy shrugged, "Why not?"

Mandy turned toward the door and said, "Sam, come in here, we need to talk to you," her voice taking on a deeper, more harmonic tone. Mandy stared at the door for a moment. "It didn't work when Candy tried it earlier."

"Could you try again?" David asked. "Indulge me."

Candy shrugged, "Sam, this is Agent Cussler. Get in here!" she bellowed, the resonance of her voice echoing in the small room. Still, the guard at the door didn't even flinch. Candy looked back to Agent Leyland expectantly, Mandy's gaze following hers to land on Agent Leyland, who, for his part, was just impassively watching the girls, as if waiting for something.

"What?" Candy asked impatiently.

Agent Leyland just stood there watching them, a slight smile on his face. He raised the index finger of his right hand. "Just a moment," he said, then checked his watch. After a minute or two passed he looked back to the twins. "So, it's true. Some of you are *good*, Leyland said, sounding slightly surprised.

"Of us?" Candy said. "We're just high school students that took a wrong turn and followed the wrong guard."

Agent Leyland tilted his head slightly as he looked down at Candy's massive belly and breasts. "Sure. You're just the only girls in Washington on a class trip who are about to give birth to quadruplets... Today... Gotcha."

Candy sighed, "We have a medical condition."

"Oh..." he said, momentarily surprised. "That's a really good excuse. How's it working out for you?"

"What?" Mandy said, confused.

"That story. How's it been working for you?" Leyland said smiling.

"Listen, is that it? Cause we have to get back to our group," Candy said.

"Sure. Just one more thing," he said before he walked over and knocked on the glass of the door.

The guard turned and looked at him for a moment and nodded before he pointed to someone in the hall. Moments later a metal cart with a television and VCR was pushed into the room by another guard. He left the cart next to Agent Leyland and left the room as quietly as he entered.

“This video was taken at a motel off the beltway two days ago. I’m really hoping you can shed some light on it, because we don’t understand what exactly is going on.” Agent Leyland said as he unfurled a power cable from the cart and plugged it into an outlet on the workstation behind him. Then he returned to the cart, bent down and hit the play button and stood up, looking at the twins.

After a moment of static the screen was filled with the face of a teenaged girl. She was crying and obviously had been for some time. Her face was a blotchy red, dark circles were under her eyes and her hair looked like it hadn’t been combed in days. Her eyes darted back and forth as she sat there and after just a few moments it was obvious the girl was shaking. “What are you doing?!” she screamed at the camera in between sobs. “Help me dammit! What the hell is going on? Please! Do something.”

A woman’s voice spoke from off camera. “How many of them were there?”

“I... I...” the girl began to gag, reaching up and clawing at her throat as if someone was strangling her.

Quietly the woman from off camera noted, “Happens every time she tries to tell us anything about her captors.” As soon as the girl stopped trying to speak her hands fell away from her neck and she took long, desperate breaths. Soon those breaths were interspaced with sobbing. “Please! Make it stop. Whatever they did, make it stop, please!”

The woman’s voice spoke again, “Pull back, we’re going to need a shot of this.” The image shook for a moment as someone took the controls of the camera and hesitantly zoomed out. First her bare shoulders were visible, then her upper chest. Then the camera pulled back until her lap was visible. Only then did it stop. Only... her lap wasn’t visible. It was filled with a massive pair of breasts, bigger than any of the milk dolls Mandy or Candy had ever seen. They were taut and firm, obviously bloated painfully with milk, her gigantic nipples erect as the young girl pulled on them as if she was milking a cow, trying to force any tiny amount of milk from them.

For her part the girl didn’t seem to notice or care that the camera had pulled back enough to see her body. “Please!” she plead to the camera, “Please! I need a doctor! They won’t stop... Please...” The girl looked upward and closed her eyes, her hands continuing to mindlessly massage her nipples, “Please, I’ll do anything if you make it stop! Please God! Make it stop! I’ll” The tape stopped abruptly and Agent Leyland stood up, unable to look at either Mandy or Candy. Both twins were in tears, their hands balled into fists, frustrated with their inability to do anything but watch the horror play out on the screen.

“I’m... sorry,” Agent Leyland said, “I had to be sure you were who you said you were, who I thought you were,,,” He pulled a handkerchief from his pocket and handed it to the Candy, who seemed to be taking the video worse than her sister.

“What?” Mandy said, “Be sure?”

“I didn’t know for sure if you were... evil... or not...I had to be sure...” Agent Leyland said as he walked over to the table and gathered up the photos and documents Agent Cussler had scattered about.

“Then that tape...” Candy began.

“Was made eleven years ago in Los Angeles,” Agent Leyland said as he stepped to the door. “You’re free to go, with the apologies of the United States government.”

Candy pushed herself to her feet and handed Leyland’s handkerchief to Mandy. She wiped her eyes and followed Candy both moving in the same slow, waddling gait to the door.

Mandy paused for a moment in front of Agent Leyland, looking at him even as he avoided her gaze. “What happened to the girl?” she asked.

“I don’t know. I wasn’t with the Service back then,” he said, still not looking up.

You did what you had to do,” Mandy said, her voice hoarse as she shoved Agent Leyland’s handkerchief into his breast pocket, nearly ripping the fabric in the process before she turned and waddled away.

“And we’ll do what we have to do,” Candy said as she stared at him. “We have wicked long memories so if you know what’s good for...” Candy stopped speaking as Mandy tapped her on the shoulder.

“Come on, lets get out of here.”

## CHAPTER 5

Late that night Mary lay in her bed, trying desperately to get to sleep. While the handflowers June had given her served their purpose in stopping stimulation of the heads of her massive finger-cocks, they did nothing to help with other problem she'd have since this odyssey had begun, the overwhelming feeling of horniness that colored her thoughts and actions whenever she wasn't otherwise occupied. Like when she was trying to get to sleep.

Most of the time Mary tried her best to ignore the changes in her body, at least as much as she could. The handflowers made that much easier. Her finger-cocks were huge, sensitive and always in the way, but what bothered her the most about them as she walked down the street was their massive weight. Each of her hands now weighed, according to her very unscientific tests with her mom's kitchen scale, nearly five pounds each. While that may not sound like much, it sure felt like a lot, especially when the bulk of the extra weight wasn't rigid, but was instead a firm yet rubbery mass that wobbled and quaked with any tiny little moment.

Then there was the pulsing. Unlike the other girls, Mary's sexual orientation was completely unchanged. That left her out of the orgies that Michelle, Mandy & Candy, Maria and the milk dolls had briefly spoken of, but being straight, that didn't really bother her. The problem for Mary was that while she remained completely straight her hands had other ideas. At even the sight of an attractive girl her finger-cocks would begin to pulse, jumping to an achy, painful rigidity. Then the horniness began. Her heart rate would jump, her breathing became more labored, desire built upon desire but it was all physical. Mentally Mary didn't find the girls sexually attractive in the least and the overwhelming horniness did nothing to change that.

Even Mary's own body got her finger-cocks excited, especially when she was getting dressed or in the shower. At those times the images of her cramming her massive digits into herself became almost too much for her to bear. At least the handflowers prevented her from subconsciously consummating the act, if not preventing her from thinking of it. But Mary was a normal teenage girl, aside from the obvious exceptions and longed for sexual release, not to mention the added horniness her finger-cocks added to the mix.

Finally with a sigh Mary rolled from her side onto her back and inched her way up until she was halfway sitting up on the bed. She took several deep breaths trying to ready herself for the onslaught before she folded her sheets down, uncovering her body down to her hips. Instantly as she caught sight of her breasts her finger-cocks began to throb and she felt her pulse quickening.

Every time she saw herself like this it amazed and frightened her. While certainly not what any of the other girls would have called massive, Mary's breasts had grown to a respectable 36DD, far larger than would have looked presentable on her body without the hugely gravid swelling of her belly to take the brunt of the attention.

She reached up, cupping her breasts in her hands, careful to leave her finger-cocks pointing up into the air as she gently ran her thumbs over her nipples, feeling them come to attention as she gently worked them, at first back and forth, but then

around in little circles as they hardened. She sat there for several minutes, her head tilted back, eyes closed, her breathing quickening.

Soon that stimulation wasn't enough and she reached down with her left hand, around the massive swell of her belly, stretching until her hand found its way to her pubic mound, barely able to reach around her massive roundness. She rested her thumb against her panties, sliding carefully along until she felt her clit and began slowly working it up and down, her finger-cock flopping around as she did so. Her tongue began stroking back and forth across her oversized lips before she pursed them and shoved her tongue rapidly in and out between them. Abruptly the pace of her breathing as well as her heart rate increased and her thumbs worked themselves faster and faster until, with a muffled shout, she climaxed. Her finger-cocks spewed weakly in a sympathetic orgasm, small dribbles of cum running down the huge shafts, but more importantly, the horniness she'd been experiencing for the last several hours began finally to fade away. Mary carefully wiped away the slime from her finger-cocks with a tissue, careful not to arouse them again before she rolled back over and quickly fell asleep.

She barely even shuddered in her sleep as her breasts and clit swelled slightly before she sighed gently in her sleep and began to dream.

## CHAPTER 6

Juanita stood in front of the burned out strip club for the second time, still not sure what she expected to accomplish by coming here but with even her fat jeans starting to get tight and burping up cum every half hour she felt she had little choice.

Visiting here wasn't her first choice. She talked to many of the people that had led her here in the first place and while not explaining that her weight gain had anything to do with her concerns she did see if any of them had heard anything bad about Daryl. Of course they had, everything from his smell to his foul mouth, but none of the people she asked had heard anything about Daryl double-crossing anyone.

That, in the end, was the only thing that brought her back. Everyone she spoke to seemed surprised that Daryl hadn't granted her wish. So she returned. She walked across the parking lot in front of the burned out building as quickly as she could, a slight waddle and shaking becoming evident the faster she moved.

Juanita pushed open the fire door, headed down the rubble-strewn hallway and into the main room of the destroyed club.

"Where are you?" she shouted, swinging her flashlight around.

"I don't normally get thank-you visits." Daryl said, stepping out of the shadows on the stage.

"What the fuck did you do to me?" Juanita shouted.

"I'm not big on answering questions. I grant wishes," he smiled, showing his blackened and missing teeth.

"Not very good at that either," Juanita spat.

"What the fuck are you talking about," Daryl said, suddenly serious.

"My sister. She's the same as before. Nothing's changed," she explained.

"That's not how it works, darlin'. You wish it, I grant it. Bullshitting me won't work, besides, I can't exactly give you back a blowjob. Now get the fuck out before I start to get insulted." Daryl said dismissively.

"You know," Juanita said, "Everyone I talked to said you were honest when it came to your work. They didn't think much of you besides, but they all said that you were a man of your word. Pay the price, you grant the wish. Everyone agreed. It's a shame someone's gonna be saying something different now," Juanita said as she turned and walked away.

"What the fuck are you saying?" Daryl said.

"Never mind," Juanita said, not bothering to turn around, "The truth hurts."

"Hold on, hold on!" Daryl said as he jumped off the stage and headed toward Juanita. "Hold up there girl, Hold on."

Juanita stopped and turned in place, "What?"

Daryl gave her a long, slow once-over, "Looks like you've got a lot more junk in the trunk than before. Guess you've got them big ass genes from your momma."

Juanita turned and took a step before Daryl spoke again. "Okay, okay... I don't know what's going on, Okay. I. Don't. Know. You know how fucking hard that is for me to say. **I don't know!**" Daryl pulled a bent, half-crushed cigarette from

his pocket and lit it with an almost empty pack of matches. "But that doesn't mean I can't help you find out the answer."

Juanita stopped at the door to the hallway, resting her hand on the frame. "What do you mean?" she asked, not turning around.

"Come on down here, lets talk about it," he said, stepping backwards down over the trash scattered on the floor. He waved her down, "Come on, I don't bite," he said, turning a table upright and putting two chairs next to it, one at either side. "Come on, lets talk."

Juanita walked slowly and awkwardly through the muck, tugging at her jeans as she walked. It didn't take her long to get down to the table, but instead of sitting down at the table she just stood there, her hands on the chair back. "So, what did you mean about helping me find the answer?"

"No small talk huh?" Daryl grinned. "Fine. I got a deal for you. You just wish to know what went wrong with your first wish. Then I grant it and then BAM," he said, slamming his fist on the table, "Then you know. Then there'll be no reason for you to go spreading lies around about me."

"I don't know," Juanita said. "What about this?" Juanita said, slapping her hip, sending a quake through her whole lower body.

"I don't do liposuction girly, not unless you wish for it, but if you want to make it three wishes, hell, I'm game!" Daryl grinned.

*Fuck, Juanita thought, he really doesn't know what's happening to me. Fuck, fuck, fuck!* "Okay. I wish I knew exactly what happened with my wish and what went wrong with it," Juanita said.

"Perfectly good wish," Daryl said as he stood up and began undoing his belt.

"Uh, what are you doing?" Juanita said, stepping back.

"What do you think? You wish it, you pay, I grant it. Bam, bam, bam." Daryl said.

"You think I'm gonna... do that again???" Juanita sneered. "I am so outta here."

"Hey! Hey!," Daryl called out after her, "Listen, I'm not like full of wishes here. Why the fuck do you think I live here when I can grant wishes? I can only do it when I'm paid and since I'm not a fucking contortionist I get to live in this moldy-ass rat-trap. I don't control how it works. That's just how it is. Quid pro quo honey, quid pro quo."

"I am so outta here," Juanita said as she wobbled toward the back of the room.

"Guess you don't want to know what's wrong with you," Daryl said and paused, taking a deep draw on his cigarette, "Or find out why your sister isn't any better."

Juanita paused halfway to the exit, feeling her butt and thighs shake as she quickly stopped. "What do you have to lose missy," he said. "I ain't telling anyone." Juanita weighed the options in her head, the image of her sister, huge and pregnant, sitting on her bed crying her eyes out coming immediately to mind.

She turned and looked back at the pathetic man standing by the table, then looked down at herself, specifically at her swollen hips and lower belly. She

remembered all the people she'd spoken to and how they all agreed Daryl was a bastard, but that he always granted the wishes he was asked to grant.

"What do I do?" she asked, walking slowly toward where Daryl sat.

"That's better," Daryl said as he stepped over to a pile of broken up furniture, grabbed a half-burned seat cushion and dropped it at his feet. "Same as before. You already wished it. You pay me and your wish comes true. Normally it's like a few days to a week, but this one's just mental stuff. Should just pop into your head in like an hour, kinda like something you forgot but suddenly remembered."

Juanita stepped up to the cushion and looked down at it, then back to Daryl. "Fine, fine," Daryl said, waving his hands as he stepped back from the cushion. Juanita carefully lowered herself to the ground, the cushion doing little to protect her knees from the rubble beneath it. "Ready," she asked.

"Girl, I was born-fucking-ready," Daryl said dropping his pants and boxers. "Come on little guy, you've got company," he said as he looked down at his crotch and cackled.

Juanita got to work and in several minutes it was over, the same disgusting taste she'd been unable to escape for the last month suddenly flooding her mouth again. Daryl stepped back and wiped himself off with a piece of dirty tablecloth from the ground. He was about to toss it away when he offered it to Juanita. She flinched, pulling back from the disgusting offering as she reached into her purse and wiped her mouth with a wad of tissues before shoving four Altoids into her mouth. Moments later she was on her feet and heading to the exit. "Just remember," he said, "You decide you want that lipo you come on back anytime and it can be arranged!" he laughed.

Juanita began to pick up speed as she got to the hallway leading outside and was almost running when she got to the parking lot. Now in the bright light she squinted and covered her eyes, the light seeming to remind her of what she'd just done and that Daryl had somehow managed to make her think that doing it again was a good idea. Juanita rubbed her eyes as she crossed the parking lot, then began to jog as she saw the bus coming toward her stop. Somehow she managed to catch the driver's eye when she was still fifty feet from the stop. The bus slowed to a halt and waited as she jogged up the steps, swiped her card and took her seat.

She looked out the window at the burned out old building, wondering just how Daryl had managed to sucker her again when suddenly, as if she was struck by lightning, an idea popped into her head, then another, and another, as if she was remembering some long lost school facts. Only now she suddenly knew why Maria wasn't any better and she wasn't happy in the least.

## CHAPTER 7

“So then what happened,” Michelle asked from where she sat on the edge of her bed, her legs forced apart by the massiveness of her belly. Candy and Mandy sat on two chairs in Michelle’s bedroom, Mandy by the desk, Candy by the dressing table.

“He let us go,” Candy said

“Just like that?” Michelle asked.

“Yeah. Once he knew we weren’t one of those German girls or evil, bam, we were out. He figured us out pretty quick,” Mandy said

“Oh please,” Candy said.

“What?” Mandy said indignantly.

“Agent Leyland was so smart and so quick and so handsome,” Candy said mockingly, “Why don’t you just marry him. Geez.”

“HEY! I never said he was handsome,” Mandy replied indignantly.

“Was he?” Michelle smiled to Candy.

Candy rolled her eyes and looked to Mandy.

“Shut up,” Mandy replied.

“So he thought you were one of those German girls?” Michelle said.

“Dave didn’t, that was Agent Cussler,” Mandy replied.

“So now it’s Dave?” Candy smirked.

“Okay,” Michelle said, interrupting their argument, “So who are the girls and why did he think you’re them?”

“I don’t know who they are, but their names are Greta and Glenda Reissman. and somehow I’m thinking that the dark hair isn’t the resemblance he saw,” Candy said, patting her belly with both hands.

“You really think that’s it?” Michelle asked.

“You think you could mistake anyone with all this,” Mandy asked skeptically, one hand on either side of her belly, “with someone without it?”

“Okay, point,” Michelle said. “What were they trying to steal anyway.”

“Something called the Halder Archive,” Mandy said, “and from the way Agent Cussler was talking, they didn’t just try. He said they **had** been trying to get it for years but from the way everyone was acting I’m pretty sure they got it.

“Okay, so what is it?” Michelle asked.

“I dunno,” Mandy replied, “Can I use your computer?”

“What for?” Michelle asked.

“I’m gonna Google it,” Mandy said

Michelle nodded and replied, “Go for it.”

Mandy turned toward the desk and tried to roll her chair up, but her belly almost immediately bumped into the desk right in front of the keyboard. Mandy shook her head and reached past her belly to the keyboard. Finding it next to impossible to type with her arms stretched out, barely reaching the keyboard. “God, how do you type on this thing??”

“I don’t really use it too much anymore,” Michelle said. “Try putting the keyboard on your belly. That’s what I did before my boobs got too big for that.”

“Good thing I don’t have to do anything silly like use a computer,” Candy groused, looking down at her massively oversized breasts.

“Wah, Wah, Wah,” Mandy replied before she reached out and snagged the keyboard with her fingertips and sat it on top of her belly. “I guess this works... kinda,” she said as she began to type.

The web page refreshed and Mandy read down the list of results. “No... No... No... Bingo! General Franz Halder, Chief of the General Staff of German Armed Forces High Command in World War II.” Mandy began reading from the webpage, “The importance of the diary and documents persevered by General Halder as an a view inside the inner workings of the Third Reich cannot be underestimated.”

“Oh my GOD!” Candy said.

“I know!” Michelle replied.

“What kind of guy keeps a diary??” Mandy sneered.

“So dish, what did he write?” Michelle asked as she pushed herself to her feet and waddled slowly over behind Mandy, her belly wobbling back and forth slowly and heavily with each step.

Mandy clicked on a few links and read to herself while Candy approached to read over her shoulder. As Candy leaned forward to try to read the tiny writing on Michelle’s monitor she hit the back of Mandy’s head with her belly. “Sorry,” she said, stepping back and leaning on Mandy’s chair back.

“I don’t think it’s that kind of diary. This is more like an appointment book with notes about what happened that day. Kinda like a real diary but boring.” Mandy said, obviously disappointed.

“Wait,” Michelle said, “If you can read it on Google why did they need to steal it?”

Mandy paged back and forth from Google to different web pages, “It looks like some of the diary part is online. He wrote a book based on it too, but only part of the diary is online and none of the stuff he saved in his archive is at all.”

“What kinda stuff?” Candy asked.

“It just says ‘secret documents’,” Mandy frowned. “Hold on.” Mandy clicked back and forth on various links for a few minutes. “I don’t see anything about what documents he saved. It says they’re stored in a bunch of different places though.”

“Where?” Candy asked.

“U. S. Army Center of Military History in Washington, National Archives in Washington. Musée du Louvre in Paris and The Vatican Archives in Vatican City.” Mandy read from the computer screen.

“The Louvre? Why would historical stuff be at an art museum?” Candy asked.

“Oh sure, ask me ‘cause I’m the magical princess of secret documents,” Mandy said as she continued searching.

“Okay, don’t get me wrong and I’m not saying this to be mean, but we care because?” Michelle winced, bracing for the twins reply.

“Uh, ‘cause we’re the good guys and the bad guys are stealing it,” Mandy said.

“You just want to see Agent Leyland again,” Candy teased.

“I do not!” Mandy replied, “but now that you mention it,” Mandy continued, musing, “he probably knows exactly what the stolen stuff was.”

“Now that I mention it??” Candy shook her head. “He’s ancient! Like thirty or forty. You really think he’s into knocked-up big-butt teens with lots of attitude?”

“You bitch! I so do not have attitude,” Mandy replied, “And since when are we making fun of how each other look, boob-queen?” Mandy continued, staring at Candy’s huge breasts.

“**So,**” Michelle began loudly before waiting for Mandy & Candy to cool off a bit. “Is that army place open to the public?”

“Does that mean we’re going?” Candy asked.

Mandy clicked on one link, then another, “It is, but we have to call and make an appointment and they’re only open from 9 to 4 on weekdays.”

“So we can’t do anything until Monday,” Michelle sighed. “What will we do until then.”

“Well,” Mandy said, smiling “We don’t **need** to wait. We **could** just take a taxi over now and ask them to let us in.”

“And we **could** start feeling bad and sick to our stomachs for trespassing and breaking in and burglary and blah, blah, blah,” Candy said.

“Then what are we going to do,” Mandy sighed, rubbing her belly with both hands.

“Maybe we could just sit around rubbing our bellies. Again,” Candy said, running her fingertips around in little circles on the side of her massive middle.

Mandy pulled her hands back, as if surprised to have been caught, “God, how long until I can leave it alone for five minutes?” Mandy asked Michelle as she looked down at her belly.

“You just gotta get used to it,” Michelle replied quietly, her hand snaking around from the side of her belly to the top, gently rubbing where the tightness of her skin began to give way to slightly looser, more rubbery texture. “Took me a few months but then I... got bigger and it started all over again. It’s like you’re proving to yourself it’s real.”

“Plus it feels so good I wind up doing it without really even noticing,” Candy groaned as she placed her hands on her hips, “I just know I’ll wind up rubbing in school and everyone’s going to stare.”

“I’m pretty sure they’re gonna stare anyway,” Mandy said smirking. “The guys will anyway. Ooh baby, you got what they like.” Mandy continued, staring at Candy’s oversized breasts.

“Shut up,” Candy said. “Like they’re not gonna stare at the ass of doom too,” Candy replied joylessly, lifting her leg and tapping her foot against Mandy’s large thigh.

“Uh, you don’t know what you’re talking about,” Michelle said quietly. “You know I’ve been wearing that amulet for months so people couldn’t see what I really looked like, but I watched how people treat the pregnant girls at school and around town. **Everyone** stares... at their butts, at their boobs and especially at their bellies. They might as well carry a neon sign and an air horn with them with the amount of attention they attract. I’m not talking about the girls having twins either. I just mean the average preggo we go to school with.”

“I never really noticed,” Mandy said, “There’s always been tons of pregnant girls around town. The only ones I ever worried about were the evil ones with superpowers.”

“Didn’t any of your friends ever get pregnant?” Michelle asked. “It seems like every other girl in town is preggo.”

“Yeah,” Candy replied, “but the peggos all pretty much keep to themselves. You’d hear someone was knocked up and you’d go to talk to them and they’d be sitting in the back of the room with all the other peggos.”

“Gee, I wonder why,” Michelle said sarcastically, rolling her eyes as her left hand joined her right, first lifting up her top to fully uncover her belly, then rubbing the taut fullness slowly with both hands.

“What’s that supposed to mean?” Candy said indignantly, her hands catching on the fabric of her top one too many times. She sighed loudly and grabbed the hem of her top and, with one smooth motion pulled her top off over her head and tossed it aside, ignoring the motion of her breasts as she went back to rubbing her belly.

“When I wound up like this everyone that knew backed off and acted like I had ebola or something,” Michelle said. “It was like I was someone else or something. You said it, the girls aren’t your friends anymore, they’re just peggos.”

“I didn’t mean it like that!” Candy replied, sounding hurt.

“Then how did you mean it?” Michelle asked pointedly. “After you first saw me all huge and bloated you barely talked to me for two weeks and that was after just seeing me like I really was for a few minutes.”

“I never really thought about it that way,” Candy said, feeling guilty.

“I was always nice and tried to help out though,” Mandy said. “I never looked down on the pregnant girls. I just did what I could to help.”

“Yeah, I noticed that too,” Michelle said. “But there’s a difference between helping out your friends and suddenly becoming the Mother Theresa of pregnant girls. You acted like you were on some kind of mission to help the poor, sad, unfortunate girls that had the bad luck to fall on the wrong side of the tracks. Sure you helped, but whenever you could you reminded them that you somehow managed not to get yourself in trouble like they did. Like you were better than them.”

“That’s not fair,” Mandy said sadly as she looked around for a moment before she spotted what she was looking for. She grabbed the hem of her t-shirt and pulled it up and off before she reached for the jug of udder cream on the corner of Michelle’s desk and began rubbing it into her belly.

“Isn’t it?” Michelle asked. “You have perfect memory now. Remember when Steph Peterson was pregnant and you showed her that picture of the girls at the spring formal? She said how nice they looked and how pretty their dresses were. You remember what you said?”

“Sure! I said that she’d... Hey, that’s not fair! It doesn’t sound right if you don’t know how I said it.” Mandy replied.

“You said she’d look great in that dress too if she didn’t get preggo and let her belly and boobs get so huge,” Michelle said. “You were poking her belly with your finger when you said it too.”

“I was **kidding!**” Mandy said.

“Sure you were. But remember, you have perfect memory now.” Michelle said. “You saw her face when you said that. Did *she* think it was funny?”

Mandy looked down, unable to look Michelle in the eye.

Michelle waddled heavily to Mandy’s side, “I’m not trying to make you feel bad,” Michelle began quietly. “But you need to know how bad it’s gonna get for you over the next year. I was in a dark hole and no one wanted to help me get out. Plus remember, I was one of the few people that even knew I was one of the untouchable preggos. **Everyone’s** going to know you are.”

“But they all think we have that medical thing,” Candy volunteered hopefully.

“Do you really think that will matter?” Michelle said. “In their eyes we’re just gonna be three more preggos, just bigger than all the other ones.”

Mandy reached over to the jug of udder cream on the desk and fumbled, knocking it to the floor. Without thinking she leaned forward to pick it up, her boobs bumping into and sliding around her belly until she stopped, barely leaning forward and certainly unable to reach her calves, much less the tub at her feet. “God, this is just so miserable!” Mandy continued, still trying to reach past her belly to the container.

“At least you don’t have the boobs of doom,” Candy said, taking one of her oversized breasts in both her hands. “They’re heavy as fuck.”

Michelle laughed, placing one hand on the upper surface of each breast, just north of her nipples, “Like I need a reminder. I don’t know how Amy deals with boobs like this without the rest of it to balance her out.”

“Maybe we should ask her,” Candy replied, holding her breast up far enough to look at her nipple.

“I don’t think so,” Michelle said, “That would be too weird.”

“And sitting around playing with our bellies and boobs isn’t?” Mandy asked.

“Like that’s on purpose,” Candy said. “It’s almost like the more we talk about it...”

“The more we touch them,” Michelle said, trying to lift her breast with both hands and failing miserably as the huge fleshy teardrop slipped from her hands.

“Yeah, its just weird,” Mandy replied.

Michelle lifted her boob up again, this time managing to hoist the massive organ up, her arms wrapped around it, until her oversized nipple hovered in front of her face. “You know, I wish I could get someone to suck these babies,” Michelle said, licking her lips. “It’s just not the same when you do it yourself.”

“Ewwww!” Mandy and Candy said in unison.

Michelle rolled her eyes, “Oh please! I wish the milk dolls could do it. I don’t think they’d mind. They all have a boob obsession anyway.”

“They have names you know?” Mandy replied smartly.

“Why can’t they suck them for you?” Candy asked, ignoring her sister. “Sounds like something Bobbi or Kari would be into.”

“Hello? Magic milk?” Michelle said, staring at her huge nipple. “Turns girls into massive bellied preggos. As bad as the boobs from hell are I’m pretty sure they don’t want a belly to match.”

“Doesn’t work that way,” Candy said quietly, her cheeks beginning to turn pink. “Turning them into milk dolls stops them from becoming like us from drinking our milk.”

“Oh my God, no way!” Michelle said, ogling Candy, her own huge nipple inches from her nose momentarily forgotten. “Wait, how do you know that our milk doesn’t effect them?”

Candy opened her mouth to speak, then shut it, her face turning bright red.

Mandy grabbed Michelle’s mouse pad off her desk and swatted her sister, “You’ve got them sucking your boobs and you didn’t tell me? You bitch!”

“Like that was going to come up in conversation,” Candy scowled, “besides, usually when I figure something out you do too.”

Michelle continued to rub her belly, now scratching lightly with one hand. “The itching is what drives me nuts,” she said, trying to change the topic, “I’d pay to have someone scratch for me.”

“Now that’s a good idea,” Mandy said, “It’s not that bad most of the time, but sometimes it really gets bad at the shiny spots.”

“Yeah, I’ve been meaning to ask you about that,” Candy said, swiveling to face Michelle. “Why’s the skin here and here,” she said, rubbing the sides of her belly, “all tight and shiny and itchy, but up here,” she continued and moved her hands just north of her belly button and rubbed the looser skin back and forth, “its all weird and rubbery.”

“I dunno,” Michelle said, “but regular pregnant girls are like that too when they get big. But you should be thankful, Julia’s belly is so big that it’s tight and itchy all over.”

“Ewwwww!” Mandy and Candy said together. “That’s got to suck. I’ll just ask one of the milk dolls to rub my belly for me.”

“Uh, you probably don’t want to do that. Remember that whole ripening thing?” Michelle said cautiously.

“Huh?” Candy asked.

“Remember when Allison made Lisa into a Mother of the Apocalypse and we found her in the museum all huge with the milk dolls rubbing their boobs against her belly? Then again after Amber did the same thing to me and locked me in the other bedroom with the milk dolls before I came down and rescued you at the teen center.”

“Rescued?” Michelle said, half-choking on the words, “You came there to kill everyone.”

“Yeah, yeah, whatever,” Michelle said. “The point was that when they rub their boobs on your belly it makes you even bigger. Eventually it doesn’t work anymore but until then...” Michelle trailed off, puffing out her cheeks like she was playing a trumpet.

“That sucks!” Mandy replied.

“Why does it make you bigger when they rub their boobs on your belly?” Candy asked.

“I dunno, it just does,” Michelle said.

“Well, maybe Amy knows, plus we can ask her about the boob thing too,” Candy said.

“No way, that’s just too weird,” Michelle said quietly.

“You sucked milk from her boobs everyday and asking her a question is too weird for you?” Mandy asked incredulously.

“Amy!” Candy bellowed. “Can you come in here?!”

“No, no... shhhhh!” Michelle said in a stage whisper, dropping her boob. It dropped heavily against the side of her belly with a loud slap.

A minute or so later the door to Michelle’s room opened and Amy poked her head in, “Hey, what’s up?” She glanced around the room and noticed the girls were all topless and semi-topless. “So... “

“Come on in, the water’s fine,” Candy said, her voice back to her normal, slightly sarcastic monotone.

The door opened and Amy stepped in, an oversize sweatshirt doing its best to cover her massive breasts. While loose and baggy over her shoulders and arms it was stretched tight around the massive outcropping of breasts that hung down past her waist and stuck out a foot and a half from her torso and nearly a foot on either side of her waist. She walked slowly, gently rolling her feet as she walked.

“I thought she couldn’t hear her own name.” Mandy said quietly to Michelle.

“I can’t,” Amy said pointedly, “Julia’s hypno-voice bullshit’s still working as well as ever. When someone calls our names one of the other girls just relays the message. Works pretty good. So, what’s up?”

“I was wondering about that thing where you rub your boobs on one of our bellies and we get bigger and if you know anything about it,” Candy said.

“It’s called ripening. You mean like how it works and stuff?” Amy replied as she walked slowly into the room until she was with the other girls. “I don’t really know any hows or whys. I just know what happens. When I heard them talking about it they said that a new girl wouldn’t truly be a Mother of the Apocalypse or at full power until she was ripened.”

Mandy chuckled quietly. “I think I’m about as ripe as I’m gonna get,” she said, slapping her belly with one hand.

“I wouldn’t be so sure,” Amy said gravely. “I’ve seen some damn big bellies in my time,” she added as she tried not to look at Michelle.

“Please,” Mandy said and forced herself to her feet. She waddled over to where Amy stood and stepped into her, pressing her belly against Amy’s sweatshirt clad boobs. “See. Nothing. Unless I suddenly get a yen for the wrong kind of milkshake I’m pretty much as big as I’m gonna get.”

“Oh yeah,” Amy said, reached under the massive outcropping of her breasts, grabbed the hem of her sweatshirt and pulled it up over her breasts. “Care to try that again?”

Michelle began to speak up when Candy looked at her and mouthed “milk shake crack” silently. Michelle half-smiled and closed her mouth.

Mandy’s mouth fell open slightly at the sight of Amy’s exposed breasts. A moment later she regained her composure. “Sure,” Mandy said confidently and stepped up, pressing her belly against and between Amy’s breasts. Before she even made contact she began to speak. “See, noth...” she said and then stopped abruptly, her eyes growing wide as she felt the skin of her belly grow tighter and the weight and pressure increase as she began to swell. “Oh my GOD!” Mandy looked both

ways and tried to step away from the massive breasts pressed against her belly. Frantic, she tried twisting away from them, but her belly prevented her from turning at the waist. Finally she put her hands on Amy's shoulders and pushed Amy away as she stepped back. Mandy's stumbled over her own feet as she tried to backpedal and she fell heavily on her rear end. "HOLY CHRIST!" Mandy said, rubbing her slightly larger belly. "Why'd you let me do that???"

"Uh, you're the all powerful immortal being. I'm just an average girl." Amy said, fighting to pull her sweatshirt back over her massive boobs.

"Well, not so average," Candy observed as she watched Amy struggling with her top.

"Ha. Ha. Ha," Amy said as she continued to fight with her top. "It's not easy dealing with these damn things."

"We were just talking about that," Candy said as Mandy slowly pushed herself to her feet. "How did you learn to deal with those babies. We're having trouble getting used to the bellies from hell and we thought if we knew how you learned to deal with them it might help us."

"Not to mention how to keep our damn hands off it," Mandy said as she got back into her seat.

"Well, talking about it just makes that worse," Amy said. Michelle patted an open spot on the bed next to her and Amy took a seat. "I don't know why but the more you talk about them the more you wind up touching them."

"Big whoop, you and the other girls touch them all the time anyway," Candy snorted.

"Hey!" Amy said, obviously offended. "Like that's my fault. I can't help that Julia decided to mix in some weird big-boob-fetish thing when she did this to us."

"What do you mean?" Michelle asked.

Amy took a moment to gather her thoughts, "Over the years I've seen milk dolls from all over and they're all a little different. Julia implied it was something they did differently when they made the stuff that changed us."

"That sucks," Candy said.

"But at least you don't have all this to deal with," Mandy continued, both hands on her belly.

"Ha!" Amy exclaimed as she carefully got to her feet, "You think waddling is bad, check this out!" Amy twisted slightly at the waist, something she normally avoided doing. It became obvious why when her breasts swung around like the prow of a ship, the huge motion of her breasts entirely disproportionate to the tiny motion at her waist. Unfortunately when Amy stopped turning her breasts continued, jerking her to the left as their huge weight pulled her off balance. She called out as she tumbled and grabbed the bedpost on Michelle's bed, barely stopping herself from falling to the floor.

"Amy! Are you all right?" Michelle asked, looking over to where Amy was struggling to her feet.

It took a moment for Amy to catch her breath, finally regaining her composure after she was on her feet. "Whew, it's been awhile since I've done something that stupid," Amy said.

“Wow, I’d walk careful too if that happened when I moved too fast. Doesn’t a bra help?” Candy asked.

“I don’t walk careful because of that. I walk careful to stop the bouncing.” Amy replied, now fingering the lower curves of her breasts, seemingly unaware that she was doing it.

“You can stop the bouncing? Why are we just talking about this now?” Candy asked.

Amy smiled, “Yeah, but you have to walk weird. Didn’t you ever notice I don’t bounce that much?”

“Uh... No, I didn’t notice,” Candy said.

“Too busy staring at her nipples to care if she was bouncing or not,” Mandy said, nudging her sister.

“Shut up!” Candy said to Mandy before she turned back to Amy. “So how do you walk like that?”

“I learned it when I was in marching band in high school,” Amy explained as she held her hand up. “You just curve your foot like this,” she said, bending her hand into a shallow curve. Then she rested the ball of her hand on the bed, “Then you just roll your foot as you walk.” Amy turned carefully and walked across the room, rolling her feet, her shoulders, and therefore her breasts, barely bobbing with each step. “As for bras... Well, have you ever seen a bra this size?”

Michelle thought back to her visit at Kristen’s aunt’s place, “Close to it, but that has a whole other set of problems.”

“Well, I don’t know about that, I haven’t had one that’s fit me in ten years.” Amy replied, gently tapping the lower curves of her breasts rhythmically with her fingertips.

“It didn’t work out too well for her anyway,” Michelle said.

“Any chance we could use her to pull the same medical condition thing you pulled?” Amy asked. “I’m going stir-crazy staying in all the time.”

“I wish,” Michelle said. “The girl with the big boobs was Kristen and we already used her for the medical thing on us.”

“Damn, she tried wearing a bra? That would be almost as bad if you wore one,” Amy said to Michelle as she tried to suppress the image of a bra-clad Michelle, her breasts pushed up, out and together by a bra, hovering above her belly like an awkwardly placed shelf.

“Hey, no smiling,” Michelle said as she began to laugh herself.

“Uh, I hate to break up this little boob party,” Mandy began before her sister interrupted.

“You’d rather we had a big butt party?” Candy smiled thinly.

“You two agreed a lot more when you were still identical,” Michelle said sadly.

Mandy and Candy both turned and just looked at Michelle, holding their gaze for a moment before Mandy continued. “Like I said I hate to break this up, but we were talking about how to cope with all this,” Mandy said before she turned to her sister, “big butt included.”

“There’s no big secret,” Amy said. “You just have to take it a day at a time and deal with the weird crap until it just doesn’t seem weird anymore.”

“How long did it take you to get used to doing that walking thing all the time?” Mandy asked.

“And how long before you stopped almost knocking yourself silly by turning too quick?” Candy added.

Amy looked upward as she thought before looking back to the girls. She turned and stepped over to the bed and lowered herself onto the bed next to Michelle, scooping up her breasts in her arms to keep them close to her body as she sat, preventing them from swinging away from her and throwing her off balance. “The walking thing was easy from band. I walked like that every weekend and during practice three times a week. The turning and balance thing, that takes awhile...”

“How long?” Mandy said. “You don’t know how many times I’ve wound up stumbling down a hallway trying to get my feet under this goddamned belly before I fell.”

Amy laughed, but it was a sad laugh, “Believe me, I know that feeling. They might look like boobs, but between the weight and how full of milk they are these babies are as heavy and solid as your belly. I wish I could tell you how long it’s gonna take, but I can’t. It’s something you have to work through for yourself.”

“I’ve been trying...” Mandy said before trailing off, emotion beginning to choke her voice.

“But its hard,” Candy finished, still rubbing her own belly and breasts. She followed the eyes of the other girls to where her hands massaged her own body before she looked back to them, “It makes me feel better, okay?” She stared fixedly at Michelle, “Like you never did anything just to make yourself feel better,” Candy added, raising one eyebrow.

Amy slid carefully to her feet and walked over behind Candy, leaning forward until her breasts hung downward, clearing her arms and allowing her to rest her hands on Candy, one to either side of her neck. “Shhh,” Amy said. “It’s hard. Way hard,” she said, massaging Candy’s shoulders and feeling Candy melt under her hands. “But you’re going to get through this. Just like I got through it and Michelle got through it and Bobbi and Kari and Debbie got through it and even how Julia got through it. And if we can, you can too.”

Candy sniffled for a moment and looked over her shoulder, “Thanks, I really needed that,” she said as Amy’s hands slid down off Candy’s shoulders and down her chest, onto her breasts. “What are friends for?” Amy said, her hands slowly gliding over Candy’s breasts, almost to her nipples.

“Well, if we’re gonna do this we better do it right,” Michelle said and patted the bed next to her, smiling at Mandy.

Mandy smiled back and pushed herself to her feet, waddling over to Michelle’s bedside.

“Oooh, can you turn out the light on your way?” Michelle said, glancing at the bedside lamp.

Mandy turned and reached for the lamp.

“And big butts are so hot,” Michelle whispered, looking across Mandy’s bubble butt and wide hips before reaching out and gently slapped one cheek.

Mandy looked back in mock surprise as she reached over and flicked out the light.

## CHAPTER 8

Sunday afternoon Mary sat awkwardly on the edge of her bed, a small mirror in hand, trying to stretch around far enough to get a look under her belly. She craned her neck one way, then the other, as she tried to maneuver the mirror into a position where she could get a good view of her crotch, but her belly and breasts made that nearly impossible.

In the week or so since June had given her the handflowers she now wore day and night she'd found it much easier to resist their silent urgings and was more than happy to go back to her normal methods of self-pleasure. Unfortunately for Mary even that pleasure was causing her unexpected problems. When Mary awoke several days ago and found her breasts slightly larger she wasn't overly surprised. After all, her middle two fingers had just turned into oversized cocks and she'd become pregnant with god-knows-what due to her unhelpfully fully functional finger-cocks she'd gotten the big belly and breasts as well. She simply assumed that her swelling breasts were part of all that mess. At least that was what she assumed before she awoke that morning.

Her breasts were larger. Again. Just like the yesterday and the day before, now large enough that they rested against either side of her belly, each nearing the size of her head. *At least they're not that heavy*, she thought, *at least not compared to this damned belly and the amulet does cover it up... and they are fun*, she mused as her hand slid off her breast and down the full round curve of her belly to her panties.

She carefully slid her hand under the waistband, allowing her finger-cock and remaining fingers to emerge from the leg hole while her thumb took up its now customary place atop her clit and froze, her eyes growing wide as she jerked her hand from her panties. It took a moment before she realized she wasn't breathing and forced herself to inhale while she tried to convince herself that what she'd thought she felt was not, in fact, what she had felt. After several minutes she'd calmed down and relaxed enough that she was able to convince herself that she hadn't been awake moments before.

Then, more cautiously, she again slid her hand slowly under the waistband of her panties, hesitating a moment before she allowed her thumb to come to rest on her clit. She gasped, her eyes growing wide as she felt her now oversized, swollen clit. Mary considered for a moment, trying to find a way to make herself accept the idea that this wasn't a big deal, despite the growing feeling of pressure she felt. *After all, it's maybe the size of a pencil eraser, maybe a little bigger. Compared to the fingers of doom that's nothing*, she thought, trying to avoid the whole idea that one more part of her body was going crazy despite her best efforts to keep the changes she'd been experiencing from getting any worse.

Mary wasn't the brightest girl at her school, but it didn't take her long to realize that when she left her finger-cocks alone they stopped growing. The same was probably true of her clit... and her breasts. Now, four days since she'd first noticed that growth things were quickly getting out of hand. Mary tilted to the side, maneuvering her palm-sized mirror in an effort to get the right angle to look past her

oversized belly and breasts and see her crotch. When she'd awoken an hour before and pushed herself upright in bed she didn't really see anything she wasn't accustomed to, just boobs and belly as far as the eye could see. But when she'd slid her hand down into her panties she was in for a shock. Until this morning Mary had been able to justify things in her own mind. It wasn't that big, It's not growing that fast, or one of a hundred other thoughts but this morning when her thumb came to rest on her clit she could no longer pretend that there wasn't anything unusual about her clit now that it was the size of a ping pong ball. She froze for a moment, assessing the situation even as she involuntarily jerked her hand back. A few minutes later she'd calmed down enough to prove to herself that she'd somehow been mistaken and hadn't felt what she'd thought she'd felt.

She wasn't disappointed. Not only was her clit as large as she thought the pressure that had been slowly building within it was even more intense today than it had been since it started. With her fingers it has been different. There the pressure built until she reached orgasm, then it released as her finger-cocks grew. Now the pressure was almost unbearable, especially when combined with the hot, sweaty pulsing coming from her overexcited finger-cocks. But something didn't feel right, even more not right than other mornings.

Mary carefully reached down again, trying to feel exactly what was going on, but with the smallest touch she felt the pressure jump in intensity. Undeterred she slid to the edge of her bed, pushed herself to her feet and began searching for a mirror. After twenty or thirty minutes of searching her room she slapped her head and went to her purse, pulled out her compact and returned to the edge of her bed to try to get a look at her lower abdomen, just under her very pregnant belly. After a few minutes of struggling she realized that she could simply pull her right breast out of the way with her left hand and look in the mirror and see what was really going on down there.

Even though she was expecting what she found she gasped. Her clit had grown, looking bloated and tumid, swollen to a warm reddish-brown color, its shape eerily like the head of a penis. It held her labia apart, spreading them around its massiveness. Mary realized something was still happening as a odd prickling sensation worked its way up the underside of her clit. As she watched her clit swelled slightly, the smooth, sensitive skin beginning to cleave along the bottom surface, forming an indentation that stopped at the very tip of her clitoris as a small hole formed. As Mary stared in shock, unable for the moment to even react, as a droplet of white, goeey fluid emerged from the new orifice and fell to the floor.

Mary did the only thing her mind could even consider at that moment.  
She screamed.

## CHAPTER 9

Monday morning Michelle, Mandy and Candy carefully slid out of the taxi that had brought them to Fort McNair in Washington D.C. dressed in their most conservative and respectable clothes. They stood out like sore thumbs on the military base. The girls thought they weren't going to get in at all. The taxi pulled up to the main gate and a military policeman approached their vehicle, clipboard in hand.

"This is a military installation. You're going to have to..." he began.

"Michelle Reed plus two," Michelle said from the back seat. "We're expected."

The policeman showed no surprise as he flipped through the documents on his clipboard and scanned down to find Michelle's name. He was equally stoic as he found their names. "I.D. please," he said and then a moment later collected the cards and wallets the girls handed him before handing them back. "You too," he said to the taxi driver who, with no small amount of complaining turned over his driver's license as well. A moment later each of the four was handed a yellow card with a small clip at the top. Lots of small print covered the card, the only type visible from several feet away was "VISITOR" in large block letter.

"Keep these clipped on a necklace, lanyard or on your shirt. Keep it visible at all times. If at any time anyone asks to see your I.D. you are to show it to them. If anyone at anytime asks you to leave or follow them you will immediately comply with their request. Is that understood?" the MP said.

The girls nodded but that didn't seem to satisfy the policeman. "Do you understand?"

After they had all actually said that they understood the rules the MP seemed to relax slightly. "Follow the green signs to Collins hall. If you get to an intersection and do not see a green sign stop immediately and..." The MP continued explaining for several more minutes but the girls knew all they needed to know. They were in.

In front of Collins Hall ten minutes later Michelle and the twins carefully slid out of the car and stretched, unconscious of the fact that they each took up an almost identical pose, their hands pressed into their lower backs just above their butts. They leaned far back, not even noticing as the taxi driver shook his head as they waddled off toward the building, still leaning as far back as they could.

"How'd you get the guard to let us in like that?" Candy asked, smirking slightly. "I didn't hear you say anything to him."

Michelle turned toward Candy and smiled, "I didn't. I called ahead. The museum *is* open to the public, remember?"

Candy let out a quiet raspberry at Michelle as they stepped up to the door. "Okay, lets just be calm. We're just high school girls doing research. We can pretend that."

"We don't have to pretend," Mandy said with a sigh. "We *are* high school girls doing research."

"Sure, be like that," Michelle said as she opened the doors and stepped inside. The reception area within the building was small, but just past a small,

unmanned desk a short hallway led into a huge two story room, the upper level being just a walkway around the edge of the room, lined with large bookshelves, a large skylight allowing light to pour into the room.

A large counter filled much of the center of the room, a woman and man, each in uniform, working there. The three girls waddled across the room slowly, holding themselves back, not wanting to appear to energetic, especially at their size. When they had crossed halfway to the desk first one then the other of the soldiers working at the desk caught sight of them, waddling slowly toward the counter. They had all seen the look before, eyes wide-open and slightly unfocused, mouth ajar, not trying to disguise their surprise at the girl's appearance. "Caught in the headlights, like deer," Mandy said quietly.

"You want to shoot them or should I," Candy said, totally deadpan. "I haven't caught my limit for the day."

"SHHH!" Michelle hissed quietly as they got closer. "Don't scare the nice army people." Michelle stepped up to the counter turning sideways as she approached so she could rest her forearm on the countertop. The military clerks still seemed hypnotized until Michelle began strumming her fingertips on the countertop.

"Uh...I'm sorry," the young man said, his eyes darting upwards from the unnatural hugeness of Michelle's belly and breasts to her face. "What can I do for you?"

"I'm Michelle Reed. I called ahead about the Halder Archive?" she said.

The man looked confused or surprised, it was hard to tell, something about his expression just didn't seem right. Then he snapped his fingers and his eyes grew wide. Michelle almost expected a light bulb to appear above his head and suddenly light up. "You called. I remember now," he said. "Private, could you give me a hand pulling the Halder Archive materials from the stacks?"

"Yes sergeant," the woman said and followed the man from behind the counter and through two double doors about twenty feet from the counter. "Be right back," the young sergeant called back to them.

Michelle turned and slowly waddled back to where Mandy and Candy stood in the middle of the room. "Is it just me or did he seem a little..."

"Weird?" Mandy opined.

"Odd?" Candy added.

"Porky." Michelle said.

"Huh?" the twins asked in unison.

"Hamming it up. Like he was acting or something," Michelle replied.

A strange, unfamiliar metal clanking sound reverberated from above them, coming from all directions. It almost sounded like some sort of mechanism being operated, but more like fifty identical machines, not just one. The girls looked up at the floor above them and at the railing surrounding the walkway around the upper floor. More specifically they stared at the men and women in camouflage army uniforms and hearing protectors. More correctly the girls stared at the soldiers assault weapons, all pointed straight at them.

“Lay face down on the floor, place your hands behind your neck, lace your fingers and cross your legs at the calf,” an unseen but authoritative voice called out from above them.

“Uh, laying face down isn’t something we’re really equipped to do anymore,” Candy said sarcastically.

“Oh crap,” Michelle said, turning back to the twins, “Now what do we do???”

“Sit down on the floor, facing away from each other, approximately ten feet apart. Do not converse among yourselves,” the same voice they had heard earlier said.

“I have an idea,” Mandy said. She turned toward the outside of the room and looked upward. “You need to talk to Special Agent David Leyland of the U.S. Secret Service. He’s responsible for everything to do with the Halder Archive. He’ll vouch for us.”

“You just want to see your *David* again,” Candy teased.

“Uh... They have guns...” Michelle said, looking back and forth between Mandy and Candy.

As if the sisters had said nothing the voice repeated, “Sit down on the floor, facing away from each other, approximately ten feet apart. Do not converse among yourselves,” moments later he added, almost as an afterthought, “This is your final warning.”

An hour and a half later Mandy, Candy and Michelle sat in a triangle, about ten feet apart, sweat running off them in the un-air-conditioned room. “Any chance someone could point a fan this way or something?” Mandy complained.

“Maybe a soda or some ice tea?” Candy continued.

Michelle sighed, “None for me, I already have to pee.”

“QUIET!” the now familiar voice shouted over his bullhorn.

Michelle sighed and rolled her eyes.

Moments later all the girls turned as they heard a commotion in the entry foyer outside the reading room. It sounded like two men having a heated discussion, a discussion where neither wanted to sound angry despite the fact that they were.

“... have your orders,” Agent Leyland said as he and an Army Captain strode into the room.

“Yes I do,” the uniformed officer said, gritting his teeth.

“See?” he said as he stopped about twenty feet from the girls, “Just ordinary schoolgirls researching a school project,” he smiled.

The captain’s eyes narrowed as he looked back and forth between the girls and Agent Leyland, “Sure they are,” he replied curtly.

Agent Leyland began walking over to the girls before noticing the soldiers ringing the upper level of the room, their rifles still aimed at the center of the room. He made an exaggerated show of looking around the room before looking back at the Captain, wide eyed. If it was possible the Captain’s eyes seemed to narrow even more before he signaled the soldiers to lower their weapons. When the weapons were no longer aimed at the girls Agent Leyland strode over to Michelle and offered her his hand. “Come on, time to go.”

Michelle sighed, "I don't know if I can get up on my own." Michelle looked around the room, "I warned them before they made me sit down here."

Agent Leyland leaned in closely to Michelle and stage whispered, "They're pissed already, let's not antagonize them."

"Fine," Michelle said and pushed herself awkwardly but smoothly to her feet, making it obvious she was far stronger than she appeared. Mandy and Candy quickly joined Michelle.

"Do they have a soda machine around here?" Candy asked sarcastically.

"Now, now," Agent Leyland said as he rounded up Mandy and Candy and ushered them toward Michelle. "Thank you Captain, it's been a pleasure," he said as he led the girls past the officer and back through the entrance. Michelle began to ask a question but Agent Leyland gently but persuasively shh'd her. Then they were outside.

"Where's our taxi?" Candy asked, looking around the parking lot.

"I sent him on his way when I arrived. My expense account is still crying," Agent Leyland replied, "Never leave the meter running."

"Thanks Dave," Mandy said as she stepped toward Agent Leyland, her belly brushing against his hip with each step as she waddled along, "So how are we getting out of here?"

Michelle rolled her eyes before she turned to Candy, shaking her head, "I see what you mean."

"What?" Mandy said, seeming overly surprised.

Now it was Agent Leyland's turn to sigh, "Come on, let's go. I'm the green SUV."

Michelle stopped, her mouth opening slightly as she looked at the high doors, "There's a step? How am I gonna get up there?"

Agent Leyland crossed the parking lot, gaining a few feet on the girls as they got to the car. He opened the rear door and held it open, looking toward Michelle.

"Shotgun!" Mandy called out as she waddled toward the front of the car.

"There's a surprise," Candy sighed as she waddled around the SUV and headed toward the far door.

"You're gonna need to do more than hold the door," Michelle said, blushing slightly as she stopped just short of the SUV. "I might be a lot stronger than I look but I'm also a lot heavier."

"Not at all," Agent Leyland said as he took Michelle's hand before she stepped up to slide into the back seat of the SUV, leaning on Leyland for balance. "It's all right, I didn't need this spine anyway," he muttered.

"What?" Michelle asked, half seriously.

"Never mind," Leyland said as he put his back into the task and slowly Michelle's bottom slid up, over the rear bench seat, past her balance point and like a capsizing boat was suddenly sucked into the back seat. Agent Leyland slammed the door and limped to the driver's side door, sagging now that the girls could not see him, limping along, holding his side. "Ow, ow, ow, ow..." he said quietly.

Minutes later they were on the beltway.

"Girls," Leyland began.

"Yes, Dave," Mandy replied.

“Girls... I understand you’re curious, and I understand you want to help... but we have this under control.”

“So why couldn’t they just let us see the archive thing,” Candy asked.

“The parts of the archive stored there were stolen almost two weeks ago,” Agent Leyland said. “Why do you think they held you at gunpoint from the moment you stepped into the room?”

“Uh... maybe because they thought we were those German girls that have been trying to steal the archive for years?” Candy asked.

“But if it was already gone... And they thought we stole it... Why would we come back and ask to take a look?” Michelle asked.

“You know,” Agent Leyland said, never taking his eyes from the road, “That’s just what I asked them right before they let you go. Surprisingly enough that worked. This time. Please, hang up your magnifying glasses and stop playing Nancy Drew. Please. We have this under control.”

“Nancy Drew? Oops, I didn’t realize it was 1952.” Candy said.”

“Maybe he meant Kim Possible?” Michelle asked.

“Girls... please... Just leave it to us, alright?” Agent Leyland said, his shoulders visibly drooping. “It’s been a very long week and now this is turning into a very long day. Just let us professionals earn our keep.”

## CHAPTER 10

“So what now?” Candy asked as they waddled from the curb to Michelle’s front door after being dropped off by Agent Leyland.

“Pretty sure that’s game over,” Michelle replied, stepping aside to let the two smaller girls climb the front steps to her front door.

“What do you mean?” Mandy said as she stepped into Michelle’s house and headed for the stairs.

“I mean we’re done. The only places that we could get to that have any of the archives have been robbed by those German girls. They beat us to the punch,” Michelle said, grabbing a cord that had been conveniently tied to the front door handle and pulled it shut behind her.

“So we’re just gonna give up?” Mandy asked, “After all this?”

“Give up on what?” June asked as she crossed the upstairs hallway, laundry basket in hand.

“Nothing mom....” Michelle said as the girls waddled carefully through the narrow door into Michelle’s room and pulled the door closed.

“Couldn’t she help?” Mandy asked as she took up her favorite seat.

“Mom pretty much shares Agent Leyland’s feelings about playing Kim Possible,” Michelle sighed. “She’s still not happy with me because of the whole Julia thing.”

“Yeah, who’d think she’d be upset you spent the whole day with the most evil person any of us have ever met,” Candy said, sitting in Michelle’s desk chair.

Michelle playfully slapped the back of Candy’s head as she waddled by and carefully lowered herself onto her bed.

“We can’t let those German girls get away with this,” Mandy stated, as if fact.

“We already did and they’re long gone. No matter how much you want to see your little Dave again nothing’s going to change that,” Candy teased.

“We could always do a little investigating of our own,” Mandy replied. “Maybe there’s something they missed.”

Candy just stared at Mandy for a moment, “Investigate? I understand that now that you met a government agent...”

“Special agent,” Mandy interrupted.

Candy paused for a moment, looking at Mandy calmly as if waiting for her to finish speaking, “now that you’ve met a government agent you’re ready to go all CSI on this but in case you haven’t noticed, not only don’t we know anything about investigating, but, “ Candy said, lifting up her top, exposing her belly, “we’re not exactly built for undercover work.”

“Who said anything about undercover?” Mandy replied.

“Oh... so you want to get arrested and spend hours with guns pointed at you in a room with no air conditioning,” Michelle chuckled. “I pass.”

“Not you too?” Mandy said in exasperation, turning to Michelle. “Why are you taking her side?”

“I’m not taking her side, I’m taking my side.” Michelle said. “What could we possibly find there any....”

“Fine,” Mandy said, cutting Michelle off.

Michelle sighed, obviously tired of the whole situation, “Fine.”

“Sooooo,” Candy asked, “what are we gonna do for dinner?”

“I dunno, how about pizza?” Michelle suggested.

Candy sneered slightly, “Too messy.”

“How about tacos?” Mandy suggested.

“How about something won’t wind up down my cleavage?” Candy sighed.

“Right, rice cakes it is,” Mandy said.

“That’s not funny,” Candy replied.

“Everything falls down your cleavage,” Mandy said. “Rice cakes are just easier to fish out.”

“Like that’s my fault,” Candy replied as she looked down, “It’s like the Grand Canyon down there.”

“Maybe that’s why Amy wears tops the high necklines,” Mandy suggested.

