

LOST GIRLS III

THE CHAOS REALMS

by Carter Cheviot

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Revision 1, July 10, 2005

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Set in Times and Exocet.

“In the depths of the universe are places beyond where man may tread. These places are not Hell, not the Abyss, not Perdition. They are the Chaos Realms and they are not part of the order of created things.”

Ludvig Prinn, “De Vermis Myseriis” (1872 translation)

CHAPTER I

Michelle made her way slowly down the street toward her house after school. It wasn't fast going, obviously due to her injured and splinted leg. She moved slowly but steadily, limping along through the normal foot traffic of the intercity sidewalks. People seemed to part and make way for Michelle as she walked by, unwilling to intrude on her personal space but blissfully unaware they were even making allowances in their walk to avoid her.

Aside from her injured leg there wasn't much overly remarkable about Michelle. Her strawberry red hair was pulled back into a ponytail but fell in delicate natural curls to her shoulders when it was loose. All five feet, two inches of her was clad in typical teen attire, in this case a short tank top, shorts and sneakers. While certainly not voluptuous she was curvy for a fifteen year old. Slightly busty and a bit broad through the hips but with a very flat, lightly tanned belly and well toned arms and legs she looked a bit above the average high school boy's fare, but not so much above that she'd have any trouble getting a date. The only thing that really stood out about her was a small silver and crystal amulet hanging from around her neck. With each step the bauble bounced slightly, catching the afternoon sun.

In the last year since they had moved to their duplex in Baltimore much had changed. Once a run down remnant of the 1950s housing boom now the house was bright and cheery. The local Town Watch had helped make the neighborhood safer and thus emboldened many of the homeowners began to spruce up their homes. Michelle carefully pulled herself up the new granite steps of her home and let herself in the front door, admiring the now-restored oval stained-glass window as she closed the door and stepped into the front hall.

"Mom? You home?" she called out, stepping carefully toward the rear of the house, just far enough down the hall to see the lights were off in the kitchen and hear that the television was off in the den. Oh well, Michelle thought, Mom's been busy with work a lot recently. Michelle returned to the front hallway and slowly began fighting her way up the stairway to her room. It was slow going, much slower than it would seem possible, even if her knee actually had been injured, as she had told everyone at school. She moved like she was carrying an immense weight and as if she was unable to see where she was going, feeling for each step before carefully placing her foot on the tread. In the end it took her almost ten minutes to make it up the flight of stairs and she leaned heavily against the wall at the top of the stairs to catch her breath before heading into her room.

Michelle's room was bright and cheery, filled with the odd mix of childlike and adult possessions peculiar to girls in their late teens. Posters of teen idols and movie stars competed with schoolbooks and her computer for space between the dozens of teddy bears she had collected since she was four years old. The only thing that was odd about her room, if you could call it that, was that there was not a single thing on the floor. Not a book, not a magazine, not a sock. Nothing was anywhere that it could not be reached while standing.

Michelle stepped carefully over to her mirror, tossing her backpack onto her bed as she passed and pulled her hands over her hair, releasing the scrunchy holding her hair back in its pony tail and shaking it free, allowing her hair to cascade over her shoulders. She examined her reflection carefully, as if looking for any alterations or changes in her appearance. After she was satisfied she reached back behind her neck and took the clasp of her necklace in her hands and unlocked it before carefully removing the chain and its attached amulet.

Michelle kept her eyes rigidly fixed on her own eyes in her reflection as she watched her cheekbones soften, her cheeks taking on a bit of baby fat as the makeup faded from her eyelids, her delicately tweezed eyebrows returning to a more natural appearance. She seemed to drop a year or two in age as she watched her face return to its exact appearance of almost ten months ago. Unfortunately the changes didn't stop at her face. She sighed sadly as her eyes were drawn downward against her will as her body seemed to stretch and expand now that the glamour that the amulet provided to disguise her true appearance had been removed.

Michelle's breasts appeared to swell rapidly against her top, the illusion that she had been wearing a bra fading even before her breasts had doubled in size, long before they appeared to grow to their actual, slightly larger than basketball, size. Her top was not able to cover the entirety of her breasts lower curves, much less anything below. Even before the illusion was completely stripped from her breasts her belly began to expand as the magic hiding it slipped away and she appeared to grow larger and larger. First it appeared she was simply pregnant, then obviously overdue before looking more like she was about to deliver twins, then triplets, then quads before her massive midsection appeared to stop its outward growth, her feet spreading apart as the illusion fell away, obviously necessary to support her massive weight.

Michelle sighed as she looked at her reflection, the exact same reflection that had greeted her for the last ten months every time she took off the amulet that kept her condition a secret from her neighbors and classmates and allowed her to lead a somewhat normal life. Michelle was a Mother of the Apocalypse, one of the women entrusted with bearing the warriors that would decide the fate of the world at the end of time. During their first scrape with the Mothers of the Apocalypse Michelle and her sister Lisa had managed, with the help of their friends, Mandy and Candy, to emerge unscathed after they destroyed a coven of the Mothers of the Apocalypse who were to bear members of Satan's army in the time after time.

In their second encounter Michelle was much less lucky or, as Michelle would have said, "Fucking-miserable-I-broke-a-gazillion-mirrors-then-let-a-thousand-black-cats-run-across-my-path unlucky." While the other girls were able to be returned to normal Michelle had the "honor" of becoming a Mother of the Apocalypse firmly on the side of good, "blessed" to be able to bear one of God's army of angels at the end of days. In the end that boiled down to the fact that she would live forever, at least until the end of the world, but until then she would be trapped by her own monstrously pregnant body. While those Mothers of the Apocalypse that served evil were preternaturally strong, could burn through steel with the force of their will and could, given the need, be extraordinarily agile, Michelle was stuck pretending to have a blown out knee, wearing a fiberglass splint as an excuse for her slow, off balance gait. For while her amulet could hide her appearance it didn't change the fact that she was now about two hundred and

fifty pounds of teenager and could not manage much more than to waddle along at less than half the speed of her classmates.

Now Michelle and her mom lived alone, her sister Lisa had moved back to Pennsylvania to start college. It was just as well. Lisa had been wracked by guilt since their last run-in with the Mothers of the Apocalypse, blaming herself for the position Michelle had found herself trapped in. Still, despite the hardships, Michelle thought as she took one breast in both hands and, with great effort, lifted until her huge brown nipple met her waiting lips, smiling slightly to herself, *there are a few advantages to this*.

CHAPTER 2

About an hour later Michelle headed to her bathroom to clean herself up. It was not an easy task. Although many small changes had been made around the house to help Michelle work around certain limitations, major changes, like remodeling the tiny bathrooms in the house, had yet to be started. Michelle waddled carefully and slowly into the tiny bathroom, her belly alternately brushing against the sink and shower curtain as her belly bobbed back and forth, even with the tiny steps she was taking. She took two more steps until she was in front of the toilet and carefully turned around, swinging her belly around over the bowl and stepping back toward the sink, standing sideways in front of the mirror.

Michelle pulled off her soggy top and tossed it expertly into her laundry basket before grabbing a washcloth and washing her breasts and upper chest. She towed off quickly and, after washing her face, brushed out her hair and pulled it back into a ponytail. She stared into her own reflection for a moment, as if trying to think of something. Then she realized what the problem was. She felt a little ill, just a slight headache and slightly upset stomach. It wouldn't have taken her so long to identify the all too common feeling except that for the last ten months since she had been "blessed" she'd never had a moment that she didn't feel perfectly wonderful. Not a headache, not an upset stomach, not so much as an achy knee or a cramp in ten months.

Michelle glanced through the open bathroom door at the clock in her bedroom. It was still more than an hour until her mother would be home and after a moment's thought she decided she could risk a trip downstairs amulet-free. Michelle's mother insisted that anytime she was outside her bedroom or bathroom she must wear her amulet. "What if someone sees you through a window or someone unexpectedly stops by," her mother said. "The hell with unwelcome visitors," Michelle said under her breath as she waddled out into her bedroom and grabbed a top from a hanger in her closet, pulling it over her head as she waddled toward the upstairs hallway. "Screw that," she thought, "I bet something to drink will clear up this crappy feeling and I'm not putting on my amulet if I don't feel like it."

Michelle began working her way down the stairs purposefully slowing herself down so she didn't barrel down the stairway and fall through the railing at the bottom. When she was only about six steps from the top of the stairs she heard the front door unlock and her mother breezed in, speaking quickly on her cell phone headset as she headed into the kitchen.

"No, I understand Monsignor. We'll be ready in about thirty minutes," she said, glaring at Michelle as she walked back into the kitchen. Michelle stopped her decent and watched her mother pass and then watched as her mother returned to the central hallway, hanging up her cell phone and waiting at the foot of the stairs and looking at Michelle expectantly.

"What?" Michelle asked.

"I can't go up until you come down," June said, "and why aren't you wearing your amulet?" she added, watching Michelle as she descended the stairs.

“Like anyone ever comes here unexpectedly,” Michelle said as she finally reached the foot of the steps and braced her lower back with both her hands.

June shook her head and shot Michelle an angry look as she headed up the stairs. Before June was halfway up the stairs there was a knock at the front door.

“Mirrors are the gateway to the soul,” June said loudly as she continued up the stairs.

A key twisted in the front door’s lock and it opened, revealing a priest and two men accompanying him. “and doorways are the gateway to the future,” he called out cheerily before pointing toward the rear of the house. The priest’s two assistants nodded and headed to the back of the house, excusing themselves as they passed Michelle, nodding and saying “Ma’am,” as they passed. They seemed completely unsurprised by her appearance.

“You must be Michelle,” the priest said. “I’m Father Williams. It’s a privilege to make your acquaintance. I’m sorry for the short notice but you’ll be briefed on the way. A plane is standing by at BWI for immediate departure.”

“Departure? For where?” Michelle asked, turning as the two men returned from the rear of the house. “Building’s secure,” they reported before heading back out the front door.

“Santos, Brazil,” June said as she descended the stairs. “Father Williams, I’m afraid Michelle hasn’t been briefed yet. This is her first intervention.”

“Oh... I wasn’t aware,” Father Williams said, looking slightly nervous as he very obviously avoided looking at Michelle’s huge belly.

“Mom, what’s in Brazil?” Michelle asked.

“Your amulet?” June said as someone knocked on the front door.

Michelle pulled the amulet from her pocket and placed the necklace around her neck. Reality seemed to twist around her and in a few moments she looked like any other seventeen-year-old girl. As soon as Father Williams was sure the amulet was doing its intended job he went to the door and opened it, revealing a limo driver and a stretch limo waiting in the street.

“I’m sorry... a bit ostentatious but it was the best we could arrange on short notice.” Father Williams said before exiting the house and heading to the limo with the two assistants and the limo driver.

“So... The Catholics are right?” Michelle whispered to her mother as soon as the priest was out of earshot.

“They support our cause and provide the administration to keep us all in contact with one another. Who is “right” doesn’t enter into it. They usually keep a low profile, but this... this is a bit beyond the norm,” June said, obviously concerned.

“So... What’s up?”

“We’ll be briefed as soon as the plane is in the air,” June said. “That’s all the Monsignor would say except that we’re headed to Brazil,” June continued as she headed for the open rear door of the limo.

Michelle sighed and shrugged, defeated for the moment before following her mother to the waiting limo.

CHAPTER 3

Once they arrived at the airport Michelle expected a horrible mess given the security nightmares she'd heard about. I wonder how the amulet would handle a strip search, she wondered. She needn't have worried. On the strength of the diplomatic passports Father Michaels had provided they were whisked through security and within thirty minutes they were in the air.

The plane itself was a bit larger than Michelle or her mother had expected, separated into a small room with just eight seats facing one another and some general seating in the rear. Fortunately for Michelle the seats were the same type of wide, comfortable seats they had in first class. Michelle and her mother sat on one side of the smaller room with two priests neither of them recognized sitting opposite them. As soon as they were in the air the elder priest began to speak.

"This is all the information we have," he said, handing each of them a manila folder. "Three days ago several girls went missing in the Santos Dioceses in Brazil. Around the same time we began getting disturbing reports of unusual activity in the area. The signs were very clear. We've made the appropriate contacts and called a C-Alert.

"Shit." June said before quickly apologizing to the father.

"Quite all right. Truth be told I said the same thing," the unnamed priest said

"What's a C-Alert?" Michelle asked.

"She hasn't been briefed?" the priest said, surprised.

"There hasn't been time today and she's new to all of this."

"How new?" the priest asked skeptically.

"Hello? What's a C-Alert?" Michelle repeated.

"She's my daughter. She's seventeen years old." June replied.

"Oh my..." the priest said, obviously surprised. "I had no idea. Well, that explains why she's on backup status and not..."

"Honey, let me explain," June said, cutting off the priest. "In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth, But beyond creation, beyond the heavens, is a place so insidious and dark most of those that know of it try never to think of it again. It's a place of powerful entities and vast amounts of power. But that power is without form and darkness is everywhere."

"So it's evil?" Michelle asked.

"No. Evil is part of creation." June said, then noting her daughter's expression, "Don't look so surprised. Everything that's part of the natural order, everything within the universe is part of God's plan. But there are places beyond that, the Chaos Realms, where beings, the Chaos Lords dwell. We cannot describe them, they are different from anything we know. We cannot understand them, if they even think their thoughts are different from anything we can imagine. But like moths to a flame they are drawn to the light of creation. They seek weak points in the fabric of reality and try to force through those points. When the Chaos Realm's power is released here it quickly takes a random form based on what is nearby. In open air it appears to be a thick purplish black smoke. In walls, floors, rock, it appears as living breathing flesh. It's when the weakness is in a living being that there is danger."

"I don't like the sound of this," Michelle said.

“But this is the good part,” an extraordinarily pregnant teenager said as she waddled in from the nearby restroom and sat down. The girl appeared to be about sixteen, her long brown hair cut to just above her shoulders. Aside from that she looked like a typical teenager, aside from the very large midsection. “Padre, you gotta do something about these bathrooms. It’s like taking a crap in a sardine can.”

“I’ll see what we can do for next time,” the priest replied coldly.

“That’s what they said back in ‘72 and they didn’t do jack since then.” The girl replied. “So this is the newbie?” she said, looking at Michelle.

“This is Michelle,” the priest said and then turned to Michelle, “This is Roberta, she’ll be the team leader for this outing.”

“Yah, lucky me,” she replied as she snapped her gum. “So what? You recruiting ‘em before they’re knocked up now?” Roberta asked the priest as she looked at Michelle.

The priest cleared his throat. “If the Chaos Realms are released on air or an inanimate object their influence is limited to the confines of that object but if they’re released into a living being... it can grow and change as any living thing can, but this growth would be chaotic, twisted, driven by unknown forces. When the disruptions in reality get too severe they can open a rift between our world and the Chaos Realms, allowing the Chaos Lords to enter.

“Kinda like in Hellboy,” Roberta said dismissively looking around the room. “You got anything to eat in here? Maybe a mini-bar?”

“This plane is the property of the Holy See,” the priest said, anger evident in his voice. “It does not have a mini-bar.”

“She’s team leader?” Michelle asked.

“You see anyone else here with the experience and belly like a beach ball?” Roberta replied.

“Mothers of the Apocalypse are immune to the corruption of Chaos,” the father replied.

“And what am I? Chopped liver?” Michelle asked.

“No. You’re a warm body. They’re bringing 5 people and so are we.” Roberta said.

“No,” the priest said. “She’s our backup in case the others try some sort of a double-cross.”

“Her?” Roberta said, eyeing Michelle.

Michelle pushed herself to her feet and reached behind her neck and undid the clasp on her necklace, removing the amulet and undoing her illusion of normality. “Me,” Michelle replied.

“How’d you... Where’d she... How’s she rate? I want one of those!” Roberta yelled as she waddled over to the priest thrusting her massive belly right in his face.

“We didn’t supply it. It was recovered after flushing out a coven in Baltimore,” the priest said defensively, raising his hands and turning his face away from her roundness.

“But I want one!” Roberta chanted.

“Why don’t you just grow up,” Michelle said.

Roberta turned and chuckled, “God, like I haven’t heard that before.” She glanced away from Michelle to June’s face. “Ooooh, you haven’t told her. Why don’tcha fill her

in. I'm gonna go see if there's a cardinal or pope or somebody up front with some smokes." Roberta turned and waddled toward first class.

"What's she talking about?" Michelle asked.

"Let's not get into it now," June replied. "When will we meet the others?"

"At the hotel. They should have already arrived by the time we check in."

"And who are these others you keep talking about? And why won't anyone answer my questions?" Michelle said, refastening her amulet and sitting down.

June sighed, "Probably because the answers aren't very comforting."

"The 'others' we've been speaking of are the other side. The evil ones." The priest replied.

"It takes the unity and order to close such a rift in reality," June said. "Like it or not both good and evil are parts of creation and both are needed to seal holes in reality."

"But they're the ones that did this to me!" Michelle said, "How can I work with them?"

"I don't know. But it's that or the slow end of the world," the priest replied.

"Besides, you're just the backup remember? The ace in the hole in case they decide to pull something," June said.

"Why would they pull something? Wouldn't that be the end of the world?" Michelle asked.

"Ever hear the story of the frog and the scorpion?" June asked.

Michelle nodded, "It's their nature. It's what they do." Michelle thought for a moment. "So you said there would be five of us, Father?"

"Yes," the priest said, "But I'm still not happy about the choice of personnel."

"We've worked with them before. They're good people," June said.

"They were dupes of the coven you destroyed. They're not to be trusted." The priest replied.

"I trust them completely," June replied.

"Trust who?" Michelle asked, already anticipating the answer.

"Mandy and Candy," June replied. "They're up in first class."

"Wow! That's so great!" Michelle said as she slowly forced herself to her feet and waddled to the front of the plane.

"I hope bringing those girls don't turn out to be a mistake," the priest said to June.

"I know it won't be," she replied.

CHAPTER 4

They were met at the airport by a Brazilian priest who had already arranged their transportation.

“It’s a pleasure to meet you all, I’m Father Antonio. A car is waiting for us outside,” the priest said as he met them at the gate. “Just follow me,” he added, “We won’t be going into the terminal.”

“We won’t? How are we gonna get to the hotel?” Roberta asked and snapped her gum. “We gonna fly?”

Father Antonio looked confused for a moment before replying, “I’m sorry. My English is not that good.”

“No Father, your English is excellent,” June said then glared at Roberta. “Where are we going?”

“There is a service stairway just before the entrance to the terminal. From there we can get to the luggage sort and through to the car I have waiting,” Father Antonio said, opening a non-descript door next to the double doors that barely contained the sounds of the terminal.

“Stairs?” Roberta asked. “Why can’t we just go through the terminal. Stairs suck.”

“I thought you’d want to keep a low profile,” Father Antonio replied. “Did I misunderstand?”

“No Father. Roberta is just a bit confused,” June said.

“I’m not fucking confused,” Roberta said, her voice getting louder.

“Hey,” Michelle hissed quietly, “I’m as big as you are, if not bigger, and I got a damned leg brace on. If I can do the steps and not complain you damn well can too.”

Roberta shrugged, “Fine, whatever. Let’s just get going.”

It took nearly an hour to reach the hotel, a trip much less comfortable for Michelle and Roberta than for the other girls or Father Antonio. The bumpiness of the road combined with the poor shocks on the minivan had everyone bouncing with each bump or pothole in the road but Mandy, Candy and June were light enough to ride out the unevenness while Michelle and Roberta weren’t so lucky. Their weight anchored them firmly, compressing the springs and bottoming out the seats. With every bump the motion was transmitted straight through the minivan’s frame and into Michelle and Roberta. The shaking started in their breasts, first just a slight shaking, progressing to a wobble that their hands couldn’t quite manage to control. Then the vibration started to shake their bellies, making them bounce heavily between their thighs, slapping against the bottoms of their breasts. No one was more thankful than Michelle and Roberta when they finally reached the hotel.

Their van pulled around to the loading dock at the rear of the hotel and, with a few quick words from Father Antonio to the kitchen staff they were in the service elevator and on their way to their suite. Father Antonio spoke briefly in Portuguese to a man that met them in the hallway outside the elevator. They shook hands and Father Antonio turned to June. “This is the hotel manager, Fredrico Araujo. He will take care of

whatever you need while you're here. If you need anything he cannot supply please contact me immediately.

"Thank you Father, I'm sure everything will be fine." June replied.

"It's a pleasure to help you. Any friend of the Father is a friend to me," Mr. Araujo said. "Your suite is..." his voice trailed off as he caught sight of Roberta, his eyes locked on her huge belly. It took a moment for Roberta to realize why he stopped talking but once she did she waddled slowly over to him until her belly pressed firmly into his. "Like what you see? How about taking a picture. Maybe a video? You know, I am so sick of people like..."

"ROBERTA!" June shouted, snapping Mr. Araujo from his trance.

"I'm sorry, I meant no disrespect," he said, quickly turning and heading down the hall. They walked for about fifty feet until they came to a door. Mr.

Araujo handed June an envelope. "Here are keys for your suite. Your friends have already arrived.

"Our friends?" Michelle asked.

"Thank you very much. You've been so helpful." June said.

"It is nothing," Mr. Araujo replied. "The church has done so much for me, it is only right that I be able to do something in return. Call if you need anything." Mr. Araujo smiled and walked away.

"What friends Mom?" Michelle asked, this time more urgently as her mother opened the door and stepped into the suite. The main room itself was dark, the only light coming in through the windows from the beautiful sunset on the horizon. A slim woman stood silhouetted in the window, smoke rising from a cigarette. As their eyes adjusted to the light they were able to make out her outfit, a black Armani pantsuit with gray pinstripes. Her hair was dark pulled up and pinned in place. She was speaking into a cellular phone in Italian as they entered. She barely took note of their entrance. She merely raised her forefinger as she continued to speak.

"Sono spiacente. Devo andare. I imbeciles sono qui," she said pleasantly then paused, listening for the response. She laughed and replied "Per non preoccuparsi. _ ciò non prend lungamente affare con." After another brief pause she smiled. "Schiavo."

Her pleasant mood evaporated as she closed her cell phone, going quickly from Sunday school teacher to bitch in two seconds flat. "You're late," she scowled as she turned and walked into one of the bedrooms.

June stepped into the suite followed by the other girls. "I'm not late. Nothing happens until I'm here so I'm always on time. You're early." Roberta said and looked around the room.

"Who's the self-important bitch?" a voice in the bedroom asked.

"I'd assume it's your yin," the older woman said. "

"Huh?" the first voice asked.

The older woman sighed. "Would it be too much to ask... just once to have a well-read charge?"

June and Michelle headed for the bedroom as Mandy and Candy looked around the common room.

"Great view" Mandy said.

"Yeah. Looks like they have a nice beach" Candy replied.

"Not going right?" Mandy asked.

“Not if paid.” Candy replied.

Meanwhile June and Michelle headed into the bedroom. “Hello,” June said. “I’m sorry. We haven’t had a chance to introduce ourselves. We’re...” June fell silent as she stopped in her tracks.

“Mom? What the...” Michelle said, then stopped as she saw the girls sitting by the bed.

There were three milk dolls kneeling by the side of the bed, their huge angry looking breasts resting atop the mattress. They were far larger than Michelle’s were all those months ago when she had been forcibly converted into a milk doll herself. Each of their breasts was far larger than a basketball, almost as large as their torsos. They stood, firm and round, their huge, meaty and vaguely cone-shaped nipples pointing upwards at a forty-five degree angle, tiny droplets of milk massing at their tips. That alone would have been disturbing enough under ordinary circumstances but given the situation it really was par for the course however there were other things to consider.

The girls had been driven almost into a frenzy, not seeming driven as much by pain as by discomfort. They were frantically trying anything they could think of to force the milk from their breasts, but to no effect. They massaged the heavy, full flesh with their hands, working outward from their chests toward their nipples then continued working their tiny hands over the length of their nipples, much as if they were milking cows. Over and over again they tried, undeterred by their complete lack of success. Their heads lolled, rolling from side to side as they continued their futile work, sweat beading then running off their foreheads.

A fourth girl lay across the bed, resting on her side. She seemed to be very young, younger than the other Mothers of the Apocalypse Michelle had met but there was no way to guess her real age based on her appearance. She wore a t-shirt, split up the middle to her flat chest, revealing her gigantic belly and a pair of tiny hip-hugging shorts. She lay heavily on her side facing the milk dolls, her massive belly taking up quite a bit more space than Michelle’s did. Michelle silently thanked God that she hadn’t wound up as big as this girl. Without the extra power granted to the Mothers of the Apocalypse that served evil she doubted she would have been able to stand, much less walk.

Standing seemed to be the last thing on the very pregnant girl’s mind though. She simply lay there smiling, humming an aimless tune as she watched the milk dolls venting their frustrations on their breasts. She propped up her head with one arm, her other arm laying against her side, her hand laying on the side of her belly, tracing little circles with the tip of her index finger. The girl’s belly was amazing to look at. Unlike Michelle’s belly this girl’s was a very pale white, blue veins just under the surface of her thin, overstretched skin. While Michelle’s belly had spots where it achieved a certain shininess due to her overly tight skin this girl’s belly almost seemed as though it had been polished from top to bottom. The obvious tightness and pressure made it uncomfortable even to look at.

“Recruiting a bit young aren’t you?” Michelle asked, her appearance still disguised by her amulet.

“Appearances can be deceiving,” the older woman replied. “She was on the cusp of adulthood in her time. Times have changed. She has not.”

“Why the hell are you talking to her Penelope. She’s nobody. She’s meat,” the pregnant girl said, not even bothering to look away from the milk dolls.

“Julia!” Penelope replied, “These people are, for better or worse, our allies for the moment. They will need to be treated with some small amount of respect.”

“So,” June said, stepping forward. “I’m June and you’re Penelope right?” June offered her hand. Penelope looked at the proffered hand for a moment before smirking and ignoring it.

“Yes,” Penelope said, “and this is Julia,” she continued as she glanced at the very pregnant girls on the bed. “Say hello to the nice people Julia.”

“Suck my toes,” Julia replied.

June’s smile disappeared. “Charmed, I’m sure.”

“This is all you’ve got?” Roberta said as she waddled into the room and looked at Julia, “A knocked up 12 year old with a boob fetish?”

Now Julia did look up, a strange regalness in her expression, “When you’re grandparents, grandparents, grandparents were not yet born I was as I am now. I was born in Constantinople in the year 799, shortly before Charlemagne was crowned Emperor of the Holy Roman Empire. You’ve not even lived for a hundred years. As you say... This is all you’ve got? This is all the forces of heaven could spare, an insufferable brat with delusions of grandeur? Please,” she sneered before looking back at her suffering milk dolls.

Silence hung heavily in the room for several moments but soon June could bear the torment of the milk dolls no longer.

“Aren’t you going to...” June said, looking at the poor girls.

“Feed?” Julia asked, “No. I have been fasting these last two days and will continue to do so for at least four more.”

“For the ritual?” Michelle asked.

“A good guess, but no.” Julia said, slightly amused. “I’m fasting because the girl’s suffering rests upon your hearts like bitter ashes,” Julia said and smiled in a way that would have seemed innocent on any other girls face but here only served to remind Michelle, June and Roberta of just who the enemy was and why they could not be reasoned with. “Their torment will eat away at you, coloring your thoughts and actions, so that even when we are successful here you will know naught but defeat as you may have saved the world but were unable to help these four.”

“Go to Hell,” June replied.

“I shall June, I shall.”

After a few moments of awkward and seemingly unwelcome introductions June took the opportunity to break the ice by ordering dinner for herself and the girls as well as for Penelope and the milk dolls. Roberta quickly excused herself, asking Michelle to keep her company for her walk. Within twenty minutes they made their way down to the beach, walking on the dry side of the surf.

“So, what do you think?” Michelle asked as they waddled along, the beach only illuminated by moonlight and the distant lamps at the rear of the hotel.

“Nice. A little warmer than I expected, but nice,” Roberta replied.

“No, I mean Julia and Penelope and all their crap,” Michelle answered.

“Better than I expected,” Roberta said. “Can you believe the crap she’s pulling with the milk dolls though?”

“God, that's just insane. How can she be that...” Michelle stopped as she realized where her thoughts were going.

“Evil?” Roberta asked, smiling thinly.

“Shut up,” Michelle said. “I didn’t expect her to be so...”

“Yeah, really. How can she even walk? She’s just insanely huge,” Roberta replied.

“I don't think I could handle that,” Michelle said. “This is bad enough,” Michelle said, putting one hand on each side of her belly.

“Not without the evil power thing. The weight would just kill you,” Roberta sighed.

“I don't mean that... I mean mentally. I mean really, she can’t even reach past her belly. Someone has to do everything for her. I don’t think I could stand not being able to do things for myself,” Michelle mused. “Can’t we do something about the milk dolls? It’s going to be hell having to watch them suffer.”

“Like what? Remember, we have to play nice for now. Besides, even if we weren’t, what are we gonna do? It’s not like we can milk them.”

They walked silently for a few minutes each seeming to want to say something but neither able to do so. Finally Michelle broke the silence. “You’ve been at this a lot longer than I have so you’re pretty much an expert on all this, right?”

