

An Epidemic of Titanic Proportions

It seemed like such a normal day, when it happened.

I woke up normally that day, stretching after an uneasy sleep, and heading downstairs to have a sandwich before getting ready to do a whole lot of nothing. What is a Saturday if not a time for relaxation? Even better, I had the dorm to myself, as the exams were mercifully finished, and most people went home to their parents. I decided I was going to spend the weekend at the dorm, mostly so I can use up the food that's still here, and so I can just spend some time by myself. I always had a very limited social battery, and the ability to just sit back, relax, walk around the campus a bit...

It seemed like heaven, especially with how many lovely walkways there were. Maybe I'll finally use that gym membership that's been burning a hole in my pocket. Too bad I was still a bit tired, though. I bummed a bit of coffee that was left behind, and elected to eat some cold pizza that was left over from last night as breakfast. Somehow, it always tasted better like that, and I was smart enough to order the spinach pizza. Nobody here has the guts to try it, so it's all for me!

I chuckled to myself, adjusting my nightgown as I yawned. The coffee tasted like boiled dirt, as per usual, but it should at least wake me up in time so I can very actively go do nothing at all. Somebody left an unfinished bowl of cornflakes here, as well. I'm not sure who it might have been, but there are quite a few people around who didn't much care about cleaning up after themselves.

Sighing, I just let it sit there. What the heck do I care? I'll finish *my* breakfast, and then I'll inevitably clean up after those jerks.

I do what most people my age do and take out my phone. The selfie I had accidentally made my screensaver stares blankly at me, and I briefly consider if I have the time or energy to adjust it back to the anime hottie I had before. Staring blankly into the girl in the picture, I consider my own features for a bit. Rail-thin, an unassuming face, somewhat curly brown hair, freckles....

...Mixed together with the incredibly ironic "oppai" shirt, it's easily the worst picture of myself that I had ever taken, and of all the things to fatfinger to my screensaver, it's that one. Sighing, I figure the day of doing nothing might as well include a moment of doing *something*. I quickly switch it out to a picture of something far more pleasant to look at, though it's still not something I'd actually like to share. Then, having finished that, I open up the internet. A new tab, to get the news.

That was the first sign something was off. For some reason, there were notes on quarantines, masks, social distancing... And even the warning of "Do not let anybody inside your house".

This was before I could even read the news. It just gave me those notifications when I opened a new tab! Now, being the responsible citizen that I am, I obviously opened up the news app, first and foremost.

NEW DISEASE FOUND IN MILK SUPPLY

That... certainly raised *my* eyebrow. Drinking my coffee, and perhaps being glad I didn't make it a latté, I keep scrolling through the article. Apparently, the most recent supply of milk in St. Ciaran City, which would be where I am *right now*, had been tainted by something. It's currently unclear, and the fact checker app I have says that it's proven to *not be* aliens, minority groups or majority groups. Evidently those were already double-checked, and so I hope that the article can provide more clarity.

It did not.

In fact, it seemed to almost intentionally obfuscate the actual *effects* of the disease. It did mention that it would do something with hormones, and the fact that it would cause "rapid swelling" and "Unusual Behavior". I shuddered at the thought. That sounds like it's *bad*, and... swelling? That could be lethal!

I looked over at the bowl of cornflakes, and decide to just clean it out then and there, pouring it into the sink and letting the garbage disposal make short work of the soggy flakes. Then, I let the faucet do the rest of the cleaning. Just... peace of mind. It's ridiculous, I know. Like the milk was going to attack me from that bowl, but it still made me a little more relaxed than before.

I sat back down, and hope the cheese of this pizza didn't use the tainted dairy... only to shrug.

Scrabble-o's probably doesn't even use milk in their cheese. Legally speaking, it's not even cheese. Sure is tasty though.

I keep reading, and most of the things I read seem to be about how the quarantine is in full effect, and that nobody is allowed in or out of the city... though there is an evacuation centre where you can get checked. If you're fine, you get put in a camp for a while, and after three days, you can go home.