Candy just stared at her sister for a moment, wide eyed, before a smile crept across her lips, A smile that quickly turned into a quiet chuckle that itself turned out to be contagious.

## CHAPTER II

Kristen sat in the living room of her house, looking out the window, glancing between the view and the mantle clock. Her seat wasn't exactly what you'd call comfortable, just a simple piano bench that her father had carefully reinforced to hold her weight. After her remarkable growth had finally ended Kristen had tried using the normal chairs around the house, but between their size and her weight she always managed to wedge herself in tightly enough that she needed her father, and most times her mother and father, to get her up. Soon after her father found her crying, wedged into a chair again, unable to get out but frustrated with having to always ask for help he realized he had to do something.

It took about a week of wandering through stores to find a high piano bench. No arms to wedge Kristen in between, no overstuffed seat to sink into and no low, slightly reclined posture to make it even harder for her to get up than it had to be. Of course, Kristen's dad had to make some changes. Even when he sat carefully on the bench it wobbled slightly and having watched Kristen sit he knew the bench wouldn't stand up to her abuse for long. Soon a metal rod ran down each leg, drilled through the center and wooden blocks supported the underside of the bench, tied together with long carriage bolts, making the whole seat into one rock-solid unit.

Just a few months ago none of this would have been necessary. It was little more than a month and a half before when Kristen had met Julia, the ancient and evil Mother of the Apocalypse who'd come to town to talk to Michelle and send Mandy, Candy, Maria, and Mary into the same mindless coma that all those infected with chaos wound up in after they were exorcized. Kristen's situation was just collateral damage.

Now Kristen weighed well over two hundred and fifty pounds, her massive belly, breasts, rear and thighs making it nearly impossible for her to do anything for any length of time, except to sit and watch television. It wasn't just the weight though. The size of her belly and breasts made movement a challenge, more something to be planned than spontaneous. She had to even practice walking extra slowly lest her exaggerated waddle throw her off balance and to the ground. She'd tried to keep her friends from knowing just how bad off she was. *Michelle's nearly my size and she doesn't seem to have any trouble*, Kristen thought as she looked back to the clock.

So Kristen was careful to put on a brave face when other people were around but to stop and rest when no one was looking or when she could do so without drawing attention to that fact. *Four minutes*, she thought and looked away from the clock and began pushing herself slowly to her feet. She leaned forward slightly as she got up, allowing the huge weight of her belly to pull her forward as her legs pressed her upward until she stood awkwardly, teetering slightly from front to back and tried to catch her breath. Luckily she had the timing down pat.

Slowly Kristen turned and leaned on the wall for support as she waddled slowly and carefully toward the front door of her house, her belly shifting from side to side with each step, her oversize breasts carried along for the ride. Soon she was at the door. With one hand she turned the knob and stepped back, the door following

along behind her, stretching the spring that her father had added to allow the door to close on its own after she had left. Kristen sighed as she thought of the front step. With a practiced quickness Kristen went down the front stairs, her hands held out in front of her to catch herself on the parking meter on the other side of the sidewalk. She paused, catching her breath again, feeling her belly pressing against the cold metal of the parking meter as her arms relaxed. She looked down at her belly, still amazed that it managed to stretch out nearly as far as she could reach. She supposed with time she'd get used to it, but for now she was running out of time to get to the bus.

Kristen pushed herself away from the parking meter and turned slightly toward the street corner. Unlike most days a few people were walking by, no one she recognized, but still she made the effort to look extra perky, despite the overwhelming feeling of exhaustion beginning to fill her. She smiled to the people as they passed, but their eyes didn't meet hers. They stared fixedly at her belly and breasts. It didn't surprise her really, but it did add to her sadness. Still, her permanent smile held out as she waddled slowly toward the corner, her belly swinging into one of the oncoming people as they passed her.

A tap on her shoulder interrupted her as a voice asked, "Julia?" She came to a stop, her belly pulling her slightly forward before she was able to regain her balance. She turned slowly, pulling her top down on either side, subconsciously trying to get it to cover a bit more of her belly as she managed to swing around, her belly pushing into the person who'd tapped her on the shoulder. "What? Who are..." Kristen began before the man pressed a stunner against her arm and fired, the electric spark dropping her, first to her knees, then to the ground.

The three people on the street ran to Kristen's prone form and picked her up, getting her to the curb just as a black van pulled up. The door slid open and with the help of two more men in the van they pulled Kristen inside and pulled away. They cleared the corner just in time for Kristen's bus to arrive. The driver opened the door and waited a few moments, wondering where the sick girl was that always got on the bus this time of day before he shook his head and pulled away.

## CHAPTER 12

Nearly a week after their last “meeting” with Agent Leyland, Michelle and the milk dolls staying at her home were getting ready for dinner when the phone rang. “Michelle, it’s Mandy!” June called from upstairs. Michelle waddled across the kitchen and picked up the phone.

“Hello?” Michelle answered.

“You better get over here,” Mandy said.

“Uh, first off I’m just about to go over to talk to Kristen’s mom and then I have to get back here for dinner, and second, where’s here?” Michelle asked.

“Here’s Maria’s house... and I think you’ll agree that this is more important than chatting with Kristen’s mom about her imaginary illness,” Mandy replied.

“It’s not that,” Michelle said. “I was just calling Kristen to see if she wanted to see a movie this weekend and she’s missing.”

“Missing?” Mandy asked, “It’s not like she could run away...or even waddle away. She doesn’t have the range.”

“I know,” Michelle replied, “That’s why I’m going over to talk to her mom. Maybe there’s something I can do to help.”

“Well, before you go there,” Mandy began, “You’re going to want to see this.”

“Want to see what?” Michelle replied.

“Uh... yeah... I’m not even gonna start trying to get into this on the phone,” Mandy said. “Just come on over as soon as you can.”

“Okay. I’ll talk to mom and grab a bus over. See you in about an hour,” Michelle said.

“This isn’t an about-an-hour thing. This is a dip-into-the-babysitting-money-and-grab-a-taxi thing,” Mandy replied, still in her ever-present monotone.

“That bad huh?” Michelle asked.

“Isn’t it always?” Mandy replied.

Michelle rolled her eyes and sighed, “Fine. See you in ten minutes.”

A few minutes later Michelle’s taxi pulled up in front of Maria’s house, Mandy waddling back and forth past the front door. The taxi driver and Michelle talked for a moment and some money exchanged hands before the driver got out of the taxi, opened Michelle’s door for her and after several minutes of tugging helped pull her out of the back seat of the taxi and to her feet.

“Hey,” Mandy said, waddling to Michelle’s side as she caught her breath. “I think we’re gonna have to go open up the House of Fucked Up Things,” she said, using their name for the partially completed Peale Museum of Fine Arts where all their adventures seemed somehow destined to take them.

“This doesn’t sound good,” Michelle said warily.

Mandy paused for a moment, considering what to say, “No. No, it’s not.”

Michelle headed for the front door. As she stepped sideways up the front steps and reached up to knock Mandy interrupted her, “Just go in. We sent Maria’s mom away.”

“Aren’t you coming?” Michelle asked.

“There’s more than enough of that inside,” Mandy said then coughed as she saw Michelle’s questioning expression, “Never mind,” she said, waving Michelle off, “I just need some time out of there...”

Michelle turned the knob and sidestepped into Maria’s home, turning as she did so her massive belly would clear the doorway as she backed into the entry foyer. She turned toward the stairs, the sounds of creaking wood and quiet talking coming from above. Michelle slowly climbed the steps, holding onto the railing for dear life as she blindly made her way up the stairs, one step at a time. Michelle hated stairways, especially unfamiliar ones. Feeling for where the next step was on an unfamiliar staircase wasn’t her idea of a good time, but she eventually made it to the top.

The hallway was dim, the overhead lights off, the only illumination coming from a partially open bedroom door. While Michelle wasn’t really scared she did find herself slowing down as she approached the door, Mandy’s words echoing in her head. Still, there were quiet voices coming from within the room. One sounded like Candy, the other like Maria... and as she stopped to listen she realized the third voice was Juanita, Maria’s sister, the one that had been gaining weight faster than she could buy new clothes. Finally Michelle paused and shook her head, clearing her thoughts before she waddled up to the door and pushed it open, stepping inside.

Maria and Candy sat on either end of the twin bed, uncomfortably trying to find somewhere to look while they talked. It was obvious they were trying to avoid looking at the one person she couldn’t look away from. Juanita.

Juanita stood in the middle of the open part of the room, feet apart, wearing an overstretched pair of sweat pants and a t-shirt. The overstuffed and bottom heavy pear shape her body had been taking on had blossomed into a full-fledged bloating. What had started as a swelling of her lower abdomen had grown, now encompassing her body from rib cage to knees, as if the poor girl was filling up with something and was somehow stretching to hold it. Her hips and thighs had widened, now about three feet wide, blending in with the bloating of her belly to form one large swelling ball. Her crotch had pushed down against her sweat pants, forcing them down even as her lower abdomen had swelled, the space between her legs taking on a rounded, almost ball-like shape. To Michelle it looked like nothing so much as like someone had somehow blown her up like a balloon, forcing air in through her privates until she’d grown larger even than she herself had become, well over a hundred inches around.

As everyone turned to look at Michelle any illusion she had that Juanita was filling with air evaporated as the younger girl turned, her flesh wobbling like over warm Jell-O, especially a sliver of Juanita’s belly, exposed between the top of the sweatpants and the bottom of her t-shirt. Although her flesh appeared less dense than the other girls as soon as she began to move Michelle was sure that Juanita must now way upwards of four hundred pounds. Her belly was full and rounded, but unlike Michelle or any of the other Mother’s of the Apocalypse, Juanita’s belly was soft and pliant, but full, the thick flesh looking more like a heavy blanket of fat than the gravid fullness of the other girls bellies. Juanita reached down, placing one hand on

either side of the huge ball her whole midsection had become, slowing the slight shimmying of her flesh.

“Thank God you’re here,” Maria said.

“What the fuck?” Michelle stage whispered.

“Hey, we hypno-voiced her calm but that’s not holding too well so lets not go crazy with the attitude,” Candy said.

“Okay, but what happened to her?” Michelle asked Candy.

“I’m right here!” Juanita said, loudly, her voice cracking as she spoke.

Michelle and the other girls turned to Juanita, Michelle blushing as she realized she’d been ignoring the poor girl.

“This is all my fault,” Juanita said quietly, barely holding back a sob. “If I would have just thought about what I was doing none of this would have ever happened.”

Michelle looked around, located a chair and after waddling across the room and dragging the chair back to the bed Michelle sat down. “What happened?” Michelle asked as she settled into the chair.

“After Maria came home... like you... she was so upset and angry. She just sat in her room and cried...I had to do something,” Juanita said, her eyes glazed, as if about to cry.

“Maria?” Michelle asked, turning to her friend.

“Not now,” Maria replied, “Now we worry about Juanita.”

“So what did you do?” Michelle asked, turning back to Juanita.

“Well I’m not stupid. You live in this town you find out there’s stuff going on people don’t talk about. So I asked around for someone that could fix things,” Juanita said.

“Looks like you found someone,” Candy said quietly.

“Yeah,” Juanita said quietly, looking down at her body. “This disgusting guy. They said he could make wishes come true.” Juanita turned slightly and pulled several tissues from a box on the table next to her and blew her nose several times before tossing the sopping wet tissues into the nearby trashcan.

“Like that’s likely,” Maria said, “Juanita, how could you believe that?”

“Uh, I’ve heard of this guy too, he’s for real,” Candy said, “They say he’s disgusting, but if you pay he delivers.”

“What’s a guy that can grant wishes want you to pay with?” Michelle asked.

Juanita began crying.

“Uh, I’ll tell you later?” Maria said quietly.

“So what did you wish for?” Michelle asked.

“I just wished for Maria to be back to normal and happy,” Juanita said, wiping the tears from her eyes as she shuffled back and forth slightly, the floor creaking under her weight, “but then nothing happened. I waited and waited but nothing happened. Then...” Juanita began to sob.

“Are you okay?” Michelle asked, immediately realizing what a stupid question it was.

“DO I LOOK OKAY!” Juanita thundered, her body quaking like a Jell-O mold. Juanita reached out for more tissues, her hand shaking as she grabbed one and

wiped her eyes. She pulled the tissue from her face and looked at it curiously for a moment before she rolled her eyes and took a deep breath. “shit.”

“I started gaining weight, like in my hips and butt and like right below my bikini line,” Juanita said quietly. “and I was pissed you know, ‘cause it’s like a family thing. Have you ever met my aunt? She makes J-Lo look like twiggy. So I was kinda expecting it and dreading this since I was old enough to realize.” She paused a moment, gathering her thoughts.... “But it was normal... but then...” Juanita cleared her throat and coughed loudly. She again reached for the tissues next to her and coughed into a handful, her phlegm soaking through them as quickly as she tossed them into the trash.

Michelle looked around the room, her nose crinkled. “What’s that smell?” she asked quietly.

Maria looked back, eyes wide, eyebrows raised, “Later,” she shushed.

“It kept getting worse... and I didn’t know what to do... so I went to the only person that would know what was going on. I went back to him.”

“How could you trust him!” Maria asked, her anger mixed with incredulity, making it obvious she’d heard this before.

“Who else would know???” Juanita asked. “But he didn’t. He said it’s all automatic. The wishes just happen... but he said if it didn’t work he knew a way that I could find out why it didn’t work and what was wrong with me. I could wish to know the answer. So... I did.” Juanita said, oddly translucent tears running down her cheeks. Juanita paused as she regained her composure.

“and?” Michelle asked.

“And nothing.” Juanita spat. “Nothing went wrong with my wish. His power can’t affect Mothers of the Apocalypse, whatever the hell they are!”

“Uh, that’s us.” Maria said.

“Figures,” Juanita said before her eyes grew suddenly wide. She raised her hand to her mouth for a moment before she swallowed hard. “Then all this,” she continued, slapping her hips with her hands, sending a slow quake through her bloated middle.

“But I don’t get it,” Michelle said. “Why would he make her fat?” she asked as Juanita burped loudly, her hand flying to her mouth as her head shook.

“It’s not fat,” Maria said, crossing herself.

“Please, help m...” Juanita began before her words were choked off as she convulsed, her head tilting back as what must have been nearly a gallon of cum shot from her mouth, flew straight up in the air and splashed into the ceiling before raining down on Juanita and the area around her.

“HOLY FUCKING CHRIST!” Michelle said as she stood in Maria’s family living room frantically wiping small globs of white slime from her face.

“Sorry... I would have said something but I didn’t want to upset her,” Candy said.

“Upset her? What about...” Michelle said then took a deep breath... she paused a moment, allowing the tissues to drop from her hands. “You’re right. I’m sorry. Who is this fucker and where do we find him.”

“His name’s Daryl. I have his address. Some burned out strip club under 95.” Candy said, somehow miraculously unscathed by the torrent of semen.

“Maria needs to stay here with Juanita. You, me, Mandy. Time to go,” Michelle said as she waddled toward the front door.

“Where are we going?” Candy shouted after Michelle as she stepped down the front stairs at Maria’s house and waddled across the sidewalk. She looked at traffic whizzing by for a moment before Michelle stepped out into traffic and held her hand out as a taxi skidded to a halt. “We’re going to Daryl’s place. Hope he likes uninvited guests.”

## CHAPTER 13

The interior of the burned out strip club was dark and dank, small slivers of light shining in through a myriad of small holes in the ceiling and painted out windows. The moldy smell of rotted upholstery stuffing and ceiling tiles filled the room, wafting up from the debris on the floors and collapsed tables and chairs. A few pigeons fluttered around, pecking at tiny objects on the floor before flying a short distance and again looking for food.

The birds stopped cooing for a moment and looked around before they all took flight, moments before the two fire doors leading into the club blew off their hinges into the room. Mandy and Candy waddled through the still smoking doorways and Michelle walked into the room at the far end, through the entry hall, opposite the stage. The girls looked at each other briefly before they spread out, Candy headed for the stage, Michelle toward the DJ booth at the back of the room, near where she had entered as Mandy took the area behind the bar and the office.

Michelle found the booth stripped, any equipment that had once been here torn out or stolen long ago. All that was left were carpeted particleboard cabinets with huge gaping holes where mixers and turntables used to be. Broken records littered the floor, crunching under Michelle's feet as she waddled around the tiny loft. Soon she realized that the creaking and crackling sounds weren't just coming from the records also but from the spongy rotten floor below. Michelle turned and quickly waddled down the steps to the top level of the tiered main lounge. "I've got nothing," Michelle called out.

Mandy appeared at the doorway to the room behind the bar. "Nothing. Just a bedroll and some dirty clothes. Looks like where he slept."

Michelle nodded and began to waddle toward the bar. "Candy? Got anything?" There was no reply.

"Candy?" Mandy called out.

"Yeah," Candy coughed, standing atop the stage. "I got him."

Mandy and Michelle made their way through the sludge on the floor and broken up furniture to the short stairs leading to the stage. Candy stood on the stage, visible above the rubble and jetsam that covered the stage up to her ankles.

"Where is he?" Michelle said as she reached the top of the stairs.

"Down here," Candy said, kicking at the rubble on the stage.

Michelle stepped closer to Candy, Mandy right behind her as they watched Candy slowly kicking something on the floor. "There's no rush," Candy added. "He's not going anywhere."

Michelle and Mandy stepped up to the prone body of Daryl, laying flat on his back, an eight-inch wide hole burned through his chest, leaving the stage visible below him.

"He looks like John Waters dipped in sewage," Mandy said.

"Who?" Michelle asked.

"Never mind," Candy replied, "I don't think we're gonna find out anything from him though."

"No kidding," Michelle said. "What the hell could have done this?"

Candy just stared at Michelle for a moment before she squatted down, placing one hand flat on the stage. A white glow began to form under her hand, then suddenly a chunk of the floor blew out, knocking an eight inch wide smoking hole in the floor. "Looks about the same..." Candy said, offering her hand to both girls who quickly helped her back to her feet.

"What's that on his forehead?" Mandy asked.

"Uh, I dunno, I was busy trying not to look at the big oozing hole," Michelle said.

Mandy squatted down by Daryl's head and, holding her hand out as far from her body as possible, picked up a small golden object from Daryl's forehead. Quickly Mandy pushed herself back to her feet, getting her face as far away from Daryl as quickly as she could.

"What is it?" Candy asked.

Mandy blew the dust off the small piece of jewelry, holding it by its long blue and white ribbon. It was a golden cross, about an inch and half tall and an inch wide, a golden sunburst at the center behind the cross, a small white enameled and gold shield with a black swastika adorning the front, a blue enamel inlay with white edges filling the arms of the cross. Even in the dim light the gold glittered as if in bright sunlight or as if a small lamp was trained on it.

"Guess we know who that belongs to," Michelle said.

"But what is it?" Candy asked.

"I'd ask Daryl, but he's not talking," Mandy replied.

"So not funny," Michelle said. "Can we continue this conversation in a no-dead-sleaze-ball zone?" Michelle curled her lip.

"Yeah... we have to take this to get it identified anyway," Mandy replied.

"Come on, we better go before our taxi driver gets cold feet," Candy said, "Besides, I know someone who can tell us what this is."

Twenty-five minutes later the girls stood outside a jewelry store in downtown Baltimore. The front door was locked and gated, a simple brass plaque stating "Ring bell for entry."

"Are you sure about this?" Michelle asked skeptically.

"Absolutely," Mandy said and pressed the doorbell.

A small camera, unnoticed until a small motor began to rotate it, turned to aim toward the girls. Mandy and Candy stepped up to the camera, as if to fill the image with their faces. "Uncle Yuri, it's us!" the girls half-sang in harmony, uncharacteristic childlike glee in their voices.

Moments later a loud buzzer sounded as the metal grated door slid aside, followed by a matching door just inside the double glass doors before the doors themselves swiveled inward, opening into a plush, overly ornate hallway.

"Uncle Yuri?" Michelle asked as they waddled down the wide hallway into a beautifully appointed jewelry showroom.

"Wow," Michelle said quietly. "Kay Jewelers, eat your heart out."

"Girls!" the voice of an old, but cheerful man called out from behind them. "I haven't seen you in..." he trailed off as Mandy and Candy turned to face the man. He looked to be at least 80 years old, a short but well built man, his hair white a

gentle smile on his face that made you feel better just looking at him, a smile that was even now fading as he got a good look at the twins. "PAPA!" The girls screeched as they waddled to his side, enveloping him in their arms and pinning him between their bellies. After only a moments hesitation he hugged the girls back and after a moment said, "Now... Why don't you girls ever listen."

"Don't start," the girls said.

"I told them time and time again..." Yuri said as he stepped back from the girls, shaking his head.

"Get out of this god-forsaken hellhole." Mandy said.

"And?" Yuri said as he turned to Candy.

"Never drink the milk," Candy replied, blushing.

"Children," he scoffed, "They never listen."

"You seem pretty confident for someone that might be surrounded by evil supernatural creatures," Michelle said.

Yuri smiled broadly. "If you were you would never have made it down that hallway," the man chuckled, pointing down the hallway they had just waddled down with a cane they only now noticed.

"Still, you and your friend. You know now," the old man said, patting Mandy on her belly. "Now you listen to Yuri."

"Yes Uncle Yuri," the girls said together.

"So," Yuri said walking over to the nearest display table. "You didn't come here to show off your mistakes and prove that you can't listen to me," Yuri said playfully, but with a hint of disappointment coloring his words. "So, what can I do for you?"

"We found this weird thing... We were hoping you could tell us what it is?" Candy said, reaching into her purse.

Yuri reached under the table and pulled out a black velvet tray. With one smooth motion he grabbed a jeweler's loop from under the table and placed it to his eye. "What do you have?" he asked, fingering a switch, turning on a small but bright overhead spotlight.

Candy pulled out the cross and dropped it into Yuri's hand. He flipped it over in his hand, looking at it for a moment before he came to the realization of what it was. He dropped it to the tabletop, pushing himself backwards, nearly falling to the floor in his efforts to get away from it.

"What is it? What's wrong?" Candy asked, quickly making her way to Yuri and squatting at his side.

Yuri exclaimed something in a language none of the girls understood, obviously swearing. "Get that thing out of here!" He hissed.

Michelle scooped up the cross as Mandy made her way to Yuri's side. "But we need to find out what it is..."

Yuri sat there a moment, his mouth open, shaking slightly, as if trying to find words. "I don't know what it is, not exactly.... The power in that thing.... There is only one I know of who could tell you..."

Fifteen minutes later the girls stood in the parking lot of the Ritz Ballroom, a renovated art deco bar and club from the 1920s that was now the most happening

hot-spot for the elite of Baltimore and Washington D.C. Even the parking lot was impressive, valet parked with Bentleys, Rolls Royces and Mercedes, not to mention many types of cars none of the girls even recognized.

“So,” Michelle asked as they waddled toward the club’s entrance, “You know anything about this Morganstern guy?”

“Nope,” the twins said simultaneously.

Michelle shook her head, “I don’t know about this. This whole place looks way too public for us to just go busting in there.”

“Let me worry about that,” Candy said.

“Come on, that never works,” Mandy told her sister.

“What?” Michelle asked as they stepped up onto the curb that led to the short flight of stairs into the club.

“Something I’ve been working on,” Candy said as they waddled past the velvet ropes near the valet parking stand and toward the entrance and the well dressed, but very large bouncer manning the door.

As the three girls approached the man stared at them, looking down at them over his barrel chest, his expression a mix of surprise and incredulity. “Sorry, you can’t enter.”

“Please?” Mandy said pouting, her lower lip pushed out.

“Why not?” Michelle protested.

“Because this is a bar and you’re all under eighteen, not to mention you’re all under eighteen and pregnant and don’t meet the dress code.” He said, much more talkative than any other bouncer that any of the girls had met before.

“Let me,” Candy said as she reached into her handbag and pulled her hand out, her finger and thumb positioned as if holding something. She waved her hand in front of him before holding out her hand, “Could you have our Ferrari parked?” she asked in a perfectly normal tone of voice. Their eyes locked for a moment, then for another before the bouncer blinked. “I’ll have that taken care of for you,” he said as he took a step toward the valet stand.

“Just one thing,” Candy added, “You forgot to let us in.”

The bouncer paused, looking back at the entrance to the club, then to the three girls, his expression growing more and more confused as he repeatedly looked between them,

Candy sighed. “So close,” she said and shook her head.

“Hey... HEY!” the bouncer said as he began to realize something very wrong was going on.

“Let us into the club,” Candy said, her voice taking on a deeper, more resonant sound, “We’re just three average customers, no one remarkable.”

The bouncer blinked and the confusion in his face disappeared. “I’m sorry... I... My apologies,” he said as he unhooked the velvet rope blocking the doors leading into the club before he stepped up and opened the door, holding it until all three girls were well into the lobby.

“What did you do back there?” Michelle asked curiously, oblivious to the stares of the few people in the lobby as they waddled by and approached the maitre d’.

“Shhh,” Candy said as they approached the tuxedo-clad headwaiter, “Excuse me, we need to speak to Luke Morganstern.”

“I’m sorry, I’m afraid that’s impossible,” the man said with a strong French accent. “How did you get past Henri at the door? Henri!” he called out, slightly louder than his normal speaking voice.

“Quiet down, there’s nothing wrong here,” Michelle said softly, her voice taking on an added richness. “We just need a table for ourselves, three of your everyday, average customers and we need to speak to Luke Morganstern.”

The Maitre d’ blinked and looked at his seating chart, “Of course,” he said and turned toward the main dining room.

Calling it a dining room was an understatement. It was more like an alter to art deco style. The floor was black and white marble, patterned into a gentle swirl here by the tables but twisting and convulsing out on the dance floor into a tight whirlpool pattern. A large balcony looked down upon the room from above, affording an excellent view, not only of the dining room and dance floor, but of the stage as well. Currently a small orchestra played as a tall, tuxedo clad man sang.

“Here is your table,” the Maitre d’ said and pulled out a chair for Michelle.

“And Mr. Morganstern?” she replied.

“As you can see, he is on stage, but I will leave a message for you,” The maitre d’ said before he nodded to each of the girls and walked back to his station at the entrance to the dining room. After the girls were seated they all turned their attention to the man singing on the stage. *He certainly doesn’t look like a Luke Morganstern*, Michelle thought. The man stood at least six feet tall, probably a little taller, although it was impossible to tell from this angle. He had short reddish-blond hair with a slight curl, a handsome face and good build. He wore a black tux, his bow tie untied, hanging from around his collar and he sang like an angel.

“Doesn’t look so special,” Candy said.

“Speak for yourself,” Mandy replied.

“What is it with you and older guys,” Candy asked.

“He’s not bad,” Michelle asked. “I don’t think I ever actually heard anyone sing Mack the Knife before.”

“This all just seems unreal, like something out of a movie,” Mandy said.

“Yeah, just don’t go trying to find your prince charming here,” Candy reminded her, giving Mandy a gentle kick in the shin.

“Hey!” Mandy said before putting her hand to her mouth, embarrassed at the loudness of her voice.

“Hello, I’m Edward, I’ll be your waiter tonight,” a young man said as he handed each of the girls a menu, eyeing them suspiciously as he did so, but not asking any questions. “Can I get you anything from the bar?” he asked, suspicion in his voice.

“Could you just bring a bottle of white zinfandel?” Mandy asked.

“Certainly,” the waiter replied, the tone of his voice making it clear he meant anything but. “And for you?” he asked after he’d turned to Michelle.

“Unless you want something different,” Mandy said, “I think one bottle will be fine for all three of us.”

“Very good,” the waiter said and turned sharply before disappearing toward the bar.

“Is it just me or does something seem wrong about this place?” Michelle asked, glancing around.

“Like what?” Mandy asked as the waiter returned and began pouring their wine.

“Like everyone is ignoring us,” Michelle said

The waiter looked taken aback for a moment, but quickly finished pouring the girls drinks and was gone again.

“So,” Candy asked.

“So, no one ever ignores us.” Michelle said.

“They’re not ignoring us,” Mandy said, “I’ve caught a few sneaking a peek. I think they’re just being very polite.”

“Its weird,” Michelle said taking a long slow draw from her glass.

A half hour later the girls weren’t worried about how weird they had thought the place was. While they were far from drunk they were certainly happier and more relaxed than they had been when they arrived, laughing quietly among themselves.

“Excuse me,” a voice said from beside their table.

The girls turned toward the voice smiling, “Yes?” Mandy asked.

“You left a message with the Maitre d’ for me?” the man said.

Michelle rubbed her eyes, shaking off the mild effects of the wine. “You’re Luke Morganstern?”

“Yes,” he said, smiling slightly.

“We need your help,” Candy said.

“I see,” he said as he sized them up, seemingly unsurprised by their appearance. “I’m sorry, I’ve been on stage for the last hour and a half, perhaps we could speak later,” Luke added before he nodded slightly to Candy, turned and began to walk away.

“Wait!” Michelle said and pushed herself to her feet. “Hey,” she called out and waddled after him, taking nearly fifteen feet to catch up to him. “Hold up!” she said as she reached out and grabbed his arm.

Luke stopped and turned toward Michelle, looking at Michelle’s hand on his upper arm. He didn’t say a word, he just looked silently at her hand on his arm, obviously unhappy.

“We need your help!” Michelle repeated.

“I know. You’ve said that already,” Luke replied coolly, still looking at Michelle’s hand on his arm.

Michelle released his arm self-consciously just as the twins reached her side. “Please... Help us,” Michelle said, her voice growing more harmonious and rich.

Luke looked into Michelle’s eyes for a moment. “Oh please.” he said, his voice dripping with distain before he turned and walked away.

“Please,” Michelle said, her voice returning to normal. “They said you’re the only one who would know about this.”

Luke stopped. “I’m flattered beyond all possibility of thanks,” he deadpanned. Luke hesitated for a moment, still facing away from the girls, before he

nodded toward a door at the far side of the dance floor. "Come along," he said and began walking slowly toward the door, slowly enough for the girls to keep up at their normal, slow, waddling gait.

Luke reached the door and opened it, stepping through into a large office, decorated similarly to the rest of the club. Black and white marble floors and stately columns were everywhere, the room lit from the skylight above and the wall sconces placed every so often along the walls. The décor was sparse, but attractive and functional. Luke quickly descended the three steps into the room and with a practiced motion removed his tuxedo jacket with one hand, placing it gently on a valet stand as he strode across the room. He reached a freestanding marble topped vanity and rinsed his face, patting himself dry with a oversized and overly luxurious towel. As the girls struggled to keep up he continued over to his desk, which sat on a large balcony. Luke sat on the corner of his desk casually, placing the towel he carried across the empty desktop and waited for the girls to catch up.

"So," Luke began, "What did you want to show me?"

The girls finally caught up to him now that he'd stopped moving. Michelle reached into her bag and pulled out the golden cross they had found and dropped it into Luke's hand. He smiled slightly, not so much from happiness but from recognition. He reached into his right hand with his left, grabbing the cross's blue and white ribbon and lifted it, allowing it to spin, the light glittering off its shining curves.

"Do you know what it is?" Michelle asked.

Luke dropped the cross back into his hand and slid off the corner of his desk. Continuing that motion he walked around the back of his desk and stepped over to the railing of the balcony and looked down onto the dance floor and stage of the club below. He paused there for a moment, looking down at the people before he turned back to the three girls.

"Ladies," he said, looking down at the cross in his hand then back to the girls, "There are times in your life when you make decisions that change the course of your destiny. Some take the path of least resistance, where challenges are few and challengers rare. The easy path. Then there are those that take on challenges they believe they can surmount, competing with those of equal power and skill. The normal path. Then, then there are those who rise to the challenges presented to them. They seek out situations and opponents who require both their skills and power to surmount, life as trial by ordeal. The hard path." Luke stepped away from the railing and lowered the cross onto his desk before he stepped back and leaned against the railing with both hands.

"Then there are those who walk with giants. Those that face challenge they cannot hope to conquer and who engage in combat with beings who's powers and abilities are beyond their imaginings, their motivations beyond their comprehension." Luke paused for a moment, "If I answer your questions you will be on that path."

The girls looked nervously at each other's faces, eyes wide as they seemed to communicate silently amongst themselves. Shortly Mandy nodded to Michelle, followed quickly by Candy. Michelle looked at the floor between them and Luke's

desk for a long moment before she swallowed hard, looked back to the twins and nodded.

“What is that cross?” Michelle asked.

Luke reached stepped away from the railing and to a small table not far from his desk. He poured himself a glass of water from a large crystal pitcher into the only glass on the table before he returned to his desk, again sitting on the corner. “It’s called a *mutterkreuz*, a mother’s cross. More specifically the Cross of Honor to the German Mother. Issued by the Third Reich to mothers who had children in service to the Reich.” He paused, taking a drink of water. “This one however, this one is different. It belongs to the *Reichmutter*s.”

“Who?” Michelle asked.

“Surely you’ve heard of them if you’ve gotten this far, perhaps just not by that name. They were the elite supernatural force employed by the German High Command during World War II. The idea was that having immortal soldiers means no casualties and having supernatural powers meant never being defeated. So they chose the most loyal and most ideologically fit girls from the *Bund Deutscher Madel* to become *Mutter des Armageddons* and placed them in their own special SS unit.”

“Those damn German girls,” Mandy muttered.

“Ah, then I see you’ve had dealings with them,” Luke said. “They normally leave these about to mark territory or claim a kill. It’s a symbol of their power.”

Michelle snorted, “Yeah... symbol of power... why not just spray-paint a tag on the wall or something?”

Luke chuckled quietly, “You shouldn’t scoff. Symbolic magic is what makes the whole of creation function. The creator began this world simply by speaking his own name, a symbol of his power.”

“Yeah... and if I were God I’d be all hyper about the wholesome power of symbols,” Candy said, “But I’m just...”

Luke cut her off tersely, “Just an immortal being carrying the power of an angel within you. Please. I’m explaining the secrets of the universe and you’re...”

“So,” Michelle said, “How does this help us track them down. I don’t think we have a whole lot of time to help Juanita.” Luke stood up and walked back to his balcony.

“And they’ve already robbed a museum last week and one the week before that,” Mandy added.

“One wonders what will be stolen this week,” Luke said casually, still looking down to the dance floor.

“Well, we’re gonna have to get Juanita over to the museum before she gets too big to get down the stairs,” Candy said.

“What? She’s getting bigger?” Michelle said, “God, I’m gonna be sick.”

“Wait,” Candy said, looking over at Luke. “They ripped off the Army Museums when?”

Mandy looked upwards, her eyes going out of focus, “A week ago tomorrow, around ten A.M. Why?”

“They robbed the National Archives two weeks ago, that was around ten too,” Candy replied.

Michelle checked her watch, “Crap! They’re robbing the next place and we’re missing it!”

“What do you mean? If they’re doing one a week that’s tomorrow. Its only eight now.” Candy replied.

“Right, but if they rob the Louvre at ten in the morning that’s like five AM here,” Michelle explained, “Even **if** there’s a plane going to France from BWI that takes like 7 hours to fly there, plus getting through security. **We’ll miss them and they’ll get away!**”

“There’s one way to get there,” Candy mused as she looked upward, eyes unfocused, “But how far do we want to go to catch them. I mean, so far they’ve just taken a few moldy old books from a museum. We should be able to get there in time, but...”

“They’ve done a lot more than that,” Michelle said. “You think this whole thing with Juanita and Daryl is a coincidence? They must have figured out we’re onto whatever evil crap they’re doing and they’re *trying* to slow us down. They probably have something to do with Kristen going missing too! All just to keep us too busy to get involved. We **have** to go.”

Candy reached into her purse and pulled out her cell phone, “Maria, we’re heading your way to get Juanita moved to the museum. We’ll have Mary meet us there to stay with her, but we need you to go down to BWI.”

She paused a moment, listening to Maria’s response.

“I know, but we don’t have any choice,” Candy replied.

Candy listened for a moment, “Okay, here’s what we’re gonna do...”

## CHAPTER 14

MUNICH, GERMANY - MARCH 19<sup>th</sup>, 1945

General Wenck stepped into the meeting hall and looked around, centering himself before dealing with **them**. *Your own men or the enemy, either are highly trained military professionals. Their only skills were the ones you taught them. Their only ego to their unit, he thought, but not these girls.*

There were nearly forty young women in the room, standing around in groups of 3 or 4, chatting and laughing like schoolgirls. They wore their hair in pin curls or rolls or braids and at first glance looked like any group from the League of German Girls. But there were differences, some subtle, some not. They wore the uniform of the *Bund Deutscher Mädel*, but rather than a blue skirt, theirs were black as were their jackets. They wore the traditional white blouse and black neckerchief. But the main difference one spotted, if one restricted themselves to looking at the uniforms only, was that the girl's insignia was not of the *Bund*, but of the SS.

Of course, to notice the differences in insignia you would have to get past the fact that these pristine flowers of the Reich were one and all massively pregnant, a fact covered but not disguised by the full maternity cut of their blouses. They stood around the room, hands pressed to the smalls of their backs, feet apart, leaning back slightly, their bellies and breasts pressed tightly against the confines of their cotton tops, giving the whole situation a sort of surreal feeling, a feeling that was only added to by the fact that each of the young girls each wore a blue and gold Mother's Cross around their necks and on the epaulettes of their jackets.

There was a joke among those in his social circle, that owing to the large number of teenage girls and boys who fraternized outside of parental control though the auspices of the *Hitler-Jugend* and *Bund Deutscher Mädel*, leading to a large number of teenage pregnancies. Now, rather than vacationing with their families through *Kraft durch Freude*, these girls were with their boyfriends, losing strength through joy. Not a very funny joke and one Wenck knew better than to repeat in front of these girls, because he knew, despite their appearance, they were not to be trifled with. He was in a position to know, they reported to him.

"Mädchen, Mädchen, bitte..." he said as he stepped to the desk at the front of the room, motioning toward the space in front of the desk with his outstretched arm. The girls began waddling to their assigned places, making up four groups of eight girls each, each group with one girl standing in front of them as their unit leader and one blonde haired, blue eyed girl, her belly larger than those of the other girls, standing in front of the four groups. Her name was Greta Haber.

General Wenck placed his briefcase on the desk and his hat and gloves next to it before he continued. "Es ist mir eine Freude, wieder mit euch sprechen zu können. Ihr habt alle wundervolle Arbeit geleistet, besser als wir zu hoffen wagten. Ich könnte nicht stolzer auf euch sein, selbst wenn ihr meine eigenen Töchter wärt."

He paused, looking from girl to girl, seeing the prideful smiles on their faces. *This is not going to be easy*, he thought.

"Wie Ihr wisst, bin ich just aus Berlin zurückgekehrt," he said and paused.

Greta stepped forward and saluted. "General Wenk, wir sind bereit, Berlin gegen die Invasoren zu verteidigen. Sie werden weder die Stadt noch unser geliebtes Vaterland einnehmen. Ihr Schicksal wird in dem Moment besiegelt sein, in dem wir unsere Befehle erhalten." The girls behind her erupted into a spontaneous cheer.

General Wenck smiled sadly. "Euer Kampfeswille wärmt mir das Herz. Hättet Ihr gesehen, was ich in den letzten Tagen gesehen habe, würdet Ihr verstehen. Aber lasst mich Euch nun die Befehle unterbreiten, die ich aus Berlin empfangen habe." He turned and pulled a document from his briefcase. He turned back to the girls, put on his glasses and began to read.

Die russischen, amerikanischen und britischen Streitkräfte schließen sich gegen das Vaterland zusammen. Die Wehrmacht konnte ihren Vormarsch zunächst aufhalten, doch müssen Vorbereitungen für den Fall getroffen werden, dass die Alliierten durch unsere Verteidigungslinien brechen und sich zu einem Marsch gegen Berlin vereinen, um das Deutsche Reich zu zerschmettern. Daher wurde befohlen, dass falls es den Alliierten tatsächlich gelingen sollte, unsere Linien zu durchbrechen, alle industriellen Einrichtungen, Kraft-, Wasser- und Gaswerke, Bezugsquellen für Lebensmittel und Kleidung, alle Brücken, Schienenstrecken und Kommunikationseinrichtungen, die Wasserversorgung nebst alle Schiffe, Transportfahrzeuge und Lokomotiven zerstört werden müssen, bevor sie dem Feind in die Hände fallen.

Doch dorthin werdet Ihr nicht beordert. Wenn dieser Krieg dazu bestimmt ist, verloren zu werden, dann wird das gesamte Deutsche Volk, das Reich, die gesamte Welt verloren sein. Dieses Schicksal ist unausweichlich. Die besten und genialsten Individuen der menschlichen Rasse werden vom Krieg verschlungen werden. Daher ist es nun Zeit für das Deutsche Volk, dem Schicksal ein letztes mal die Stirn zu bieten.

Euer Befehl ist es, so schnell wie möglich zur Alpenfestung Obersalzberg zu begeben. Dort werdet Ihr euch mit einem gewissen Doktor Oberstleutnant Karl Frick treffen. Er ist der Leiter des Spezialwaffenprojekts in Obersalzberg. Er, seine Mitarbeiter und all sein Wachpersonal müssen festgenommen werden. Sollte man sich der Festnahme widersetzen habt Ihr die Befugnis alle nötigen Maßnahmen zu ergreifen, um den Widerstand zu brechen. Macht die in der Einrichtung befindlichen

experimentellen Anlagen ausfindig, deren Zweck euch in Kürze beschrieben wird und deaktiviert alle Sicherheitssysteme dieser Anlagen um deren ungehinderten Einsatz für unsere Zwecke zu gewährleisten. Sobald diese Ziele erreicht sind, werden wir die Anlagen aktivieren und das Ende der Welt einleiten, um den Endsieg der Alliierten Streitkräfte zu verhindern.

A. Hitler

The girls stood silently staring at General Wenck for several long moments before he stepped around the desk and placed the papers back in his briefcase. He then pulled out a larger piece of paper, folded like a map.

“Dies ist das Einsatzgebiet” he said, unfolding the paper revealing the images of several large platforms and various electronic apparatus. “Dies hier sind, was der Doktor Dimensionstore nennt. Seine Theorie ist, dass eine Welt, bestehend aus purer, ungeformter Energie existiert. Eine Quelle, die das Reich für alle Ewigkeiten mit Energie versorgen sollte.“

“Purer, ungeformte Energie?” one of the group leaders asked.

“Chaos,” Greta said under her breath.

“Ihr müsst sofort aufbrechen,” Wenck said. “Ich wünsche, ich könnte euch begleiten, doch ich muss nach Berlin zurückkehren um die Streitkräfte, die die Stadt verteidigen, zu unterstützen.“

“Das ist das ende,” Greta said, “Es wird alles im Feuer enden.“

The general picked up his hat and gloves, “Ich wünsche es gäbe einen anderen weg. Ihr wisst was Ihr zu tun habt.”

“Ja,” Greta said sadly, then smiled. “Ja, das tun wir.”

## CHAPTER 15

The Steven F. Udvar-Hazy Center, the National Air and Space Museum Annex at Baltimore International, was huge, made up of several interconnected hangers, a large theater and an observation tower, not to mention the attached restaurants and classrooms. The massive main floor of the aviation hanger stretched out at the bottom of a long escalator from the entrance on the second floor, there several tour groups waited for their tours to begin.

Shortly a woman in a blue jacket stepped over to one group. "Good evening everyone and welcome to the Steven F. Udvar-Hazy Center, the companion to the National Air and Space Museum on the National Mall. This facility was opened in December of 2003 to display many of the artifacts and planes that cannot be displayed at the National Mall due to their size." The woman began walking backward down the wide hallway, waving with both hands for her tour group to follow her as they approached the bridge overlooking the aviation hanger floor.

"We have more than one hundred aircraft and one hundred and twenty two space artifacts on display here in the center. The museum itself consists of five main areas. The Imax theater, the observation tower, the aviation hanger, with one floor level and two hanging levels of planes and the McDonald Space Hanger." They reached the balcony overlooking the aviation hanger, the room more than three football fields long and one wide, the ceilings well over seventy five feet above the floor. Several huge planes, including a SR71 Blackbird and a Concorde sat below on the hanger floor with many smaller planes hanging above. The tour guide came to a halt at the top of the escalators.

"Our tour will begin on the first level in the McDonald Space Hanger at the Space Shuttle Enterprise, named after the starship in the television program Star Trek. Before we descend the escalator and proceed to the Enterprise does anyone have any questions?" The tour guide looked around for a moment before she smiled and turned toward the escalators. "Then if we could all just..."

A quiet voice interrupted the tour guide, "Excuse me, I have a question."

"I'm sorry," the tour guide said, "You'll have to speak up, I can barely hear you."

"Hold on," the girl responded, "I'm coming." The group of thirty people split down the middle as the girl approached the tour guide. Soon it became apparent why. It was a very pregnant girl, but more so than that, she was improbably hugely pregnant, looking like she was due to deliver twins or triplets... today. Not that her clothes could hope to disguise that fact. The girl wore a tank top and shorts. While that might be normal attire for a teenager, on this girl it simply served to accentuate the hugeness of her belly and her inability to cover it. It took the tour guide a moment to get over her own surprise. She shook her head and smiled, "I'm sorry, what was your question?"

"Well, you've got all these cool planes here," Maria mused as she looked down into the hanger, leaned back and pressed her palms into her lower back, thrusting her belly forward.

"Yes," the tour guide said, "You had a question?"

“Oh yeah,” Maria replied as she turned back, a mischievous smile coming to her face as she absentmindedly scratched at the side of her belly.

“What have you got that’s fast?”

## CHAPTER 16

Amy was grateful for the little time she had alone in the house, given the number of girls that she lived with and their fascination with her breasts, not to mention each others. So when she found herself there alone with the other milk dolls asleep and everyone else out she decided it was time to pamper herself a bit. She grabbed her bathrobe off the back of her bedroom door and padded silently to the master bath, humming quietly as she pulled on the robe, leaving it untied as it would have no chance of closing across her breasts. She only stopped briefly to grab a bath sheet from the hall closet before heading into them master bath.

Amy bent down to feel the water's temperature, only realizing too late what was about to happen. She straightened up, but not before her breasts pressed against the cold enameled cast-iron bathtub. It wasn't exactly frigid, but it was a good twenty degrees colder than her breasts, and that was enough to start things along. Instantly her nipples, already hard from their normal abnormal sensitivity, became rigidly, firmly and almost painfully erect. She gasped, feeling the pressure within them double and redouble. She took a deep breath and let it out, trying to relax.

*So much for relaxing*, she thought and shook her head before adjusting the shower. Amy let the robe flutter to the floor before she reached down and slid first her shorts then her panties over her hips, allowing them to fall to the floor as well, kicked them off the bath mat and stepped into the shower. The slightly too hot water skittered across her skin, first tensing, then beginning to loosen the tension in her calves. She reached down and grabbed the bar of soap and was about to begin soaping up when she felt the shape of the bar. *Dove*, she thought, *shit. I don't have time for this.*

Amy pulled back the shower curtain just far enough to stick her head out, looked next to the sink and saw another bar of Dove. She sighed and pulled the shower curtain open and began to step out before the coolness of the very air-conditioned air hit her and forced her back into the shower. *Screw it. I'll just be extra careful to be good this time*, Amy thought. *And next time I'll bring some of my own soap.* Amy pulled the shower curtain closed and with a sigh, began to soap up. She washed her arms and upper chest, then her face before turning and drenching her hair. She quickly washed her hair, rinsed and repeated before she looked down at her massive breasts then at the bar of Dove. *Might as well get this over with*, Amy thought.

Amy began with the upper surface of each breast, soaping up there before working her way into her cleavage from either side. She slid the bar of soap between her breasts, her head tilting slightly back and to one side, her breathing becoming slower and more labored as she continued soaping up her cleavage, working her way down toward her nipples. However, just north of her nipples she slid her hands around to the full outer curves of her breasts, soaping up one side, then the other before working the lather up under her breasts. She gasped involuntarily at the sensation as her tiny hands ran over the firm, round lower curves of her breasts, her fingers sliding over her wide, dark areola as she did so before she pulled both her

hands away from her breasts, bringing them together to lather up as she breathed faster and faster.

The suds began to drop from her hands to her breasts, first just a few bubbles at a time, then with vigor as she continued rubbing the soap between her hands. Soon she could stand the anticipation no longer and dropped the soap, allowing it to fall at her feet as she seized her nipples in her hands and began to rub them, the soap lubricating where the comparatively rough skin of her hands ran across the silky smooth skin of her nipples and areola. The firm texture of their flesh was familiar enough, and now they were harder still, both from their earlier brush with the cold as well from their current stimulation.

Amy grabbed her nipples in her hands and lifted her breasts slightly, allowing their weight to pull her nipples from her grasp, eliciting a moan of pleasure she couldn't hold back, despite the very real danger that her roommates might hear her and decide she wanted company, which was the very last thing she wanted while dealt with one of the parts of being a milk doll she hated more than all the others.

Julia had made her breasts huge and then let them grow to this gigantic size, made her like huge breasted girls and made her like playing with other girls breasts even more than she liked them playing with hers, but while she had a compulsion to play with her own breasts, it wasn't something that she was compelled to enjoy. Not that the sensation wasn't pleasurable, it was. The problem was that she would find herself with her hands on her boobs at the most inappropriate times, at best barely able to pull them away, at worst stuck there playing with her tits as people looked on shocked until she ran away in shame. Then she discovered this little trick. Every so often she would just hop in the shower and play until she could play no more. After that she had several days reprieve from the nearly unquenchable urge to constantly fondle her breasts and nipples.

Amy's nipples pulled from her hands again, her moaning growing louder as she quickly grasped them again and lifted, then again, then again until her knees bucked beneath her. She slid down to the floor of the tub, still massaging and pulling on her nipples as she came, time after time, like a machine gun, until she lay in the shallow water at the bottom of the tub, water pounding on her from above, trying to catch her breath.

After laying there for five minutes catching her breath she pulled herself to her feet, her breasts sliding back and forth against each other enticingly, as if begging her to touch them. She resisted and got to her feet, grabbing the bath sheet and carefully beginning the ten-minute long process of patting her breasts dry. *Now for the tough part*, she thought and slid the towel beneath her breasts, working it back and forth across her belly, drying the deep overlap between her breasts and torso. She began to work the towel into her cleavage, but feeling the terrycloth dragging across her nipples she gasped and thought better of her plan to dry herself in the bathroom.

She quickly dried her arms and back before quickly drying her lower body and wrapping herself in her bathrobe, at least as much as was possible, before she headed into the hallway and headed toward her room. Halfway there she stopped and ducked into Michelle's room, closing the door quietly behind her. She strode across

the room to Michelle's bathroom and grabbed her hair dryer before she returned to the bedroom and latched the door.

Quickly she shed her bathrobe and plugged in the hair dryer next to Michelle's bed. She bent forward at the waist, resting her left hand on the edge of the bed, allowing her breasts to hang free, away from both her belly and apart from each other, swinging slightly back and forth, droplets of water running down and accumulating on her nipples before dripping to the floor. Amy turned on the hair dryer, blowing the hot dry air between her breasts and across the normally overlapping undersides, making short work of drying them out. It only took a moment to go back and hand dry dripping wet nipples and areola before she turned the hair dryer to low and tackled them as well before standing up, putting on her panties and shorts before she caught a look at herself in Michelle's vanity mirror.

Even after all these years the view shocked her. Her breasts hung to her hips, looking like two huge fleshy teardrops, their bottom curves far larger than those of a pair of basketballs, the pair nearly twice as wide as her hips, their flesh pressed tightly together at her cleavage, her nipples huge, erect and still swollen from the hour or so of play, pointing slightly outward to either side, each nearly thick enough at the tip that Candy could barely get her lips around it to nurse. *Moment of truth time*, Amy thought and rested her hands on the wide swelling of her breasts.

*Fuck*, she thought, feeling the delicate, soft, smooth and most of all completely clean skin of her breasts, free of the residue left behind by most soaps. With pretty much any cheap soap when Amy would wash her breasts there would be a thin film left behind, leaving her skin... not exactly tacky, but with enough texture that her hands wouldn't glide smoothly over their surface. Combined with the hour of boob play she'd just forced herself to endure, the texture of her skin helped a great deal in resisting the siren call of the boobs. Unfortunately she didn't have that going for her today as her hands slid over the smooth, firm, heavy flesh, as if it was lightly powdered. She gasped, momentarily surprised by the intensity of the feeling as her hands slid along her breasts, gliding along, her fingertips digging in slightly as she moved her hands.

Amy pulled her hands back as if they were on a hot stove, her shoulders dropping as she looked at her reflection as she held her arms akimbo, staring as the flush she felt in her chest spread upward, her cheeks turning a very embarrassed red. She turned toward the door and began walking quickly from Michelle's room, grabbing her robe and towel as she headed out. She dropped them in the hall laundry basket before heading downstairs, her hands already having returned to her breasts, half to stop the bouncing the stairs would bring, half because her hands were back on autopilot. As she crossed the stair hall and headed for the kitchen her hands remained on either side, her fingertips scrunching slightly, massaging her breast flesh.

When she reached the kitchen she stood for a moment in front of the fridge as if about to open it, but neither of her hands moved, aside from continuing their breast massaging duties. She stared at her right hand, her eyes growing wide, her face frowning with concentration as she willed herself to leave her boob alone. Slowly her hand relaxed and with a slight jerk pulled away and opened the refrigerator door. Amy sighed as she grabbed a bottle of soda just as the phone rang.

She turned and grabbed the phone, hoping she'd managed to answer it before her milky friends awoke from the noise. *This is hard enough with just me stuck fucking around with these monsters. If they get into the act I'm not getting out of the house today.*

"Hello?" Amy said.

"Hi, It's Michelle," the voice said. "I need your help."

"Sure," Amy said, cocking the phone between her shoulder and her head as her hand returned to her breast before she yanked it away, ignoring her left hand as it continued it's work.

"You remember where Maria and Juanita's house is? Grab some money from the flour jar in the kitchen and grab a taxi over. We need your help. Good news is after we're going out for ice cream... in Paris."

"Paris?" Amy asked.

"No joke. Paris. See you here in ten minutes?" Michelle asked.

"Ten minutes," Amy said, dropping the phone back on its cradle.

Amy headed for the stairs, her hands already back at three and nine as she headed upstairs, "Damn, I hope that bra June bought me is comfortable," Amy muttered.

*And wraps them up good enough that I don't feel like having my hands all over them all the time,* Amy added silently.

## CHAPTER 17

Michelle stood outside Maria and Juanita's home as a large U-Haul panel truck pulled up and parked. The driver shut off the truck and came around to Michelle. "Okay, what's the situation," Mary's father, Officer Steve Drombowski asked.

"Thanks for coming," Michelle said, "We really couldn't have done this alone."

"You don't need to thank me," Steve said, "After what we've been through and what you've gone through since... I owe you big time."

"Believe me, after today I'm going to owe you," Michelle said as she waddled toward the house.

"What do we need the truck for," Steve asked warily. "You didn't really say."

"You didn't ask," Michelle said as she wobbled up the front steps and opened the front door.

"Yes, I did. Three times." Steve said, shaking his head, before he followed Michelle into the house. Michelle was already partway up the stairs when Steve entered the front door, closing it behind him.

He began to climb the steps, following Michelle upstairs when two things made him think better of that idea. Firstly, Michelle was traveling none too quickly and Steve would wind up standing just behind her on the stairs anyway, forced to wait while she slowly and ponderously made her way to the second floor. More importantly though, the carpet on the stairs was matted and dirty, as if some thick, viscous liquid had been trampled into the weave of the carpet repeatedly and then left to dry. Then there was the smell. *This place smells like a whorehouse.*

The upstairs hallway was dark and dank, the soles of Michelle's flats sticking to the carpets as she waddled along toward the only doorway that had light shining under it into the hallway. "Okay," Michelle said as she stopped and turned toward Mary's dad. "This is Juanita's room. She's Maria's sister. We have to get her down to the museum as soon as we can because the rest of the girls and I are going to... take care of some business. We need your help because..." Michelle paused, searching for the right way to say it. "Well, you'll understand once you see her. Just don't say anything when you see her, okay? She's not holding up too good."

Steve nodded, his face slightly confused, but determined. Michelle nodded back and turned the door knob pushing the door open, into Juanita's room. Steve looked into the room and from each of its occupants to the next before he looked back to Michelle, holding her gaze for several seconds. Still betraying no emotion he looked back to Juanita and Candy before he said "Excuse us for just one second," and pulled the door closed.

"What the fuck?" Steve said, his eyes bugging out, the emotion he didn't show moments before bubbling to the surface.

"I know," Michelle said, shaking her head. "Listen, we've got to get her over to the museum while we can still get her out of the house. The other girls and I are going after the bastards that did that to her. Now we have to get in there and get her

moved and we've only got like an hour and a half to do it. So are you gonna be able to go back in there and keep a smile on your face or do I have to find someone else?"

Steve acted as if he'd been slapped in the face, "No...I'm fine. I was just surprised." Then he seemed to remember something "You could have warned me!" he said defensively.

"We don't have time for this!" Michelle hissed as she grabbed the doorknob and pushed the door open. Juanita stood in the center of the room, her bloated middle extending both further up her torso and further down her legs than it had just hours before but more than just larger, she seemed more solid as well, the bloating seeming less like a water balloon as she turned to look at the doorway than flesh. Mandy and Candy were wrapping Juanita in fabric and sewing it together to form a makeshift outfit for the trip across town.

"Hi," Michelle said cautiously, "How are you holding up?" she asked as she and Steve stepped into the room, walking halfway across the room to Juanita.

"A little better than before," Juanita said then covered her mouth as she burped. "I guess after getting all that out of me..."

"Yeah..." Michelle said.

"We cleaned her up as much as we could before we started wrapping her up," Candy said.

"But this outfit isn't going to last. We sewed it up with some extra room, but its already getting tighter on her," Mandy continued, "We have to go now."

"Uh... Hello?" a voice called out from the hallway.

"Good," Michelle said, turning to the door, "Amy, we're in here!"

"Hey," Amy said from the hallway, "What the hell got all over this place? It's like someone poured egg whites over everything and let it dry."

"Yeah, uh... I'll explain it in a minute," Michelle said.

"Okay, this better be good cause this is really..." Amy trailed off as she got to the open bedroom door, her breasts swaying heavily as she came to a sudden stop.

"Thank God you're here," Michelle said, "We need a hand."

"Uh," Amy said as she looked around the room, her eyes wide, steadying her breasts with her hands, "Uh... God... is...is this what I think it is?"

"Ixnay on the umcay," Michelle said in a stage whisper.

Amy looked at Michelle briefly, puzzled for a moment before she worked out the Pig Latin. "Oh.. my... God! I am so fucking out of here!" Amy shouted and turned toward the hallway.

"What's your problem? We all need to help Juanita! She's our friend! Why are you being so selfish?" Michelle asked.

Amy stopped in her tracks and took a deep breath before she slowly turned back toward the bedroom doorway and put her hands on her hips. "Selfish?" she said nodding, "Me? Okay, reality-check time. I assume all this cum didn't come from like fifty thousand guys who just couldn't control themselves in this house right?"

Michelle was surprised and taken aback by Amy's attitude, "Uh... no... someone did something to Juanita. We think it was..."

Amy held up her hand, cutting Michelle off, "Right, some magic crap. Okay, I get that. Juanita is our friend and we have to help her. I get that. You're here and the magical cum coating everything can't do anything to you because you're

immortal bearers of the light of God. I get that.” Amy took a deep breath before she began to speak again, her eyes narrowed, “What I don’t understand is why you’d call me over here to help you out knowing that I don’t have any protection against any of this magical crap because I’m just a normal girl who’s already been fucked over by someone else’s magical crap. Don’t you think I’ve already been fucked over enough?” Amy asked as she put one hand on either side of her massive breasts and pushed them forward, as if presenting them.

“Oh God, I didn’t even think...” Michelle said.