“Well, I guess,” Roberta said, “Not as much as little miss I’m-twelve-hundred-years-old-and-know-everything.”

“Well,” Michelle said, her face starting to redden as her brow furrowed. “When we walked into that bedroom... those girls...”

“I know...” Roberta replied. “I don’t know how we’ll be able to stand it.”

“I don’t mean that. I mean yeah, having to see them suffer like that is hard, really hard... but...” Michelle said, struggling to say what she really meant.

“But you just wanted to jump on the bed and suck the hell out of their boobs until you couldn’t drink anymore.”

Michelle stopped dead in her tracks, ashamed to even look over at Roberta. It took Roberta a step or two to realize what had happened and stop and awkwardly waddle around in a small circle to stand face to face with Michelle.

“Hey,” Roberta said sweetly as she reached out and tilted Michelle’s bright red face upwards until they were looking eye to eye, “It’s not your fault. It’s just part of how we’re wired now.”

“Really?” Michelle asked, tears beginning to pool at the corners of her eyes.

“Really.” Roberta smiled gently. “It was all I could do not to start drooling right there. It’s just so good...”

Michelle closed her eyes and let out a sigh, “Thank God, I thought it was just me. From the moment I first saw them all I’ve been able to think about was sucking them dry.”

“Yeah, me too,” Roberta said. “They say it never goes away. Like a constant temptation, a reminder to be ever vigilant.”

“That’s just cruel.” Michelle said, her eyes clouding over and her mouth opening slightly as she licked her lips.

“You better get it out of your system now, Can’t let the bad guys see you drooling over the milk doll or your cover is blown and who knows what they’ll do then.”

“We just gotta get this over and done with,” Michelle replied. “We’re a lot closer to the chaos thingie right? I just feel so weird... like twisted up on the inside.”

“Yeah, really close. It’s going to take us all to find it, but if you want to get an idea of where it is you can just close your eyes and concentrate on it and you should be able to tell what direction its in.”

“No thanks, I think I’ll pass.” Michelle replied as she wiped her eyes.

Roberta stepped forward and reached out to give Michelle a hug, forgetting about Michelle’s amulet. Roberta’s very visible belly slapped against Michelle’s very invisible belly as Roberta approached, making her planned hug impossible. It took a moment but soon they both realized what had happened and they began to laugh. “Mind if I ask you a question?” Roberta asked as they finally began to stifle their laughter.

“Sure,” Michelle smiled. “Whatcha want to know?”

“Well,” Roberta mused, “I know why I’m this big but what about you? I’ve met a few girls who were *recruited* for us by the other side but they’re never so... Well...”

“Gigantic?” Michelle sighed.

Roberta nodded slowly.

“I got tricked. The leader of the coven we destroyed used the amulet I’m wearing now to hide her appearance. She pretended to be our friend and mentor. So when she told me warming up some cows milk would trick my body and stop me from being so thirsty for human milk...”

“But that won’t work,” Roberta said, “Cow milk is like any other food. It would just make you sick to your stomach.”

“Duh, I know that now. But at the time I was licking my lips and drooling while I stared at my friends getting bustier and bustier. It didn’t have to make sense, it just had to offer some relief.”

“So it wasn’t cow milk huh?” Roberta said quietly.

“No.. I just kept growing so fast and no one understood why. Amber was tricking us and she’d hypno-voiced my mom so she wouldn’t notice and...What?” Michelle stopped, noticing Roberta smiling.

“Hypno-voiced. That’s clever.” Roberta smiled.

“Shut up,” Michelle said, “How’d you get to be so big too?”

Roberta stopped and thought for a moment. “That’s the one thing I’m most bitter about with this whole thing.”

“If you don’t want to...” Michelle said.

“No, it’s okay. You do need to know what kind of people you’re dealing with.” Roberta said. “I was a rescue case like you, but after they found me they knew it had been too long and I’d be a Mother of the Apocalypse no matter what they did... so they decided that my little warrior should be as strong as he possibly could be. They didn’t tell me what all the milk they were feeding me would do... only that it would help my baby be healthy. Well, that much was true... being pregnant until the end of time was the bad guys fault but being twice as big as I would have been otherwise because I trusted the good guys... Well, that just sucks.”

“That’s horrible!” Michelle said.

“Just watch your back,” Roberta said as she put her hand on Michelle’s shoulder. “Come on, let’s get back to the hotel. We’re gonna need our sleep... besides, we can’t let them kill each other up there.”

“Yeah, besides, I need so much sleep these days,” Michelle replied as they began to walk back towards the hotel.

CHAPTER 5

It was almost an hour later when Michelle and Roberta returned to the suite, ready for a good night's sleep. They certainly didn't expect to find a party going on. Loud music was playing and although it was barely audible in the hallway by the time Michelle and Roberta reached the common room of the suite it was nearly deafening. The suite was packed with young local men and women, all in their late teens or early twenties. The music had a very driven South American beat that resonated deep within their chests like the pounding was coming from within them. There was hardly enough room to breathe, much less for two very pregnant girls to fight their way through the crowd. Eventually they made it to the main room of the suite and were completely shocked by what they saw.

Mandy and Candy were dancing with two local boys, as were the milk dolls. Michelle and Roberta couldn't help watching the very busty and very bra-less milk dolls dancing, their breasts bouncing and heaving beneath their very thin tops. Michelle and Roberta stood transfixed, watching the girl's massive bosoms jump as if they had large puppies under their shirts. "HAVING A GOOD TIME," someone yelled from behind Roberta, barely audible above the din. Michelle and Roberta turned. It was Julia, standing about three or four feet behind them. She was even more impressive standing up than lying on the bed. She was very short, far less than five feet tall, but what she lacked in height she made up for in width and breadth. Her belly stuck out at least two and a half feet in front of her, forming a huge round ball that barely intersected with her torso. It was clear that without the extra power afforded to the evil Mothers of the Apocalypse she would never be able to stand, much less walk. But now, now she was dancing, if not very energetically.

"WHAT'S UP WITH THE PARTY," Roberta called out over the din.

"WHAT?" Julia asked.

"I CAN'T HEAR A THING IN HERE," Roberta replied.

"I CAN'T HEAR YOU," Julia replied and blew a bubble with her gum, "LET'S GO INTO THE BEDROOM!"

"WHY DON'T WE GO INTO THE BEDROOM?" Roberta yelled, pointing toward one of the bedrooms.

Cutting through the crowd to the bedroom was no faster than getting into the living room, but eventually Roberta, Julia and Michelle made it into the bedroom and closed the door.

"Bitchin' party huh?" Julia asked.

"Yeah, but... why are we having a party?" Roberta asked.

"Yeah, we need to get some sleep... big chaos destroying day tomorrow, remember?" Michelle added.

Julia turned and began to scowl before she seemed to remember something and smiled. "Today we party for tomorrow we die!" Julia smiled. When she saw the look was not being returned she sighed and said "Listen, this was all June's idea. She wanted to break the ice and get everyone feeling good so I set up a party. Now everyone is happy."

“True,” Roberta said.

“Roberta!” Michelle said, her eyes questioning.

“What? We needed some team spirit and now we have it and now everyone is happy even the milk dolls.” Roberta replied.

“They have names you know,” Michelle said.

“No they don’t,” Julia replied. “So if we’re done now can we get back to the party?”

Michelle and Roberta nodded and began to leave the room followed closely by Julia. Just before they reached the door Michelle stopped and turned around. “Thanks for uh... relieving the milk dolls..”

“Not a problem. Their whining was getting *so* annoying.” Julia replied.

“How are you going to keep them all milked down? The three of them must make a lot more milk than you need.” Michelle replied.

“Milked down?” Julia asked, tilting her head as if trying to understand a difficult concept. “Ohhhh... No, no, no... I didn’t milk them. I told you, I’m fasting. I *commanded* then to act like their boobs being engorged doesn’t bother them. Now everyone is happy.”

“Couldn’t you just command them so that they wouldn’t be bothered instead of just acting like they aren’t?” Roberta asked.

“Sure, but where’s the fun in that?” Julia grinned.

“Oh my GOD! That’s just repulsive! So they’re suffering and just can’t show it? That’s sick! You call that making everyone happy???” Michelle asked.

Julia didn’t skip a beat before she replied, “Everyone that’s important,” and shrugged before heading back to the party.

CHAPTER 6

The next morning they stood in the common room of their suite at about six AM. The girls seemed barely awake, except for Julia who seemed well rested and ready for work.

“Okay, lets get on with this,” Julia said then looked around the room. “Uh, hello? Is anyone awake besides me?”

The girls looked around sleepy-eyed as if none of them understood what was being said. Julia waddled over to Roberta and slapped her across the face. “Hello? Chaos busting time.”

“Yeah... sorry... I’m not used to staying up that late.” Roberta replied.

“It was only three A.M.” Julia sighed and held out her hands and closed her eyes. “Come on, we got work to do.”

Roberta reached out and took Julia’s hands in her own and took a deep breath before closing her eyes. They were both silent for a few moments before Julia spoke. “We’re close. Less than ten miles away.”

“They’re above the ground... second floor?” Roberta asked.

“More like third,” Julia replied, her head turning to the left as if she was looking at something despite the fact that her eyes were closed. She stood there silently for a moment before she opened her eyes and let go of Roberta’s hands. “Got it. Its about 4 miles that way,” she said, pointing deep within the hotel. Third floor of an old garment factory.”

“Are you sure?” Michelle asked.

Julia just sneered and waddled toward Penelope and the door.

Roberta turned to Michelle as they both followed Julia as quickly as they could. “It’s like you can see the exact place. The more concentrated the chaos energy’s the easier it is to see the area that’s being disrupted. Believe me, it’s there.”

“So what are we waiting for?” Michelle asked.

“You, stupid!” Julia yelled as she shook her head and rolled her eyes before waddling off down the hallway, her three milk dolls bouncing along behind.

“You know, I could learn to hate her,” Mandy opined.

“Already ahead of you,” Candy added.

The girls stood at the entrance to a large industrial elevator, probably dating back to the early 1900s. It had an open cage with metal barred gates which now stood open, ready for them to enter.

June quickly gathered up Michelle, Mandy and Candy. “All right, This is important. Things are going to move very fast when we get up there and there’s some ground rules you need to know. You understand?” June looked to each girl and waited for her to nod before continuing. “First, don’t bother trying to avoid looking at what ever is up there. You won’t remember what they look like anyway. Your mind will block them out as soon as you get a good look at them. But that takes a lot longer if you try not to look at them. So whatever you see up there just give it a good look. Trust me, you won’t

remember what they look like anyway. Does everyone understand?" June again looked from girl to girl before continuing.

"Second. This isn't going to be hard to remember but don't touch anything otherworldly up there. Anything that looks strange or distorted is probably touched by chaos and until the rift is sealed and order restored any contact with chaos can allow it to spread. So don't touch anything!

"Lastly, depending on how far things have gone there may be a gateway opening to the Chaos Realms. It will look like a purplish black smoke. Do not look directly into the gateway. Right now even if there is one it will most probably be closed but we can't risk any of you seeing what's on the other side?"

"Why not?" Mandy and Candy asked.

"Because it would drive you insane." June said. "So be safe. Don't look into the gateway. Now, basically what's going to happen... Julia and Roberta will each stand on one side of the disturbance and read the ritual. As they read reality will begin to reassert itself and the chaos that's infected the poor souls up there will retreat and the gateway, if there's one open, will close. It's important that nothing interferes with the ritual. Any questions?"

Michelle raised her hand, "Can I go home now?"

June smiled and gave her daughter a small hug. "It's all right. There's some things its good to be scared of. " Then June pulled herself very close to Michelle and whispered in her ear. *"Remember, you're immune to the effects of chaos. Just watch out for your friends."*

"Will do mom," Michelle replied and kissed her mom on the cheek.

"Aww, isn't that sweet? Think we can go seal the portal before chaos eats a hole big enough in reality for the Chaos Lords to get through or do we have some more Goddamn hugging and kissing to do?" Julia yelled from the elevator where she stood with Penelope and the three milk dolls.

"We're coming!" June yelled back before she turned and walked toward the elevator.

"No, It's okay, really. We have some time. We can all sit around in a circle and sing Kum-Ba-fucking-Yah while the world ends for all I care."

"I said we're coming," June said furiously as Michelle, Mandy and Candy stepped on the elevator.

As soon as everyone was on the elevator and the gate was pulled shut Julia glanced at the elevator control then to Penelope. Penelope crossed the large platform and pulled the lever. The elevator lurched to life, first only moving a few inches then smoothing out into a steady, if slow ascent.

"I love the anticipation, I hope it lasts." Julia said as the roar of wind from above increased dramatically in volume.

"Twelve hundred years old, wisdom of the ages and you're quoting Willy Wonka?" Mandy replied, yelling to be heard over the din.

"Mock me now young one." Julia said as she looked upward smiling, the top of the car reaching the third floor, wind whistling in the opening as it grew. Julia turned to Mandy as the elevator car reached the third floor, wind blowing through her hair, illuminated by the bright, multicolored lights shining into the car. "Behold the darkness!" she shouted and turned, pointing into the maelstrom.

Everyone turned and looked into the room. A deep howl, which they first mistook for the roar of wind, attacked them as they stepped off the elevator car. The room was huge, at least forty by sixty feet, the ceilings close to twenty feet high. Despite the time of day the huge wall of windows making up one side of the room showed only a black starry sky. Of course no one was looking at the windows.

Four *things* writhed on the floor, spaced equal-distant from one another. Later none of the girls would remember just what they looked like, although they each remembered some aspect of the creatures, but later when they compared notes each of them was sure that they were reaching out for each other as they screamed in voices almost entirely inhuman.

Their flesh roiled as if made of some sort of liquid, only capable of holding its form for a moment before another aspect became more prevalent, wiping out whatever they had thought they had seen just moments before. They were obviously feral, their uncontrolled movements and screams making it all too evident that anything human about them was long gone. *At least that makes the job easier*, Roberta thought as she waddled to one side of the disturbance and Julia waddled to the other. Almost as soon as they had laid eyes on the four *things* in the room the other girls no longer seemed to be able to focus on them. But they could focus on the rift at the center of the room.

The portal was exactly as June had described it and still at the same time was nothing like what they imagined. It was as if a knife had sliced through reality, leaving an angry rip though it, revealing it's inner workings. Its borders shifted and twisted, a dark haze surrounded it that didn't really look like anything they could describe. Strange flashes of light shone from within as the hurricane like winds whipped out of the rift, swirling around the confines of the room. But even in such a maddening view there was something even more disturbing to contemplate. There were large, fleshy tentacles reaching from the rift, feeling around its edges, trying to stretch out far enough to reach the floor below the rift. Later the girls would agree that they weren't octopus tentacles, not squid tentacles not anything they could even begin to describe despite the fact they had all seen the tentacles quite clearly.

Remembering their instructions the girls all looked away from the rift, concentrating on Roberta and Julia. Roberta had pulled a small paper from her pocket and, at a mutually agreed upon signal began to recite the ritual's oral component at the same time as Julia. They were only a few words into the Latin text when a strange glow began to form around Julia and Roberta. It began simply as a glow that seemed to come from their skin but slowly it expanded into an aura that stood first an inch, then two, then four inches from their bodies. As it expanded the other girls noticed that looking through the space between the aura and Roberta the room looked normal, bright sunlight shining through the windows overlooking the garment district of the town, long shadows cast by the morning sun. Outside the auras however, everything looked as before.

As Julia and Roberta continued to speak their aura's spread out into an oval, stretching out toward the *things* surrounding the rift at the center of the room. The effort was obviously taking its toll on Roberta and Julia, Roberta was barely able to keep her footing against the winds howling from the rift. The aura surrounding Roberta reached the two *things* on either side of her and they seemed to shrink somehow, compressing and reforming as their screams became more and more human. Finally and mercifully the aura enveloped them and they returned to their original, human forms and collapsed on

the floor, eyes and mouth wide open in a soundless scream, their backs arched to the degree that the middle of their spines were at least two feet off the floor.

Julia and Roberta continued to speak, the aura that surrounded each of them as well as the four unfortunates continued to expand until they met, forming a circle of light around the rift. The ring slowly began to constrict, moving slowly closer to the rift as they spoke, however, both Roberta and Julia seemed to be wilting under the pressure. The wind was, if anything, stronger than it was before, and Roberta held up one arm to block the worst of the wind from hitting her in face. As she did so the small piece of paper she held in her hand flew away, caught by the wind.

Michelle turned and watched the small piece of paper fly this way and that, caught in the wind before it whipped into a corner and spun around in a small circle, out of harms way. Michelle quickly glanced over to Roberta then to the paper before she began to waddle to the corner of the room to grab the paper, unaware that Roberta had continued on without it. As the aura of light closed in on the rift the tentacles that reached through the hole in reality twisted and fought to keep the rift open as the aura of light closed in, slowly but surely.

Michelle squatted down slowly and carefully and felt around for the paper, unable to see the floor beneath her past her massive breasts and belly. Still she managed to find the paper and forced herself back to her feet. She turned and braced herself against the wind and began to fight her way back to Roberta.

Meanwhile Roberta and Julia continued the ritual, the aura now forming circle ten feet away from the rift on all sides. It slowly contracted as they spoke, the tentacles now beginning to retreat through the rift as it began to slowly close.

Michelle worked her way slowly toward Roberta, the wind pushing her back almost as hard as she was able to push herself forward. As she got closer to Roberta she held out the paper with the ritual written on it and called out to her, "Roberta!" At first Roberta didn't seem to hear here but as she got closer and continued to yell Roberta slowly began to turn toward the sound of Michelle's voice. It took a moment for Roberta to focus and realize exactly what was happening but when she did her reaction was immediate and severe.

"NOOOOOOOO!" Roberta screamed as Michelle's hand broke the aura. The aura quickly flowed around Michelle and attacked the magic surrounding her. The veil of normality coming from her amulet collapsed, her appearance returning to her actual, massively pregnant self as the aura surrounding Julia, Roberta and Michelle surged forward unexpectedly, hitting the rift and sealing it like a door being slammed. The wind disappeared as a sound like a thunderclap exploded through the room, knocking everyone off their feet.

"What the FUCK!!" Julia screamed as she crossed the room to where Michelle and Roberta still lay on the floor.

"Wha... Huh?" Roberta said, shielding her eyes against the bright sunlight shining in the windows.

"You lying sons of bitches!" Julia yelled as she looked down at Michelle, her amulet again disguising her pregnant form.,

"What?" Michelle asked as she started to push herself up on her elbows.

"THIS!" Julia yelled and kicked Michelle firmly where her stomach was, despite the illusion. "We did everything we we're fucking supposed to do and you fucked us! I

don't believe this shit! YOU fucked US!"

"Julia," Penelope said, looking back where the rift had been, "We must go. Now."

Roberta looked to the center of the room as she pushed herself to her feet even as Julia looked over her shoulder and turned back to Michelle. "Well, it looks like you're in for some fun now..." Julia said and waddled toward the elevator, Michelle turned and looked at Roberta who stood wide eyed as she stared at the middle of the room before turning and waddling toward the elevator as fast as she could.

Michelle clutched her belly, still in shock from the huge amount of pain from Julia's kick. Seeing everyone running for the elevator she rolled slowly and painfully onto her side and saw what everyone was running from.

A tentacle, one of the tentacles that had been extending through the rift, lay on the floor twisting and jumping of its own accord, severed when the rift had suddenly slammed shut. Michelle scrambled, trying to get some kind of footing as the others ran, watching in horrid fascination as the tentacle began to burn, small embers floating upwards as they burned to nothingness.

Michelle slowly got her feet under her and began to push herself up when she heard her mother shouting behind her, "NO! Get back to the elevator! She'll be fine! COME BACK!"

Michelle twisted around in time to see Mandy and Candy running to her side. "NO! Get away!" Michelle yelled as Mandy and Candy each put one of Michelle's arms on their shoulder and pulled her to her feet.

"What kinda friends would we be..." Candy said.

"If we just left you there while we ran?" Mandy finished.

"Dammit! It can't hurt me! I'm immune! RUN!" Michelle said. The girls looked back over their shoulders at the tentacle piece, now grotesquely swollen, glowing with the same purplish light as the rift had. They ran.

The girls ran for the elevator as Julia threw the lever and the elevator began to descend. The girls continued to run as Michelle waddled along behind them, falling very far behind. The girls pushed open the metal grated doors and looked down at the car some ten feet below them. They looked at each other and gave each other a big hug before they leapt into the elevator shaft.

Then the tentacle exploded.

CHAPTER 7

“We are so out of here,” Julia said as she dusted off some of the dirt that had been blown out of the room upstairs by the explosion and waddled toward the front door of the building.

“What’s the big deal?” Michelle said as she too tried to brush off the filth that covered each of them and waddled forward.

Julia stopped and took a deep breath before turning around. She eyed Michelle’s amulet disguised form from head to toe before looking past Michelle and speaking directly to Roberta. “You want to tell blimp & tits or should I?”

“Hey!” Michelle said indignantly.

“See, we have this agreement...” Julia began.

“Had,” Penelope interrupted.

“Had this agreement,” Julia resumed. “We set aside all our differences and work together when the nature of reality is threatened. No cheating. No double talk. No subterfuge,” Julia said, running her finger down Michelle’s arm.

“And we’ve honored that agreement since the time before time,” June replied.

“Suuuure,” Julia said, “That’s kinda what you have to say now that we caught you with your hand in the cookie jar. How many are here today besides limpy here?”

“Just us two,” Michelle said.

Julia slowly turned her head to loom at Michelle. “One: No one is talking to you. Two: The leg brace ain’t fooling anyone no more and Three: Shut the fuck up.” Julia then looked back to June.

“Two huh? So the Bobbsey Twins over there aren’t Mothers of the Apocalypse?”

June sighed, “No.”

“Not anymore,” Mandy and Candy added.

Julia turned and looked at them both for a moment, wide-eyed, then turned to June, rolled her eyes then turned to Penelope, “We are so fucking out of here it’s not even funny.”

“No,” Penelope said as she gathered up the milk dolls. “There’s still the post-mortem upstairs. Then we can leave.”

“Why should we stay for that? They’re planning on screwing us. Can’t you see?” Julia pleaded. “Once the good contingent starts doing stuff like this its time to pack up and go home.”

“Okay, I might be the new kid on the block,” Michelle said as she struggled to remove her useless leg brace, “but isn’t this all a little pot-calling-the-kettle-black?”

“What exactly do you mean,” Julia said suddenly in a very calm, very pleasant voice. “Choose your words with care, child.”

“You’re bitching on and on cause you think we might try to cheat you, might try to break the rules, might try this or might try that. But you know we won’t. We’re the good guys. We don’t do that. If anyone should have been worried about what was going to happen here it was us. After all, you’re evil.”

“I knew they’d pull this crap again,” Julia ranted.

Roberta put her hand over her eyes and rubbed as her head sunk, “Don’t get them started... please.”

“We are so not evil.” Julia said.

“Not evil? Then what’s with the torture of the milk dolls?” Michelle said sharply.

“They have names you know,” Julia sing-songed and paused, smiling, letting her words hit home.

“The whole universe’s existence is about balance. Darkness and Light, Air and Water, Yin and Yang, Good and Evil. It’s all part of the Creator’s plan. Without the Darkness the radiance of the Light means nothing. Without the Star of the Morning as contrast how would you know the true light of God? You have it easy. You get to be nice and sweet and kind and gentle and trusting and still fit within the order of the universe. To keep the balance we have a sacred trust to be mean and cruel and torturous and treacherous. Your Yin, our Yang.”

“You seriously expect me to believe that?” Michelle said.

“They do,” Roberta sighed. “I’ve heard all this crap before. Can we skip to the end this time?”

“Not quite yet,” Julia said and turned back to Michelle. “You dare call us evil. That amulet you wear. Do you know how it was created?” Julia waited a moment. “No? Well I do.” Julia stepped up to Michelle, passing just to one side of her until their heads were right next to each other then Julia tilted her head toward Michelle, “To make one of those amulets... The things you must do... Even I will not do those things... Yet you bear that power and dare call me evil? Go fuck yourself!”

“That’s quite enough,” Penelope snarled. “We finish upstairs and then we’re done. Our superiors will be in touch. I don’t expect we shall have cause to ever speak again.” Penelope turned and walked into the elevator, a train of milk dolls following her. Julia smirked and turned and waddled slowly into the freight elevator.

Michelle. Mandy and Candy looked to June, who nodded and began walking toward the elevator. Mandy and Candy followed her, followed closely by Michelle and Roberta.

“Going up,” Mandy said as she threw the lever to the up position.

The elevator slowed to a stop a full foot short of the third floor and it took several minutes of jockeying for Mandy to get the floors close enough to even for them to step out onto the third floor. The sun had risen higher into the sky now, the bright light shining in through the banks of windows covering the eastern wall. The floor was covered with burn and scorch marks radiating out from where the tentacle had exploded just minutes before. June and Penelope began going over the room with a fine-tooth comb, starting on opposite sides, working their way toward the center.

Mandy and Candy walked up to the nearest former chaos beast, a girl, maybe sixteen or seventeen, the look of absolute terror etched into her face and her frame. “So how do we fix them?” Mandy asked.

“Fix them?” Julia said, “You miss a memo?” she asked as she waddled toward the windows and looked out over the city.

Roberta waddled over to Mandy and Candy, careful not to look at the girl lying on the floor. “There’s nothing we can do for her now,” Roberta said sadly.

“Oh my God, they’re dead?” Michelle said, waddling up to the other girls.

“How about losing the necklace pretty girl,” Julia called out from across the room.

Michelle ignored her as Roberta turned to face Michelle, her belly bouncing against Michelle’s invisible middle. “Maybe she has a point,” Roberta said. “Anyway, they’re not dead... they’re just beyond our reach,” Roberta said.

“What do you mean?” Michelle asked as she frowned, removing her necklace. The illusion evaporated as she seemed to morph back to her actual, extremely pregnant state.

Roberta looked down as she spoke, “They’re bodies were saved when the rift to the Chaos Realms was sealed and chaos was expelled, but it was too late for their minds. They’ve seen the other side and once you’ve seen the chaos realms... you may stay sane while the chaos mutates your body and rips open reality but once that power is one there’s no way they could cope with what they had seen.

“God, so they’re in there but they’re nuts?” Mandy said, waving her hand in front of the poor girl’s face.

“Not in any way we understand insanity,” June said, “its more like their minds have been shredded.”

“We’re done here,” Penelope said and headed for the elevator, followed closely by Julia.

June looked over the room and headed for the elevator herself.

“What about the victims and the burn marks on the floor?” Michelle asked as she waddled to the elevator.

“They’ll be picked up by the local police... and by the time the police arrive the burn marks will have disappeared. They’re already starting to fade.” Roberta replied as she followed June. “Everywhere the bits of chaos beast landed they left a burn mark. As long as they didn’t hit anything alive there’s no problem. That’s what June and Penelope we’re looking for. The room is clean.”

Michelle waddled up to Mandy and Candy as she headed for the elevator. “Come on,” she said softly, “Time to go.”

Mandy looked at Candy and they nodded to each other before they got to their feet and walked to the elevator, the filth from the earlier explosion almost completely obscuring the burn marks on the back of their tops before they, like the burn marks on the floor, began to fade away.

CHAPTER 8

"I don't want to talk about it, okay?" Michelle said and turned toward the small window in the cabin of the plane.

"I know it seems silly," Roberta said, "but talking about it helps."

"It doesn't help me okay? Can we just give it a rest?" Michelle asked, exasperated.

"I think every time I close my eyes I'm gonna see those faces," Mandy said, her voice thrown uncharacteristically off kilter by the day's events.

"Stop it," Michelle said as her head spun and she stared at Mandy.

"And their eyes... they were..." Candy began.

"ENOUGH!" Michelle said and forced herself out of her seat as quickly as she could, given her ponderous size and shape, and waddled out of the conference area and into the vacant first class seating.

"She's going to have to get used to all this sometime," Roberta said sadly as she watched the curtain covering the doorway leading to the first class seating flutter closed.

"Yes," June nodded sadly, "but not today. She's been through enough these past few months. You had decades to get used to all this. She's had months... and not much experience during that time." June stood up and walked to the doorway to first class. "I'll be back," she said before stepping through the curtain.

"It's gotta be hard on her..." Roberta said as she turned to look out the window.

"Yeah, I can't even imagine..." Mandy said.

"Well, we *were* pregnant for awhile," Candy said.

"You... were pregnant?" Roberta asked.

"Well, not really, just for like three days," Mandy replied.

"You don't know what you're talking about," Roberta said to Candy. "It's not about what it's like for a day or a week or a month. It's about years.. decades, with all this," Roberta continued, placing one hand on either side of her belly and trying to shake it, her huge belly's firmness barely budging.

"But she's doing pretty good isn't she?" Candy asked.

"I dunno about that. When's the last time you saw her without that amulet?" Roberta asked.

"Just today at the warehouse," Candy replied.

"Well, I meant before that... but did you notice how she looked when she had the amulet off?"

"Way pregnant!" Mandy replied.

Roberta sighed, "That's part of the problem, no one sees past the belly and boobs. She wasn't wearing any makeup. Her hair was a mess, she had dark circles under her eyes. She's not coping very well."