...This all happened since yesterday, apparently. The dorm was too busy partying and packing for anybody to have noticed, I suppose, and I went to bed early to prep for doing nothing all day. I keep scrolling, and see that, if nothing else, the quarantine isn't being maintained through violence.

Even if the comments below are saying, essentially, that it's being covered up.

A video of one of the infected is in the related pictures, but when I press on it... I get a warning that it's potentially upsetting. That makes sense, of course, and while I usually don't

dodge things that *might* be upsetting... Today, the encroaching panic doesn't need the help. I'm stuck in a quarantined city, for god's sake.

I take a breath, trying to keep my pounding heart and my tingling fingers under control. I'm not going to panic. I'm not going to panic. I'm just... Going to extend my "doing nothing" a bit longer, until I'm sure I can make my way to the evacuation center. It must be *swamped*, right now, and going there when it's swamped when it's a contagious disease is just... that'd be bad.

It's fine. There's enough food here to last me days, I bet. If need be, I'll just subsist off tap water for that time!

Okay, no, no, just calm down. You're alone in the dorm, you can do as you like and...

And...

It was here that I suddenly remembered something important. I'm *not* alone in the dorm. After all... I just got done cleaning up somebody's bowl of cornflakes. But, where would they be, then? A half-finished bowl of cornflakes isn't that unusual, of course, but...

I stood up, and first and foremost, decided to go to my room. I had to get dressed, I figured, get some warmer clothes on me. Keeping it simple. A-cup bra, check. The cute red one. A black shirt, and a grey turtleneck sweater. I briefly consider the jeans... but think better of it, wearing sweatpants instead.

Both for comfort, and in case I need to move around more. If nothing else, I officially don't care about how I look right now, all of this is for comfort's sake.

Then, socks and shoes. Running shoes, despite the chronic lack of running I've done. I keep my (overly) sleek physique through the power of not eating much, mostly, and doing a daily, slow walk.

Not even powerwalking.

Okay. Comfortable. Anything but stylish. Warm.

All you need.

I swallow, and walk through the dorm, wondering if I'm going to see a swollen, delirious friend of mine at some point. As long as I can direct them to their room, I can just... put food in their room, something to drink, as they improve, and they don't have to touch me with their infected body.

Hahaaaa.

My fingers tremble as I walk, and when I reach the bathroom, I stop. I hear running water, and some faint groaning. Uuugggghhh.... I guess I found the other occupant. If they're leaving the water running, that's an issue.

...It snuggle up my face into the turtleneck, leaving only my eyes exposed, and then gently knock on the door.

“...Anybody in there?”

“Aaaaggh...” Is the response. A long groan. Okay... they’re in pain, most likely, and I’m being a *total jerk* for not going in there to help... As my hand hangs over the doorhandle. Slowly, agonizingly, I move my fingers closer... before thinking better of it, and stepping away to the kitchen. I return with my hand wrapped in a towel, and *then* I... grip the handle.

“...Hello? I-it's Naomi... A-are you, uh... D-doing okay?”

I open the bathroom door further, and see who it is. Marceline. I barely know her, but she was a woman after my own heart. A big fan of lazy days. Currently, she’s leaning over the bathtub, groaning. The water is still running, but when I look to the side, the faucet isn’t running.

“M-marceline?” I say, my heart pounding hard.

“Naomi?” She says. Her voice is husky. I notice her shirt is bunched up at the back, and with a groan, she pulls back out of the tub. The girl that I knew for being a little soft around the edges already, then revealed something crazy to me.

Where there were once respectable C-cups, now there was just a mountain of flesh. Almost miraculously firm despite their massive size, she revealed tits over *twice* the size of her head! Watermelons hang there, and she clearly struggled to even lift them over the edge of the tub. She supported them with both her arms as she groaned again.

The mountains refused to sag, and it almost reminded me of a waterballoon from how they jiggled and moved around. I took a step back, my mouth opening and getting a small mouthful of turtleneck from it.

“Naooooommmiiii...” She groaned, slowly standing upright, though clearly with great effort. Every movement sent a cascading ripple across her mounds, and to my shock... I saw something else.