“Well Duh!” Amy said and turned. “I’m gonna get out of here before I wind up knocked up with some mystery shit. As bad as these boobs are... well, you should know...” Amy said, gesturing towards Michelle’s breasts, which were about the same size as Amy’s. “Anyway, I’m so outta here.” Amy said and strode off, her arms folded atop her breasts to help stop them from bouncing.

Michelle sighed, “Okay, my bad,” she said as she turned back to Mandy, Candy and Juanita as they stared at her, wide eyed.

“I’ll make time to be mad at myself for being stupid later.” Michelle said as she looked at her watch, “We’re running out of time. We’ve only got like an hour and a half to get Juanita to the museum and then get to the airport. Let’s move!”

Once they got moving it only took ten or fifteen minutes to get Juanita down the stairs and out to the U-Haul. The main obstacle was overcoming the natural disgust they all felt when they pressed against Juanita’s firm but Jell-O like flesh. The fact that Juanita could barely move her legs to shimmy forward and couldn’t move backward at all was only a minor inconvenience once they realized that, with their own enhanced strength they could simply lift her up and carry Juanita down the stairs. The main problem was that none of the girls did steps well anyway, much less with close to four hundred pounds of Juanita along for the ride.

Soon they were down the stairs, out the front door and maneuvering Juanita toward the ramp leading into the back of the truck. Amy hopped off the rear of the truck where she’d been sitting, her breasts bouncing heavily up and down when she landed, her arms barely restraining their movement. She backed out of the way quickly as Mandy and Candy helped Juanita up the ramp with Michelle ordering away any of the neighbors that decided they had to see what was going on. Once Juanita was safely onboard the truck Amy padded back over to the rear of the truck “Hey,” Amy said to Juanita, concern evident in her voice, “I’m sorry about what I said up there. I hope you didn’t take it personally.”

Juanita looked down at Amy as Steve wrapped her heavily swollen middle with straps to hold her in place. “It’s okay, I don’t know if this is catchy or what but...” Juanita hesitated for a moment before burping loudly, a large slimy translucent bubble forming between her lips before popping, splattering her lips and chin with cum. “but I wouldn’t wish this on my worst enemy.”

Amy nodded sadly before she turned, stepped back to the steps to Maria and Juanita’s house and sat down. Within a few minutes Steve had strapped Juanita in the back of the truck, although she wasn’t very happy about how she was secured. Mandy and Candy climbed the ramp to the back of the truck and sat down at Juanita’s feet. Michelle waddled over and looked into the back of the truck before she turned and looked at Amy. Her shoulders dropped as she looked Amy over, a

certain weariness in her eyes, before she waddled across the sidewalk to stand next to Amy

“Uh, I’m sorry about earlier. I wasn’t thinking when I called you over.” Michelle said, obviously sorry but not afraid to look Amy straight in the eyes as she spoke.

“Yeah, really,” Amy sighed.

“But I maybe I can make it up to you.... Want to go to Paris?” Michelle smiled.

## CHAPTER 18

An hour later, having dropped off Juanita at the museum, Mandy, Candy and Michelle headed for the airport by taxi. “Mary? It’s Michelle,” she said into her cell phone. “Can you get over to the museum? We need someone to stay with Juanita until Maria gets back.” Michelle listened to Mary’s reply before responding. “Sweet. We just needed to pick up Kari and now we’re on our way. Uh... your dad will let you know what’s up with Juanita when you get there.”

Now Mary replied loudly enough for everyone in the taxi to hear “My DAD?” she yelled.

“Chill,” Michelle said, “We didn’t tell him anything about you and the fingers of doom. Just that Juanita needed someone to stay with her until Maria gets back there.” Michelle listened to Mary’s much quieter response. “Cool. Thanks, I really owe you. See you when we get back.”

Michelle hung up quickly before she redialed. “Hi, it’s me,” Michelle said to Maria. “You ready?” After a short pause Michelle replied “Good. Concourse B. Got it.” Michelle listened again for a moment. “Thanks. And good luck to you too.”

“Well?” Mandy and Candy asked simultaneously.

“Everything’s set at the airport, or at least it will be by the time we get there.” Michelle replied.

“I thought I was coming along to ‘make it up to me’ Amy said, eyeing Kari in the opposite seat.

Michelle sighed. “We couldn’t leave all of the others behind, Kari’d be as big as you are by the time we got back and we’d all be weak as kittens over there.”

“Fine,” Amy said, trying to look stern by crossing her arms and staring out the window, but instead looked comical as her breasts got in the way of her arms.

“So,” Candy asked, “You really think this is going to work?”

“It better,” Mandy replied, “or we’re gonna have to get Agent Leyland to bail us out again.”

Candy rolled her eyes before Michelle stepped in to stop the argument before it began. “Uh, if this doesn’t work out I don’t think Agent Leyland is going to be able to do much for us.”

“Uh oh,” Amy said, “So what’s the plan?”

“Thought you might want to know sooner or later,” Michelle began, “See, we’re going to...”

## CHAPTER 18

Rob Granger crossed the control foyer at Dulles International Airport, just outside of Washington, a quarter mile from the Air and Space Museum Annex. He grabbed a cup of coffee and took the guarded elevator to the airport's control tower. Rob had been an air traffic controller since the controller strike back in '81 and for the last five years had been working at Dulles after transferring in from the Atlantic route traffic control center. At fifty-two years old Rob wasn't much for the stress of racking and stacking flights with Atlantic, and even at a busy airport like Dulles things were much calmer than they had been at route traffic control. Unlike the younger controllers, Rob was used to the stress and it showed in both his attire and casual confidence, even as he simply walked around the airport, but when he was at the mike he had the skills to back up that confidence.

Rob exited the elevator and crossed the control tower floor, greeting coworkers as he arrived, sat his coffee on the desk next to his departures workstation before he himself sat down. It wasn't much of a work area. Mainly just a keyboard, some radio controls and a radar display with a small signboard posted above that, beyond that, but not visible when seated, were large windows that looked out across the tarmac. Rob pulled on his headset, logged on to his workstation and checked his departures.

"Good day Dulles, Air France one-two-nine, a Boeing 767 on stand 32 ready to copy clearance for Paris with information Jack," the first voice on his headset said. Rob grabbed a tile from the right side of his overhead board, wrote AF129 on the tile and slid it into a slot on the left side of his board.

"Air France one-two-nine, good day, you are cleared IFR to Paris on a Turnberry 2 Alpha departure. Climbing flight level six-zero, squawk zero-three-zero-one," Rob said calmly and mechanically as he looked over his board.

"Air France one-two-nine is cleared IFR to Paris on a Turnberry 2 Alpha departure, flight level six-zero, squawking zero-three-zero-one," the pilot on the 767 replied.

"Air France one-two-nine readback correct, QNH, 1024 millibars, contact Atlantic on one-three-one point eight-zero for Oceanic clearance. Call me ready for push and start," Rob replied and switched off his microphone.

"1024 millibars and over to Atlantic on one-three-one point eight zero, speak to you soon," the French pilot replied.

Normally Rob would grab another flight progress slip and begin prepping the next flight for takeoff, but for the moment there weren't any other flights departing. *A nice quiet Monday*, he thought. Without logging out Rob turned toward his coworkers, "Anyone catch the game last night?"

"Which one?" one of his co-workers said from across the room as Rob reached across his console for the mute switch.

"Air France Concorde one-two-nine..." the pilot of his flight said as Rob reflexively flicked off his headset, a slightly confused look crossing his face moments later. "The Capitals at MCI," Rob replied sounding every bit as confused as he felt.

“You okay Rob?” Rob’s boss, a large authoritative, older man asked as he looked over with a slight but noticeable amount of concern.

“Yeah, just something...” Ron said and then paused for a moment. “I can’t put my finger on it. Never mind,” Rob shook his head, looked back to his board and flipped his microphone and headset on. He didn’t have to wait long for his flight to call.

“Dulles, Air France one-two-nine ready to push and start,” the pilot said.

Rob began to relax again, unsure of what had left him uncomfortable earlier. “Air France one-two-nine, push and start, taxi to runway two-six.”

“Air France one-two-nine, push and start, taxiing to runway two-six,” the pilot replied and Rob turned, again switching off his microphone.

“So, who saw the game last night?” Rob asked as one of his co-workers crossed the room to the workstation next to his and looked out the bank of windows, across the runway.

“Hey, who’s got the special on two-six,” the man said as he stared out the windows at the planes taxiing below.

“Two-six?” Rob asked calmly, “I’m on two-six, but its just Air France one-two-nine, redeye to Paris.

“Yeah,” the coworker said suspiciously, “but one-two-nine isn’t on Concorde... they’re not even flying anymore. So it’s a special, right?”

“WHAT!” Rob sputtered and leaped to his feet, his headset pulling at his head as he stood up, his coffee tipping over and spilling on his pants as he scanned the runway, quickly focusing on an Air France Concorde taxiing to runway two-six.

Rob shouted into his microphone, “Air France flight one-two-nine abort and.. Damnit!” Rob turned on his microphone and looked back to see the Concorde turning to the line up with the runway. “Air France one-ni... Speedbird Concorde one-two-nine, abort, say again abort and return to terminal.”

“Air France isn’t Speedbird, that’s British Airways” his co-worker complained to him. Rob turned and glared at his co-worker incredulously. “Someone’s stealing a Concorde and you’re worried about...”

“Stop,” a quiet voice said from behind them, cutting Rob off.

Everyone in the room turned and looked at the newcomer. It was Maria, wearing her favorite outfit, shorts, tank top and flip flops, looking like the a poster child for the Campaign Against Teen Pregnancy.

Rob’s boss, a huge bear of a man, turned and strode over, stopping in front of her as she began to waddle across the room. He stared down at her, towering over Maria by more than a foot. “I don’t know how you got up here little lady but I’m here to tell you...”

Maria cut him off, her voice growing richer and more melodic, “No. I don’t have time for this. Shut up and sit down.”

The man, looked at Maria for a moment before he blinked and sat down in the middle of the floor.

“Air France one-two-nine, taxi to runway two-six, cleared for departure on runway heading, happy skies,” Maria said.

The men in the room just stared at her.

“Who’s handling the damn flight?” she yelled. All eyes turned to Rob.

“Okay...,” she said, her voice again calm as she stared right into Rob’s eyes. “Air France one-two-nine, taxi to runway two-six, cleared for departure on runway heading, happy skies,” Maria said, her voice deep and melodic. “SAY IT!”

Rob blinked and turned back to his board. “Air France one-two-nine, taxi to runway two-six, cleared for departure on runway heading, happy skies”

“Air France one-two-nine, taxiing to runway two-six, cleared for takeoff on runway heading, happy skies,” the pilot replied before there was the quiet chuckle of Michelle’s voice, “happy skies,” she repeated from the radio, then it fell silent.

“Now do you all think you can handle things here on your own?” Maria asked. “I was never here. Nothing strange happened today and you didn’t see a Concorde take off. Comprendre?”

## CHAPTER 19

Michelle waddled out of the cockpit of Air France Concorde, Flight 129 and headed through the crew area toward the passenger cabin. The aisle was remarkably small, barely wide enough for a normal person to walk down, but with Michelle's massive breasts and belly bobbing from side to side with every step, well, with each step her belly bounced heavily against the walls in the crew area. The passenger cabin wasn't much better. The spaces between the seats gave her some space for her belly to go as she waddled along, but the seat backs were more uncomfortable to bang into than the walls.

Mandy and Candy were fidgeting in their seats about halfway back through the forward passenger cabin, one on either side of the aisle, giving them a little room to spread out, but even the oversized first-class style seats weren't really up to the task of holding either of their oversized bodies. *Much less mine*, Michelle thought as she looked down at her vastly oversized belly and breasts. "Anyone save a seat for me?" Michelle smiled.

"Thank you all for flying the Concorde with Air France. Tonight you are aboard the 1:07am daily to Paris. We hope you enjoy your flight."

"Very funny," Mandy said. "What's with the announcements?"

"I think that's Maria's doing. She told them to act just like it was a normal flight on the Concorde." Michelle said as she stood over a seat, halfway out of the aisle, trying to see past the view that was totally blocked beyond her belly and boobs to try to contemplate sitting down. "Uh...", Michelle began, "How did you get into these seats anyway?"

Candy rolled her eyes, "Just back up until you're standing over where you think the seat is and bombs away."

"That's what I was afraid of," Michelle said. "Are they at least comfy?"

"Yeah," Amy said, "A lot better than I thought."

"But they're just too narrow," Mandy said.

"That's just cause of your big butt," Candy chimed in.

"I'd like to take this opportunity to explain the unusual takeoff procedure used in this machine. We use the full power of our engines for takeoff using a device called an afterburner to reach very high speeds for takeoff."

"Okay... here goes nothing," Michelle said and dropped heavily into her seat, her sides pressing firmly against the fixed arm rests on either side of the seat, the frame groaning as her weight shifted lower into the seat.

Seeing the look on Michelle's face Mandy asked, "Are you all right?"

"Ow." Michelle replied quietly

"Michelle?" Candy asked.

"Ow," Michelle repeated, sounding both surprised and hurt.

“Are you okay?” Kari asked as she pulled herself to her feet and began to stand up to see what was going on.

“I will be,” Michelle said quietly and took a long breath. “Ouch”

“The takeoff may seem to be a bit bumpy for those of you that have flown on other planes. Our takeoff speed will be approximately two hundred and forty five miles per hour. Once we’re airborne we do have a noise abatement procedure we follow as a courtesy to local residents, so we will be unable to begin accelerating to our full cruising speed until we are over the Atlantic. We ask that you remain in your seat with your seat belt fastened until we reach mach 1. We’re now ready for takeoff, so please everyone buckle your seat belts and enjoy the ride.”

“Do you think he’s gonna be this chatty for the whole trip?” Mandy asked. “I could use some sleep.”

“I think we’re moving,” Candy said, looking at the glowing numbers at the front of the cabin, “Mach: 0.02, Feet: 00309” The Mach indicator clicked up to 0.03 and then to 0.04 as they watched, the plane beginning to speed down the runway. As the plane moved the ride began to get bumpy, the minor imperfections in the runway transferring to the plane’s landing gear as a series of bumps and shakes, growing in intensity as they accelerated.

“I’m not so sure I like this.” Amy called out over the increasing roar of the engines, her arms wrapped around her breasts, trying desperately to restrain them as they shook and shimmied like Jell-O.

“Me either,” Michelle shouted back, her breasts bouncing up and down, slapping heavily against her belly, despite her attempts to restrain them. The plane shook more and more as it accelerated, the roar of the engines making it hard for them to hear each other. “When’s the last time this thing flew anyway?” Michelle shouted.

Mandy looked upwards, her eyes going out of focus, “Three years.” Mandy shouted back.

Michelle tried to look back at Mandy, but she was being pushed too deeply into her seat by the acceleration, “This plane better not...” she shouted over the din when suddenly the plane lifted off and the bumping and shaking stopped instantly, followed a minute later by the engines throttling back to a more reasonable volume.

“So now what?” Amy asked.

“Now we try to get some sleep. Three and a half hours ‘till Paris,” Mandy smiled.

“Shouldn’t we discuss the plan before we try to sleep?” Amy asked as she peered out the tiny windows of the Concorde.

“The plan?” Michelle asked casually, before suddenly realizing both the question asked and the asker.

“Yeah,” Amy said, concern evident in her voice. “The plan, you know, what we’re going to do when we get to Paris, not to mention when we get to the airport.”

Mandy and Candy looked at each other uncomfortably across the narrow aisle. “Well,” Mandy began, “We didn’t have a whole lot of time...”

“By the time we figured out how little time we had left we had to take off right away...” Candy continued.

“And we didn’t have a lot of time for planning,” Michelle finished.

“So, no plan?” Amy asked, sounding very much like someone who was trying not to sound upset.

“It’s okay, we’ll think of something.” Michelle replied.

“How about we think up something before we sleep?” Amy said, this time not trying so hard to sound relaxed. “Kay?”

Michelle sighed, “Fine. So what are we going to do?” Michelle asked.

The girls were silent for a moment before one of them began to speak.

## CHAPTER 20

Surprisingly, getting out of the plane, and then the airport after they landed was much easier than they had first thought. When the plane began its decent upon leaving the Atlantic the girls depressurized the cabin. At the same time Michelle had the pilot radio in that they had been hijacked, but the hijackers had bailed out once they were over land. While the plane was met by airport security and police there were only so many officers that could come into the surprisingly small plane at once and all of them were quickly convinced that the only ones onboard the plane were the flight crew. Minutes later the girls were waddling out of the terminal, police rushing past them on the way to the stolen Concorde.

“So, now what?” Mandy said.

Michelle looked at her watch. “Uh, hail a taxi. We’ve got thirty minutes to get to the Louvre.” She waddled away from the group toward the curb and raised her hand and opened her mouth to shout something when she stopped and turned back toward the other girls, who were now beginning to attract a crowd. “Uh, how do you say ‘taxi’ in French?”

“I don’t know,” Mandy replied, “but Candy took a year of French.”

“Yeah, so I can tell you this pen...” Candy held up a pen and then looked both ways before she leaned toward Michelle and whispered, as if conveying a secret, “It’s called a ‘stylo’ here.”

Michelle just stared at Candy for a moment. “Don’t blame her,” Mandy said, “She’s not that bright. She believed mom when she told her where babies come from.”

“They don’t come from storks?” Candy said in her casual monotone.

“I can fill you in on the details some time,” Amy chimed in.

“It’s okay, I’ll just have to pick it up on the streets,” Candy replied.

“TAXI!” Michelle shouted above the other girl’s voices. Almost immediately a cab screeched to a halt in front of them. “Do you speak English?” she asked the driver.

“Un peu minuscule... uh... a little,” the driver said with a heavy French accent. “Take us to the Louvre,” she said, her voice growing deeper and more harmonic as the other girls piled into the cab, “as fast as you can without crashing.”

Nearly forty harrowing minutes later the cab came to an abrupt halt across the street from the Louvre and the girls fought their way out of the back of the cab, or rather the “hell-mobile”, what the girls had renamed the cab ten minutes into their nightmarish ride. “Never... never,” Amy began, clutching a lamppost for support, “never tell a cabbie to go as fast as he can. Okay? NEVER.”

“So which one is the Louvre?” Mandy asked as she looked around at the many large buildings around them.

“It’s across the street,” Michelle said, her face falling in disappointment, “Across the street where all the police cars are.”

“It’s called a ‘rue’ here,” Candy said as she waddled across the street and toward the Arc de Triomphe du Carrousel but as they approached the Cour Napoleon

where the I.M. Pei pyramid stood they saw many, many police officers at the various entrances with streams of people exiting the building and milling about.

“Hold on,” a very tired looking Amy said, “It will take us forever for you to waddle all the way over there. I’ll be right back.”

“What are you going to do?” Michelle asked.

“I’m going to get my little butt over there and use my feminine charms to see what I can find out,” Amy replied, smiling weakly as she bounced lightly on her heels, her breasts bouncing heavily in response. She turned and walked quickly across the wide plaza until she was just a little dot in the distance. Within moments she was slowly walking back, much more slowly than she had when she’d gone out. “We’re too late,” she shouted when she was in earshot of the other girls.

“What happened?” Mandy shouted back.

“They’re closing the museum and tossing everyone out. They said there was some kind of security thing.” Amy said.

“Security thing?” Michelle asked.

“Security was like the only word they said that I understood. Well, that and the pointing away from the Louvre.” Amy said as she finally reached their little group.

“You look like you’re half dead,” Michelle said as she noticed the dark circles under Amy’s eyes.

“Duh,” Kari said and held up her watch, her breasts swaying as her arm brushed against them. “It’s like five thirty in the morning for us.”

“Need coffee,” Amy said.

“Need sleep,” Kari added.

“I don’t feel tired,” Michelle said.

“Yeah, neither do I,” Mandy said.

“But we’re immortal,” Candy continued, “magical, mystical, high on life and too much milk. I think I could stay up twenty-four/seven if I wanted.”

“Okay. priority one is coffee, priority two is a hotel room,” Michelle said as she thought things through.

“What about a bed? That’s all I want.” Kari asked.

“Hotel rooms have beds,” Amy said as she put her hand on Kari’s shoulder.

“I can help you with all of those mon amie,” a heavily accented French voice said from behind Mandy and Candy. The girls turned so see a short dark haired smiling girl who was quite possibly the most obviously French girl any of them had ever seen, although later none of them could put their finger on exactly what gave them that impression. What did make an impression was the girl’s massive midsection, looking about nine months pregnant with twins, the curved ball her belly wrapped by a skintight leotard, a sarong around her hips. “Bonjour, I am Yvette. Welcome to the City of Lights,” she said, her friendly smile starting to allay some of their immediate concerns.

“Hi,” Michelle said suspiciously. “How did you know where to find us?”

“Please, there is time enough for that in a moment,” Yvette smiled. “First let’s get you something to eat. You’ve had a long trip.”

“Did the church send you?” Mandy asked as they began waddling back toward the Arc.

Yvette laughed cheerfully, “The church? They would have your heads and mine for helping you. I am, how you say? Independent.”

“Have our heads?” Kari asked.

“Le Concorde!” Yvette laughed again, covering her mouth, “I would not have had the courage. You must tell me all about it.” Yvette looked the girls over. “Oh my! You are all so big!” she said, reached out and placed her hand on Michelle’s belly. “Why do you hide under these tents?” she said, pinching the fabric of their oversized, blousy tops between her fingertips. “But there is time for this silly talk later, first let us get something to eat and drink. Lunch for me, little lunch for you. This way, there is a lovely little café...”

“If she gets any cheerier I think I’m going to throw up,” Candy said quietly as she looked over to her sister.

Mandy looked back and they exchanged a nod.

Yvette turned, her face looking like a sad puppy dog, “I’m sorry, I did not mean to offend. I am just happy to meet more like myself who are not wards of the church or with hearts as black as midnight. Groups of us who are independent, they are very rare. Please, let me get us food and drink, then we can talk.”

Minutes later they had seats at a small street café and coffee and biscotti littered their tables. “So, how did you know where to find us?” Michelle asked.

Yvette laughed again, the sound beginning to wear on Candy. “I did not. I was watching the Louvre but they got in despite my watch. I do not know how.”

“Who did?” Mandy asked.

Yvette looked at them unbelievably, “You came across the ocean and you don’t know who they are?”

“The Reichmutter,” Michelle said.

“Yes,” Yvette said. “I have never met them but... the stories I have heard... I do not wish to. It is said they are robbing museums but no one knows why. I came here hoping to find out. Perhaps you know? But first, more important things. Why do you wear those sacks?”

Michelle sighed as she looked down at her blousy top, “We’re trying to be incognito.”

“Bah! You should not be embarrassed for your body. Please. Pregnant is the new sexy. While you are here... no one you know is here. Let it all hang out. Have fun! I used to wear just a little bikini top, but the men, the less flesh they see, the more they wish to see. More of a turn-on. Sexuality is our gift.”

“We’re not exactly swimming in money,” Michelle said, “So new clothes and stuff are out.”

“There I can help but your little friends are falling asleep,” Yvette said, looking at Amy and Kari. “I have a suite nearby. They can sleep there and you can stay there as long as you need.”

“Did someone say sleep?” Kari asked, her eyes barely open.

“Come, I will take you,” Yvette said and slid her chair back.

“I need to get a recharge,” Mandy said, “Mind if I tag along?”

“A recharge?” Yvette considered for a moment. “Ohhh, refuel! I may have to join you,” Yvette added, covering her mouth in mock embarrassment. “Come then, let us go.”

Moments later Yvette, Mandy, Amy and Kari were up and crossing the street, headed for the hotel entrance at the front of the large building facing them.

“She seems nice,” Michelle said.

“Yeah seems...” Candy replied. “She’s not though.”

“What do you mean?” Michelle said.

“Remember I told you about the photos they showed us of the Reichmutter when we were in Washington?”

“Yeah,” Michelle said, “So?”

“So...” Candy said, her eyes wide, “Yvette... She’s one of them. Hilda Stern. She’s a Reichmutter.”

“Then why are we sitting here?” Michelle said incredulously as she pulled herself to her feet.

“Just waiting until they’re in the door so she won’t know we’re following,” Candy said as she got up and turned toward the hotel across the street. “Time to kick some Nazi ass.”

## CHAPTER 21

### BALTIMORE

At the museum it had taken more than three hours to get the power temporarily turned on, Juanita into the elevator, down and out onto the lower level and the huge pile of stale futons and pillows cleared from the center of the room. Even in that relatively short period of time Juanita had continued to swell, the bloating now nearly up to her breasts. As Steve finally maneuvered Juanita to the center of the room Juanita began to shake slightly before letting out a burp.

“Are you okay?” Steve asked, then his expression went from concerned to embarrassed. “Uh, no. I mean...”

“It’s okay,” Juanita said, looking exhausted, “Thanks for asking. I don’t think I’m gonna erupt or anything.”

Steve seemed to relax a bit. “I just saw you shake there for a second...”

Juanita stepped in. “Cramps,” she said, rubbing her side before she moaned quietly, the sound echoing through the room.

Up at the top of the spiral ramp leading down to where Juanita and Steve were Mary heard the noise and looked down. “Everything all right down there?” she called out.

“Yeah,” Steve called out to Mary, “Everything’s fine. It’s just cramps.”

“Uh Dad, just so you know, those two words? They don’t go together,” Mary cringed as she returned to the fire door.

Steve swallowed hard and looked back to Juanita, “Is there anything I can get for you?”

Juanita seemed to consider for a moment before she looked upward to the ceiling, tears coming to her eyes, “I... uh...” Juanita’s words were interrupted by a cum-splattered burp. Realizing what had just happened Juanita began to sob as she tried to complete her words. “there’s nothing you can do.” She paused for a moment, gathering her thoughts and composure, “Thank you for helping me. I know I’m... it’s really disgusting.”

“Come on,” Steve said as he placed his curled forefinger under Juanita’s chin and gently lifted her head up, trying to ignore the congealing slime on the underside of her chin, “The girls will fix this. They helped Lisa and Mary and they’re going to help you.”

“I wish I was so sure,” Juanita said, “They didn’t do such a good job fixing Mary. She still looks like she’s nine months pregnant.”

“They’re still working on Mary,” Steve said his voice dropping to avoid being overheard. “She was kidnapped and they made her like Amy and the other girls. They fixed that. But this,” Steve continued, looking up at Mary who was waddling down the long ramp leading to the floor they were on. “At least they have that medical excuse thing she can use. Its so hard seeing her like this... complaining all the time about how weird she feels.” Steve shook his head sadly.

“Believe me, I get that. I feel so weird... in more ways than one,” Juanita continued, flapping her arms against the bloated ball her torso had become from either side, the tumid flesh barely denting.

To their left in the entry foyer the elevator bell rang and the doors opened. Bobbi and Debbie stepped hesitantly from the elevator, marveling at the huge room. “Why is there an elevator to here in the back of “Hot Topic?” Debbie asked.

“Yeah, you probably want to keep that to yourselves,” Steve said.

“Who are we gonna tell? All my school friends with boobs so big they can’t stand up straight?” Bobbi said.

Steve cringed again, feeling more and more out of his element, “I’m sorry. I forgot, you pretty much stay at Michelle’s house, right?”

“People are kinda buying the mysterious pregnancy disease thing because of Kristen, but then add in four girls with boobs the size of milk jugs? No way they’re gonna buy that.” Bobbi replied.

Steve looked confused, “But the other Milk...” Steve stopped himself, seeing the look in Bobbi and Debbie’s eyes. “girls in your situation. They were around town all the time and no one said or did anything.” Steve tried desperately to keep his eyes locked on theirs, rather than on their massive breasts and nipples, where his eyes were continually drawn.

“Yeah,” Bobbi sneered, “That’s what Amy too said but the evil Mothers of the Apocalypse and their slaves, they weren’t trying to live public lives. Michelle, Mandy, Candy and Maria... they have family here, go to school, hang out with friends... they can’t afford to attract townfolk with pitchforks and torches who want to burn down their windmill. So we get to sit inside all day and watch Dr Phil and Tyra.”

“And people wonder why our brains are rotting,” Debbie added.

“Well, you could just wear some big sweatshirt or bulky coat or something.” Steve suggested.

“In the summer?” Debbie asked.

Bobbi rolled her eyes. “Thanks for the cool fashion tips Steve but... have you actually taken a look at what we’re talking about here?” she said, twisting slightly at the waist, allowing her braless breasts to shimmy back and forth. “We’re not nearly the size of Amy, but still,” she said, looking down at the massive outcropping of her t-shirt clad breasts, each nearly the size of a soccer ball. “There’s no way to hide these damn things. They’re just so... so out there and if that’s not bad enough they won’t stop shaking and bouncing and...” she trailed off, her fingers beginning to trace small circles on the rounded outer curves of her boobs.

Mary reached the bottom of the long ramp and began to cross the floor to where Steve and Juanita stood. “Uh Dad, how about you wait ‘till I’m not around to talk to my friends about their boobs? Or better yet don’t talk to my friends about their boobs at all, it’s just way creepy,” Mary cringed, looking totally grossed out. She hoped no one noticed her taking deep breaths as she tried to maintain her composure as her finger-cocks and clit began to pulse and become even more erect than normal, the discussion of breasts only adding to the stimulation provided by the two t-shirt clad Milk Dolls .

Steve looked surprised, then embarrassed as he realized how far the conversation had strayed into territory he’d never have intentionally approached. “Uh, yeah,” Steve said and glanced at his watch. “I have to get back, I’m on duty in an hour. Will you girls be all right here?” he asked.

“Yeah,” Mary said, “We’re going to take turns staying with Juanita once Maria gets here from the airport.”

“The airport?” Steve asked.

“You don’t want to know,” Debbie said, “Believe me.”

Steve shook his head. “Okay, I’m heading to work. I have to turn off the power again so you should get some of the Coleman lanterns lit.”

“Gotcha,” Mary said and gave her father a quick hug before she turned and headed toward one of the lanterns, that sat all around the room, eager to be moving herself and her oversized, throbbing and all too excited digits away from the very busty girls and their discussion. She squatted down and reached around her huge belly, fumbling for the lantern.

“You’ve got five minutes then I’m cutting the power,” Steve said, “Call me if there’s any trouble.”

“Will do!” Mary called out, the first of the lanterns cradled precariously in her deformed but disguised hands as her father stepped into the elevator, the doors closing behind him. Bobbi crossed the room quickly, slowing as she neared Juanita before she circled partway around the swollen girl, keeping at least ten feet from her as Juanita wobbled unsteadily, turning slowly to follow her as she approached Mary.

“Hey, why don’t you let me light that?” Bobbi said as she reached out for the lantern. Mary considered for a moment before handing the lantern to Bobbi.

“Thanks, I’m useless with this sort of stuff,” Mary sighed, the tension finally from her finger-cocks finally beginning to drop off.

“Why’d your dad ask you to do it anyway?” Debbie said as she sat down on the floor Indian style, her breasts bouncing heavily in her lap as she began pumping up the lantern, “How’d he expect you to be able to work these tiny little knobs and levers with your hands...” Debbie trailed off, neither wanting to talk nor think about the massive male members that dominated Mary’s hands.

Mary tried to keep her breathing steady as she looked away from Debbie’s still quaking breasts, feeling her heart beating faster and face getting warmer. “Uh, he doesn’t know about that,” Mary said as she slid back and pushed herself to her feet. “My parents think I look just like you see me with the amulet on, busty and pregnant but otherwise normal.”

“How do you explain not being able to pick stuff up and do things with your hands?” Debbie asked incredulously.

“They just think its part of the whole weirdness that made me look pregnant. I’m awkward anyway so it wasn’t a hard sell.”

“What are you talking about?” Juanita said, looking over at the girls as Debbie got the first of the lanterns lit.

“Nothing,” Mary said to Juanita before she turned to the other two girls. “Listen, maybe you two should head back to the house. Amy was right earlier. Who knows what this... stuff... would do to you. Maria will be fine and I’m pretty sure I’m okay...”

Debbie cut her off, “What makes you think that?”

Mary turned back to Debbie and whispered, “Uh... lets just say I’ve been a lot closer to a bunch of magical cum than you want to think about and whatever’s going to happen has pretty much already happened.”

Debbie seemed confused for a moment before a look of disgust crossed her face. She tried to dismiss the thought, but a bit of that disgusted look remained, despite trying to seem compassionate. “Yeah. That makes sense,” Debbie nodded, as she handed the lit lantern to Mary. “Yeah,” she shook her head slowly side to side as she rolled her eyes. “Bobbi, lets get going,” she called out, seemingly unaware that Bobbi had stepped up right behind her after lighting two other lanterns.

“Okay,” Bobbi replied, offering her hand as the lights flickered and went out.

Debbie screeched, twisting around to see where the hand in front of her had come from before spotting Bobbi. She exhaled sharply and slowly, “Don’t scare me like that,” she said, taking Bobbi’s hand and getting to her feet. “We’ll see you back at the house,” Debbie said as she and Bobbi turned and headed to the ramp circling the room and headed to the fire door at the top of the underground building.

“Thanks for staying with me,” Juanita said quietly.

Mary turned and began walking over to where Juanita stood at the middle of the room. She stopped, eyeing the hard floor and turned, grabbed a few large pillows in one hand and returned to Juanita, stopping about five feet from the slowly expanding girl. “You want me to grab you a futon or anything?”

“No,” Juanita shook her head. “Its really uncomfortable when I sit or lay down. I’m just gonna stay standing.”

“Don’t your feet hurt?” Mary asked.

“Well, if we’re...” Juanita paused as she burped and then swallowed hard, “If we’re asking questions, what’s with your hands?”

“What do you mean,” Mary said, instinctively putting her hands behind her back before she realized how silly she was being and rested her hands on her thighs.

“I saw you fumbling with the lantern,” Juanita said curiously.

“Its part of this whole thing that’s making me look pregnant,” Mary lied, placing one hand on either side of her belly. “Ever since it happened I’ve been really awkward with everything.”

“Yeah,” Juanita said, “I heard you tell Debbie that that’s not true.”

Mary looked down at her hands, “It’s just... it’s really weird and gross. I mean **really** weird and gross.”

Juanita cleared her throat and spit a blob of thick translucent mucus on the floor, “Yeah, I wouldn’t know anything about weird and gross,” she replied and burped loudly, covering her mouth with her hand.

Mary looked up at Juanita, who was wiping her mouth with a wad of tissues from her backpack. “Promise you won’t get all grossed out?”

Juanita considered for a moment. “I can’t promise that. But I promise I’ll be here for you.”

Mary looked at Juanita for a moment before she began to nod slowly. “Okay, but don’t laugh at me.” Mary reached around behind her back and fumbled with the lock on the necklace holding her amulet. After several minutes Juanita finally asked, “What are you trying to do?”

“Get this damn amulet off,” Mary scowled. “This sucks!” she said as she began to tug at her necklace.

“Hold on, hold on,,” Just come over here and I’ll undo it for you,” Juanita said. Reluctantly Mary walked over as close as she could get to Juanita without their

bellies hitting each other before she began to slowly turn in place until her back was to Juanita's front. Then she carefully stepped backward until the small of her back bounced against Juanita's swollen midsection.

"Okay, just stay still," Juanita said, reaching out and working the tiny latch on the necklace. "Damn, this is hard. My hands are all sticky."

Mary tried, unsuccessfully, to hide her disgust when suddenly the latch came free. "You promised, remember?" Mary said, waddling away from Juanita and turning around, leaving the necklace and amulet in Juanita's hands. At first nothing seemed to be happening, then Mary's belly seemed to slowly expand, first straining against her top, then pushing it up, out of the way as her middle expanded, going from the what appeared to be the size of a normal pregnant woman's belly someone carrying twins. Her breasts began to expand as well, the illusion making them appear smaller and bra-clad collapsing as they expanded toward their actual size. Soon her belly and breasts were growing and although their size never approached the massive size of Michelle's belly and breasts, she did give Mandy and Candy a run for their money.

"I don't see what the..." Juanita said, but Mary raised her hand to cut her off. At first Juanita didn't realize why Mary kept her hand up in front of her, then Juanita realized something peculiar was going on. The handflowers on the back of each hand appeared to stretch and grow, the chains growing longer and the caps at the tops of her two middle fingers merging together as her middle fingers merged as well. Soon the middle fingers of each hand appeared to be one solid, thick column of flesh. It grew longer, pushing upward from the surrounding normal fingers and down into the palm of her hand until it met her wrist, locking it in place. Soon the mighty rod of flesh was nearly a foot long from wrist to tip, the large, mushroom shaped head nearly the size of a tennis ball, a few drops of thick, translucent liquid leaking from small hole at the tip.

"Shit." Juanita said, "If I wasn't fucked up too I'd never say this but... DAMN, that's fucked up."

Mary looked down at the huge phalluses protruding from each hand and pressed them against each other, the rubbery cocks bending slightly under the pressure. "You think they look fucked up, try having them be part of you," Mary said, looking away from Juanita.

"Do they..." Juanita began, hesitating when Mary looked up. "Do they work?"

Mary rolled her eyes and put one of her hands on the side of her massive belly, "How do you think I got this?" Mary said exasperated as she slapped her oversized belly with the other hand, the huge finger-cock bouncing off the firm flesh.

"Oh my God!" Juanita said quietly. "I feel bad, you know I brought this on myself 'cause I was just so stupid but you... you did it to yourself. I couldn't cope with that." Juanita said, tugging at the cloth Mandy and Candy had sewn her into for the trip over, a wrapping that had grown tight over the last several hours.

"Thanks for rubbing it in," Mary said, beginning to rub her hands back and forth across the sides of her belly, the handflowers covering the most sensitive parts of her new organs, "Can we talk about something else please?" she asked as she

kicked the pillows she's brought over into a more comfortable looking pile before she lowered herself to the floor and sat down.

Several hours later Mary heard a distant voice, "Mary... Mary..." Mary rolled over, her belly slapping hard against the cold floor. Instantly she was awake. "Are you okay?" Juanita asked.

"Yeah," Mary said, shaking her head. "I must have fallen asleep."

"Like three hours ago," Juanita replied.

"Damn," Mary said reaching up to rub her eyes before she thought better of getting those massive finger-cocks anywhere near her face and instead pushed herself to her feet. "Where's Maria?"

"I don't know, she has to be here soon though," Juanita said. "But until then I need your help."

"What's up?" Mary asked.

"When Mandy and Candy sewed me into this... thing," she said, "They didn't have any thread. They had to use what was in your dad's trunk. Some painting tarps and fishing line."

"Okay," Mary said, "So?"

"Well..." Juanita began, "I'm getting too... uh... it's not..." She took a deep breath. "I'm getting too big and I can't get out of this damn thing because I can't break the fishing line!" she said, pulling violently at the heavy canvas wrapping. Mary reached out to take Juanita's hands in her own, but Juanita drew back from her touch. She was so used to having her amulet on and with people being unable to see the true appearance of her hands that for a moment she was befuddled. Then she realized, Juanita was seeing her hands as they truly appeared.

"Can I have my amulet back please," Mary asked, holding out both hands. Juanita cringed and held out the amulet by its chain and dropped it into Mary's outstretched hands even as she looked away cringing. Moments later Mary was back to her normally disguised self. She reached forward carefully, grabbing a hold on the stitching of Juanita's makeshift tent with the tips of her normal fingers before she took a careful step forward, pushing her solid, firm belly against the fleshy, but softer flesh of Juanita's belly. Even so the thin plastic line wouldn't give. "Hold on, I'll be right back," Mary said and bent over, picked up a lantern and headed for one of the out coves surrounding the room.

"Just hurry," Juanita called after her, "It's starting to cut into my skin."

Mary waddled into the first out cove, which was filled floor to ceiling with chairs. Next she found an out cove that had nothing but stale, dirty pillows and blankets lining the floor. Then she found what she was looking for. It looked to be a makeshift kitchen, a large tank of blackened sludge sitting on the counter, the refrigerator door left open. The stench was incredible. It only took a moment to find a knife and she waddled back to Juanita. "I got you covered," Mary said, holding up the knife before she fumbled it, taking a moment to catch it again.

"Uh, you better give me that," Juanita said nervously, as she reached out, took the knife from Mary and began to cut the stitching. As the canvas began to loosen Juanita quickly reached a point where she couldn't reach around her own massive form to cut the stitching and had to surrender her knife to Mary so she could continue cutting Juanita free from behind. Minutes later the fabric was laying in a

circular pile around a now-shivering and nude Juanita. "Think you can find something to keep me warm?" she asked. Mary nodded and waddled back to the second out cove as quickly as she could, returning with a dirty, but warm looking blanket. As she approached Mary froze in her tracks. Juanita was a true pear shape, the huge bloating of her middle now pushing down to her knees, forcing her legs apart. The swelling encompassed her hips, thighs and belly and now was almost up to her breasts. *Almost isn't quite right*, Mary thought as she watched Juanita's b-cup breasts as they began to swell from the pressure within. Mary felt her pulse pounding, first just in her finger-cocks, then in her clit as she watched Juanita swell from a b-cup to a c.

"What the hell are you staring at?" Juanita shouted across the room before she looked down where Mary was staring. "Oh my GOD!" she screeched.

Mary snapped out of it for a moment and began waddling toward Juanita, holding out the dirty blanket for Juanita. Not surprisingly, Juanita ignored the blanket, allowing it to drop to the floor as she pushed against the rising bloating with both her hands, as if she could force it downward. Even now her breasts continued to expand, now looking closer to d-cups than c-cups, but more so than that the bloating of her torso was moving upwards, the ball like form that encompassed her belly, hips and thighs now creeping up under her breasts. "Do something!" Juanita sobbed, pushing hopelessly against her slowly filling flesh.

"What should I do???" Mary shouted back, feeling the pressure in her finger-cocks and clitoris double than redouble and her breath quicken as she watched Juanita's breasts swell.

"I don't know!" Juanita screeched, the swelling of her breasts being overtaken by the rising swelling of her body, filling in the space around and between her breasts, "JUST DO SOMETHING!" Juanita screamed, tears flowing from her cheeks and dripping down onto her rapidly expanding middle. Juanita waddled over as quickly as she could and, misjudging the distance between them, collided with Juanita, their bellies bouncing off each other. That was all Mary could take. For an agonizing moment the pressure in her finger-cocks and clit reached its apex before she felt it press outward somehow, like a stretching feeling, and suddenly it was gone. All that was left was the feeling that something was pushing against her clitoris, pushing very firmly.

Mary quickly regained her senses and grabbed Juanita's hands, then pulled Juanita to her, ignoring the semen pouring from her mouth as she sobbed, and hugged her, pulling her as close as she could. They stood there, crying together, for nearly an hour, until whatever burst of swelling that had just occurred slowed, and finally stopped.

A noise from above, the fire door at the top of the circular ramp surrounding them, interrupted them. They pushed apart from each other, slightly embarrassed, but now sharing a bond of friendship stronger than either had ever known. "I'm gonna go check on that noise," Mary said and stepped back before she turned and began to waddle toward the base of the ramp. Just one step later she stopped and gasped.

"Is everything all right down there?" Maria shouted down from above, "Well, not fine... but... you know..."

Mary readied herself to answer when Juanita called out, "I'm okay, as okay as I'm gonna be tonight anyway. Mary kept me..." Juanita hesitated for a moment and then smiled as Mary looked back at her, "just kept me."

If it wasn't for the darkness it would have been an amusing sight as Maria waddled quickly down the ramp, her gait an unmistakable waddle, but her speed more like a sprint. Soon she'd reached the floor where Mary and Juanita were. She waddled slowly to Mary, still in the spot where she'd stopped and gasped a minute ago and put her hand on Mary's shoulder. "Don't take this the wrong way, but you look like shit. It's six am. You need to get some sleep." Maria opened her purse and handed Mary forty dollars. Take a taxi home and get some sleep. Whenever you wake up grab some food and stuff and take a bus here. I'll be waiting."

Mary nodded silently as Maria waddled past her to Juanita. Mary looked over her shoulder at Juanita's smiling face, not really even noticing how much the bloating of her body had increased. She couldn't help but smile back before Maria inadvertently stepped between them. "See you tomorrow," Mary called out to the sisters, unable to hear their quiet conversation. She looked away and took another step, obviously forgetting the sensation of her last waddling step.

Mary moaned again, pleasure shooting through her as she came to a halt, but this time she'd been half ready for it and she managed to stifle the moan. She looked around the room and, near the base of the ramp, spotted a restroom entrance. Biting down hard she waddled slowly and carefully to the rest room, the pleasure and pressure building as she waddled along until she stopped inside the bathroom proper. She sat down her lantern on one of the sinks, its light casting an eerie glow throughout the room. The restroom was in surprisingly good shape. One of the mirrors from over the sinks lay on the floor, broken into three large pieces, the others were likewise cracked but still in their frames. Otherwise nothing seemed amiss.

Mary paused and caught her breath, waiting two long minutes until her breathing returned to normal before she reached around her belly, intent on finding out just what was pressing against her clit and more so, why it was rubbing against it with every step. Her hands reached around her belly and under the elastic waistband of her panties, feeling how the fabric below had shredded. Quickly she unbuttoned her jeans and began to pull the zipper down when she realized that too was shredded, exposing her nether regions to the open air. Cautiously, and not without a bit of apprehension, she reached down with both hands to feel what was pressing against her clitoris. But instead of the enlarged nub she had seen the last time she'd inspected her crotch with a mirror she felt a thick, warm, firm shaft growing from where her clit had been. She gasped as her fingers ran along the lowest inch or so of the shaft, unable to reach any further along its length, her hands blocked by her belly.

She grabbed the lantern and turned, waddling quickly over to the large broken mirror on the floor. She tried to ignore the pleasure and increasing pressure as she moved across the room. She had to bite down on her hand to prevent her moans from getting too loud. Finally she stopped and caught her breath again and tried to see beneath her belly, but all she saw was the illusion of her amulet. *Smaller belly, intact jeans and panties*, she thought. *So much for that plan*. She reached up and fiddled with her necklace. Luckily Juanita hadn't quite latched it correctly and it

easily came free in her hands. After a few moments she looked into one of the shattered mirrors still on the wall and waited until the amulet's magic had dissipated. Then and only then did she try to look at the mirror on the floor and assess what had happened. It took a moment, leaning to the right and then to the left, but eventually she got the view she's been looking for. She wished she hadn't.

She'd suspected, somewhere in the back of her head, that she'd find exactly what she found, but still, seeing the huge cock growing from her crotch, curving upward, its head pressing firmly into the underside of her belly, was almost more of a shock than she could bear. She reached down with one hand, putting pressure on the upper side of the shaft, trying to push it away from her belly, but all she managed to do was move it slightly to one side, dragging the head across the underside of her belly, both the pressure and pleasure rising as they rubbed together. Tears began to flow freely from her eyes before she took one careful step forward as she watched the underside of her belly and saw her belly sway from one side to the other, dragging across the head of her new equipment. Even as she watched she felt a small release of the pressure that had been building and her new member grew slightly, both in length and width.

She stared into the mirror for a moment, as if trying to comprehend what she'd just seen before she reached for her amulet and put it back on. As the illusion was reasserting itself she dug through her purse and found a small pencil from her trip to Ikea several months ago. She placed it in her mouth and bit down before taking a few experimental steps. While the pencil did nothing to stop the feelings flowing from her new cock, or the growth the stimulation was causing, it did manage to stop her from moaning with each step.

She waddled toward the bathroom door and reached for the door handle, her handflowers clanking against the cold metal handle. She looked down at her hands in disgust before she pulled at the handflowers that covered her finger-cocks, removed them, and dropped them in her purse. *I'm fucked anyway, in for a penny, in for a pound*, she thought and pushed the door open and waddled to the long ramp that would lead to the street, and then to home.

## CHAPTER 22

Michelle and Candy stepped into the lobby of the Parisian hotel, waddling slowly across the marble floor, a hush coming to the guests and staff in the lobby as they slowly caught sight of the two massively pregnant girls waddling heavily to the reception desk. By the time they arrived the room was completely silent, even the pianist at the grand piano had stopped playing.

“Excuse me, do you speak English?” Michelle asked the man at the desk.

“Oui,” the man said as he made a show of looking over the counter at the space occupied by Michelle’s massive belly and obviously braless and equally massive breasts and then turned to Candy and eyed her the same way, “What can I do for you,” he paused, “Americans.”

Michelle frowned, “Two girls built like us and two... very...”

“Busty,” Candy chimed in.

“Yeah, I guess that’s as close as we’re gonna get,” Michelle conceded. She turned back to the man at the desk, “and two very busty girls came in here two minutes ago. We need to get their room number.”

“The man chuckled slightly, “I’m sorry, but we have no guests here of your ... caliber here. Perhaps your friends went to a youth hostel or a van down by the river.”

“I’m gonna get hostile in a minute,” Michelle said fuming.

Candy put her hand on Michelle’s shoulder, “Michelle, let me.” She said before turning to the man at the desk. “What room is the little pregnant French bitch in,” Candy asked, sounding incredibly sweet as her voice resounded with a rich, unnatural overtone, “She came through the lobby not two minutes ago. You couldn’t have missed her.”

The clerk blinked. “Oui,” he replied. “Mademoiselle Yvette. She went to her suite not two minutes ago. Take the express elevator to the penthouse level. She is in suite four.”

“Thank you,” Candy replied before her voice grew deeper and more melodious again, “Could you give me a key to the suite?”

“Why of course,” the clerk replied and ran a small plastic card through a device on the far side of the counter before handing it to Candy. Between the width of the counter and how far back Candy had to stand so that she didn’t mash her belly against the counter their hands came up several inches short of meeting. Candy sighed and turned slightly, taking the card from his hand. “Thank you.” Candy turned to Michelle as she began walking toward the express elevator. “See, it just took a little politeness to make him respond politely.

“Yeah, that and hypno-voicing him,” Michelle sighed.

“Well, yeah... he’s French, what did you expect?” Candy laughed as they stepped into the elevator and pressed the one of only two buttons on the control panel. As soon as she pressed the “T” the doors slid closed and they began their ascent.

“T?” Michelle asked.

“A penthouse is called an appartement terrasse here,” Candy said.

Upstairs Yvette, Mandy, Amy and Kari stepped out of the elevator, Yvette and Mandy taking the lead, Amy and Kari following behind. It only took them a few moments to waddle to one of the few doors off of the hallway and enter the lavish suite. A large floor to ceiling window looked out across Paris, a terrace with several lounge chairs and a small table affording them an excellent spot to relax. The suite itself was decorated in Louis the XVth style, everything coated in gold leaf. Several hallways led off from the sitting room, heading in all directions. "Please, have a seat," Yvette said to Mandy as she marveled at the view. Momentarily dumbstruck Mandy sat down without thinking, looking out at the marvelous view of the city. "Girls, can I get you anything?" Yvette asked the Amy and Kari.

"Just a bed is fine," Amy said, her eyes mostly closed. "This place has one, right?"

Yvette laughed quietly, "Of course, it has many. This way," she said, motioning for the girls to proceed down the hallway ahead of her. Mandy began to push herself to her feet, but found it difficult rising from the low, narrow chair.

"No need to get up," Yvette smiled, "I will be right back then we can pool our resources."

"I just wanted to see the bedroom," Mandy replied, not wishing to leave Yvette alone with Kari or Yvette.

Yvette smiled, "The bedroom? It is just a room with a bed. You have all of Paris," she chuckled, waving her hand toward the window. "Relax, you've had a long trip. I'll be right back then I will send for someone to bring up your sister and her little friend." With that Yvette followed the two girls out of the room. Not wishing to arouse Yvette's suspicions Mandy stayed seated until she heard a door down the hallway open, then shut again nearly a minute later. Mandy pushed against the arms of her chair, slowly unwedging herself from between it's arms.

Once she was on her feet Mandy made her way quietly down the hallway where Yvette had led Kari and Amy. She looked around at the four doors at the far end of the hallway, trying to guess which door was the one Yvette had led her friends through. As she puzzled over the doors she heard a quiet click come from the room behind her. Mandy turned and waddled back toward the suite's door. As she approached she saw the door to the hallways slowly swing open. She watched as the door slowly opened halfway and then Candy stuck her head into the room, looking this way and that before spotting Mandy.

Candy finished opening the door and waddled in, followed closely by Michelle. Both girls froze, looking out at the great view before Michelle turned to Mandy. "Where are they?" she whispered.

"Down this hallway," Mandy replied before she glanced over her shoulder.

Michelle looked down the hallway. "Which door?" she whispered.

"I don't know," Mandy whispered back, "I was out here when they went down the hallway."

"Why'd you leave them alone?" Candy whispered.

"I didn't want to look suspicious," Mandy whispered back.

"So which door do we try?" Michelle asked quietly.

"We try three of them," Michelle said. "That way we have the best chance."

Mandy and Candy nodded and waddled down the hallway, each taking up one of the doors. Michele followed behind them and stood next to the third of the four doors. They shared a look between them and with a nod from Michelle they turned their doorknobs. Michelle's door was locked. Mandy's door swung open, into the room beyond and Candy's pulled open into the hall, revealing a linen closet. By the time the other girls had looked over Mandy had already waddled into the room and the other girls quickly followed her.

The room was dark, illuminated only by the light from the hallway. It was a large room for a hotel. A pair of twin beds sat a few feet apart against one wall, a large dresser sat at the wall opposite the foot of the beds, a dressing table against the wall, near the entrance. Next to that was a door leading to an adjoining room. With Mandy and Candy already in the bedroom Michelle followed behind and turned on the lights. The girls laying in each of the beds, firmly tucked in groaned at the bright light. Kari pulled the sheets over her head while Amy simply covered her eyes with her hands, blocking the light.

"Where did she go?" Michelle asked, not bothering to speak quietly any longer.

"Huh... what?" Amy muttered as her eyes began to adjust to the light.

"The French girl, where did she go? She's a Reichmutter!" Mandy continued.

That revelation seemed to give Amy a burst of energy, although not a very large one. Her eyes flickered open and she pushed herself halfway up in bed. "Through the door into the next room," she replied, pointing to the door on the far wall. "How would she know we know?" Amy asked.

"If she didn't know before, she knows now," Candy said, holding up a cell phone before she folded it closed. "It was on speakerphone."

Mandy waddled over and tried the doorknob. "It's locked." Michelle waddled over and reached for the doorknob.

"Not for long," she said as the doorknob began to glow. A few moments later the doorknob seemed to implode in her hands, turning into a pile of ash, chunks of metal and a horrid stench. Michelle dusted off her hand and pushed the door open. The room had been totally stripped of furnishings, save for a bed at the center of the room. Unfortunately, the bed wasn't unoccupied.

A young woman laid thrashing back and forth on the bed, her hands, feet and waist secured with improvised four point restraints. She was gagged and blindfolded, and although she still wore both her jeans and sneakers her top had been torn open down the front, along with her bra. "Oh no," Michelle said as she ran to the tied-up girl's side.

"What?" Amy called from the other room.

Michelle looked down at the girl's forehead. A large cross had been smeared above and between her eyes using a thick brown paste that was even now disappearing into the girls skin. Even more disturbing was the fact that her modest breasts were also covered with a thick layer of the stuff that was likewise being absorbed. "Shit!" Michelle said, and squatted next to the girl's bed. "Hold on, we're gonna untie you, just try to relax. We have to get that crap off of you. The stuff the French girl smeared all over you. You understand?"

The girl's only answer was a muffled grunt, that and the fact that she stopped struggling. "Somebody bring me some tissues or a sheet or something!" Michelle called out. Mandy and Candy looked at each other for a moment before they both turned and headed back into the other bedroom, their bellies slapping into each other. Michelle sighed and rolled her eyes before she returned her attention to the girl. The brown smear on her forehead and chest was much more faint now, but there was still a large amount of the stuff that hadn't been absorbed. Michelle gave one last look back out to the other bedroom before she pulled her own top off, over her head and used it to wipe off the girl's chest, then her forehead. It was sticky and thick, but the bulk of it wiped away easily, the remainder almost instantly soaking into the girl's skin, as if it had never been there.

Michelle went to work untying the girl's ankles. Mandy and Candy rushed back into the room, Mandy with a sheet, Candy with tissues. They realized immediately that things had progressed and dropped the items they'd brought and began to help untie the girl. The knots were obviously not tied to make them difficult to remove and the knots came loose freely.

As soon as her arms and legs were free the girl pushed herself up on the bed and began clawing at the gag in her mouth. It came away from her face quickly and she took a deep breath as she removed her blindfold.

## CHAPTER 23

### THE MAKING OF A MILK DOLL

The girl looked around the bedroom, only slightly less perplexed than she had been before she'd been untied. She found herself surrounded by three massively pregnant girls. *Correction*, she thought, *two massively pregnant girls and one massive whale of a topless pregnant girl*. Although she tried her best not to, she couldn't help but stare. The girl's breasts were larger than any she's ever seen, certainly far larger than her own almost-b-cups. "Who are you?" the huge topless girl asked as she tried to cover the front of her breasts with her hands, a hopeless proposition given her size.

"Oh sure, be modest now," one of the other pregnant girls laughed, one the girl quickly realized was the twin of the other, although one was much more bottom-heavy and much less bosomy than the other.

"Come on," the busty topless girl replied before she turned to the girl on the bed. "What's your name?"

"I'm Robin, who are y'all?" the girl said with a southern accent.

"You're American?" the topless girl said.

"So are you." Robin said. "Who'd you say you were again?"

"I'm Michelle," the topless girl said, "and this is Mandy" she continued, pointing to the hippy, less busty twin and then indicated the bustier twin, "and this is Candy, they're twins."

Robin just looked at Michelle for a moment before she wiped sweat off her forehead. She suddenly seemed to realize her top was ripped open and she pulled the shreds together, trying to cover her meager assets.

"It's okay, we're all girls here," Michelle said.

"Yeah, well, y'all can run round naked if you want. Me, I want a top," Robin replied, obviously annoyed.

"How are you feeling," Michelle asked, concerned with the dark circles under Robin's eyes and the sweat beading on her forehead.

"I'm okay, don't worry about li'l ol' me, I'll be... Holy hell, what happened to her boobs!" Robin said, her gaze drifting from Michelle to the doorway into the other room where Amy stood, leaning against the doorframe.

"Hi, I'm Amy," the monstrously over endowed girl in the thin t-shirt said.

"I bet you are," Robin said dumbfounded, her eyes locked on Amy's breasts.

"Is she okay?" Amy asked.

"Sure," Michelle said, but as she turned to look at Amy Michelle shook her head, drawing a cross with her finger on her own forehead.

Amy gasped quietly, covering her mouth with her hand, her face falling, "Oh God."

"What?" Robin said and looked from girl to girl.

"Nothing," Amy said and stepped into the room, her boobs bouncing heavily as she stepped away from the door before they settled into a steady, gently swaying as she walked. "Why don't you go put on a top and order some room service," she said to the other girls, "I'll stay with Robin."

The other girls looked at each other. Mandy shrugged and left, followed by Candy then Michelle.

“Yeah, uh, I really need to be getting back to my folks,” Robin said and began to push herself to her feet. Almost as soon as her butt left the bed she dropped back down onto the mattress, her eyes half closed, looking totally exhausted. “Damn, I feel like I just climbed the damn Matterhorn.”

“Just relax,” Amy said and sat at the foot of Robin’s bed, grabbing the outside curves of her breasts with both hands to quickly stop their nearly incessant motion. “Take as long as you want.”

Robin didn’t need much convincing to sit still, “I feel weird,” she said.

Amy nodded, then spotted a familiar look coming to Robin’s face. She rolled her eyes, and waited for Robin to begin speaking.

“So are...” Robin began.

“Yeah, they’re real,” Amy said gently but firmly, cutting her off.

Robin’s mouth fell open, “But how’d...”

“Let me ask you a question first,” Amy said. “I look what? Sixteen, seventeen?”

Robin seemed to weigh the idea in her head before she nodded.

“How would a sixteen year old get fake boobs anyway, much less this size?” Amy asked, framing her massive breasts with her hands. “Besides,” Amy said as she looked down, “they might do boob enlargements, but they don’t do nipple enlargements. Who’d want these?”