Candy paused to think for a moment, "Are you sure? I think I'd have noticed all that."

"Maybe you would," Roberta replied, "if you ever got used to how she looks now... but with that amulet on all the time... you'll never get used to it... and if you're

not used to the big stuff you won't catch the little stuff. So before today when was the last time you saw her without the amulet.

Candy paused for a moment. "Like eight months, maybe ten... like right after it happened."

"At first she didn't even tell us... we had to figure it out," Candy sighed. "She thought she was fooling us with the amulet but after you bump into a big round nothing in front of someone a few dozen times it eventually sinks in."

"She still looked normal, the amulet still worked, but we knew something was up. When we confronted her she denied it at first," Mandy added.

"But when we concentrated on it we could push through enough of the magic to reach out and touch her belly... then she broke down and told us," Candy replied.

"So you saw what she looked like then," Roberta said.

"No," Mandy said, shaking her head, "she said we remembered what she looked like from when we were all pregnant."

"See, she's not accepting any of this. It takes time. Lots of time," Roberta sighed. "You just need to be there for her."

"So..." Mandy said, changing the subject, "Isn't there anything we could do for those people at the warehouse?"

Roberta shook her head, "There's nothing to do. Once enough of the chaos realms have spilled into a living being it can't be saved. The being begins to mutate, sometimes slowly, sometimes quickly, but always progressing toward its own goals. As the changes occur the Chaos Lords take control of the victim's body, leaving them aware of what they're doing but unable to control their bodies even as they change more and more." Michelle looked away as she continued to speak, "The chaos energy that's changing them also is the only thing keeping them sane. After all, what better to help you cope with chaos than chaos? When we closed the portal and cleansed them of the chaos energy we saved their bodies and souls but doomed their minds."

"But there has to be something..." Candy said.

"If there is I'd love to hear it. I've seen too many of those twisted faces. Far too many."

By the time their flight had arrived back at BWI Airport and they had cleared customs it was nearly one AM and nearly two before Michelle and her mother were dropped off at their home and fifteen minutes later before Mandy and Candy were left off at their own front door. At first they were both disoriented, both from exhaustion and from the eternal daylight present both in airplanes as well as airports. It didn't take long for Mandy and Candy to realize their exhaustion had nothing to do with jet-lag and everything to do with the hour and stumble upstairs to their bedrooms, barely managing to strip off their outer clothes before falling into bed.

The room was huge and mostly dark, only a small brightly lit area left surrounding Mandy and Candy as the double doors some thirty feet away closed, blocking out the light from outside. The girls looked around, not sure what to make of their surroundings but feeling sure that someone was watching them from the shadows. Quiet shuffling and murmured voices could be heard coming from the fringes of the room and Mandy and Candy spun around in the small lit center of the room trying to localize the sound.

"It's all right," a sweet innocent voice said, "Don't panic. Nothing is going to

happen to you.”

Both girls turned in the direction of the voice and watched as a figure slowly duck-walked out of the shadows, halfway into the light. She, and despite the grotesque changes to her body it was very obvious she was indeed a she, stepped forward slowly, walking on her massively oversized hands, each about four times the size of a normal teenage girl’s hands. Her arms bent slightly before being hidden behind her massive lower body. The girl’s lower body, from her waist to her knees was several times larger than would be appropriate for a girl of her size. Her hips were more than three feet wide, her ass formed into two beach ball-sized cheeks, her thighs stretched out nearly four feet in length, each as thick as a tree trunk, before narrowing to her normal sized calves and feet.

There was no way those tiny feet could have possibly supported her weight and even if she wished to try standing on them it appeared her body was twisted sufficiently to stop the attempt. Her legs were held in front of her torso, spread into a V shape, her massive thighs resting against the front of her shoulders, her knees towering about a foot above her head, her useless lower legs and feet dangling limply at the knee. The picture was completed by the girl’s massive breasts which pushed through the space between her open legs and rested heavily on her butt cheeks which tilted forward at her waist, her oversized nipples and areola pointing straight forward, the line of her cleavage and the lower curve of her breasts neatly framing her oversized vulva.

And she was slowly headed toward Mandy and Candy, her breasts wobbling heavily as she approached, her hands slapping heavily against the floor as she walked on them.

“It’s all right,” the girl said, “shhhhh... don’t cry... everything is going to be fine. I’m not here to hurt you.” As she wobbled forward Mandy and Candy could see the girl’s angelic face, beautiful brown locks framing her very cute teenaged face.

“Then what are you here for?” Mandy asked as she wiped her eyes, unaware that she had cried.

“I just want you to know that if you need someone to talk to, somewhere to go... then we will be here for you,” the warped girl said.

“Uh, don’t get me wrong... but why would I even want to think about talking to you?” Candy asked.

“All of this may be unnecessary,” the girl said, “You’ve both been touched but our Lord’s power is too much for the human body to contain. Most of those who are touched last only days before destroying themselves or being destroyed. It is only the rare person who is selected to do our Lord’s work on Earth.”

“Your Lord?” Mandy asked.

The girl looked downward, her eyes half closed and smiled, “As I said, this may all be unnecessary... but if you need us... If you make it through the fire and become one of the chosen ones... I just want you to know you’ll not be alone.”

“Why would we be alone?” Candy asked, raising one eyebrow.

The girl looked away, “People are... jealous of the favor our Lord bestows upon us,” the girl said, choking back tears, “They can’t stand to be in the presence of our beauty and chase us away. But we will always be here for each other.... Always.”

“What the fuck is all this? Mandy asked Candy.

“I think we’re having a nightmare,” Candy said.

“Both of us? At the same time?” Mandy replied.

“No dumb ass. I’m having the nightmare. You’re just part of it.” Candy said.

“Who are you calling dumb ass?” Mandy said and pushed Candy.

“Uh... girls?” the bizarrely built woman interrupted.

“SHUT UP!” Mandy and Candy yelled at each other.

CHAPTER 9

Candy woke up early the next morning, her recent dream quickly brushed aside as she opened her eyes and looked around her bedroom. She began to slowly push herself up in bed before she realized she wasn't tired in the least and hopped out of bed and headed for the bathroom she shared with her sister,

The shower was already running when she stepped into the steamy bathroom, still marveling at how wide-awake and alive she felt. She padded over to the vanity and wiped her hand across the mirror, clearing the steam from it and looked at her reflection. Her eyes were alert, the dark shadows and half-asleep eyelids of the night before gone. By habit she reached down and ran the cold water and scooped it up in her hands to splash her face before realizing she was more than awake enough that she didn't need the bracing splash of water. Candy let the water drop from her hands and took a deep breath, holding it for several seconds, luxuriating in the feeling of warmth and energy coming from within her.

She turned quickly toward the shower stall and raised her hand to knock on the frosted glass door when she felt something odd. Candy paused for a second then repeated the motion, pausing for a moment before doing it again just to be sure. Curious, she turned to the mirror and wiped the steam from it with a cool washcloth. She eyed her reflection for a moment, carefully looking over her entire upper body, but more specifically at her breasts. She looked them over with a slight look of concern. They'd always been about a b-cup but at the moment they looked slightly larger. Candy rocked back and forth on her heels for a moment, feeling her breasts move slightly before cupping them in her hands and confirming what she already suspected. They were bigger. Not much, but unmistakably bigger. Candy smiled as she looked down at her chest, first looking straight down then admiring her slightly improved shape in the mirror. Candy turned, a huge grin on her face as she headed back into her bedroom before stopping abruptly.

She turned back toward the mirror slowly, a look of concern crossing her face before she closed her eyes and stood at the vanity, holding onto the edge of the countertop for a moment before she opened her eyes and gave her breasts a good once over. After a minute or two she was satisfied and was about to head back to her bedroom when she both felt and saw her nipple twitch, her areola expanding slightly beneath it. Realizing she was about to scream Candy clamped her hand over her mouth and ran back into her bedroom, slamming the bathroom door in the process before collapsing on the bed and pulling the covers over her head.

Mandy woke to the sound of birds chirping at her window as the sun rose, and stretched as she opened her eyes and yawned before she tossed aside her sheets and headed for the bathroom. She had a slight bounce to her step as she pulled off her nightie over her head as she approached the bathroom door, quickly forgetting her recent dream.

She tossed her nightie aside as she pulled the bathroom door closed and bent down to start the water in the shower, growing curious at just how wide awake and full of energy she was for this hour of the morning. Mandy stood up and turned, pulling her panties down as she turned back toward the shower, catching a glimpse of herself in the mirror. She twisted back, looking over her shoulder and ran her hand down the outer curve of her thigh. She looked more closely, wiggling her hips before smiling slightly. *Looks like I'm finally putting on a little weight in the right places, bye bye belly, hello butt. Full of pep, wide awake, having a good butt day... Life is good.*

Mandy stepped into the shower and slid the smoked-glass door closed before adjusting the water temperature and stepping under the hot spray, tilting her head back under the water, allowing her eyes to close as the steaming water splashed against her forehead. As she washed her hair she heard the door from Candy's room open as Candy entered the bathroom. She only stayed a moment before Mandy heard the door to Candy's room open and slam shut. Mandy glanced toward the door, concerned before she felt a slight twinge in her lower back. She slid her hands down her back, resting the heel of her palm against her lower back as the twinge increased into a full fledged ache just as her fingertips reached the top of her butt. She stretched, feeling her back crack slightly against the pressure before she relaxed, her hands still pressed into the small of her back. Mandy's curiosity began to drain away when she felt her fingertips being pushed out by the upper curves of her butt.

Her eyes grew wide as she felt her back arching further even as her butt pushed outward. In all the change was minimal, but it was certainly obvious to Mandy as she felt it happening. She yanked her hands back from her bottom and stepped back from under the shower, her eyes wild as she tried to figure out what was going on.

For a moment the truth flashed through her before she pushed the idea aside, the reality of the situation too horrible for her to accept. She quickly stepped out of the shower and dashed for her room to get dressed before her sister came looking for her, abandoning the running shower.

Several minutes later Candy stood in front of the full-length mirror in her room. She turned around slowly as she looked at herself and how the oversize, baggy sweatshirt hung on her frame. *Everything looks normal enough*, Candy thought. *Maybe it's just my period or something.* But the feeling, the slight but definite pressure from within her breasts, was something that couldn't be so easily explained. Unsure if the sweatshirt was hiding things enough she turned around again, then walked across the room and watched in the mirror as she approached. She sighed and started again, puffing out her top as she slowly turned around.

Mandy lay on her bed and pulled at the waist of her jeans, trying desperately to pull them up over her thighs and hips. She grunted as she arched her back and pulled again before she collapsed against the bed, her jeans still refused to go up over her hips. Frustrated Mandy jumped to her feet and kicked her jeans off, sending them across the room. She looked through her chest of drawers, pulling open drawers one after another before pausing. She closed her eyes and shook her head as if to dismiss something before she reached back and placed one hand on each of her butt cheeks and pushed them together, holding her hands there for a moment before she released but the pressure that was pushing her butt cheeks apart and her hips wider didn't let up for a moment. Try as she might Mandy simply couldn't come up with any explanation for the pressure and

obvious growth of her rear that didn't scare her half to death. So she dismissed the whole idea from her mind and pulled a pair of spandex running shorts and a sweater from her drawers. Quickly, before she changed her mind, she pulled on the shorts, stretching them over her slightly enlarged bottom before tying the sweater around her waist by the sleeves, allowing the body of the sweater to lie against her rear.

She turned around in front of her mirror and looked back over her shoulder, cocking her hips one way then the other before walking away from the mirror, trying to watch herself in reflection as she moved to see if the extra sway she felt from her hips would be visible to anyone watching her. She turned around and walked back to the mirror before she turned again and tried to watch herself walking away. Frustrated at the slight but constant and slowly increasing pressure pushing her butt cheeks apart she reached down and pressed firmly against her butt, arching her back as she pushed against her butt, momentarily relieving the pressure.

"What are you doing?" Candy asked from Mandy's bedroom doorway.

Mandy jumped back, startled, almost falling to the floor before she recovered and leaned forward, resting her hands on her knees. "Oh my God, you scared me!" Mandy said as she caught her breath.

"Uh, yeah..." Candy replied. "We better get going or we're gonna be late."

"Okay, okay," Mandy said. "What's up with the big sweat-shirt? It's gonna be like ninety degrees today."

"Why do you have a sweater tied around your waist?" Candy asked.

"Never mind," both girls said simultaneously, neither liking where the conversation was headed.

"Let's go get some breakfast," Mandy said, motioning for Candy to lead the way.

Candy turned and headed for the door, crossing her arms across her chest as if to hide her very slight growth from view.

"Now what?" Mandy asked and sighed.

"What what?" Candy asked. She stopped and turned towards Mandy.

"You look all angry. Like you're about to give me a stern talking to," Mandy said noting Candy's crossed arms,

"I'm just cold, Okay?" Candy said

"But it's not cold..." Mandy replied.

Candy turned for the stairs, "Then why do you have that sweater tied around your waist?"

Mandy sighed. "Let's just eat and get down to the shop."

"Fine," Candy said, bopping down the stairs, her arms still crossed over her chest.

It didn't take long for the girls to get to their vintage clothing shop and open up. Given it was Saturday they each thought, separately, that with the store as busy as it always is on Saturday that neither of them would have the time to notice each other's changes. For the most part they were right. The constant throng of people kept both girls preoccupied and they didn't really have much time to talk to one another much less give each other the good once-over it would take to notice the changes they were undergoing. By two o'clock a good once over wasn't really necessary to see the changes, but much like the way most people react when someone changes their glasses, most people just

realized there was something different about the twins, but couldn't quite put their finger on what.

A little after two that afternoon Mandy noticed the crowd in the store seeming to part as someone made their way from the door to the front counter, an aisle three feet wide forming as the girl slowly limped her way to the counter.

"Hey," Michelle said, "I didn't know it was this busy on Saturdays."

"Tourists," Mandy said and handed a customer a bag and their change. "Thanks and come again!" she said with an exaggerated perkiness before she returned to her normal demeanor and turned back to Michelle. "So, what's up?"

"I thought I'd see if you two wanted to do something later on. I'm not feeling all that great right now but I'm thinking maybe later..."

"Today's going to be nuts here at the store," Mandy said quickly, "Why don't we just order in some lunch."

"No thanks," Michelle said, "I feel kinda weird. Not really sick... kinda like seasick and achy."

"I thought you were never sick anymore since the..." Mandy said, puffing out her cheeks like balloons.

"Ha ha ha. I'm usually not, but ever since before we went to Brazil I've been feeling like this. I was hoping getting some air might help but..."

Mandy cut Michelle off, "Maybe you should talk to Candy, see how she's doing."

"O-kay," Michelle said suspiciously, "Where's she hiding?"

"I'm not sure," Mandy said, twisting as she tried to see through and over the crowd of people, cocking her hips to one side as she stood on tiptoe.

Instantly Michelle's fat radar went off, that strange seventh sense that all women seem to have, enabling them to instantly spot a friend's embarrassing weight gains. *Maybe she just needs to exercise more, Michelle thought, but that sweater just draws attention to her butt. Later I gotta tell her in private that...*

Mandy turned toward Michelle, almost catching Michelle looking at her butt.

"There she is, back by the door to the stock room." Mandy said, pointing.

"Thanks," Michelle said suspiciously. "Talk to you soon,"

As Mandy turned to the next customer in line Michelle worked her way slowly to the back of the store. Her bulk, camouflaged or otherwise, slowed her down, but with the amulets ability to help coerce people out of her personal space she was able to make it to the back of the store, some thirty feet away, without any pushing at all.

Candy was at the back of the store holding a vintage 50s leather jacket for a young girl as she slid her arms into the coat. Once on she pulled it tight around herself and spun around in front of the nearby mirror before turning and talking to her mother,

Meanwhile Michelle's radar was going off again, this time looking at Candy's chest. *It's one thing to pop a few tissues into your bra, or maybe even those silicone enhancer things, but someone has to tell Candy that when you're a twin you can't be like four cup sizes larger than your sister.* "How's it going?" Michelle asked.

"Hey!" Candy replied, suddenly surprised. She quickly looked down at her no-longer-baggy top and then around the area before coming back to Michelle's face. "So, what's up? What are you doing here?"

"Visiting friends?" Michelle said, feeling like she was suddenly a character in a David Lynch movie. "So," Michelle asked, staring fixedly at Candy's breasts. "what's up

with you?"

Candy's face blanched for a moment before she recovered, "Oh... OH!" she continued, as if suddenly realizing something. "You like? They're a new thing we're carrying. The ideas supposed to be to wear them with sweaters and poodle skirts, you know, for that 50s look?" Candy stared at Michelle wide eyed, eyebrows raised, as if she was wondering if Michelle believed a word she said.

"They look a pretty big. Well, big for you anyway. I know mine are a lot bigger, but you know, for your frame."

"We only got this size in, its like a test thing. Plus they're supposed to be big, you know, to play into the whole image."

"So why aren't you in a sweater and poodle skirt?" Michelle asked.

"Like I would ever wear those," Candy replied, taking the leather coat from the girl and putting it back on the hanger.

"Wow," Michelle said, "They really move natural. Are they like silicone or something?"

"Something," Candy replied, "You'd be amazed how real they feel," she sighed.

"Really?" Michelle asked just as her hand shot out and cupped Candy's right breast. "Oh my God, they feel just like real boobs! They're warm and everything."

"Yeah..." Candy said as she watched uncomfortably while Michelle played with her right boob.

"They're about the right weight for the size. What are they? DDs?" Michelle added, weighing Candy's boob in her hand. "I'm surprised they didn't make them lighter. Those must kill your back after awhile."

"You're telling me?" Candy said, now beginning to squirm under Michelle's touch.

"Why'd they make the nipples so huge?" Michelle asked, now feeling the front of Candy's boob. Candy twisted away, out of Michelle's reach, trying to make it seem like she was just hanging up the leather jacket in her hand rather than escaping Michelle's nipple play. It almost worked.

"They're not that big," Candy said, stepping back from Michelle, just out of arms reach.

"Get real, they're way huge even for boobs that size and the areola are way big too and all puffed out. I'm amazed they could make them feel so real though. So.... Anyway, what are you up to later?"

"More work," Candy said, grateful the topic had shifted away from her 'phony' breasts.

"That's what Mandy said too. Has anything seemed odd about Mandy? She seems a little off today... and I think she's putting on weight."

Eager to deflect attention from herself Candy dove at the change Michelle gave her and held on tight. "You noticed too huh? I wasn't sure how to bring it up. I'll try talking to her later today."

"Cool. I hate to see bad things happen to good friends."

"Yeah," Candy said... "I know."

"Tomorrow then?"

"Yeah, maybe."

Candy stood behind the register neatening up later that day. Throughout the day her breasts had been steadily growing, the pressure within them slowly increasing. Gone were the DD cup breasts that she'd somehow managed to convince Michelle were fakes. Now... *Now I look like a stripper*, she thought as she looked at her huge breasts in the showroom mirror. Her once baggy top was pulled tightly across her chest like Saran Wrap, no longer making any attempt to hide her roughly head-sized breasts. She reached up and felt their weight in her hands and wondered how she could possibly get out of the store and away without Mandy seeing her. She thought about it for several long minutes before returning to the stool behind the front counter, defeat in her eyes as she felt the weight on her chest slowly increasing.

By six thirty the mid-day crowds had finally thinned down to nothing and Mandy took the opportunity to get off the sales floor and into the back room before Candy got a good look at her. Mandy's butt had been steadily growing all day, the pressure within her pelvis growing stronger as the day went on. While by no means huge Mandy would certainly now easily win in a biggest butt contest competing against Jennifer Lopez. Of course combined with Mandy's smaller frame her butt looked even larger. Thankfully Mandy had been able to retreat into the stock room, supposedly to pull clothes to restock the floor, but more accurately to hide her huge butt from Candy. It wasn't just the size that concerned Mandy, but the fact that the pressure was not only pushing her hips wider, but also spreading her cheeks while her lower back curve deepened making walking feel very odd. Finally she had enough. She had to get out of here before Candy found her and her massive butt. But how?

The buzzer on the intercom next to the stock room door went off, making Mandy jump. "Mandy? I'm not feeling so well. Think you can cover for the rest of the night?" Candy asked.

Mandy looked up at the intercom amazed. *Candy is never sick... but this is my perfect chance....* "Sure, it's probably going to be way slow here tonight anyway. Piece of cake."

Candy sighed in relief before pressing the talk button again. "Cool. I'm putting the keys in the register and heading for home. You're coming right out, right?" Candy said, making ready to run for the front door if the stockroom door opened.

"Uh," Mandy replied, "I have some stuff to finish up here. I'll be right out, sooner if someone comes in."

Candy relaxed again, "Okay... see you tonight." Candy said and headed for the door. She took one last look around the store, wiping a tear from her eye before she pushed open the door and headed across Harborplace, her arms folded beneath her breasts to stop them from bouncing right out of her top.

Mandy waited several minutes before cautiously peeking out into the store. She waddled as quickly as she could across the room, surprised and disturbed by how much her lower back was bent and how her stride was affected by the widening of her hips. She looked out the front door of the store and looked for Candy, but she was long gone. Mandy pulled the door closed and locked it before she turned off the lights and waddled slowly to the back room and tried to figure out what she could possibly do now.

CHAPTER 10

When Candy got home she stormed up to her room, tossing aside her sweatshirt in the upstairs hallway, eager to try anything to get rid of the horrible pressure that had been building all day within her breasts, slowly making them larger. She strode purposefully into her room, pulling off her ill-fitting t-shirt and tossing it onto her oversize rattan chair. Suddenly she froze in her tracks. The pressure. Gone. Just like that.

Candy continued on toward the mirror, actually spinning around in front of it now that she was free of the incessant pressure. Her happiness was short lived though as she got the first good look at her breasts all day. While earlier in the day her breasts had been large for her age, now they were large for a stripper. Each of her breasts swelled out firmly, seeming to ignore gravity as her head-sized mammeries jutted out in front of her, blocking her downward view. She turned sideways, her mouth falling open as she looked at the smooth, pale, soft skin of her breasts, small blue veins crisscrossing them just below the skin. She looked down at her reflection to confirm Michelle's observation and she wasn't happy to find Michelle's description had been accurate. Her nipples were huge, the oversize nubs poking out firm and hard, as if demanding attention, sitting atop her oversized, deep brown areola.

Candy bounced up and down lightly on her heels, feeling her breasts bouncing heavily against her chest. She stopped and turned toward the mirror, waiting for her breasts to stop shaking. After several moments Candy gave up on waiting and reached up, cupping her breasts in her hands to slow their movement. Her first impression was due to the weight of her breasts, *I thought they'd be heavy, but not **this** heavy*. But another feeling made her pull her hands back almost as soon as she rested them on the lower curves of her breasts. She stood there, her hands just inches away from her breasts as she stared wide-eyed at her massive breasts. Cautiously she took her breasts in her hands. For a moment there was nothing. Then the pressure she'd been feeling all day suddenly returned, at least as strong as it had been earlier, if not stronger. She stood there for a moment, shocked by the intensity before felt the skin of her breasts slowly stretching under her hands. Realizing what was happening she yanked her hands away and as soon as her hands were away from her breasts the pressure disappeared.

Well, that's easy enough. I'll just leave them alone... but how am I going to hide these? Candy thought as she crossed the room, the slight bouncing of her breasts reminding her of their increased heft as she approached her rattan chair and grabbed her top. *Maybe I can strap them down or something*, she thought as she pulled her sheer t-shirt over her head and pulled it down, tenting it outward until it cleared her breasts before letting the elastic take over and letting it constrict around her like a second skin. Suddenly the pressure was back, as if a switch had been thrown. Thinking quickly Candy pulled her top off and tossed it aside. As soon as the cloth was off her breasts the pressure disappeared and her breast's growth stopped dead.

"Fuck me!" Candy said, padding slowly and carefully to her bed before dropping onto the edge of her mattress without thinking of the consequences. As her bottom hit the bed her breasts slapped against her thighs before leaping back into the air, bouncing wildly before Candy threw her arm across them, just long enough to slow their motion,

barely enough time for the pressure to return before it disappeared again. *Maybe if I just go to sleep it will be better in the morning*, she thought hopefully, looking skeptically at her digital clock, 7:04 PM blinking brightly in red. Candy sighed as she kicked off her shoes and wiggled out of her shorts before sliding into bed and pulling up her light summer sheet. Even the light cotton sheet betrayed her as the pressure returned, the skin of her breasts stretching against the cloth. Candy sighed and folded the sheet back before she reached over and flicked off her light and tried to sleep.

Three hours later she still lay flat on her back, her sheets folded down to her waists, a huge weight pressing down on her chest, staring at the ceiling, waiting.

Waiting for sleep to come.

Mandy went into the stock room at the store and closed the door, collapsing against the door after it was closed, as if she was shutting out the entire world. The pressure in her pelvis, while not painful, was uncomfortable and growing more so by the minute. Mandy looked down at her lower body and frowned as she shuffled her feet together, all the better to see the contour of her hips. She ran her hands down the outer curves of her hips and thighs and paused a moment before glancing around the room. It only took a moment for her to spot the broken mirror propped up in the far corner of the room behind the sidewalk sale signs from last year. She pushed herself upright off the door, grunting with the effort. As soon as she was upright her upper body swung forward, the curve of her lower back even more pronounced. She tried to ignore the oddness as she waddled across the room and began to shift the signs and rubbish away from the broken mirror.

In moments the large shard of mirrored glass was clear and, not believing what her reflection told her, Mandy pulled off her sweatpants, forcing them down over her butt and hips before kicking them across the room. Unfortunately the picture was no better without the sweatpants than with them. Mandy's legs were longer, both her calves and thighs having grown longer and curvier, but the changes from her thighs up were the real problem. Mandy's thighs had grown much more plump compared to only a few days before. Then her legs had been more like sticks, now they were firm, tan and downright thick where they reached her rump, approaching the size of her waist. Mandy's hips and butt had grown massively, her rear looking more like a pair of basketballs than anything else. Her cheeks were firm tan spheres, spread widely by the pressure within her pelvis. Everything between her waist and knees had gotten into the act, Mandy noticed, her eyes growing wide as she spotted the massive size of her vulva, its contours clearly visible through her panties. *I'd probably enjoy the extra height if I could just stand up straight*, Mandy thought, pushing against her lower back as she tried to push herself upright. She failed.

I am so fucked, she thought, *I can't go home, I can't let anyone see me like this...* *I gotta find some way to fix this... and ARRGH!* Mandy's thoughts were interrupted as she reached down and pressed against either butt cheek, venting her frustrations against the ever-increasing pressure coming from within her hips. Getting no relief she sat on the floor, pulling her knees toward her chest, concentrating her weight, trying to push back against the pressure. It didn't make any difference. Mandy began to cry as she hugged her legs, her knees in front of her face, rocking slowly back and forth, feeling the padding of

her bottom slowly becoming more plush.

Michelle stood in front of her full length mirror immaculately dressed with two equally trendy outfits on hangers in her hands, alternately holding them in front of her, first one, then the other. Her hair was perfectly coiffed, her makeup understated but flattering, all three of the outfits exuding a sense of style and grace not known by most thirty year olds, much less teenagers.

She held up one of the outfits to her body again and her eyes locked into her eyes in her reflection. Her expression froze for a moment before her smile began to fade and she dropped the two outfits to the ground, her shoulders drooping as she looked away from her reflection before she raised her head and looked into her own eyes. While she stared at her own reflection she reached behind her neck and undid the clasp on her necklace, removed the amulet from around her neck and tossed it on her bed.

The first thing she noticed was her hair. Here and there a little tuft of hair began to pop up, the highlights in her hair fading as the ends appeared to split, taking on the appearance of having barely been combed, much less styled. Her eye shadow faded first, followed quickly by her tan. The area under her eyes got puffy, then darkened as the circles under her eyes became more pronounced. Her skin paled as the color leached from her lips, leaving her looking exhausted and unkempt.

No matter how many times she saw it, the sight of her belly practically exploding outward from her abdomen never ceased to depress her. It started as a slight bulge just below her panty line but quickly swelled into a small melon. Soon it appeared to push upward, her belly button pushed out over the curve of her belly as it grew. Soon her belly reached her sternum and it seemed as if it's expansion must stop, as there was nowhere left for her belly to grow but Michelle had learned not to underestimate how massively bloated she really was. She watched as belly continued to swell, pushing forward and outward to either side, the massive orb rapidly overtaking her body, appearing far too large for her to possibly carry. The change radiated outward, her rump and legs began to look more sturdy, a combination of muscle and fat. Meanwhile her breasts seemed to expand out of control, stretching her top to an insane degree, flopping heavily against the upper curve of her belly, her nipples becoming easily visible, even from some distance away. All together the changes made quite an impression.

Michelle stared at her reflection for a minute, her eyes half closed. Then for five minutes. Then ten. Then she turned and slowly waddled over to her bed, her belly and breasts wobbling madly. Michelle sat on the edge of her bed and laid down across the bed, resting on her side, reaching for the phone on the far nightstand. Her fingers came up several inches short of their goal. She sighed and tried wiggling this way and that, the bed creaking beneath her as she slowly inched toward the phone, her massive belly anchoring her firmly in place. Finally just as she was about to give up her fingertips reached the base of the phone and pulled it toward her, barely managing to catch it before it fell on the floor.