There was no *water* running, but every movement she makes caused more droplets of milk to gush from her engorged nipples. Her tits were huge, but her nipples more than kept pace. Even just one nipple looked like it was... T-three fingers? Three fingers bunched together, and it was long, too.

“Naomi.... I feel *weiiird*.” She says, groaning and clutching her head. “I need to get the milk out... I can’t... T-think straight.”

“M-milk!?” I say. I know what she meant, but it was still so... so crazy!”

She took a slow, plodding step towards me, her belly and her tits jiggling like crazy. Her shirt couldn’t possibly hope to contain those monsters, and it’s bunched up around her neck. Her panties were all what was maintaining what remained of her modesty, and a wet spot in the middle was something I actively tried not to notice.

GUUURGLE

I flinched when I heard it. The loud gurgling that one might connect to a hungry belly suddenly emitted from Marceline. She gasped, her fingers digging into the flesh, and I squeaked in surprise when the sudden increase in pressure turned the steady dribbling of the milk into a *stream*, shooting across the room and onto the floor.

“Ssooo fuuuulll... Naommmiii... Pleeeaaase. G-get the milk oooooout. I can’t take iiiit. I need you... Drink it, pleaaaaase.”

As soon as she said drink it, I took another step back, deeply disturbed. Marceline was always so shy, and now... she’s squeezing out her breast milk as she approaches me, moaning with every slow step, her whole plush body *jiggling* as she does so.

“Drink it! Drink of meeee! I’m soooo full! S-suckle me! Pleeeaaaaase!!”

I... Just closed the door, slamming it shut, and almost instantly, I feel her slam her body weight against the door.

“NAOMI!! PLEASE! PLEASE LET ME OUT! I’M SO FULL! I’M GONNA BUUUURST!”

****GLORP GGRRRP****

Even through the *door*, I could hear her tits gurgling again. The sound of her over-active milk factories going wild as she beats against the door ineffectually. No doubt, her tits must prevent her from really hitting it.

“THEY’RE GETTING BIGGER, NAOMI! T-THEY’RE GETTING EVEN BIGGER!!” She screams, half-panicked, half delighted as she starts giggling. “PLEEEAAAASE! DRINK THEM! I NEED YOU TO DRINK THE MIIIIILK!”

I gasp when I look down, seeing the milk pool below the door, as I hear the sound of running water again. She must be... milking herself!?

“THERE’S SOOOOOO MUCH! I CAN’T TAKE IT! THEY’RE GONNA BURST!”

....I had officially had enough. I had hit tilt. This was too much weird, too many tits, too much screaming. I start screaming myself, and then I let go of the door, rushing towards the dorm exit. I hear the door open right behind me, and I turn around to see Marceline slowly standing up... her head held low and her hair covering her eyes.

“COME HERE!!” She screamed, slowly standing up, and then I run straight into a chair as I pass by the kitchen. I stumble, catching myself with a wall, as I see a basically naked Marceline begin to stumble towards me, the weight of her massive, milky tits making her stumble oddly.

“PLEASE! DRINK ME! DRIIIINNK MEEEEEOOOOO!”

She speeds up, her head held down as she gives up on standing straight with those tits, and with every step of her run, she shoots out more milk as her knees tap against her breasts.

I scream again, and then I rush to the exit of the dorm, just down the hall. I stop at the door, pulling it open, and then slamming it shut behind me.

...I didn't bring my key, and just as my mind reminds me that this is *really* not important right now, I hear the found of flesh hitting wood.

"Owww.... Naomi!? Naommmiii!! Please just s-suckle them! They're getting... E-even... AAAAh~!!"

She screams again, and I hear more liquid shooting out. It's like hearing a water hose spray against a wall. No doubt, she is covering the entire door in her... In her *milk*.

I... I had to get out. No waiting this out. She was totally *crazy*! E-even now, she can't seem to get the presence of mind to *pull* the door open, instead bashing it in-between what sounds like sprays of milk.

"NAOMI! COME ONNNN!! YOU'D LOOK SUPER HOT WITH TITTIES! PLEASE! JUST SUCK ON THEM!!"