Robin’s eyes were drawn immediately and uncomfortably to Amy’s huge nipples and dark, puffy areola. “They don’t hurt or anything, do they?”

“No, but they’re really heavy and awkward. Until you’re used to them they feel really weird.” Amy said, then reconsidered, “Well really, even after that they still feel pretty weird.”

“Don’t take this the wrong way,” Amy began, but thank God I don’t have to deal with those things!”

“Yeah...” Amy said sadly, “Did you see who tied you up?”

“No. I was with my parents heading for that big museum when something happened and I woke up here all tied up,” Robin said, her face now looking very pale. “Who were they and what did they do to me? I feel like total crap,” she added, lying back on the bed.

Amy yawned, “I don’t feel so great myself. Why don’t you try to get some sleep,” Amy suggested as she pushed herself to her feet, Robin’s eyes unintentionally drawn to Amy’s boobs as they swayed and bounced with her movement before she rolled over and closed her eyes. “The way I feel it doesn’t take a lot to convince me,” she yawned.

Amy left the nearly empty bedroom and pulled the door closed behind her. She crossed the room and sat down on the bed she’d been sleeping in earlier and turned to the Michelle. “Are you sure?” she asked.

“She was slimed when I found her,” Michelle said, no longer bothering to try to cover her breasts

“Yeah, but are you sure it’s the bad slime?” Amy asked.

Michelle tossed her wadded up blouse to Amy, who caught it instinctively. As tired as she was it still only took her a few moments to realize Michelle had used the top to wipe off Robin's forehead and breasts and allowed it to fall to the floor. "Are you nuts!?" Amy asked. "Like I need to get any more of that crap on me!"

"I didn't think it could still do anything to you," Michelle said.

"I don't think so either," Amy admitted, "But I'm not gonna risk it to look at your dirty top."

Michelle nodded, "Speaking of... I'm gonna go look for a top or something." She pushed herself to her feet and headed for the rest of the suite.

"Good luck," Mandy said, "I don't think Yvette or Hilda or that Nazi bitch or whatever is gonna have anything in your size... and she hated baggy stuff."

"Well, I gotta put something on so we can go after her," Michelle said. "I'm gonna call the concierge and see if he can get me something."

"I think the ship has pretty much sailed on the big chase scene," Amy said.

"What do you mean?" Michelle said.

"Well, we can't leave Robin here alone or Hilda could double back and take her, and Kari and I are barely awake," Amy explained, "Besides, with a ten minute head start she could be anywhere from the room next door to halfway across town. I'm pretty sure that was her plan with Robin anyway."

"Yeah," Mandy said, "Tie up Robin as insurance..."

"And if we got too close, BAM! Turn her into a milk doll so we'd stop and take care of her."

"How'd she know we'd stop?" Michelle asked.

"Okay, lets leave her and go get Hilda," Amy said.

"But we can't do that!" Michelle replied.

"See?" Amy said, exhausted. "Listen, once Robin wakes up she's gonna need to someone to talk to. Probably me or Kari and we've both been up for like twenty-four hours straight. We gotta get some sleep before we have to talk to her."

"Sorry, I guess with the supernatural batteries we weren't thinking about how tired you two must be," Mandy said.

"No way, really?" Amy said and yawned before climbing on top of the bed, fully clothed and collapsed.

"Good night you two," Candy said as she headed out of the bedroom behind Mandy and Michelle. She turned out the lights and pulled the door closed behind her.

Some time later Robin awoke with a start, unsure at first where she was. She looked around, quickly taking stock and realizing just where she'd wound up. She still didn't feel right. She felt frigid, even in the late summer weather, her forehead was hot and sweaty, her hands cool and clammy. Robin pulled at the sheets on the bed, wrapping the top layer around her as she pushed herself to her feet, feeling slightly off balance as she made her way to the other door to the room, the one that led to the hallway. She turned the handle and the door unlocked and opened in one twist. It only took her a few moments to find the bathroom and flick on the light. For a moment she actually thought to herself, *Who's that poor sick girl*, before she

realized that the sick girl wrapped in the sheet was just her reflection in the large mirror over the sink.

Shivering, Robin reached over and began running hot water into the Jacuzzi. The large tub filled surprisingly quickly and Robin began ditching her clothes, remaining wrapped in her blanket for warmth until she could get into the tub. Once the tub was halfway full she was shivering so much that she decided she would sit in the hot tub while it continued to fill. Robin unwrapped herself from the sheets she'd twisted around her body and allowed them to drop to the floor at her feet. She bent forward to test the water. She frowned as her fingers got within a few inches of the water. She paused and began to straighten up before she bent over again. She felt the same unfamiliar sensation of weight in motion as the first time. Curious she stood up and turned back toward the door. She was about to bend over and pick up her sheets when she caught a glimpse of herself in the mirror and, after double-checking what she saw, she screamed.

Mandy, Candy and Michelle sat on the terrace, sipping glasses of wine, a large tray of pastries, cheese and crackers on the table between them, looking out over the city, the Eiffel Tower in the distance. "When do you think it's safe to go asking around the museum without having a hundred guys pointing guns at us?" Candy asked.

"Come on, we've only had four guns pointed at us the first time, then like fifty the second time," Mandy replied.

"Yeah, so five, fifty... five hundred would be next right?" Candy replied.

"I'm thinking tomorrow," Michelle said. "Maybe check with the visitor center or the research department. Maybe they have copies or something we can..."

Michelle was cut off by a scream from deep in the suite. The girls looked from one to the other before they all pushed themselves to their feet and waddled back to Amy and Kari's room. Michelle peeked in and saw Amy and Kari, asleep in their beds. "Hey," Mandy said from one door down the hall, "Robin's gone. Her room is empty and the door is unlocked."

"So where is she?" Candy asked before she remembered the fourth door no one had tried and turned the knob. "Bathroom," she said, looking into the steamy, tiled room. "You okay?" Candy shouted into the bathroom.

Robin's head poked out from around the end of the shower curtain, "Uh, yeah... fine.. no problem here, everything's okay," she said nervously.

"You look like crap," Candy said.

"Yeah? Well... you look fat," Robin replied.

Candy stared at her a moment before she pulled the door closed.

"Is she okay?" Michelle asked.

"I doubt it," Candy replied, "She's hiding in the bathtub."

"Yeah, cause when strangers come into the bathroom when I'm in the tub," Mandy began, "I just jump right out there and do a little dance."

"It's been hours since she got slimed," Michelle said, "If she's anything like I was... she must be noticing something by now."

Robin watched the bathroom door close and waited a moment until she was sure it wasn't simply going to open again with another of those unbelievably pregnant girls or worse yet, one of those girls with the boobs that could be used as a flotation device. When she was sure she wasn't about to have more company she ducked back behind the shower curtain and went back to what she'd been doing before she'd been interrupted.

Robin reached up and cupped her left breast with her right hand, weighing it, sliding her hand into the undercleavage that hasn't been there only hours ago. She looked down at the full swell of her breasts. It wasn't that she didn't want larger breasts. Ever since she's been twelve she'd dreamed of becoming a woman and when she'd stopped developing at a b-cup, and a small b-cup at that, she had to admit she was disappointed. She supposed she should be happy, finally getting now what she'd been so anxious to get just a few years before, but under the circumstances she couldn't help but worry.

Robin supposed that in the grand scheme of things going from a b to a d-cup wasn't that big a deal, but in the wide world of Robin, it was a gigantic deal. She found herself stroking the lower curve of her breast with her fingertips, marveling at the added sensitivity she'd acquired along with the two new cup sizes. *Well, none of my cute bras are going to fit me*, she thought as she absentmindedly ran her thumb over her nipple, *and my silk blouses are out, but I should be able to do something with all my knit tops and tanks...* She reached up with her left hand and reached across her right arm and began stroking her right breast as she leaned back, thinking about her wardrobe... and trying to push the nagging feeling of dread from the back of her mind.

An hour later Robin crept from the bathroom, dressed in her jeans with both a towel wrapped around her upper body and an soft, fluffy terrycloth robe over that. She peeked into the hallway before she made the dash across the hallway and then backed into the room she'd been sleeping in earlier, pushing the door closed silently before she turned around. Amy was sitting on the edge of Robin's bed, her massive breasts balanced precariously on her narrow lap.

"Hey, what are you doing here?" Robin asked as she wrapped her arms around herself, as if giving herself a hug.

"It's started," Amy said quietly, "Hasn't it?"

"What?" Robin said, as she walked toward the door leading to the other bedroom. "Didn't that girl... the big one?" Robin asked.

"Michelle," Amy suggested,

"Yeah, didn't she say something about getting some tops? Mine's totally wrecked," Robin said, absolutely ignoring Amy's question as she bent over and picked up the shredded remnants of her top and bra from the floor.

Amy rolled her eyes and pushed herself to her feet, noticing that now Robin was doing her best to make it appear she wasn't looking at Amy's breasts as she got up, unlike earlier when she'd stared unabashedly. "Let me go check on that," Amy said and headed toward the door leading into the hallway, passing inches from Robin, the outer curve of Amy's breast brushing against Robin's arm as they passed. Amy walked out through the doorway then turned, "But if you need someone to talk

to, just stop by. I'll be around." Robin gave her an odd look as Amy reached for the door and pulled it shut behind her.

As soon as the door closed Robin frantically pulled at the belt of her robe and threw the robe off her shoulders. She quickly unwrapped the towel she had wrapped around her torso, revealing her breasts. Without hesitation her hands leaped to her now f-cup breasts, and the discomfort and awkwardness in her expression dissipated as soon as her fingers touched the delicate flesh of her breasts. She seemed to be trying to minimize the contact, making it more like a cautious exploration than simply fun breast play. Still, she couldn't ignore the changes in her breasts although she was doing her best, steadfastly refusing to look at them or even do more than the minimum that made her discomfort fade away, barely touching the soft flesh with her fingertips.

Robin released her breasts for a moment, undid the button and unzipped her jeans. She grabbed the waistband and pushed her jeans down as hard as she could, but like when she'd put them on moments before they were so tight though her hips that they would barely budge. After a minute or so of fighting with her jeans, the expression on her face growing more and more uncomfortable until she finally took one of her hands away from the jeans fight, returning it to her breast for a moment before she swapped her hands. Even switching off that way it only took a few minutes for Robin to kick off her jeans and wrap herself in her bathrobe before she sat on the edge of the bed before she reached inside her robe and began rubbing her breast again.

"How's Robin doing?" Michelle asked as Amy returned to the terrace from her nap.

"Last time I checked she was okay, I guess," Amy began, "It's hard to be sure. She's started getting bigger. She can't hide that even with layers of terrycloth. But that was like three hours ago. I'm just gonna let her sleep"

"How big is she," Mandy asked lecherously before Candy hit her in the face with a pillow.

"Chill out!" Candy said.

"Sorry," Mandy said, lowering her head. Their conversation was interrupted as a pleasant chime sounded throughout the room.

"Must be the concierge with my tops," the still topless Michelle said, forcing herself unsteadily to her feet, her breasts sliding heavily across her belly as she got herself upright, her fourth glass of wine swinging around wildly in her hand.

"Wouldn't you rather I answer it," Mandy said cautiously.

"No, I got it," Michelle smiled broadly, her cheeks flushed. She waddled across the terrace, through the sitting room and threw the door open, staring hungrily into the eyes of the young male hotel employee at the door.

"Hi," Michelle said as she rested her hand on the doorjamb and licked her lips.

"American?" The man asked.

"Why don't you come in and give me a hand," Michelle smiled, "Help me get my new top on..."

“No speak English,” the man said smiling slightly and shrugging, even as his eyes gravitated from her face to her massive belly, then back up to her swollen breasts.

Michelle looked momentarily unhappy before she smiled again, “Please,” she said, her voice growing deeper and more melodic, “Come in here and make love to me all day and night.”

The young man blinked, then stared at Michelle, a confused expression on his face. “No English. Many sorry,” he said and shoved a box into Michelle’s hand and literally ran down the hallway. Some thirty feet away he hit the elevator call button and when the doors didn’t immediately open he looked back. Seeing Michelle watching him his eyes widened and he ducked into the stairwell.

“What the fuck!” Michelle said and slammed the door before she turned and waddled back into the room, her wine glass swinging wildly as she headed back for the terrace.

“Maybe,” Mandy said, as she plucked the glass from Michelle’s hand, “They need to understand what you’re saying for you to hypno-voice them.”

“And I don’t know about you,” Candy continued, “but I’m thinking hypno-voicing people into having sex with you? Not so good.”

Michelle made an exaggerated show of rolling her eyes, “But I’m horny!” Michelle whined.

“Well, give Kari a few hours sleep and I’m sure she’ll be good to go. You two never had a problem before.” Candy said.

“You’re both lucky,” Mandy replied looking from Michelle to Candy and then back. “You have your little friends here. Once they’re rested up you’re good to go. I’m here alone.”

“Well, give it twelve hours,” Michelle giggled, “then you’ll have a new milk doll of your own.”

“That is so wrong,” Mandy and Candy said simultaneously.

“Uh, hello? I’m right here,” Amy chimed in from the arch leading to the bedrooms.

Michelle’s eyes grew wide as she turned to look at Amy’s unhappy face, “Uh, I didn’t... I was just kidding,” Michelle blurted.

“Sure, whatever.” Amy said as she padded across the room. “Are those the new tops you said you were getting?”

“Uh, yeah,” Michelle said, handing the box to Amy, eager to change the subject despite being more than a little tipsy.

“What the hell is this?” Amy said, pulling the sheer, stretchy tube-top out of the box, followed by its twin.

“My new tops,” Michelle said, “I decided to take Yvette’s advice and try something different.

“Okay,” Amy said, obviously peeved, “So maybe the next time, before you take the advice of some Nazi bitch who’s trying to do God knows what you might want to think about what Robin will say when I hand her this.... Thing.” Amy held up the thin stretchy tube of fabric. “Hell, I wouldn’t even wear this thing and I’ve had these damn boobs for ten years.”

“Oh come on,” Michelle said, “You can’t tell me you’re still embarrassed after all this time. I’ve only been like this for like a year and I’m mostly over that.”

“Yeah, well I’d like to see how embarrassed you’d be if your nipples showed through everything you wore and everyone stared at them all the time,” Amy growled and headed back toward her bedroom, one of the clingy tops in hand. Moments later the girls heard a door slam, followed moments later by a door opening then a second slam.

Robin awoke in her room, face down on her bed, still wearing the bathrobe and panties she’d fallen asleep in, feeling not just sick, but also uncomfortable, her breasts pressed a bit too firmly against the mattress, the tip of her nose bent over slightly, pressed firmly into her pillow. She yawned, feeling the stickiness of her mouth as she lifted her head, squinted and looked around the room before letting her head fall back into the pillow. Moments later she gave up on the whole concept of sleep and braced her hands on either side of her body and pushed herself up. She managed to clear the bed for a few moments, her breasts swaying heavily back and forth, brushing against the sheets, before she collapsed back onto the bed.

Confused, Robin moved her hands lower, and pushed again, this time forcing herself upright. Her breasts swayed as she got herself upright before they slapped against her chest with the sudden movement. Still not quite awake, her eyes mostly closed, Robin was confused by the unfamiliar sensations but dismissed them as she stood up, already moving to re-wrap her robe around her, tying the belt around her waist, wondering silently what her arms were brushing against. She began to pad toward the hall door before she paused, the huge weight on her chest and her curiosity overcoming her sleepiness, and looked down, her eyes focusing on her cavernous cleavage.

Robin’s mouth fell open and she reached up to cover her mouth with her hand, but her arm bumped into the outcropping of her breasts. The cobwebs quickly cleared from her mind as she forced herself to look up from the fascinating but deeply frightening view and walked quickly out of her room, through the hallway and into the bathroom, not bothering to try to keep her movements quiet.

She stood there for a several minutes, staring wide-eyed into her reflection, her eyes fixed on the overflowing neckline of her robe. She gripped the counter, white-knuckled, forcing her hands to stay put, away from where they desperately wanted to go. Finally she couldn’t stand it any longer she reached across the wide expanse of her chest, grabbed the lapels of her robe and pulled it open, allowing her breasts to spill out. Until that moment Robin didn’t think she could be any more shocked at what had been going on that day, now she knew better.

Her breasts were, in a word, huge. Each was a bit larger than her head, their massiveness pressing them together, forming a deep valley of cleavage. Once she’d gotten over the shock of their size some of the details began to sink in. The skin of her breasts had taken on a slight sheen as they’d grown, the skin stretching and growing thinner, veins pushing closer to the surface, but her eyes were drawn to her nipples. While her breasts had grown her nipples and areola hadn’t just kept pace, they’d grown even faster, her areola swollen to the size of custard cups, their dark pink skin capped with nipples that had grown to nearly the size of tootsie rolls.

She stared long and hard at her breasts before the overwhelming feeling of sickness began to gnaw at her again and she reached up, brushing hair out of her eyes and wiping the sticky sweat from her forehead before her hand dropped down to her exposed breast. It was only then that Robin realized how bad she looked. Her face was pale and sweaty, her eyes half closed. *I suppose that makes sense, I feel like crap, I guess it makes sense I look like crap too*, she thought.

She turned away from the all-too reflective mirror and sat down on the toilet seat lid, her mind racing, wondering what she was going to do. Then she rocked slightly on the seat, then again, trying to ignore the motion of her breasts as she swayed back and forth. *Something doesn't feel right*, she thought as she rocked back and forth against the soft seat, feeling the plush padding squishing slightly under her weight. She frowned as she wiggled back and forth before her eyes suddenly grew wide. She stood up, her hands going to her breasts to hold them in place as she stood and wobbled over to the mirror, amazed by both the size and the weigh of the massive orbs.

The view in the mirror was no better now than it was a few minutes before. In some ways it was worse, forced to watch her fingertips explore the soft flesh of her swollen breasts. She quickly looked away and shortly a puzzled look came to her face. *The toilet seat lid*, she thought, *it's not padded. Then what the...*

She stopped, a horrible thought coming to mind before she tried to brush it away. Unfortunately, it was a persistent thought and after a moment she gave in and slowly turned to face away from the mirror before looking back over her shoulder at her reflection. The thick terrycloth robe hid a great deal to hide a girl's figure, but just as it couldn't hide the full outcropping of her burgeoning bust line it couldn't hope to hide the width and plushness of her hips, hips that were much wider and more plush than they were just a day before. Without even thinking she reached back, resting one hand on each butt cheek before giving a squeeze, feeling the full, firm flesh give under her hands, Shocked, she slid her hands around to her hips and pressed against them, her flesh giving only a tiny bit before her hands were stopped by the firm outcropping of her pelvis.

Robin drew in a deep breath, tears coming to her eyes as she quickly retied her robe and turned around, checking her appearance in the mirror. She shook her head as she saw how the lapels of her robe framed her huge cleavage, as if to show off the deep cleft between her breasts, showing off their size. She untied and retied her robe, but it was no use, the garment simply wasn't cut to contain breasts the size of hers. After the third attempt to retie the robe Robin gave up on the rewrapping and strode out of the bathroom, looking for the girls she'd talked to earlier in her room, as much as she wanted to avoid them.

Robin crept into the sitting room and looked out onto the terrace. The three pregnant girls were there, a large tray of food on the table between them, the biggest pregnant girl, now clad in a stretchy, skin-tight red top drinking from a large wineglass. Robin stood there, watching the pregnant girls silently, trying to get up the nerve to go talk to them when one of the twins noticed her standing there. The twin said something to the other two girls and soon all three were struggling, almost comedically, to their feet. It looked like a scene in a bad comedy, watching the three girls trying to reach around and maneuver past their huge bellies and breasts, but

soon enough all three were up and making their way through the sliding door into the sitting room.

“I feel really sick,” Robin said. “And somethings wrong,” she added as she looked down into her cleavage. “I mean really, really wrong.”

“Maybe you should sit down, you don’t look so good,” Mandy said.

“I don’t want to sit down,” Robin replied, leaning against a sideboard for support. “I’ve been in bed for God knows how long, I’m sick, my parents don’t know where I am and... somethings really wrong with my boobs..”

“I know,” Mandy continued, slowly walking over to Robin as she spoke. “Just sit down and we’ll try to explain what’s happening to you.”

“**I don’t want to sit down!**” Robin exclaimed, slamming her fist on the top of the sideboard, her breasts shaking with the impact. She reached up and steadied her breasts with both hands, stopping the shaking and bouncing.

“Come on, sit,” Mandy said calmly, resisting the urge to hypno-voice the frightened girl. “It’s a long story and you’re gonna want to sit down if only to make your back feel better.”

“How’d y’all know about my back,” Robin asked, leaning back slightly to relieve the pressure from the weight of her breasts.

“Uh, hello,” Michelle said and slapped her belly, “All this is just pulling at our backs all day.” She pressed both hands into the small of her back and stretched, letting out a sigh. “Believe me, we know from back pain.” Michelle chuckled nervously.

“Well, yeah... but you’re pregnant,” Robin said, dismissing her complaints. “If you’d just kept your pants buttoned and your legs together your back wouldn’t be hurting.”

“Yeah,” Candy said impatiently, “Maybe you better know what you’re talking about before you go calling us sluts. We’re not pregnant, not really. Like my sister said, it’s a long story. So do you want to have a seat so we can tell it or do you want to stand there insulting us.”

A blush came to Robin’s cheeks as she realized how rude she’d been, “Sorry,” she said, sinking into one of the chairs. “I just feel like crap. I want to go home.”

“I know,” Mandy nodded. “Just let me tell you what’s going on.”

## CHAPTER 24

I AM BECOME MILK DOLL, FEEDER OF WORLDS

“You’ve got to be kidding,” Robin said, still sitting in the Louis the XVth chair in the sitting room at the hotel, now a half hour into the story of the Mother’s of the Apocalypse, her hands gripping the arms of the chair as if her life depended on it.

“No, it’s the truth,” Mandy said.

“Yeah right. A bunch of teenagers, pregnant with angels and demons have been walking around the world, with superpowers, since the beginning of time and somehow y’all have kept this big secret from everyone. Ooogy Boogy Woogy” she said, making jazz hands in the air.

“I can prove it to you,” Michelle said, “if you want me to.”

“You can prove you’re immortal supernatural girls with magical powers,” Robin smirked. “Sure, that I’d like to see.”

“Fine,” Michelle said and picked up her wineglass and emptied it with one gulp. “Watch this,” she said. Michelle grabbed the glass by the bottom of its base and stared at it. Slowly a white glow filled the glass, shining as if a flashlight had been pressed to the bottom of the glass, not her hand. Moments later the glass began to distort, sagging under its own weight as the glass melted like plastic, collapsing into a crumpled ball in the palm of her hand.

“Neat trick,” Robin said, unimpressed, “What is it, some special plastic...” Robin stopped speaking as Michelle tossed the still hot melted glass to her, She caught it in both hands and juggled it a moment, the heat threatening to burn her.

“Feel like some special plastic glass to you?” Michelle asked.

“Its some magic trick, a really cool one, but still just a trick,” Robin said dismissively as she held the remnant of the glass in her hands, allowing her forearms to rest on her breasts. No one noticed as she rubbed her arms back and forth slightly over them, but they did notice as the look of discomfort and stress faded from her face.

“Listen, you want proof,” Michelle said. “Fine. I’ll give you proof.”

“Michelle,” Mandy said cautiously.

“It’s okay, she gave me permission,” Michelle said. “Didn’t you Robin.”

“Whatever,” Robin replied.

“Whatever I do or say, don’t follow any of my instructions or answer any of my questions. Is that clear?” Michelle asked.

Robin just stared at her.

“Do you get it?” Michelle asked, not sure why Robin was hesitating.

“You said not to answer your questions,” Robin smiled thinly.

“Fine. Stand up,” Michelle said, her voice taking a deeper resonance.

“If I wasn’t gonna answer a question,” Robin began as she got to her feet, “What makes you think I’m gonna stand... Shit!”

“Turn around,” Michelle said, her voice resonating.

“Hey! Stop it,” Robin said, turning in place, obviously a bit off balance from the weight of her new endowments.

“Do some jumping jacks, say ten,” Michelle said, leering slightly as Robin began jumping up in the air, clapping her hands together over her head as she spread her legs before slapping her legs together and her hands against her thighs. “Wha..” Robin said terrified. “Make it stop!” she screamed as her bathrobe began to come undone.

“**That’s enough,**” Mandy and Candy said together, obviously angry.

Michelle looked over to them and then to the leaping girl in front of her before her eyes grew wide. “Stop,” she said and Robin came to a halt in front of her chair.

“Oh my God!” she said, clutching her oversized breasts in her hands to stop their motion, “You really do have magical powers.”

“Well, not magic exactly,” Mandy began before Robin interrupted her.

“Oh my God... that explains it,” she said, her mouth falling open, “feeing sick, my boobs getting huge, my butt and hips getting fat... You turned me into one of you!”

“We did not!” Michelle said. “They’d already done this to you when we found you. Besides, you’re not turning into one of us.”

Robin looked up at Michelle, tears in her eyes, “I’m not?”

“No,” Candy replied. “You’re not.”

“Then why are my boobs growing and why’s my butt getting bigger?” Robin asked.

“I don’t know about your butt,” Michelle said noticing finally that Robin was groping her own boobs, “I never heard of that before, except with Mandy, and that’s a special case.”

“Shut up,” Mandy told Michelle.

“But your boobs... we know what’s causing that,” Candy continued.

“What???” Robin asked blushing as she realized Michelle had noticed her fondling her own breasts, but not so embarrassed she could bring herself to stop.

“You’re not turning into one of them,” Amy said from the arch leading to the bedroom hallway, “You’re turning into one of us.”

Robin’s head swiveled to look at Amy, more directly, at Amy’s huge, waist-height breasts and the mound of nipple and areola visible on each through the thin fabric of her t-shirt.

“No. Way.” Robin replied. “That’s so not happening’.”

“It’s already happened.” Amy explained as she walked to Robin’s side, “All that’s left is to see how bad you get and help you learn to cope after.”

“No!” Robin exclaimed and pushed herself to her feet, not bothering to try to steady her huge breasts before she turned to head for the bedroom she’d been using. Then Amy stepped in front of her, grabbing Robin’s upper arms with her hands.

“Yes,” Amy said. “I hate to be so blunt... I know it seems cruel, but we’re following some immortal Nazi bitches with some evil scheme and we don’t have the time to take this as slow as we really should.”

“I’m not turning into you,” Robin said, as if trying to convince herself.

“Sweetie,” Amy said gently, “Have you looked down recently.”

Robin began to look down before she jerked her head up and with a scowl tried to wrench herself free from Amy’s grip. Soon she’d gotten one arm free, then

the other, but Amy just used the opportunity to grab Robin by the waist. Seeing she was getting nowhere Robin began to pound her fists against Amy's shoulders and upper chest, sobbing as she continued the attack. Soon the pounding grew weaker and weaker as her sobbing grew stronger and Amy pulled Robin in tight against her, until there was no room to fight, even if Robin had wanted to, but all Robin wanted to do was cry. Amy led her slowly down the hallway into the nearly empty bedroom and closed the door behind them.

"This is really happening," Robin said as she walked to the bed, her breasts quaking with every step.

"Uh," Amy began as Robin reached up to steady her breasts, "You're gonna want to learn to walk like I do. It really helps with the shaking and swaying."

"I have to learn to walk different?" Robin said exasperated.

"No," Amy said carefully, "You'll just be more comfortable if you do."

Robin looked at Amy, obviously wanting to ask a question, but just as obviously afraid to do so. "What is it?" Amy asked.

"Nothing," Robin replied, her hands still cupping her breasts, even through her bathrobe.

"Bull. What is it?" Amy said, a bit more sternly, but like a stern older sister rather than a taskmaster.

"I have a question but I'm afraid to hear the answer," Robin said.

"Yeah," Amy replied, "I can imagine, but remember, whenever you're ready to ask, I'm ready to answer."

"This is just so weird," Robin fidgeted, "I still don't really believe this is real."

"Yeah," Amy said as she crossed the room and sat at the foot of Robin's bed, "but somewhere in the back of your mind, you kinda do, don't you?"

Robin considered for a moment, but didn't answer. "Am I gonna get as big as you?" she asked, eyeing Amy's lap filling boobs.

Amy smiled, trying to reassure Robin, but she was having none of it. It was as if Robin knew instantly where Amy was heading, "I don't know. They slimed you good."

"Slimed?" Robin replied, grimacing.

"Yeah," Amy replied, "It's what we call it when they turn a girl into a milk doll, they smear this stuff..."

Robin interrupted her, "Milk doll? I don't like the sound of that."

"Yeah... let's cross that bridge later," Amy said. "So they smear this brown stuff on you that makes you... into this," she said looking down at her massive rack. "Anyway," Amy continued, "the more they use the bigger you get and the more..." Amy paused. "Anyway..."

"Yeah," Robin said. "How long is this gonna go on? I'm going nuts here."

"Well..." Amy began, "It usually takes like twelve hours-ish. I don't know how you're still awake though. Every girl I know that's had this happen to them... they all slept through most of it."

"There was a noise or something, it woke me up." Robin replied.

“Well, maybe you should try to get some rest, sleep through the worst of it,” Amy suggested.

“You’re kidding right?” Robin asked. “I’ll never be able to get to sleep now... I’d be afraid of what I’d find when I wake up.”

“I know, but you’re exhausted. Growing these damn things really sucks the life out of you,” Amy explained, “When your head hits the pillow you’ll be out.”

“Maybe, but I’m afraid to go to sleep.” Robin replied.

Amy forced a yawn, “I understand, but you need to get some rest.”

Robin yawned, “Maybe, but I’m scared,”

Amy patted the bed and Robin came over and sat down next to Amy. “I know you’re scared. But I’ve been where you are and I know it doesn’t seem like it now, but there’s a light at the end of the tunnel. Whatever happens, I’ll be here to help you.”

Robin smiled and reached out, giving Amy a hug, pulling her close. At first she loosened her grip as their breasts began to press against each other, but in moments her need for friendship outweighed her modesty and discomfort and she pulled Amy close, her breasts pushed up and over Amy’s as they embraced, both girls crying softly.

“How is she?” Michelle asked as Amy came quietly into the sitting room.

“What the hell was that all about? Jumping jacks?” Amy said incredulously.

“She wouldn’t believe us when we told her about Mothers of the Apocalypse.” Michelle explained, “I tried to prove it to her, but she wouldn’t buy it. So I asked her if it was okay to make her do stuff and she said yes.”

“But she didn’t believe you could do it!” Amy said. “I swear, the more I deal with you the more I realize... good, evil... you’re all the same.” Amy shook her head and turned before she padded out of the sitting room.

Mandy looked over at Michelle, “Good job,” she said coolly and grabbed a canapé from the tray.

Several hours later Robin rolled over in her sleep, rather, she tried to turn over, but the massive weight of her chest pinned her to the bed. She twisted in bed, half asleep, as if she’d become wrapped up in the sheets as she slept. It was only as she began wake up that she remembered her circumstances and came fully awake and tried to sit up. Unable to do so, Robin threw the sheets aside and began to kick her legs over the edge of the bed. That was when she saw them... and they were gigantic.

Her breasts had grown again, now like elongated basketballs, their weight threatening to keep her pinned to the bed. Robin swallowed hard and pulled her knees under her then forced herself up, off the bed. She sat there a moment, squatting on the bed, trying to catch her breath as she stared, taking stock of how massive her breasts had become. Without even thinking her hands went straight for them, grabbing the soft, pliant orbs from either side, her fingertips digging in, massaging her breasts.

Robin carefully slid her legs off the bed, one foot hitting the floor and then the other before she pushed up, getting not very steadily to her feet. She stood there,

swaying back and forth, her breasts pulling her forward. With great effort she pulled her hands from her breasts and pressed them into the small of her back. She leaned back, pulling herself upright and a bit more before her breasts began to sway, forcing her hands back to either side of her massive boobs.

She looked down wide-eyed at the massive breasts she now sported, the cleavage sucking her eyes in like a black hole. "Fuck me," she said, not sure if she'd said it aloud or just in her head. She turned far faster than she should have, her breasts swinging in the opposite direction, almost dragging her to the floor before she recovered and began walking to the door. *Why the hell didn't I get Amy to explain that special walking thing*, Robin thought, her breasts bouncing and shimmying more with every step. When she reached the bedroom door she paused, pressing herself against the closed door until her breasts stopped bouncing around before she sprinted across the hallway, into the bathroom.

"Fuck," Kari said as she looked Robin over, looking over Robin's figure, the untied bathrobe she wore not doing a thing to hide their massive size. In fact, Robin's oversized nipples were holding the lapels of her bathrobe open. "You are so screwed," Kari continued. She paused for a moment before she realized something. "I'm gonna go get Amy," Kari said, her eyes glued to Robin's breasts.

"Hold on," Robin said, close to tears, "Tell her I'm up... but... I need a few minutes."

"Yeah," Kari nodded, "if anyone understands, I do." Kari slid past Robin, her breasts dragging across Robin's back and then she was into the hallway and gone. Robin considered a moment before she shook the robe from her shoulders, only taking her hands away from her breasts long enough to get her hands out of the sleeves. Seeing herself in reflection was even more startling than the view from above. Her breasts were huge and round, very close to the size of Amy's. *At least they're a little smaller than Amy's*, Robin thought, looking at her nipples, *but not by much*, she frowned. Robin's areola had gone a dark pinkish-brown, having grown to puffy hemispheres nearly the size of half a cantaloupe, capped with huge fleshy nipples the size of saltshakers.

Hesitantly her hands snuck forward over her breasts, marveling as she did so at both their size and texture, her fingertips crossed over the smooth, delicate skin of her areola then continued on as that skin became thicker and more elastic where her nipple erupted from her areola. They were firm and elastic, she realized as she squeezed them gently, erotic feelings flowing much more easily from them than when they were normal sized. As she ran her fingers along them she drew in a deep breath, her eyelids fluttering closed. She took a step forward to lean against the vanity and felt something strange. She stepped back again and then stepped forward, feeling her hips sway heavily from side to side, her bottom bouncing with each step.

Confused, Robin drew her eyes, although not her hands, away from her breasts and turned around slowly, careful not to send her breasts on a wild ride in the opposite direction. She paused a moment, almost sure of what she'd see before she turned her head and looked over her shoulder. She wasn't disappointed. Her hips, butt and thighs had grown, but not only that, it was as if her hindquarters had been blown up with fat. Her butt cheeks were full and round, swelling out high and proud from the small of her back. Her hips were wide enough to complement her butt, but

more so, they emphasized it, making her rear look even bigger than it would otherwise, although even without the visual enhancement her hips must have been more than forty inches around. Her thighs, while starting out quite slim at her knees were massive by the time they met her bottom, their flesh firm and smooth, unblemished by cellulite, rubbing together in the middle due to their enormous size.

There was a knock at the door. "Robin? It's Amy. Are you all right." Robin looked over at the door, moments from sobbing.

"I... It's.... Help. ...Please... Help me... Please..." Robin said, her voice breaking into sobs.

"It's going to be..." Amy said as she pulled the door open. Then she saw Robin, "Holy shit! What happened to you?"

"You don't know!?!?" Robin bawled.

Amy walked over, shaking her head, "I'm sorry, I didn't mean to... Come here," she said, putting one hand on either of Robin's arms, pulling her in for a hug. Unlike last time though, their nearly equal-sized breasts got between them and although Robin's had quite a bit of give to them, Amy's didn't and they wound up standing there, their faces held inches apart by the massive amount of breast flesh between them. Giving up on the straightforward hug Amy pulled Robin's head to her chest and tipped her head, resting her cheek on Robin's head as she sobbed.

As Robin's crying slowed Amy spoke up, "I'm so sorry I reacted that way... I just wasn't expecting... You see, the only thing the brown slime needs to do to make you into a milk doll is make your boobs huge... anything else is just some sick twisted little fantasy on their part. When they made me and Kari they made us turned on by breasts. When we're together we can't leave each others boobs alone."

"Okay..." Robin said, pulling back a bit, "So you're lesbian?"

"Not really, I don't think so anyway," Amy said, "It's not like that. Its more like someone stuck something in your head that made you love to eat sardines, no matter how much you know, up here..." Amy tapped on her forehead, "that you hate them."

"Yeah," Robin nodded, the tears on her face almost dry.

"Well, it looks like when they made you into a milk doll they added some extra special stuff," Amy said, pronouncing "special" as if it was a dirty word.

"But you can fix it, right?" Robin said desperately.

"I don't even know how they do it to us in the first place," Amy admitted, "much less how to undo it." They stayed together a moment longer before Amy said "Well, lets take a look at you," and gently helped Robin back to her feet.

Amy looked over her new friend's figure, focusing on her breasts, "Damn, these things are about as big as mine," Amy said as she reached out and ran her fingertips over the firm flesh near Robin's areola. "It took mine years to get to this size," Amy said, her voice getting husky as she stepped forward, her breasts rubbing against Robin's.

"Yeah... Uh... personal space? A little?" Robin said and stepped backward, away from Amy's touch.

Amy regained her senses almost instantly, "I'm sorry..." she said, wringing her hands, "every day I curse them for what they've done to me."

“I never thought they’d feel this weird,” Robin said, running her hands across her boobs and nipples then back again.

“If you think this is weird, just wait until...” Amy paused, thinking of something.

“Wait ‘till what?” Robin asked as Amy glanced at her watch. “Oh shit.” Amy said and reached out, “Sorry, but this is necessary,” she said before she placed her palm flat against Robin’s breast and pressed against the soft flesh. “Oh shit! You’re this big and your milk hasn’t even come in yet!”

“**My what hasn’t what yet?!**” Robin yelled incredulously.

“Uh... I guess they didn’t get to that part in the Mother of the Apocalypse explanation,” Amy said.

“What part?!” Robin asked, her expression dead serious, obviously worried.

“The Mothers of the Apocalypse...” Amy began, “They eat and drink like normal people, but... to make their powers work... there’s only one thing that does that. Milk”

“Human milk?” Robin asked.

“Our milk,” Amy supplied.

“No.” Robin chuckled, now tugging at her nipples.

“Uh, First, if you’re worried about your milk coming in I can’t imagine playing with your nipples like that is gonna slow it down,” Amy said, looking down at Robin’s hands as she played with her oversized boobs, and second, way to send mixed messages. With the way I’m put together now it’s hard enough not just sucking the hell out of your boobs,” Amy continued, turning her back and stepping away, “But when you sit there and keep playing with them... Damn. I mean I know they feel good. I have my own but...”

Amy stopped as she saw Robin was crying. “I can’t leave them alone,” she sobbed. “At first I just had to touch them, but the bigger they got... the harder it was to leave them alone.... And now...”

“And now you can’t stop playing with them?” Amy asked.

“Would you play with your boobs in front of a total stranger?!” Robin screeched.

“Oh my God,” Amy said quietly, “I’m so sorry... I never thought... I just thought I had it bad.”

Robin turned away from Amy and tried to gather her thoughts. “So I just get the milk out right?”

“It’s not that simple,” Amy said. “There’s only one way to **get** the milk out. One of the girls out there has to suck it out.”

Robin’s intermittent sobs abruptly stopped and she tuned back to Amy. “No way. You have **got** to be kidding me.”

She looked at Amy’s face for a moment, looking for any sign that Amy was kidding. She didn’t find one.

“Well, fine then,” Robin said, crossing her arms across her chest, trying to look resolute, “No milk for anyone then.” Robin continued, grinding her arms against her breasts.

“That’s not gonna work either. It has to be sucked out, or your boobs grow to hold more... and the bigger you get, the more you make. Plus there’s the whole nipple thing.

Robin seemed to be at the end of her reality lifeline. She dropped heavily onto the toilet seat and waited. “Please, do tell...”

“Well, you must have noticed whenever your boobs get bigger your nipples do too,” Amy explained “That helps make it easier to suck so much milk out... up to a point.”

“That doesn’t sound so good.” Robin said.

“Well, it’s not,” Amy agreed. “After they get too big to suck on there’s no way to get the milk out... so you just make more and more and get bigger and bigger.”

“Shit!” Robin said.

“Chill,” I’ve been doing this for ten years with evil Mothers of the Apocalypse feeding from me and I’ve only reached this size because I couldn’t keep my big trap shut. I haven’t gained an inch since I’ve been with the good guys.”

“Wait... ten years? What, were you like six when they did this to you.” Robin asked sarcastically.

Amy laughed, “No...I’m twenty six. You don’t get any older while you’re a milk doll.”

“Okay... and they’re the good guys? The ones that had me doing jumping jacks in the living room?” Robin complained.

“They’re the good guys, they’re just not all that bright.” Amy conceded. “I already bitched out Michelle about the jumping jacks thing.”

Robin nodded and reached up, wiping the tears and hair out of her eyes before her hand jumped back to her breast. She forced herself unsteadily to her feet, her breasts shaking wildly. “Did you find me a new top?”

“Yeah... I’m gonna try to get you a new skirt too. I don’t want to sound mean, but with that tiny waist and those hips... I don’t think we’re gonna find you anything else that fits.”

Robin was about to protest but she stopped and considered. “Fine, whatever.”

“Big attitude change,” Amy said.

“Well,” Robin replied, looking down at her boobs, “I can’t go home, not like this.”

“Nope,” Amy said, “not unless you like the idea of needing a fork lift to carry you around in a few months.”

Robin closed her eyes and shook her head, “So I guess I better start learning to cope.”

“Yeah,” Amy said sadly. “I just wish you didn’t have to.

“Me too,” Robin replied sadly.

Amy began heading for the door, “I’m just gonna go check on some clothes for you,”

“And I’m gonna go to my room and have a good cry,” Robin replied.

“Yeah,” Amy said and looked at the floor. “And if your milk comes in...”

“Yeah, I’ll call 911,” Robin said sarcastically as she closed the distance between them “Thanks again,” she said, looking deeply into Amy’s eyes.

“No problem, Just remember, whenever you need a friend, I’ll be there. We all will.” Amy smiled.

“Thanks,” Robin said as they both left the bathroom, Amy headed for the terrace, Robin back to her room.

“How’s she doing?” Kari asked as Amy came back out to the terrace. It was nearly nine-thirty and although dark the entire city was aglow with thousands upon thousands of tiny lights.

“Wow,” Amy said as she stepped onto the terrace. “I see why they call it the City of Lights.”

“Wow, quick topic change,” Candy replied from her seat. “So she’s not doing too well.”

“They really screwed her over,” Amy said. “Lots of little fetishy things added in plus the milk doll stuff.”

“Great, just what she needs,” Michelle said.

“Mandy, I think you’re gonna want to go meet her,” Amy said. “Her milk is gonna come in soon and after that you two are gonna have to get really close for the rest of the trip.”

“Yeah,” Mandy said, “You both have your partners here,” Mandy said to Candy and Michelle. “I just hope Bobbi doesn’t kill me when I get home.”

“That shouldn’t be a problem,” Amy said. “I don’t think Robin has the whole lesbo thing going on like we do.”

Mandy drew back, “Uh, that’s gonna be really weird. The whole thing is sexual. Doing it with someone that’s not into it... I don’t know...”

“So what’s the plan for tomorrow?” Amy asked.

“We’re going to the Louvre archives. That’s where the researchers that come here work,” Michelle said. “If anyone knows what was in the stolen documents it’s them.”

Amy nodded.

“How are you doing?” Michelle asked.

“Better than yesterday,” Amy said. “It would be better if I could sleep straight through, but I’ve slept a lot over the last twelve hours. Plus... it’s late, I can go to sleep as soon as it’s over.”

The girls nodded.

“Well, I’m wide awake,” Kari said as she walked over and took Michelle’s hand in her own, “and these babies are getting awfully full,” she said, rocking on her heels, giving her boobs a good bounce.

“A woman’s work is never done,” Michelle smiled as she got up and let Kari lead her toward one of the bedrooms.

“I’m pretty full too,” Amy said leadingly to Candy and gave her breasts a shake.

Candy rolled her eyes, “Fine, fine... I’ll suck your boobs... if I must...” Candy rolled her eyes.

As Candy and Amy crossed the sitting room and headed toward the other set of bedrooms when the door to Robin’s room opened.

“Uh, hello?” Robin said, standing in her doorway, her hands braced on either side of the doorframe, her breasts pulling her upper body halfway over,

“Hey, what’s up? Amy asked and turned toward Robin.

“Well, what’s it feel like when your milk comes in?” Robin asked cautiously.

“Well, your boobs feel really warm, and tense...” Amy began.

“And they get like a hundred times heavier and feel like they’re gonna explode?” Robin asked nervously.

“Uh oh,” Candy said, “Better rip up some sheets and boil some water.”

“Huh?” Robin asked, sweat running down her face.

“Mandy!” Candy called out, “You’re up!” she said and went into the nearest bedroom.

“Hey! Wait a minute,” Robin called out.

“Hold on Robin, you’re gonna be fi...” Amy said before Candy dragged her into the bedroom and slammed the door behind them.

“Uh... help!” Robin said, looking around wildly, her breasts expanding, like slowly filling water balloons. “Please? Anyone?”

“Hold on, I’m coming,” Mandy called out as she waddled slowly across the sitting room and into the hallway by Robin’s room. Robin stood in her doorway, the rapidly increasing weight of her breasts pulling her down to the floor. “What the hell! You’re huge!” Mandy said, shocked.

“Uh.. please,” Robin said, sweat dribbling from her chin as she continued to slide toward the floor, her breasts inching towards the carpet. Finally Mandy reached Robin’s side and helped her to her feet. Robin’s breasts had swollen massively, swelling to a tense firmness with milk, just as the other milk dolls had.

“Damn, these things must weigh sixty pounds,” Mandy said.

“Just get it out!” Robin said.

“Hold on, hold on,” Mandy said, leading Robin back to her bed. “Just sit down and I’ll take care of everything,” she continued, staring greedily at Robin’s nipples. Robin sat down at the head of the bed and Mandy crept up to her, then tapped on Robin’s nipple with her index finger. “I don’t know. That’s pretty damn big... bigger than Amy’s for sure and she’s really big.”

“Just... do... it.. already...” Robin panted, rubbing the sides of her breasts with both hands.

“Okay, but this is gonna take awhile so you’re gonna have to keep up the conversation. My mouth’s gonna be full. So... what the hell happened to your butt anyway? It’s bigger than mine?” Mandy asked before she sucked Robin’s huge nipple into her mouth and began to nurse. At first Robin just seemed relieved, but soon she began to moan quietly... then not so quietly as she ran her fingers through Mandy’s hair.

*Well, maybe they did toss in the lesbian thing too,* Robin thought before her head lolled to the side, her eyes rolling back into her head.

## CHAPTER 25

The next morning Michelle and Candy waddled slowly into the research center at the Louvre. Their reception was similar to, but more muted than, their reception at the hotel the day before. Once they reached the counter everything changed. "Hello," Michelle said. "We've come in from the states to do some research. Who do we have to talk to?"

"Welcome to Paris," the young woman behind the counter said, her eyes darting only briefly down to their massive figures before returning to their faces. "I'll help you get a research assistant, but first I just need you to fill out a few forms so we can help you locate the materials you will need," she said, handing a small folder to Michelle.

"Gee, thanks..." Michelle said as she opened the folder and began paging through the contents, holding it nearly in front of her face to clear her belly and breasts.

"Just bring the forms back here when you're finished," the young woman smiled, glancing at several rows of tables and chairs nearby, rows of banker's lamps illuminating the work surface.

Michelle closed the folder and looked over at the tables. "Okay," she said, her voice dripping with sarcasm, "This is gonna be fun." The girls waddled over to the table and pulled out a pair of chairs. It only took them a moment to sit down, but as soon as they did so it was obvious why Michelle had been so pessimistic.

To clear the arms of the chair Michelle sat in the front quarter of the seat, her thighs spread widely beyond the confines of the chair's arms, pressed apart by her massive belly, itself nearly a foot and a half across. Sitting, her belly sat slightly higher than the height of the desk and extended nearly twenty-one inches in front of her, keeping her at least that far away from the tabletop. Sitting this way, her breasts slid to either side of her belly, their gigantic size almost blocking any forward movement of her arms. She reached up and over her massive front and managed to brush the folder of forms that sat on the table in front of her with her fingertips, but no more.

Candy looked over at Michelle, watching her frustrated attempts to grab the folder before she reached over and placed her hand on Michelle's. "I got it," she said kindly and, using her fingertips, tugged the folder close enough that she could reach out and grab it. She slid the folder to the tabletop in front of her then realized she had problems of her own. While she could reach the forms on the desktop they were printed on a thin, translucent paper, making it hard to read them in the best of situations. Even if that wasn't a problem, the font they had used was small and nearly impossible for Candy to see from her vantage point.

While Candy was nowhere near Michelle's size, she still found herself sitting about a foot back from the edge of the worktable. That left the top of the form she was trying to read a bit more than two feet from her eyes. After several frustrating minutes trying to squint and read the form she finally picked it up and lifted it to her face. "Okay," she said to Michelle, obviously at the end of her rope. "It's bad enough the forms are printed on tissue paper," she said exaggerating, "and bad

enough they used a tiny font and grey ink,” she continued, “but the whole form is in French!”

“Well, you took a year of French,” Michelle said smiling.

“Yeah, so I can tell you that this paper? It’s called ‘papier’ here. It doesn’t mean I can tell you what “Demandeur De Recherches” means!”

A chorus of *shhes* filled the room as people looked at Candy from all directions. She looked around the room, momentarily embarrassed before she seemed to shrink from the attention.

“Good going,” Michelle said, “now we’re two more ugly Americans.”

“Perhaps I can help,” a man at the other side of the table said quietly. He was small, older man in his late sixties if not early seventies, his hair sparse and short, his pointed beard having gone entirely white. He dressed in a sort of casual professionalism the girls recognized from countless movies as the uniform of an eccentric college professor, although the eccentricities of this particular man were a mystery to them.

“Demandeur De Rechaerches,” he began, “means research applicant. Your name.” He smiled before he looked back down at the documents spread out on table in front of him. Then he looked up again, obviously not having been paying attention the first time he looked, his eyes lingering over Michelle’s painted on tube top. “I’m sorry,” he said, “You seem to be having trouble, I would be glad to fill out those documents for you,” he said to Candy.

Candy and Michelle exchanged a look and a shrug before Candy slid the folder as far across the table as she could. The man stood up and reached across the table, between the lamps and pulled the folder to him. He opened the folder and looked the document over. “Your name?” he asked.

“Candice Ryan,” Candy replied.

“It is a pleasure to meet you, I am Professor Jules Renfield,” the man nodded to each of them in turn. For their part, the girls looked to each other, barely containing a smirk, realizing that they had each guessed the man’s occupation already.

“Area of interest?” he said and took a sip from a cup of coffee.

“Military history.” Candy said.

“Really? Usually that is the field of young men... or old men who don’t know any better. Perhaps I can help you more than I thought,” he chuckled quietly.

“Yeah, really...” Michelle said dryly.

Professor Renfield read over the form once then seemed to muse for a moment, “This is more difficult. ‘Identify, with specificity, the documents, artworks, holdings, artifacts and other materials you will need to complete your research,’” he said haltingly, obviously translating as he read. He reached over and took another sip of coffee.

“Any materials pertaining to General Franz Halder and the Halder Archive,” Michelle said.

Professor Renfield immediately began to choke on his coffee, his coughing fit growing louder for a moment before he caught his breath and stopped, resting his hands flat on the tabletop as he caught his breath. “The Halder Archive?” he

repeated, loudly and incredulously. “Impossible,” he said in an aristocratic English accent as the people in the room turned to stare at the professor.

“Why? What’s the problem?” Candy replied.

“My dear, I have been trying to get access to the archive since before you were born,” he said in a mildly condescending tone, “They would never let anyone see them before and they certainly aren’t going to make an exception for you.”

“No?” Michelle said in mock surprise.

“No, they won’t,” he said, taking a moment to catch Michelle’s tone, “but if you’re here you knew that already.”

“Can you just please help us finish the form?” Candy said. “We’ll take care of the rest.”

“Really,” he said, obviously not believing her, holding her gaze for a moment, as if trying to judge her character. “Fine. Fine. But no need to waste time filling out this form,” he said, shuffling Candy’s folder out of the way. Professor Renfield slid his chair back from the table with a loud screech and placed his satchel on his lap. He thumbed through the contents and moments later pulled out a copy of the form he’d just been filling out for the girls, although this copy was old and yellowed, the lower left corner completely torn away. He dropped the form on the desk and, with a flourish, struck through his name at the top of the form and in beautiful, flowing script wrote in Candy’s name before he slid the form across the table to her.

“Thanks,” she said and carefully slid her chair back from the table, keeping the sound to a minimum. A moment later Michelle had joined her and they both began to waddle slowly back to the information desk when they heard footsteps behind them. They both turned to find Professor Renfield following behind them. They looked at him questioningly.

“Either they’re going to laugh at you when you present the request or simply turn it down,” He explained, “Either way I would like to see what happens and I would very much like my paperwork back.”

The girls nodded for a moment and began to turn back toward the research counter when Professor Renfield began to speak again. “I applaud your ingenuity, but don’t think for a moment it’s going to get you anywhere.”

Michelle and Candy exchanged confused looks before the Professor raised his eyebrows, “You’re little costumes?” he said. “I admit you’ve done a marvelous job with them, but please. This is a historical archive, not some place where children use the sympathy of adults to get what they want. Besides,” the Professor said, “You couldn’t just do a good job with the outfits. You had to overdo, making yourselves look so ridiculous that no one would ever believe your appearance.”

The girls slowly turned back to the doctor, Michelle with one eyebrow raised, “Yeah, listen **Jules**, I’m not looking for sympathy and I’m not wearing a costume. You can either deal with me or get lost. Either way, I’m good.”

Professor Renfield looked momentarily stunned before he reached into his inner coat pocket and pulled out a pair of glasses, he flicked the frames open and put them on before looking over at Michelle. Obviously Professor Renfield was not possessed of the best vision, for as he looked upon Michelle through his glasses his eyes grew wide, even more so as Michelle grabbed the hem of her stretchy thin tube

top and pulled it upwards, uncovering her obviously very real, very gravid belly. The professor's face turned bright red for a moment before his face went very pale. "My apologies," he muttered and looked down at the floor.

Michelle looked at the professor and sighed before she took the rolled up fabric of her top and tucked it under her breasts, leaving her belly exposed. Only then did they turn and waddle over to the research desk, Professor Renfield following close behind.

"Hello," the young girl at the counter said and leaned over the counter to take the form Candy held out to her. She frowned as she looked at the form, then looked at the three of them, then back to the form. "One moment," she said and walked quickly away into an office behind the counter. A few minutes later a stern, much older woman came to the counter, the young woman they'd spoken with earlier waiting nervously at the office door.

"This is yours?" the old woman asked, tossing Michelle's request form on the counter. Before Michelle could even answer the woman began speaking. "You must know these documents were just stolen yesterday," the woman said.

"What!" Professor Renfield demanded.

"Yes, but we just want to see what the documents say. You must have backups or copies or whatever," Candy replied.

"Of course we do," the old woman spat, "The question is, why do you need to see them?"

"Research," Michelle said innocently.

"Girl, this is a research center," the old woman said loudly, losing her patience. "You see that man there?" she said, pointing to a patron. "He's doing research. You see those four people over there?" she said and pointed to another group huddled over three large boxes filled with cloth fragments. "They are also doing research. Everyone here is doing research. What makes this research of yours special? What kind of research are you doing?"

"Historical research," Michelle said just as a wide grin broke across her face.

"Bah!" the old woman said and walked away.

Professor Renfield had seen it all before. The research director was many things, but a patient woman she was not. He turned to walk away but stopped as he heard Michelle say "Wait."

From experience he knew things were about to get interesting so when he turned back and found the research director simply standing there, looking at the larger of the two pregnant girls and not giving her an overzealous tongue lashing, he knew something was wrong.

"All we would like," Michelle explained, "is to see a copy of the Halder archive documents."

"They're classified by NATO. I cannot release them without permission," she said shortly.

"But we have permission," Candy said as she picked up a flier off the desk. "See, " she said, holding out the bright orange flier describing the research center's hours of operation. "All the permission you need." The research director walked

over and snatched the colorful flier from Candy's hand and looked at it for a long minute.

"This is all highly irregular," she scowled as Renfield looked on incredulously.

"I know," Michelle smiled, "and you're cooperation is greatly appreciated. How soon can the documents be ready?"

The research director shook the flier at Michelle. "This gives you permission, not priority. The archive is mostly large format documents, it will take many hours just to make duplicates." the old woman spat.

"So... late this afternoon?" Candy asked.

"Early evening. No sooner," the woman spat before she turned on her heel and strode back into her office.

"Good Job," Michelle said.

"Glad it worked," Candy replied, "Sometimes a light touch is all you need."

"What just happened here?" the professor asked, thoroughly confused.

"Don't worry about it Professor, Thanks!" Michelle said as she turned toward the exit. "Want to take a look around the city?" she asked Candy.

"Sounds good, then we can head back to the hotel for lunch," Candy replied.

"I'm thinking we should probably stay away from the hotel until later," Michelle said. "I don't think Robin is up for visitors yet."

"Wait... what just happened!" the professor continued.

"Thanks again for all your help," Michelle said as they breezed out of the research center, leaving Professor Renfield standing in the center of the room, watching them leave.

"So you think we should give them some space?" Candy asked.

"Yeah," Michelle said slowly. "When Allison made me into a milk doll I was mortified. Everyone was staring at me and I couldn't even stand up straight and they just kept moving and bouncing and oh my God it was horrible."

"Well, you were the one sitting there sucking on your boobs," Candy reminded her, "How could we ignore that, it was like a car wreck."

"That was Lisa's fault, not mine!" Michelle reminded her as they waddled slowly across the plaza.

"How is Lisa doing," Candy asked.

"Great, as long as she's nowhere near Baltimore," Michelle sighed.

"She still feels guilty?" Candy asked.

"She's gotten worse since she found out about you and your sister," Michelle explained, "and the four girls living at my house haven't helped things either."

"You'd think she'd understand since she had to live with the belly of doom," Candy said.

"Oh, she understands. That's the problem. She says whenever she talks to me or thinks about me... about us... all she can think about is how horrible it must be for us and how it should have been her and not me."

"Well, it's not like it would have been just her." Candy said, "We all wound up knocked up one way or another. By now she'd be just one of the crowd."

"Yeah," Michelle said, "Maybe you're right, but that's not how she sees it."

“After we get back maybe we should go visit her,” Candy said.

“I’m thinking that’s a bad idea,” Michelle said. “She’s at this little college up north. By the time we showed up with the whole Mother of the Apocalypse support system we’d cause such a ruckus that she’d never be able to stop answering questions about us.”

“Yeah, I guess your right,” Candy said. “Have you talked to Maria yet? I’m really worried about Juanita.”

“They said they’d call if anything happened, but I haven’t heard a peep yet,” Michelle replied.

“Uh, your cell phone won’t work here. Remember the cell phone places at the airport?” Candy asked.

Michelle’s eyes went unfocused for a moment and glanced upward, remembering the prepaid cell phone kiosks that littered the airport. “Aw crap. I have to call... do we still have Helga’s phone.”

“Hilda’s phone,” Candy corrected.

“Whatever. I might as well run up her cell phone bill. After all, we’re still in Europe on zero dollars a day,” Michelle smiled.

“Yeah, but the phone’s back at the hotel,” Candy reminded her, “and we can’t go back there yet.”

“Sure we can, we’ll just stop by, have Mandy give us the phone and then we’re out of there. We won’t even go inside.” Michelle said, smiling proudly.

## CHAPTER 26

Mary sat naked on the edge of her bed, her amulet on her nightstand, clothes laid out, trying to remain perfectly still as she prepared, physically and mentally, to return to the museum and to Juanita. She wasn't sure which part was giving her more problems.