Michelle took the phone in hand and hit the speed dial. The phone was answered after only two rings. "Zoey? It's Michelle. I'm gonna pass on the dance tonight," Michelle said as she drew little circles on the side of her belly with her fingertip. "Yeah I know...It's just... I really don't feel good." She paused for a moment as she listened.

“It’s okay. I’m fine. I just think I’ll stay home tonight.” She paused again, listening to the phone. “Yeah, maybe next time.” Michelle said as she hung up, tears coming to her eyes as she rubbed her belly, trying to dismiss the itchy tightness of her skin that never went away.

“Maybe.”

CHAPTER II

The morning light slowly illuminated Candy's bedroom as she lay, tossing and turning. She seemed to be dreaming, her head tilting from side to side, smiling slightly, occasionally making quiet cooing sounds or small gasps, as if her dreams were a bit more... exciting than her usual fare. Slowly, as the morning sunlight brightened her room Candy faded into that sort of twilight sleep just preceding full wakefulness. In her dream she still felt the strong firm touch of his hands running down her back and over her thighs before moving up her front and running gently over her breasts. But as she dreamed the gentle touch of his hands gave way to a gentle massaging and, at least in her dream, an unfamiliar pressure from within her breasts. She twisted away from her dream man's grasp, but his incessant massaging became rougher, the pressure she felt in her breasts becoming strong and achy. Finally, unable to stand it anymore she pushed herself away from his grasp and closed her eyes, as if to shut out the whole of the dream. That was when she realized it. She was awake, barely, laying flat on her back, but the breast massage and the horrid achy pressure were all too real.

Still half asleep she quickly rolled over, both removing the massive weight from her chest and trying desperately to twist away from who ever was accosting her in her sleep. She twisted back and forth, rolling across the bed, unable to shake the hands of her attacker. Frantic, Candy rolled out of the bed kicking and screaming. She landed heavily on her panty-clad butt, supporting herself with her hands, now wide awake, her breasts bouncing to a stop in her lap. It only took a moment for her to glance around the room and realize she was still alone before she realized that neither the massage of her breasts nor had the overwhelming pressure stopped. Candy pinched her eyes closed, tears flowing liberally down her cheeks as she lowered her head to look down at her breasts, sitting in her lap.

Then she opened her eyes and screamed.

Overnight Candy's breasts had grown massively, now approaching the size of large watermelons. Her areola had grown as well, forming hemispherical outcroppings of soft, dark flesh capped with oversized nipples. But that was not what had made Candy scream. She'd had giant breasts before. What she screamed about were the hands.

A second set of arms, identical to the ones she'd always had, emerged from either side of her waist. They moved of their own accord, each tiny hand massaging her breasts as she watched, unable to control them or even feel them. As her new hands worked over her huge breasts, kneading them like they were bread dough, she felt the pressure within them increasing as they slowly expanded. Frantic, she began clawing at the unwelcome new appendages massaging her breasts, but they were like steel. Her hands couldn't even manage to slow their movements, much less pry them away from her breasts as she was so desperate to do. She grasped the new arms at the wrists and pulled as hard as she could, but the newly acquired limbs simply went about their business, unimpeded by her efforts.

As she continued to fight Candy began to cry, then bawl as the situation she was trapped in became more and more obvious. Finally she gave up on pulling at the new

arms and simply began slapping them out of futility. This, finally, did seem to get the hands attention and one of the hands released her breast and pointed at the ceiling and wagged its index finger back and forth, as if scolding a naughty child. Outraged Candy slapped at it again. Both hands seemed to shrug for a moment before they both let go of her breasts. Candy's relief was only momentary though as they immediately reached around her massive breasts and began rubbing her nipples. Now she felt the pressure growing within them as they grew hard, then began to swell in a sort of feverish bloating. As she stared crying and moaning, all but paralyzed from the intense pleasure she watched her nipples grow under the expert manipulations of the otherworldly hands. The pressure and bloating grew together until her nipples stood, painfully erect and deep reddish brown, each more than an inch thick and three inches long.

Then the hands released them, paused momentarily and began working her breasts again, the pressure within them growing even before the pressure in her nipples had ceased. The message was clear. *Leave the hands alone.* As she realized this Candy let her hands drop back to the floor and leaned back as she watched the hands as they massaged her breasts as she sobbed.

It was more than an hour before Candy managed to compose herself enough to go and find help. Once she made that decision it took her longer to get up off of the floor than to her sister's bedroom door. The massive weight of her breasts made it next to impossible for her to balance and the constant fondling by her new hands was driving her insane. She grabbed a sheet off her bed and wrapped in around herself, covering her newly larger breasts and busy extra hands before she stumbled out into the hallway and headed to Mandy's bedroom door. She leaned heavily against the doorframe, sweat beginning to bead across her forehead as the breast play began to take its toll.

"Mandy?" Candy said, "I... I need your help. I'm screwed up bad and I don't know what to do," she sobbed. "Dammit, are you listening to me?" she asked through the closed door, trying to ignore the incessant massage of her new and very much out of control hands. Finally losing patience both with Mandy and the constant sensual massage she opened the door and burst into Mandy's room. The still made bed told Candy everything she needed to know.

Dammit, where is she? Candy thought. *If she didn't come home last night, Candy reasoned as she looked for the phone amid Mandy's very messy room. She must have fallen asleep at the store,* she decided as she found the phone beneath a pile of dirty clothes and picked up the phone.

"Answer... answer..." Candy quietly pled into the phone.

At the vintage clothing shop's storeroom Mandy slept atop a pile of newly arrived blue jeans waiting to be washed and tagged for sale. At first she slept fitfully, wobbling slightly back and forth as the night wore on until, at some point in the night, the pressure in her hips and thighs finally relented and with the newly found peace afforded by the lack of constant pressure she fell into a deep sleep. It wasn't until early Sunday morning that she began to awaken to the distant sound of a phone ringing. Mandy yawned and reached up to brush her bangs out of her eyes, momentarily puzzled as what felt unmistakably like a big toe brushing across her forehead. Mandy opened her eyes and looked around the room, her eyes barely open. *The phone,* she thought and reached up to

pull herself up by the shelving unit behind her but her hand just bumped against the shelf. Still half-asleep she tried again, but again she failed to grab the shelf. Curious, she flexed her fingers and found them practically immobile. Now worried she lowered her hand so it was in front of her face where she could see it.

Only it was no longer a hand.

Mandy's hands had been replaced by what appeared to be perfect copies of her own dainty feet. Even as she watched she could see her forearm slowly lengthening and fattening, looking more and more like a calf than forearm. Mandy raised her other hand in front of her face and, seeing it matched the first rubbed her new feet together, as if testing their reality. Everything seemed to be moving slowly to Mandy as she realized she heard someone shrieking even as she sat watching her wrists twist into the obvious shape of ankles, losing almost all of their flexibility in the process. Then she realized where the shrieking was coming from.

Mandy continued to shriek as she stumbled to her (original) feet and wobbled around the room. Her original legs had grown even longer and thicker, her thighs now thicker than her waist, her butt swollen into two huge hemispheres. Although she hadn't noticed yet, her torso had shortened to half its original size, her back bent like an S by her very curved spine. Mandy slammed into the door into stockroom door, fumbling at the doorknob with her new feet before finally giving up and simply pounding on the door with her new little feet.. With only a few hits the thin interior door gave way, first one hole, then two, then the door popped open as the door folded against itself down the middle and Mandy stumbled into the showroom, her shrieking now quieted to gasps and whimpering. She crossed to the phone quickly, her eyes glazed, tears pouring from her eyes as she reached for the phone automatically and knocked it off the counter with her new hand-become-foot.

"Hello?" Mandy heard quietly coming from the phone as it lay on the floor.

Mandy looked at the phone, then down at herself and back to the floor again before something clicked in her mind that made everything make sense, no matter how implausible the idea was. She lowered herself carefully to the floor and, using both of her new feet, carefully picked up the phone and raised it to her head.

"Hello?" Candy said, obviously still crying. "Hello, are you there Mandy?"

"I'm here," Mandy said, amazingly calm even for a normal day. "What's up?"

"I'm so, so screwed," Candy bawled, "I need your help. When can you get home."

"I can't," Mandy deadpanned, having maneuvered the phone between her shoulder and head so that she was free to examine her still changing forearms and hands. "I'm having like the weirdest nightmare ever and I can't really do anything until I wake up."

"Listen to me, okay?" Candy said, "I'm not asleep and neither are you. Now get yourself together and get home."

"If I'm not asleep I am sooo totally screwed," Mandy laughed as she wiggled her new toes, "besides, I keep falling down."

"You always did have two left feet," Candy said, "Listen I'll..."

Mandy cut Candy off, laughing at Candy's comment, the laughter going on far longer than it should have, becoming more and more maniacal as the laughter went on and on. Candy just stared at the phone for a moment before she yelled into the handset,

trying to be heard over Mandy's insane laughter. "Listen to me! Just stay put. I don't know how but I'm coming to the store. Don't move and don't let anyone into the store." Mandy's laughter got even louder as she looked at the bulge of the store's keychain in her tiny pockets, the phone dropping from her shoulder as she fumbled at her pockets with her feet, her laughter growing in volume as it continued on and on and on and on and on...

CHAPTER 12

Candy stood outside the store as she tried to look in the windows. The early morning sun reflected off them, making seeing inside practically impossible. All she could see was the reflection of the Inner Harbor. Candy cupped her hands against the glass and tried to step up to the window but the massive outcropping of her breasts and new arms, barely covered by an oversized top, blocked her from getting close enough to the glass to see in. Finding no joy Candy went to the door and pulled, fully expecting it to be locked and she was not disappointed. She reached into her pockets and searched for her keychain but found nothing, even her house keys were still at home. Candy banged futilely on the door, hoping Mandy would hear her and come to the door but after several minutes no one came to the door. *Luckily there's more than one way to get into the store*, Candy thought before she turned and headed around to back hallway that connected the rear entrances of the three stores connected to the vintage shop. Halfway to the rear entrance Candy paused to catch her breath, leaning heavily against the wall of the building even as the her newly grown arms continued their work, massaging her breasts. Their weight and size had continued to increase as she made her way to shop, the hands relentlessly driving their growth, not to mention the intensely erotic nature of the massage. It took a minute for Candy to catch her breath and push the thoughts of what had happened to her out of her mind and concentrated on one idea, getting to Mandy.

Mandy can help. She always was able to make things right.

Candy drew in a deep breath and stretched, placing her hands in the small of her back and pushed against the immense weight of her breasts and leaned back before she headed to the rear entrance to the store. Candy got to the steel fire door and grabbed the metal jamb next to the doorknob and slid it up and down as she jiggled the knob. As she pulled against the knob she continued sliding the doorjamb up and down until the door popped open, spilling vintage jeans into the hallway. "Mandy?" Candy called out as she awkwardly stepped over the wash of jeans and stumbled into the stockroom, barely keeping her balance as her breasts swung heavily back and forth, bouncing against each other, the erotic friction between them momentarily drawing her attention before they came to a halt.

Candy looked around the room, instantly spotting the shattered door into the showroom. "Mandy?!" Candy called out, now very concerned as she slipped over a jacket laying on the floor and fell through the doorway into the main room of the store. Mandy lay on her side across the room, mostly obscured by the clothing racks. Candy rushed to Mandy's side and rolled Mandy onto her back. Candy straddled Mandy's prone form, resting one of her hands against Mandy's cheek and pushing her head back and forth until her eyes slowly opened.

"Am I awake now?" Mandy asked.

"We're both awake and I'm majorly fucked. I don't know what I'm gonna do." Candy said, looking down at Mandy's face.

“What’s with the coat,” Mandy said, still half asleep, as she stared at Candy’s overstuffed windbreaker and a constant motion continued underneath. Candy looked down at her top, tears streaming down her face as she pulled the zipper down slightly before she reached down and grabbed the lower hem of the pull-over and lifted up, above her breasts.

Mandy gasped as she looked at Candy’s massive breasts. They were hugely full, hanging down below Candy’s waist, the full lower curves only inches from brushing against Mandy’s abdomen. They pressed firmly against each other, bouncing and rubbing against each other as they moved. It took a moment for Mandy to process what she was seeing, her eyes tracking down the length of Candy’s cleavage and to her grotesquely oversized nipples before she wondered why Candy was constantly rubbing and massaging her breasts. From there it only took a moment for her to grasp the fact that Mandy now had two sets of arms. Mandy’s mouth fell open as she looked up to Mandy’s face.

“They won’t stop. I can’t... they’re not... I’m not making them do stuff. I can’t...” Candy said, stumbling over the words before she just stopped talking and broke into a slow, quiet sob and pulled her top back over her massive breasts.

Mandy’s eyes opened a bit wider as something suddenly dawned on her. “So wait,” Mandy said. “I’m awake?”

Candy nodded silently though her sobs.

Mandy looked at Candy’s face then down at Candy’s boobs, beginning to cry as she closed her eyes, tears squeezing from between her eyelids. Slowly she lifted both her arms-become-legs up and raised her new right foot in between herself and Candy. She began sobbing loudly as she lay there, her new arm-leg beginning to shake slightly before she opened her eyes. Her tiny foot and ankle looked as they had before but now her forearm had taken the very obvious shape of her own overly meaty calf. Her forearms were thin, quickly swelling into a large meaty calf just south of her elbow. This observation took place in less than a second.

Mandy gasped, instinctively trying to cover her mouth with her hand, but only succeeding in placing her other new foot over her mouth, against her lips. As soon as she realized the hand covering her mouth was not a hand but a foot she yanked it away from her face, disgusted, her new foot bouncing off Candy’s massive breasts. Without thinking Mandy reached up with her hand to push the offending hand-foot away, but as her other hand-come- foot came into view she panicked and began thrashing back and forth in a blind panic, even as her upper arms slowly began to fatten and elongate.

Candy reached out and grabbed Mandy’s new legs by her ankles and tried to stop their kicking but as her arms had begun to change to legs they had become much stronger and Candy could barely hold onto Mandy’s ankles and certainly couldn’t stop Mandy’s new feet from repeatedly bouncing off her own massively swollen breasts. After a minute of the constant barrage of little feet against her breast Candy had enough. “Stop kicking me in the boobs!” she yelled. Mandy froze, startled by Candy’s scream and the realization of what she was doing.

For a moment both girls sat there staring into each other’s eyes, tears streaming down their cheeks and their lips quivered, their faces pale from shock, their arms outstretched, Candy holding Mandy’s new feet just out of view. Slowly their breathing began to return to normal and Candy said, “Okay... okay... Lets both just take a few

deep breaths and then we can start to sort this out.”

Mandy stared at Candy, her mouth falling open before she said, “Deep breaths then sort this out? We didn’t oversleep for the SATs, we’re fucking mutated.”

“DEEP BREATHS!” Candy said, making it very clear this was not a point she was going to budge on.

Mandy sighed and took a deep breath and waited for Candy to do the same. Then they released at the same time and took another deep breath, then another, both girls slowly calming down.

“Okay,” Candy said. “We can’t go to Michelle for help...”

“cause this is because of that chaos crap from Brazil right?” Mandy replied.

“What else?” Candy asked.

“Then we’re royally fucked.” Mandy replied.

“No we’re not!” Candy shouted.

“We’re not?” Mandy said as she twisted her foot free from Candy’s grasp and held it out less than an inch from the tip of Candy’s nose. “See this? It’s a foot. A FOOT. Remember what they said about chaos. They can’t undo what it does. And I have feet for fucking hands. How can I go through life with...”

Candy cut her off “Shut up! Okay! Just SHUT UP! I have to think... and get that thing outta my face!” Candy said, swatting Mandy’s foot.

Mandy pulled her foot back from in front of Candy’s face and held it in front of her own. She tilted her head slightly as she tilted her new foot this way, then that, looking at it silently. Slowly she turned her new foot so its arch faced her nose and slowly wiggled her toes back and forth. It was only then she realized that Candy was staring at her.

“What?!?” she asked.

“What are you doing?” Candy asked, one eyebrow raised as she watched Mandy inspecting her new foot.

“Are my toes really this big?” Mandy asked, curling her smaller toes, leaving her big toe pointed upward.

Candy’s mouth fell open. “Come on, get serious!” Candy said, then gasped involuntarily.

“Me... get serious. Me. *I’m* not the one moaning and gasping and groaning every five seconds because of all the boob play.”

“I can’t help it!” Candy said, “It’s these goddamned demon hands. I can’t make them stop.” Candy grabbed the hands massaging her breasts by the wrists and pulled as hard as she could. The hands didn’t budge, but the moment she released them they slid over the full curves of her breasts to her nipples and began stretching and tugging on them, as if milking a cow. Candy gasped, her eyes rolling back as her head lolled to one side. After a few minutes the demon hands released her nipples and went back to rubbing the large, full curves of her breasts, leaving her nipples nearly twice the size they had been before. Slowly Candy’s eyes opened and she struggled to catch her breath.

“Done yet?” Mandy said. “Like you want them to stop. Looks like you’re having way too much fun over there.”

“Fun?” Candy asked, incredulous. “Fun?! It’s like being groped by some asshole except there’s no one to slap... and did I mention that the more they grope the bigger my boobs get???”

“No way! That’s why they’re so huge?” Mandy asked, looking at Candy’s boobs

and how they filled her lap.

“Yeah... and they’re a lot bigger now than they were on the way over here.”

“They’ve got to be so heavy!” Mandy said and, without thinking, reached out, resting her two tiny new feet on the outside curves of Candy’s hugely bloated breasts.

“Uh...” Candy said, looking down at her breasts. “Get your han... fee... uh... just lay off my boobs, okay? It’s bad enough with the goddamned demon hand things.”

“So what the fuck do we do now?” Mandy said, her breathing slowing to a more normal pace.

“I don’t know, but we can’t stay here.” Candy said, staring down into her slowly deepening cleavage. “People will be on Harborplace in an few hours and the store is too open.”

“So where do we go?” Mandy asked, as she lifted her still stretching and fattening arms in front of her, watching with almost clinical detachment as her upper arms fattened and lengthened into thighs.

“I don’t know okay!” Candy yelled. “We can’t go home, that’s the first place...” Candy trailed off.

“What’s up?” Mandy asked.

“Why are we sitting around having a normal everyday conversation while we’re fucking mutating,” Candy replied.

“Yeah,” Mandy said as she raised an eyebrow, “Shouldn’t we like be in denial or screaming and crying or something?”

“Unless... Remember what Michelle’s mom said?” Candy said.

“The chaos energy preserves their minds while it destroys their bodies.” Mandy said.

Candy scrunched up her face. “No, that’s now how it went, it was more like....”

“I think your making the point right now,” Mandy said, cutting Candy off as she began fumbling at the waistband of her sweatpants with her feet, trying to slide them inside.

“Ha, ha, ha. Okay Ms. Smarty-Pants. Where do we go?” Candy said, her eyes closed, beginning to groove on the constant breast massage from her new hands.,

“There’s only one place to go,” Mandy said as she grew more frustrated at her inability to bend her new legs to get her feet down the front of her sweatpants. Soon she gave up on that idea and simply place the heel of one of her new feet against her pubic mound and began gently rubbing in tiny circles.

“The museum, it’s the only place. No one goes there anymore. Most people never knew about it anyway...” Candy said wistfully.

“And the ones that do know probably think the nest of evil bitches is still there,” Mandy said, her voice overly relaxed.

Candy shook her head and tried to clear her thoughts, dismissing the feelings coming from her massive breasts. “Come on we better motor while we can still get there. If my boobs get much heavier I won’t be able to stand up, much less walk.” Candy started to push herself to her feet before she looked over to Mandy. “What the fuck are you doing? Now’s not the time to play with yourself.”

“Shut up!” Mandy said. “I don’t know what’s wrong.”

“Besides your arms turning into legs and me growing giant boobs and extra arms?”

“Shut up!” Mandy said again, “I’m just so horny... You think its part of this chaos crap?”

Candy rolled her eyes as she pushed herself slowly off the floor, “No, I think it's a coincidence.... Duh! Of *course* its part of it,” Candy finished as she finally got to her feet and waited for her breasts to settle down, at least as much as they could settle given the constant fondling before she reached out with both arms. “Come on, we gotta go while it’s still early enough that no ones around.”

Mandy held up her new legs, not even thinking that she couldn’t grasp Candy’s hands to pull herself up. “Don’t worry about it,” Candy said as if she read Mandy’s thoughts while she grabbed Mandy by the ankles and pulled. “I got you.” As Candy pulled Mandy pushed herself off the floor and together they got Mandy to her (original) feet. Only when she was on her feet were they both able to see the less obvious changes going on. Mandy’s torso had shortened a great deal, by more than half, leaving her shoulders very close to her waist. Her original legs had grown longer and thicker, her hips and thighs had spread and her butt looked more like a pair of basketballs than anything a girl her age should ever have to cram into her sweatpants.

Almost as soon as Mandy was on her feet and Candy released her grip the weight of Mandy’s still growing arms-become-legs threw her off balance. For an awkward moment she stood, teetering back and forth, her new legs flailing before she fell forward, her decent stopped when her new feet suddenly hit the floor, allowing her to stand on all fours. Almost as soon as she realized she was standing on her new feet Mandy panicked, kicking off the floor with her front legs and flailing about as she babbled incoherently.

Candy carefully stepped forward, avoiding Mandy’s flailing legs and hugged her tightly, until she slowly calmed down. “Come on, we have to get going before it gets much later and people start showing up on Harborplace. Are you gonna be okay?”

Mandy nodded slowly and after considering for a moment Candy released her and stepped back. “Okay. Lets find something to wear.”

“Why am I still getting more and more fucked up and you’re not getting any worse?” Mandy said as she looked back and forth from her still fattening and lengthening upper arms to the massive outcropping under Candy’s now not-so-oversized pullover.

“You’re kidding right? They’re so heavy now I can’t stand up straight.” Candy said and lifted her top up again. It was obvious that even in the twenty minutes the two girls had been talking Candy’s breasts had grown even larger, but not just larger. Now they seemed more swollen, more tightly packed, as if they had been inflated with flesh. Her ripening breasts stood much further out from her body, her breasts taking on more of a heavy torpedo shape as the swelled, her gigantic nipples and areola capping the great football shaped breasts. “Do they look like they’re not getting worse?” Candy said, barely able to hold back a gasp as her new hands took the opportunity to give her nipples a tease.

“Let’s just get going,” Mandy said.

Candy nodded silently as she pulled her top back over her increasingly heavy breasts.

They dressed quickly, Candy simply tossing a poncho over herself while Mandy wrapped herself as best she could in an Indian blanket. Within minutes they were ready to go and Mandy and Candy met at the front door. The twins found they could barely remain upright, the weight of their new legs and breasts pulling them forward. “Come

on,” Candy said as she leaned against Mandy, helping them both remain upright. “This is going to be easy. We stick together. It’s only a few hundred yards to the museum and we’re home free”

Mandy nodded. “Let’s just get this over with before I change my mind.”

Together the girls headed out of the store into the cool morning air, slowly limping across Harborplace toward the only safe haven they could think of. The only place no one would think to look for them. “Don't worry,” Candy said, “I know where we can get some help...”

CHAPTER 13

Michelle called downstairs from her room, “Hold on! I’m coming!”

The doorbell rang several times in quick succession as the button was tapped.

“Dammit, I said I’m coming!” Michelle said as she slowly and carefully limped down the stairs. Both her necklace and leg brace were in place, together giving her the appearance of being just an injured sixteen year old rather than the massively pregnant supernatural being she really was. She held onto the handrails on either side of the stairway, holding on for dear life as she slowly wobbled down the stairs toward the front door, her massive belly shifting side to side with each step, the huge weight pulling her this way and that as she tried to hurry down the stairs, her huge breasts bouncing heavily with each step, slapping against the upper curve of her belly. Only her tiny hand’s grip on the handrails kept her from tumbling down into the stair hall below. But even that tiny amount of safety began to slip away as her hands grew slick with sweat even as the doorbell rang yet again. Just in the nick of time Michelle reached the stair hall and grabbed the newel post, barely able to stop herself from falling. Michelle caught her breath and pulled herself upright before she headed to the front door. The doorbell rang yet again as Michelle reached forward for the doorknob, only to be thwarted as her belly bounced against the door just as her hand was about to reach the doorknob.

Michelle sighed and turned slightly to one side and grabbed the doorknob. She turned the brass knob and sidestepped away from the door, pulling the heavy oak door open.

“Hey, what kept you?” Julia smiled, standing in the doorway, a shopping bag in one hand. Even having seen Julia before the sight still surprised Michelle. Julia was four and a half feet tall, no more, and aside from her belly looked like any twelve-year old girl she had ever seen. Her belly though, that was amazing. Julia’s belly was at least half-again as large as Michelle’s, the huge egg shaped orb dominating her body, sticking out further in front of her than she could reach, wrapping around her sides, filling most of the space between her armpits and hips. She wore a simple pale yellow tank top, bunched up above her massive belly, and red shorts that were barely visible beneath the huge outcropping of her belly.

“Sorry, I was upstairs... HEY! What are you doing here? I almost killed myself getting down here just to find you at the door?”

“Sorry...”, Julia replied, seemingly saddened by the greeting she received. “I brought ice cream...” she continued, holding her bag aloft.

“You expect me to just invite you in because you’ve brought ice cream?” Michelle said incredulously.

“It is double chocolate,” Julia pouted.

Michelle thought for a moment, “Well, I’m not inviting you in. If you can come in without being invited, feel free,” she said, stepping backwards from the door.

Julia smiled, and waddled through the door, barely clearing the doorframe and Michelle’s glamourised form., “Don’t look so surprised. I’m not a vampire.”

Michelle closed her eyes and rubbed them, embarrassed. “So, ice cream?” Julia

said hopefully.

“So, “ Michelle said, resting her bowl of ice cream on her outsized but camouflaged belly, “why are you here?”

Julia continued to look Michelle, but the moment Michelle sat her bowl down atop her belly Julia got a quizzical, confused look on her face, as if something was confusing or simply not making sense. She raised her hand, blocking her view of Michelle. “Could you take off that amulet? When you do stuff like rest that bowl on your belly it really messes with my head. Besides, we’re all preggo here...”

“Uh...I look like hell, besides I’m so fat.” Michelle said.

“You? You’re fat?” Julia laughed.

She had a point. Sitting Julia’s belly stuck out well past her knees, its massive size forcing her legs apart to a degree that was painful to observe, not to mention the fact that her belly occupied all the space between her sternum and pelvis. Her thighs and calves, while thinner than you would expect given the size of her belly, were not exactly thin either.

Michelle sighed and reached behind her neck, removing her amulet, the illusion collapsing, revealing her true appearance.

Julia carefully lowered her hand and glanced in Michelle’s direction before she smiled and raised her head, a look of concern crossing her face as she saw Michelle’s disheveled appearance. “Time for a spa day?” Julia said kindly, “Everyone needs to treat themselves once in awhile.”

“Why are you here again?” Michelle asked.

“Think of me as the welcome wagon. Welcoming you into our little club.” Julia said.

“Isn’t it a little late for a welcome? I’ve been like this for most of a year.” Michelle sneered.

“You’ve been *blessed* for about eight months. I’ve been alive for about twelve hundred years. Eight months is nothing. Besides, we don’t exactly have a newsletter. No messages saying ‘Lets all welcome our new friend, Michelle’. Besides, the Welcome Wagon isn’t the only reason I’m here.” Julia said

“I knew it... What?” Michelle said.

“You feel it too.. vaguely uncomfortable, slightly upset stomach, almost a headache, but not... Chaos is brewing here, and we’re gonna stop it.” Julia replied.

“Us? You and me? Shouldn’t we get some help?” Michelle asked.

Julia laughed, “ Yeah right. From who? Penelope and your mom? They don’t have any power. They just try to pigeonhole us, try to make what we are fit into their own beliefs. They can’t help it. They have faith in what they believe. But that’s different than knowing... and I do know...”

“Why should I trust you? After all, you’re evil.” Michelle said.

Julia rolled her eyes, “You see, there you go. There’s this fundamental misunderstanding. I’m not evil. I’m *influenced* by evil, but I’m not evil.”

“Yeah right, what’s the difference?” Michelle said.

“That’s going to take awhile to explain and I don’t know about you but I’m all out of ice cream. Maybe now is as good a time as any to take a look around. I’ve never been

to Baltimore before.” Julia said, setting her bowl aside.

“So now you want to sightsee?” Michelle replied, getting tired of the whole conversation.

“Well, that and talk and start scouting around for where ever the chaos infestation is,” Julia said.

“I’m not really up for a walking tour of Baltimore. I won’t last a half hour waddling around out there.” Michelle said as Julia slowly pulled herself to her feet, grunting quietly at the effort and widened her stance, allowing her belly to settle into her pelvis, before she crossed the room and offered her hands to Michelle. She took them into her own hands and the both pulled.

“And I could jog around Baltimore all day,” Julia mused as Michelle finally made it to her feet. Julia leaned to Michelle’s side as she regained her balance and whispered, “Jog... on a good day I can fly...” Julia pulled back and stopped to consider something. “...and you’re weak as a kitty cat. Why do you think that is?” Julia said as she turned and headed to the front door.