I look down at my own chest, as I start walking away. I've... always been positively tiny, boyish even, but... I-if...

The thought of turning into a gigantic titty monster like that scared me, no doubt. Losing my mind, walking through the streets and trying to find prey so they'd suckle on my engorged, beautiful nipples, seeing their own mind go blank as I...

...*Why is this a fantasyyyyy!!!*

I shake my head, clapping my hands against my cheeks. It's fine! It's fine. The mind... does this! I-it can turn trauma into something... sexual. It's a way to cope! That's why I did that.

I start running, now, thankful that the rest of the dorm doesn't contain more... milk zombies, or whatever I'm going to call them. I head to the far end of the hallway, at the stairs, and I look outside... My heart sank.

Dozens of them, wandering around and leaking milk, and in one case, I even see them surround a guy. I don't recognize them from up here, but the guy... He is trying to suckle from two pairs of tits at once, and one of them is even hard at work stroking him off as they just... *bathe* him in milk.

I can't help myself. I stare for a moment, and feel my heart *sink* when I see a particular detail about the spectacle. Slowly, I can faintly see his cock getting a teensy bit bigger. It's hard to tell from here, but it's unmistakable. Every throb of his cock, the hand holding it struggles a little more, and that's not all that's getting bigger, as well. He looked like he was getting taller, broader... When his shirt all but blew off his chest, I knew for sure.

I must have been watching for minutes, and all this time, Marceline hadn't even figured out to open the door.

W-what the hell is this "disease"!?

Okay, okay. I should stay calm. What Would Frank West Do?

Silly thought, yes, but it helped me stay calm. I took in a deep breath, and figured that I need to find a safe place. The evacuation center... it's a goal, sure, but if what I saw on my phone was right, it's on the other side of town!

MY PHONE!!

Quickly, I grabbed it, and set it on silent. Then, I looked at my contacts... And realized that I couldn't call anybody now. What if they're hiding? None of my family live in St. Ciaran City, fortunately, but my friends...

What few I have, anyhow.

Okay, I should focus on this *after* I get out of this building and into a safer place, before one of those big-titted zombies spot me through this window. I keep going down the staircase, and at once point, I hear the repeated "clunk" of an elevator door failing to close. I... Very carefully, peek past the door and see two girls, greedily sucking on eachother's nipples, moaning in delight as the pearly ambrosia floods their system and forces their breasts to swell ever larger.

"S-so goood!" One of them cries out, her mouth letting go of a leaky nipple with a wet *pop*, before she quickly dives back on the other one. Ever-further, they swell...

The gurgles are still audible, even from here. I keep sneaking further down the stairs, praying I won't meet anybody else on the stairs.

I get to the ground floor, and look past the door... There are three of them just listlessly wandering around, kneading their bigass titties. One of them is completely naked. The other two are wearing shirts, stretched to the absolute limit. Their nipples clearly visible, even with the fabric, and "only" slightly bigger than their head, each.

...Fresh victims?

Making it worse is that I recognized them both. They were in my class... Decent girls, pretty smart. One of them has half her hair done up in a twintail, making it a... monotail, I suppose. She must have gotten surprised while braiding. The other one has a line of lipstick going along her cheek. Finally, the naked girl... Her tits are almost twice as large, and she's just giggling to herself as she keeps pressing and pushing against her new mammeries. I've seen *her* around before as well, but she looked different. Not just in the way her breasts are so much larger, but she was larger in all ways. Rippling biceps, and past her tits, I even saw a set of abs that I know for a fact she didn't have just yesterday.

Matter of fact, last time I saw her, she was just about the only girl I knew that was smaller than me. Now she's this... gigantic she-hulk of a woman!

...This disease is way, *way* worse than what they said. I need to get out of here, but how am I going to sneak past those women? God, I don't even know how I would try! I stare for a moment longer... and sigh.

Do I just make a run for it? From what I could tell from Marceline, those tits *do* slow them down, but... This time, there are a lot more of them, and making matters worse, I'm all but certain She-hulk over there probably doesn't mind the weight of her tits. It's a good thing she's too distracted plunging her fingers into her pussy to notice me right now.