At first staying with Juanita didn't seem so bad. They talked, they watched TV, they played video games. Then Steve pointed out that while the generator they were using wouldn't have bothered Allison and her crew the exhaust could be enough to kill relatively normal people, like themselves. So the video games and TV went away and music came in. The next day when Maria stopped by Hot Topic before she came downstairs she realized she could hear the music echoing from the huge open room hidden below... so the radio had to go. That left them with board games, puzzle books and conversation. Given Juanita's worsening state, the only option left was conversation... and just talking to Juanita, day in and day out, was slowly beginning to gnaw away at them, whittling away their sanity, piece by piece.

For the moment, Mary had a more pressing concern... literally. A month ago she'd thought whatever fucked up problems she had to endure from her brush with chaos, at least they seemed to have stopped getting worse, the handflowers that June had gifted her with finally putting an end to the last lingering growth. But it hadn't stop, it only moved. Soon after she moved her attentions from her finger-cocks to her breasts and clitoris... they had begun to swell. She'd tried to ignore it, if only to keep her sanity, but she found that her sanity seemed to be taking care of itself.

Now whatever was going on, the growth had moved onto the next level. While her breasts, and more importantly her nipples, had continued to grow at the same steady pace her clit... it was out of control. First it just swelled, then changed shape and then, finally two days ago, pushed out of her body until it took on the obvious and disturbing shape and feeling of a huge, throbbing penis. Worse, it was supernaturally erect, it's incredibly sensitive head pressing firmly against the soft, smooth skin of the underside of her very pregnant looking belly. With every step, every twist, practically any movement at all her belly rubbed against it, the pleasure increasing, slowly but surely making it grow larger and larger, the growth noticeable even only in the last two days since her clit had turned into this horrific rod of demonic meat.

It wasn't that she hadn't tried to minimize or stop the growth. It was just that as well as being disturbing and disgusting, her attempts had also been fruitless. She'd tried wedging something between it and the underside of her belly, covering it, numbing it with an anesthetic, even trying to wrap it in soft cloth, but in the end it simply could not be contained.

Now Mary sat in her bedroom used a small, palm-sized mirror to look down at the larger mirror she'd placed on the floor beneath her belly to get a glimpse of how much worse the problem that she could only feel had become. *Every time I see that damn thing it's bigger*, she thought, tilting the mirror back and forth, trying to steady her hand enough to get a good look. She looked long enough to confirm it was longer and thicker than the day before, then tossed the hand mirror aside.

Mary gave herself the only respite she had from her cock's incessant pressure on the lower curve of her belly. With her feet planted firmly on the floor she leaned back, her back arching until the huge member came away from her belly and she laid there, flat on her back, her breasts sliding up toward her chin. She lay there a moment, finally free of the building pressure and disturbingly pleasurable rubbing and took a deep breath before she raised her right hand to her face giving her finger-cock a once over, trying to resist it's all too obvious charms.

It was thick, far too thick to stick between her swollen, pouty lips and suck on as she had just a couple of months before. Her eyes tracked down along the thick, veiny shaft until it merged into the rest of her hand, continued down through her palm, to her wrist. Her eyes were quickly drawn back to the huge rod's nearly lemon sized head. Even now she felt a deep-seated longing as she looked upon it, remembering how insanely pleasurable it had been, sucking on it, until it had grown too large even for that. That day was the last time she'd let her uncapped finger-cocks anywhere near her face. Until today.

On impulse Mary placed the head of her finger-cock against her lips, first across them, then up and down over their firm, rubbery flesh. She moaned involuntarily, her tongue lapping between her lips. Once her tongue hit the head of her finger-cock it was all over. Instinctively she lifted her hand, lining up her finger-cock with her mouth and pressing inward, the very tip of it's head barely clearing her lips. Somewhere in the back of her mind, the small part not overcome by hormones and demonic energy, she realized something was happening.

A quiet clicking sound came from Mary's jaw as she ran her tongue over the tiny portion of the organ that cleared her lips. Even as she did so she felt the unstoppable need to yawn. She yawned softly, the sound muffled by the huge mass of flesh pressed against her lips. Then she yawned again, this time her mouth opening a bit wider than before. Then she yawned again, and again, and again, each time her mouth opening a little further until finally the huge head of her finger-cock slid easily between the wide-open lips of her mouth but at the moment Mary was far too gone to notice... even as she began pumping her hand in and out of her gaping mouth.

Mary fell forward off the bed, landing on her belly and feet, her butt up in the air, her eyes open, but rolled back in her head, only the whites visible. She bucked like a mechanical bull, her belly acting as a pivot as she reared up and dropped down again, her breasts flopping this way and that, all the while her finger-cock sliding in and out of her mouth with a wet slurping sound. As she bounced up and down on her belly and feet her left hand snaked backwards towards her rear even as her clit-become-cock slammed against her belly and slid along it's surface with every bounce of her torso. Finally her left finger-cock reached its objective and forced itself between her ass cheeks, the soft, rounded flesh parting... but the bull's-eye was far too small for this arrow.

Like her mouth however, this situation seemed to have been prepared for. As she continued shacking and bucking like a wild animal Mary's hips began to creak, a series of small crackling sounds coming from either side of her as her hips began to push out slightly, it took several minutes, but in the end her hips had widened by several inches and her finger-cock slid into the now-available orifice.

She remained there, on the floor, bucking back and forth, up and down, for nearly an hour. Finally the pressure that had been building since she began let loose with a amazing burst of pleasure, pain, semen and growth. Her hands slipped from her mouth and ass, falling to the floor in front of her, leaving her on all fours. As she rested there her breathing slowed, her mouth closing from the gaping maw it had become to a more reasonable size. Finally Mary's head fell forward and her eyes closed. When she raised her head again her eyes were normal... puzzled, but normal.

Mary looked around, unsure of how she wound up on all fours on the floor. She pinched her eyes closed then opened them again and looked around. It only took a moment for her to focus on her finger-cocks... and the fact that each seemed to have grown, both in length and thickness. She sat there a moment, staring at the huge rods of flesh before she pushed herself up, off the floor, almost losing her balance. Once she was on her feet she swayed back and forth, moving her weight from one foot to the other, feeling something different about her stance, perhaps something about her hips, she wasn't sure.

She glanced at the clock and turned to the chest of drawers where her clothes for today were laid out. She paused and looked back at the clock, before she turned and returned to her bed. There she picked her watch off her nightstand and checked the time again. *Fuck me*, Mary thought, *how'd I lose an hour? Dad's gonna be here any minute to take me over to Harborplace*. Mary turned and waddled toward her dresser, pausing for a moment, curious, as she stepped on something wet on the floor before she continued to the dresser and picked up her blouse. "Okay, so what shoes do I have that I don't mind ruining that also go with this top?" she asked her reflection, then frowned and waddled to her nightstand. She grabbed her amulet and put it on before she turned back to the dresser, her appearance returning to its magically disguised state.

## CHAPTER 27

Back at the museum things were getting increasingly desperate as Mary and Bobbi found out when they came to take over for Maria and Debbie.

"We mopped up as best we could," Maria began as they stood at street level, by the fire door.

"What do you mean we?" Debbie replied. "I did all the mopping."

"And I did all the wringing," Maria said, "What's your point?"

"Nothing. Its just you made it sound like you were mopping and you didn't. Debbie said.

"I had to do all the wringing though," Maria said.

"That's just 'cause its magical cum and no one knows what it will do to me," Debbie said victoriously.

"Okay," Maria said, obviously not getting Debbie's point. "Anyway, things are pretty much cleaned up but there's some slippery spots. We... Debbie had to mop up about 4 times in the last 8 hours so just be ready."

"Four times?" Bobbi said. "I only needed to mop up twice last time."

"Yeah..." Maria grimaced, "Things have... progressed."

"Uh, guys... I can hear you... yah know?" Juanita said, her voice echoing though the huge room, sounding much shakier than it had the day before.

The girls all looked at each other, wide eyed as they realized how stupid they'd been. "We'll see you tomorrow!" Debbie yelled down into the room and darted out the door.

"We'll see you later..." Maria said. "We'll be back soon Juanita!" She called out into the darkness.

"I'm not going anywhere!" Juanita called back up.

The girls laughed nervously among themselves before Maria said "See you later," and left them, the fire door closing with a disturbingly final clank.

Mary and Bobbi slowly walked down the long inclined ramp that led down to the floor where Juanita awaited. Mary waddled even more slowly than normal, blaming her slowness on a stubbed toe rather than in the increased pressure from her new equipment as well as the weird, slack feeling in her hips, but soon they'd made it to the bottom.

Juanita stood in the middle of the room, several hundred pounds heavier than she had been just days before. The bloating of her body was now halfway down her calves, her legs forced quite a ways apart, and up under her arms, nearly forming a five-foot wide sphere. She had her hands resting on the back of her head, her fingers laced together as she watched them approach. She was still nude, but the bloating had obliterated any features that she'd be embarrassed to have anyone see. The only remaining marking on her body was her belly button, a large, deep depression in the sphere that now made up most of her body. Steve had brought in large heaters, enabling Juanita to stay warm, even though she was nude and wet.

"Hi," Mary said, setting her grocery bag on the table at the base of the ramp before heading over to Juanita's side. She wasn't sure if it was her imagination or not, but Juanita looked even more pale than she had the day before, her skin slowly

having changed from an olive-brown suntanned look to a pale, white, almost porcelain appearance, an almost zombie-like pallor.

“Hey,” Juanita replied and coughed, clearing her throat.

“What’s up with the hands thing,” Debbie asked, putting her hands on the back of her head the same way Juanita had hers.

“It’s just...” Juanita began before she broke down sobbing, still trying to speak through her sobs.

“It’s okay,” Mary said, “It doesn’t matter.”

“No, it’s okay,” Juanita said, “It’s just hard... You see,” she began and lowered her arms, resting them on the slowly rising upper curve of her bloated body. “It’s just... where ever I’m... big... my skin... it’s like... sticky... I think it’s leaking through...” Juanita lifted her right arm, a sticky spider web of goo reaching from her arm to her body. Mary nodded sadly. Suddenly there was a skittering sound of someone running behind her. Mary carefully turned in time to see Bobbi run for the bathroom, only managing to get the door open before she vomited, gagging for a moment before she threw up again. Mary looked back to Juanita, who just stood there looking at Bobbi, her mouth slightly open.

“It’s okay, I get a lot of that these days,” Juanita said and burped loudly, nearly a quart of semen pouring from her mouth and down her front.

“Uh... I’m gonna go get the mop,” Mary said and quickly got as far away from Juanita as she could.

## CHAPTER 28

Michelle and Candy returned to the Louvre research center at about seven, each with a backpack, just in case there were more papers than either of them had expected. The research center was nearly empty now, only a few college students working at one desk when they arrived. The girls waddled slowly through the dimly lit hall to the reception desk. A young man quickly came to the desk.

“Good evening ladies,” the young man said, “I’m sorry, we’re just about to close for the night. How can I help you?”

“We’re here to pick up a research request.” Candy said and leaned against the counter, staring into his eyes.

“Your name?” he asked.

“Candice Ryan,” she replied.

“Oh... Ryan,” he said, “One moment, I’ll be right back.”

“This is going better than I expected,” Michelle said.

The young man returned a few moments later with a long tube, about three feet long and eight inches thick and sat it on the counter.

“Uh, what’s this?” Candy asked skeptically.

“Plans for constructing buildings,” he said then paused. “Blue prints.”

“I don’t suppose you know how to read blueprints,” Michelle asked Candy.

“No,” Candy replied, “but in France they’re called Modèles”

“You’re so not helping,” Michelle replied and looked back to the desk for the man who’d brought out the roll of blueprints. “Hello? Are you there?”

The young man returned a moment later, three identical blueprint tubes in his arms.

“What are we going to do with all that?” Michelle asked.

“I’m more worried about all that,” Candy said, pointing to the hallway leading off from the research lobby. There two librarians were pushing large carts, the first laden with blueprint tubes, notebooks and video tapes, the second filled with large grey boxes, each the size of a half-sheet cake and a third cart was coming up behind those two.

“Oh crap,” Michelle said, staring at the carts.

Candy shook her head, “Merde”

A few minutes later Mandy crossed the Cour Napoleon, headed for the Louvre, moving as quickly as she could without being conspicuous. Not very fast at all as it turned out. Still, it only took her twenty minutes to get from the hotel to the Louvre and she found the research department without too much trouble.

“Hey,” Mandy said as she waddled slowly down the aisle toward the reception desk where Candy and Michelle still stood. “That’s... ours?” she asked, looking at the three large carts of mailing tubes, boxes and videotapes.

“Yeah,” Michelle said shortly, “Can you read blueprints?”

Mandy just narrowed her eyes. “How are we going to get all this stuff back to the hotel?”

“Push?” Candy asked.

Michelle snickered.

“What’s so funny?” Candy asked, looking from Michelle to Mandy.

“I don’t know if this has come up for you yet, but me? Since the belly from hell I can’t push around a shopping cart, much less something this size.

“Why not, we’re way strong enough,” Candy said, but now Mandy had gotten the point.

“Yeah, why don’t you take the first one,” Mandy said, volunteering Candy.

Candy looked suspiciously from a smiling Mandy to a smiling Michelle before she stepped up and grabbed the first cart with one hand and turned to grab the cart with her other hand. Just as it was almost in reach her belly hit the cart, pushing the far side away from her grasp. She leaned forward to grab the errant cart, her belly pushing it even further away before she let go with her other hand as Mandy and Michelle began chuckling.

“Oh sure. Ha. Ha. Ha,” Candy said, rolling her eyes, “Very funny, make fun of the pregnant chick.”

“If not us...” Mandy began and chuckled.

“So all this stuff is the Halder Archive?” Candy asked as she looked into one of the boxes.

“Copies of part of it,” Michelle said. “And in only a few short decades we’ll be able to figure out what all this stuff means.”

“I don’t know how you did it, but you did... didn’t you,” Professor Renfield marveled from the doorway to the research center. He quickly crossed the room, all but ignoring the girls as he looked over the three carts piled high with papers.

“Yeah well, unless you can read blueprints...” Candy said.

Professor Renfield looked at them as if slapped. “Please, I’m an Architectural Anthropologist.”

The three girls just stared at him.

Renfield sighed. “Yes, I can read blueprints.”

“Good. Then you’re in,” Michelle said.

“Uh...” Mandy began...” Atwhay aboutway Obinray, ourway ewnay ilkmay ollday? E'sshay otnay oinggay otay ebay illedthray enwhay ouyay otway omecay ackbay otay ethay uitesay, uchmay esslay ifway ouyay ingbray ompanycay.” Professor Renfield stared at Mandy, surprised.

“Pretty sure professors are smart enough to figure out Pig-Latin,” Candy grimaced.

“And besides, we don’t have much choice,” Michelle said.

“Why don’t we just stay here,” Candy asked.

“Because they’re closing,” Michelle said.

“I bet we can get the staff to co-operate somehow,” Mandy smiled.

“But then there are the security guards,” Candy added.

“And then the police. They’re still patrolling because of the robbery, remember?” Michelle added.

“Fine. Back to the hotel,” Mandy said, “But how are we going to move all this stuff?”

“Let me call the concierge, see if he can arrange something,” Michelle said.

“The concierge?” Mandy replied.

“We’re on very good terms,” Michelle smiled.

An hour later the hotel's catering van was back at the hotel's service entrance, laden with blueprints, videotapes and boxes. Ten minutes after that they were in the service elevator with their booty and nearly an hour and a half after they left the Louvre's research center they were back at their penthouse suite.

They approached the door to the suite and just as she seemed about to open the door and let the group in Mandy turned around and leaned back against the door, holding up her index finger. "One minute, I'm just gonna go in and check something," she said and quickly ducked into the suite, leaving the group stewing in the hallway.

"So," Professor Renfield asked casually, "What do three pregnant American girls want with the Halder Archive?"

Michelle and Candy turned and just stared at Professor Renfield.

Without warning the door to the suite opened and Amy stepped out into the hallway wearing shorts, flip-flops and her trademark sheer white t-shirt. "Okay, Robin's in the bedroom. She's still asleep. But when she.... Hello, who are you?" Amy asked, segueing smoothly from her explanation to her question.

"This is Professor Renfield, He's an architectural anthropologist," Michelle said questioningly and then looked to Professor Renfield. He smiled and nodded.

"So," Amy said, looking over Professor Renfield, "You brought company... a man..."

"I don't think he's some kind of pervert or anything," Candy said.

"Please," Professor Renfield said, making a show of taking offense, "I am the very **best** kind of pervert. I am, as they say, one of the stately homos of old England. I can assure you, you have nothing to fear from me."

"Well... good to know, but that's not what I meant," Amy said, "I could have guessed that from where you're eyes are... or more importantly, where they're not." Amy made a little show of looking down at her massive bust.

With a confused look Renfield reached into his pocket, pulled out his glasses and put them on in one fluid motion. His expression, was, as Amy said later, priceless.

"Wow, and I figured it out when he said he's an architectural anthropologist," Michelle smiled, an embarrassed look on her face.

"Just what's that supposed to mean!" Professor Renfield demanded, now seeming to be genuinely annoyed.

"Anyway," Amy said, trying to get the conversation back on track, "Kari is sitting in there with Robin so someone will be there with he when she wakes up... But when she does, its not gonna be pretty..."

"Yeah, I remember when I woke up..." Michelle hesitated, "like that..."

"So, that's the stuff we came here for?" Amy asked, looking at the four serving carts stacked high with boxes and mailing tubes.

"Yeah," Candy said, "And the Professor here is going to help us make sense of the blueprints."

"Okay, that makes sense," Amy says. "But there's some ground rules Professor. I'm going to go open the bathroom door and turn on the light when we go into the suite. Everywhere but the sitting room, terrace and bathroom are off limits."

“Understood,” the Professor said as Amy opened the door and they waddled in, the Professor hesitating for a moment when he saw the view before following the girls to the terrace. “Aren’t we going to be looking at the documents?” Renfield asked when suddenly the sitting room was inundated with uniformed hotel employees. In less than three minutes they had whisked away much of the furniture in the sitting room, replacing it with large tables and chairs, unloading the carts of documents, and leaving several large trays of hors d’oeuvres as well as several bottles of wine. They moved like a hurricane, leaving nothing but catering in their wake.

Two hours later they had made very little apparent headway, although all the rolled up blueprints were now unrolled and Professor Renfield had sorted all the documents into various piles according to some system that seemed to make sense to him and only him. He had refrained from drinking more than a single glass of wine as he worked, but he had no such compunction regarding the shrimp cocktail and there was a table covered with empty martini glasses to attest to that fact.

“So,” Michelle asked as she came in from the terrace, “How’s the research going?”

“This is all fascinating,” Professor Renfield said, looking over his glasses at Michelle, “Just fascinating.”

“So what are they blueprints for?” Michelle asked.

“Obersalzberg, Berchtesgaden and the Alpine Fortress,” Renfield explained.

“Okay, and what’s that when it’s home?” Michelle asked.

Professor Renfield just stared at her a moment, “Bad places built by bad men,” he said in an overly dramatic tone.

“So they’re Nazi places?” Michelle asked.

“Very bad men,” Renfield nodded gravely and went back to reading.

Now it was Michelle’s turn to just stare at Professor Renfield before she turned and waddled back to the terrace,

“How’s he doing,” Mandy asked.

“He’s getting more pompous as he gets tired,” Michelle frowned. “We’re on the right track though. They’re blueprints of Nazi places.”

“Does he know where they are?” Candy asked.

“Yeah,” Michelle said and looked upward, her eyes going unfocused, “Obersalzberg, Berchtesgaden and the Alpine Fortress,” she replied.

“You couldn’t remember that on your own?” Candy laughed. “He just told you that like a minute ago.”

“Laugh it up smart girl,” Michelle replied. “Where were they again... no fair memory magic.”

“Uh... Obersaltburg, Birchtestgarden and the Alpine Fortress,” Candy replied.

“BZZZZT! Wrong answer,” Michelle smiled. “But so, so, close though... you just...” Michelle was cut off by a scream from deep within the apartment.

“Robin,” the three girls on the terrace said simultaneously and waddled into the sitting room.

As soon as Professor Renfield heard the scream he was on his feet and down the hallway, looking from door to door for the source of the scream. Suddenly a door

opened and Amy stepped right in front of Renfield, her hands on her hips, eyes narrowed, "Where do you think you're going," she snapped.

"I heard a girl scream," he explained as Mandy, Candy and Michelle came up behind him.

"Sitting room, terrace, bathroom," Amy said. "Those are the rules. Follow them or get out."

"He didn't mean anything," Candy said, putting her hand on Renfield's shoulder.

"Hey," Amy said sharply. "This one's mine. You find a new Mother of the Apocalypse for you to help, it's your ballgame. Robin? She's one of us and I've got it covered. This one's mine." Amy looked straight into Professor Renfield's eyes as she spoke, not even glancing at the other girls, before she stepped back into darkened bedroom she and Kari shared and slammed the door in their faces.

"Well," Candy said, "Guess we had that coming."

"Yeah," Mandy added quietly, "Come on, lets get back to the sitting room."

Amy crossed the bedroom and went through the connecting door to Robin's nearly empty bedroom. The lights were out, the only illumination creeping in under the hallway door and around the edges of the thick curtains. Kari stood several feet from the bed and looked back at Amy as she entered, a worried look on her face. Amy could see why. Robin was kneeling across her bed, her legs folded under, her, facing the door they'd just entered through. Her breasts were huge, not just larger than Amy's, but also differently shaped.

Where both Amy and Kari's breasts were round, nearly spherical at the bottom, as if they had massive breast implants, Robin's were a more natural and oblong, thin where they met her chest, heavy and full in the middle, thinning out again at her nipples. The huge mounds of flesh nearly filled the space between her chin and the bed, pressed tightly together at her cleavage, nearly twice as wide as her shoulders. Her breasts were slightly upturned at their tips, allowing her hugely expanded nipples and areola to sit atop the bed rather than being buried somewhere beneath the avalanche of flesh.

Robin appeared to be in shock, staring down at her massive breasts, her mouth hanging open, her hands resting atop their hugely swollen curves pressing against the firm but soft flesh, near her chest wall. Amy slowly crossed the room, trying to make as little noise as possible as she got to Kari's side.

"What happened?" she whispered as she leaned into Kari, their breasts first colliding then rebounding.

"She started to wake up," Kari explained, "but once she got an idea just how big she was she screamed. She tried to get up but this is as far as she got... then she just kinda... shut down."

Amy nodded sadly and began crossing the space between Kari and Robin's bed. "Robin?" she called out softly.

Robin blinked a few times, her head swaying left then right before she slowly looked up, her eyes huge and sad, looking very much like a very unhappy little puppy.

"Are you okay?" Amy asked as she slowly approached the bed.

“I...” Robin began. “I’m... not... waking up. Why am I... not waking up?” she said and almost managed a chuckle, a slight tremor in her voice, her head moving in quick, jerky movements as she spoke. “I’m... I’m ready to wake up now...”

“Uh, sweetie,” Amy began gently before Robin cut her off.

“**No!**” Robin said forcefully, her eyes getting steely, slightly less than sane look to them. “**Oh no...**” she continued, a strange smile coming to her face as she shook her head and wagged her index finger at Amy, a disturbing shiver going through Robin’s head and outstretched arm every so often as she spoke.

Robin glanced around the room at random, much like a small bird, glancing this way, then that, finally taking a long look down into her cavernous cleavage.

“Robin,” Amy began.

“**You wake me up now, bitch!**” Robin roared, tears beginning to run down her face, her eyes beginning to look a bit less wild and a lot more scared. Amy quickly crossed the room and sat sidesaddle on the edge of the bed, in front of Robin. She leaned toward Robin, and held her arms out. As they grew closer Amy’s breast bounced gently against Robin’s, then pressed firmly against them as she leaned closer. Robin flinched when their flesh touched, and looked down. The wild-eyed gleam in Robin’s eyes faded as her tears increased. They seemed to be contagious, as first Amy, then Kari began to cry as well. Soon all three were sobbing and Kari joined the other two girls on the bed, pressed up against each other, sobbing in each other’s arms.

Several hours later, with both Amy and Kari’s help, Robin got unsteadily to her feet. Even with their support she leaned this way and that, much like the scarecrow in the Wizard of Oz, her body simply not up to the task of balancing her own weight, much less holding it up. While the massive size of her breasts was bad enough, her rear had grown as well, her ass cheeks like small beach balls, her thighs and hips expanded to match. While neither girl dared mention it, as they held Robin up they exchanged a look between them, looking back and forth between Robin’s massive hindquarters and each other. Neither one of them would venture a guess as to her size, but even if they had known her hips measured just a bit more than sixty inches around they would not have been surprised.

After just a few minutes of walking Robin around the room all three girls were exhausted and they led her back to her bed, getting her back to close to the same position she’d been in when they found her. It seemed to be the only way to keep her both comfortable and keep her from falling off the bed. Amy was worried about Robin though. Since her breakdown a few hours before her first tentative steps with her new form she’d barely spoken a word, only occasionally nodding or pointing or, on very rare occasion, making little unintelligible sounds.

“This just makes no sense!” Professor Renfield said and pushed his chair back from the table, rubbing his eyes. Michelle and the twins looked into the sitting room from the terrace, where the professor had been working. They had tried, really tried, to pay attention and help the professor as he worked his way through the massive piles of documents, but their expertise was in pop music and teen fashion

and his was in architecture and history. It had quickly become apparent who would be sitting on the terrace drinking wine, eating canapés and looking out over the Paris skyline and who would be inside poring over copies of documents that still reeked of copy fluid.

“What’s the problem professor,” Mandy asked as she waddled into the sitting room, the other two girls following close behind.

“Here!” he said and waved at the photos and blueprints spread out where he had been working. “It makes no sense at all!”

“Yeah,” Candy said as she leaned forward, trying to see past her massive belly and bust line to what was spread out on the table. “Maybe you can explain it?”

He looked up at the girls, suddenly realizing he wasn’t working with grad students as he was so used to and took a few steps back down the scale of things that should be comprehended immediately.

“You see these blueprints?” He said, pulling a sheaf of bound papers in front of them.

“Yeah,” Michelle said, “looks like a castle.”

“Not just a castle,” Renfield snorted, “An Order Castle, **the** Order Castle. The Alpine Fortress, the final stronghold for the Third Reich in the Bavarian Alps.”

“Okay,” Mandy said leadingly.

The Professor sighed, “Order Castles were the strongholds and spiritual homes of the SS, the most feared group in Nazi Germany. This was to be the biggest of them all, a fortress to stand against the invaders and take back Germany for the Reich.”

“So where is it?” Michelle asked.

“That’s just it,” Renfield said as he took off his glasses and rubbed his eyes again. “It was never built. Only the gate and the beginnings of the road to the fortress were ever completed.”

“So, false alarm,” Candy said and sighed before she turned back toward the door to the terrace.

“No, not so fast,” Renfield said and held up a photo. Michelle took a look. It showed a huge castle, a long winding road leading up to it, perched in a pass between two large mountains. Michelle glanced between the cover of the bundle of blueprints and the photo. They were obviously the same building.

“I thought you said it was never built,” Michelle said, a bit confused.

“It wasn’t,” Professor Renfield replied, “You see, I’ve been there. The soil there has been undisturbed for thousands of years, yet here it is,” he said and tossed the photo to the table.

“Maybe that’s just a castle that looks like the alpine castle,” Candy said.

“Ha,” Renfield replied, “That is what I thought as well. But look,” he said, grabbing a stack of photocopies. “This is a construction foreman’s log from the site. It is the Alpine Fortress and it was built,” he said and grabbed a map that looked as if it was from a 1950’s diner placemat. “Right here,” he pointed, indicating a blank space on the drawing.

“So all this is about the construction?” Michelle asked?

“The planning, design, construction, furnishing, staffing, and equipping,” Professor Renfield explained, “of a place that never existed... but it seems, inexplicably, did exist.”

“Thanks Professor,” Michelle said and looked to the other girls.

“Professor?” Mandy asked. “Could you pull out any of the stuff in here we would be able to understand and set it aside?”

“Certainly,” the professor said, “There won’t be much though, just some maps, some floor plans... things like that.”

“That’s the part we’re taking with us,” Candy said. “The rest is yours.”

Michelle and Mandy turned to Candy.

“What? We can’t take it with us. There’s like a few hundred pounds of stuff here.”

“Take it where?” Mandy asked. “We’re going somewhere?”

“We’ve only got five days left before they try to steal whatever’s stored at the next place,” Michelle said.

“But this time we have plenty of time to get there,” Candy said and smiled as a cellular phone began to ring. Everyone in the room instinctively began checking their pockets before Michelle realized where the sound was coming from and waddled over to her backpack. She pulled out the phone, looked at the face and grimaced before flipping the phone open, her face still braced as if she was about to crash her car into a brick wall.

“Hi Mom,” she said cautiously.

Everyone in the room heard June’s voice screeching from the phone as Michelle held it away from her head, waiting for the screaming to stop.

Back in Amy and Kari’s bedroom the girls sat on the bed, talking about Robin and playing with each others boobs.

“How are we gonna get her out of here if she can’t even walk,” Kari asked, running her fingertip around the edges of Amy’s areola.

“Well, I’m pretty sure she could walk,” Amy replied as she ran the fingertips of both her hands delicately along the outer curves of Kari’s breasts, “It’s just getting her to realize she can.”

“Well, that is a lot of weight at once,” Kari opined, her breathing beginning to ramp up as Amy’s stimulation continued.

“I know,” Amy replied as Kari bent over and ran her tongue across Amy’s areola, heading for her nipple, “But a lot of that weight is in her butt. If it was all up front she’d never be able to stay upright.”

“Yeah, but still,” Kari said and sucked Amy’s oversized nipple into her mouth.

“Hey,” Amy said as she ran her hands over the curves of Kari’s breasts, “I get enough boob sucking from Candy, I don’t need it from you too. They’re sore enough already.”

Kari pulled her head back, allowing Amy’s nipple to come free with a wet slurp, “Sorry.”

“Uh... I don’t want to interrupt anything,” Robin said, standing very unsteadily at the other side of the door leading between her room and Amy and

Kari's. She stood with her feet far apart, leaning backwards, her hands pressed into the either side of her massive rack for support. Standing upright Robin was a sight to behold. Her breasts were a balance between the pneumatic firmness of nursing and the steady pull of gravity. They pointed off to either side, her huge, torpedo shaped boobs almost seeming to float at hip level, their firmness not allowing gravity to pull them down to rest on her thighs. Gravity had no problem forcing them together though, their weight pulling them together into several feet of very tight cleavage.

As she stood there, the monumental problem the girls faced became obvious. Even with practice she might have only just barely been able to clear the doorway between their rooms and as the girls looked at her standing there on the other side of the doorway they realized even that was no certain thing. Now that she was standing her breasts looked even wider than they had when she'd been kneeling on the bed and much larger than when Amy and Kari looked down upon her breasts as they supported her, walking her around the room.

Robin stood there unsteadily, looking down, apparently trying to judge just where the doorway was and more importantly, where her breasts were in relation to the doorway. Despite looking repeatedly from one side to the other she seemed to be getting no closer to getting through the door, no matter how long she examined the situation.

Now that they'd had a chance to absorb the whole Robin-walking-around experience Amy and Kari began to notice things. Robin was nervous, her face pale, dark circles under her eyes, her hair a mess. She'd somehow managed to wrap a towel around her lower body, beneath her breasts, and although they could only see its tails, she had on the bathrobe she'd worn earlier, not that it stood a chance of covering anything up other than her back and butt. The girls sat there, wide-eyed, taking it all in, Amy licking her lips, Kari fondling her breast idly. It wasn't until Robin spoke that they snapped out of it.

"Hey... uh... a little help?" Robin asked, as she looked at them like a drowning man looks at a life raft. Suddenly made aware of how they were acting like all those that gawked at them, the girls sprung to their feet and came to the doorway. Now that they were nearly upon her it became obvious that walking straight through this doorway wasn't an option, navigation help or no. She was simply too wide for the door.

Those words echoed in Amy's thoughts, a fear she was now seeing expressed more fully in Robin's flesh than in her worst nightmares.

"Robin, hold on a second," Kari said as she padded out through the door to the hallway and back into Robin's room, approaching her from the other side.

"I think you're gonna need to turn sideways to get through," Amy said. Lets just get over to the hallway door and we'll get you out there. That way there's only one doorway to go through. Robin nodded and took a hesitant step toward the other door when Kari spoke up.

"Bad idea," Kari explained. "They still have that guy out there."

Robin pulled back from the door as if it was about to attack her, nearly losing her balance in the process. "Guy?!" she sputtered.

"Don't worry," Amy said, "He's like two hundred years old and he's gay."

“I don’t care if it’s Jesus,” Robin said, “I don’t want anyone seeing me like this, much less some guy.”

“Okay, okay,” Amy said soothingly, “I took care of that earlier. He comes back here he’s out the window.”

As Robin began to calm down Amy suggested, “Okay, lets get you turned sideways then we can get you in here and comfy.”

“Uh,” Kari said, “Don’t think that’s gonna work to well.”

“Well, lets give it a try and we’ll see,” Amy said, “Robin, can you just turn sideways a little?”

Robin nodded and began to turn slowly, the small movement at her waist translating to a much larger movement of her breasts as she swung around. Robin gasped as her left breast momentarily brushed the door before she regained her footing, standing sideways beside the doorway. Now Amy saw why Kari was so pessimistic. Robin’s butt had turned into a true ghetto booty, each cheek huge and round, extending more than half a foot from her torso, creating a small, shelf like space just beneath the small of her back. The problem was, combined with the how far her breasts stuck out in the front, there was no way she was just going to be able to sidestep through the doorway.

Amy looked the situation over for a minute before she got an idea, “Well, I think I got it,” Amy said and stepped closer to Robin, until she was only inches away from their breasts touching. “But if it’s gonna work I’m gonna have to touch your boob.”

“Uh, they’re like way sensitive now,” Robin said nervously as she looked down, trying to judge how much space there was between Amy and herself.

“I know, and if I could think of another way I wouldn’t,” Amy replied.

Robin seemed to consider for a moment, “Okay, but don’t get grabby.” Amy was taken aback for a moment. “You told me about how you can’t stop playing with boobs,” Robin reminded her. “Is that normal? Cause I can’t keep my hands off them and you two aren’t playing with yours all the time,” Robin continued, instantly drawing Amy and Kari’s eyes to her hands as they massaged the side of each mammoth teat.

“Uh... mind on the job,” Amy said and looked up at Kari, who was still staring at Robin’s errant hand. “Hey!” Amy shouted and snapped her fingers, “Eyes up here,” she smiled. Kari blushed, her full attention now on Amy. Carefully Amy reached forward and placed both of her hands on the upper surface of Robin’s breast, just north of her areola. As it turned out Robin had been holding her breath and exhaled as soon as Amy’s hands came to rest. “You okay?” Amy asked.

“No... but its not ‘cause of where your hands are.” Robin replied and made an attempt to laugh that came out sounding far more nervous than she intended.

“Okay,” Amy said and took a deep breath. “Kari, your turn.”

Kari looked at Amy for a moment, unsure for a few seconds exactly what she was being asked to do. Then, suddenly she got it and stepped up to Robin’s other side. Slowly and delicately she reached around her own breasts and rested her hands on Robin’s, just above her areola and nipple.

“Okay... Now... lets everyone take a deep breath. When I say go, we’re going to push these babies down and step right through the doorway. Okay?” Amy explained as she looked from Robin to Kari and back again. “On three.”

“One,” Amy said and took a deep breath.

“Two,” Amy continued, as Kari stole a glance downward at Robin’s breast and licked her lips.

“Three,” Amy finished as Robin pinched her eyes shut. Kari and Amy pressed down on Robin’s breasts, compressing them against her body despite their milk-filled firmness. Robin gasped, her mouth opening involuntarily, her eyes rolling back into her head for a second before she caught her breath.

“Go, go go!” Amy prodded them and they quickly shuffled through the door, barely brushing against the doorframe as they passed. Once they were through all three girls stopped and took a deep breath, pausing to catch their breaths.

“See, that wasn’t so bad,” Amy said.

“Not bad at all,” Kari agreed.

“Yeah, so...” Robin began, staring down at her breasts, “when are you gonna let go of my boobs?”

Amy and Kari looked down at their hands, both of them still resting on Robin’s breast. They looked up at each other, embarrassed and blushing. “Uh, hello?” Robin continued, “Any time now...”

Amy looked up to Robin and smiled, sliding her right hand down onto Robin’s areola. Robin gasped, then gasped again as Kari followed suit, both of them going for her nipples. “I’m sorry,” Amy said, breathing hard, “if you’re in the least bit uncomfortable we can...”

“Fuck it,” Robin cut her off, reaching forward, her hands joining Amy’s and Kari’s at her nipples as they all fell backwards onto Amy’s bed.

## CHAPTER 29

A few hours later when Amy went out to the sitting room to check on the doctor's progress she found the room had been neatly restored to the state it has been in when they arrived several days ago, the only evidence of the day long document dive being a slight chemical smell in the air and a small pile of documents sitting on top of the sideboard.

"Where's the old guy," Amy asked as she stepped out onto the terrace.

"Gone," Mandy said sadly, all three girls sitting around quietly, the trays of hors d'oeuvre and bottles of wine gone.

"So, we didn't get what we needed?" Amy said curiously.

"No, we did," Candy said unhappily.

"So what's the problem?" Amy asked.

"My mom called." Michelle winced, "Maria must have given her the number here. She's not happy."

"How not happy," Amy asked warily."

"She called the church on us, told them about the Concorde and the hotel," Mandy explained.

"They're gonna pack us up and ship us back home," Candy said, "Then June's going to go off on us."

"I'm not sure which part is worse," Mandy said.

"June, definitely," Amy said as she walked over to the edge of the terrace and looked out over the city, "So when are they going to be here?" she asked.

"Tomorrow morning," Mandy said.

Amy stared out over the terrace. "I guess I better tell Kari and get Robin as ready to go as she can get," Amy said and turned toward the sitting room.

"Yeah..." Michelle said, "You've got ten minutes."

"What?" Mandy and Candy asked as Michelle picked up the phone.

"Daniel? It's Michelle in appartement terrasse trios, We need a car out front in ten minutes." She paused a moment, before she spoke again. "Merci beaucoup."

"What are you doing?" Mandy asked.

"We've come too far to let my mom being pissed with us to stop us. Something big and bad is going on and we've got to find out what," Michelle said.

"She's going to be pissed all right," Candy replied.

"Yeah," Michelle admitted, "But how much **more** trouble can we get in by not coming home now? We already borrowed a Concorde."

"Face it Michelle, we stole a Concorde," Mandy smiled.

"So where are we headed," Robin asked, standing in the hallway, swaying back and forth, not quite able to keep her balance, a light sheet draped over her like a cape, a knot barely holding it together in the front, her breasts hanging, huge and heavy, swaying slowly back and forth beneath her.

"Shit," Mandy and Candy whispered simultaneously.

"Uh... Rome," Michelle said and cleared her throat, staring intently at a painting on the wall opposite Robin. "The Vatican Secret Archive. We've been rushing around, always one step behind. But now we know where they're going to

be and we have five days to beat them there. Then we can read the last of the papers and hopefully find out just why the Reichmutter's are stealing them and stop them once and for all." Michelle paused and carefully looked over to Robin, looking right into her eyes, "But you don't have to go. You can stay here and when the church shows up in the morning they'll ship you back to my house. My mom will take care of you until we're back."

"Yeah," Mandy said.

"Then she'll take care of us," Candy continued and rolled her eyes "boy is she gonna take care of us."

"Uh... They'll just send me home. I'm not going home looking like this," Robin said, looking down at her oversized body, "At least not today. I'm in."

Ten minutes later the girls were in the elevator, heading for the lobby. Candy had the documents from the Louvre in her backpack and Robin was wrapped up in blankets, sitting on a wheelchair that had been helpfully provided by the hotel.

"Okay, we ready?" Michelle asked, looking from girl to girl, as they each nodded. "Then lets go."

Shortly the elevator doors opened and they crossed the lobby, Amy pushing Robin's wheelchair in the lead, the other girls trailing behind. A young man in a hotel uniform ran up beside Michelle as she waddled along. "Your van is ready, just sign here," he said, handing a small black folder to Michelle. She scribbled at the bottom of the bill. "Thank you for all your help," Michelle smiled to him. "Are all the things I asked for in the van?"

"Yes, but... some of that equipment... Why do you need it?"

Michelle simply smiled at the young man and handed him back the folder containing the bill.

"It was a pleasure having you and your party here," the young man nodded, understanding immediately, "Please come again."

"Thank you," Michelle said, "I hope we have the pleasure."

"What equipment?" Mandy asked. "I heard you call down to arrange the car and you didn't mention any equipment."

"Yeah," Michelle said, embarrassed, "I asked them to get a few things together when I called them, just after I talked to Mom."

"But you said on the terrace that you'd just decided to ignore..." Candy said before Michelle cut her off.

"I lied," Michelle shrugged.

"You know," Special Agent Leyland said from his place amidst a group of people standing at the reception desk before he began to walk over to the girls, "It's funny. You travel all over the world and wherever you go you just keep running into the same people over and over again."

"Agent Leyland," Michelle coughed, "Good to see you. What are you doing here?"

"Well, there's been a theft at the Louvre, but... you already know that," He said and smiled.

“Hello David,” Mandy smiled and pushed her way in front of Michelle, her belly pressing into Agent Leyland’s trouser front before Candy pulled her back and hit her in the chest with her backpack.

“Who are your...Whoa...” Agent Leyland said as he looked from Michelle and the twins to Amy and Kari.

“Amy, Kari, Robin,” This is Special Agent David Leyland of the US Secret Service,” Michelle explained.

“Hi,” The three girls said, nearly in harmony.

“It’s great to meet you,” Agent Leyland said, “You know, an American girl from Virginia went missing here in Paris just a few days ago. Funny thing, her name was Robin too,” he said as he smiled at Robin.

“Wow, what a totally weird coincidence! Spoo-kay,” Robin said in decent imitation of a San Fernando Valley accent.

“Yes, isn’t it.” Agent Leyland said as he looked into her eyes.

“Well, I hate to chat and run,” Michelle said, “but we have to get going. Big tour, five countries in six days...”

“I can imagine. Just in case I need to get in contact with you though... Where are you heading?”

“Berlin,” Michelle said, as Candy simultaneously said “Brussels” and Mandy followed almost at the same time, saying “Rome.”

“Like I said,” Michelle smiled and shrugged, “five countries, six days. Busy, busy, busy,” she smiled nervously as she waved the other girls through the lobby and out the front door until only she and Mandy remained.

“Well, I won’t hold you up then,” Agent Leyland said and nodded, “Have a safe trip.”

“Oh don’t worry, we will,” Michelle said and waddled away.

“Thank you for being so concerned David,” Mandy said, taking Agent Leyland’s hand in her own, “It’s great to know a big, strong, powerful man like yourself is looking out for me,” she said, staring deeply into his eyes.

“Well, it’s just...” he said before Michelle cut him off.

“Hurry up,” she growled as she grabbed Mandy by the arm and pulled her toward the exit.

“Bye David,” Mandy called out as she first slid, then waddled toward the exit.

“We are so busted,” Michelle said from the back seat of the van as they headed down the highway.

“No way,” Mandy said, “Well, maybe Amy and Kari are...” Mandy smiled before she caught the nasty look from the milk dolls. “Seriously, we got out of there clean.”

“Are you high?” Candy asked incredulously then turned to Robin, “Good job improvising back there.”

“I didn’t have a choice,” Robin said in her normal southern accent, “It was that or be sent home and I’m not going home like this,” she said as she looked down at her blanket covered body.

Agent Leyland watched as the girls climbed into the van, carefully helping the very large teenage girl wrapped in blankets into the backmost seat before they climbed into the other seats and pulled away. He reached into his inside coat pocket and pulled out an consulate security alert flyer and looked again at the photos the missing family, David and Rebecca Marsh as well as their painfully thin teenage daughter Robin, before he folded the sheet of paper and, shaking his head, returned to the group of police and INTERPOL agents he had been with at the reception counter and began to check in.

## CHAPTER 30

“So, Tell me again why are we on the Chattanooga Choo Choo.” Amy said from the doorway to Michelle’s cabin as their train car went over yet another unevenness in the tracks, giving Amy’s breasts a huge bounce.

Michelle sighed. “Okay, four ways to get to The Vatican. Walk? No, I think I’d like to get here this year, thank you.” Amy rolled her eyes. “Car, but that would mean hypno-voicing the driver and dealing with border stops.”

“Didn’t seem to be a problem at the hotel,” Amy opined.

“What? I didn’t zap anybody. I just had them charge it to Heidi’s tab,” Michelle smiled.

“Hilda,” Mandy provided.

“Whatever,” Michelle said before she continued. “We could go by air, but by now the airports are probably looking for us, or someone that looks like us,” Michelle said, patting her belly, “We got past the crew and airport police but there must have been security cameras somewhere.”

“And you’ve never ridden on a train before,” Amy provided.

Mandy frowned, “The whole trip will be faster by train than just getting to the airport and through security and David could arrange to have the tickets charged to the room.”

“And you’ve never been on a train before,” Amy insisted.

“And I’ve never been on a train before,” Michelle admitted sheepishly.

“Yeah, well...” Amy said, weighing her words, “I haven’t either and I guess it’s not too bad.”

“See?” Michelle smiled.

“Well, I’m gonna go to our cabin and try to get some sleep before we arrive,” Amy yawned and waved before she headed back to her cabin.

An hour and a half later there was a knock at their cabin door. Mandy, Candy and Michelle looked from one to the other until Mandy sighed and began rocking forward and back, trying to build up enough momentum to get up. After the third knock she gave up and shouted “Come in!”

The door slid open to reveal a uniformed porter. “I’m sorry to bother you, but we’re asking all passengers to remain in their seats or cabins for the moment. We’re having a bit of difficulty, but as soon as it’s straightened out the dining car will be offering complementary beverages.”

“Gotcha,” Michelle said. “Is that all?”

“Thank you for traveling with us,” the man smiled and nodded before sliding the door shut.

“I wonder what’s up?” Michelle asked.

“I don’t know,” Mandy replied and began rocking again, this time taking just a few moments to get to her feet. “I’m gonna go check on the girls.”

“Don’t get caught by the train police,” Candy laughed.

Mandy slid the door open and looked down the aisle. Finding the coast clear she waddled eight feet down and knocked on the door before sliding it open and stepping inside. "Hey, everything all right?"

"Sure," Amy yawned. "What's up with the train guy?"

"Dunno yet," Mandy said and looked around the cabin, first at Amy then at sleeping Robin. "Where's Kari?"

"Bathroom I think," Amy replied, "She ducked out like five minutes before the train guy came by."

"Okay," see you later," Mandy said and left the cabin. As soon as she was back in the hallway a female porter walked quickly to her side. "I'm sorry, I'm going to have to ask you to return to your seat," she said, placing one hand on Mandy's back, gently guiding Mandy toward her nearby cabin door. Mandy slid the door open and looked at Candy and Michelle like a kid caught with her hand in the cookie jar. "I've got caught," Mandy said as she dropped into her seat.

The female porter stood in the doorway. "I'm sorry to bother you, but we're asking all passengers to remain in their seats or cabins for the moment. We're having a bit of difficulty, but as soon as it's straightened out the dining car will be offering complementary beverages."

"Yeah, got it," Candy said.

"Isn't that what the last guy said?" Michelle asked, "I mean exactly what the last guy said?" Mandy and Candy looked over to Michelle before both looked upward, their eyes going unfocused. "Exactly the same," Mandy and Candy replied simultaneously.

"Thank you for traveling with us," the woman said and reached for the door handle.

"Wait," Michelle said, "I know we're all supposed to stay in our seats," Michelle said, her voice growing deeper and more melodic, "but that doesn't apply to me, does it? I mean, I can go where I like on the train."

The woman just looked at Michelle, "As I said, we're asking all passengers to stay in their seats or cabins for the moment."

"Yeah. You're having a bit of difficulty, but as soon as it's straightened out the dining car will be offering complementary beverages for us," Michelle said, eyes narrowing.

The female porter seemed momentarily confused before she smiled and said "Thank you for traveling with us." Then pulled the door closed.

"Someone already has her hypno-voiced," Michelle said.

"That means the Reichmutter's are here," Mandy said, "They're like the Energizer bunny"

"Something like that," Candy replied as she began to rock in her seat, getting herself up and offering her hand to Mandy. "I'm heading up to the front of the train."

"And I'll head to the back," Mandy said.

"And I'll stay here 'cause the aisle is wicked narrow," Michelle said.

"Aww, poor Michelle" Mandy and Candy said and reached down and rubbed Michelle's belly, "For luck," they smiled.

"Gee, thanks," Michelle said sarcastically as they left.

Mandy waddled back through the train, carefully making her way from car to car. Several employees stopped her, giving her the same prepared speech. It wasn't hard for her to convince them that she was heading back to her seat and with that explanation they let her pass. That worked perfectly well until she was about halfway down the train. There she was blocked by a railroad employee guarding a door. "I'm sorry, this part of the train is off limits," the tall, muscular man said sternly.

"It's alright," Mandy said, her voice growing more resonant. "I'm allowed through."

"No one is allowed through," the man said. "Return to your seat."

Mandy nodded to the man and waddled back up through the train, finding her sister a few cars up. "Find anything?" Candy asked, "Nothing weird up there."

"Come on," Mandy said, "They have the back of the train blocked off and some big guy hypno-voiced to guard the door. I don't know how we're gonna move him without hurting him."

"Hmmm," Candy replied, "Let's go talk to him, I'm sure we can figure something out."

Minutes later the girls were in front of the large man at the door. "Return to your seats," he repeated.

"Why can't we go past you?" Candy asked.

"No one is allowed past this door," he said sternly. "Return to your seat."

"See?" Mandy said.

Candy looked around and suddenly a light seemed to come to her eyes. "Come on, this is easy," Candy smiled. "Excuse me, Sir?" Candy asked, "Why won't you let us into the restroom?"

"The rest room is over there." The man said and pointed to a door four feet away."

"No," Candy said, her voice becoming more melodious, "That's the door that leads to the next car. The ladies room door is right behind you."

The large man blinked and looked over at the door before he turned around and looked at the door behind him. "I'm... I'm sorry," he said and stepped back from the door, taking up a guard position in front of the ladies room.

"Shut up," Mandy said, a grumpy expression coming to her face as Candy smiled at her. Mandy opened the door and waddled through the small intra-car vestibule and stepped into the next car. It was another passenger car, this one open seating as opposed to the sleeper cabins near the front of the train. The strange thing was the car was almost completely empty. Empty aside from the staff workstation at the middle of the car where two very pregnant young women were talking quietly as they worked on something.

"Excuse me, can I see your tickets please?" Candy smiled..

One of girls, a taller blonde, looked up, surprised and then sighed as she saw them, "Da sind diese Gören schon wieder..." the blonde girl said.

The second girl continued whatever she was doing for a moment before she glanced up. It was Hilda. "Wie finden die uns nur immer wieder?" she asked the first girl.

"So, are you gonna come along quietly," Mandy began.

“Or are you gonna try to make today interesting.” Candy said.

The blonde stepped away from Hilda and began slowly waddling toward the twins.

“What do you think you’re doing here?” the pregnant girl said.

“Right to business?” Candy asked.

“But we haven’t been introduced,” Mandy smiled as she laced her fingers together with her sisters, both twins holding their ground as their palms began to glow.

“What do you think you’re going to do,” the pregnant blonde girl replied, “Burn me where I stand? I’ve done nothing to you and I’m not certainly not attacking,” she mused, raising her hands in a mock gesture of surrender. “There’s a word for hurting someone who is doing no harm to you or others, isn’t there? And let us not pretend... you do mean to harm me,” she said and looked at their glowing hands as she continued to advance, “Isn’t that immoral?” she smiled, “malevolent,” she added and winked as she got within six feet of the twins, “even evil?” she smiled.

“Don’t much care about you,” Mandy said, “It’s your little friend back there. It’s her we’re interested in.”

“What’s she up to anyway?” Candy asked as her eyes went unfocused for a moment, before she looked the blonde girl straight in the eye, “Raina.”

“Very resourceful,” Raina replied, “but my friend’s work is none of your concern,” Raina waddled to within arms length of the twins. The girls raised their hands in front of themselves defensively.

“I think it is,” Candy replied.

“Americans, so self-important,” Raina said and took a deep breath before she grabbed each of their hands with one of her own, lacing her fingers between theirs. “You will not pass,” she said, straining slightly with the words.

The twins looked at each other, surprised, feeling the energy, both that flowing from them and the energy coming from the Reichmutter’s glowing hands.

Mandy and Candy gritted their teeth as the onslaught continued, but the Raina was obviously getting the worst of the deal. Sweat had begun to pour down her face and the strain of the battle was obvious in her expression. They stood there, their hands meshed together, leaning into each other as the brightness coming from between their pressed together palms slowly increased. Slowly but surely Mandy and Candy were gaining the upper hand as Raina began to crumple, her knees beginning to give out. “Los Heidi! Schnell...” Raina called back.

“Done,” Heidi called back a moment later.

Suddenly Raina seemed full of energy as she pushed herself back to her full height. “You think you have power,” she said and paused for a moment. “Then feel this,” she sneered.

The next few seconds of Mandy and Candy’s lives existed only in a series of disjointed images. Mandy clearly remembered the palms of Raina’s burned hands, her palms charred to a very nasty looking black. Candy noticed, as she flew through the air, that Raina was wearing another of those Mother’s Crosses like the one they found on Daryl’s body. Both would later recall the shoes Raina was wearing, although they did disagree on their color. Then they both slammed heavily into the

front wall of the car, denting the wall and shattering the glass in the sliding door as they hit and slid down to rest on the carpet.

As they began to come to their senses they saw Raina standing above them. Rather, they saw Raina's belly and her head from her eyes up as she looked down at them over her rotund middle.

"And you think yourselves ready to fight a celestial?" Raina shook her head. "Leave the work to the grown-ups," Raina snarled, "Turn around and go home and pray to your God that you live long enough to know what power truly is." Mandy gurgled slightly as her eyes tried to aim at Raina's face. Candy didn't even get that far, although she mostly heard the words.

Some time later Mandy heard a quiet pounding in the distance. It was like a quiet booming, a slow, rhythmic, deep bass sound. As she listened the darkness around her began to lift, the room slowly growing brighter as the pounding sound seemed to quicken in tempo, slowly gaining higher pitched harmonics until it became obvious that the sound was someone banging against the door behind them. Mandy looked upward, her head beginning to loll to one side before she reached up and pulled on the door handle but it didn't budge. As she continued to wake she realized the doorframe was bent inward, pressing at the door. Mandy twisted and grabbed the door's frame, with some effort bending it back and the door slid open as she collapsed back to the floor.

"Are you okay?" Michelle asked, squatting over Mandy.

"Candy," she croaked. Michelle stood up and stepped away coming back a moment later.

Michelle stepped back and squatted next to Mandy. "She's waking up now. What happened?"

Mandy shook her head gently, her vision returning to normal, "Reichmutter," she said. "They were screwing with something halfway back through the car," Mandy pushed herself up on one arm and looked over at Candy, who was still laying against the wall next to the door, only now beginning to lift her head and look around. Michelle got to her feet and waddled down the aisle, barely glancing at the area where the Reichmutter's were working before she continued to the rear of the car and opened the door, allowing the howling wind of the outside air to roar into the cabin before she let the door fall closed. "They uncoupled the rest of the train," Michelle sighed.

By that time Mandy had helped Candy to her feet and, after making sure her sister was alright she began to waddle slowly to the center of the car, her hand pressed against the back of her head. Mandy and Michelle met at the employee workstation at the center of the car. "What are we looking for?" Michelle asked as she opened a cabinet door.

"I'm pretty sure this is it," Mandy said and stepped back from a large cabinet. Inside was a large metal rack meant for holding food trays. Only one tray was on the rack, a large metal box sitting atop the tray. It was a small toolbox, maybe two feet long and a foot deep. The only thing even remotely interesting about it was the large red LED display that read "00:01:11"

Then it read "00:01:10" and a moment later "00:01:09"

“Fuck” Michelle said.

Both girls just stared at the numbers for several moments before Michelle grabbed the toolbox and pulled. It didn't budge. A closer examination revealed that it had been both welded to the sheet of steel it sat on and that sheet had been welded to the rack.

“It won't budge,” Michelle sighed and Mandy reached past her pulling at the box with all her strength. Although the box began to bend it showed no signs of coming lose from its welded mounts.

“Uh, why's there a wire sticking out the side of it?” Candy said weakly as she pointed at the left side of the toolbox. Sure enough a black wire stuck out from under the lid, along with the tip of a red wire a little further back.

“Stand back,” Michelle said and reached for the box. The twins leaned in closer as her hands got within an inch of the lid. Michelle's hands froze as she looked from Mandy to Candy. “I'm serious, back off.”

“We're immortal,” Mandy said.

“Yeah... you really look immortal,” Michelle sighed as Candy pulled her hand from her hand, obviously trying to hide her injury.

“Just cause that bitch can hurt us doesn't mean that can,” Mandy said. “She's magical, it's not.”

Michelle looked back to the toolbox. “Uh, what it is ...is twenty-seven seconds from something I don't want to think about so back up.”

“No way,” Candy said, “If one of us takes the risk, we all do.”

Michelle sighed and carefully reached forward and slowly opened the toolbox. A mass of wires, torn, burned and melted were sitting in the box, loose and visible all over the pile. Michelle reached in and pulled aside the wires, revealing several large lantern batteries, about ten pounds of what appeared to be modeling clay and the back of the timer coming through a hole in the case... all separate, with wires no longer connecting them. Michelle reached into the toolbox and grabbed the clay. She pushed past Mandy and quickly waddled to the rear door of the train and pushed it open. As the wind howled into the car Michelle pulled her arm back and threw the wad of plastic explosives with all her might. It disappeared into the distance.

Moments later all three girls were standing there, looking out the rear door, waiting. After a minute Michelle let the door slide closed. “Well, better safe than sorry.”

“Yeah, really,” Candy said, now seeming to be fully recovered from her injury.

“We got lucky they didn't have time to finish putting the bomb together,” Michelle said and let out a deep breath.

“Uh... Heidi said she was done,” Mandy said, confused.

“And Raina warned us we should go home. Why would she do that if she was about to blow us up?” Candy wondered.

Michelle paused, her mouth still open before she thought better of what she was about to say. “Something's wrong with all of this,” Michelle said. “Let's get back to our cabins and check on the girls.”

## CHAPTER 31

The remainder of the trip to Rome was uneventful and although there was quite a bit of hubbub at the terminal due to the decoupling of the rear of their train neither the railroad officials nor police seemed inclined to speak to passengers on the train, instead concentrating on the train's staff.

"So, where's the Vatican Secret Archives," Amy asked as they headed out into Rome on foot, Amy pushing Robin's wheelchair, Michelle carrying the large duffel bag from the van in Paris.

"At the Vatican, I guess," Mandy replied.

"Yeah," Michelle said as she pulled a book from her duffel bag and handed it to Mandy. "You got it in one."

"The Secret Archives of the Vatican?" Mandy read from the cover.

"Where the hell did you get that?" Candy asked.

"Barnes and Noble," Michelle smiled.

Mandy opened the book and began to thumb through it.

"So, where is it?" Candy asked, trying to look over her shoulder.

"Uh, hello? The book is four hundred pages or so," Mandy said as she flipped through the pages. "It's gonna take awhile to find it." Mandy replied.

Michelle looked at her watch, then up into the sky. "You have until dark. That's when we move."

"Today?" Mandy, Candy and Amy said incredulously.

"Yep." Michelle said. "The sooner we know the last of what's in the Halder Archive the better off we are and the sooner we get in there the better position we'll be in to trap the Reichmutter's when they break in."