“All that energy didn’t help you get off the sofa any faster than I can,” Michelle smirked before she realized Julia was headed to the front door.

“Hold on, I can’t go out there with you,” Michelle said as she put on her amulet, disguising her appearance, “Everyone around here knows me.”

Julia gave Michelle’s disguised form a once over. “Evidently they don’t know you very well. You know, you have to learn to be more accepting. Just cause I look pregnant...”

“You don’t just *look pregnant*. You look like a twelve year-old pregnant with septuplets.” Michelle said.

Julia mumbled something. “What?” Michelle asked. “I said *I can’t help I look young*,” she repeated. “Things were different when I was young. I was fifteen when I was blessed, we just didn’t... mature as quickly back then. Everyone I knew my age looked like I do...”

“Sorry, I didn’t mean...” Michelle began.

“At least before they grew up, got old and died.” Julia continued before she pushed the thought aside and said “Come on, live a little... We can take a taxi if you get too tired... come on...” Julia said and smiled as she stepped out into the sunlight and tilted her head back and spread her arms as she slowly spun around in a circle. “Isn’t it a beautiful day?”

Michelle rolled her eyes and stepped carefully down the front stairs, smiling slightly at Julia’s attitude. “Come on, the Inner Harbor is this way...”

“You know, every city is kinda unique. At first they all seem the same but after you visit enough cities you see little differences.” Julia said as she waddled down the sidewalk.

“You’ve never been to Baltimore?” Michelle asked.

“I’ve been in the harbor on the way to New York but never in town. Its been awhile... back in those days looking like this was a good way to have torch and pitchfork wielding town folk burn down your inn,” Julia said. “Even then New York was

cosmopolitan. I remember..."

Their conversation was interrupted by a loud wolf whistle from across the street. Both girls turned involuntarily toward the sound. A group of teenagers was milling around the steps in front of one of the houses, now all looking around in different directions, as if none of them had anything to do with making the noise.

Julia stared at the group for a long moment before Michelle tapped her on the arm. "Come on, they're not worth it. Lets go." Julia continued to stare at them for a moment before she turned, her steely gaze melting as she turned to Michelle. "That's one thing I've never managed to develop... patience with..."

"HEY HOT MOMMMA!!!" a male voice shouted across the street. Now the small group made no attempt to hide their amusement as they laughed and pointed at Julia.

"That's it. Be right back," Julia said and crossed the street, ignoring oncoming traffic. Cars screeched to a halt, just inches from Julia as she slowly and deliberately waddled across the street. The group of teenagers began to quiet down as she approached, gathering together, as if to gather their bravery. "Wait, Julia!" Michelle cried out, waddling slowly behind, trying to catch up.

"Who said that?" Julia said, looking from boy to boy. None of them seemed the least bit embarrassed or guilty, but Julia quickly focused on one boy. "I should have known it would be you," she said to the boy, concentrating on his face for a moment before she continued, "Ramón."

The boy looked at Julia shocked for a moment before Julia spoke, her voice taking on a more melodic resonance. "Don't look so surprised. We dated for six months until you knocked me up," she said, looking at the girl hanging on Ramón's arm.

"Who's this?" the girl asked, slapping her boyfriend across the side of his head. "Huh? Who the fuck is she?" the girl continued, slugging him in the arm.

"Ramón and I go way back. He used to date my older sister. I shoulda known better when he got her pregnant but I was stupid and he didn't have any trouble doing me and my sister at the same time."

"What the fuck! The girl yelled, stepping away from Ramón. "She's like fucking ten years old."

"I don't know who this bitch is!" Ramón said to her, "I swear baby, I never saw her before today."

Julia acted shocked, "Ramón, how can you say that." Her voice grew richer as she continued, "Tell her Ramón, tell her how I'm pregnant with your babies. Tell her in your own words so she'll believe."

Michelle stepped up next to Julia... "Uh... come on... shouldn't we..."

Julia raised her hand, making it very clear she didn't want to hear what Michelle had to say.

"Is it true? Is it?" the girl asked.

"Baby..." Ramón said, "You gotta understand, everyone does things they're not proud of... lots of my friends have kids with like three or four bitc... women... I only have kids with one."

"You son of a bitch!" the girl yelled, slapping him across his face.

"Ramón," Julia said, pouting, "The babies want their daddy to feel them." Her voice grew subtly more commanding, "Come feel your babies kick."

Ramón closed the distance between them and placed his hand on Julia's belly, rubbing across the tight, shiny expanse. "There you go, that's not so bad... feels really good," Julia said. "Now give me a kiss..." Ramón leaned in close, starting to give Julia a peck on the cheek but Julia turned into his kiss, thrusting her tongue into his mouth. By now Ramón's friends had long since seen enough and were walking away, not looking back. Ramón's girlfriend was long gone.

"Now Ramón," Julia said, "I want you to go make up with your girl... and fuck her until she's knocked up. Then seduce all her friends and knock them up too..." Julia paused for a moment..."Your girlfriend have a sister?"

"Yeah, two" Ramón said, terrified.

"Knock them up too, just to be safe... and I want you to get this all taken care of this week... so get busy," Julia continued, her voice continuing with the same subtle, rich overtones. Ramón stared at Julia for a moment before he bolted, running down the street.

Julia turned around to face Michelle, smiling. "I never had any patience for assholes," Julia said and began waddling down the street. "Like I was saying, New York, even in 1922 was very cosmopolitan. You just had to know the right people."

"Oh my GOD!" Michelle said, "How could you do that? You've been so nice today and then.... Oh my GOD!" Michelle said again, as if her feelings about what just happened grew worse the more she thought about them.

"I'm making a point," Julia said.

"What point?" Michelle said incredulously.

"Okay... before I did anything nasty to Ramón... Just when I told him to tell his girlfriend something that wasn't true... how did you feel?"

"Uh... not good." Michelle admitted.

"Right... and that wasn't anything nasty was it? Just a bit of cleverness... but it made you feel bad and me feel good... Why do you think that is?"

"Cause you're evil! I can't believe I trusted you..." Michelle said, holding her face in her hands, still trying to come to terms with what she just saw happen.

"No. Because the not-so-little-bambino here," Julia said, slapping her belly, "has an evil influence. Your munchkin, on the other hand, is a much better influence on you." Every time you think of doing something right or moral or proper you practically burst with the glow of goodness within you, even if it's something you have absolutely no desire to do at all. And after that you wind up doing it... Doesn't seem so bad anymore, right? Mom asks you to do the dishes for three nights in a row when it's your sisters job and instead of being unhappy and put out suddenly you're embracing the warm happy feeling of giving. Aww, isn't it cute." Julia said smiling, wrapping her arms around her upper body, giving herself a hug. "And heaven forbid you think of doing something mean, or nasty or even just a little dishonest. Truthfully, when they told you that you were gonna be undercover girl in Brazil, how did you feel?"

Michelle thought about it for a moment, "Not good... nauseous I guess. I thought it was from the plane.

"No. It's the munchkin deciding for you what's the right and proper thing for you to do. Every time you do something it likes, you feel wonderful, when you do something it doesn't like you feel horrible."

Michelle looked shocked, "It's the same for you?"

"Now she's got it," Julia continued. "And believe me, after just a few years with

the big Buddha belly your own morals kinda get pushed to the side.”

“But you were so nice earlier,” Michelle said.

“Yeah, and you were mean to me in Brazil.” Not everything is about what they-that-make-us-waddle want.” Julia smiled, running her hand across the side of her belly. “They don’t influence everything. But the more emotional you get, the more strongly you feel about something the more they can influence you. Like just now. I was pissed. Way pissed... and things just got out of control.”

“But don’t you feel bad about it???” Michelle asked.

“You’re not getting it. I feel GREAT about it. When I think back on what just happened I feel a warm happiness in my heart that doesn’t compare to a dozen little puppies. I *know* that's not how I should feel about it, but there you go.”

“So it’s not really your fault?” Michelle said and stopped dead on the sidewalk. “Well how unfair is that! It’s not like it’s your fault that the demon you’re carrying is making you feel the way you do. Why the hell should you get damned for it?”

Julia stopped and turned as she began to laugh. “You’ve been listening to the monsignor too much. Who the hell said I’m damned? I’ve got a golden ticket and when God turns out the lights and puts the chairs up on the tables I’m headed straight for the pearly gates!”

CHAPTER 14

"Thanks for coming down so quickly," Candy said from within the darkened, barely open back doorway of the Peale Museum of Fine Arts. More to the point, the barely finished basement of said museum. She stood in the darkness, a large Indian blanket wrapped around her, despite the warm weather.

"It's no problem," Maria said as she relayed three bags of groceries from Mary to Candy one at a time. "I just wish you could tell me what this is all about."

"Don't worry, I will soon. Just remember, no matter who asks you don't know where Mandy and me are. You haven't seen us and we didn't say where we were going."

"Okay...." Maria said, making it obvious everything wasn't okay at all. "You just call if I can do anything for you. Anything at all."

"No problem," Candy smiled. "I got my cell phone right..." Candy gasped for breath and moaned sensuously before she choked back the sound. "I got my phone right here. I'll call if there's any trouble," Candy added, reaching out to Maria with a fist full of cash. Maria took the money as Candy shoved it into her hands. "Thanks again," Candy said as she pushed the fire door shut, the door clanging shut with a loud bang.

Maria and Mary stood outside the door as they heard the heavy metal bolts on the new fire door being thrown. "You think they're okay in there?" Mary asked skeptically.

"I don't know. We can check on them tomorrow or Tuesday and see if they're still here." Maria sorted through the wad of bills Candy had thrust into her hands pulling out a ten and five ones. "Here's your money back." Maria said as she handed it to Mary.

"Thanks," Mary said as Maria shoved the rest of the cash into her overly tight blue jeans. "So, what do you want to do today?" Maria asked, "And don't say Orange Julius."

Mary's face fell as she heard those words, "But I love Orange Julius!" Mary said, not noticing that Maria was scrubbing the palms of her hands against her denim-clad thighs, as if trying to rub something off that just didn't want to come loose.

"Let's go to Dairy Queen, I have to use the bathroom," Maria said, rubbing her hands together, trying to rub some sort of residue from her palms.

"Are they gone?" Mandy asked as she slowly and awkwardly teetered out of the darkness. Mandy's torso had shortened, barely large enough to connect her hips and shoulders. Her arms had continued to become more leg-like. Her upper arms now were nearly identical to her thighs, although they continued to slowly fatten where they met her shoulders. She had her forelegs bent at the knees, carefully holding her new feet off the floor.

"Yeah, they're gone," Candy said, dragging the three bags of groceries off the Guggenheim like circular ramp that surrounded the room and into the lowest level, the central room of the museum. As soon as Candy got near the center of the room she dropped the rope she used to drag her makeshift grocery sled and threw aside the Indian

blanket she was wrapped in. She still wore her windbreaker beneath it, but now the nylon fabric was stretched tightly over her breasts and new, unwelcome arms. She fought with the zipper at the neckline, forcing it down before grabbing the bottom hem of the top and trying to pull it off, but it was no use. Her breasts had simply grown too big to allow her to get the top over their massiveness. Candy pulled at the top, trying to rip the seams near the neckline zipper, but it was no use. Finally between the brave front she put on for Maria and Mary and the frustration she felt trying to get off her top, a top that by the minute was getting harder and harder to remove Candy could take it no longer and began to cry, dropping to her knees as her feet dropped out from under her.

Mandy began to slowly and carefully wobble across the room, careful not to allow her forelegs to touch the ground. "Oh Candy," she said as she wobbled along but stopped five feet short of Mandy. "Uh... Candy... something's happening... Candy!" Mandy called out. Through her tears Candy looked up and realized immediately what Mandy was complaining about. Mandy's shoulders had begun to swell, even now taking on the fairly obvious general shape of butt cheeks. Her shoulder blades folded together as her shoulders expanded, pushing her breasts together into the increasingly tight space between the swelling hemispheres of a new and rapidly expanding ass. Candy watched horrified as Mandy's breasts pushed together and melded as her new shoulders swelled and grew together, what was left of her breasts settling below and between the quickly swelling ass cheeks, forming a vulva.

"Candy!" Mandy called out again as her new ass began to rapidly swell, pushing upwards and outwards. Mandy lifted her head, trying to get her face out of the way as the two massive hemispheres neared her chin, but it was no use, her body just refused to bend the way she wanted it to. "Mmmmdmm!" Mandy mumbled, as her face pushed firmly into the crevice between the two huge fat spheres of flesh.

"Oh my God!" Candy cried out and tried to push herself to her feet, but the massive weight of her breasts pulled her down, not to mention the constrictive nature of the more than skintight windbreaker. Then Candy had a brainstorm. She slapped at the demonic hands through the windbreaker, pummeling them and grabbing at their wrists as they continued to massage her gigantically swollen breasts. Within moments Candy's actions had the desired effect. The demonic hands ceased their constant breast-play and reached for Candy's own normal hands, ignoring the fabric of the windbreaker, passing through it like it was tissue. The hands grabbed Candy's normal arms at the wrist and held them there for a moment, but just as they released their grip and began to reach for Candy's breasts they stopped. Suddenly the constant pressure Candy had been feeling for the past day was gone and the swelling of her breasts stopped. Unfortunately it was far too late for that to matter. Each of Candy's breasts shined like an overfilled balloon, the skin taught and shiny over each massive football-shaped breast. Even with their immense weight they refused to lay completely against her torso, instead sticking out nearly two feet in front of her at the waist. Candy stared at her breasts, then back to the demonic arms as they paused, as if unsure what to do next. Candy turned slowly toward Mandy, feeling and hearing the skin of her breasts sliding against each other, the feeling almost intoxicating.

"Mandy! Hold on!" she said and took three steps toward Candy. Then the demonic hands jumped into action. One slid around Candy's belly, feeling back and forth for a moment before it unexpectedly pushed its way under the waistband of Candy's

jeans and into her panties. Candy gasped, first as the hand began its ministrations, and again as she realized the horrid pressure she had felt in her breasts for the last day was now coming from between her legs. Meanwhile the other demonic hand slid along Candy's side and up, across her chest. It caressed Candy's neck and ran over her ear before it settled on the right side of Candy's face and began rubbing back and forth, ignoring her hair and the discomfort it caused as it ran over the corner of her eye.

Candy grabbed at the demonic hand, even as the pressure that had grown her breasts to the size they were now began to press outward from within her cheek and forehead. Candy screamed as she realized on some primal level what was happening and tried to wrestle with the demonic arm, but its strength was insurmountable. Only when she gave up and allowed her arms to drop to her sides as she bawled did the hand stop for a moment. Before it had chastised her when she interfered with its work, but now it only stopped for a moment before it returned to her head and slid along her cheek until it reached her nose. The demonic hand began rubbing in circles around Candy's nose, beginning in a large circle and slowly spiraling in. Candy felt the pressure building as the demonic hand continued its work. She barely saw though her tears as the front of her face began to push out into a sort of mussel. She could feel the flesh wanting... no needing to grow outward and when she looked down she could see her cheeks and the area under her nose pushing outwards, the skin darkening as her face became more pointed. Finally the gentle massage of the demonic hand reached her nose and began to pull and kneed it, at first gently then with more vigor as the tip of her nose swelled into a semi-firm, fleshy nub. It grew longer, darker and thicker as the demonic hands worked their magic, only stopping when Mandy's entire view when looking down was filled with the huge nipple and areola that her nose and the front of her face had become.

Candy wanted to collapse on the floor and cry herself to sleep right there, but her sister still struggled just a few feet away. Candy pushed herself upright, trying to ignore the incredible and horrific feelings coming between her legs as well as the view of her distorted face and made her way to Mandy's side. But try as she might she couldn't take her eyes off the massive nipple now growing from the center of her face and she stumbled right into Mandy, knocking them both off their feet into a pile of twisted and tangled limbs.

As they landed Candy heard her sister gasp for breath, taking huge deep breaths, trying to make up for lost time. "Mandy?" Candy called out, not sure which of Mandy's legs was in front of her face. "Yeah..." Mandy panted, still unable to catch her breath.

"Whew... thank God you're all right." Candy said.

"All right?! I'm pretty fucking far from all right, I can't even fucking stand up without smothering on my own...oh my God, what happened to your face???"

"What?" Candy said, gasping for air as the demonic hand in her pants continued its evil doings. All ready Candy could feel her jeans growing tighter as the flesh between her legs swelled. "What happened?" She asked, reaching up and feeling the front of her face. The skin across her face had turned more delicate and silky smooth, even more so than normal. It took a moment for her to realize that it felt just like her areola did, even down to the downright pleasant feeling from gently tracing her fingers around the soft flesh. If there was any doubt that her nose had been turned into a huge nipple that was dispelled from her mind as soon as she felt its firm warm flesh. It felt exactly the same as the massive nipples now adorning her original but hugely swollen breasts.

Candy pulled her hands away from her nose and began to untangle herself from Mandy's four very long legs. Within a few moments Candy was free and forced herself to her feet, her breasts wobbling heavily in front of her. "Come on, let me try to help you up." Candy said as she held out her hands to Mandy. Mandy drew her original set of legs under her as she reached up with her forelegs. Candy grabbed Mandy's forelegs at the ankle and they pulled together, slowly lifting Mandy to her rear feet. But as soon as Mandy was upright, her forefeet held as high off the floor as she could manage, she began to smother again, her face pushed into the massive upper curves of the ass her chest had become. Only now Candy could see why Mandy was having so much trouble...

"Mandy! Listen to me" Candy shouted, "You have to stand up... on all your legs... put your feet on the floor,

Mandy tried to say something, but it just came out as a muffled "mnnnnnewwww!"

Candy knew instantly what Mandy had meant and placed her hands on Mandy's new butt and pushed down as hard as she could. Mandy teetered forward until her forefeet touched the floor, allowing her new and very plush bottom to drop away from her face. "Holy shit!" Mandy gasped as she stood there on her four very dainty feet. "This feels sooo weird." Mandy said, carefully stepping forward, trying to get used to her new stance, looking very much like a baby deer trying to stand for the first time.

"You think you feel weird," Candy said, trying to look down between her massive breasts at the hand stuck down her pants.

"Oh my God. You're evil hand is getting you off!" Mandy nearly squealed.

"Shut up!" Candy replied, twisting away from Mandy's view.

"Sorry, I'm not making fun of you or anything... I'm just..." Mandy began before she drifted off into a whisper.

"Just what?" Candy asked.

"I'm just so fucking horny. Okay? Is that what you wanted to hear?"

Candy was quiet for a moment. "I guess that makes sense, you do have two of all the important parts for that now, makes sense when your horny you'd be twice as horny as normal."

"No, no, no, no, no... This isn't like twice as horny as when I'm normally horny. This is like screw-all-the-guys-in-the-debate-team horny. It's like coming in waves and oh my GOD, is my vulva really that huge?" Mandy asked, her head tilted forward, looking down over and between the new massive butt cheeks that had taken up residence only inches from her face.

Candy stared at her sister for a moment, wide eyed before she sighed and began speaking. "Yes. Your brand new special parts are really that big... and so is the SECOND ASS you just GREW... What's the matter with you? WHO CARES how big it is???"

"Like you don't care how big your butt is," Mandy snorted.

Mandy thought about that for a moment before continuing. "My butt is still just like it was yesterday. But you don't see me sitting here complaining that my nipples are too damn big, do you?" Candy looked down at her very sizable assets. "Pretty big aren't they? Bigger than damn salt shakers and you know what?" She paused for an instant, catching her breath, "I don't care. I'm not complaining and I don't care. You know why?" Candy paused again, giving her sister time to reply but just as Mandy opened her mouth Candy continued, "Because when you're boobs are the bigger than a couple of

watermelons, WHO CARES how big your nipples are?!?!”

As Candy screamed at Mandy she realized that Mandy was no longer looking her in the eye but staring downward, In the moments it took Candy to wonder why Mandy was looking down at her new butt again she realized that Mandy wasn't examining her newly massive curves but was just trying to avoid looking at Candy as the tears poured down her face. Only at that moment did Candy realize Mandy was blubbering, her sobbing barely audible over the sound of skin rubbing against skin as her own breasts slid against each other, propelled by her slightest movements.

Candy felt horribly for ranting at her sister, *Mandy has to be even more screwed up than I am now*, Candy thought as she quickly crossed the space between them. Mandy tried to back away but her awkward Bambi steps no match for Candy. Candy considered for a moment, trying to figure out just how to hug Mandy before she shook her head, closed her eyes and charged in blindly, wrapping her arms around whatever parts of Mandy she could reach, pulling herself in until she could feel the hot breath of Mandy's sobs against her cheek.

They stayed there, hugging and crying, comforting each other.

All alone in the dark.

CHAPTER 14

“Pearly Gates my ass!” Michelle said incredulously.

Julia laughed, “You don’t get it do you? We exist in a state of grace. Our actions are so influenced by powers greater than our own, our sacrifice so great that we *all* get a free pass into the great hereafter, assuming that’s the side that wins.”

“So you’re telling me I could....” Michelle began, searching her mind for an example.

“Blow up a bus full of nuns.” Julia supplied.

Michelle grimaced. “See?” Julia asked. “Just the thought of doing evil makes you feel bad and don’t even try to wrap it up in the whole *a sin to think of doing it, a sin to do it and a sin not to repent for doing it* bullshit. You’re waddling around with a belly full of the most incorruptible and scrupulous conscience on the planet. You couldn’t commit a sin if you tried.”

“But what about you? You break three commandments before breakfast.” Michelle said smugly.

“This isn’t like some ancient Slavic myth. No one gets damned for something someone else does to you. Vampires? Werewolves? Its all horseshit.”

“Like you said though, you’re not a vampire.” Michelle replied.

Julia smirked, “At least I know you’re listening. Okay, no, I’m not a vampire. But do you think you’ll ever meet a Mother of the Apocalypse playing nursemaid to a demon who’s nice and sweet and pure and says her prayers at night?”

“No... you’re all evil...” Michelle replied, not liking where the conversation was headed.

“Right, and that’s not my fault, is it? And if I don’t have a choice, I can’t sin. You gotta want to do it...” Julia laughed.

“But you do...” Michelle said, hugging herself, imitating Julia’s earlier speech, “Slaughtering baby kittens and puppies and taking candy from babies just makes me feel sooo good”.

“Uh... Michelle?” a girl said from about ten feet away.”

“Oh my God... Kristen and Heather.” Michelle whispered. “Hi!” she replied, glancing at the impossibly ripe belly Julia sported.

“Who’re the dorks?” Julia asked.

All three girls stared at her. “These are two of my friends from school, Kristen and Heather. Girls, this is my..... cousin, Julia.”

“Hi...” Kristen said, never looking away from Julia’s massive, shiny belly. “It’s very..... nice... to meet you.”

“Gee thanks. Yeah, Its really great to meet you to. Gotta get together again real soon now,” Julia blurted out, then continued, staring right at Kristen, “Oh my God, look at the time,” she deadpanned, “We’re going to be so late. Sorry we have to talk and run. Bye.”

Kristen and Heather ignored Julia and walked to Michelle’s side, even as Michelle glared at Julia. “So, what is up with your cousin?” Kristen asked in a very loud

whisper.

Michelle thought for a moment, “Try not to stare, okay? She has a medical condition.”

“Yeah, nymphomania,” Julia blurted out.

Kristen and Heather laughed uncomfortably. “So you’re pregnant?” Kristen asked.

Julia twisted up her face, as if confused. She looked from Kristen to Heather to Michelle then back to Kristen before she looked down at herself, staring at her belly. “OH MY GOD! I’m PREGNANT!” Julia screeched, waving her arms and bouncing slightly from one foot to the other, feigning panic. Just as suddenly as her ranting began she stopped and said, very calmly and quietly, “Yeah, I’m pregnant. Want to make something of it?”

“Hey!” Michelle said, butting in between Julia and Kristen. “We have to get going. We have to get Julia downtown for a doctor’s appointment. *Come on*,” Michelle took Julia by the arm and tried to lead her away.

“It’s okay. You’re friends just seem sooo nice!” Julia beamed. “I just can’t wait to hear what bits of wit and wisdom come falling out of their mouths next.”

If Kristen realized Julia was being sarcastic and condescending she didn’t show it. “So, how many are you having? Triplets?” Kristen asked as she walked up and began rubbing the side of Julia’s massive belly. “Wow, it’s so tight! When my aunt got pregnant she got big, but not like you... You’re like way big,” Kristen continued, still running her hand over Julia’s belly. When she reached Julia’s outthrust belly button she toyed with it, feeling it with her fingers as she spoke, not seeming to notice the alarm in Michelle’s face or the simmering anger in Julia’s. “Wow! It pops right back out!” she said as she repeatedly pushed in Julia’s belly button and watched it pop out again.

“Stop touching me,” Julia said, the simmering rage now bubbling to the surface.

“You don’t need to get all testy,” Kristen said, taken aback. “It just feels so cool.. I don’t think I could handle being pregnant at my age though, much less yours.”

“Lets find out,” Julia said, finally having enough of this.

“Wow!” Michelle said, glancing at her watch. “Julia, you were right, we’re going to be so late...”

“We can spare a minute to help out your friends though, right?” Julia said, twisting her body sideways and stepping closer to Kristen at the same time so that she could reach Kristen’s belly with her hand. She slid her hand under the lower hem of Kristen’s belly shirt, pushing it up from the mere one inch of exposed belly to enough room for her whole hand to sit against Kristen’s flat abs. “You know,” Julia said, “It’s great being thin. You can’t imagine how awkward it is carrying all this weight around everywhere you go. Hell, my belly’s so big I can barely reach past it.” Michelle’s eyes grew wide as she saw Julia’s palm begin to glow, a faint aura visible around her hand against Kristen’s belly. “It would be a shame if you had to find out what it’s like being pregnant and huge... I know you like rubbing my belly now...” Julia said, then her voice got much more melodic, “but believe me, when you have a belly like mine you wind up rubbing it all the time. Only skin to skin will do. You’ll always have at least one hand on it, rubbing like your trying to polish it up... but it gets shiny all on its own.”

Shaking off her surprise Michelle pushed Kristen back, knocking her off balance and sending her tumbling into Heather and sending both of them to the ground.

“Oops... Slipped, sorry,” Michelle said and took Julia by the hand and led her away as quickly as her waddling little steps would take her. Luckily as Kristen and Heather were getting to their feet a bus stopped on the corner less than ten feet from where Julia and Michelle stood. Michelle waved to the driver and they boarded and pulled away from the curb before Kristen and Heather were anywhere near the bus stop.

“They seemed nice,” Julia smiled as they fought against the rocking bus, headed toward open seats in the back.

“What did you do?!?” Michelle asked.

“Don’t worry. There’s only one way I can make someone pregnant and you’d have noticed her sucking on my boob.” Julia said.

Conversation in the bus within earshot of Julia stopped.

“What? You ain’t never heard a pregnant twelve year old talk about sex before??” she called out. The other passengers looked away embarrassed and resumed their conversations.

“So what was with the glowing hand thing? I thought that was only good for burning though stuff.”

“Oh no,” Julia said, glancing at her hand for a moment. “You can do all sorts of cool stuff. Blow things up, change metabolisms, cause illnesses... and I guess *you* could mend things, fixed imbalances and cure people... if you knew the trick.” Julia said and winked.

“What’s the tri... Don’t change the subject. What did you do to Kristen.”

“Well,” Julia smiled and whispered. “She didn’t know if she could handle being pregnant at her age... Well, it’s not like handling being pregnant really *requires* you to be pregnant... So by the end of the month she’ll be about..” Julia placed one hand on either side of her belly, pushing slightly it this way and that, “sixty-five, seventy pounds... heavier in all the wrong places. Girl’s gonna have her own belly to play with soon.”

Michelle’s head began to swim... “Seventy pounds? She’s going to get as big as you.... In a month?”

“Well, about as big as me. They usually get bigger than I want them to... Don’t know why. It’s not like I don’t practice enough.” Julia mused.

“Oh my God! You can’t keep doing stuff like this! You’re leaving in a few days but I have to live with these people!”

“No you don’t. You’re probably not ever going to see them again after you’re out of school.” Julia said.

“That’s two whole years!” Michelle said.

“What’s two years compared to eternity? Anyway, I did you a favor. Now you can have a belly buddy. Maybe that will stop you from being so depressed and you can start leaving that amulet at home.” Julia added.

“I am so not depressed.” Michelle replied, “Besides, you’re changing the subject. You can’t just keep screwing with people!”

“Why not, it feels so gooooooood....” Julia smiled.

“And you think you’re going to heaven,” Michelle sighed.

“I don’t think. I know.” Julia said. “Want me to prove it?”

“Sure... prove it,” Michelle said dismissively.

“I heard you guys yanked Allison back across the shroud after you fried her ass,”

Julia said.

“Yeah... some big ritual thing... turns out it was all a setup though. Allison came through for us in the end though.”

Julia nodded. “I knew Allison,” she said. Michelle looked over to Julia, alarmed. “Don’t worry, I knew her...didn’t like her.” Julia laughed. “Girl was a bitch on wheels. Anyway, she tortured people, blackmailed them, condemned them to being human cows, infested them with demon spawn against their will... not to mention stealing, killing, lying, coveting... she did it all... She’s headed straight to hell, right?”