I catch myself staring just a bit too long. This is a *bad* time to fantasize about how it must feel like to suddenly swell up like that... feeling your tits shake and hearing them gurgle as they swell up, your nipples feeling a little stretched as the milk production amps up and up...

God, and her *muscles*... Did it hurt, or was it like a biiiiig, lovely stretch. Like a morning stretch that just kept going and going. Feeling your body tighten up, and you *titan* up, getting taller, and...

NO! BAD BRAIN! FOR INTERNET ONLY!

I shudder, and look back into the hall. I need to think of a way to get past them... Unless...

I look to the side, and see a closet. On a hunch, I open it up, and... *yes!* There's a window here! The blinds are down, as well, and guessing from the cobwebs everywhere, it's been like that since forever. I move forward, carefully closing the door behind me, and I then peek past the blinds.

...Nobody close by, even if I can see more of them in the distance. Still, if I'm a decent distance away... maybe they'll be too distracted to come after me? Or, if nothing else, I'll be able to outrun them. Just as I'm about to leave, though, I suddenly stop. One of the girls in the distance... If I'm seeing that right, she's not just playing around with her tits, but something... lower.

Is that an *udder* on that girl!?

I swear under my breath, and shudder at the thought of it all. This is so crazy, all of it. If I hadn't hurt myself by tripping over the chair a few moments ago, I'd have assumed I'm dreaming! But... no, this is all very, very real.

Okay, just... stay calm. I look at the window, and breath a sigh of relief when I see that I can just pop it open with a little effort. Brushing aside a spider, I open up the lock and then shove it open. It's a bit of a tight squeeze, but I make it through just fine. I look left, then right, and see that the way to the main road is clear. Thank goodness.

I start walking, too afraid to start running outright, and go past the building. Just about... 200 yards from here to the road. Once I'm off-campus, I can probably find a better place to hide. Step after step. I walk on the grass, trying not to notice just how moist it all is. Guessing from the smell... it's not just morning dew.

Gross gross gross!!

I move quickly, and just as I'm about 50 yards away... I hear them.

"YOU THERE!"

"STOOOOOP!"

“SUCKLE MEEE!”

My heart starts pounding, and I break into a dead sprint. The desperate cries of the lactating zombies right behind me. It’s here that I am reminded of just how out of shape I really am. I run out onto the road, and when I briefly look behind me, I see one of the bigger ones.

REALLY big. She must be almost seven foot tall, and she’s completely naked. Her tan skin glistens in the morning light, covered in sweat and milk, and she is far, FAR faster than me.

Big, muscular, and with tits almost the size of my torso.

I didn’t stand a chance. I knew I didn’t. I looked across the street, and saw the donut shop. Empty, completely empty... But the sign said “open”. The glass front won’t stop her for long, but she’s naked, and I have shoes.

It might make her hesitate.

I hear more of them. Some of them are mooing at me, and they start plodding towards me as well. But the donut shop is open. I pull the door open, and slam it shut behind me. I hear the loud, thunderous slam of a pair of tits hitting the window, as one of the smaller ones that was already on the street slaps against it.

“SOO! FULL!!” She screamed, and I looked back, seeing her tits press against the glass, and the huge, muscular titan as well... Who just runs right against the steel-framed door. The glass breaks, the metal doesn’t bend. She groans in pain from the effort, and more and more of those giant tits press against the glass.

Oh god, oh god, oh god!

I resist the urge to just... stand there and stare, and clamber over the counter with some effort. Then, the back. Thankfully, there is a back entrance, through the kitchen... But then, suddenly, I see something that I never expected.

A person. Currently in the midst of putting donuts into her pack. Even better, it’s somebody that I *know*! She’s the barista here, and I suspect the reason the store was open in the first place. She’s even got her apron still on.

Under the apron, I see her wearing a black T-shirt and a pair of jeans, which is doing a lot to show off her butt. She works out, I’m sure of it, though not to the point she looks athletic. Just... “good”. I was always a little jealous of her figure, really, even if the apron hides them I can tell she’s got about two cups more than me.

...Meaning a C-cup, if we’re keeping track. Which I am.