"I'm not so sure," Mandy said.

"You think staying far away will make it easier to catch them?" Michelle sighed.

"I mean I'm not sure the Reichmutters are behind the thefts," Mandy replied.

"Just 'cause they didn't kill you..." Michelle began.

"It's not just that," Candy replied.

"I know," Michelle replied, "but they're the only suspects we have... and they do keep turning up..."

"I'm still not convinced," Amy said.

"That's the best part of moving now," Michelle smiled, "It doesn't matter who the bad guy is, we can still get the goods now."

"And how are we gonna do that?" Amy replied.

"Glad you asked," Michelle smiled as she slowed down, coming up next to Amy and resting her hand on Amy's shoulder. "I've got a job for you."

"No! Absolutely not!" Amy said in a loud stage whisper from the top of one of a buildings abutting Saint Peter's Basilica inside Vatican City.

Michelle stopped digging around inside of her duffel bag and looked up at Amy. "Kari is down in the Square with Robin so she can't go. That leaves you."

“ I am not getting into that outfit, I am not breaking into the Vatican and I’m certainly not playing mission impossible on that.... Trapeze!” Amy finished, pointing at the ropes and pulleys lying on the roof.

Michelle sighed deeply, “If you don’t we’re screwed. We don’t have anyone else...”

Amy just stared at Michelle for a long moment and smiled.

“No!” Michelle said, not even attempting to keep her voice down, “No way in Hell!”

A half hour later a skylight over a lobby near the Secret Archive opened and a lone figure slowly began to descend. The figure at first was only visible in silhouette, but as she approached the lights hanging from the ceiling it became easier to see her. She was wearing a black BDU pants, a black-knit long sleeved top and black jungle boots as she hung from her harness. Her long, curly red hair was pulled back into a ponytail, black climbing gloves on her hands as she floated down, limbs spread. All together it formed the perfect image of a professional spy doing her job.

Except that the outfit was obviously too small, and the woman very obviously too big. The clothes had been intentionally purchased in Amy’s size and while the BDUs, boots and gloves fit her well enough, the top didn’t even begin to cover her huge, round belly from above and her BDU pants framed her it’s massive curves perfectly from below, her belt cinched up tightly below her belly. Even as the rest of her body was still cloaked in shadow, her belly almost seemed to glow, her pale, tight skin gleaming in the moonlight.

Michelle cleared the hanging lights and began to descend the twenty feet from the lights to the marble floor below. Suddenly her headset crackled to life, “Damn, you were right, I should have gone,” Amy sighed, static wrapping around her words, “How much do you fucking weigh anyway?”

“Shhh!” Michelle replied. “Just another fifteen feet and I’m down.”

As Michelle hung there she heard footsteps against the marble floors, slowly growing louder as they approached her position. Just as she signaled Amy to have Mandy and Candy stop lowering her Michelle watched three priests, two in normal vestments, one in the house cassock of a cardinal as they walked quickly down the hallway. They crossed the lobby and two of the priests stepped aside allowing the third to unlock the large double doors that lead off of the lobby into the Secret Archives. The priest who’d unlocked the door stepped aside, allowing the cardinal to pass before he followed the cardinal into the archive. The other two priests remained at the doors.

Michelle hung there silently as she watched the lights come on within the room beyond the doors they had just unlocked. “They went into the Archive,” Michelle whispered, “Now what?”

“How should I know,” Amy whispered back, forgetting for a moment she didn’t need to whisper.

Several long minutes passed as Michelle hung from the ceiling in the lobby, her back beginning to ache as the weight of her belly pulled down between her hips and shoulders forcing her back to arch. Michelle watched as the priest who’s unlocked the doors stepped out and looked around the lobby before he spoke.

“Miss Michelle,” the priest said as he looked up to where Michelle hung from her harness, “It’s very late and the cardinal has others to meet with...”

“Busted!” Amy said, her voice crackling with static over her headset.

“Yeah, like you’re not,” Michelle snarked, “way busted I mean...”

“Ha, ha, ha,” Amy replied seriously.

“Just get me down,” Michelle sighed.

“For future reference, the cardinal said, “We do have a front door, a visitor’s center, a consulate and a telephone,” he said and held out a business card. “I’m even reasonably certain that if you pass a note to one of the gentlemen that keep the Square clean we could accommodate you. What we do not have is an open skylight policy. Not here. Not ever.”

Michelle swallowed hard as she waddled forward into the Secret Archives and took the card from the cardinal’s hand. The room was huge, its marble floor stretching out fifty feet from the entrance, leading to seven double doors which led off in every direction. Each door was flanked by a pair of marble columns, leading to a platform with a plaque, written in Latin and a huge, ornate statue of an angel, very much like works by Michelangelo. Above and behind the statues were a vaulted ceiling painted with various scenes of religious significance. The room was intimidating, that feeling not diminished by the more human sized furniture that filled its floor.

“I’m sorry your Holiness,” Michelle said as she looked at the floor, the ropes she’d been lowered on hanging off her back, running across the floor, out into the lobby and up through the skylight.

“The proper form of address is ‘Your Eminence’...” the cardinal began.

“Gee, like he’s not full of himself,” Amy laughed over the radio.

“Shut up,” Michelle whispered.

“Excuse me!” the cardinal said, confused and obviously unhappy.

“Nothing,” Michelle said as she pulled off her headset and held it in her hands, blushing. “I’m sorry your Eminence. We just thought that after... well, we heard that the church might not be happy with us.

“Please,” the cardinal said, “Do we look like the type of people who wouldn’t find humor in a group of God’s own chosen standard bearers stealing a supersonic transport?” the cardinal said sternly, standing between the other three priests, all of them looking seriously at Michelle.

“Yeah, I imagine you’re great at the Karaoke bar on Friday nights,” Michelle said under her breath.

“That being said,” the cardinal sighed, “It is always good to see one of the my charges come to Rome. It’s a pleasure to meet you.”

“Thanks,” Michelle fidgeted, nervously rubbing the sides of her bare belly. “I guess you know why I’m here.”

“Yes,” the cardinal said as one of the priests handed him a small folder. “It’s really a moot point though. The holdings in our archives with regards to General Halder’s archives are meager to say the least and almost all of what we have is available to the public.”

“Wait, I thought this was a secret archive?” Michelle questioned.

“That’s a common misunderstanding,” the cardinal replied, mildly amused as he shook his head, “Almost all the information stored here is as secret as your phone bill or school records. Other holdings are simply so old and fragile that they must be kept from public view.”

“But then what’s in that folder...” Michelle guessed.

The cardinal looked down at the folder in his hands, “This? No, this is the public information I spoke of earlier. The non-public information, we do not store in written form.”

“So someone has it memorized? Isn’t that dangerous?” Michelle asked.

“Not at all, why would it be?” one of the priests replied.

“This is Father Castiliani,” the cardinal said, giving a long look to the priest as he stepped forward.

“I’m sorry your Eminence,” Father Castiliani said and nodded to the cardinal before he turned to Michelle. “I manage the Secret Archives. Rest assured the information you seek is safe. Only the physical, the written, the material can be stolen, knowledge cannot be.”

“Well yeah, but it can be copied,” Michelle said. “What’s to stop some evil... person from just demanding you tell them what you know?”

Father Castiliani seemed confused for a moment before he grasped what Michelle was getting at. “Oh... No, **I’m** not the keeper of the knowledge. There’s far too much information that is far too dangerous a simple, corruptible man to possess. I’ve invited a guest here tonight and she’s graciously agreed to join us to speak with you.” He paused for a moment, “I don’t believe it’s necessary to tell you this, but do not let her appearance deceive you, she is far older than her visage would suggest. One moment,” he said as he slowly walked across the large room to a set of brass doors and opened them. He stood there patiently, not looking through the doorway, waiting.

“Where is she?” Michelle said, leaning to try to get a better angle on the hallway beyond the door, resting her hands atop her breasts as she tilted forward.

“She has lived more lifetimes than all of us in this room combined,” the cardinal said. “It is by her grace that we are meeting with her, and when she arrives we shall have that meeting.”

After several quiet moments they heard the sound of footsteps walking down the long marble hallway.

“A word,” Father Castiliani said and stepped to Michelle’s side. “The sister has not left the holy city since before any of us were born. She is not... comfortable with modern ways of speaking. Please try to avoid using slang or jargon with her, she has little patience for such things.”

“Father,” the cardinal half whispered, half hissed.

“Yes your Eminence,” the priest replied and returned to the cardinal’s side. When Michelle looked back to the hallway she could see a lone figure waddling slowly down the hallway. She wore a black ankle-length habit, her hair pulled back under a simple black headdress, only the very front of her bangs visible. As she approached Michelle became aware of how tiny the nun was, at most four and half feet tall. What was more shocking was the girl’s face.

At first glance she looked like a child unhappy with her Halloween costume. She looked young, very young. Had Michelle seen her on the street she would have guessed the nun was thirteen, maybe fourteen, but no older. Her face was almost angelic, a simple, peaceful look coloring her expression. It was only as the nun entered the room that it became apparent that not only did her habit do a very good job of hiding a very pregnant belly, but that even just by looking at her, specifically into her eyes, you could tell her years far outstripped her appearance.

“This is Sister Mary Thomas of the Sisters of the Immaculate Conception,” the cardinal began.

“Leave us,” the girl said in a quiet but firm voice, just the barest hints of an English accent touching her words.

The men in the room moved instantly, quickly walking to the doors and exiting, closing the doors behind them. Moments later Michelle and Sister Mary Thomas both heard their footsteps as they walked down the corridor.

“Hi, I’m...” Michelle began

“Michelle,” Sister Mary Thomas cut her off.

“Yeah, Hi,” Michelle smiled hopefully. “How are you?”

Sister Mary Thomas just looked at her. “I did not come here to make small talk with an irreverent thief and coward,” she said. “What is it you require?”

“Wait just a minute,” Michelle said, “What are you talking about.”

“You stole an aeroplane,” she said, using the old pronunciation, “You’ve controlled the minds of men who were not doing evil. You’ve broken more commandments in the last week than I have in eight hundred and forty two years of life. You’ve shirked your duty and responsibilities and while others may be afraid to call you to task for these actions I am not.”

“So... everything I heard about nuns is true,” Michelle said under her breath. “I thought we had the whole enhanced conscience thing going on?” Michelle said aloud.

Sister Mary Thomas rolled the words around in her head for a moment, using Michelle’s words to construct a sentence that she could understand. “Why would you trust the conscience of a human being over the divine teachings of our Lord?” she asked incredulously. “You’ve been given a gift that less than three hundred people have been given since creation began, a special dispensation to enter the Kingdom of God, regardless of your actions. You must use your time in the world of man to earn that honor.”

“Well, I’m young and foolish and in a big rush,” Michelle said. “So what’s the big secret so big that the cardinal isn’t allowed to know?”

Sister Mary Thomas nodded. “At the close of World War II, when the war was obviously lost, the German government attempted to destroy the world. In southern Germany, near Austria, they had constructed a massive fortress to make their last stand against the allies.” Sister Mary Thomas explained.

“The Alpine Fortress,” Michelle provided.

Sister Mary Thomas blinked, “Perhaps there is hope for you yet. The Germans sent their most powerful force, the ones like us they had created, to the Alpine Fortress. There they were to destroy the safeguards on a new power source being developed there, one tapping into the primordial power of chaos itself. With

those safeguards destroyed chaos energy would flow unfettered into Creation, destroying all in its path.”

“I’ve met a few of the Reichmutter, not the nicest girls to hang around with,” Michelle said. “What I don’t understand is, why would they be stealing the Halder Archive?”

Sister Mary Thomas thought for a moment, “I know of no reason they would, except perhaps to destroy it.”

“Why would they want to do that?” Michelle asked.

“Obviously they did not follow their orders and destroy the world,” Sister Mary Thomas explained, “If that was their decision or not I cannot say. However, if they ever saw these documents or ever visited the Alpine Fortress they would have no need for the Halder Archive. They would simply remember.”

“So the history lesson is the last big secret of the Halder Archive?” Michelle asked.

“No,” Sister Mary Thomas replied. “That was simply what you need to know to understand the answer.”

Michelle stared at Sister Mary Thomas for a long moment.

“There is only one truly secret document in our collection from the Halder Archive. It has been committed to memory by those in my order, along with thousands of other documents too dangerous to be physically available on Earth. The document you seek describes the entry protocols for the Alpine Fortress. The gate on the road leading to the fortress is flanked by two stone obelisks. Certain individuals, Hitler, Goering, Goebells, Hess, Frick... They could simply walk between the obelisks and enter. The gateway could also be opened, either by Hitler himself, the Reich Marshal or his Field Marshals using their ceremonial batons as a key. However, the lock was a deathtrap to those not loyal to the Party. The chaos engine in the Alpine Fortress powers the gate and allows the lock to function. If someone attempts to use the lock that is not loyal to Germany, the Nazi Party, and to Hitler himself the full power of the chaos engine flows through the key, destroying utterly the disloyal officer.”

“So you’re like the Secret Archive’s secret archive,” Michelle smiled. “Cool, but the Reichmutter know all that, don’t they?” Michelle asked.

“They were ordered to enter the fortress. They must have been given instructions how to do so.” Sister Mary Thomas said, “However, it is more difficult now than it was then. While the obelisk into which the key is inserted could not be destroyed it was encased in steel-reinforced concrete and disguised as a historical marker. It is our belief that currently the knowledge of the original obelisks is possessed by ourselves and the Reichmutter alone.”

“I don’t get it,” Michelle said as she began to waddle back and forth in the room, “Everyone who knows anything about this says the Reichmutter have been trying to steal these documents for decades. Why are they in such a big rush all of a sudden?”

“Perhaps they are not the ones rushing,” Sister Mary Thomas replied.

“So... There’s nothing for anyone to steal here....” Michelle mused as she waddled back and forth, “Now what?”

“Perhaps it is time for you and your friends to return home,” Sister Mary Thomas said.

“Everyone keeps saying that,” Michelle said.

“Perhaps they are right,” Sister Mary Thomas replied and began to turn away.

“Wait,” Michelle said, “Why do they keep throwing roadblocks in our way. They kidnapped a friend of ours, had someone do unspeakable things to our other friend, killed the man that did those things before we could make him undo them and turned some poor random girl into a milk doll just to slow us down.”

“Milk doll?” Sister Mary Thomas said, mulling the words over in her head before a shocked expression came to her face. “What have you done with her?” Sister Mary Thomas asked.

“She’s coping... she’s down in the square at the moment,” Michelle said.

“In... the... square...” Sister Mary Thomas repeated. “The hour is late. I will arrange a place for you to sleep and we can discuss this further in the morning.”

“Discuss what?” Michelle said.

“We have experience dealing with those poor souls who’s bodies have been enslaved by the forces of evil to be used as their cattle,” Sister Mary Thomas said, “We can help her.”

Michelle nodded. “Sleep is sounding pretty good right about now,” Michelle said.

“I will have the Cardinal make the proper arrangements,” Sister Mary Thomas said, “Please consider carefully what you do next. I trust that when you’ve weighed all of the possibilities you’ll find that the only solution is for you to return home.” Sister Mary Thomas nodded and turned to the double doors she’d entered through. As she approached the doors swung open of their own volition, stayed open as she passed and silently closed and began to swing closed behind her.

As Michelle watched Sister Mary Thomas walk away a thought suddenly came to mind. “Wait!” Michelle called out. “I have a question... well, two...”

Sister Mary Thomas stopped and turned, but did not walk back, “Yes?”

“Do you speak German?” Michelle asked.

“Yes,” Sister Mary Thomas replied, “I suspect eventually you will too. Perfect memory has its advantages.”

“Yeah,” Michelle replied. “So what does ‘Da sind diese Gören schon wieder’ mean?”

Sister Mary Thomas paused for a moment and thought. “Something akin to ‘Oh no, not them again.’ Is there anything else?”

“Yeah,” Michelle replied. “What’s a celestial?”

Sister Mary Thomas appeared alarmed at the mention of the word. She quickly waddled back through the double doors she had left through and waited for them to close behind her before she spoke. “Where did you hear that word?”

“Is it bad?” Michelle asked.

“There are three forms a being can take in our world. Corporeal, like you or I, Ethereal, like the holy spirit or Celestial, like angel’s and demon’s true forms.” Sister Mary Thomas began.

“Uh, is this another one of those stories I need to hear so I’ll understand the answer?” Michelle asked.

Sister Mary Thomas simply looked at Michelle a moment before she continued.

“Their celestial forms are their true forms, how they appeared in Heaven before the fall and in Heaven and Hell after. It is how they truly are, as God created them, in all their Heavenly glory, with all their power at their disposal. They are, as far as you’re concerned, eternal, unchanging and all powerful.” Sister Mary Thomas said.

“So... storybook demons are celestials?” Michelle asked.

“Storybook angels and demons are celestials, yes,” Sister Mary Thomas agreed.

“Have you ever met one?” Michelle asked.

“It is my understanding that no angel or demon is known to have walked the earth in my lifetime,” Sister Mary Thomas said.

“Thanks,” Michelle replied.

“I will have the Cardinal make the appropriate arrangements for your stay tonight,” Sister Mary Thomas said and turned for the doors. She took only a step before she stopped. “The things we spoke of today... They are for our ears only. They are not to be spoken of with others or recorded for others to see,” Sister Mary Thomas said, without turning .

“Of course,” Michelle replied.

“God be with you,” Sister Mary Thomas replied and walked toward the doors. They opened on their own as she approached and closed behind her after she had passed.

Michelle put her headset back on, “Did you get all that from Sister Ironbottom?”

“A-ffirmative,” Amy replied. “I’m not sure she’s got chocolate chips in all her cookies though.”

Michelle stifled a laugh. “Yeah, but they obviously don’t stick to the church teachings about milk d... girls like you,” Michelle caught herself.

“Yah, yah, yah,” Amy replied, “You might as well call us that, it’s not like there’s a better name. So how do you know she partakes?”

“She opened some doors just by walking up to them. I could feel the wind build up and blow past her, pushing them open,” Michelle replied, “That took some serious power.”

“So what was all that about celestials?” Amy asked.

Michelle heard the sound of distant footsteps approaching, “Hold on, it looks like the men in black are coming’ back.”

It took nearly two minutes for the footfalls to reach the entrance to the Secret Archive. The doors opened and the cardinal stepped into the room, followed by Father Castiliani. “I understand you will be staying the night with us,” the Cardinal said. “There is a hotel nearby, the Nova Domus. It is where all our visitors stay when they have business at Vatican City.”

“Mandy says we passed the Nova Domus on the way here,” Amy said from the headset. “We’ll meet you there.”

“Sounds good,” Michelle said into the headset, “Kari and Robin, you have that?”

“Got it,” Kari replied. “See you there.”

“Father Castiliani, please lead the way,” Michelle smiled, “and thank you, Your Eminence, for your hospitality.”

“The pleasure is mine,” he nodded.

Twenty minutes later Michelle and Father Castiliani arrived at the hotel, having passed Mandy, Candy and Amy waddling quickly down the street less than a minute before. As Michelle and the priest entered the lobby a member of the staff strode up to Michelle and Father Castiliani and began speaking. It quickly became apparent that something was wrong. The hotel staff member and Father Castiliani seemed to be having a disagreement but as they were speaking Italian Michelle couldn't understand a word of it.

“What's wrong Father,” Michelle asked.

“I don't know,” Father Castiliani replied, “The clerk said that your friends, the... robust... young woman and her companion in the wheelchair arrived just a moment ago.

“Cool,” Michelle said as she looked around. She spotted Mandy, Candy and Amy entered the lobby but didn't see Kari and Robin, “So where are they?”

“That's just it,” Father Castiliani replied, “He said he sent them to their suite upstairs.”

“And...” Mandy said leadingly.

“We do much business with this hotel,” Father Castiliani explained, “But we don't have any prearranged accommodations.”

The clerk seemed to understand enough of what was being said to reply.

Father Castiliani said something in Italian and the clerk replied, the only word Michelle could understand was Father Castiliani's name.

“This makes no sense at all,” Father Castiliani said, “I asked how the room was arranged and he said the reservation was called in two hours ago... they left a description of your whole party.”

“Who called it in?” Michelle asked.

“That's just it,” Father Castiliani said, “The caller gave my name.”

Michelle looked at Father Castiliani for a moment, obviously confused as she looked to Mandy, Candy and Amy. Slowly a look of concern, then horrid realization came to her face as she turned and ran to the bank of elevators lining the wall of the lobby. “What is their room number?” Michelle shouted over her shoulder as she pressed the buttons next to each elevator door.

The clerk said something in Italian and Father Castiliani translated it, “Room 714.”

The elevator doors opened and Michelle stepped in, “Mandy, Candy, take the stairs. Amy, you're with me.”

Amy ran to the elevator, throwing her arms across her breasts to slow their bouncing as much as possible, which turned out to not have much of an effect.

“I just pray I'm wrong,” Michelle said as she pressed the door close button over and over again. The doors slid closed and they began to ascend.

“What’s wrong,” Amy asked as they passed the second floor.

“Someone reserved the suite for us two hours ago in Father Castiliani’s name. I hope I’m wrong, but I’m guessing it was....”

Michelle was cut off as an explosion from above rocked the car, the sound reverberating down the shaft as the lights flickered. For a moment it seemed the car would come to a halt, but despite a brief hesitation it continued upward to the seventh floor. The elevator doors slid open, revealing the outer elevator doors, struggling to open. With only a little persuasion on Michelle’s part the doors opened, a cloud of dust and smoke filling the elevator car.

The rubble and destruction were light by the elevator, little more than dust and small chunks of rubble, but as Michelle and Amy ran down the wide hallway the piles of rubble grew larger and the smell of nitrates grew stronger. They ran past rooms 711 and 712. They had to slow and walk carefully over and around the debris near where the entrance to room 713 had been. The wall between the hallway and what must have been suite 714 was entirely gone, along with the ceiling and most of the contents of the room.

Michelle began grabbing at the huge chunks of the collapsed wall and ceiling, throwing them over her shoulder as if they were made of cardboard. Amy ducked the flying construction materials and began digging in the waist high rubble herself. “Kari,” Amy shouted as she slid a large piece of plaster away, uncovering Kari’s barely conscious form.

“You okay?” Michelle asked.

Kari coughed and screamed as she tried to move her arm, bent at an unnatural angle. Aside from her broken arm and some minor abrasions Kari seemed to be all right. As soon as Michelle realized this she turned back to the rubble and began tossing the huge slabs of wood and plaster away from where the entrance of the suite once stood.

“The wheelchair and Robin,” Kari coughed, “They blocked most of the blast.”

Amy looked up to Michelle and saw her standing there, staring down, a large wooden door held aloft in one hand. Robin lay on the floor, her face and chest burned, the blankets she’d been wrapped in singed and torn, half buried in the rubble. Michelle dropped to the floor next to her and brushed some of the small pebbles of plaster from Robin’s face. She leaned down and put her ear to Robin’s lips. She listened for a moment before she reached over and pressed her fingertips against the side of Robin’s neck. She tried several different places, obviously growing more desperate before she placed her hand under Robin’s neck and tilted her head back.

Michelle felt for the bottom of Robin’s sternum and placed her hands on Robin’s chest, one atop the other. She took a deep breath and cautiously pressed down, careful not to use any of her enhanced strength. Robin’s ribcage compressed with the sickening crunch of broken bones sliding against each other and blood bubbled from Robin’s mouth in a pink froth. Michelle drew her hands back in shock, Robin’s chest remaining compressed even now that the pressure from Michelle’s hands had been withdrawn.

Michelle stared down at Robin's face for a long moment before she wiped the bloody froth from Robin's mouth and began giving her mouth-to-mouth. As Michelle sat up in between breaths she began to sob, her cries growing worse as she continued. "Michelle," Amy said, putting her hand on Michelle's shoulder.

"NO!" Michelle screamed before she took a deep breath and blew into Robin's mouth.

"Michelle... she's gone." Amy said through her own sobs, falling to her knees behind Michelle. For a long moment they both sat there sobbing.

"The power of creation," Michelle muttered.

"What?" Amy said, confused.

"Luke said our power is like magic," Michelle forced out, choking back her tears, "That we wield the power of creation."

"Michelle," Amy said with a sad smile as she rested both her hands on Michelle's shoulders.

Michelle's eyes went unfocused as she looked upward. Still looking upward she reached down and ran her finger through the blood that had pooled under Robin's head. Michelle looked down at Robin's body, appearing detached from herself somehow, her expression blank as she lowered her index finger to Robin's chest. She drew her finger slowly across Robin's pale pink skin, leaving a trail of crimson behind even as Robin's skin began to slowly fade from pink to an ashen grey. She traced out a loop with her finger, pulling her finger down beneath it before she rewet her finger and drew a line across the loop's tail, forming an ankh.

"Michelle, what are you doing," Amy asked quietly.

"A symbol of life," Michelle said quietly and slowly, her head tilted. She seemed to be going into shock. "Luke said symbols **are** power. They allow you to harness the power of Creation and make it your own."

Both girls stared at Robin's twisted body, still half buried by the rubble Robin stared upward blindly, her pupils gigantic, the sheen of moisture beginning to dry from her eyes as dust settled on her sclera.

"Nothing's happening!" Michelle shouted. "Nothing!"

"Michelle," Amy repeated, "it's time to go."

"No," Michelle said as she reached down and grabbed a chunk of metal from the floor. "Nothing's over," Michelle said and drew the metal shard across her palm, slicking through the skin. She squeezed her cut hand into a fist, her blood flowing freely, dripping off her hand.

Michelle reached over and retraced the ankh on Robin's chest, adding her blood to Robin's before she drew back her hand.

"Come on, Michelle," Amy said as she slowly got to her feet, her worry for Michelle obvious in her voice. "Let's go find the..... whoa...." Amy stopped as a glint of light reflected off the bloody ankh on Robin's chest caught her eye. She watched, first confused, then amazed as the reflected light from the ankh grew brighter and brighter until it glowed. The ankh appeared to soak into Robin's chest and disappear. As soon as it had faded completely away Robin's skin began to glow as if a white light was shining from within her. First just a small dot of skin glowed at the center of where the ankh had been, but the glowing began to expand, the scratches, burns and cuts on Robin's skin disappearing as the glow enveloped them.

As suddenly as the glow had begun it began to falter, the circle of light's expansion slowing, then stopping, then beginning to slowly retreat.

"What... What's wrong?" Michelle asked.

Amy was still staring at Robin, nearly dumbstruck, "Not enough power," Amy said sadly as the light continued to dim and contract.

"Bullshit," Michelle said, "I'm made of fucking magic." Michelle forced herself to her feet and stepped around Robin until she squatted down next to Robin's head and pulled off her secret-agent black knit top, her huge breasts spilling out over her belly.

Ten feet down the hallway the stairwell door opened and Mandy and Candy stepped out into the hallway. It only took them a moment to grasp what was happening and the waddled over to the scene of the carnage slowly and quietly.

"Your milk," Michelle said to Amy in the same semi-conscious monotone she'd been speaking in since she'd found Robin... it's just milk... it's our magic that makes you have it... but it's just milk..."

She leaned forward and tilted Robin's head backwards, her mouth falling open, "But my milk... if it can turn any girl into an immortal, if it can be made to turn a normal girl's breasts into those," Michelle said, glancing at Amy's massive boobs before she leaned forward, allowing her breast to hang heavily over Robin's mouth, "Then my milk must be jam packed with fucking magic." Michelle said as she tried expressing milk from her breast. At first nothing happened, then one drop of milk fell from Michelle's breast to Robin's cheek. Then another. The third drop fell into Robin's open mouth.

The reaction was immediate.

Robin gasped, her back arching as the white glow expanded, shining through her skin, through the rubble still covering half her body and straight up through the ceiling. The entire hallway began to shake slightly, the rubble covering Robin's torso and legs blowing away as if it was made of dust as the light tore through it.

Seconds later it was over. The hallway was still a wreck, but there was a circle centered on Robin's exposed chest that extending about five feet in all direction where it appeared the explosion had never taken place. The pool of blood that had been beneath Robin's head was gone, the carpet unstained, the blankets Robin was wrapped in untorn and unsigned. Michelle fell forward onto her outstretched hands, inhaling deeply in a desperate attempt to catch her breath.

"What the hell just happened," Mandy asked, her mouth hanging open.

Amy skittered out from behind Michelle to Candy and Mandy's side, "Uh... room blew up... Kari broke her arm... Robin was killed... Pretty sure Michelle just brought Robin back to life," Amy said, her voice incredulous and more than a little afraid.

"No way," Mandy whispered.

"Are you sure she's alive?" Candy asked.

Amy bent down and looked under Michelle's torso at Robin's face. "Pretty sure you have to be alive to suck someone's boob like that," Amy said.

"Oh my God," Mandy and Candy said in unison.

"Michelle, are you okay?" Amy asked.

Michelle looked up, her face flushed, sweat beginning to form across her forehead, “Uh,” Michelle gasped. “Can we have this conversation when someone’s not sucking on my boob,” she added, her attempts to catch her breath thwarted by the stimulation.

“Hello?” Kari called out, “Girl with a broken arm needs some help!”

“Hey!” Michelle said disapprovingly as she looked down at Robin, “No tongue!”

Robin mumbled something unintelligible, her mouth full.

As Mandy and Candy began waddling to Kari’s aid Father Castiliani stumbled out of the stairwell and into the opposite wall, gasping for air. He was just beginning to recover when he turned and spotted Michelle, topless and nursing Robin. Father Castiliani gasped again and leaned against the wall, slowly sliding down until he sat on the carpet, dazed.

“You know,” Mandy said, “I can’t even think of anything snarky to say right now.”

Candy considered for a moment. “Me either,” Candy replied as they looked down on Michelle nursing Robin, Robin’s skin slowly returning to a warm, healthy tone.

## CHAPTER 32

In Baltimore things had taken a turn for the worse. When Mary and Bobbi arrived at the museum she found Debbie sitting outside the fire door, her breasts pressed tightly against her bent legs, her arms folded atop them. "Hey," Mary said as she waddled up to the door. "What are you doing out here."

Debbie shook her head, "I just had to get out of there. After awhile being with her... it just messes with your head." Bobbi seemed nervous and tense and finally Mary realized why her demeanor seemed so familiar. Years ago, before her mother passed away Mary's father had spent hour after hour with her at the hospital. When he returned home he was often the same way, nervous, fidgety and guilty. She was surprised she hadn't seen it before, especially since she felt the same way after a few hours with Juanita.

"Why don't you head for home," Mary said, wincing as she kneeled down next to Debbie. Debbie nodded and with a bit of assistance got to her feet. She looked out toward the harbor, not even able to look back toward the fire door leading down to the museum.

"I'll be out by the harbor when Maria comes up," Debbie said and wandered off toward the water.

Bobbie and Mary's eyes followed Debbie as she walked slowly away. "I know how she feels," Bobbie replied.

"I know... come on, let's go down," Mary replied and waited for Bobbie to turn before she herself turned to the door. The girls had left lanterns on the ramp leaning down to the main floor of the museum, allowing them to see where they were going as they moved down the long, lazy slope. Halfway down they were met by Maria as she waddled upward.

"Hey," Maria whispered to them as she stepped up to them. "Juanita isn't doing so well."

"Well, yeah, I'd imagine," Mary said quietly.

"Uh... no," Maria replied and stepped over to the edge of the ramp to look down at her sister before she looked back to Mary and Bobbi, "I mean she's getting worse... and she's not coping too well. She's not throwing up so much now... I think that's why she's growing faster now. I'm just hoping Michelle and the twins get back from Paris soon with an answer." Maria seemed lost in thought for a moment. "We're going to go eat and then I'll stop back. You two will be all right until then?"

"Sure," Mary smiled, trying her best to be convincing. While Maria might not physically tire easily she was very tired mentally, Mary could tell that just looking into her eyes. "We'll be fine."

Maria nodded, slightly distracted and started to waddle up the long ramp to the exit. "Come on," Mary said to Bobbi, "Let's head down."

Although more brightly lit, the trip down and around the room still took quite a few minutes. Luckily when they reached the main floor of the museum they found Juanita asleep, giving them a chance to get used to her rapidly expanding form before they had to speak with her. Even in the brief time since they'd last seen her

she'd expanded, the swelling of her body now reaching the floor, lifting her from her feet and engulfing her shoulders and the top of her upper arms, the full, fleshy swelling locking them in place. Juanita's head lolled forward, her chin resting on the curve of her bloated body, breathing slowly and deeply as she slept, her whole body slowly rocking back and forth. The swelling had obliterated all features from her lower body, save her tiny feet sticking out from depressions in the great rounded swelling, the soles of her feet nearly flush with the surrounding flesh. Her upper body hadn't fared much better. Save for her head and part of her arms she was a huge, fleshy sphere unable to even stop her own slow swaying motion.

Mary and Bobbi stepped closer, only realizing as they got closer that the sheen they had both taken for merely the shine of stretched, taut skin was something much more disturbing. Juanita's skin was coated with a thin layer of semen, completely covering the huge rounded ball her body had become, slowly dripping to the floor., pooling where her body rested.

"This is so not gonna be pretty," Bobbi said and looked away.

Many hours later Mary was in nearly the same state as Debbie had been in when she'd arrived. The girls sat there quietly, hoping desperately that Juanita didn't wake up before their shift was over. *Being in the same room with her is bad enough*, Mary thought, *talking with her would push me over the edge*. Bobbi couldn't manage to take her eyes from Juanita's bloated form, which was just as well as Mary couldn't take her eyes from Bobbi's huge breasts. While intellectually Mary didn't find huge breasts, or women for that matter, sexually appealing, her hugely enlarged digits had other ideas. While before her finger-cocks excitement had not gone much beyond themselves becoming more erect and feverish as they'd grown, the sensations they produced were having a more general effect on her body.

And grown they had. Although Mary had no real recollection of the growth itself often Mary had suddenly found that her finger-cocks had grown heavier, longer and thicker either upon waking up in the morning or after a brief blackout. Now they were nearly as thick as her wrists, its width pushing her fingers off to either side. The darker, veiny texture had spread down her palm and across the back of her hand, veins working their way down her forearm to merge with those in her massive male organs.

Now, looking at Bobbi her arms throbbed from her elbows down to the tips of her finger-cocks. She tried to look away, but the physical manifestations of lust, the fever, the panting, the sweat and her quickening pulse overcame her reason. Without bothering to excuse herself Mary lifted herself to her feet turned toward the restroom, momentarily forgetting the new equipment she sported between her legs. She was immediately reminded of both its presence and increased size as she tried to waddle away, unable to suppress a quiet, breathy sigh as the head of her massive cock slid across the heavy lower curve of her belly. She felt the pressure growing, both in her hands and forearms as well as between her legs.

Mary stumbled into the bathroom, slipping and collapsing on the floor, her eyes rolled back into her head, her quiet sighs turning to deep, guttural moans, barely audible to Bobbi in the main room as they grew in speed and intensity.

Juanita slowly awoke from the noise and reached up to rub her eyes before the bloating of her body stopped her from reaching that far. Frustrated she dropped her arms, allowing them to slap against her body, adding to her movement, the speed of her body's rocking increasing. "What the hell is that" Juanita asked and looked around.

"Uh, I think that's Mary..." Bobbi said wincing.

"Mary? What is she doing?" Juanita asked as they both heard Mary call out, her voice sounding far more animal than human.

"Uh, I don't want to know," Bobbi replied

"I feel seasick," Juanita replied, now rocking back and forth a few feet as opposed to the few inches she had been before"

"Uh... yeah..." Bobbi replied, trying desperately to keep her thoughts far from both Juanita and Mary..

## CHAPTER 33

Hours after the explosion the hotel had been evacuated aside from some of the staff and the guests who had been on the seventh floor, both those being treated for their injuries and those that were beyond treatment. Even hours later the lobby was an insane rush of medical personnel, the police and the injured. Father Castiliani tried his best to keep the *polizia* from the twins and Michelle as well as from the other girls but there were so many people who had seen their arrival and their mad dash for the seventh floor that there was no convincing the police that they did not need to be interviewed.

A group of men walked up to the main stairwell where Mandy, Candy and Michelle were seated, sipping from tumblers of wine as Amy stood nearby, wrapped in a blanket. "I'm sorry, I've tried to spare you this but the *polizia* are insisting on speaking with you," Father Castiliani said quietly, flanked by several detectives.

"I am sorry to bother you at a time like this," the first detective said, "but I must ask you what happened."

"How did you know there was a problem on the seventh floor?" the second man asked, a small tablet in hand.

There was a sudden commotion at the main entrance to the hotel as a group of ten or twelve people entered. As they crossed the lobby the group thinned until the man standing near the middle of the group had reached the front. "Gentlemen," the cardinal said, "These women are guests of the Holy See," he said as the three detectives turned to him, "And neither they, Father Castiliani nor myself were here tonight." The detectives looked at each other before they reached a mutual decision and nodded to the cardinal before they walked away.

"Girls," the cardinal said as he turned toward the girls, "I have a car waiting at the service entrance to take us back to Vatican City, You will stay there tonight as our guests. Your other companions have already been delivered there via ambulance." The girls nodded and began to push themselves to their feet but as they all headed toward the rear of the hotel, led by Father Castiliani, Michelle lagged behind.

"Thank you for your hospitality Your Eminence," Michelle began, "but after... what happened here tonight and my conversation with Sister Mary Thomas... I have to make a few phone calls and then leave." The cardinal nodded.

"You know the code words needed," the cardinal replied. "Father Castiliani will make all the arrangements for your travel."

"Thank you," Michelle said and began to waddle after the other girls, the cardinal following behind.

At the front door a taxi pulled up and several men and a woman climbed from within its cramped confines. They stepped up to the officer guarding the front door and showed their IDs and were shortly speaking with the lead detective on scene. "Hello, I'm Special Agent David Leyland, U.S. Secret Service, attached to Interpol."

"It's a pleasure to meet you Agent Leyland," the detective replied, "but I do not know what could possibly be of interest to you here?"

“Three women that were here, at the hotel, at the time of the explosion,” Agent Leyland explained. “I just need to have a word with them.”

“Women?” the detective laughed, “There are a great many women here. You will have to be more specific.”

“Six American girls, three very pregnant, two very voluptuous, one confined to a wheelchair. The detectives glanced to the side doors of the lobby, where the cardinal and Michelle were still making their way to the outside before they looked back to Agent Leyland.

“I’m sorry,” the detective said seriously, “I know of no one that meets your description.”

“Yeah, they... What?” Agent Leyland demanded, “They’re right there with that... Cardinal?” he added incredulously.

The detective didn’t take the time to look to the side door again, “Your trip from the United States must have left you very tired,” the detective said. “While this is Rome Cardinals do not simply fall from the trees. No one of that rank has been here tonight.”

“But he’s right there!” Leyland replied, beginning to push past the detectives before he was restrained by two police officers.

“I am willing to overlook your actions, Special Agent Leyland,” the detective began, “But it has been a very stressful night and I have a bombing to investigate. If you have information that can help the investigation then by all means, provide it. Otherwise I must ask you to leave, this is a crime scene.”

“But...” Leyland began before he was cut off.

“Otherwise I will have to have you removed,” he added and nodded to the police officers holding Leyland’s arms. “Have I made myself clear?”

Leyland nodded reluctantly and the officers loosened their grip, allowing Leyland to pull free. “If you’ll excuse me, I have an investigation to run,” the detective said and walked away. Agent Leyland straightened his coat and turned, watching the car at the side door pull away,

Inside the car Michelle already had Hilda’s cell phone in her hand.

“So,” Amy asked cautiously, “What did you mean about going somewhere?”

Michelle held her hand up, “In Paris, France.” She paused a moment. “Renfield, Professor Jules Renfield.” She listened for a moment before she flipped the phone closed and open again then dialed. After several long moments Michelle hit a button on the phone, and sat it atop her breasts. “Professor Renfield?” she asked.

“Yes, yes,” the unmistakable lilt of Professor Renfield’s accent replied.

“This is Michelle, with the plans? I have a favor to ask you,” Michelle said.

“Michelle? Plans?” he asked, confused, “Oh... that Michelle, Those plans,” his voice dripping with sarcasm. “Sorry, This happens to me so often.”

“**Now** he’s funny,” Mandy said.

“What do you need?” Professor Renfield replied.

“Can you find out where I can get a German World War II Field Marshal’s baton?” Michelle asked.

The professor choked on his tea, taking a moment to clear his throat. “Why do you ask.”

“That depends,” Candy said, “Why are you choking.”

“Well...I...” the professor sputtered.

“Yeah, listen professor,” Michelle said, “I need to get a hold of a Field Marshal’s baton. Can you find out where I can get one?”

“Most of them are in various military museums around the world,” Professor Renfield replied.

Michelle sighed, “That doesn’t help. We’ve done enough borrowing from museums.”

“Borrowing?” Amy chuckled.

“Shut up!” Michelle replied.

“Excuse me!” Professor Renfield answered.

“Not you Professor,” Michelle sighed, “Are any in private hands?”

“I believe so but I’ll have to continue my research. Can I call you back in ten minutes.”

“Sure...” Michelle began, “Did you say continue?”

“Yes....” Renfield began, “in several photos from the archive they show field marshals with their batons at the Alpine Fortress.”

“And...” Michelle said leadingly.

Professor Renfield took a deep breath, “There’s always been a story that the Alpine fortress was locked with metal rods. It wasn’t until I saw the Field Marshal’s Batons that I realized...” Michelle cut him off.

“Okay, Just call me back as soon as you have a line on one,” Michelle replied and hung up.

“So, you’re gonna try to get a hold of a baton?” Amy asked. “I could have sworn that Sister Whatsername said using it’s fatal if your not some big Nazi.”

“Yeah, Well I’m getting it more as a precaution,” Michelle said. “I just want to be ready. You know, just in case.”

“Yeah,” Mandy said, “and if we have to use it we can just have Kari do it and you can bring her back to life after.” As soon as the words left her mouth Michelle’s eyes grew momentarily wide before she turned and looked out the window, obviously shaken.

“Smooth,” Amy said quietly as she looked out the opposite window.

“Yeah, real smooth,” Candy replied and punched her sister in the arm.

“Hey, you were thinking it too!” Mandy replied.

“But I didn’t say it!” Candy replied.

“Stop it!” Michelle said, her voice shaking “Just stop it, ok?”

“So...did anyone catch the local sports team’s weekly competition?” Mandy asked dryly.

“That’s it,” Michelle said and as their car stopped at a traffic light she kicked open the door and climbed out, slamming the door behind her.

“Should we stop?” Father Castiliani asked from the front seat.

“Uh, I really think she needs some time to think all this through,” Amy said, “I know I do.”

“Think about what? She saved Robin’s life.” Mandy said, “It’s all good.”

“Yeah...” Amy began, “So why didn’t you want to talk to anyone after the thing at the Trade Center?”

“Never mind,” Mandy replied, “I get it.”

“What Trade Center thing?” Candy asked.

“It was nothing,” Mandy said. “Nothing to talk about.”

Amy turned to Candy and said in a stage whisper “She was doing a high wire walking thing on the safety railing after some guy called her a clumsy whale.”

“You never told me about that,” Candy replied, “What happened?”

“Nothing,” Mandy replied.

“She fell off,” Amy said, “Twenty-seven stories straight down, bounced off the sidewalk and into the water by the USS Constellation.”

“You never told me about that,” Candy said, amazed.

“It was nothing,” Mandy insisted.

“Doesn’t sound like nothing,” Candy replied.

“Didn’t sound like nothing then either,” Amy added, “After she was down there for like twenty minutes she started screaming. Ever hear someone scream underwater? Its really eerie.”

Mandy’s shoulders fell and she sighed, “I must have got knocked out or something and when I woke up I was.... forty feet underwater. It surprised me, that’s all.” Mandy looked from Amy, to Candy, then back to Amy. “I don’t want to talk about it.”

“See?” Amy replied. “Lets just give her some time. It took Mandy a couple of days to deal with it before she got back to her normal happy-go-lucky self.”

“Shut up,” Mandy replied as she stared out the car window.

“She’ll be back.” Amy said. “She just needs time to think.”

Several hours later Michelle was headed north via a car helpfully provided by the Vatican. At first Michelle was just going to take the train but as soon as she asked for help to buy her tickets the priests on the cardinal’s staff began hovering around, making phone calls, arranging a vehicle and clothing. Before Michelle even began to protest her mini-van and drivers were ready and they were away, headed for Nuremberg, the home of one of the last field marshals batons remaining in private hands.

The fourteen hour trip was wasted on the two drivers, who switched off several times as they drove, barely making conversation with each other, but Michelle used every moment of the ride. *Strength is one thing, speed, power... but this,* Michelle thought, shaking her head, *this is something else.* Michelle ran the events and her thoughts over and over in her mind. She saw herself throwing aside the rubble, remembered trying to CPR and mouth-to-mouth, remembered breaking down when she realized it wasn’t working. All of those things she was comfortable with. She was used to her strength and speed, at least to the degree she used them. But when the idea had come to her, to try to use Luke’s creation magic to revive Robin she’d never believed it would work.

But when it did work... Michelle shook her head, *that’s the hard part to accept.* Michelle went over the thoughts again and again in her head, but that moment kept coming up over and over again, like a knot in a shoelace that she couldn’t untie no matter how many times she went back to it.

“Miss Reed?” the driver said, “You asked that I tell you when we arrived in Nuremberg.” Michelle looked toward the driver, startled, then looked around. It was

obviously an ancient city, a very occasional new building only serving to highlight the old-world charm of the city. They passed through the old city walls that surrounded the original, Middle Ages city and after crossing the river Pegnitz they turned left and headed back through the city wall and into the city's western suburbs.

Ten minutes later they pulled to the side of the road at a rather large home, obviously belonging to a wealthy family. They sat there, in the mini-van for several minutes, Michelle staring at the front door of the home before the driver turned to Michelle. "Miss Reed?"

Michelle stared at the door for a moment before she shook her head, "Yeah, sorry," Michelle said and the driver got out of the van and opened the sliding door at Michelle's side before holding his hand out for Michelle. Michelle looked at his hand curiously and uncomprehendingly for a moment before she smiled and put her hand in his and pulled herself out of the van. "Wait here, this could take awhile," Michelle said. Her driver nodded then returned to the van as Michelle stepped up to the house. She looked next to the door for a doorbell and, finding none, knocked firmly on the door.

A minute passed, then two. Michelle was about to raise her hand to knock again when the door was opened by a teenage girl, a telephone handset perched between her ear and elbow. She looked for a long moment at Michelle, her mouth open slightly, stopped in mid-sentence. The girl said something in German and hung up the phone on the table in the hallway, her eyes never straying from Michelle. As she was about to speak Michelle chimed in, "Do you speak English?" Michelle asked.

The girl, if anything, seemed more confused as she listened to Michelle, her eyes drifting quickly to Michelle's belly, then back up to Michelle's overstuffed breasts. "Ja," the girl replied then rolled her eyes, "Yes, a little."

Michelle forced a smile. She'd thought she'd gotten over being unhappy with people staring at her, but this girl staring right at her breasts was really getting to her. "Does Eric Draahten live here?" Michelle asked.

The girl's expression went from curious to bored as she turned into the house, "Father, there is a very..." she paused and looked at Michelle's belly for a moment, "a very *schwanger* young girl here. She is my age. Is there something you need to say to mother and I?" she asked, speaking English with a heavy German accent, presumably so Michelle would understand. She flashed a bored look at Michelle before she turned and wandered away down the large, wood paneled hallway, leaving the door hanging open.

It was a few moments before a man came to investigate the young girl's shout and the open door. He was about six feet tall, about two hundred pounds. He looked to be in his fifties, dressed in a comfortable sweater and khaki's along with a pair of very comfortable looking slippers. Like his daughter his eyes dropped to Michelle's outsized belly, gravitated up to her massive breasts and then, unlike his daughter, his eyes returned to hers. "What can I do for you?" he asked in slightly accented English.

"Hi, you're Eric Draahten?" Michelle asked politely.

"Yes, who are you?"

“I’m Michelle Reed,” Michelle paused for a moment, “Well, I’m not sure how to ask this, but was your grandfather Field Marshal Erich von Draahten?”

Mr. Draahten seemed surprised at the question, “Uh... Yes... “ he replied. “Perhaps you should come in,” he added and stepped back from the doorway, holding it open for Michelle to enter. The entry hall opened into a large stair hall, open to the second floor, bookshelves lining the walls. Mr. Draahten led Michelle to a set of sliding doors and opened them, beckoning Michelle to enter.

The room was lined with bookcases and paneled in a dark wood, mahogany or walnut. Several oversized leather club chairs sat around the room, small tables, ottomans and lamps scattered around the room. Mr. Draahten led Michelle over to two chairs by the fireplace and offered her a seat. Michelle looked at the deep, comfy chair and chuckled, “If I get down into that chair I won’t be getting up.”

Mr. Draahten smiled. “You remind me of my wife when she was carrying our daughter. I tell you what I told her, Sit and when you need to leave I will help you up.”

Michelle looked into Mr. Draahten’s smiling face and sighed quietly before lowering herself into the amazingly comfortable chair, sinking into it’s warm softness realizing immediately that she was right and that she would need help getting up. Mr. Draahten stepped over to the bar and poured a drink from a decanter. “Can I get you anything to drink?” he asked.

“No, really. I’m fine,” Michelle replied.

“Well then,” Mr. Draahten began as he took a seat near Michelle, “You were asking about my grandfather.” He took a sip from his tumbler and leaned back in his chair.

“Do you remember much about him?” Michelle asked.

“Very little.” Mr. Draahten said, “I was very young when he died and he was not exactly one of the favorite people to speak about in our family.”

“Really?” Michelle asked, genuinely surprised.

“It was the 1960s,” Draahten replied, “and my grandfather was a member of the High Command during the war. He was... let’s just say he did not have the strength of his convictions.”

“Huh?” Michelle asked.

“He did not stand behind what he believed. Where the crowd went so did he.” Draahten said, disgusted.

“Well, it had to be hard for him,” Michelle said.

“Yes,” Mr. Draahten said sarcastically as he looked around the room, waving his arms, “it must have been like hell living here before. during and after the war.”

Michelle blinked. “He lived here? This was his house?” she asked, looking around the room.

“Yes,” Mr. Draahten replied, “My parents and I lived in the north but when my father passed away I inherited the house and grounds. I couldn’t stand to let a home such as this stand vacant.”

“It’s really nice,” Michelle said as Mr. Draahten got to his feet and walked to the window looking over the rolling hills outside.

“It should be,” Draahten replied, “Many had to give up what little they had for my grandfather to have so much.” He took a long draw from his glass without

turning from the window. "But you did not come here from America to ask about my grandfather for a school research paper, did you?"

"You caught me Mr. Draahten," Michelle smiled. "I came to ask you about a specific item your grandfather left you."

"Please, I am Eric," he replied, still looking out the window, "and I have precious little aside from the furniture and the house that contains it that belonged to my grandfather."

"That's weird, they said you had something but when they said it... it just didn't make any sense," Michelle said, "what would a field marshal need with a baton anyway? I bet he wasn't exactly a world champion twirler."

Eric turned to Michelle, obviously confused and not understanding what Michelle had said. Michelle looked around the room, first at the coffee table in front of her, then at the end table between her seat and Mr. Draahten's. She reached across the coffee table and plucked a riding crop from among the curious items left on the table as conversation pieces and twirled it between her fingers, spinning it around faster and faster as her fingers remembered the motion.

Eric stared at her for a moment before he burst out laughing. For a moment Michelle was hurt, but she quickly realized he wasn't laughing at her at all, but at the misunderstanding between them. His laugh was deep and full and a few tears actually began to roll down his cheeks before he caught his breath and returned to his earlier, more serious manner. "I'm sorry," he said. "There must be a difference in language. This baton isn't like that at all. I supposed you might think of it more like a weapon, but this was never designed to be used that way. It was ornamental, a symbol of authority and power."

"Do you have it out on display here?" Michelle asked.

"No," Eric said shortly before he seemed to realize something. "You've never seen a field marshal's baton. If you had you'd understand."

"Can I see it?" Michelle asked.

Eric stepped to the back to the chair he had been sitting at earlier, "This brings us back to a question I have had since you arrived, but I was hoping you'd explain before I had to ask, after all, you're a guest in my home and I don't know your intentions."

"It's kind of complicated," Michelle said and shrugged.

"I would imagine," Draahten said, looking down pointedly at Michelle's oversized form.

"I promise I'll explain," Michelle said, "Can I see it?"

"I'll be right back," Eric said, "Please excuse me for a few moments." He walked across the room and exited through the double doors they had entered through.

"Why are you asking my father about all this?" a girl's voice asked, "He does not like talking about these things."

Michelle looked around the room, quickly focusing on a small balcony looking into the room from a stairway leading to the floor above. The doors to the balcony stood open and the girl that had greeted her at the front door was standing there, leaning against the door.

"God, you scared me!," Michelle said and took a deep breath.

“Why are you really here?” she asked, “and how could you be so... “ she thought for a moment, “so pregnant? Once of my friend’s mothers had triplets and she wasn’t as big as you.”

Michelle ignored the questions, “I didn’t mean to make him uncomfortable, I just need to find out about the baton.”

“Men from three museums have asked to see it as well. Father didn’t show it to them, I do not know why you think he would show it to you.”

The pocket doors slid open as the young girl was speaking and Mr. Draahten walked in, carrying a black velvet upholstered box about two feet long and six inches tall and wide. He followed the sound of the girl’s voice to the balcony. “Elsa, you know better than to be there. Go to your room.” Elsa looked at him for a moment before she nodded and turned, “and close the door as you leave.” Elsa turned back and nodded again before she left, pulling the door shut behind her.

“I am sorry,” Mr. Draahten said, “She is young and...”

“And she loves her father very much,” Michelle interrupted him. “I’m the one that should be sorry. She said you don’t like talking about all this.”

“None of us do,” Eric replied, “It’s a dark time in my past. All our pasts.”

“Is that the baton,” Michelle asked, looking at the box in Mr. Draahten’s hand.

“Yes, but now I must know... why do you want to see it?” Eric asked.

“Well, I’m curious for a start,” Michelle said.

“You did not come here from America because you are curious,” Eric replied.

“No, I didn’t,” Michelle admitted. “It’s just hard to explain.”

“I have no plans for the day,” Eric said and returned to his seat across from Michelle.

“Some very bad people are trying to do some very bad things,” Michelle began. “I realize how stupid that must sound, but...”

Draahten cut her off, “No, no, it makes perfect sense. Bad people want to do bad things. Bad things with the baton. But you and only you can protect it from the bad people and stop them from doing these bad things.” Mr. Draahten pulled himself out of the chair, “I think I understand very well what you’re saying,” he said, his voice growing angry.

“It’s not like that,” Michelle said. “They don’t want the baton. We need it to go stop them.”

Eric blinked, “Stop them? It is oversized jewelry, no more. You can’t stop anything with it.”

“Wait,” Michelle began incredulously, “Just oversized jewelry? You just said I was trying to trick you into giving it to me so I could to give it to the bad guys... why would anyone want to give oversized jewelry to the bad guys. Hell, why would you even believe there **are** bad guys?”

Eric turned his back to Michelle and stepped back to the window. “You have not held the baton,” he said quietly, “I have.” For several long minutes he stared out the window. “You are right, it is not just oversized jewelry. It has a presence. A spirit,” he said quietly, his voice betraying his disgust. “If you knew me you would know I am not one to believe in the supernatural, but this... this thing,” he spat, as if

it were a curse, "It seethes with a malevolent force. I keep it in the farthest corner of this house and still I can feel its presence. It has no purpose but evil."

Michelle thought for a long moment, trying to come up with something to say. Draahten turned back from the window and stepped up to the opposite side of the coffee table in front of Michelle. "I have read my grandfather's journals," he said, "and I have my suspicions who you are," Eric said flatly. "I have a proposal for you," he said, weighing the oblong case in his hands. He bent down and placed the baton case on the table and stepped back. "There it is," he said. "But you do not have my permission to take it. It is mine and if you take it you will be stealing. All I ask is that if you steal it you leave me and my family in peace."

"May I look at it," Michelle asked.

"I see nothing preventing you," Mr. Draahten said, "But no, I'm afraid I can't give you my permission."

Michelle pushed herself forward toward the edge of her seat and leaned toward the box. It was old, that much was obvious. Some of the velvet at the corners of the box had begun to fall out, exposing the brown wood beneath. "Is there anything I can say to convince you?" Michelle asked.

"No," Draahten said and walked back to the window, turning his back to Michelle and the table. Michelle stared at the box long and hard and even began to raise her hand toward the box before she pulled her hand back and forced herself out of the chair. She waddled slowly over to the pocket doors that led into the entrance hallway. "Thank you," Michelle said. "I'm sorry to have wasted your time." Michelle pulled the pocket doors open and stepped into the stair hall and waddled toward the front door.

"Wait," Eric said, standing at the door to the study. Michelle turned and looked back at him, the velvet case in his hands. "I will be right back."

"Huh?" Michelle asked.

"I must get the baton," he replied, "or did you believe I would risk giving such an item to the person you might have been?"

"It's not in the box?" Michelle asked, her mouth falling open.

"Please," Draahten said, slightly offended, "I'd like to think I inherited a bit of my grandfather's intrinsic knowledge of strategy and tactics." Draahten smiled and turned, heading deeper into the house. Michelle looked around the room, trying to keep herself occupied, waddling around the large urn at the center of the room, admiring the paintings on the walls. It was almost five minutes later when Draahten returned, the case in his hand. "You must promise me this will not leave your possession," Eric said, "and that you will return it to me when you're done."

"I may be able to find somewhere safe for it to be stored," Michelle said.

"No," Draahten said, "It is my responsibility, mine and my family's. Return it to me when you are through."

Michelle nodded and took the case from Draahten's hands as he held it out to her. Almost immediately Michelle felt something askew. Something suddenly felt wrong. Nothing she could put her finger on, but the room seemed off somehow. Shadows seemed darker somehow, the angles of the architecture no longer seeming to meet properly. Michelle closed her eyes and shook her head, but things were no better when she opened them again.

“It is the baton,” Draahten said, “Remember your promise.”

“I will,” Michelle said, still trying to sort out what was wrong with the things she saw around her.

“Then may God be with you,” Eric replied. Michelle turned and waddled back to the front door and out into the darkness and to the van. She stared at the van for a moment, trying to figure out what seemed wrong about the vehicle when the driver stepped out of the car and opened the rear door for Michelle. Michelle stood there looking at the van for a moment until the driver spoke to her. “Miss Reed, are you ready?”

“I’m sorry,” Michelle said and stepped up to the van and climbed into the back, keeping the baton case in her hand. Once she was in the van she looked down at the case, she eyed it curiously noticing for the first time that the frayed corners of the case were now whole. Michelle picked up the box and rotated it in her hands, looking at it from different angles. The box appeared brand new. Her curiosity got the better of her and she opened the case.

The interior of the box was white silk satin, gleaming as if brand new, a large red, black and white shield with a swastika on the inside of the lid. Sitting in a custom formed case was the baton itself. It was nearly eighteen inches long, covered with red velvet and small crests, a large golden cap at either end.

“Ma’am?” the driver asked.

“Just drive,” Michelle said dismissively, “back to the Vatican.”

The driver started the van and began to drive away as Michelle continued to look at the baton. The baton was encrusted with iron crosses and the familiar German eagle clutching the swastika, all crafted in gold. The end caps also had the German eagle at each end as well as the Field Marshal’s name and rank and a date, all written in German. Michelle stared at the words as they appeared to swim before her, the letters smoothly blurring between “Generalfeldmarschal Erich von Draahten” and “General Field Marshal Erich von Draahten” as she read them.

Michelle looked across the rear seat of the van to locate the case for the baton when in the distance she saw what appeared to be dozens of searchlights shining straight up into the sky. “What’s that?” Michelle asked, pointing toward the bright lights on the horizon with her baton.