Michelle nodded slowly, not sure where this was all going.

“So... when you summoned her... Must have been miserable... Fire and brimstone, the stench of sulfur, her charred corpse trying to feed you information... But it wasn’t like that, was it?” Julia said.

Michelle said something.

“What was that?” Julia asked.

“I said, *No*, it wasn’t like that.” Michelle answered.

“What was it like,” Julia said, leaning way back on her bench, her butt perched on the very edge of the seat, her belly thrusting out into the aisle, as if she was relaxing, settling in for a good story.

“She just stepped through the mirror and she was there.” Michelle said.

“And?” Julia asked.

“And what?” Michelle said.

“Okay, we’ll do this the hard way... did she seem like she had just come back from the everlasting flames? Clothes burned away revealing charred flesh?”

“No,” Michelle said, “She was all dressed in white. She practically glowed.”

“Now think back...Close your eyes... imagine being in the room with her... What did she smell like...”

Michelle closed her eyes... and as she concentrated her head tilted back slightly and she began to smile. Slowly tears began to cascade down her cheeks as she remembered their final goodbyes.

“What do you smell...” Julia asked.

Michelle took a deep breath, “Lilacs and honeysuckle,” she replied wistfully.

“Think Hell smells like lilacs and honeysuckle?” Julia asked.

Michelle slowly opened her eyes, obviously still caught in the moment. “Oh my God...It was like I was there again...it was so vivid...”

“It’s one of our gifts... absolute memory,” Julia smiled.

“She didn’t go to hell,” Michelle said, “She really didn’t.”

Julia rolled her eyes, “That’s what I’ve been trying to tell you!” Julia replied and pulled the cord to stop the bus. “Come on, lets go blow up some nuns.”

CHAPTER 15

“Mandy! Where are you?” Candy called out into the darkness of the museum. The last four hours had not been kind to her. Hours ago the fly on Candy’s jeans had split open under the relentless pressure of a breast growing between her legs, fed by the constant massage by one of her two new demonic hands. Now it was nearly as large as her original two breasts had become. The other hand had not been idle however. Ignoring Candy’s attempts to distract it the other hand had massaged Candy’s head. The pressure doubled then redoubled as the hand worked its dark magic. Candy was terrified every time she felt her head to see what changes had occurred. Now her head was a huge breast, the same size and shape as the other three, it’s nipple replacing her nose, her eyes and mouth occupying the massive areola. But for the moment she was desperately trying to ignore all that and the search for Mandy was just the ticket, not that she was really up for searching. The massive weight of all her breasts combined with her complete lack of balance meant she wasn’t going anywhere, at least not on foot.

“I’m up here!” Mandy replied and Candy heard the delicate pitter-patter of far too many feet running down the massive circular ramp that surrounded the circular exhibition space of the abandoned museum. Candy braced herself, knowing that given what had happened to herself, the changed to Mandy must be equally disturbing

She wasn’t disappointed.

Mandy reached the base of the steps and came skittering out of the darkness. Her four legs had been joined by two others, making her resemble a six-legged octopus. Her head sat, perched between six huge, round butt cheeks, each connected to one of her very long and heavy legs. The cheeks were spread apart from each other, looking as if someone was bent over, grabbing their ankles. As if those attributes weren’t enough, between each massive cheek lay a huge vulva, the lips slowly undulating of their own volition, almost as if they were breathing.

“What?” Mandy asked, looking around, trying to see what Candy was staring at but was stymied by the massive size of the ring of cheeks surrounding her head.

“Uh... Nothing...” Candy said and looked away. “So where were you?”

“Trying to get used to walking like this... and burning off some energy. I’m so damn horny!” Mandy said.

“Yeah, I can see why?” Candy said, instantly regretting it.

“What?” Mandy said, stretching her neck even more, but still unable to see over the massive ring of cheeks that surrounded her head at shoulder height.

“Uh... maybe you should look in the mirror,” Candy said, unwilling to try to describe the new equipment that nestled between the lower curves of Mandy’s multiple ass cheeks.

Mandy looked at her sister warily before she headed off in the direction of the bathrooms, turning to face her direction of travel as she went. It took her several moments to figure out how to clear the bathroom door, and it was several minutes from when she entered until Candy saw the light flick on beneath the door. There was silence for a moment before the door opened and Mandy emerged, talking quietly to herself.

Candy watched her for a few moments as Mandy scrambled across the room, her

legs moving together in a pattern to propel her across the room at amazing speed. But even as she approached Candy she said nothing. Finally Candy could stand the silence no longer. "Mandy? Are you..."

"I've got six twats!" Mandy blurted out. "Six... and they're like moving and shit. By themselves. What were you gonna ask again?"

"Uh, nothing." Candy said. "So what are we gonna do now?"

Mandy shook her head for a moment. "No, I don't know what we're gonna do but we're not gonna..." Mandy paused as an odd sound came from her body, somewhere between the sound of a stomach growling and a burp. It was obviously uncomfortable, the odd look on Mandy's face made that clear.

"What was that?" Candy asked as she tried to push herself to her feet.

"I don't..." Mandy began, then stopped speaking as her mouth fell open and head tilted back. The sound came from the center of Mandy's altered body, louder this time and rather than just lasting several seconds it just keep going.

"Mandy!" Candy called out as she again tried to get to her feet. It was only as the weight of her massive breasts forced her back to the floor that she realized something was happening to Mandy. The area underneath the center of her body, between her legs, had begun to bulge downward, as if filling with liquid. The bulge quickly formed a hemisphere as it continued to swell, the odd noise coming from Mandy now coming from her growing belly.

Candy looked on, amazed as Mandy's belly continued to swell, growing full and round as its weight pulled it downward. Soon it reached as low as her knees but rather than dropping even lower it began to swell outward, its skin growing tiny and taut, only stopping when the outer curve of her massive pregnant looking belly reached her thighs and pressed outward against them. As suddenly as it began the odd sound coming from Mandy's new belly stopped and Mandy coughed, even as she gasped, trying to catch her breath. "Oh my God.." Mandy blurted out between gasps, "What the hell.... Was that..."

"Uh... can't you feel it?" Candy asked.

Mandy tried looking down but seeing directly below her was even more impossible than her attempts to see between her legs had been before. After several moments of trying to wiggle her many legs around to press her thighs against the massive gravid ball between her legs she seemed to get an idea. She skittered to the center of the room, her thighs slapping against the huge fleshy ball as she moved before she allowed herself to drop onto her side amongst the huge futon and pillow pile at the center of the room.

Candy stared, amazed and disgusted at Mandy's six legs bent at the knees, allowing her to feel the huge tight sphere between her legs with all six of her tiny feet. "Holy shit... this is so fucking weird."

"Uh... you don't know the half of it," Candy said as she looked on, her eyes focused on the lowest point of the huge, gravid belly where a gigantic vulva had formed.

"What's it look like?" Mandy asked, pressing against the sphere with all of her little feet, alternately pressing and releasing, feeling its solidity. "Its like its under pressure or something."

"Maybe you shouldn't mess with it," Candy said, looking more and more disturbed. "Maybe we could just..." Candy stopped speaking and gasped as a fifth arm stretched out from between her cleavage and stretched, wiggling its fingers for a moment

as Candy watched in shock before it began rubbing her thigh, Just as she was beginning to catch her breath she gasped again as the rear of her jeans began to push outward until another arm pushed out of the center of her butt. It stretched out behind Candy for a moment before it began rubbing Candy's shoulder blade. Just as suddenly as it began whatever feeling had gripped Candy released her and she fought to catch her breath even as her thigh began to slowly bloat, becoming softer as it grew.

"We are so fucked," Mandy said, still rubbing her new belly with all six of her feet.

"You're telling me," Candy said, as she fell forward, the weight of her ever more massive and breast-like head pulling her down to the floor. She compensated, placing each of her original hands on either side of her head stopping it from flopping all over the place as she moved. "Now what do we do?" Candy asked.

"There's only one thing to do" Mandy replied.

"We pray," they said together.

CHAPTER 16

The Party. Michelle couldn't remember how long it had been going on or when she arrived but in the end it didn't really matter. Michelle was in her own little world, sitting in Julia's hotel room. She didn't consciously hear the music playing, despite its volume. She didn't really notice most of the people there, despite the fact that many of them went to her school or hung out at the Inner Harbor. For Michelle her whole world was focused on one thing. Her tunnel vision focused on the two milk dolls dancing across the room, their sheer silk tops not even pretending to obscure their massive breasts as they shook and wobbled and bounced heavily against each other before rebounding and bouncing outward, only to be restrained by the almost transparent tops they wore. Michelle hadn't thought it could be possible that the girls were even larger than they had been in Brazil, but Julia's fasting had taken its toll. Each girl's breasts were larger than watermelons, their weight pulling them together at their tightly packed cleavage, at least when they stood still.

Michelle's eyes followed their every movement, watching as their oversized nipples and areola pushed against their silk tops, trying over and over again to think of something, anything else, but the images and thoughts of the girls giant breasts and the milk they contained blocked out everything else. Blindly Michelle reached out to the end table next to her and grabbed her glass, sucking back half the whisky in the glass before she returned it to the table and propped her head in her hands and continued watching the show, trying to process what had gone on between her and Julia over the last few hours. The whole conversation had started simply enough several hours before.

§

"We are **not** blowing up any nuns!" Michelle said, incredulous as they stepped off the bus and onto the sidewalk just outside Harborplace.

"Aww... but you said this was going to be a fun trip," Julia moped.

"So, you were making a point?" Michelle asked.

"Was I?" Julia asked as the two girls waddled onto Harborplace amongst the tourists.

"Yeah, you were." Michelle said, watching as people stepped out of their way, their heads swiveling to look back at Julia as they passed. Luckily no one stopped to comment.

"Let me show you something," Julia said and stopped in the middle of the group of tourists, forcing the tourists to walk around them. "Close your eyes," Julia said.

"Here?" Michelle said, "Right in the middle of all these people?" Michelle said as the tourists walked around them, commenting to each other about the pregnant girl and her friend as they passed.

"Right here," Julia said and waited for Michelle to waddle back to where Julia stood.

"Okay, what?" Michelle said, waddling back to where Julia stood. Julia stared at

her expectantly for a moment before Michelle realized what Julia was waiting for and sighed before she closed her eyes.

“Okay... now picture yourself on a beach walking along in the surf,” Julia said, “when all of a sudden a group of rosary-totting nuns step in front of you. Thinking quickly you whip out your Uzi and gun them all down.”

“Hey!” Michelle said, the queasiness evident in her expression. “That kinda hurt...”

“Sorry,” Julia said and motioned for Michelle to close. “Imagine they’re not nuns. Just happy beach-going families that you’re mowing down.”

“Stop!” Michelle said, raising a hand to her head... I’m getting a headache.”

“Just making a point,” Julia smiled. “When you think of doing something you shouldn’t it makes you feel uneasy... and the worse whatever it is you’re thinking of is... the worse it feels, hence that ice-pick-in-the-eye feeling...”

“Tell me something I didn’t know.” Michelle said, rubbing her eyes until the pain slowly faded away.

“Ok... Picture those same beachgoers walking by... and one walks really close to you... so you trip her...” Julia said.

Michelle made a face, but not nearly as bad as when she thought of slaughtering nuns.

“Okay... lets mark that as bad.” Julia smiled. “Now their mom comes over and starts yelling at you... and even though you know you’re wrong you start to insult her...”

Michelle’s grimace weakened, but it was obvious she was still uncomfortable.

“Another for the bad list?” Julia said... “Fine... soon you grow tired of arguing and head off the beach... so you head toward the hotel... and you spot that family’s beach stuff... and there, sitting in the sand, is their child’s kite... and out of spite you step on it, ripping a big hole in it and breaking the spine.”

Michelle still looked uncomfortable, but much less so than before. “I guess property damage just isn’t as evil as doing things to people, huh?” Julia said.

“Are we done yet?” Michelle asked impatiently.

“Just one more,” Julia said, waiting for Michelle to close her eyes before she turned her back to Michelle and began to speak. “Bored with the beach you head back to the hotel and go into your bedroom. You’re tempted to order room service but you have something much better in mind. A couple of your milk dolls are waiting for you there and as you walk into the bedroom they unbutton their tops and let them drop to the floor. Before you can even sit down they’re all over you, begging and pleading for you to express their milk, nurse from them, drain them dry... and within moments you’re reclining on the bed, one milk doll waiting, the other with her oversized nipple shoved into your mouth as you suck furiously, not just sucking up the liquid love, but that’s not all that it’s about. You’re running your tongue around her areola, while she’s rubbing your nipples and her friend... well, she’s occupied below the waistline, sunshine.”

Julia turned back to Michelle smiling. Michelle, for her part stood there, eyes wide open in surprise, a warm blush in her cheeks, but obviously not in any pain or discomfort. She breathed heavily, obviously aroused, small beads of sweat forming on her forehead and beginning to slowly slide down her toward her eyebrows.

“There, that’s more like it...” Julia smiled.

“But...” Michelle said.

“Yes?” Julia asked.

“I don’t feel bad.”

“Nope,” Julia smiled, shaking her head slowly.

Suddenly Michelle seemed to realize something. “I’m not a lesbian,” she said desperately. “I mean I don’t have anything against lesbians its just...”

“Shhhh...” Julia said, cutting her off by placing her forefinger on Michelle’s lips. “Those kind of labels don’t really apply anymore, kiddo. Whatever you were before, straight, bi, lesbian, that was how you were wired as part of the urge to procreate. Now,” Julia continued, resting her hand atop Michelle’s swollen belly, purposefully looking away to make it easier for her to push through Michelle’s amulet’s magic. “Now your priorities have changed... not just mentally but biologically. You’ve been rewired girlfriend and the old taboos don’t apply.”

“But what about the milk of human suffering?” Michelle asked.

“What???” Julia laughed, doing a spit take.

“That’s what Allison told us... if you drink the milk of human suffering after you’ve been made a Mother of the Apocalypse you carry a demon, otherwise you carry an angel.”

Julia began to smile as Michelle spoke, her grin growing wider as Michelle continued until she broke into laughter.

“What’s so funny!” Michelle demanded.

“I’m sorry,” Julia said, holding her sides as she continued to chuckle. “I’m not laughing at you... but that story...its like the Sunday School version...”

“Well if that’s not the reason, what is?” Michelle asked.

“That would take more time to explain than we really have,” Julia said as she waddled away. Michelle stood staring at her for a few moments until Julia finally noticed. “Are you coming or not?” she shouted.

§

“You have to understand, we’re like that DeLorean in Back to the Future.”

Michelle held up her hand as she finished sipping her milkshake outside of Baskin Robbins. “Okay, say what now?” Michelle smiled.

“Remember in Back to the Future II when Marty was all ready to take Doc Brown back to 1985 but the gas line broke when he arrived back in 1885?” Julia asked.

“Uh, kinda...” Michelle said, sucking on her milkshake “This going somewhere?”

“You know, if you want to suck on something there’s four milk dolls back at my hotel room. That’s eight boobs, no waiting.” Julia smiled.

“Shut up!” Michelle replied. “So what was that about the DeLorean?”

“Marty doesn’t care that the gas line is broken since they have Mr. Fusion...” Julia says.

“And Doc Brown explains that while the time travel circuitry will run from the power generated by Mr. Fusion, to get up to 88 miles an hour they still need gasoline to run the car’s engine.” Michelle continued.

Julia looked taken aback, “I’m impressed.”

“Yeah, yeah. Geeky ex-boyfriend,” she explained. “So what about the DeLorean?”

“We’re just like them, We eat food to get around, walk and talk and breath and shit, but to be strong, to control others with just the sound of your voice, to burn holes in steel or distort someone’s body... well for that you need the power that only some nice fresh wholesome girl-milk will get you, straight from the boob.” Julia smiled.

“But drinking milk is evil. You have to enslave those poor girls and keep them prisoner.” Michelle said.

“Hey, they’re not prisoners. My girls all stay voluntarily.” Julia pouted.

“And cause if they don’t their boobs will keep swelling up till they can’t move.” Michelle said.

“Okay, so that’s the fine print.” Julia laughed, “but you have to admit... you didn’t feel the least bit bad when you thought not only of sucking my milk doll’s boobs till they run dry, but also engaging in all sorts of carnal relations. “ Michelle seemed about to protest when she closed her mouth. “See? Its perfectly okay and once you drink up you’ll actually be able to walk fifty feet without falling over dead tired. I don’t know how you manage with your belly *and* staying off the sauce. That amulet help with the weight?”

“I wish,” Michelle said.

“Well, we’ve done as much scouting as we can today. Time to party!” Julia said.

“Party?” Michelle asked.

“Party!” Julia replied. “The best parts about being immortal are the parties and the sex.” Julia said as she waddled away then she turned and walked back and whispered in Michelle’s ear “But not necessarily in that order...” Julia smirked and waddled off toward a hotel just across the street from Harborplace.

§

Michelle stared at the milk dolls breasts leaping up and down, their momentum only increasing her amazement at the girl’s... talents. Michelle barely noticed as the room slowly began to empty as the hours passed. She saw very little other than the two dancing milk dolls. She’d heard boys say that when they couldn’t think about sex they just thought about baseball, but when Michelle tried that all she could see were the milk dolls dressed in frilly baseball uniforms, running braless between the bases in slow motion. Baseball: not helping. Suddenly one of the girls began to dance over toward Michelle.

“Hi,” she said, still dancing, “Julia says you’re a friend. A *special* friend,” the milk doll winked.

Michelle looked away, “Uh... listen, whatever you’re selling, I’m not buying okay? So don’t ask. Really, just don’t.” Michelle added and turned back to stare the girl down, to drive her point home.

The girl looked taken aback as she stopped dancing and forced her breasts to a halt with her hands. Still, even though she must have been well practiced her breasts continued to shimmy slightly, swaying slowly back and forth. The girl followed Michelle’s eyes as they followed the sway of her breasts beneath the nearly transparent silk blouse. “Okay, I understand,” the milk doll said. “But maybe you could help me with something.”

“It’s in here,” she said, taking Michelle by the hand. As if hypnotized Michelle forced herself slowly to her feet and allowed herself to be led into the bedroom by the

milk doll.

The girl led Michelle into a bedroom, one of several in the suite. She released Michelle's hand as she made it halfway into the room and continued forward until she reached a full-length mirror.

"So, uh... what did you want my help with?" Michelle said nervously.

"Well, I need your opinion," the girl said and turned back toward Michelle. She had unbuttoned her blouse, removing the only physical barrier between them and the outside world. "It's okay if you stare..." she said.

With the girl's comment Michelle's eyes were drawn instantly to her huge, egg shaped breasts. Each breast was much larger around as the girl's waist, swaying heavily as she walked, bouncing gently against each other, rebounding before coming together again for a repeat performance. "It's my nipples," the girl explained through a pout. "They're just getting so big."

The girl had a point. About a quarter of the girl's breast was covered by chocolate brown areola, puffed out from the surface of her breast. Her nipple itself was at least two inches long and an inch thick at the tip, although it widened as it reached her breast.

"Julia says she's not doing anything," the girl explained as she walked toward Michelle, playing with her nipples, her hips swaying as she walked. "But every time she sucks them they get bigger and bigger and stay that way. It's getting hard for me to suck them myself," she added, pouting.

Michelle turned quickly toward the door only to find another topless milk doll leaning against it, toying with her own nipples. "Eeeew, you suck your own nipples?" the second girl asked her equally endowed friend. "Like you don't," the first milk doll replied.

"Touché."

"Anyway," the first girl continued, "We want to perform a little experiment. You just take a little off the top and then we know if it's just us being silly or if Julia is doing something to us."

"I thought you said she was one of them?" The second milk doll asked.

"She is, she's just wearing some magic thing around her neck that makes her look normal."

"Girls, come on," Michelle said, backing away from both girls, arms outstretched, palms out, creeping backwards toward the bed. "Why don't we just all go back to the party."

"Your mouth keeps saying no," the first girl said, cupping her hands against the outer curves of her breasts as she walked toward Michelle, "but your eyes keep saying *bring on the nipples and tits*."

"Besides, we're like four days full.. You see how big they've gotten? That's all milk and it's heavy and it hurts," The girl said, holding her hands on the outer lower curves of her breasts. Michelle couldn't help but look at their size, each breast easily the volume of two gallons of rich milk. "And it's not like they get smaller after they're emptied. I just don't want them getting any bigger," the girl by the door said. "If it helps," the second girl continued, "You don't have to say yes. Just don't say no."

Michelle backed into the bed and toppled over, landing on her butt, seated at the edge of the bed. The first milkmaid approached Michelle from the front as the other crept around the back. "I don't bite," the first milk doll said as she stepped closer to Michelle.

As the second milk doll released the catch on Michelle's necklace and pulled the amulet away Michelle seemed to expand, as if she was rapidly growing out of her clothes. The first milk doll stared as Michelle's belly and breasts practically exploded out of her top, seeming to grow at an amazing speed as the glamour covering her true appearance dissipated. Michelle reached over and snatched the amulet out of the girl's hand and the first milk doll took the opportunity to step up, pressing her breasts up against Michelle's.

"So... what's it going to be?" the girl asked, her nipples only inches from Michelle's face. Michelle turned away right into the second milk doll's massive breasts. Both girls now stepped forward, into Michelle as she leaned back, trying to avoid them, but instead just making it easier for them to advance on her until both milk dolls kneeled above her, their nipples brushing against her cheeks.

No, no, no, no, no, Michelle thought over and over until she realized that nothing she could do would prevent what was about to happen and when one of the girl's massive nipples ran over her face, crossing her lips she sucked it in, up to the areola, and suckled like there was no tomorrow, warm rich milk pouring down her throat. The second milkmaid climbed behind Michelle, allowing Michelle to use her breasts as a pillow.

Julia stood in the doorway, staring into the bedroom. *Everything according to plan*, Julia thought to herself and began to step out of the room before she paused as if remembering something. She stepped back into the room, closing the door behind her as she pulled up a chair and sat down to watch.

CHAPTER 17

“Candy!” Mandy shouted into the darkness early the next morning. “Candy, are you awake?”

“Hold on,” Candy called out, “Let me try to get over there.” It wasn’t an easy task. Overnight the number of huge, torpedo shaped breasts covering her body had multiplied until Candy was just a ball of breasts, supported by some of the many demonic arms that pushed out between the multiple gigantic mammeries. They acted like an insects legs, allowing her to skitter along the floor. Unfortunately those arms weren’t long enough to allow her free movement and the lowest facing breasts pushed firmly into the floor. The upper arms weren’t holding her up, but were instead continually massaged random breasts. As her body became more and more mutated by the chaos energies infesting her she found herself less and less in control of her body. Now she only controlled her two original arms and her breast-shaped head.

Candy reached down with her hands and pressed against the floor, trying to move her massive body, but her arms simply weren’t strong enough to move the huge weight. “Why don’t you come down here? I don’t think I can...whoa!” Candy called out, interrupted as the demonic arms began to propel her, rolling her like she was a ball. As she turned the top ward facing arms left the breasts they were massaging and braced themselves to support her as she rolled. Thinking quickly Candy braced her head with both hands still under her control as she rolled, carried along for the ride. Her lack of control, unfortunately did not mean a lack of sensation and Candy felt every bump, every brush, every caress as she moved, the sound of breast rubbing against breast filling her ears.

“Candy!” Mandy shouted again.

“Coming.... I think!” Candy replied, her voice growing louder and softer as she rolled up the ramp toward Mandy.

“Hurry!” Mandy shouted.

It only took a minute or two for Candy to roll up the ramp to the landing where Mandy stood, her six legs half-bent, squatting, her huge gravid belly hanging barely more than a foot above the floor. “I thought you couldn’t control where you were going?” Mandy asked as Candy rolled to a stop about six feet from Mandy.

“I can’t... I guess something wanted me to come up here,” Candy said, using her hands to point her swollen, breast-shaped head toward Mandy. “What’s wrong. Are you okay... well, as okay as you were a half hour ago anyway?”

“I... I feel really weird,” Mandy said, looking down, unable to see over the ring of massive buttocks surrounding her head.

“Yeah, so do I...” Candy replied before Mandy cut her off.

“No...I mean really weird! Like something’s...” Mandy’s reply was cut off by a deep gasp.

“Mandy!” Candy called out as Mandy looked around in a panic. Suddenly her head bobbed, looking much like a swimmer’s head bobbing above the water during a shark attack. As quickly as it bobbed upward it dropped again, descending halfway into her body for several moments before bobbing back to its original position. Mandy looked

around wide-eyed, obviously in a panic as her head suddenly descended again, this time falling entirely into her body as she screamed and the flesh sealed around the orifice her head had disappeared into.

“MANDY!” Candy shouted as Mandy’s whole body shuttered and tensed, spasming as if in the midst of seizure. Candy released her head, allowing it to bob free, bouncing against her many other breasts as she reached down and tried to push herself toward Mandy, but again, her massive body made it impossible for her move on her own. Several minutes passed as Mandy’s mutated body shook and tensed, much as a beheaded animal would twitch, her belly swelling as she shook. Soon it seemed as if the massive orb could take no more, it’s skin growing shiny and translucent when suddenly the massive vulva on her belly’s ventral side began to open like a blooming flower and thick, translucent mucus poured onto the floor. Candy stared on in horror, immediately realizing what was happening. Mandy was giving birth.

From Candy’s position she saw a head crowning, forcing Mandy’s massive vulva open. The huge head, covered with a thick matted hair and slowly began to emerge from within Mandy’s huge belly. Now Candy tried to back away, pushing against the floor, trying to scramble away, but it was useless. Before she could manage to move even a few inches whatever was being born would have emerged. With a gush of the vile fluid the head pushed its way out and screamed, the sound of its voice echoing in the huge empty museum. The head gasped, then coughed, choking for a moment before spitting out mouthful after mouthful of thick slime. Slowly the head turned 180 degrees until it faced Candy, still coughing up thick blobs of slime.

“Mandy!” Candy called out when she saw her sister’s face come into view, hanging out of her massive belly, upside down, “Mandy, say something!”

Mandy continued coughing as she lifted her head as much as she could and tried to catch her breath. “There’s... something... in there... God... I thought it was... there’s something in my belly... its alive.... God...” she said and coughed again spewing more of the liquid over the floor.

“We are sooo fucked.” Candy said aloud,

Suddenly there was a loud banging at the fire door above, the one that lead to the outside. Someone was calling out from the other side of the door, but between the banging and the thickness of the door it was impossible to make out what was being said. Even as the girls turned to look at each other their bodies seemed to have ideas of their own and both girls began skittering down the ramp, toward the large central room below.

“Now what?” Candy sighed.

“What the hell... Who’s at the door?” Mandy asked.

“You just... I don’t even know what you just did and you’re worried about the door???” Candy asked, incredulous.

The banging from the door above stopped for a moment before the door slowly pushed open. Someone stepped through from the outside and the door swung slowly closed, slamming with a resounding bang.

“Hello! Anyone here?” Maria called out into the darkness. “Mandy? Candy? You there.... I think... I need your help....”

The girls looked at each other as they skulked on the floor, far below Maria, hiding in the dark.

“Come on... “ Maria said... You have to be here...I’m in trouble... “

“You don’t want to be here,” Mandy called out, “You *really* don’t want to be here. Things are really fucked up...” Mandy continued.

“*Really* fucked up,” Candy continued. “You want to be somewhere else....”

“Anywhere else,” Mandy finished.

“What do you mean ‘really fucked up’?” Maria asked. “What the hell did you do to me?!?!”

“Do to you???” Mandy asked. “What are you talking about...”

Maria slowly wobbled over to the edge of the long ramp leading down to the main floor where Mandy and Candy hid. “Where are you?”

“Just go!” Mandy and Candy called out, in harmony.

“I’m not going anywhere... hold on” Maria said and began to make her way slowly down the ramp to the main room. Several minutes elapsed as Mandy and candy watched Maria make her way slowly along the ramp. Nearly ten minutes later she made it off the ramp and into the light where the ramp let out into the great hall. It wasn’t hard to see why Maria was concerned. Her legs had become both shorter and thinner, barely looking like they had enough substance to support her body, meanwhile her arms had grown much longer and thicker, nearly reaching the floor. Her hands were many times their original size, each nearly twenty-four inches from the base of her palm to the tip of her middle finger. So heavy were her hands that she could not even lift them from the ground.

“Oh my God,” Mandy said. “We must have infected you...”

“Infected me with what???” Maria asked in a panic. “What’s happening to me?!? Where are you?”

“You really don’t want to see us yet,” Candy said.

“Let us, uh, prepare you,” Mandy said, but before either of them could say anything else their bodies skittered out of their hiding spots of their own accord, completely outside their control. Although the room was fairly large it didn’t take Maria long to spot them and even less time for her to recognize them for who they were.

It was nearly an hour before the screaming stopped.

CHAPTER 18

Michelle woke early the next morning as the sun poured in through her bedroom window. She started to pull the covers up over her head when she realized she wasn't the least bit tired. Given how tired she had been these last months it took her only a moment of wondering before she dismissed the thought and decided she would just be happy for her wakefulness.

Michelle kicked off the covers and, with much effort, pushed herself upright in bed, throwing her legs over the side of the mattress as her belly settled heavily between her thighs. Michelle looked around, puzzled for a moment before she rested her hands on her thighs, just above her knees and pushed herself to her feet. No one was more surprised than Michelle when she practically leapt to her feet, calling on unknown reserves of strength to push herself upright. It took her several steps to catch her balance as she stumbled along until she finally grabbed a hold of the bathroom doorframe, her fingers denting the pine trim as she caught herself. Michelle spun around now, the room looking more vibrant, the colors deeper, the shadows darker. Everything looked sharper and clearer than she'd ever seen before.

Weirdest damned hangover I ever heard of, Michelle thought. Then suddenly Michelle remembered where she would have gotten a hangover, if she actually had one. "The party," Michelle whispered and raised her hand to cover her mouth as the previous lights escapades quickly flashed through her mind, and unconsciously licked her lips as she remembered the warm, sweet taste of the milk doll's nectar pouring down her throat.

"The milk! That must be it..." Michelle said. "Oh my God..." Michelle whispered as she remembered the immense pleasure of the night before, not just the taste of the milk, but the warm intimacy of sucking the milk from the milk doll's huge nipples and distended breasts. The feeling of the warm, firm yet yielding flesh in her mouth, the silky smoothness of the girl's areola against her lips, the warm jet of milk pouring down her throat as the girls rubbed her belly and traced their fingertips over her own swollen breasts. Michelle blushed and drove the thoughts out of her mind. *Enough!* Michelle closed her eyes and breathed deeply, standing still until her breathing returned to normal. "Now," she said to no one in particular, "What am I going to wear?"

Within minutes Michelle was running down the stairs toward her front door, only catching herself at the base of the stairs before she turned back and ran back up the stairs, grabbing her amulet from her dresser, putting it on as she headed back to the stairway, her appearance returning to that of a normal sixteen year old girl. She ran down the stairs, almost more of a controlled fall than a run, only slowing slightly at the landing before she turned and threw open the front door.

"Hey lover," Julia said, thrusting a chocolate covered banana into her mouth before slowly extracting it. "Hope you liked the party," she smiled.

"Can we talk about something else, please?" Michelle asked and pushed past Julia.

"Hey!" Julia said as Michelle pushed her out of the way. "No need to be rude."

"Sorry," Michelle said, "What's with the banana anyway?"

“It helps to have something to suck on when you can’t have the real deal. Granted, its way too cold but its about thick enough.” Julia smiled before she stuck the banana back into her mouth.

“Please?!” Michelle asked again and turned, striding purposefully down the street.

“I brought one for you too!” Julia called out then, defeated, tossed the second banana aside and hurried after Michelle, waddling as quickly as she could. “Could you slow down a minute? I can’t go much faster than this or I’ll knock myself over.”

Michelle paused and turned around. Julia waddled quickly, her massive belly shifting this way then that with each stride, the immense weight threatening to pull her off balance and send her tumbling to the ground with every step. “Sorry, I didn’t mean to upset you. It’s just that it’s such a wonderful feeling that...” Julia said before Michelle cut her off.

“Enough! Okay. Enough,” Michelle said. “So, where to?” Michelle added, changing the subject.

“How about that harbor you’ve been telling me so much about?” Julia replied.

“Sure. The Inner Harbor it is.” Michelle replied.

§

“One thing I don’t get,” Michelle asked an hour or so later, “Why’s it our job to root out chaos and destroy it?”

“Well,” Julia replied, “Ideally it isn’t, but the ones who’s job it really is... they’ve been locked out by management,” smiling at a boy as he walked by smiling at her.

“Locked out?” Michelle replied, first noticing the boy’s looks, then realizing they were directed not at her idealized form, but at Julia’s rotund frame.

“Okay. Universe 101. ‘In the beginning’ type stuff. The universe was but one vast endless morass of Chaos with no form, no intelligence, no plan. Then the Light of Creation shone across the emptiness and Order was thrust upon the Chaos.” Julia explained, sounding far more like a Sunday School teacher than Michelle was comfortable with.

“Yeah, then the night and day were separated and the water separated from the land and...” Michelle said before Julia cut her off.

“No. That all came later. Then the first Angel was created, the one to stand above the heavenly choirs. Then the first seven Archangels were created and with them the seven choirs of angels. Then the Earth was created, then Man.” Julia said.

“That’s not what the Bible says.” Michelle replied, growing annoyed as Julia openly flirted with a couple of guys.

“Your bible sucks. It’s missing tons of books and I’m not talking the Apocrypha. Anyway,” Julia said, getting back on track, “The angels were tasked with protecting and preserving creation and that includes all the Chaos dispelling goodness. But then they had some problems with their contract and the first angel? He called a strike and there’s been thing long running labor dispute going on ever since. Since everybody up there is worried about the eternal lockout the big guy needed someone else to deal with Chaos infestations. And while we aren’t as close to creation as Angels we’re sure a lot closer than the average dweeb on the street,” she smiled, licking her lips as she eyed the boy who’d been exchanging glances with her.

“And that's why we're immune to Chaos? Cause we're so close to Creation?” Michelle asked.

“Well, not quite,” Julia said, not taking her eyes off the boy across the street as she ran her hands over the sides of her belly, reaching forward as far as she could, emphasizing how large her belly was and how small the rest of her was, shifting her hips seductively, “The little bambinos. They're close enough to creation that it rubs off on us. Once we've been blessed there's no way for chaos to touch us. Any little bit of corruption would just be burned away.”

“Why don't you two just get a room?” Michelle asked and stormed off as Julia continued mouthing something to the boy across the street. “Hey! Wait up! I'm not done yet!” Julia said, turning away from the guy across the street and hurrying after Michelle.

“What??” Julia called out, following Michelle as quickly as she could.

“What? We're having a serious conversation and you're making time with some guy!” Michelle replied as she continued down the street.

Julia snickered, “Making time? Is it the '50s again?”

“Shut up!” Michelle replied as she stopped and turned to face Julia. “Can't you stop thinking about sex for one minute?”

“Listen, I've been around for a long time and if there's one thing I've learned... Everything is about sex. Forget Freud. A cigar is never just a cigar.”

“Come on, get serious,” Michelle said.

“I am serious. Maybe you haven't realized it yet but it's one of those things about us. Our biological alarm clocks keep ringing like a damn fire alarm and there's no snooze button girlfriend. So it's either have sex, one way or the other, or start to go a little loopy.”

“Yeah, right,” Michelle laughed. “I'm pretty sure if that was true I'd have noticed by now,” Michelle said as she turned and continued down the street.

“Then I guess getting hot and heavy with the two very busty and very desperate girls with lust on their minds and milk in their boobs was just a normal evening for you?” Julia asked.

Michelle coughed loudly, almost as if she was choking, “What? You're nuts.”

“Uh, hello? I was there.” Julia replied.

Michelle paused for a moment, “I don't remember anything like that. I was sooo drunk last night...”

“So you don't remember two of my girls pulling you aside in the bedroom and forcing themselves on you?” Julia said.

“No,” Michelle said, a dreamy look beginning to cloud her eyes.

“Don't remember them backing you up until you flat on your back across the bed with both of them dangling those huge udders right over your face...” Julia said.

“Uh... no,” Michelle said, even more distracted than just moments before.

“Then I'm sure you don't remember them dragging their huge, thick succulent nipples across your face as they begged you for some relief from the constant growing pressure of the huge amounts of creamy, sweet milk trapped inside, just waiting to be sucked out.” Julia continued, her waddle slowing as Michelle coasted to a stop in front of her.

“Wha? Huh...” Michelle asked, wiping the sweat from her brow.

“Perfect recall, remember?” Julia replied, tapping her temple, “All it takes is

something to remind you and you'll remember every last moment as if it's happening right now."

"God." Michelle said. "Oh my God..." Michelle continued, snapping out of her dreamlike state and spinning around, her hands covering her face. "*Oh my God!*"

"Yeah, that's what you said when Tiffany started fingering you." Julia smiled.

"I thought you said they didn't have names?" Michelle said.

"I lied," Julia replied, before she smiled and shook her head, "Now stop trying to change the subject. You're just as horny as the rest of us. You can't help it, that's how you're wired, how *we're* wired. You like milk, looking at huge boobs and, time permitting, sucking the hell out of them. Accept it. You'll feel much better."

"Listen," Michelle said, suddenly strictly business, "I barely know you. We're not even really friends. We're just here to do a job. So let's just do it and get out of here." Michelle said, slightly angry.

"What do you think we've been doing for the last two days? Sightseeing?" Julia asked. "We've been scouting the town. Getting to know the lay of the land. Where reality is at its strongest and weakest."

"We have? Then why don't I know where to go?" Michelle said.

"You do," Julia replied. "Just close your eyes and think about it."

Michelle looked at Julia quizzically for a moment before she closed her eyes. "Is this supposed to do..." Michelle's voice trailed off into a whisper.

"How close?" Julia asked.

"Very, less than half a mile." Michelle whispered.

"Which direction?" Julia asked.

"Harborplace, that way," Michelle said, pointing blindly.

"Do you see them?" Julia asked.

Michelle concentrated for a moment longer before her face seemed to collapse in defeat, tears streaming from the corners of her eyes. "Yes... yeah... it's..."

"I know," Julia said, putting one hand on Michelle's shoulder, the other on her belly. "I know. Come on. Let's go set them free."

"I can't..." Michelle said, opening her eyes, "I can't do that to my friends..."

"They're not your friends, not anymore... and if we don't do something soon there aren't going to be any more friends for anyone."

"It's too late for them already, isn't it?" Michelle asked.

Julia nodded silently.

"Then let's send the chaos that destroyed them back from wherever the hell it came from!" Michelle replied as she wiped the tears from her face. She looked briefly at Julia before she turned and headed toward Harborplace as Julia followed closely behind.

CHAPTER 19

The girls made their way halfway across town in a little less than an hour, quite a feat considering their bulkiness. They spoke very little as they waddled quickly along, stunned passers-by stopping to stare at Julia's massively gravid form as they passed. Finally Julia broke the silence. "You seem to enjoy being on the juice."

"What? Juice?" Michelle said, not slowing down.

"You know," Julia said and made an exaggerated slurping sound.

"Ewwwww!" Michelle replied, "That's just gross."

"Come on, you can't suck on two girls boobs while they finger you and then get all dainty and innocent the next day. Besides, I'm not talking about the actual sucking, I mean the extra energy. It's nice to see you zipping along, light as a feather..."

Michelle chuckled coolly, "I'm hardly light,"

"You know what I mean," Julia replied.

"Yeah, I do... It's nice being able to get around easier for a change. I just have to sort out the weird lesbian vibe thing," Michelle said.

"Don't worry, you get used to it pretty quick. When I was blessed we didn't even talk about sex between husband and wife. You've got it easy," Julia said.

"Yeah," Michelle sighed, "I can see how it could grow on you."

Julia laughed, "Yeah, in more ways than one!"

Now Michelle slowed and looked to Julia, "What's that supposed to mean? It makes you fat?"

"Not fat that way," Julia replied. "Fat this way," Julia said putting one hand on either side of her massive midsection, shaking her belly back and forth slowly, as if belly dancing. "It's kinda like ice cream. Ice cream doesn't make you fat unless you don't burn it off. That's when you start packing on the pounds. Milk's the same way. You can drink all you want as long as you burn it off. But drink too much without blowing some stuff up, ordering someone around or doing a lot of running around and..." Julia puffed out her cheeks as she pulled her hands away from her hugely pregnant belly, as if it was growing.

"I guess that's not a problem for you," Michelle said.

Julia laughed, "What makes you say that?"

"You're fasting. No big deal I guess," Michelle replied.

"I'm not fasting. You can't fast this long, not with four milk dolls with you," Julia replied.

"But you sai..." Michelle said before Julia cut her off.

"I lied." Julia paused for a moment to let that idea sink in for a moment, "You let milk dolls go for too long their tits get so big they can't walk and it's not like it has to be all at once. Whenever you don't keep them milked down they grow and they don't get smaller when you empty them out. I swear they're way high maintenance pets. Puppies have nothing on milk dolls."

"And you're telling me you don't get some sort of perverse pleasure out of watching the milk dolls growing out of control with no way they can stop it?"

"Noooooo," Julia smiled, a huge grin on her face, "I'm not saying that. But listen," Julia said, leaning toward Michelle as if sharing a confidence. "Once a milk doll

gets too big she can't forage for food anymore. Suddenly I'm stuck going to the grocery store every couple of days and she's eating all my ice cream. Screw that. They work for me, I don't work for them," Julia said before she resumed waddling toward Harborplace.

"Wait? Your ice cream? I thought all you could eat is milk." Michelle said.

"Why'd you think that?" Julia said, "Can't you eat whatever you want?"

"Well, yeah... but..." Michelle replied.

"But those people teaching you which end is up? I'm gonna let you in on a little secret. You can't trust what they have to say. They twist everything to fit their dogma. All that 'eat naught but bitter ashes' bullshit is just that. Bullshit." Julia replied. "Come on, we can talk about this later. I know, you don't want to do this. But it has to be done. Now. You understand?"

Michelle looked down, "Yeah, I do."

"Okay. There are different kinds of chaos lords. The one that destroyed your friends is a corrupter. They can only affect living flesh and they can only mutate life based on what it is. So they can't make people grow horns and a tail or something like that." Julia explained.

"So there's different kinds of chaos?" Michelle asked.

"Sure, but at the end it doesn't matter, they all have to be destroyed." Julia replied.

"So what's the big?" Michelle asked.

"The big is that they're not real far gone... you're probably still going to be able to see them. Just don't want you being too surprised." Julia added.

"I don't think anything you can tell me is gonna make this any easier," Michelle said.

"Then lets get this over with." Julia replied. "Then pizza and beer, my treat!" Julia said cheerily.

§

The girls waddled to an indescrpt fire door behind a row of small shops and, approaching it carefully, Michelle wobbled up sideways and tried the door. "Locked."

"There's a surprise." Julia said as she handed Michelle a piece of paper. "Okay, this is the ritual. Read it now. Then you can do the memory trick to keep going if you drop the paper."

Michelle began to read as Julia continued talking. "Once we're inside you have to take off that amulet. It bends reality and we're trying to unbend it. I'm not sure but I don't think the ritual will work at all if you have it on."

Michelle nodded as Julia continued, "I don't know how far gone the girls are. If they're as far gone as the kids in Brazil we're set. "

"And if they're not?" Michelle asked cautiously.

"If not it's going to be really hard for you. They might still be conscious and recognizable. Kinda. Sorta. Think you can go through with it if they're still..." Julia said before Michelle cut her off.

"They're my friends. I can't let them go on like this, it must be hell." Michelle replied.

"Then lets go," Julia said, putting her hand against the door and closing her eyes. Michelle watched as a warm glow began to appear around Julia's hand as the door heated

up. “What are you waiting for?” Julia asked. “Remember, burn it off or lug it around until the end of the time?”

“Oh...” Michelle said, embarrassed as she put her hand on the door next to Julia’s and began to concentrate.

The new fire door was much stronger the one blown off its hinges by Allison and her crew close to a year before. No matter. The door only resisted a minute or so longer this time before it dented inward, freeing the lock from the strike plate and allowing the door to swing inwards. “Try to close that somehow,” Julia said. “We don’t want anything getting out.”

Michelle turned back to the door and began pushing it back into shape, Julia’s words echoing in her head. *Anything. Not Anyone. Anything.* Michelle thought sadly. Within a minute or so the door was pushed back to a semblance of its proper shape and was braced closed using some of the construction materials left behind from when it had been replaced. Michelle turned and looked around for Julia. It was very dark in the huge room, but she could just barely make out the white of Julia’s top in the distance, about sixty feet down the gently sloping ramp. Michelle did her best to catch up with Julia, then she stopped, having remembered Julia’s warning, and removed her amulet, revealing herself in her all her swollen, gravid glory before setting off again.

Within moments she was by Julia’s side. “Why’d you take off like that?” Michelle whispered.

“Because, little belly, you can move like twice as fast as I can. Now lets keep quiet until we get down there and see if this is going to be an easy one or a hard one.” Julia replied quietly.

“Hello?” a voice called out nervously from below. “Is someone there? You better go...it’s not safe here... Please...”

“Mandy?” Michelle called out.

“Candy!” The voice replied indignantly.

Julia sighed. “Hard one.”

“Where are you?” Michelle shouted.

“Uh... Everything’s fine!” Candy called out. “You don’t need to come down here! Right Mandy!”

“Right!” Mandy replied. “Nothing to see here... see you tomorrow...”

“Everything is not fine! It’s pretty fucking far from fine!” a third voice called out. Michelle’s face fell, “Maria...”

“Come on, don’t listen to them. We just have to keep going.” Julia said.

Michelle nodded sadly and they continued down the ramp toward the main floor.

“No you don’t” one of the twins called out, “We’ve got everything under control. Stop!”

Julia and Michelle continued down the ramp, ignoring the voices coming from below as they ever more desperately tried to talk Michelle and Julia out of their duty. Julia moved along steadily, waddling as quickly as she could without knocking herself off her feet. Michelle followed closely behind, for the first time in these last two days happy that Julia moved so slowly. But all too soon they reached the main floor of the museum. The room was practically pitch black, only illuminated by a faint green glow, almost entirely unlike the glow of a light stick. The color was similar, but this light seemed to dart about the room almost like a glowing miasma, carried along by tiny air

currents too small for the girls to even feel, if indeed they were there at all.

Michelle heard the sounds first. The sound of feet scampering across the marble floor, then the sound of flesh slapping against flesh against the tile floor, a girl's voice calling out in the darkness, "Whoooooooooooooooo," her voice growing louder and softer as if she was spinning around as she approached. Then Michelle saw them.

"Holy Christ!" Michelle said quietly, dumbfounded as a tear rolled down her cheek.

"There's no Christ here," Julia said as she circled around the two creatures that had once been Mandy and Candy, crossing to the other side of the room as Maria crept out of the darkness. She walked along on her knuckles, supporting herself on her massive arms and hands. Her legs had been almost completely absorbed into her body, leaving just the tiny stubs of feet hanging uselessly from her torso. "Thank God you're here," Maria called out as she approached, the other two girls scampering and rolling out of her way as she approached. It was only now that Michelle realized all three girls, no matter how they moved, were staying equidistant from each other, forming an equilateral triangle. *And right in between them, that's where the gate is going to form.* Michelle thought, shivering.

"What the hell is going on?" Maria asked as she strode quickly toward Michelle, her long arms enabling her to cover a lot of ground quickly. "You've got to help me!" Michelle began to sob now as Maria approached, covering her face with her hands. "Holy shit, what happened to you?" Maria asked as she got a good look at Michelle's massively pregnant belly, having never seen Michelle without her amulet since that night eight months before.

"Come on, we have to do this quick" Julia said, ignoring Maria, as she began to chant.

Michelle looked across the vast room to Julia then back to Maria and the twins and she knew what she must do. She wiped the tears from her eyes and reached into her cleavage, pulling out the slip of paper Julia had given her earlier and began to chant along with Julia. The faint greenish light in the room began to slowly shift towards white as it grew brighter. Maria's approach slowed, finally stopping less than ten feet from Michelle, her questions coming more slowly and quietly as Julia and Michelle continued to chant.

By now Mandy and Candy had stopped speaking at all, their bodies frozen, eyes looking vacantly toward the center of the room as Maria slowed to a stop, freezing in place. Or close to freezing. From her vantage point Michelle could see Maria's face stretching, her mouth opening wider and wider into the soundless scream she had seen etched into the faces of the poor hapless souls in Brazil. Thankfully whatever magic they were doing spun Maria around until she too faced the center of the room. A small pinpoint of light opened in the center of the room, glowing with the eerie purple light they had seen a few days before, only this time the ritual had opened it, not the cursed ones. A tiny rivulet of purple light began to snake its way from each girl's mouth toward that tiny whole in reality. It darted and weaved, as if conscious of its coming expulsion from our plane, but still it moved steadily toward the tiny pore in the normally solid fabric of reality. That is, until the hole closed.

The wind neither Michelle nor Julia had realized was enveloping them slowed, the roar falling away from their ears. Julia looked around the room and realized Michelle

was crossing the room toward her, waddling slowly but deliberately around the three paralyzed girls.

Julia stopped chanting, shock evident in her face. “What the *fuck* do you think you’re doing????”

“There has to be some other way!” Michelle pleaded. “I can’t do this to them!”

“*They* aren’t *them* anymore. *They* were as good as dead the moment they got infected with that shit in Brazil. Do you think *they* want to live like this? Do you think *they* would want to destroy everything they ever knew?” Julia said.

“But... “ Michelle said.

“But what. This is reality. It’s hard. It’s cold. It’s immediate. It’s now. Either we do this now, right now, or in a very few minutes everything in this room will be gone. Then everything in this city. Then the state. Then the world. Everything. Will. Be. Gone.”

“But it can’t do anything to us, can it?” Michelle asked.

“You say that like it’s a good thing. Yes. You, me, the other Mothers of the Apocalypse. We’ll be fine. Fine forever. Floating in a sea of chaos. No food. no water, no light and no milk. Just an eternal sea of chaos with no ending in sight, no light at the end of the tunnel. FOREVER. Now get your ass back across the room and chant your Goddamned chant!”

Julia yelled at Michelle with such force she swore she was being physically pushed back, Michelle turned and looked in either direction, at Mandy and Candy, still mostly frozen in place by the ritual, then forward and Maria, looking into the girl’s vacant eyes before she looked away and waddled back across the room to where she had been.

Julia waited a moment after Michelle had reached the far side of the room. “So what are you waiting for?” Julia called out. “Chant!”

Michelle reluctantly raised the slip of paper and began to read. Julia joined in almost immediately. The room began to grow brighter again just as it had before, the small purple wisps of chaos making their way back to the center of the room before the room began to grow dark again, the wind fading back away to nothing. Julia looked flabbergasted as she watched Michelle wadding across the room to Mandy.

“What the FUCK are you doing?” Julia screamed.

“Something you said,” Michelle said as she crossed the room and dropped to her hands and knees in front of Mandy’s dangling upside down head. “It can’t touch us. Chaos can’t break the protection of creation, not if it’s close enough.”

“It doesn’t matter how close you fucking sit to them.” Julia said, sounding as if she was speaking to a very stupid child, “The angel in you and the demon in me protect us. They don’t.... Oh no... No you don’t!” Julia said and began to waddle across the room toward Michelle and Mandy.

“Mandy,” Michelle said, slapping Mandy across the face then placing one hand on each cheek and shaking her face back and forth until she began to wake up. “Mandy, this is important. I think I can save you, but I don’t know if it’s going to work. I’m going to make you into one of us. Like Julia and I. Chaos can’t exist within us. The power within us burns out the chaos. But it’s your choice. I’m not going to trap you here forever without your say so. You understand.”

“Of course she doesn’t fucking understand. She’s a vegetable. You’re friend is GONE. DEAD. THAT,” Julia said, pointing at Mandy’s multi-legged body, “IS WHAT

KILLED HER.”

“Mandy....” Michelle said.

Mandy’s eyes began to clear as the effects of the ritual began to wear off. “I... wanna.... Live...” she gasped quietly, the words barely escaping her lips.

Michelle nodded silently as she pulled her top off, over her head and tossed it aside. She picked up one of her vast, swollen breasts and tweaked her nipple, watching as it grew firm and proud, a droplet of milk forming at the tip before she held her nipple up to Mandy’s mouth. “Then drink and be free.”

“NO!” Julia shouted, now in a full run as Mandy’s lips met Michelle’s breast. At first nothing happened, then Mandy began to suck, slowly at first, but then more and more quickly as if she was suddenly gaining more and more energy. After less than a minute Mandy released Michelle’s nipple from her lips, milk dribbling down the corner of her mouth. “Wow...” Mandy said, what a rush,” Mandy said before she fell over smiling, her legs twitching.

Michelle crawled over to Mandy’s head. “Mandy! Speak to me!”

Mandy smiled warmly, her eyes a mix of energy and pleasantly buzzed. “I’m good. You better do Candy and Maria before it’s too late...”

Michelle pulled herself to her feet, coming face to face with Julia. “If you think I’m letting you turn all three of these girls into good little pregnant angel bearers you are sorely mistaken.”

“No I’m not. You don’t have a choice.” Michelle said.

“What?!?! I can burn you where you stand.” Julia replied

“You can try,” Michelle said. “But I’m not going to do the ritual. I’m sure as hell not going to if you try to burn a hole in me. And you can’t dispel the chaos alone. So save my friends or it’s end of the world. Your choice.”

Julia began to fume, the pleasant, friendly exterior she had so carefully constructed before her visit to Baltimore evaporating away as Michelle waddled over to Candy and dropped to her hands and knees, whispering in Candy’s ear.

“This isn’t over. You fucked with the wrong fucker today. You think I’m just going to let this stand you got another thing coming girl.” Julia ranted as Michelle offered her breast to Candy’s eager lips.

“There’s going to be hell to pay for this shit. You think we were uncooperative before, just you wait and fucking see....” Julia said as Michelle crossed the room to Maria and began to whisper quietly to her.

Ten minutes later the three mutated girls and Michelle sat in the middle of the room talking. Michelle explained how Julia herself had given her the idea when she explained that chaos couldn’t affect the Mothers of the Apocalypse, how the power of the angel or demon within them would just burn out whatever chaos was within them.

“Soooo,” Mandy said, tapping one of her many feet against the floor, “Why do I still have three left feet... and three right feet for that matter...”

“Yeah...uh... thanks for saving us and all, but I really don’t want to live forever as a ball of giant boobs,” Candy added, holding her breast/head with both hands so she could aim it at the other girls.

“Yep. Looks like you’re fucked.” Julia said as she waddled up to the little group. “Now whatcha gonna do? Can’t go out in public,” Julia said, reaching down and

tweaking one of Candy's many nipples. "Can't stay here... that fire door is gonna bring repair men..." Julia said as she circled. "Where are you going to find jeans with six legs anyway?" Julia asked Mandy and slapped her on one of her many ass cheeks. "Hell, forget pants, where are you gonna get gloves?" Julia laughed, looking at Maria.

"They're not going to need to. They just need enough energy to burn all this chaos out of them. That *is* what you said, right? So we're just going to need to borrow your milk dolls for a little while. They drink, they get stronger, they burn off the chaos, they return to normal." Michelle said.

"You forgot, 'they get big as houses, they turn evil, oh... and pigs fly out of their butt... cause that's gotta happen before I help you make the good guys three stronger."

Michelle smiled. "You don't really have a choice here. *They're* still filled with chaos that needs to be burned off. *Your* sworn duty is to remove chaos from creation. We need *your* milk dolls to do that."

Julia reached over and cupped one of Mandy's six vulvas in her hand, ignoring the girl's passionate gasp. "They seem stable. I walk away, no harm, no foul."

"Maybe...or maybe your people take the whole defeating chaos thing as seriously as you said they did. How will they react if they find out you broke an agreement between good and evil that's existed since the time before time because you didn't think things were going your way?"

Julia considered a moment. "Fine. They'll be here in twenty minutes." Julia said as she waddled toward the ramp, pulling a cell phone from her pocket. "But you'd just better damn well know... if our paths cross again... and they will.... There are things far worse than death.... Things that would make you beg for a death that can never come.... And I'll be there to do it..."

CHAPTER 20

Twenty minutes later, like clockwork, Julia's four milk dolls appeared at the fire door. "Hello?" One of the four girls called out as she wobbled in through the doorway at the top of the ramp, clutching her breasts with either hand to slow their incessant shaking. "Is anyone there?" another girl called out in the darkness.

"Hold on," Mandy called out and felt around the wall near the elevator until she found some light switches and turned on the small accent lights that were designed to illuminate the floor so people wouldn't trip and fall. "We're down here," she called out to the girls.

"Well, at least it's not steps," one of the girls said to another and they wobbled down the stairs, trying desperately to keep their massively oversized breasts under control as they made their way down the long, winding ramp. When they reached the bottom Michelle called the four girls over to the huge futon in the center of the room where Mandy, Candy and Maria lay covered in sheets. "Julia told us she was fasting," Michelle said, "but I know that's not true. Still, there's four of you and only one of her, so you must all be pretty full."

"I'm past pretty full," one girl said, her hands resting on her breasts, fingertips tapping against their firmness. "They're like a third bigger than they were last week. If I don't get them emptied and keep them empty I'm not gonna be able to walk for much longer." *The girl has a point*, Michelle thought. The girl's breasts were massive teardrops, lying firmly on the girl's belly, falling well past where her waist must have been under her oversized top. They were far wider than her torso, wider even than her hips, her tiny hands bracing them from either side, unable to stop the constant, tiny breast quakes that shook through her heavy, firm flesh. But Michelle couldn't take her eyes off the girl's huge nipples, pushed out through the thin fabric of her top, erect and unavoidable. Michelle's mouth began to water and she pulled her eyes away, noticing the two girls from the night before at the hotel, their arms crossed atop their breasts, now seeming restrained, embarrassed and quiet, a far cry from the night before. Still, there were more pressing matters at hand.

"Well, the good news is I can get you all emptied out. The bad news is, well, you have to nurse these girls."