“What?” the driver asked, glancing away from the road to where she was pointing.

“Over there, that light?” What is it?” Michelle asked, staring off into the distance.

“Do you want to go there?” the driver asked.

Michelle considered for a moment. “Sure. Just follow the lights.”

“Lights?” the driver asked.

“Yes, those lights!” Michelle said, again pointing the baton.

The driver nodded and took the next exit off the highway, heading off in the direction Michelle had pointed. As they approached the lights it became apparent to Michelle that whatever was going on out here it was huge. Dozens of spotlights shone straight upward, columns of light encircling a huge field. As they began to get closer Michelle heard the roar of a crowd, very much like the sound at a concert before the band began to play. They turned onto a wide road that seemed to lead

straight to the array of lights. They turned again, passing next to a huge building. It appeared to be made of white marble, topped with a colonnade, large red flags hanging and billowing between the columns. A row of huge spotlights sat ten or twenty feet from the wall, shining up into the night sky like huge pillars of light. The drivers seemed unmoved by the spectacle and if that surprised Michelle she was even more surprised as they turned into a huge field.

Michelle's mouth fell open as she saw the people. More people than she could even contemplate stood in the field, dressed in uniform. "Stop!" Michelle called out as she saw their path was blocked by thousands of men, standing in tight formation, all facing the huge building they had just passed. From this side it was obvious that it was a gigantic reviewing stand, massive stone staircases leading up to the colonnade, huge Nazi flags billowing between the columns, the central marble platform topped by a huge stone eagle clutching a wreath and swastika. Michelle pushed the door open and stumbled from the van, turning around in circles, marveling at the crowd, the lights, the noise, the spectacle when suddenly Wagner's (*Vagner? Who's Vagner?* Michelle thought) Ride of the Valkyrie began to play.

Michelle had just turned toward the source of the music when a roar began to go through the crowd, starting at the front of the huge assembly and quickly spreading through the hundreds of thousands of men standing in the field. Michelle looked at the man nearest her, but as soon as she tried to focus on his face his features became blurry and indistinct. Still, it was obvious where he and the others were looking and she followed their eyes to the reviewing stand where a lone man stepped up to a microphone. He seemed short compared to those surrounding him, dressed in a simple brown jacket and black slacks. It was only as he began to speak that Michelle realized what she was seeing and stumbled backwards in shock, nearly tripping over her own feet, her knees almost giving out as her muscles went slack, the baton falling from her hands.

Suddenly all was quiet and still. Michelle stood in the dark, her belly inches from brushing a bare cyclone fence blocking the road ahead of her. The field was dark and empty, illuminated only by moonlight. She spun around, seeing only the curious faces of the two drivers in the van some twenty feet behind her. She looked back to the reviewing stand, the colonnade and wreathed swastika gone, the speaker's platform, where the microphone had been, now looking out on nothing but several soccer fields and a baseball diamond. Michelle stood there for a moment, looking this way and that, wondering if she'd just imagined all of that, but the ringing in her ears told her otherwise. She looked down at the baton, now looking significantly shabbier than it had minutes before when she held it in the van.

Michelle shook her head and returned to the van, grabbing the baton's case from the seat before returning to the spot she had dropped the baton. Michelle opened the time worn case, exposing the yellowed and frayed silk linking as she squatted down and scooped up the baton into its case, careful not to actually touch it. As soon as the case was closed she abandoned it, returning to the van and grabbing her book bag. Moments later she was back in the van, the baton case in her bag,

"Come on," Michelle said, obviously shaken, "Let's get back to Rome."

## CHAPTER 34

Back in Vatican City Mandy was beginning to get fidgety. “Isn’t she up yet?” Mandy asked, her top pulled up rubbing the sides of her belly with her hands, “It’s almost four.”

“Would you stop asking that?” Amy replied. “After the last few days she can sleep as much as she wants.”

“You’d think being brought back to life would be invigorating or something,” Candy said, her top pulled up and tucked under her breasts as she rubbed aloe vera into the taut skin of her hugely swollen belly.

“Yeah, well...” Amy began, “Next time you die and get brought back to life you can let us now how invigorating it is. Until then lets just let her sleep, okay?” Candy glanced at the clock on the wall and began to speak, but before she’d said a word Amy interrupted. “Don’t. Just Don’t.”

“So what are we going to do today?” Kari asked from her seat, her arm in a cast and sling.

“From the looks of things we’re just gonna sit around while the twins play with themselves,” Amy said.

“Hey!” the twins replied. “That’s not fair. We can’t help our bellies itch,” Mandy continued.

“Itching? That’s today’s excuse?” Amy smiled.

“We don’t say anything about your little foibles...” Mandy began.

“What are you talking about?” Amy replied.

“Well,” Mandy smiled, “I’m not the one that spends two hours playing with my boobs in the shower every day.”

Amy’s mouth fell open and before she could reply Candy chimed in, “And you’ve got stretch marks around your lips from sucking on those huge ass nipples of yours so much... So give us a break.”

“Jealous much,” Amy sneered.

“What’s everybody talking about?” Robin asked. She stood in the doorway leading to the bedrooms, the French doors leaving plenty of room for her overly wide breasts to clear the doorframe. She wore a large muumuu that, if anything, made her appear even larger than she really was. Her arms were practically invisible, folded behind her, her hands pressed into the small of her back. Her tiny bare feet were set widely apart in an attempt to keep her balance despite the massive amount of weight she was carrying. She was only semi-successful. Robin swayed slowly, both back and forth and front to back, barely able to keep herself balanced.

“Hey!” Amy said getting to her feet. “How are you doing?”

“Really tired,” Robin yawned, “and I don’t feel right.”

“Not surprised,” Mandy said under her breath.”

Amy gave Mandy a quick glare, “What do you mean? You know, you’ve been through a lot.”

“No kidding,” Robin said sarcastically as she looked down at her gigantic breasts. “What exactly happened last night?” She asked.

“Uh, what do you mean?” Amy replied.

“Well... Kari and I went upstairs at the hotel,” Robin began, “and when we got to the room there was this huge bang. It was like a bomb went off inside my head.”

“And outside too,” Candy said to Mandy with a smile.

Amy glared at the twins, “It was a bomb. Someone tried to blow us all up. You and Kari were just the lucky ones that got hit.”

“Oh my God,” Robin said, reaching around and running her hands down her breasts before checking her arms. “Looks like I got off light.”

“Yeah well,” Mandy began before Robin cut her off.

“Well, aside from being tired and thirsty and having an upset stomach.” Robin sighed. The twins looked at each other concerned, their eyes growing wide before they both looked to Amy and then to Robin.

“Oh no,” Amy said, shaking her head “It doesn’t work like that. It doesn’t matter how much of Michelle’s milk she drank. She’s a milk doll and your milk doesn’t affect us.”

“What the hell are y’all talking about?” Robin asked.

“Looks like you’re not having too bad a time getting around today,” Mandy said.

“Well, not as bad as yesterday,” Robin replied, “I guess I’m getting used to all this... somehow...” she continued, staring at her boobs.

“That must be it,” Candy said. “Getting used to weighing a hundred or two hundred pounds more than you did before... a day, maybe two...”

Amy gave the twins a nasty look, “Come on, let’s get you some ginger ale to settle your stomach.” Robin made a face.

“I’ve got a feeling...” Mandy began, “that what she’s feeling, ginger ale won’t help.”

“But that’s impossible,” Candy said, “It doesn’t work that way!”

Mandy pondered a moment before she replied, “Well, maybe when she D – I – E – D she stopped being a milk doll and...”

“Pretty sure Robin can spell died,” Amy sighed, rolling her eyes.

“Died? Who died?” Robin demanded. “What the hell are y’all talkin’ about.”

“It’s okay,” Amy said as she stepped to Robin’s side, “Everything is going to be fine.”

“Kinda doubt that,” Robin said nervously, her hands again massaging her massive breasts.

“I can tell you the answer in two questions,” Mandy said and turned to Robin. “When your stomach is upset what do you usually take?”

“Pepto-Bismol usually,” Robin replied, “Do they even sell that here?”

Mandy nodded. “So, would you rather have some Pepto-Bismol right now... or... some rich, thick, sweet,”

As Mandy began speaking Robin simply listened, but as her language got more descriptive they could all see Robin’s yearnings beginning to show.

“,creamy, wholesome warm milk?” Candy finished.

“Uh...” Robin said, obviously confused by her feelings, “Yeah, uh... I’ll take the milk.”

“Come on,” Mandy said as she pulled her top down and forced herself to her feet.

“What?” Robin demanded.

“We have a lot to explain to you,” Candy replied, getting herself to her feet as well.

“Wait a second,” Amy said, “Hold on a minute...”

“We’ve got it,” Mandy said.

“But I...” Amy began before Candy cut her off.

“Hey, you find a milk doll out there somewhere she’s all yours, but Robin’s one of us. We’ve got it,” Candy smiled, obviously very full of herself.

“So, speaking about milk,” Robin said quietly as Mandy & Candy led her towards her bedroom. “How do I stop all the milk from my boobs getting all over? Since I woke up they’ve been leaking everywhere.”

“You have lots of milk and you’re one of us?” Mandy asked rhetorically.

“Sounds... interesting...” Candy replied as they got Robin back into her bedroom.

An hour later, after an explanation of Mother’s of the Apocalypse from Mandy and Candy and an unwelcome demonstration of how she was going to need to get her daily supply of milk Robin asked to be left alone to think things through. Mandy and Candy nodded and returned to the conservatory with Amy and Kari.

“So, how is she?” Amy asked.

“Shell shocked,” Mandy said. “All this is a hell of a lot to take in, especially this quickly.”

“That’s all the time I had,” Amy replied.

“Oh sure, you went from ‘aw, poor Robin’ to ‘tough, happens fast to everyone’ just ‘cause she’s one of us now?” Mandy said incredulously.

“Amy sighed and rolled her eyes, “It’s not like that.”

“Then what is it like?” Candy asked.

Amy sighed. “It’s just... you get all possessive about everything. I’m twenty-six years old and I’m living in a teenage friends house because if she or one of her other supernatural friends doesn’t suck on my boobs everyday I’m going to be doing a blimp impersonation. “

“That’s not our fault,” Mandy replied.

“Yeah, but its still hanging over our heads everyday,” Amy replied. “You could decide anytime that I’m too much of a pain and abandon me and in two days I’m doomed.”

“We would never do that!” Mandy said.

“That’s not the point,” Candy said. “It’s that we’re in control of her life, not her.”

“Exactly,” Amy said. “This Robin deal is just one more thing.”

Meanwhile, as they argued in the solarium, Robin realized she had all the milk she could ever want to calm her stomach just a few feet from her mouth. It took some maneuvering and some heavy lifting due to the weight of her breasts but soon

she was drinking all the thick, warm, sweet and creamy milk that she could ever want, and more.

“What I don’t get,” Mandy said as they ate dinner several hours later, “if they robbed all the other places a week apart what are they going to do on Monday when they get here and there’s nothing to steal?”

“Well, they don’t know there’s nothing to steal,” Candy replied.

“Yeah, but they should,” Amy added, “They’ve known everything else.”

“Well, I guess we’ll find out on Monday,” Mandy said, “Until then it’s the best Italian food Rome has to offer.”

“I’m thinking that’s a bad plan,” Kari said from her seat by the window. “I was thinking...”

“Uh oh,” Candy said before Mandy swatted her in the shoulder. “Go ahead, what is it Kari?”

“Well, I was thinking...” Kari began, “They’re on this every 7 days schedule,”

“Right,” Amy replied.

“And they needed to know all the secret stuff about this fortress place, right?” Kari continued.

“Right,” Candy replied.

“Well, everybody already knows how to get into the place. We do, the Reichmutter’s do, the church does... why wouldn’t the bad guys?” Kari asked.

“Well, why would they?” Amy asked.

“They knew exactly where all the other documents were, right? Kari said, “So it makes sense they’d know exactly where the Vatican documents are too.”

“In Sister Mary Thomas’s head, where they know they can’t get at them,” Candy said.

“So they must have figured out how to get in already!” Mandy said.

“Or they have their own plan on how to get in without knowing how to open the gate.” Kari said.

“So the next target on Monday isn’t the Secret Archive, It’s the Alpine Fortress. Damn it!” Candy said.

“I’m gonna call Michelle,” Mandy said, “see if we can head her off so she can meet us.”

“And I’m gonna get Robin ready to move,” Amy said.

“I’ll give you a hand,” Candy replied.

“Hello, can I speak to Father Castiliani,” Mandy said into the phone, “Tell him it’s urgent.”

As Mandy waited on the phone Amy returned from the bedroom. “Uh, you know how right after you guys get turned into Mothers of the Apocalypse the more milk you drink the bigger you get, at least at first?”

“Yeah, so?” Mandy asked, covering the mouthpiece with her hand.

“Well, uh...” Amy said and took a deep breath, “Somebody forgot to tell that to Robin.”

“That’s no big deal, we’re not gonna go crazy feeding her... Oh my God... she’s got her own milk...” Mandy said as she realized what Amy was hinting at.

“More like had,” Amy said. “She’s been sucking on those monsters for three hours now. I don’t know how full they were before, but they’re pretty empty now...”

“Oh my God, she’s fucked,” Mandy said.

“Excuse me,” a voice said over the phone.

“Oh... Father Castiliani,” Mandy said, foot firmly in mouth, “Uh... sorry... listen, we need to get to Obersalzberg and let Michelle know to meet us there. I don’t want to impose but...” She paused as Father Castiliani spoke, “Sure,” she replied, “That will be fine.” Mandy hung up the phone as Robin and Candy entered the room. “They have a mini-van ready for us plus a supply truck and rooms reserved at a hotel in Obersalzberg.”

“A supply truck? What do we need that for?” Amy asked.

“Maybe to carry a crane to get me moved around,” Robin said, only half joking.

“Come on, you don’t need a crane,” Mandy said, “What you need is a dolly or a pallet jack or maybe....” she trailed off as she saw Candy, Amy, Robin & Kari’s eyes all on her. “Sorry,” she said quietly, “I don’t know when to shut up.”

Mandy picked up the phone and dialed Michelle. “Get the baton?” Mandy asked. She listened for a moment. “Well, don’t hold it then.” She listened again briefly “Well, good. Anyway, we figured out that the big bad isn’t going to be here on Monday morning, he’ll be in Obersalzberg at the Alpine Fortress so we figured we should probably meet there.”

“We can explain when we get there,” Mandy replied. “Anything you need?”

Mandy paused and listened to Michelle’s answer before she replied. “O...kay, I’ll get them. Give Father Castiliani a call, he can give you the details on the hotel.” After a brief pause Mandy continued, “Okay, see you then,” and then hung up the phone.

“What did Michelle want you to get anyway?” Robin asked. Already Mandy could see her breasts beginning to push further out to the sides as her belly slowly began to rise between them, pushing them apart.”

“A bottle of wine and communion wafers,” Mandy said skeptically.

“Uh, how come I feel more tired but I can get around without people holding me up?” Robin asked.

“We’ll have lots of time to talk about that on the way to Obersalzberg,” Mandy said. “We just have to get you into pants and shoes.”

“Shoes? I still have feet down there?” Robin said, only half-joking.

“Don’t worry,” Amy said, hugging Robin around the shoulders, “You’re going to be fine.”

Six hours later Mandy, Candy, Amy, Kari and Robin arrived at the Intercontinental Resort Hotel at Obersalzberg. While the van had been comfortable enough for a trip from Vatican City to the hotel in Rome it was never intended to carry this many girls of this size for this long a trip. The ride was bumpy through Italy, smoothing out as they crossed into Austria. Luckily Robin slept through most of the trip, her ongoing growth using up most of her energy. The other girls decided it was far better for her to be sleeping though the most visible part of her conversion to a Mother of the Apocalypse. They all remembered how hard it had been on them

waking up each morning, bigger and bigger. None of them could imagine having to watch it happen.

The hotel was a massive modern structure, perched atop one of the low, rolling hills that led into the Austrian Alps. A long winding driveway led to the entrance and a valet met them as soon as they pulled up. Waking Robin took a few moments, between the actual waking and the ensuing panic, but shortly they were all on their feet and in the lobby.

It was very obvious the Intercontinental had earned each of its five stars. Everything was perfect, from the grounds and building to the hotel staff who didn't even give a second look to the girls as they checked into their suite. It was a far cry from its French counterpart and even Robin felt mostly at ease, at least around the amazingly polite hotel staff.

The main room of their suite was huge, much larger than their suite at the hotel in Paris, with a more open floor plan. Conversely the window was much smaller than the full wall of glass at the Parisian hotel, but the view from here was much more awe-inspiring, looking off over the rolling hills and into the Alps. The bellhops dropped their bags and showed them the basics of the room before leaving them alone in the suite.

"It's not bad..." Mandy said as she waddled into the suite.

"Not bad?" Candy replied as she entered, followed by the two drivers. "It's a football field."

Robin waddled into the room slowly, silently contemplating the roundness pressing up between her breasts, feeling both her breasts and belly with both hands. Amy walked into the room, stopping at the table that separated the upper level of the room from the seating area below. There she found an oblong box, about eighteen inches long and four inches tall and thick. It was covered with old velvet, peeling away at the corners of the box. Amy reached for it but just as she was about to touch it a voice called out to her. "Don't touch it," Michelle said from her seat down in the lower level of the room, the seat closest to the window looking out onto the Alps.

"Hey Michelle," Mandy said cautiously, "We didn't know you were here yet. Is that the baton?"

"Yes," Michelle said without looking back. "Don't touch it. It does... things..."

"What do you mean?" Candy said as she walked up to the table besides Mandy, "It's just a box." She said and picked up the baton case. For a long moment Candy just stood there, her eyes blindly fixed ahead, her hand clenched around the baton case. She began to shudder then, she dropped the case, pulling herself back as if she'd grabbed a live wire. "Holy shit! What the fuck!"

"Its been getting stronger the closer it gets to here," Michelle said.

"Are you okay?" Amy said and bounced down the four steps to the lower level and crossed to Michelle's chair. "No. I'm pretty fucking far from okay," Michelle replied.

"Isn't that from Pulp Fiction?" Mandy asked.

"Okay, Okay, I'm not all that far from okay?" Michelle smiled. "Just don't touch that damn baton thing. It really messes with your head."

“Don’t scare me like that!” Candy said, “It’s been a tough couple of days for us too.”

“Why? What’s up?” Michelle asked.

“Are those chairs comfy?” Robin said as she waddled down the steps to the lower area of the suite. Over the last six hours Robin’s belly had ballooned, pressing her breasts to either side as it grew larger, now nearly half the size of Mandy and Candy’s, her muumuu stretched across her outthrust belly, highlighting its curves.

“Hello,” Michelle said, her mouth falling open.

“Yeah, “ Mandy said as Robin collapsed into one of the chairs, “We’re not quite sure how that worked out, but Robin is one of us now.”

“Are you okay?” Michelle asked Robin. Robin glanced up at Michelle, a very tired look in her eyes before she looked down at her own oversized breasts and slowly expanding belly, then looked back to Michelle, the same sad look in her eyes.

“Robin hasn’t been big on the talking since we told her the whole deal with us,” Candy said. “She just needs some time to think things through.”

“So what’s the deal?” Amy asked.

“Well,” Michelle said, “By now Kari’s probably pretty full and Amy must be too... and Robin...” Michelle said, her voice taking on a questioning tone as she spoke Robin’s name.

“Robin’s taking care of herself,” Amy said. “**Someone** forgot to tell her that drinking tons of milk during the first few days is bad.”

“Shut up!” Mandy and Candy said simultaneously before Mandy continued, “How could we know she’d be the one Mother of the Apocalypse that could suck her own milk to get powered up?”

“Uh guys?” a deeply blushing Robin said and then blushed even more furiously as everyone looked over to her seat, where she was rather aggressively massaging her oversized nipples. The girls, aside from Amy, forced themselves to look away, embarrassed.

“Yeah,” Michelle began, “Let’s take a half hour or an hour...” Michelle glanced over at Kari’s oversized breasts. “Or maybe two or three...” She shook her head slightly. “Then we meet back here and take care of business.”

“Yeah,” Mandy said, “You still didn’t say what the plan is...”

“The Reichmutter said we’re facing a celestial. That’s a demon. Who better to fight a demon than an angel...” Michelle smiled. “Just to be safe... an Archangel should do nicely.” The other girls in the room looked at Michelle in shock.

Two and a half hours later the girls got back together in the main room of their suite. Per their instructions the drivers has moved all the furniture to the edges of the room, clearing the hardwood floor before they went to move the supplies from their truck indoors for the night. “Did you bring the communion wafers?” Michelle asked as she lowered herself to the floor, spreading her legs, allowing her belly to settle in between them.

“Yeah, but Father Castiliani took a lot of convincing to give them to us. They’re like gold to him or something.” Mandy replied as she walked over to Michelle struggling on the floor. It was obvious Michelle had never tried to sit this way since before her transfiguration. With nowhere else to go her belly pushed

straight up, nearly up to her collarbones, her breasts, restrained by her top, reaching up to her chin and far enough out to either side that even if she could reach past her belly, which she couldn't, her boobs would make doing anything in front of her impossible, Michelle had already realized this but in her position she was finding it impossible to get any traction. Michelle continued to thrash around for a moment before she gave up with a sigh and held up her hands. Mandy and Candy smiled as they came to her aid and slowly hoisted Michelle to her feet.

"How are you planning on getting an Archangel to help with the big bad?" Candy asked.

"Well," Michelle said, a sly smile crossing her face. "I was thinking we could hack the Eucharist."

"What?" Amy asked coolly.

"Well, when a priest blesses the wine and bread it takes on the spiritual presence of the body and blood of Christ," Michelle said.

"You're not Catholic," Mandy said, "You know this because..."

Michelle rolled her eyes, "Because I've been watching religious shows on cable since I found out I'm gonna live forever because I'm carrying an angel inside of me," Michelle snarked. "I figured it couldn't hurt."

"And you're picking on Catholics because?" Amy said, the attitude coming out in her voice.

"What do you mean? I'm not picking on anyone," Michelle said. "I just remember the Catholic blessings. Discovery didn't have a show about how Methodists do the Eucharist or I'd be so there."

"So how's this gonna work?" Candy asked.

"Well, I was gonna just sit on the floor and do it by hand but I guess I'm gonna have to call the concierge and see if he can round up some goodies for us." Michelle said and waddled to the phone. "Yes, can I have the concierge please?" Michelle asked.

"I don't like the sound of this," Amy said.

"Neither do I," Mandy said. "First she brings Robin back to life, now she wants to summon an Archangel?" she said as Michelle continued her call.

"Why would he even take her call?" Candy added.

"It's not that," Amy said, dumbfounded by their lack of understanding, "This is sacrilegious, all of it. You might get a free pass to Heaven, but I don't and I'm having no part of this." Amy turned on her heel and strode off to one of the bedrooms, slamming the door loudly as she left.

"What did I miss?" Michelle said as she waddled over to the other girls.

"Amy's out. She said the whole thing is sacrilegious and that even if we can't go to hell for it, she can." Mandy said.

"I guess she's Catholic," Michelle replied.

"I'm not real sure about this whole thing either," Candy replied. "We might get a 'Get out of Hell Free Card' but I'm thinking it's still not a good idea to piss off God."

"Why would God be pissed? We're trying to stop the whole world from being destroyed."

“God doesn’t seem to have a big sense of humor about this kinda thing...” Mandy replied.

“About what kind of thing?” Michelle sighed. “The only reason we can even try this is because of the power we have and that power comes from God. If He didn’t want us doing it He wouldn’t let us.” The girl’s discussion was interrupted by a knock at the door.

“Uh, could you get that?” Michelle said to Mandy, “That the concierge, but if I get the door I have to open it pretty wide to look through and they might be pissed about the furniture,” Michelle said, indicating her very large and wide breasts and belly. Mandy sighed and headed for the door.

“Listen, it’s simple. If it was the wrong thing to do we’d feel bad about it, right?” Michelle asked. “I don’t. Do you?”

Candy seemed to be weighing the idea in her head, “No... but...”

“We’re running out of time,” Michelle sighed. “And if we meet this celestial demon thing Sister Mary Thomas made it pretty clear we’re dead meat.”

Mandy returned from the door pushing a serving cart with one hand, holding a modified mop in the other. “Okay, so now what?” Mandy asked.

It only took a few moments for Michelle to explain what they were going to do and prepare themselves. Mandy took the bowl from the serving tray and poured some of the communion wafers into it, returning the rest to the cart before she added some of the wine the hotel had supplied. She stirred the mixture together into a thick paste as Michelle walked over. “Ready?” she asked. Mandy nodded as Michelle picked up the knife from the serving cart and drew it across her hand, drawing in a sharp breath as she did so. “Damn, hurt more that time than last time,” Michelle said as she squeezed her hand, dribbling her blood into the bowl.

“You didn’t say it would hurt,” Candy said as she took the knife from Michelle.

“I don’t remember it hurting before. I guess it was like the heat of the moment,” Michelle said as her hand stopped bleeding. When she opened her fist the cut had already sealed and even the red mark left behind by the cut was fading away. Candy gave Michelle a look before she drew the knife quickly across her own palm, adding her blood to the concoction in the bowl. Candy handed the knife to Mandy, who, after a few moments of hesitation, added her blood to theirs.

The girls walked to the center of the room, Mandy carrying the bowl, Michelle bringing the mop. It looked like most any mop, although the head had been cut down to act more like a short bristled brush than a mop. Mandy carefully leaned down and sat the bowl on the floor before she stepped back, Mandy, Candy and Michelle waddling to equidistant spots in the room, leaving a large empty space between them. Michelle looked at the other girls, “Here goes nothing.”

She dipped the end of the mop into the mixture in the bowl and began drawing a large symbol on the floor. She drew a large curve across the floor, forming an infinity symbol about five feet across before she went back and added two large “X”s over the infinity symbol, forming a diamond over the intersection of the two loops. Michelle looked down at the completed drawing. “How’s that look?” Michelle asked.

Candy tilted her head, "Isn't that loop bigger than the other one?" she said, pointing to the left loop. Michelle's shoulders dropped and she stared at Candy. "Ok, Yeah, I'm not a great artist. But I didn't make any mistakes, right?"

"Aside from the summoning Archangel Gabriel, No." Candy said.

"I'm not summoning Gabriel," she replied, "Michael led the Army of God against the demonic forces during Satan's revolt. He's our guy."

Mandy took a deep breath, "Let's just get on with this."

Michelle nodded and held her hands out, "Lord you are holy indeed, the fountain of all holiness. Let your Spirit come upon these gifts to make them holy, so that they may become the celestial presence of the Archangel, Saint Michael." Michelle joined her hands together and made the sign of the cross over the sigil on the floor before she looked to Candy.

Candy swallowed hard and shook her head before she too held her hands out over the sigil, "And so, Father, we bring you these gifts. We ask you to make them holy by the power of your Spirit, that they may become celestial presence of your servant, the Archangel Saint Michael." Both Michelle and Candy looked to Mandy.

Mandy held out her hands over the sigil, "Father, may your Holy Spirit sanctify these offerings, Let them become celestial presence of Archangel Saint Michael."

The girls stepped back as Michelle began to speak, "Accipite et manducate ex hoc omnes, hoc est enim Corpus meum, quod pro vobis tradetur," As Michelle spoke the room began to get darker, the shadows in the room growing darker and larger.

Mandy took a deep breath before she spoke, "Simili modo, postquam cenatum est, accipiens et hunc praeclarum calicem in sanctas ac venerabiles manus suas, item tibi gratias agens benedixit, deditque discipulis suis, dicens." The shadows in the room seemed to congeal, becoming an envelope of darkness surrounding them, preventing the girls from seeing the walls behind them or the ceiling above them. It was only as the room became nearly pitch black that the girls could see that the sigil on the floor was glowing, first with a dim red light but slowly growing brighter and whiter as time went on.

"Michelle..." Mandy said quietly.

Michelle looked away from the sigil to Mandy, "Oh... uh... Accipite et bibite ex eo omnes, hic est enim calix Sanguinis mei novi et aeterni testamenti," Michelle began as the sigil erupted in nearly blinding light, heat radiating from the symbol on the floor, forcing the girls to all take a step back. Wind began to spiral around the girls as the room began to shake, as if a seismic tremor had begun. As the wind grew in intensity the window looking out over the Alps blew out as flying debris was smashed into it by the ever-increasing wind.

Michelle looked around for a moment before she stretched her hands back out above the sigil and continued to speak ...

## CHAPTER 35

In Baltimore things had reached a breaking point at the museum. Over the last few days Bobbi had found herself unable to cope with spending more than a moment or two with Juanita before she retreated to the museum's restroom. Juanita had continued to grow, now nearly spherical, a ball more than ten feet across, the only evidence of her humanity the tiny dents in her flesh where her hands and feet emerged from the huge ball. Her head, high atop the huge ball, was largely unchanged, excepting the fact that her mouth now hung open, her lips forced apart by the heavy stream of thick translucent semen pouring from her mouth, stopping her from doing more than making quiet grunting sounds. The cum poured down over the curve of her body, forming a huge lake at her feet, covering more than three quarters of the huge marble floor.

For Mary things had reached a different sort of breaking point. Over the last few days the growth in her hands and arms, as well as the massive member beneath her belly had continued, and, if anything, accelerated. Her hands were now gone, as were her elbows, Now from her shoulders down all that remained were the huge rubbery, veiny great columns of cock that her arms had become. The constant rubbing of the new equipment between her legs against the underside of her huge belly had ceased, as it had now grown long enough that the head no longer pressed against her belly. Indeed, looking down, Mary could see the head of that massive cock standing out beyond the curve of her belly.

Mary had become eerily calm, much like how Mandy and Candy had been when they'd been infected by chaos. She was glad that her amulet had managed to keep the changes in her body hidden from the others, even if not from herself. Still, calm or not, there was a limit to how much longer she could continue to hide what was happening to her, and with her hands gone and a massive cock extending from her groin she knew her hiding days were numbered... and that didn't even take into account the new changes,.

Mary's breasts had continued to grow, now in the low end of the milk doll range. That in itself wasn't so troubling compared to the rest, but her nipples had changed as well, taking on an eerily familiar bell shape as they'd grown, now each larger than a golf ball.

Then this morning while brushing her teeth Mary had seen the straw set to break the camel's back. With her lips swollen into huge rolls of rubbery flesh it was hard for her to even speak, much less do a good job of brushing her teeth. While she tried to avoid touching her lips at all she couldn't resist when an innocent opportunity presented itself. So when she'd noticed she'd left a smudge of toothpaste across her upper lip she immediately licked it off. And that was when she realized her tongue really wasn't so much a tongue anymore. While it was still basically tongue shaped it has taken on the appearance of an organ that had become far too familiar to her these past few weeks.

She sucked her tongue back in, horrified, but rubbing it against her lips had been enough stimulation to prevent that. It had grown longer, the tip refusing to return to her mouth. The more she tried to pull it back into her mouth, the more

encouraged it seemed to be as it grew longer and more erect, forcing her mouth open to an unnatural degree. She couldn't help but stare down at the massive rod, her eyes crossed, as it slowly grew longer and thicker. Luckily the amulet hid all of this from anyone looking upon her, even helpfully converting the tiny grunts and groans she could still manage back into understandable speech. Now she sat on a crate at the main floor of the museum, staring down at the massive cock growing from her mouth, terrified despite whatever magical mojo was keeping her sane.

Some three hours after she and Bobbi had arrived for her shift an unfamiliar sound had begun above them, Without the normal sounds of a building to mask them, any little sound became obvious and this was no little sound. Something mechanical had swung into action and somewhere was the distant sound of music.

The lights showing the floor numbers on the elevator, as well as its call buttons lit up, the elevator quickly coming to the ground floor before opening, the quiet sound of overly cheery Muzak filling the air. Luke Morganstern stepped out of the elevator, almost looking more elegant in a black turtleneck sweater and jacket than he had a week before in his tuxedo at the club. He crossed the room at a slow but steady pace, nodding to Juanita as he crossed the room. Mary forced herself to her feet as he stepped up.

"Who are you and what do you want?" Mary tried to say, but her words came out as muffled nonsense.

Luke looked at her for a moment, "Hmm, this isn't going to work. Don't try to speak with your mouth full," he said without a trace of humor in his face. "Think it and I will hear you."

*Yeah, fat chance,* Mary thought.

"On the contrary," Luke replied, "I'm very sure."

*But, how,* Mary's mind swirled.

"If only we had the time to discuss such things, to sit under an apple tree eating fresh fruit and drinking fine wine, speaking about this and that and leaving all talk of import to others, but unfortunately that's not going to happen," Luke said. "Your friends, Michelle, Mandy and Candy, they came to speak with me recently..." he began, "And they're about to do something very unwise.

*Very unwise?* Mary considered.

"Pretty much the most unwise thing a human being has ever done in all of history," Luke said, "and quite possibly the second most unwise thing ever done in all of creation."

*Okay, lets call them!* Mary thought, *My, uh... cell phone is broken, but I have Michelle's number.*

"No, your cell phone is fine but you have your hands full," Luke said dismissively, "It doesn't matter. Michelle's cell phone is in her backpack, turned off and in another room. She's trying to avoid her mother's phone calls."

*You shouldn't be here,* Mary thought uncomfortably, looking back and forth between Juanita and Luke.

"I understand," Luke said as he gave Mary a once over, "You know, in the future you should pick your jewelry more carefully."

*What?* Mary thought.

“Well,” he said and looked at his watch, “I supposed I have the time. You were infected by chaos and cured.”

*If you can call it cured,* Mary mused, sarcasm even lacing her thoughts.

“Oh come on,” Luke said, “They did an great job given what they had to work with. The problem is that once you’ve been touched by chaos there’s always a weakness where chaos can return... and that necklace of yours is powered by chaos. I’m surprised they didn’t remember. Its power has been leaking into you, allowing the... changes to continue.”

*What? They knew?* Mary thought and tried to shout simultaneously, merely managing to force spit bubbles out around her lips.

“Of course they didn’t know what it would do to you,” Luke said, “How could they? But they knew it was powered by chaos. Its energy disrupts their little chaos dispelling ritual. You remember, Michelle had to remove it when they fixed you.”

*But I can’t give up the necklace,* Mary thought. *People can’t see me like this.*

Luke shook his head. “Yeah, that is far too distracting,” he said and placed his finger against the tip of Mary’s tongue-cock and pushed it back into her mouth before he ran his finger across her lips, returning them to normal.

Mary stretched her mouth, making several faces and sticking out her now normal tongue before she spoke, “Oh my God! Thank you!,” she said. “How’d you do that?”

“As I was saying... how can I explain this...” Luke mused. “Name someone you both respect and fear...”

“Does it need to be a real person?” Mary asked.

“No,” Luke replied.

“How about that Agent Smith guy from the Matrix? Not the crappy sequels, the original one.” Mary said.

Luke seemed surprised, “Well, not exactly what I was looking for, but I suppose it will do.” He paused for a moment, “Imagine for a moment you’re in the Matrix and you have a special button in your apartment. In the case of an emergency most dire you could press the button and Agent Smith would simply appear, regardless of what he was doing before or how important his prior engagement was.”

Mary took in the concept as Luke continued, “Now, being a force for order, Agent Smith doesn’t mind this button being pushed by good, proper citizen as long as it’s not abused.” Mary nodded and Luke continued, “But imagine how furious Agent Smith would be if he was unnecessarily summoned.” Mary nodded again. “Now imagine your cat stepped on that button.”

Mary thought about it for a moment, “That’s not good.”

“No.” Luke said dryly, “it’s not. Your friends are doing something very similar to that at the moment. They’re attempting to summon an angel to defeat an enemy they have already taken on themselves and while angels may follow the creator’s laws regarding humans, that doesn’t mean they respect humans. Not to mention the forced violation of the creator’s law.”

“What do you mean?” Mary asked.

“More than a thousand years ago all of the First Ones were banned by the creator from appearing on Earth in their true forms. Something about knowledge

denying faith or some such. Regardless, woe to the angel or demon that steps on this earth in their true form as the creator will most likely want to have a word with them immediately... and His private meetings are generally neither casual nor fun.”

“So if they summon this angel guy they’re in trouble?” Mary asked.

“Knowing Archangel Michael, if they succeed they will be dead, immortal or not.” Luke replied.

“Well,” Mary spat, “Go stop them!”

“There’s the rub, I can’t,” Luke replied, “I can’t get mixed up in all this. My hand cannot be seen.”

“But why tell me? What can I do?” Mary replied, her frustration evident.

“You can stop them,” Luke said. “You just need to try.”

“Me?” Mary said incredulously, “The amulet doesn’t work for you right?” Luke nodded silently. “Okay, then it’s like no surprise how I spend like every waking moment these days, right? I’m useless. I can’t even help myself.”

“Well, that’s where you’re wrong,” Luke said as he reached forward and placed his fingertip on Mary’s forehead and traced a circle there. “Do this for me, and I will owe you a boon payable immediately.”

“But how?!” Mary asked as Luke pulled his hand back.

“Just think of your friends and how much you love them,” Luke said as he turned and walked away, the huge puddle of cum on the floor parting for him as he crossed the room, his shoes remaining spotless. “Trust your feelings, you’ll know what to do,” Luke said as he walked away, not looking back. As Mary thought of her friends something strange began to happen. Mary began to look around curiously then more frantically, but to the outside observer nothing seemed to be happening. Her head jumped back and forth, looking from one place to another as the fear in her expression became more and more obvious. Finally the amulet had had enough and with a huge cracking sound the amulet’s illusion shattered, ripping open like a bird spreading its wings. With the illusion gone both Mary’s appearance and what she was covering from both became crystal clear.

The entire side of the room Mary occupied was sheathed in darkness, shadows from around the room pulling toward where she stood, growing darker and darker as wisps of shadows flew through the air as if they were made of cheesecloth blowing in the wind. As suddenly as they began to form the shadows joined together around Mary and she disappeared into the darkness. Only then did the shadows slowly fade away as the room’s lighting returned to normal, Mary noticeably absent. Luke stepped into the elevator, finishing his slow walk across the room and turned, pressing a button inside the car. “Good luck,” he said quietly as the doors closed, leaving the hugely bloated and obviously distressed Juanita alone in the room, slowly rocking back and forth as she muttered her nearly unintelligible sounds.

Michelle looked away from the sigil to Mandy, “Oh... uh... *Accipite et bibite ex eo omnes, hic est enim calix Sanguinis mei novi et aeterni testamini,*” Michelle began as the sigil erupted in nearly blinding light, heat radiating from the symbol on the floor forcing the girls to step back. Wind began to spiral around the girls as the room began to shake, as if a seismic tremor had begun. As the wind grew

in intensity the window looking out over the Alps blew out as flying debris was smashed into it by the ever-increasing wind.

Michelle looked around, raised her hands back over the sigil and began to speak when the shadows in the room suddenly grew darker and, with a loud cracking sound, like thunder, Mary stepped out of the shadows, collapsing on the ground near the sigil, gasping for breath. The girls ran to her side, offering their hands and then pulling them back as they remembered what Mary would be reaching back with. Mary coughed then vomited next to the still glowing sigil on the floor. "Stop," she croaked, "You have to stop. You'll all die."

"What?" Mandy said as Mary rolled over onto her back, "Angels.. they don't like being summoned. They get in trouble with God or something if they show up on earth in their true form. He'd kill you all where you stand."

"How do you know all that?" Michelle asked, shielding her eyes from the glowing radiance of the sigil.

"This guy showed up at the museum. He said his name was Luke. He knew things," Mary gasped.

"Luke," Michelle said and looked to the other three girls before she drew her foot across the sigil, breaking the image, the light instantly disappearing from its pattern with a bright flash.

"Uh," Mandy asked as she looked down at Mary, "What happened to your amulet?"

"Huh," Mary said as she looked to Mandy.

"It looks like it caught fire or something," Candy said.

Mary instinctively reached for the amulet before she began to pull her hand away, remembering how useless giant cocks were for picking things up when she caught a glimpse of her now-normal hand. She twisted her hand back and forth at the wrist then raised her other, also normal, hand to her face and began to laugh, tears rolling down her face. She carefully lifted her head and looked down her body, past her still oversized breasts, but also past where her massive pregnant belly and giant cock had been, neither there any longer.

"What's wrong?" Michelle said, stepping next to Mary's shoulders as Mary reached up, trying to get someone to give her a hand. Again, everyone shied away and Mary sighed, undoing the clasp on her amulet and tossing the burned, shattered ember aside before she reached up again.

"Oh my God! You're normal again!" Mandy said, quickly taking Mary's hand in her own as Candy took Mary's other hand and pulled her to her feet.

"Luke must have done it," Mary said, flexing her hands, probably for the first time in months, before she rubbed the spot on her forehead where he had touched, "He said if I stopped you he'd owe me one."

"And you got big boobs out of it too," Candy said as Mary looked down into her massive cleavage.

"Well, I'm no milk doll but still," Mary said, one eyebrow raised, "this seems pretty excessive." Mary rocked back and forth on the balls of her feet, feeling her breasts swaying heavily along with another sensation she didn't recognize.

“Done defying the word of God yet?” Amy said sarcastically as she padded into the room.

“We stopped,” Candy said.

“But look,” Michelle said as she stepped aside, “Mary’s here and she’s back to normal.”

“Aside from the huge boobs,” Mandy added.

Amy gave Mary the once over, “Yeah,” she said skeptically, “and aside from being hung like an elephant.”

The girls all looked curiously at each other, not sure what Amy was talking about until they stepped back a foot or so and saw the massive turgid organ poking out from under Mary’s knee-length skirt.

“What?” Mary said as she looked down, first trying to push her breasts against her chest before she tried forcing her top into her cleavage and pulling them apart, clearing her view down the middle. When that didn’t work she simply reached down and felt through the fabric of her skirt. Suddenly Mary’s face turned bright red as she ran out of the room, past Amy and into the bathroom, her huge breasts and massive male member flopping obscenely as she ran.

“Okay, I can tell this isn’t going to be fun,” Michelle said as they heard the bathroom door slam.

“I guess we better give her some time,” Mandy said.

“How much time does it take to deal with a magical sex change?” Candy asked. “We’ve only got two days until we have to stop whoever this indestructible big bad is from destroying the world somehow.”

“I don’t know. Let’s just give her all the space she needs.” Michelle said. “In the meantime we have to clean up this mess,” she said, looking around the smeared floor and the rubble and broken glass. “Anyone got a broom?”

Several hours later Mary lay in her room, trying desperately to get some sleep. Despite it being nearly three AM sleep wouldn’t come. She couldn’t stop thinking about **it** and the weight of it pressing against her thigh and knee beneath her borrowed sweatpants wasn’t helping either. So far she hadn’t even been brave enough to explore down there and find out what equipment she still possessed. *Cock fingers were bad enough, Mary thought, hell, I’m not even still a girl...*

Her thoughts were interrupted by a knock at her door. “Go away!” Mary called out.

“It’s us,” Amy said, “Amy and Kari. We figured you could use someone to talk to that understands what it’s like having your body being suddenly out of control.”

“Come on,” Kari said, “It’ll be fun.”

Mary sighed and pulled herself upright in bed, pulling her blanket up to her neck. Even though it was still early fall the cool air from the Alps blowing in through the huge shattered window in the next room kept the whole suite much more chilly than she would have liked. “Fine, Come in,” she called out, defeated.

Amy and Kari both padded in, wearing sweats, t-shirts and bathrobes, the robes having no hope of closing over their massive breasts, especially now that the

cold air had rendered their huge nipples even more massive and firm than usual. They crossed the room and sat at the foot of the bed. "How are you doing?" Amy asked.

"Haven't been able to get to sleep," Mary admitted.

"Yeah, I was like that when they did this to me," Amy said, resting her hands on either side of her breasts.

Mary shook her head, "It's not like that. I went through that when my hands got weird. That was horrible. They were so gross and there was no way to hide them and I couldn't just ignore them because they felt so damn good."

"Uh, hello?" Kari said. "Believe me, I know that feeling."

"Come on," Mary said, "your boobs aren't gross."

"Sure, you try living with them," Amy replied.

"Looks like I'm gonna get the chance," Mary said and looked down at her own plus sized bust line.

"Come on," Amy said, "your boobs aren't bad. There not even as big as Kari's much less mine."

"Nowhere near as big as mine," Kari agreed. "Plus you don't have milk or anything, right?"

"I don't think so," Mary said, "but my boobs aren't what's bothering me. I mean yeah, they're pretty carried away," she said, looking down, "but I had boobs before, I have bigger boobs now. No big. But I've always been a girl and now all of a sudden I'm a guy..."

"Well, you had those finger things before and that didn't make you a guy," Kari said.

"Yeah, but I still had all normal girl stuff down there," Mary said sadly, "I'm not so sure anymore."

"Oh wow," Kari replied. "I never thought of that."

Mary folded the sheets down and slid her feet out of bed, "I'm gonna be right back. I have to hit the bathroom. I've been putting it off but I have to figure out how this damn thing works sooner or later." As soon as Mary was on her feet both Amy and Kari's eyes were instantly drawn to the huge bulge running down her thigh. Neither of them could keep the smile off their faces.

"So..." Amy said as she watched Mary padding toward the bedroom door.

"Yeah, so..." Kari added leadingly.

"Yeah?" Mary replied, as she stopped, not turning back, her voice a mixture of worry, exhaustion and irritation.

"Can I see it?" Kari asked.

"Oh my God," Mary said as she turned back, scrunching up her face, "Do you not understand the gravity of the situation?"

"Yeah," Kari said and looked away, "You're right. I'm sorry. I just couldn't..."

"Can I see it?" Amy asked, her smile breaking into a wide grin

Mary sighed and turned back to the girls on the bed, "God, what's your problem?"

"What?" Amy said, "It's not everyday one of your friends grows a huge cock." Amy considered for a moment, "You can tell us all the guy dick secrets."

“I’ve only had it for like five hours,” Mary said, “The only secret I know is that the damn thing must weigh like ten pounds.”

“I bet it does,” Kari said, her voice growing breathy

“God,” Mary rolled her eyes. “You’re serious? You really want to see it?”

Both girls looked embarrassed, but they were both nodding slightly, wide grins breaking across their faces.

“**Fine**,” Mary said, “as long as it shuts you up.” Mary took a few steps back toward the bed before she stopped and untied the cord at the waist of her sweatpants. She put one hand on either side of her waist and stretched the waistband out, before she pulled her sweatpants down over her hips, allowing them to drop to her ankles.

“Whoa...” Kari said, her mouth falling open.

“Yeah,” Amy said, her eyes wide, a bit of drool beginning to accumulate at the corner of her mouth. “That’s... nice... really.... nice.”

“Yeah,” Kari added. “That’s like...”

“Yeah,” Amy replied.

“So, when that guy did this to you did he screw around with your... well, do you like girls now?” Kari asked.

“God,” Mary said as she bent down and pulled her sweatpants back up, “Keep it in your pants!”

“Hey, that’s my line,” Amy smiled, her eyes locked on Mary. “So... you like girls or not.”

Mary exhaled sharply, “Surprisingly enough in the last five hours my biggest worry hasn’t been reassessing my sexual orientation. “

“Well,” Kari said, and bit her lower lip, “Maybe we can help you figure it out...” Kari got to her feet, dropping her robe in the processes before she grabbed the hem of her t-shirt and pulled it off, over her head.

“Or maybe you don’t just like big boobs,” Amy said as she got to her feet and lost her robe and top as well, “Maybe you like really, **really** big boobs,” Amy smiled.

“Uh... I... uh...” Mary began as the two milk dolls padded over to her, pressing their breasts against hers.

“I bet they don’t even make rubbers big enough for you,” Amy whispered into Mary’s ear as she slid her leg between Mary’s thighs, rubbing it against her cock.

Mary took a deep breath as her head tilted back while she allowed Amy and Kari to lead her back to her bed before they all collapsed atop the comforter, Amy and Kari pulling Mary’s top off.

Ten minutes later there was a quick knock before the bedroom door opened, “Good, you’re okay,” Mandy said, “Stay in here while we....” She trailed off as her eyes adjusted to the darkness and saw the conflagration of sweaty girl flesh. “Anyway,” she said, turning away. “Stay here, we’re taking care of it,” she before she pulled the door closed.

“Take care of what?” Mary said as she pushed herself up, barely able to speak.

“Shut up,” Amy said and pulled Mary back to the bed as a loud crashing sound came from the hallway.

## CHAPTER 36

Mandy and Candy were sitting in their room talking when they heard a noise in the suite. At first they dismissed it as noise from the wind blowing in through the huge exterior window, but when the obvious sounds of footsteps passed their bedroom door they both forced themselves to their feet and headed for the hallway. "What the hell was that," Michelle whispered to them in the hallway.

"I don't know," Candy said and turned to Mandy, "Can you check on the other girls? Michelle and I will see what that was." Mandy nodded and waddled down the hallway toward Mary's room as Candy and Michelle headed out into the suite.

As soon as they stepped into the suite they found the room illuminated by moonlight, the odd shadows of the furnishings and the trees outside making it impossible to easily see anyone in the room who shouldn't have been there. Both girls waddled around the upper level of the room and the different bedrooms before they returned to the upper level of the main room where Mandy rejoined them. "The girls are all okay," she whispered. The sound of something rustling on the lower level attracted all the girls' attentions. "There," Mandy said and pointed across the room, near the fireplace. quickly all three girls headed down the short flight of steps to the lower level and waddled toward the noise.

"Nothing," Mandy hissed. "What is it?" she asked.

"Maybe it's just the wind," Michelle said.

"Unless the wind is wearing jungle boots I don't think so," Candy said. "I'm gonna go check the bedrooms. As Candy headed back toward the sleeping quarters her sister called after her.

"Don't go in Mary's room," Mandy began, "She's... busy..."

"I so don't want to know..." Candy replied.

"So what now?" Michelle asked.

"I have a plan," Candy said and stepped over to the door. "Cover your eyes," she said and flicked on the overhead lamps as she stepped in front of the door, blocking the exit. It only took a moment for their eyes to adjust before they could see well enough to look around the room.

"The case is still there," Michelle said.

"And so's the burglar," Candy replied, pointing at the floor next to the table where the baton sat. There a thin man dressed entirely in black crouched, wearing night vision goggles. He seemed to immediately realize he was caught and he jumped to his feet, grabbing the baton and vaulting over the table, landing on the lower level of the room, baton case in hand.

"Why'd you leave that out here?" Candy asked incredulously.

"Cause it fucks with your head when it's close to you," Michelle said as she waddled down the stairs, slowly approaching the burglar.

"Go get him, I got the..." Candy began before the burglar pulled a pistol and fired three shots into Candy's chest and shoulder, dropping her to the ground. Michelle turned and rushed to Candy's side, crossing the fifteen feet in less than two

seconds. “Hey,” Michelle said as she reached down to cradle Candy’s head in her hands.

“Fuck that,” Candy gasped, blood pouring from her mouth. “Immortal,” she croaked. “Get the bastard.” Michelle nodded and lowered Candy’s head carefully to the floor before she got to her feet and scanned the room. The black-clad figure was near the large blown-out window, securing a rope to a large piece of furniture. He tugged against the rope and began crossing the fifteen feet to the window.

“Hey asshole!” Michelle shouted and waddled down the steps and leaped at the man, covering the distance between them in just two steps. She came to a stop with her hand wrapped around the man’s neck, her hand glowing against his voice box. “Drop the baton,” she said.

Michelle heard the sound of the burglar’s gun cocking, the barrel resting on her temple. “I ain’t gonna be doin’ that missy,” he said.

“You have a death wish?” she asked the man. “I’m fucking immortal. You shoot and you’re still dead.”

“I’m willing to bet that when I fire you drop before you can do anything other than piss yourself,” the man said. “So... Mexican standoff little girly.”

“I don’t think so,” Candy said hoarsely, her hand glowing against the rear of the burglar’s head, blood still running down her chest.

“Well, ain’t this a goddamned pickle,” the man said, still looking at Michelle.

“Stop!” a voice called from the ground, four stories below, outside the huge shattered window, “Do not harm him,” the woman’s voice said in a strong German accent.

All three of them looked at the empty window for a moment before a strong wind blew in. Suddenly a very pregnant blonde girl stood on the ledge outside the shattered window. “Let him go!” she shouted at them.

“That’s Greta Haber,” Candy said, “Leader of the Reichmutter’s.”

“It’s so good to be recognized” Greta sneered.

The man took advantage of the distraction and pulled the trigger against Michelle’s head. Michelle stood there for a moment, staring blankly at what was left of the burglar’s head as both her hand and Candy’s seemed to erupt in a burst of searing light, burning through the burglar’s head and neck simultaneously. Michelle dropped to the floor and Greta Haber stepped toward them. Candy grabbed the man’s gun hand, pointing the pistol at Greta. “Stop!”

“Idiot,” Greta said as she walked over and reached for the pistol in the man’s hand.

Candy fired, catching Greta in the chest, dropping her to the floor before two pregnant girls grabbed Candy from behind, pulling her back. Greta coughed and spat blood as she forced herself to her feet.

Greta began to waddle over to the burglar’s fallen body when Michelle reached out, her eyes still staring blindly at the ceiling, grabbing Greta’s ankle with just enough strength to trip her, leaving Greta sprawled across the floor. Greta rolled onto her back and pulled back her foot to kick Michelle in the head.

“Wouldn’t be doing that if I were you,” Mandy said from across the room, holding a curtain rod like a javelin.

“IDIOTS!” Greta bellowed. “I have to seal his body before he... “ Greta trailed off as she looked at the fallen man’s body, that even now was crumpling to dust within his clothes. Greta stared at the pile of clothes as it collapsed, the Mother’s Cross dropping from her hand.

“What the hell are you talking about? What just happened?” Candy asked, the pregnant girls releasing their grip as Michelle slowly began to push herself upward, the right side of her face slack even as her left eye began to focus.

“What just happened,” Greta snapped, “is that three very stupid girls just caused the end of the Creation.”

## CHAPTER 37

“Whath the hell are you talthing about?” Michelle lisped, obviously still having trouble forming words, the hair on the side of her head matted with clotted blood.

“If you do not know,” Greta shouted, “why are you even here?!”

Mandy sighed, “Alpine Fortress, chaos engine, end of the world,” she began.

Candy picked up the baton case and held it up, “Key... almost stolen, dead burglar. Key safe,” she added.

“Typical Americans,” one of the twins who had been holding Candy said. “All they see is the surface. The deeper meaning is lost.”

Michelle rubbed the still partially numb side of her face. “What are you talking about? We just torched the bad guy, we win.”

“He wanted you to kill him!” Greta said, “It’s part of his plan.”

“What plan?” Mandy asked exasperated.

Greta looked over to one of the Reichmutters who looked at her watch and nodded. “In three hours the entirety of creation will cease to exist. Uriel will throw open the chaos gates in the Alpine fortress and everything will be blown away by its primal power.”

“Uriel???” Michelle asked incredulously.

“The Keeper of Mysteries, Guardian of Eden, Master of God’s Law, Holder of the Fire of God, the One True Light of God, Uriel, the Archangel of Purity and Salvation.” Greta replied, “**That** Uriel.” Greta stepped forward and kicked the pile of black clothes, finely powdered dust falling from within them.

“Wait,” Michelle said, “I thought angels couldn’t be here and anyway, even if he was, why did he want the baton and how the hell could we kill an angel? Isn’t that like impossible?”

Greta reached up and rubbed her eyes, “We don’t have time for this.”

One of the other Reichmutters began to speak, “About 300 AD Uriel overstepped his authority and destroyed all of the mythical creatures of Earth. Since then no angel has been permitted on Earth in his or her celestial form. He was banished to Earth to learn from his mistakes and has walked the earth these last seventeen hundred years, stripped of all of his powers save those which could be used to affect humanity.”

“Some time in the last five hundred years Uriel went mad,” Father Castiliani said from the doorway to the suite before he walked to the stairs from the upper level to the lower level of the room. “He began to seek a way to end his torment on Earth. But he is of the first ones, one of The Seven That Came Before. Despite his human appearance and body he is still an angel, he cannot die.”

“Looks pretty dead to me,” Mandy said.

Greta stared at Mandy for a long moment, “Perhaps just this once you might listen to those who know more than you so you at least will know why you’re about to be undone.” Mandy’s mouth hung open for a moment before she pulled her mouth shut.

“Sometime in the last fifty years Uriel discovered what he needed. He learned of the Alpine Fortress’s chaos engines. Each of those is a gateway into the underlying chaos outside of Creation. All he needed to do was find out where they were and how they worked and he could do what we were ordered to do sixty years ago... destroy the entirety of Creation.”

“Why didn’t you?” Candy asked, “That sounds pretty damned evil to me.”

Greta stepped up to Candy and poked her in the chest, “We are dedicated to the preservation of Creation, just as you are. We have not forgotten our duty. Not then, not now.”

“Hey... Hey...” Michelle said, stepping up to the two women, easing them apart. “None of this explains why he’s dead on the floor... or why we have any problem with him since we have the key.”

“He may look human, but he is an Angel. He cannot be killed. You destroyed his human seeming, now he is free to reappear wherever he wishes to. I expect that as he knows where the Alpine Fortresses chaos engines are he has reappeared there.”

“Yeah,” Mandy replied skeptically, “And if he could just appear next to be big red button marked ‘DIE’ why’d he try to steal the baton from us? Just for kicks and giggles?”

“He attacked you,” Greta said, her voice even more angry than last time, “because if he used the baton he would be committing suicide. The gate would kill him, destroying his human seeming. Suicide is a mortal sin. He would Fall and reappear in Hell, never to return. But once you destroyed him...”

“He got exactly where he wanted to be,” Michelle said. “Fuck.”

“Ja,” Greta replied.

“Then there’s like no time left,” Michelle said. “Father, I don’t know what supplies you brought in that big truck, but if it’s anything good we’re gonna need it.”

“I don’t know if you will need what we have brought,” Father Castiliani replied nervously, looking at the Reichmutter, “With the evil ones here...” he said, looking at the Reichmutter, “her presence may not just be necessary, but could very well be dangerous.”

“Her?” Michelle replied.

“We believed that you would need to seal the gates and without knowing the... German contingent... would be here, we thought it best to have a back up plan,” Father Castiliani snapped his fingers and the girls heard the sound of something heavy and large rolling down the hallway. It took several minutes before the two drivers were able to maneuver a large steel-reinforced crate, through the double doors of the suite. The box appeared old, perhaps fifty or a hundred years. It was made of solid wood, hand wrought iron strapping bolted strategically for reinforcement, modern locks secured at intervals around edges of the door, a row of small round holes running around the top and bottom edge of the shipping container, the muffled sound of a gagged woman’s voice audible even through the crate.”

“What could you have possibly brought, Priest?” Greta asked, speaking the title as if it was a curse, “that would help us destroy an archangel.”

Father Castiliani reached into his pocket and removed a small key ring and began unlocking the hasps one by one. “We brought the most powerful being we could to compliment your power,” the priest said to Michelle, “I believe you’ve

worked with her before. Julia DeLarosa DeMarco,” he said as the last hasp came free and the door fell to the floor.

“Julia!” Greta gasped, the color leaving her face, “You’ve crated up one of the most powerful of us, boxed her up and brought her here against her will and now you’re going to set her free? She will kill us all!”

Despite Greta’s concern Julia appeared well secured. She stood in the crate, her feet shackled to the floor, a steel bar holding them two feet apart. Metal posts ran from the back of the case, under Julia’s arms and then bent, fastened into the sides of the crate, trapping her massive belly between the supports. Julia’s head and hands were ingeniously secured, a black cloth bag covering her head and neck, a metal apparatus locking her palms against either ear, the whole device locked around her neck, her voice turned to quiet muffled babbling by the cloth bag and the gag Julia wore beneath it, shaking her body back and forth weakly against the restraints.

The Reichmutter’s were already headed for the shattered window that led outdoors to escape when Michelle turned to them, “Hold on for a second,” she said and turned back to Father Castiliani. “You did this?” Michelle said sternly.

Father Castiliani took a step backward, unsure why Michelle was unhappy, “Yes,” he said, “As I explained we wanted to give you every opportunity....”

Michelle cut him off as she waddled to his side, “When’s the last time you fed her?” she asked, snatching the keys from Father Castiliani’s hands.

“Uh... I am not sure,” Father Castiliani said as Michelle began to sort through the keys, “I believe her last meal was about twelve hours ago, but she can survive far longer than that. In her twelve hundred years on Earth she’s surely endured much worse than twelve hours without a meal.”

Michelle stopped for a moment and thrust the key ring in the priest’s face, “Key?” she demanded. As Father Castiliani sorted through for the keys to the shackles Michelle asked, “Has anyone here besides me and my friends ever even seen Julia’s photo, much less met her?”

Father Castiliani held up the correct key and Michelle snatched it out of his hands and turned to the crate. “Didn’t think so. If you had you’d know that Julia is many things, but wicked busty? That isn’t one of them..” Michelle twisted the key in the locks that secured the girl’s ankles before she stood up, “Kristen?” Michelle asked, “It’s Michelle. Calm down, I’m getting you out of this damn thing.” The girl’s shaking and muttering stopped as Kristen relaxed, no longer struggling against the restraints.

“Kristen?” Mandy and Candy shouted as the locks holding the harness to Kristen’s head and hands fell away and Michelle pulled the bag away from Kristen’s head, revealing her gagged mouth and matted, sweat soaked hair.

“Kristen?” Father Castiliani said, “Who’s Kristen?”

Michelle turned and punched Father Castiliani squarely in the jaw before she turned back to Kristen and helped her to a nearby chair as Father Castiliani fell to the floor, unconscious.

“Are you okay?” Michelle asked as Kristen rubbed her eyes and squinted, her eyes becoming accustomed to the light as all the girls in the room converged on them.

Kristen looked from girl to girl, “Everybody’s pregnant,” she said curiously.

Michelle chuckled, “Yeah well... We have to go... but I’m gonna have some of my friends get you some dinner.”

“Thanks,” Kristen replied, “I’m starving. What’s going on?”

“Going?” Mandy and Greta asked simultaneously as Michelle turned toward the bedroom.

“Where?” Candy asked.

“The Alpine Fortress, where else,” Michelle shouted over her shoulder. “We have an archangel to stop.”

Ten minutes later they were dressed in cold weather gear and boots, Michelle had her backpack, the Reichmutter in their more professional looking SWAT gear, Mandy and Candy their matching black parkas with their names embroidered on their backs. They set out across the rolling hills of Obersalzberg, walking cross-country, in the dark. They were alone, save for the man dressed in a heavy winter parka atop the Intercontinental Resort Hotel watching them with night vision binoculars. He watched as they left the grounds of the hotel and continued, crossing the road and heading into the woods. The warmly dressed man looked between the girls and the marble gate leading to an alpine pass a mile or so ahead of them before he put his binoculars away and headed down from the roof.

## CHAPTER 38

It took nearly an hour for the girls to reach the gate to the Alpine Fortress. Although the going was rough through the Bavarian woods, the distance was far shorter than by road. Still, by the time they cleared the woods and headed for the courtyard surrounding the gate all the girls were ready for a rest.

The gate wasn't much to look at. It was a large double arch, each side some twenty feet wide and thirty feet tall, any ornamentation long ago stripped from the dull, pockmarked columns, the markings where German eagles had once been mounted still visible. On either side of the two arches was a cement pillar, a historical marker in German and English topping its angled upper surface. Beyond the gate was a road that continued on for forty or fifty feet before the asphalt ended, merging into the rolling hills and woods of the Austrian Alps.

"So," Michelle said, "This is it."

Greta stepped up to the pillar and, after looking at either side, simply placed her palm atop the brass plaque. Her hand began to glow and moments later the metal began to melt, running down the sides of the pillar before the cement cracked, large chunks falling to either side. Revealed was a marble and brass pillar, a large German Eagle, a swastika in its claws, adorning its surface, a small brass holder at the top to accept a field marshal's baton.

Michelle stepped over to the obelisk and ran her finger across the brass baton holder. "Mandy, do you have the baton?"

Mandy rolled her eyes.

"I have the baton," Candy said and then sighed, "Why can't anyone keep us straight?"

"Ok, whatever. Sorry." Michelle said as Candy began digging through Michelle's bag.

"What's this?" Candy asked as she held up a bottle of reddish-brown paste."

"I'll explain in a minute. Where's the baton?" Michelle asked.

"Right here," Candy said, pulling the baton case from the backpack, shuttering as she lifted the case in her hand,

"Thanks," Michelle said stepped toward Candy, reaching for the baton.

Candy pulled the baton back, out of Michelle's reach, her eyes narrowing "What are you gonna do with it?"

Michelle took a deep breath, "Don't make this any harder than it already is," she said calmly.

"Make what any harder?" Mandy asked.

"You cannot possibly be as stupid as you appear," Greta said wearily, "She is going to use the baton to open the gate."

Mandy looked from Greta to Michelle and back, "But the security system... the chaos engines... that will kill her."

"Maybe not," Michelle said as she looked away from Mandy "We're immortal. Maybe it's just gonna tingle a little."

"But... Why don't the Reichmutter do it? They're the Goddamned Nazis. They should be able to open the gate without a problem."

“We disobeyed our orders sixty years ago,” Greta said. “We’re traitors to the Reich. Opening the gate would be as deadly for us as it is for her.”

“But it’s your problem!” Mandy replied, frustrated, “Your people built this, they created the problem. Don’t you think it’s time for you to take care of your mess?”

Greta looked away, breaking eye contact with Mandy. She shook her head sadly, a frown coming to her face as she seemed to mull Mandy’s words over in her mind. Then she looked up to Mandy’s face and burst into laughter, tears streaming down her cheeks. “I had you... you believed that.... Please, trying to make me feel guilty after the things I’ve done? You might as well try to get yourself some slacks off the rack. But seriously, what happened to your hips? I’m not complaining, a few years in Brazil change your tastes. Why do you think our milk dolls look the way they do. How do you say? Too much junk in the trunk?”

“You fascist bitch!” Mandy hissed as she waddled toward Greta.

“Hey,” Michelle said as she shook her head, her voice calm and sublime, “Not now...”

“But there has to be some other way,” Candy said.

“There is,” Mandy said, “I’ll open the gate.”

“No you won’t!” Candy replied incredulously, “Has everyone gone nuts?”

“No, think I’ve gone sane a little,” Mandy replied. “Someone has to do it. The Reichmutter aren’t going to, Michelle has her mother and sister to get back to...”

“And you have me,” Candy replied, her voice growing hoarse as she spoke, her voice growing quieter, “You can’t leave me alone.”

“I’m sorry,” Mandy said as she waddled to Candy’s side and leaned into her sister, their bellies pressing into each other, “I have to do this.”

“You mean we have to do this,” Candy replied.

“What??!” Mandy said, pushing herself back from Candy.

“What what?” Candy asked, “We’ve always done everything together. Even the dangerous stuff, like when we were eight and you told your friends we could swim when we couldn’t so we both jumped into the water. “

“And nearly drowned!” Mandy said.

“Sisters forever,” Candy replied, sadness tingeing her voice.

“Always together,” Mandy nodded a sad smile coming to her face.

“No!” Michelle said as she waddled toward them, choking back tears, “I’m not going to let you do this! There has to be another way!”

The twins looked at each other for a moment before they looked to Michelle, “What other way? We’re running out of time.”

“I believe I have a solution,” a deep male German accented voice said from the darkness. The girls all turned to the tall, dark silhouette walking out of the darkness. He wore a large insulated coat and gloves, a knit hat covering his head.

“Eric?” Michelle asked?

“Eric? Eric Draahten?” Mandy and Candy asked simultaneously.

“Generalfeldmarschal!” Greta gasped, taken completely by surprise.

“Standartenführer Haber,” he said as he nodded to Greta before he turned to Michelle. “I believe you have something of mine.”

“What the hell is going on here?” Michelle said.

Eric Draahten nodded as he pulled off his gloves and hat, “I’m afraid I was not quite honest with you at my home. Allow me to introduce myself, I am Generalfeldmarschal Erich von Draahten, Wehrmacht High Command, Commander Army Group South, Director of Central Operations of the *Alpenfestung*, the Alpine Fortress... at your service.”

“But...” Michelle said, looking at his face and build, “But that would make you like... a hundred and ten years old???”

“My home and finances were not the only things to benefit from my involvement in the Reich,” Field Marshall von Draahten said smiling sadly. “You have the baton?”

“You know, Since I got my ass magiced I’ve seen some pretty unusual stuff, but I’ve about reached my limit on big, shocking surprises for one day so this had better be good,” Michelle sneered.

“I suppose I deserve that,” Field Marshall von Draahten replied. “I should explain. After the War I was captured by the Allies and sentenced to twenty years in prison. In the time since my capture I had realized I deserved that punishment and more. Many men claimed that they didn’t know what was going on at the time. Some of them even believed it themselves. I did not. I knew what I had done.”

“What do you mean?” Greta replied, “They were weak, we were strong. We looked upon the world and saw what we wanted. We didn’t need to ask for it, request it... We took what we needed for ourselves and our Aryan brothers.”

“I used to believe these things,” Field Marshall von Draahten replied to Greta before he turned back to Michelle. “After I was sentenced I was turned over to German authorities by the allies and although it may be hard for you to believe, I looked forward to having the time to reflect on my actions and in some small way pay for what I had done. I and most of the other prisoners turned over to the German government were released shortly thereafter. For my part in the war I served eighteen months in prison. Eighteen months.”

“I thought I would return to find my home and finances in ruins,” Field Marshal von Draahten continued, “but aside from minor damage both were secure. My family’s fortune from before the war still resided in the ever-trustworthy Swiss banks and the money I had invested in businesses loyal to the Reich, you may have heard of Krupp and Hugo Boss, they had not been lost as I’d assumed, but had multiplied by leaps and bounds. The mayor of my hometown was the same man who had been mayor under the Reich, and the local police were the same men who had been Interior Ministry police just two years before. Only now, suddenly, no one had ever been a Nazi,” he smiled humorlessly.

“It has been sixty-one years since my part in the war ended and the only person who seems to have ever felt I should pay for what I did during the war... was me. And during that time I’ve come to realize one simple fact. There are things a man does, choices he makes... that no amount of atonement can make up for.”

Field Marshall von Draahten reached into his inside coat pocket and pulled out three envelopes as he walked over to Michelle. “Michelle,” he said, handing her two envelopes, “These are for my wife and my daughter, and this” he said, handing her the third envelope, “Is for you and your group. Make good use of it.”

Michelle nodded.

“Tell my daughter I’ve always loved her,” Field Marshall von Draahten said as he walked to Candy’s side and took the baton case from her hand before turning back toward the obelisk. He discarded its case as he walked across the small courtyard in front of the gate. Without looking back at the girls he placed the baton in the brass cradle and turned it with both hands.

The odd doubling effect that Michelle had felt as she held the baton, visions of the old overlaying the new, momentarily engulfed the whole area. For a brief second it was bright daylight, The courtyard and gate were brand new, the marble gleaming in the noon sun. Greta and her Reichmutter were there in their old hairstyles, dressed in their black jackets and skirts with gleaming white blouses, Field Marshall von Draahten in his Wehrmacht uniform, peaked hat in place, his full grey overcoat blowing in the breeze. Then it was dark again and all that remained of Field Marshall von Draahten was a thin film of dust on the ground where he had been standing.

Michelle looked on wide-eyed as purple lightning began to dance over the gate. It was as if the lightning burned off the last sixty years as the columns took on the same gleaming shine they had in the brief vision the baton had induced. Momentarily the chaos-fire danced over the spots where the German Eagles had been on the columns before moving on, leaving duplicates of the original ornamentation behind. Soon the chaos lighting moved down the columns of the gate and, after dancing briefly along the joints between the stone blocks that made up the courtyard it moved through the gate along the forty foot wide road that led off to the edge of the woods.

The lightning reached the end of the road and continued on into the woods, the trees blurring as the lightning passed them the trees fading slightly, fading in and out as the lightning continued up the rolling hills of the Alpine pass. It flew along the surface of the ground, leaving the outline of the road glowing in purple. Within moments the whole pass was aglow, a huge castle in the distance only visible due to it’s glowing outlines. Then just as suddenly as the lightning had appeared it shot up into the sky, tracing along the clouds and was gone, The castle wavered in the distance, growing more and more solid until with one final push the Alpine Fortress was clearly visible several miles down the road. The sky was filled with dark, foreboding clouds, centered above the castle, blocking almost all of the moonlight.

Cautiously the girls waddled through the gate and to the top of the first rise in the road. Beyond lay something the girls had in no way prepared for. A large field that straddled the road had been used for a staging ground. There stood several hundred tanks, many infantry trucks and more than ten thousand men standing in formation, the engines on the vehicles purring at an idle, a large radar disk slowly swinging back and forth in the distance, the Alpine Fortress several miles beyond the staging ground.

“Okay, we just need to take this systematically,” Michelle said.

“Systematically? Of course,” Greta replied sarcastically. “You take the five thousand troops on the right, I will take the five thousand on the left. Systematically.”

“We are so fucked,” Mandy and Candy said flatly.

## CHAPTER 39

“So what are we going to do?” Michelle asked.

“Well, the last time I launched a military campaign...” Mandy began sarcastically.

“I really don’t need this now,” Michelle said. “Maybe we should get to some cover or something.”

Greta looked back and forth to either side of the road, past the wide green swaths of open field to the thick Bavarian woods beyond. “What cover? There is nothing.”

“Uh...” Candy began.

“Maybe we should just lay down on the ground,” Mandy said. “If we’re down low it’s harder to see us.”

All the girls aside from Candy turned and just stared at Mandy. “Uh, are you serious?” Michelle asked? “Prone isn’t exactly a good position for me,” she said, patting either side of her very large belly.

“Perhaps I should go to their commanders and order them to assist us,” Greta said.

“Yeah, that should work,” Mandy replied dryly, “Because your whole look? It just screams authority.”

“What is that supposed to mean?” Greta sneered as she waddled up to Mandy, standing as close to each other as their bellies would permit. “Besides, I was not speaking of invoking my authority as an officer of the Reich.”

“Yeah, I thought of that too,” Michelle said, “but by the time we hypno-voice the close by soldiers the ones in the back will be getting ideas. I don’t know how many people we can control at once, but I don’t think twenty thousand is something we can pull off.”

“Uh... girls?” Candy asked, slowly getting everyone’s attention. “We’re standing in front of like ten thousand soldiers, right?”

“More like twenty thousand,” Greta said, “They appear to be the divisions of Army Group South that were missing after the war.”

“Whatever,” Mandy said. “We’re on the high ground, right? Everyone in that field can pretty much see us, right?”

“Well duh,” Michelle said as she turned and looked out over the field of soldiers standing in the distance.

“Duh? Well, we’ve been here like five minutes. Why are they ignoring us?” Candy asked.

The girls looked at Candy for a moment as she considered the question. Michelle pulled off her backpack and leaned back so she could rest her bag on the huge shelf of her belly. She dug through the bags contents and pulled out a pair of binoculars. It only took her a moment to put them to her eyes and focus them. “That’s weird.” Michelle said.

“What?” Greta demanded as she waddled to Michelle’s side.

“Here,” Michelle said, handing Greta her binoculars.

Greta scanned the field looking at various units and vehicles. "They are not moving," Greta said, still looking over the field.

"Well, they're like in formation right?" Mandy asked.

"Yes," Greta said, "But how long do you think troops can stay in formation without moving? After even a short time enlisted men start shifting on their feet, looking from one to another, the officers walking among the men. None of that is happening."

"Where are you going?" Candy shouted as she realized Michelle was waddling down the long road leading to the infantry formations.

"I'm going to go see what the hell is up!" Michelle shouted back, "Are you coming or not?"

Mandy and Candy quickly followed her down the hill toward the soldiers and, after a moments consideration, Greta and her two companions followed. Luckily, the trip, although long, was made much easier by the fact that it was all down hill. Still, it took nearly ten minutes for the girls to reach the beginning of the formation. The road they were walking down was flanked by the groups of soldiers, all standing at attention, beginning twenty or so feet from either side of the road.

The girls slowed down as they approached the first row of men, but they didn't so much as flinch as the girls waddled past, down the center of the road separating the two huge groups of men. It wasn't until they had past several hundred soldiers that any of the girls spoke. "This is just eerie," Mandy opined.

"Yeah," Michelle said as she looked at the soldiers.

"It's not just that," Mandy began.

"Listen," Candy continued. The girls all stopped and looked around.

"I hear nothing," Greta said.

"Thank you Sergeant Schultz," Mandy replied. "That's exactly what I mean. It's silent. Where are the birds and bugs and animals?"

"Enough," Greta said sharply and turned, waddling away from the group, toward the columns of soldiers on the left side of the road. Michelle was momentarily surprised before she followed suit, quickly followed by the other girls. Greta slowed as she approached one of the soldiers. He stood rigid and unmoving, staring straight ahead. Greta waved her hand in front of his face. When he didn't respond she reached over and grabbed him by his uniform jacket, but even her strength couldn't budge him. "What is going on here?" she said as she turned back to the other girls.

"Look!" Mandy said, pointing to the spot on the soldier's sleeve where Greta had grabbed him. There the fabric had begun to fade, turning a very pale shade of grey. Then dust began to fall from the fabric as the threads disintegrated, revealing the shirt underneath. Even as the shirt began to rot away the hole in the jacket's sleeve continued to grow, now nearly up to his shoulder and down to his elbow. The shirt beneath the jacket collapsed faster than the jacket uncovering the already rotting flesh of the soldier's arm. The flesh was already black, but now it began to bubble and seethe before it dissolved like warm Jell-O.

Greta stepped backward from the rotting soldier, bumping into the girls behind her before they too stepped back. The girls stumbled over each other as they retreated in a panic while the soldier rotted away in front of them. The girls all

turned away from the spectacle, even the Reichmutter were disgusted by the display. Even with their backs turned the horrible odor of rotting flesh began to fill the air before turning to a subtler, earthier scent. Cautiously Michelle turned back to where the soldier had stood, to find only a small pile of bones and the metal parts of the soldier's rifle as well as his metal buttons and buckles encrusted with thick, black ooze.

"Oh my God," Mandy said panicky, her voice betraying a rare hint of emotion. "They're all dead!" She waddled backwards quickly, away from the column of soldiers as she looked back and forth of the columns of men that surrounded her. She turned and began to waddle away, stopping only as she realized she was now approaching the columns of soldiers at the opposite side of the road. She turned back quickly, looking this way and that, as if unsure where to go and looking anywhere for an escape route.

"Shhh.. shhhhh," Candy said as she got to Mandy's side. "Relax okay... Everything's fine."

"How can they all be dead and just standing here?" Mandy asked, a haunted sound to her voice.

"It must be the fail-safe system," Greta said as she looked around.

"Fail safe?" Candy asked, "It doesn't seem very safe to me!"

"In the event of an enemy infiltration the entirety of the Alpine Fortress could be sealed in both time and space. Then when the Gestapo arrived they could open the fortress and apprehend the intruders. We were told it was meant to be used for several hours, perhaps a day, but never for years, much less decades."

"Then that soldier rotted away to nothing..." Michelle began.

"Because that is all that remains of that soldier after sixty years," Greta began, "They must have all died a few days after the fortress was sealed. It only takes a touch to remind them of their true age."

"Let's get to the damned castle," Mandy spat as she pulled herself free from Candy and Michelle's arms and began waddling down the road toward the huge castle in the distance.

Minutes later as they approached the castle itself the girls began to notice a low hum, almost a vibration. Just as Mandy and Candy looked questioningly to Michelle a mechanical whine began, slowly increasing in volume and dropping in pitch until it matched the hum they had all been listening to. Greta looked up and soon the other girls followed her gaze to the dark clouds gathering above the fortress. "That hum," Greta began, "The Chaos Engines have been activated. We're run out of time." Greta took off toward the castle, her speed doubling.

"How long?" Michelle said as she tried to keep up.

"Until they are at full power? Perhaps a half hour, no longer," Greta replied as she ran.

As they approached the huge wood and iron doors of the castle Greta held both her hands in front of her, palms facing forward. Her hands began to glow when she was about thirty feet away as she continued running toward the doors, as if she expected them to open before her. For a moment Michelle thought they just might but as Greta got within several feet of the door she was forced to slow as the doors shook, but remained closed. Michelle quickly came up behind Greta and

stopped short before waddling to Greta's side. "Here, let me he..."Michelle began before Greta turned to look at her, fire in her eyes, a slight twitch in her right cheek.

"I do not need your help!" Greta spat before she turned back to the door. She took a deep breath and stepped slowly toward the door, leaning into it as if her hands were resting on the door itself, not several feet in front of the massive doors. Slowly the door began to creak. Greta began to exhale as the bright light coming from her palms became more intense. The doors slowly began to push inward as Greta continued pushing against them, her deep inhalations and exhalations turning into a low growl, then a scream as she stepped forward, the doors finally bowing to the pressure and breaking open, cracking near their hinges and falling inwards.

Greta strode across the white marble floor, inlaid with a huge swastika, and headed for the wide main stairway. As the other girls took in the room she and the Reichmutter were already up the stairs and through the French doors at the head of the staircase. "Maybe she should have pulled," Mandy said, looking back at the shattered door.

"Huh?" Michelle replied.

"Look," Candy said, pointing at the outward opening hinges.

"Come on," Mandy said, putting her hand on Michelle's shoulder. "Let's move."

"Hold on," Michelle said as she took her backpack off her shoulder, "We have to get ready before we go in there."

## CHAPTER 39

“I got here as fast as I could,” Maria said. “What happened?”

“I don’t know,” Bobbi said as she sat on the cot in the museum’s bathroom. “But Mary’s gone. Some guy was out there talking to her and then there was this horrible noise and they were both gone.”

“What did he look like?” Maria asked as she leaned back against one of the bathroom sinks.

“I... “ Bobbi began, shaking her head. “I can’t... I couldn’t go out there.”

Maria nodded, “I’m gonna go check on Juanita.”

Bobbi nodded slowly but didn’t look up as Maria turned and waddled back toward the museum’s main floor. She paused a moment at the bathroom door and took a deep breath before she pushed the door open and stepped out of the bathroom. The room reeked of stale sex, the huge sea of semen that had flooded the floor dried into a crunchy mess.

Sometime over the last few hours the semen that had been gushing from Juanita’s mouth began to slow until now it was just light, but constant trickle, just enough to prevent her from closing her mouth for more than a few moments at a time. However, there was a price to be paid. The liquid still had to go somewhere and Juanita’s body had been swelling even faster now than it had been before. Any trace of her hands and feet were gone. Aside from her head she was a now a completely smooth twelve foot wide ball of flesh. Her body had swelled up to such a degree that her expanding body pushed at her chin until her head tilted backwards, forcing her to look at the ceiling. Now she just sat there, rocking slowly back and forth.

“Juanita?” Maria said as she waddled across the room toward her sister, her crackling footfalls echoing in the huge room.

“Maria!” Juanita called out desperately. “Help me, please!”

“I know hon,” Maria said as she approached, “I’m just waiting for Michelle and the girls to call from Europe.”

“Can’t you call them?” Juanita asked, “I feel really weird.”

Maria barely managed to stifle a laugh, “Well sis, I gotta tell you, I can believe that.”

“I’m not kidding,” Juanita said, obviously beginning to panic again, “Something’s different. I feel... I can’t explain it... just... different.”

“Shhhhh, shhhhh,” Maria said as she waddled to Juanita’s side, “Let me see if I can steady you for a second. That rocking must be driving you nuts.”

“It won’t last,” Juanita said sadly, “I can’t keep balanced anymore.”

Maria reached over and placed both her hands on the smooth curved flesh. She pushed, expecting the flesh to give, but instead it felt as if she was pressing against the surface of a basketball. Before she could pull her hands back Juanita rocked toward her hands and she absorbed most of the momentum, allowing her sister’s massive body to come to a halt.

As soon as Juanita stopped Maria pulled her hands back then, after a few moments hesitation she raised her hand and made a fist. It took her a few moments

for her to gather her resolve before she rapped sharply on Juanita's side, producing a solid, deep thumping sound, almost as if she's hit the skin of a deep drum.

"What did you just do?" Juanita gasped. "That feet really weird."

"Uh... nothing," Maria said, stepping back as she heard her sister's skin beginning to creak.

"What was that???" Juanita asked desperately.

Maria pressed her eyes shut as she heard another creaking sound coming from her sister. "I love you," Maria said quietly as she did her best to hug her sister.

## CHAPTER 40

“Where have you been?” Greta spat as Michelle, Mandy and Candy came through the French doors and into the huge central courtyard at the center of the castle. The courtyard was a square, several hundred feet on a side, the walls and floor made of granite. Four huge holes, each more than forty feet wide, came up through the floor in the middle of the courtyard, about twenty feet apart. One of the four was empty, the pit leading deep into the ground and another held what must have been a partially completed chaos engine, steel and copper pipes reaching up to the partially completed spherical top. From the other two holes extended the huge supports that held the huge, spherical metal devices aloft, large gauges and electrical conduits piercing their surface, the conduits snaking from one to the other and then to a large stone-lined hole in the middle of the courtyard. They could only be the chaos engines.

Huge purple sparks enveloped each chaos engine individually as well as leaping between the two completed chaos engines and the incomplete engine, slowly growing in intensity, the dark clouds they had seen gathering from outside the castle congregating directly above the three chaos engines, growing both darker and more plentiful as the moments passed. As they watched a solitary figure made his way back and forth between the chaos engines, the purple electrical bolts and haze lighting him from behind making it difficult to see him.

“Uriel!” Greta screamed, trying to attract the man’s attention. He appeared to glance up before returning to whatever he was doing, hurrying from one chaos engine to the other. The girls slowly approached the engines, waddling as close as they dared, the wind and electricity pulling at them. The purple lightning retreated slightly from their presence, but not nearly enough for them to get past the energy field and reach Uriel.

“What the hell are you doing!” Michelle shouted at the man.

“He’s destroying the world you idiot!” Greta shouted over the din.

“Yeah,” Michelle replied, “I get that. What I don’t get is why!”

“Why!” Uriel roared before he ran across the courtyard, stopping just short of the purple lighting separating him and the chaos engines from the rest of the courtyard. “You’ve lived in this God forsaken rotting pus hole and you wanna know why????” he screamed, the lightning finally illuminating his face,

“Daryl?” Michelle asked, taking a half step back as she looked over his dirty and worn leisure suit and imitation gold chains.

For a moment Uriel/Daryl seemed to calm down as he looked Michelle over. “I don’t believe we’ve met seeing how I got a thing for big ass titties and damn girl, you got titties big enough for me to ignore that belly of yours and remember you every night before I go to bed... if you know what I mean.” Uriel snickered for a moment before he looked back to Michelle. “But seeing how you recognized me I figure we must have gotten together somewhere. The old brain ain’t what it used to be,” he finished, tapping his temple with his index finger.

“You were dead in a burned out strip club,” Michelle explained defensively.

Uriel laughed deeply, making a show of it before he spoke again, "You're the stupid bitch that took that damn cross off me ain't yah?" Uriel asked as he tilted his head away from Michelle as he kept his eyes fixed on her. Seeing her expression he slapped his thigh with his hand. "Hot damn, I knew some ass-wipe would take care of that shit for me sooner or later, but fuck girl, why wait for a stooge when a clueless air-headed bitch will take care of things every time."

Michelle took a step forward before the purple electricity grazed her, forcing her back, leaving a black burn across her palm and fingers. As she yanked her hand back, squeezing it in her other hand. Uriel wagged his finger back and forth comically, "Don't you be getting any ideas," he said, his expression returning to his earlier wild-eyed leer. "You might be immortal in reality, but this chaos shit? It'll dice you and slice you and leave you laying there like a stack of julienned fries," Uriel considered a moment, "but bloody and dead."

Michelle nodded to Mandy and Candy before she turned back to Uriel.

"We do not have time for this!" Greta said as she waddled to Michelle's side. "We must find a way to destroy the chaos engines and then stop Uriel once and for all."

Michelle glanced at Greta before she looked back at Uriel, "You never answered by question."

Uriel drew his head back and squinted, "Sorry," he began, "You **do** look fat in that."

Michelle ignored the comment, "Why?"

"Why what?" Uriel chuckled nervously, "Why destroy creation?"

"You've seen my place. You know where I lived, What I fucking wear," he continued as he pulled his filthy jacket off and threw it at Michelle. It passed through the purple lightning and hit her in the belly before it dropped to the ground. "Thirteen hundred years!" he bellowed, "Can you even imagine that? **Thirteen hundred fucking years** in this fucking hell hole for doing my Goddamned job."

"Destroying all the mythical creatures was your job?" Michelle asked as innocently as she could muster as she glanced at Mandy, standing at the opposite side of the chaos engines, speaking quietly.

"**I WAS DOING MY JOB!**" Uriel roared. "I was doing my goddamned job. You ever doin' something your mom told you to do and then she comes in and tells you, fuck, you screwed that up, I'm throwing you out. Go live under the underpass. Here's a fucking crack pipe and a forty. I'm the fucking archangel of purity, not some dirty, smack-shooting hobo! Thirteen hundred years of this and you'd be ready to take out everything too."

Michelle took a moment to glance across the courtyard at Candy before she continued, "Okay, I'll admit things look like they've been going pretty bad for you." Michelle saw the look on Uriel's face and quickly backtracked, "Okay, very bad for you.... But you don't have to live this way. You could have bettered yourself. Gotten a job, a house, a family..."

"Let me explain something little missy," Uriel said, nodding manically, "You got skills right? You learned stuff... Went to school, had a part time job, gettin' ready for college? The only things I know are what I knew thirteen hundred years ago. Got some cuneiform you need in English all urgent like? Need to understand

how the universe was created in six days with time enough to laze around and watch football on Sunday after? I'm your fuckin' guy." You know what kind of job a homeless guy dressed in rags can get? In this fucking body?" he continued, pounding on his chest with both fists. "I can't even do landscaping. Fuck, I can't even do light housekeeping."

"But you have your powers," Michelle said.

Uriel laughed again, "My fucking powers. I ain't got but one left and that's useless. Fucking wishes."

"How's that useless?" Michelle asked, "Sounds like you could do a lot of good."

"You'd think so," Uriel said. "But then you still have faith in human nature," he continued, saying the last two words in a sing-songy cadence. "You know how many wishes I've granted in thirteen hundred years girly? Do you? One thousand and seventy two. You know how many of those were done just to help someone else, out of the goodness of the wisher's heart? Go on... take a guess."

Michelle blinked, "I dunno... two hundred, maybe three hun..."

Uriel cut her off. "Seven. Seven fucking people. The rest asked for to be rich or to have a hot wife or a great job or a big boat or a fast car. Me, me, me, me, me."

"What about Juanita?" Michelle asked. "Didn't she ask for something selfless?"

"Juanita?" Uriel asked, "The girl with the huge ass? Ohhhhhhh... Her sister must be one of you... That explains it... You see, if her sister was just some normal run of the mill teen cum-dumpster this would have all..."

"Speaking of..." Michelle interrupted, "What the fuck did you do to Juanita?"

Uriel chuckled, "She's pretty fucked up by now, huh? Yeah... see us angels, we ain't allowed to have relations with you folks. That's an old rule, back from the time before time," Uriel explained as he looked skyward, his eyes going unfocused. "Hell, we weren't even remotely human looking back then. But the big guy made one big rule. No fucking the new kids on the block... and just to make sure... he booby-trapped y'all. Now I don't know if it's poor planning or just a random side effect but somehow things got all switched around and well... now fucking the kiddies doesn't bother me none... that Juanita though, I bet she's fixin' to pop."

"How do we fix her?" Michelle asked, her jaw set, trying to remain calm.

"Fix her?" Uriel laughed, "There ain't no fixin' her. All that's left is to get a mop and a big ass bucket."

"You believe him," Mandy shouted from across the courtyard.

"Yeah," Michelle said.

"What is this?" Greta complained, grabbing Michelle by the shoulder and spinning Michelle around, "You talk and you talk and you talk and all the while the chaos engines are charging. They're nearly at full power."

Michelle looked back to Uriel who was staring back at them, grinning like the Cheshire cat.

"Fine," Michelle said, "Let's finish this." She pulled her backpack off her shoulder and unzipped it, a nearly blinding radiance pouring from the open bag. Michelle reached in and pulled out a small silver serving tray with an odd, zig-zag symbol traced in a thick reddish brown slime across its surface. The symbol glowed

with a light so dazzling that no one present could bear to look at its luminescence. Michelle looked away and tossed it like a Frisbee, through the purple lightning, landing it on the ground ten feet behind Uriel. He looked up at Michelle surprised.

“You missed,” Uriel smiled.

“Look again,” Michelle replied.

For the first time Uriel’s confidence seemed to waver as he turned and ran over to the tray lying on the ground. He stared at it for a moment before he laughed, long and hard. “I don’t know what you’re thinkin’ girly, but... you can’t summon me, I’m already here.”

Michelle stared into his eyes as he laughed, “Hic est enim calix Sanguinis mei novi et aeterni testamenti, qui pro vobis et pro multis effundetur in remissionem peccatorum.”

Uriel stopped laughing and stared into Michelle’s eyes as he shook his arms, and twisted his head, his neck cracking, as if loosening up before a fight, “Bring it on, bitch.”

Michelle looked across the room, first to Mandy and then to Candy before she turned back to Uriel and said, “Hoc facite in meam commemorationem.”

The sigil on the tray practically erupted with pure white light, shooting upward and outward in all directions, growing in intensity until the only thing any of the people in the courtyard could see was the beautiful, horrible light.

## CHAPTER 41

The first thing Michelle could sense was the smell. It was light and fruity, not something she had smelled often, but with a unique enough scent that it was instantly recognizable. Honeysuckle. Michelle took in a deep breath, the smell of honeysuckle and freshly cut grass filling her lungs. She heard a noise and, despite being unable to see anything, immediately turned to the sound. It wasn't until she heard it again that she realized it was a bird singing. As soon as she put sound to form she saw it, just the hint of the shadows under its wings visible as it flew up and landed on her outstretched finger. The light slowly began to die down, revealing that Michelle was no longer in the Alpine Fortress's courtyard.

She stood in a dell, the green grass pushing up between her toes as she slowly looked around. She wondered, idly, where she was when she realized, *that mountain, those trees... I'm right where I was before, the Alpine Fortress is what's gone.* She turned her head slowly, taking in her surroundings. The grass was a deep and vibrant green, wildflowers in colors she'd never even dreamed of pushing up in small clumps here or there. It was only then she realized she was not alone. In the distance she saw two statuesque brunettes standing about fifty feet away from her. They were each nearly six feet tall, perfectly proportioned, with skin like ivory, covered only in a translucent silky wrap, a diaphanous cloud of light hovering behind each of them.

"Are you an angel?" one of them asked in a very familiar voice.

Michelle turned to where the two women were looking, off to her left and saw three more similar looking women standing in a small group facing the two women she'd just spotted.

"What did you do," the first woman asked, speaking German, but somehow Michelle understood every word.

"Who are you?" Michelle asked before she was distracted and looked over at the bird perched on her ivory skinned finger. She marveled at her hand for a moment, as if she did not believe it was hers. Her eyes tracked along her hand, back up her long, slender arm, before she seemed to realize something. She looked down, past her modest breasts, covered in a sheer silk wrap and down her flat stomach, past her long, shapely legs to the ground, where she made fists with her toes in the fresh grass,

"What's that?" Michelle heard Mandy or Candy say and she looked up to see one of the two now truly identical women pointing at the midpoint between themselves and Michelle. Michelle squinted and saw what her friend was pointing at. It appeared to be a small wad of silk, roughly the size of a lemon or orange, glowing faintly from within. As she watched small whips of smoke seemed to slowly form out of nothingness and were pulled into the slowly spinning ball as it grew larger and brighter. As the women watched the ball of light began to grow larger and larger, quickly gaining both size and brightness.

"Sooooo," A man's voice said from behind Michelle, "What's going on here?"

All of the women turned to see a very ordinary, very small, very human and very naked Agent David Leyland standing in the grass about forty feet behind Michelle, near where the top of the stairs had been, his hands covering his manhood.

“You should not be here,” Greta said in crisp German, understood instantly by everyone.

“What? I don’t spreken ze german.” Leyland asked.

Almost everyone.

“I don’t like the look of that,” Mandy or Candy said, calling everyone’s attention back to the growing sphere at the middle of the field. The ball had continued to expand and now as it reached the size of a beach ball the light grew so bright it blotted out everything aside it’s white glowing. The last thing any of the women heard was the gentle sound of the beating of his mighty wings.

## CHAPTER 42

She wasn't sure how long it had taken, but suddenly Michelle felt like she'd been hit by a freight train as both her formidable weight and reality returned to their normal state. The purple lightning that had been surrounding the chaos engines was gone, as was Uriel. The silver tray Michelle had thrown into the center of the courtyard lay twisted and blackened.

"What did you do?" Greta demanded, "Where is he?"

Michelle looked over to Greta then back to Mandy and then to Candy "What was that?" Michelle asked. "Did we just win?"

"What just happened?" Agent Leyland asked, sounding much less sure of himself than in the past as he stood there in his winter parka.

"I'm not sure that even happened," Mandy replied.

"I'm thinking it's best to just pretend that was just a dream or something," Candy added.

"You should..." Michelle began before Greta cut her off.

"Look, there!" she shouted, pointing skyward, into the dense bank of fluffy white clouds that had replaced the dark, purple tinted clouds centered over the chaos engines. At the center of the mass was a tiny glowing dot, like a very bright star. It seemed to be growing larger and brighter. It took a moment for the girls to realize that it wasn't growing brighter or larger, it was simply getting closer to them. It dropped from the sky like a rock, slowing as it approached the courtyard until it coasted to a halt ten feet above the ground.

The glowing orb hung in space, two huge white-feathered wings wrapped tightly into an egg shaped mass, the feathers glowing as if they were lit from within. Suddenly the wings snapped open, the air displaced fanning the girls with honeysuckle-scented air as an overwhelming sense of wellbeing and goodwill flooded through them. The wings were attached to a man's back, a man curled into the fetal position. He slowly descended until he was six feet from the ground before he stretched, throwing his arms, legs and head back as he took a deep breath and slowly let it out before looking around the courtyard.

He stood nearly seven feet tall, fit and muscular, his skin like flesh-tinted ivory. His hair was short and dark and while his overall appearance was unfamiliar there was something about his eyes, the corners of his mouth, his chin.... Despite the differences in his appearance it was undoubtedly Daryl. He looked around, eyes wide, mouth slightly agape. As he looked around the courtyard the corners of his mouth turned upward, a slight smile breaking into quiet laughter as tears rolled down his cheeks.

"I had forgotten," he said, his voice rich and full, its sound echoing where the girls voices had not, "The trees... the birds.... the sky..." he continued, looking upward. "I had forgotten how beautiful it all is... how beautiful life is." He walked over toward the first of the three chaos engines, his feet never quite touching the ground, and placed his hand atop the metal sphere. Moments later it began to hum as it spun up, quickly working up the speed it had been running at before, purple sparks crackling across its surface.

“What are you doing?!” Michelle shouted at him. “You just said it’s all so beautiful!”

“It won’t last,” Uriel said sadly, the smile staying on his lips but leaving his eyes. “Soon it will all end in fire,” he said as he glanced at Greta before he stepped over to second chaos engine and placed his hand upon it, activating it as he had the first. “But you want to stop me,” Uriel said as he walk/floated toward Michelle, “and We cannot allow you to do that.” He reached out, grabbing Michelle by the neck and lifting her off her feet. Instinctively Michelle grabbed his wrist with both her hands, her palms glowing a fierce white-red hue. As she clamped her hands down on his wrist, containing the energy her skin began to sizzle, cooking under the onslaught.

Uriel laughed, “You really think to...” He began before he looked down at her arm, first merely confused, then concerned. “Let go!” He said authoritatively and pulled back his arm before he flicked his wrist, tossing Michelle thirty feet across the courtyard. He examined his wrist, rubbing the joint with his other hand. “You hurt me,” he said, slightly confused as the clouds began to part above them. Uriel walked toward Michelle, slowly sinking until he was walking across the cobblestone courtyard floor, his way being lit by a bright ray of sunshine shining from between the clouds above.

By the time he’d crossed half the distance from himself to Michelle she had managed to force herself halfway off the ground, into a sitting position. Michelle coughed and spat, “That all you’ve got?” she asked.

“We grow tired of your insolence,” Uriel said, the bright, golden light shining from behind him, growing brighter and brighter. “Time to die.”

“What are you doing walking on the ground,” Greta asked as Uriel reached for Michelle.

“Yeah, Isn’t that breaking some rule or something?” Mandy asked.

Uriel turned to her voice, a hint of the now nearly blinding white light from behind him catching his eye. He turned fully into the light, raising one hand to shield his eyes as he looked upward. “NO!” he shouted as the light grew brighter and brighter, his skin beginning to char, “You can’t ! Not now! I’m so close!”

“Deus ex Machina, bitch!” Candy shouted as the golden heavenly light enveloped Uriel. For a moment he was visible as a slightly darker silhouette inside the beam of light, then he was gone. For a moment the light seemed to be dimming but it wasn’t dimming...it was spreading out. The cobblestones making up the courtyard floor dissolved as the light struck them, boiling away, leaving a patch of grass and wildflowers behind.

Mandy and Candy waddled quickly to Michelle’s side, giving the expanding beam of light a wide berth. “Uh, Michelle?” Candy began.

“I think we better be leaving,” Mandy continued as she looked over her shoulder, back at the expanding column of light pouring down through the cloudbank overlooking the Alpine Fortress.

“Greta? We better...” Michelle began as she turned to where the Reichmutter had been standing, but they were long gone. The three girls quickly crossed the courtyard, the expanding beam of heavenly fire beginning to catch up to them as they reached Special Agent Leyland standing just outside the French doors at the top of the stairs. His eyes were wide open, his mouth slightly agape.

“What’s wrong with my David?” Mandy asked, looking into his eyes. Michelle glanced back at the rapidly approaching column of light and quickly turned back and grabbed Agent Leyland by the arm before she took a running leap down the grand stairway, making it halfway down with one jump before she jumped again, landing halfway across the grand entry hall. She half ran, half flew through the doors, Agent Leyland dangling from her hand, flopping back and forth like a rag doll.

In Baltimore Maria felt something odd. She had her cheek pressed against her sister’s massive, swollen body, her arms stretched out as if she was trying to hug her. Maria felt a slight tremor go through her sister’s body, the creaking sounds beginning to grow louder and more frequent. “I love you,” Maria said quietly as she stepped back from her sister and pinched her eyes closed.

Juanita’s pale white skin began to shine, first appearing to simply be reflecting what little room light there was much better than before. Slowly it became apparent that the light wasn’t coming from outside of Juanita, but from within. Juanita’s skin began to shine, first with just a dull glow, but with increasing brightness as time went on. Even through her closed eyes the light was apparent to Maria and she held her hand up to block the light from hitting her square in the eyes.

“What’s happening to....” Juanita began before yet another creaking sound turned into a loud pop as Juanita exploded, A thick flood of cum shot out in all directions before dissolving into the light, along with the dried residue on the floor. Maria was knocked off her feet by the blast, throwing her across the room, finally landing against the far wall. She looked out into the room to where her sister had been but still couldn’t see past the glowing ball of light.

Maria squinted, trying to shut out some of the brightness when she saw a shadow. At first she thought her eyes were playing tricks on her, but then she saw it again. Soon the shadow had become less fleeting as the light began to die down and as the silhouette approached Maria. Finally the light died away completely, leaving Maria night blind, the huge room lit only by Coleman lanterns.

Maria shook her head and blinked repeatedly, trying to see something in the inky blackness. “Hello?” Juanita called out into the darkness.

“Juanita?” Maria cried out as she pushed herself painfully to her feet. “Juanita?”

Juanita walked toward Maria, totally naked, looking like any normal, naked soaking wet teenaged girl. “What... What happened?” Maria asked as she waddled to Juanita and wrapped her arms around her sister.

Juanita looked off into the distance for a moment before she closed her eyes and leaned her head against Maria’s. “I’m cold,” she replied, shaking like a leaf.

Maria pushed her back slightly so she could look her sister in the eye and smiled before pulling her back and hugging her again.

Mandy and Candy cleared the broken castle doors only moments after Michelle and Agent Leyland did and they sped up, trying to keep up with Michelle’s speed, but it was no use, even dragging Agent Leyland she was far faster than they were and the column of light was gaining on them.

“We’re so not gonna make it,” Mandy warned, glancing over her shoulder.

“Shut the fuck up,” Candy replied in an artificially cheery tone.

The girls continued to run, watching Michelle slowly widening the gap between them as she headed down the hill, dragging Agent Leyland. She headed toward the columns of dead troops and their tanks and support equipment. Afraid to look back the girls continued to run, their shadows growing longer and darker as the glowing light of re-creation crept up on them, slowly closing the gap.

“What the hell?” Mandy asked as she saw a something moving on the road near the troops below. One of the large trucks had pulled out of formation and was barreling up the road toward them at breakneck speeds. Mandy and Candy ran toward it as it approached them when suddenly it braked hard, pulling a bootleg turn, nearly toppling over as it screeched to a halt about twenty feet in front of the twins. The rear gate of the truck was kicked open from within and Michelle pulled the tarp covering the rear of the truck back. She paused a moment, looking off behind the twins in shock before she looked down to them and held out her hands. “Here!” she shouted, “Grab a hold!”

Each of the twins grabbed one of her hands and she nearly threw them into the back of the truck before she waddled to the front of the truck’s bed. “GO!” she shouted through the tiny window leading into the driver’s compartment and with a jerk Agent Leyland threw the truck into gear and sped off down the road. With a moment to catch their breaths the girls looked back at the wall of golden light that had completely encompassed the Alpine Fortress and the grounds surrounding it. Even as they slowly gained on the wall of light they watched the fortress itself and the road they were driving on were consumed by the light, leaving woods, grass and the occasional bird in its wake.

As they passed the troops the engine began to sputter but it held on even as Agent Leyland gunned the engine and made for the gate leading to Obersalzberg. “How long did it take for that soldier to dissolve?” Michelle asked as she stared out the back of the truck at the approaching wall of light.

“A minute and a half, maybe two minutes... why?” Candy replied.

“Then let’s hope we get out before this truck falls apart.” Michelle said.

“Hello?” Mandy replied, “Truck made of metal. All that soldier’s metal stuff was fine.

“Uh, hello?” Michelle said, “Truck has hemp and rubber in the hoses, the belts... even the canvas she said as she whacked the green canvas covering the rear of the truck with her hand, the fabric falling apart as if it was about to turn to dust. The truck cleared the columns of soldiers and leapt the top of the hill beyond. The engine cut out while they were airborne and Leyland shifted the truck into neutral, allowing their nearly 80 miles per hour to carry them down the last stretch of road and through the gate. Leyland wasn’t taking any chances. He turned the truck onto one of the roads leading down into the valley leading out of Obersalzberg, towards Munich, attempting to preserve every last bit of momentum they had.

In the end only Michelle, Mandy and Candy saw as the gate and marble obelisks were enveloped by the golden glow before it faded away, leaving only the empty gate courtyard behind.

## CHAPTER 43

“And that’s everything?” June asked shortly as she stood in front of the girls . They sat in the living room at Michelle’s house, Mandy, Candy and Michelle shared the sofa, Maria sat on one of the chairs next to them. Amy, Bobbi, Kari and Debbie sat at the top of the stairs, listening to the story.

“Did I mention Mary’s hung like horse now?” Mandy asked.

“Seven times,” June said stoically as she turned and began pacing back and forth, a giggle wafting down the stairs, into the living room.

“I’m so grounded,” Michelle said quietly as she leaned back and began stroking her belly.

“Grounded?” June said incredulously, “You **stole** a Concorde!”

“Just to save the world from total destruction,” Michelle said under her breath.

“What?” June said as her head whipped back toward Michelle, her eyes narrowing.

“Well,” Michelle began, “I’m just saying... If we hadn’t none of us would be here to talk about the fact that we should have borrowed the Concorde to get to France. We’d all be dead, along with the other four billion people on earth.”

June rolled her eyes, “Six billion,” she sighed.

“Plus we’re always next to broke with like a dozen people living here all the time and we did get all that money from Eric Draahten,” Michelle said.

“You know we can’t keep that money,” June said. “It’s blood money.”

“Actually,” Mandy began, “The Vatican checked that our for us before we even left Italy. All that money has been sitting in a Swiss bank account since 1929. It’s clean.”

June rolled her eyes, “That’s not the point,” she replied.

“I know, I know,” Michelle said, “Don’t take candy from strange field marshals.” Michelle saw the look on her mothers face and quickly explained. “I don’t know what he did during the war. All I know is that when we needed him so we could save the world he was there for us,” Michelle explained, “And he wanted us to have this money to help us with our work.”

“What else did the Vatican tell you?” June asked as she began to pace again.

“Well,” Michelle began, “That depends...”

“What do you mean, it depends?” June asked.

“There’s different people at the Vatican,” Candy began.

“And they all say different things,” Mandy finished.

“Officially,” Michelle said, “They were all kinds of happy with us and everything we did and anything we said.”

“But unofficially?” June asked.

“They wanted us to get our asses out of the Holy See ASAFP,” Mandy and Candy said together.

“Gee, break into their Secret Archives and they get all bent out of shape,” June said, shaking her head in amazement.

“It’s not that kind of secrets,” Michelle explained, “It’s more like phone records and college transcrip....” Michelle stopped as June glared at her.

“And what did they say about your sacrilegious version of the Eucharist?” June asked.

“Well....” Michelle winced.

“Pretty sure we left that part out,” Mandy said.

“Mom,” Michelle began, “I know you’re pissed but...”

“Pissed? **Pissed!**” June began as she returned to pacing back and forth, “Oh no... I’m not pissed. If I was pissed this would be easy. I’m so far beyond pissed that I’ve wrapped back around to being amazed and feeling incredible pride at your accomplishment.”

The girls looked back and forth at each other, confused for a moment as to exactly how they were supposed to take that. “So... you’re not pissed?”

“That’s just it!” June shouted, looking very angry, “How can I be pissed? You just saved the whole world!”

“So...” Michelle began... “Pizza and chocolate ice cream to celebrate?”

June stopped pacing and looked back at the girls, “Ice cream,” June said nodding rapidly. “Pizza... sure... whatever. Fine. Just fine!” June said before she stormed out of the room and into the kitchen.

Michelle took a deep breath before she looked over to the other girls, “I think she just needs to take some time and work out how she feels about all this.”

“Yah think?” Candy asked sarcastically.

A few moments later June returned to the living room... “I’m almost afraid to ask, but who’s your new friend... The girl with the biggest breasts I’ve ever seen.”

“That’s Robin,” Mandy said.

“Michelle brought her back to life after the Reichmutter tried to blow us up,” Candy added.

“Brought... her... back... to... life?” June asked slowly, enunciating each word carefully so there would be no confusion.

“We didn’t mention?” Michelle replied.

June’s stared at Michelle, her shoulders dropping as her mouth fell open, “Fine. It’s all just **fine.**” June said as she shook her head and headed back into the kitchen.

“How’s Robin doing?” Mandy asked.

“She’s alive... isn’t that good enough?” Michelle asked.

Candy ignored Michelle and turned to her sister, “Well, she’s stopped growing... but she’s not quite one of us. She’s got the belly and the weight and she heals wicked fast, but she can’t even hypno-voice, much less do anything else special.”

“I was hoping that after she had some time to rest up she’d get with the program,” Mandy replied.

“At least she has enough power to get around on her own,” Candy said, “I guess the rest of the energy from making her into one of us just got eaten up bringing her back to life.”

“So,” Michelle said, hoping to change the subject, “How’s Juanita doing?”

Maria considered for a moment.

“Well, that’s not a good sign,” Mandy said.

“No, she’s back to normal and everything,” Maria said.

“Yeah, we know that,” Mandy said, “But how’s she doing?”

“She’s still a little off,” Maria said, “I think she’s still kinda getting her head around the whole idea.”

“Yeah, who’d have thought getting turned into a cum-filled Violet Beauregard would mess a girl up,” Candy snarked.

“Heard anything from Agent Leyland?” Michelle asked.

Mandy frowned, “He was supposed to have his shoulder surgery yesterday,” Mandy explained, “But when I called this morning to check on him he’d already checked out and his work won’t tell me where he is.”

“Yeah,” Candy said, “Its amazing how dislocating a guys shoulder, and tearing his rotator cuff while saving him from an Archangel who’s about to destroy the world messes up a guys day”

“I’m not sure it’s that,” Michelle opined, “I don’t think normal people are wired to deal with that sort of thing.” Michelle thought about it for a moment, “I bet he’s just trying to forget about the whole thing,” Michelle continued as the doorbell rang.

“Mom! Pizza guy!” Michelle shouted.

June walked out of the kitchen and into the foyer and looked at the girls in the living room. “Fine. I got it. Don’t get up. I got it. **It’s fine. It’s all just fine.**”

The front door opened and after a moment June walked back through the foyer, not even stopping as she spoke to Michelle. “It’s not the pizza guy, it’s for you.”

Michelle sighed, “Come on in!” she shouted. A moment passed and the doorbell rang again. “I said come in,” Michelle shouted again. The only reply was the doorbell ringing several times in a row. “Fine,” Michelle said, “Fine, I’m coming.”

“You know, you’re starting to sound like your mom,” Candy snarked as Michelle forced herself to her feet and waddled toward the entry hall. She turned to the open doorway to find Kristen leaning forward, trying to catch her breath, one hand on either side of the door to stop her from collapsing to the floor.

“Hey,” Michelle said cautiously, “How are you doing?”

“What the hell was all that about?” Candy demanded.

“Were we supposed to hang out today?” Michelle asked.

“Stuff it. You said you’d explain why a bunch of priests boxed me up and shipped me to Germany and what the hell was going on in Germany in general.” Kristen replied.

“Uh…” Michelle said.

“I thought you were gonna hypno-voice her,” Mandy said as she waddled out of the living room, Candy following close behind.

“You said you were gonna do it,” Candy said.

“Whoa,” Kristen said, “No one’s gonna do nothing. Father Castiliani kinda explained you can’t do that crap to people because it’s evil.”

“He… explained it?” Michelle said.

“He started to,” Kristen said, “but then he figured out I wasn’t *one of you* and clammed up.” Kristen paused and took a deep breath. “So, who’s gonna make with the explaining?” she asked as she pushed herself off the door frame, balancing precariously on the front stoop.

“You better come in and have a seat,” Michelle said, “This is gonna take some time.”

“It better,” Kristen said, pressing her palms into the small of her back as she tried to navigate between the girls, bumping her massive belly and breasts off the other girls as if she was playing bumper cars, “Cause once I get sitting I’m not getting up without mechanical assistance.”

“That’s okay,” Candy said, “We have pizza and ice cream coming.”

Kristen’s eyes narrowed, “Chocolate?”

“Is there any other?” Mandy asked as they led Kristen into the living room, letting her lean against them for support.

Michelle paused as she stepped over to Maria. “The pizza and ice cream will be here soon. Should I call Juanita and see if she...”

“No,” Maria cut her off, “She’s still working things through. She just hasn’t been the same.”

Michelle nodded, “I’m sure she’ll be fine.” Michelle lowered herself carefully to the ottoman in front of Maria’s chair. “I guess.... Well, I’m not sure where to start,” Michelle said.

“How about the beginning?” Kristen said, “That usually works.”

“Yeah, it does,” Michelle said and began to speak.

## EPILOGUE

Juanita walked quickly and quietly toward her bus stop, her book bag clutched to her chest as she walked the five blocks to her new stop. It wasn't that she didn't like her old stop. The problem was she knew everyone there and they'd all want to know where she'd been for the last week.

Juanita was in no way ready to even give an excuse, much less the sort of excuse that would stand up to any amount of scrutiny. Ever since she'd gotten out of the museum her head was swimming. She kept trying to sort out all her thoughts and figure out what it all meant and how she was going to deal with it all. For that she needed quiet.

It took her a few minutes with a stack of bus schedules to figure out that there was a bus stop only five blocks away where she could sit alone as she waited for the bus each morning, trying to sort out exactly what she thought about everything that had happened, and more importantly, how she could move on from the experience.

Today, however, solitude was going to escape her. As she approached the bus stop she saw a bunch of teenagers hanging out, sitting and standing around the bus stop. She sighed as she walked up and dropped her bag next to the bench and sat down.

The redheaded girl in the plaid skirt next to her cracked her gum repeatedly as they sat there, the other kids talking about random school stuff. Finally, after several moments the girl turned to Juanita and blew a big bubble, popped it in her teeth and smiled. "Hi, I'm Sara. You're the new girl?"

"Oh," Juanita said as she realized the Sara's error, "No, no. I go to Patterson. You all go to Forest Park right? I'm just taking the long way to school."

Sara rolled her eyes at Juanita, "Duh, that's not what I meant. You're the new one, the new Uriel, right?"

Juanita blinked, her mouth falling slightly open, "Yeah, I guess," she replied quietly. "What are you, the welcome wagon?"

"Kinda," Sara smiled as the other teenager's conversations ground to a halt. "Well, you already met me, I'm Sara," she waved before she pointed out a tall football player looking guy in a Forest Park High jacket, "That's Mike. The guy with the books is Gabe," Gabe nodded, closing the copy of *Catcher in the Rye* he'd been reading. "The Goth chick is Rami," Sara explained as Rami curtsied, "The guy with the sketch pad who's ignoring us completely? He's Ralph," Sara explained as Mike elbowed Ralph, getting his attention. "And the girl with the fashion model looks and the attitude is Rachel." Rachel looked over Sara and Juanita before she looked back out to the street, as if wondering where the bus was.

"So you're all..." Juanita began.

"Yep," Mike said. "That's us. So, uh... we were all planning on ditching and hitting Mickey D's for some hash browns and OJ, you interested?"

"Yeah, I guess," Juanita said.

With the decision made the seven of them got to their feet and headed down the street. Just past the bus stop another teenager leaned against the wall, wearing a black biker jacket and smoking a cigarette.

Mike walked up to him as the group was about to pass. “So, you coming or what,” Mike asked, speaking in a tone that made it clear he was expecting and argument and would welcome it when it came.

“Just here for the meet and greet,” the smoking teen said without looking up and looked over to Juanita giving her a half-hearted salute, “Hey.”

“Don’t mind him,” Sara explained. “Luke’s too cool for school,” she added in a tone that made it clear she didn’t like Luke, not one bit.

“I’m outta here,” Luke said, stood up and cleared his throat before walking toward them, passing through the group as he headed east while they headed west, “Seeyah around Yuri,” Luke said as he passed Juanita and walked away in the opposite direction.

“So, how are you feeling today?” Sara asked as she put on some lip-gloss.

“Weird I guess,” Juanita said.

“Makes sense,” Rami said as she caught up to Juanita for a moment, resting her hand on Juanita’s shoulder. “You’ve known us since before time began and today you’re meeting us for the first time. It’s got to be a little weird.”

“You’re a little weird,” Mike chuckled, hugging Rami around the shoulders. “Come on,” Mike said to Juanita, “We don’t want to get there too late or there won’t be any tables left.”

“So you’re all high school students?” Juanita asked suspiciously.

“When we need to be,” Gabe said. “We needed to be today.”

The seven of them headed down three blocks and over two more to the McDonalds. While the trip started out quietly by the time they’d reached Mickey D’s they were all laughing and joking with each other, Juanita included, as if they’d known each other forever.