The lead girl looked over Mandy, Candy and Maria's covered forms. "I'm used to nursing girls. I'm not into it or anything, don't get me wrong, but once they've done this to your boobs you don't have any choice.... But just what the hell is under those sheets and what's with that girl's head?" she asked, pointing at the oddly shaped, sheet covered bodies of the three girls as well as Candy's hugely swollen, breast-shaped head.

"Don't worry. They won't hurt you or anything. They need your milk to burn the chaos out of them. Once that's done they should be back to normal." Michelle said.

"Yeah, and we'll be emptied out," the lead girl said, still eyeing the three mutated girls cautiously. "I guess we don't have a choice."

"Of course you have a choice. I'm asking you to help us." Michelle said.

"That's not what I meant. We can't say no even if we want to. Gotta get all this milk out," the girl said, squeezing her breasts from either side.

“Yeah... What’s your name?” Michelle asked.
“I don’t remember,” the girl said. “Julia fixed it so we can’t remember our names.”
“What? That’s just nuts!” Michelle said, incredulous. “Until I can figure out how to fix this I’m just going to call you Rachel.”
“Call me what?” the girl said.
“Rachel,” Michelle repeated.
The girl rolled her eyes. “That’s not going to work. We tried giving each other different names. We can’t even hear them.”
“When Julia comes back I’m going to give her such a piece of my mind!” Michelle fumed.
“Uh... Julia said to give you this,” the girl said and handed Michelle a folded piece of paper before she pulled her top off, over her head, and tossed it aside before kneeling down on the futon next to Mandy, Candy and Maria. “Come on,” she said to the other milk dolls, “They need our help!”
Michelle opened the folded note, trying to focus on anything other than the stripping teenage boob queens pulling off their tops only feet away,

My Dearest Michelle,

By now you’ve probably discovered that I wasn’t just pulling your leg, the milk dolls really don’t have names. Sorry, I just couldn’t resist.

But I digress. The milk dolls, such as they are... Think of them as a gift, personally, from me to you. At first I was upset by your demand that I let you borrow the girls, but then I thought about it... and I realized as much as you need the milk dolls now, you need them not at all in a day or two... so gifting you with all four should be more than you can handle. Good luck convincing your friends that milk is good for them without telling them how you’ve become a boob-sucking lesbian freak. Hopefully you come up with a way before the milk dolls swell into immobility or you suck your way to a belly so big you can’t walk... I wish I could be there to see how it turns out, but alas, I have obligations elsewhere. May you live in interesting times.

Yours always,

Julia

P.S. You must talk to your two girlfriends from last night. I know they just can’t wait to tell you how much they enjoyed your night together. Ta ta!

Michelle read and reread the note, turning her back to the overly arousing

spectacle beginning on the futons behind her. She folded up the note and stepped away from the loud, desperate sucking sounds behind her, shoving the note deep into her pocket, her fingertips brushing against her amulet, reminding her of its presence. She pulled it out quickly and put it on, cloaking her very pregnant body in it's aura of normalcy.

Several minutes later one of the milk dolls, one of the two that had been with her in the hotel room the night before, came up to Michelle, clutching her t-shirt across her very ample breasts. "Uh, is there somewhere I can go?" the girl asked. "There's only three of them over there and there are four of us..."

Michelle turned around and looked the girl over as she clutched her top to her breasts, trying to cover them as best she could as she looked down at the floor, red-faced and nervous. "Well, I guess I could find somewhere you can relax," Michelle said, staring at the girl's huge breasts. "Are you feeling full," she whispered, "because I could..."

The girl cut her off. "No. I'm good. I'm gonna go over there," she said curtly and headed to one of the out coves circling the room, struggling to keep her massive breasts covered, unaware that the outer curves of her breasts were easily visible from behind, the hugely swollen curves overwhelming her torso, extending past her waist nearly eight inches on either side.

Michelle watched her as the girl wobbled away, her expression a mix of confusion, concern and lust. *Never mind, I can work my crap out later. I better check on the twins and Maria.*

Several hours later the milk seemed to be doing its job, although not nearly quickly enough for anyone in the room. Mandy, Candy and Maria started out very eager, but were becoming increasingly uncomfortable as time went on. With their eyes closed they seemed blissful enough, but in the minutes when the milk dolls were resting as they switched between the newly forged Mothers of the Apocalypse, all three now supernatural girls seemed incredibly uncomfortable and embarrassed, refusing to even look each other in the eyes, much less actually talk with each other.

As for the milk dolls, they seemed used to the physical side of the job but were surprised by how awkward and embarrassed everyone else was reacting and that embarrassment was quickly rubbing off on the milk dolls. All except for the lead girl, who seemed unshakable. Michelle caught up with her in the rest room as she washed herself.

"How are you holding up?" Michelle asked, trying to act nonchalant as she tried to look at the girl's face while her eyes kept darting to her massive breasts and hugely erect nipples.

"I'm fine," the girl said as she washed her breasts in warm, soapy water, "but my nipples feel like they're gonna fall off. I'm used to the sucking, just not for hours at a time. Usually it's just a few minutes a day, almost enough to take the edge off."

"Almost?" Michelle asked.

The girl sighed, "It's like they could tell when the pressure was almost gone and there'd be no discomfort at all and you could sleep without waking up in a puddle... and just then they'd stop and I'd go to bed achy. God, I can't believe how big they got this

time,” the girl exclaimed, looking at her reflection.

Michelle took this as permission to look, but it turned into more of a gawk. “Really? They got a lot worse?” Michelle said, hoping her concern concealed her excitement.

“Hell yeah,” the girl said, running her hands over the huge, full curves of her breasts until they cupped the darkened, raised mounds of her swollen areola before she slid her hands slowly along that delicate skin and felt her salt shaker sized nipples with her fingers. “Just look at how big they are!” she said, perturbed. “They’re almost too big to suck on. I don’t know what the hell I’ll do if that happens.”

“Yeah, I bet it feels good having them sucked on,” Michelle said, trying to sound as casual as possible.

“It’s not like that,” the girl said, still examining her breasts as if Michelle wasn’t even there. “I’m straight. I’d *really* rather no one be sucking on my boobs at all but I don’t have much of a choice. Either I let some supernatural pregnant bitch suck on my boobs or they start growing again and just a bit bigger and no ones going to be able to suck them ever again and then there’ll be no way to stop them growing.”

“Supernatural pregnant bitches?” Michelle said, shocked.

“I didn’t mean you,” the girl said in the way of apology, but Michelle realized that, in a way, the girl did mean her. “It’s just that it’s so frustrating. Every day they’re bigger and heavier and more sensitive and Julia’s still helping the other girls out and here I am just sitting around growing.

“She just left you? I figured she would have like had a rotation or something. Why’d she do that?” Michelle asked.

“Well,” the girl said, “You might not have noticed, but I’m kinda mouthy sometimes and Julia really, *really* doesn’t like that.”

“No, not you...” Michelle smiled and joined the girl laughing quietly.

“So,” the girl said, tweaking her nipples, her fingers barely denting the firm flesh. “They’re still a little sore but they’re ready to go. I gotta get back in there but I can go for a couple of minutes.”

“What?” Michelle said, surprised. “I thought you said you’re not into girls.”

The girl looked surprised. “I’m not, but you’re like way into boobs so I figured...”

“I am not!” Michelle said, struggling to lock her gaze on the girl’s accusing eyes.

“Uh... we’re standing in front of a bunch of mirrors. You’ve been drooling since you came in here,” the girl replied.

“Wha...” Michelle said, turning toward the mirrors, looking at the girl’s face in reflection before she turned away, crossing her arms across her breasts. “Maybe you should just get back in there. Mandy, Candy and Maria need you.”

“Okay,” the girl said and walked past Michelle on the way to the bathroom door before she stopped and came back, momentarily resting her hand on Michelle’s shoulder. “Thanks,” she said before she turned and left the bathroom, returning to the museum’s main floor.

CHAPTER 21

It didn't happen all at once, or with any sort of rhyme or reason but by the time four hours had past Mandy and Candy were about in the same state they were in the day Mandy woke up in the vintage clothing store. Mandy was down to just two sets of legs, her original legs, which were much longer than before, her butt much larger than it had been originally and her new legs, which had once been her arms. Candy was down to just two breasts, although they were massive, larger even than those of the lead milk doll helping them out. They hung heavy and full, well past her waist, her nipples swollen hugely, well past the size that would allow them to be sucked. Her demonic arms hung limply at her sides. Maria, on the other hand, was almost back to normal, her hands only a bit larger than when they started growing. Still, Maria decided that being this close to normal she might as well persevere along with her friends.

Two hours later Mandy and Candy were very close to normal, although Mandy's rear and thighs were still much larger than they had been before this began and Candy's breasts were still very large, about the same size as the milk doll helping her. Maria, on the other hand, was no closer to her original tiny girl-hands than she was two hours before, her hands about the size of her ex-boyfriend's.

"I think you're about as back to normal as you're gonna get," Michelle said, looking over the sheet-clad girls as they lay on the futons, their heads resting in the milk doll's laps.

"Just a few more minutes," Mandy said, "I'm almost back to normal."

"Me too," Candy said, feeling herself up, "Just a few more minutes and I'll be back to my good old b-cup."

"I didn't want to get into this before," Michelle said, "but when I was talking to Julia she was telling me how the more milk you drink and don't burn off the bigger you get. You remember how much milk I drank when they did this to me and you know how big I got."

"Yeah," Maria said, "but you didn't burn any of it off. We've been using it to cancel out all this chaos crap."

"More like you *were* using it," Michelle said. "You look the same as you did two hours ago. I know you're not big on the big man-hands but just how big do you want to risk your belly getting anyway?"

Maria considered for a moment, looking between Michelle, the milkmaid's face, and the massive breast taking up most of her field of vision. "Fine," she said. "I'm done." She shook her head, as if trying to clear her thoughts. "So, why not just undo the whole magic pregnancy crap so we can get back to normal?"

"Because the only way to do that is to kill me and I'd really appreciate it if you didn't kill me for saving your lives." Michelle replied.

Maria sighed and sat up, pulling her sheet around her as she looked around for her top. She spotted it across the room but before she got up she turned to the milk doll she'd been resting her head on. "Thank you so much," she said, hugging the girl warmly and firmly before getting up and walking into the darkness in search of her top. "So, anybody

want anything from Micky-D's? I'm starving!"

Two hours later Michelle and Maria had eaten and were sitting in one of the out coves watching television. Despite their desperate suckling neither Mandy nor Candy had changed at all in the last two hours and after some prodding from Michelle and Maria, along with the threat of massive midsections, they gave up their hopes of returning to their original sizes. Even wrapped in sheets it was obvious which twin was which now. Mandy obviously was carrying around an extra thirty pounds or so across her hips and thighs while Candy carried about the same amount of weight on her chest. Only Maria seemed relatively normal, aside from her slightly oversized hands.

After a quick clothing run to the vintage clothing store for Mandy and Candy everyone in the museum packed up for the trip to Michelle's house. They made their way up the long spiral ramp, Mandy, Candy and Maria leading the way, followed at a respectable distance by the jiggling milk dolls with Michelle bringing up the rear. Michelle paused for a moment by the bent, twisted door. "They're probably going to just cement over the doorway or something this time," she mused.

"Good riddance," Mandy said.

"If I see this place ever again it will be too soon," Candy finished as they left Harborplace behind and headed back to Michelle's house.

As the girl's stumbled in June came to the door and was stared at the parade of people heading upstairs. Not so much at Mandy, Candy and Maria, although the twins had put on quite a bit of weight, but she seemed very disturbed by the four milk dolls as they passed her on their way upstairs. By the time Michelle waddled in the front door June was ready to get some answers from her daughter.

Seeing the look on her mother's face Michelle cut straight to the chase. "Can we talk about this after we all get some sleep. Please... It's been a way long day."

June looked into her daughter's eyes for a long moment. "Okay, okay... but as soon as you're up..."

"I want some answers, young lady, and they better be the truth." Michelle said, wagging her finger the way an angry mother might as she did a passable imitation of her mother's voice, "No problem. Just let me sleep on it."

Michelle led Mandy and Candy to her mother's bedroom and pulled the shades before she left, taking Maria and two of the milk dolls to her sister's now-vacant room. She brought the last two milk dolls, the ones she had spent the night with at the hotel, back to her room and closed the door behind them.

"I know it's been a really long day," Michelle said, removing her amulet, allowing her image to morph back to her true appearance, "But if you're up for some fun, I'm game," she said hopefully, pulling her top off over her head, revealing her oversized breasts.

"Uh, no thanks," the first girl said, but even as she spoke she was pulling her top off, rubbing her breast with one hand as she tossed her shirt away with the other.

"We just need some sleep," the second girl said, already ahead of her companion, her top and shorts tossed aside, one hand caressing her oversized nipple, the other down her panties.

Michelle laughed, "you keep saying no but you sure look like you're saying yes,"

Michelle said, walking up to the two girls. They both stopped fondling themselves and began feeling up Michelle's belly and boobs as they spoke.

"Please," the first girl said in a husky, sexy voice, "Please don't make us do this..."

"You're supposed to be one of the good guys," the second girl moaned seductively, "You're not supposed to make us do stuff we don't want to do..."

"What are you talking about?" Michelle demanded as she gently pushed aside the one girl's massive breast that she held aloft with both hands for Michelle to suck on.

"Julia made us do what we did at the hotel," the first girl whispered sexily, sliding one hand across Michelle's butt, the other over her belly, "We don't have any choice."

"Don't or didn't?" Michelle asked, the true nature of her situation dawning on her.

"Don't," the second girl breathed into Michelle's ear as she ground her thin, flat belly against Michelle's massive gravid middle. "She told us that we had to go along with whatever you suggest, no matter how much we hate it," the girl cooed.

"Please, don't make us," the first girl pleaded, not sounding at all unhappy, despite her words, but the expression on her face said it all, even as her fingers slid under the elastic of Michelle's panties.

That sensation was all it took for Michelle to feel the full brunt of the reality stick and she jumped back, horrified and ashamed at what had almost happened, but more turned on than she'd ever been in her life. She pushed past the girls and waddled out of the room, pulling the door shut behind her. She leaned heavily against the wall for a moment, trying to catch her breath, before she heard the distinctive sound of the door's lock being thrown behind her.

CHAPTER 22

Michelle woke in the hallway, laying on the floor, to the sound of screams from down the hall. She forced herself slowly to her feet, her milk-borne energy spent, and waddled as quickly as she could down the hall to her mother's bedroom and threw open the door.

Mandy sat on the bed, her legs spread and folded under her, sitting on her feet, topless. Her belly pressed out into a firm but shallow oval from just under her sternum to somewhere deep beneath the granny-panties she wore. She had stopped screaming now and simply sat there, her hands out to her sides, far away from her swollen middle, staring down at her belly, looking every day of six months pregnant. While Mandy seemed to be in no hurry to touch her stomach Candy had no such qualms, feeling Mandy's belly with one hand as she sat straddling the edge of the bed.

"Are you two okay?" Michelle asked, looking over the two girls.

"Are we looking at the same belly here?" Mandy asked.

Michelle sighed, "I thought something was really wrong."

"It is!" Mandy and Candy said at the same time.

"You've both been through this before, at least this much of it. After the first night you should be about this big." Michelle yawned.

"First night?" Mandy asked. "How long do you think we've been..." Mandy stopped speaking and looked back down at her belly. Suddenly it gurgled, almost like a water bubbling, before her belly pushed out, gaining several inches in circumference, forcing the elastic waistband of her panties down off the apex of her belly, which was now beginning to take on a slightly round shape as opposed to the flat oval it had been before.

"We've only been in bed two hours," Candy said, her hand just an inch above Mandy's belly, as if afraid to actually touch it. "Plus I feel way tired, like tons more tir..." Candy stopped speaking as a similar gurgling sound came from her belly and within moments her belly was pushing out into her t-shirt as much as Mandy's was.

"That's... really fast..." Michelle said, stepping back. "I'm going to go check on Maria," she said and waddled heavily out of the room, yawning and rubbing her eyes.

My mistake, I should have knocked, Michelle thought after she threw open the door to her sister's room and found Maria laying with her head in the lap of one of the milk dolls, sucking the girl's massive nipple, taking in a morning feeding, the other giving her a foot massage.

"Hey," the lead milk doll said, nonplussed.

Maria's eyes opened for a moment, just enough to see who'd come into the room, Suddenly she flailed, practically jumping out of the milk doll's lap, rolling off the bed and into a pile on the floor, looking around, red-faced and panicky.

"Chill, okay, everything's fine. Relax." Michelle said, her hands in front of her, waving them slowly back and forth, trying to calm Maria down. "It's okay, there's nothing to get excited about. Just breathe," Michelle continued, trying to remain focused on Maria, ignoring the lead milk doll's huge, erect, dripping nipples.

"I was just... Uh... Just... I was asleep! I didn't know... uh..." Maria fumbled.

"It's okay. It's perfectly natural. Last week when I was in Brazil? I found out that all of the Mothers of the Apocalypse have this... desire to drink milk."

"They do?" Maria asked, not noticing the milk running from the corner of her mouth. "But isn't that like the ultimate evil? It's what makes you evil instead of good."

"That's supposed to be some kind of symbolic thing. Believe me, once you're completely changed whenever you think of doing something bad you feel bad and when you think of doing something good you feel good and when I think of drinking milk, even from milk dolls.... I get nothing...good or bad." Michelle said, sympathetically.

"So... you...drink...?" Maria asked, now noticing and wiping the dribble of milk away from the corner of her mouth.

"No," Michelle lied curtly. "Not that there's anything wrong with it. It just seems so...."

"Lezzy?" Maria provided.

"Yeah, I guess." Michelle said as Maria pulled herself to her feet. As she saw Maria standing there, her belly pushing against her t-shirt Michelle suddenly remembered why she'd run in. "So are you all right?" Michelle asked, looking squarely at Maria's bulging belly.

"What?" Maria said, looking down, "You said it was gonna be faster because of all the milk we had to drink to burn out the chaos energy."

"Good attitude," Michelle said, "I wish Mandy and Candy were coping so well."

"Was that them yelling a few minutes ago," Maria asked. "I was gonna check but I..." Maria gasped and grabbed onto the bedpost as a loud gurgle came from her belly, before it swelled noticeably, quickly growing another few inches, propelling her belly solidly into the appearance of the seventh month of pregnancy. Within a minute it was over and Maria stood, still catching her breath, looking to Michelle for guidance.

"Uh... I'd lay off the milk dolls. The more milk you drink the faster and bigger you get. I know you didn't meet Julia, but believe me, you don't want to end up her size."

"But, I wasn't... I didn't," Maria blushed, ignoring the obvious fact that Michelle had just seen her sucking the hell out of the lead milk doll's nipples.

"Okay, fine," Michelle said, understanding Maria's need to keep private things private. "I'm gonna try to get some sleep and you should too... we've only been back two hours."

"That's it? It feels like forever!" Maria said, feeling her now rounder belly before she turned and lifted up her top to examine it more closely. "See you later," she said as Michelle began to pull the door closed. "Sleep tight," Michelle said and closed the door.

"Okay, time for some rest," Maria said, looking to the two milk dolls. "But first..." she said, smiling broadly and she stepped back over to the bed and tossed her t-shirt aside, "momma is still a little thirsty."

The lead milk doll sighed and looked down at her nipples before she reached around her massive endowments and tapped them with her fingertips. "Come on girls, it's show time."

Michelle awoke several hours later to the sounds of screams. Disoriented, she tried to roll out of bed, but the shape and weight of her belly stopped any sort of rolling motion before it even began. Michelle pushed herself slowly into a sitting position, unhappy to find that any extra strength or power she had gained from the milk doll's

breast milk had faded away, leaving her as weak as she had been for the last eight months. She sighed as she slowly pushed herself to her feet and took a moment to gain her balance before she waddled toward her bedroom door,

She only managed to make it several steps before she stopped and looked curiously at her massively gravid middle. Michelle slowly took another step and watched as her belly moved from one side of her hips to the other. The look of curiosity turned to concern as she felt the weight of her belly shift. *Oh my God, don't tell me I'm fucking bigger*, she thought and placed one hand on either side of her belly as she tried to assess the situation. Her introspection was interrupted only moments later as the nearby screaming resumed. Michelle pushed herself into the hallway, directly in front of her mother, who, having bounded up the stairs was running down the hallway toward the master bedroom and the screaming. Running into Michelle was like hitting a brick wall and June tumbled to the floor. Michelle teetered this way and that, desperately reaching for anything to grab a hold of to keep her upright before fell over. Slowly, even without a handhold she regained her balance and placed her hand against the wall and relaxed as she breathed a sigh of relief.

"Who was that?" June asked as she quickly picked herself off the floor.

"I don't know," Michelle said as she rubbed her belly with one hand and adjusted her top with the other. "I think it came from..." Michelle was interrupted as another harmonious scream pierced the air. The two made their way down the narrow hall as quickly as possible, Michelle's size slowing their progress and stopping June from passing her. Soon they were at the bedroom door and Michelle twisted the handle and threw the door open.

Mandy stood about halfway between the bed and bedroom door, clad only in bra and panties, her back to Michelle and June. It was immediately obvious which of the sisters it was since Mandy's rear end hadn't returned to its original, thin but slightly curvy shape after her bout with chaos but instead was still massively plump, a suitable size for a much heavier girl. The plumpness only extended between Mandy's knees and waist, but between those boundaries her thighs and butt cheeks had filled out, firm and fleshy, her panties barely large enough to stretch over the two massive hemispheres. She stood with her feet apart, her hands pressed into the small of her back, leaning as far back as she could without falling over.

When the bedroom door opened Mandy tried to turn toward the door, but her body simply refused to swivel at the waist, her very gravid belly making it impossible for her to twist or bend at the waist. Given the brief period of time since Michelle had seen Mandy the growth was remarkable. Her belly had swollen into a huge oval, taller than it was wide, pressing firmly into her pubic bone and ribcage, forcing her back to arch to an unnatural degree. It wrapped halfway around her sides and stuck out nearly a foot and a half in front of her, capped by a large, out thrust navel. All together her belly rivaled the size of Michelle's, if not the shape.

Mandy fought against the constraints of her body and soon she began an awkward shuffling waddle to turn in place and face the door. "Holy shit!" Mandy said as she pulled her hands from her back, laced her fingers together and pushed down against the upper curve of her belly. "Arrrrgh! The pressure is killing me! I didn't know it would be so..."

"Damn huge!" Candy said, clad only in panties, pinned flat on her back on the

king-sized bed by the massive weight of her breasts and huge egg-shaped belly, looking very much like how a cartoon character would look had they eaten one of the eggs from the movie 'Alien', her outthrust belly button pointed skyward, her back arched by the pressure of her belly against her ribs. She flailed her arms and legs wildly, unable to get any purchase. "How the hell do I get up!"

"Uh... you kinda have to get out from under it," Michelle said before she turned back to Mandy, "and the pressure? Your ribs kinda spread out at the bottom and make room. It takes awhile to get used to moving around though."

"Michelle? We need to have a little talk," June said with a bit of annoyance and a generous dose of artificial cheer in her voice.

"Why'd we have to get so damn big?" Mandy asked as she wrestled with her body, trying to force herself to walk normally to Candy's side.

"That's from all that milk you drank," Michelle said. "Would you rather be practically dead but thin or be alive forever and a little on the rotund side?"

"A little???" Candy said, still on her back, one hand on either side of her upwardly pointing belly. "I'm gigantic!"

"We're already almost as big as you," Mandy said as she reached over and tried to take Candy's hand in her own.

"Michelle... a minute?" June asked, her annoyance taking over for her falsely pleasant demeanor.

Michelle didn't bother to tell them they were actually a bit larger than she was. She simply nodded to her mother and replied, "At least you're pretty much done..."

Candy grunted as she clutched her belly desperately, her hands struggling for purchase. Suddenly her belly seemed to expand, growing upward slightly but widening significantly. Her belly pushed her hands outward as it grew, her large oval belly becoming more spherical.

Mandy looked away from Michelle and to Candy. "But it's not over! We keep having these little..." Mandy said before Candy interrupted.

"Little???" Candy exclaimed as she ran her hands over her now larger belly. "I wouldn't call them little!"

"You!" Mandy said as she turned and fought with her legs as she tried to move closer to Michelle. "You did this to..." Mandy gasped as she clutched her belly when suddenly her belly swelled, growing wider, enveloping more of her torso as it pushed forward, extending further from her body. As she gasped for breath Mandy lost her balance and tumbled to the floor, landing heavily on her now-oversized butt.

"Mom?" Michelle asked.

June sighed and rolled her eyes, "I'll be right back. I have to pick up some holy water and some more food at the market. Who all is here?"

"Uh," Michelle said, wilting under her mother's gaze. "Mandy, Candy and Maria... and the four milk dolls."

"We're *definitely* going to talk," June fumed as she headed back to the stairs. "Mom!" Mandy sighed as her shoulders fell and followed as quickly as she was able.

"Isn't *someone* going to help me up???" Candy called out and tensed her whole body before she let go, flailing beneath the weight of her massive belly.

June was halfway down the stairs by the time Michelle reached the hallway.

"Mom?"

June turned around on the steps, "What the hell were you thinking? How are we going to hide three more of you in a town this size?"

"Allison had five girls and that was no trouble." Michelle said.

"They didn't try to hide. They didn't have to go to school or have after-school jobs and certainly didn't have concerned parents who are going to wonder why their daughters suddenly look like they ate a beach balls".

"What was I going to do, they got infected with chaos down in Brazil. We had to do something." Michelle replied.

"We?" June asked.

"Julia and I. She stopped by the day before yesterday." Michelle said

June's eyes narrowed. "Quite possibly the oldest and most evil person in the western world just 'stopped by' yesterday and you didn't... They were infected with chaos?" June said, her anger giving way to curiosity and concern.

"Yeah, but I remembered how we're immune to chaos and how any chaos that does get to us is just burned out... I put two and two together." Michelle replied.

Now June appeared deeply concerned. "But there's just Mandy, Candy and Maria... that's just 3."

"And the milk dolls," Michelle added.

"No, you don't understand. Chaos usually travels in fours. They need four to open a stable gateway. If you saved three there's probably a fourth one out there somewhere."

"God, not again," Michelle said, "It was bad enough seeing them like that."

June climbed back up the stairs and hugged her daughter, carefully navigating around Michelle's massive midsection. "I'm sorry I got angry earlier...I didn't realize..." June said as they hugged.

"It's okay," Michelle said, her head against her mother's shoulder. "I should have come to you first," she added, then the stress of the last few days finally broke and she cried, unashamed, against her mother's shoulder.

"Aww, come on, you stopped two chaos breakouts in a week. You did good kid," June said, pulling her daughter as close as she could, a look of concern crossing her face as her hands reached around Michelle's slightly larger middle, not sure if anything had changed there or not. "Come on, let's go to the supermarket and you can think about who the fourth might be."

Michelle leaned away from her mother and wiped her eyes. "Okay, but really there's only one person that could really be..."

"No, really, I'm fine." Mary chuckled, "What's up?"

"Nothing... well, okay, something." Michelle replied from the front steps of Mary's house. "Some weird stuff went on with Mandy, Candy and Maria and we just wanted to make sure you were all right."

"Are they all right? I thought something was funny when Candy asked us to bring stuff to the museum." Mary replied.

"They're fine, mostly" Michelle said in none too sure a tone as Mary ducked into the house. "Uh, where are you going?"

"I'm grabbing my shoes. Time to check on my friends." Mary said as she sat down on the threshold of her home and started to put on her sneakers.

“I’m not sure they want visitors right now,” June said from Michelle’s side.

“Besides, you have stuff to do too...” Michelle said.

Mary got very angry. “After all we’ve been through together??? They’re my friends too and I’m coming over. Now are you going to give me a ride or do I have to take the bus?”

Michelle smiled, “Come on. We have to go to the supermarket first though.”

“One more mouth to feed,” June sighed then looked skyward, smiling pleasantly.

Soon all three were headed back to June’s car. June led the way, Michelle and Mary followed close behind. Mary lagged just far enough behind so that she could focus on Michelle’s appearance, watching as the magical field that kept Michelle’s massively gravid form concealed seemed to weaken and strengthen, allowing her true form to show through. Mary looked around and realized no one they passed seemed to notice anything amiss. She rubbed her eyes and looked again but now Michelle’s illusion was as real as anything else on the street. Mary breathed a quiet sigh of relief and brushed the hair out of her face, lingering as her fingertips crossed her forehead. Without even thinking about it Mary lowered her hands to her front pockets and began rubbing the tips of the two middle fingers of each hand across the fabric of her jeans, sighing contentedly as she and Michelle crossed the street to June’s car.

“You okay,” Michelle asked as she noticed the amazingly blissful expression on Mary’s face.

“Yeah,” she said and waited for Michelle to turn back around before she redoubled her efforts as they stood next to the car waiting for June to unlock it. Mary’s eyes rolled back in her head as she rubbed her fingertips against the denim faster and faster until she tensed up, going rigid for several seconds, a look of complete and utter happiness on her face.

“Don’t worry,” Mary replied, “I’m a lot better than okay.”