Aggh, of all the things to think about right now!

“...M-miss?” I say, carefully. The woman putting the donuts in her pack, who I never actually managed to learn the name of, turns to me, raising a frying pan she probably looted from this same kitchen... Though she soon calms down.

“Naomi!?”

Ooh, *ouch*, I came here often enough she remembers my name.

“Y-yeah. Sorry, I’m-”

“Its Liz. Elizabetha for people that aren’t friends. Don’t worry about it, I never wear my nametag. I... Look, what the fuck are you doing here!?”

I blink.

I blink again.

I did not expect her to expect me not knowing her name... Nor that she’d be so friendly. When the silence drags on, however, it is suddenly interrupted by shattering glass, and a loud “moooo” from the front of the store.”

“Fuck, you brought them here!?” She says, before she quickly moves to me and grabs my hand. “Did you get any milk in you!?”

“N-no! No! I just... I-I needed a door between me and this... this huge, muscular-”

“It’s fine, let’s just *GO!* She yells, pulling me towards the exit as she grabs her pack mid-stride. She lets go of me to put it on, but I’m *with it* enough to just keep following her.

“I was just here to, uh... Okay, no, I was freaking out in the kitchen and figured I was gonna need supplies.” She starts explaining. There’s a faint, hysterical edge to the way she’s talking. She’s probably doing it to calm *her* nerves, as well.

“So I started doing stuff, and I figured that sugar is gonna be hard to come by in a while, because it’s a zombie apocalypse, right? E-even if it’s a milky apocalypse, eheh. Hehe.”

Her hands are trembling as she opens the door, and looks out into the alleyway.

“Christ, they’re really moving in there. You stirred up the hive... good news is, that means this alley’s probably safer than before.” She says, smiling at me. I just nod.

Then, we start running. It’s a jog, both of us keeping some energy in the tank just in case, and I soon ask her where we’d even be going right now.

Liz smiles and says:

“My house! I live alone, because my parents are out of town right now, so that all works out! I only knew shit was going down after I came in... and I had to lock my boss into her office when I saw her popping blouse buttons and being knuckle-deep into her... Y’know.”

She shudders.

“Fuck. Tit apocalypse. What a shitshow.” She says, at this point muttering to herself. I suddenly stop her, though, when I see one of them wandering past the alley we were about to exit. She stops talking, and then turns to me.

“...Right, so... My house is just across the street, through *that* alleyway, and then it’s the little house to the side. Barely any people when I left... And I guess my alley route probably explained how I got so far.”

She giggles to herself again, and at this point I know for *sure* it's a nervous tic for her to never shut up. I don't begrudge it, really.

We cross the street with little issue, thankfully. There was only one girl, the one that shuffled past, and she must have heard something from how she ran off, giggling and mooing to herself.

I swear she had cow horns.

We go through the alley... and bam. Inside her house. She opens it up, and closes up. The blinds go down, and she exhales. She lives pretty nice, honestly. Better than any apartment, for sure. She puts her bag down in the kitchen, and quickly grabs a donut out of her bag.

"Hoooooly shit, I'm glad to be home!" Liz yells, and I finally let myself speak a bit, too. "I'm... right there with you. I-I mean, it's not my home, but I'm glad I'm safe... Safer, I guess."

She takes a bite from her donut.

"You know, I admit, I just cooked because I need to keep busy or talk or whatever the heck, and making some donuts is like... You know, it didn't take long."

She takes another bite.

"Want one?" She asks, putting another donut on the counter, but I shake my head.

"No, I... uh... I ate some pizza before I found out what happened."

Liz nods, and says:

"We've got some pizza here too... heck, I've got food for like two weeks. Not a lot of bread, but... Baking supplies. I like making my own bread, y'know? What about you, what's your plan? Gonna stick here? I was gonna wait a few--"

I interrupt her, raising a hand.

"I... I think the evacuation center is full to bursting. Right now, that'd be really dangerous for us to try and get there, so... Yeah. If you'll let me stay here."

Liz smiles, and takes off her apron at this point, revealing her black T-shirt has an image of a skull on it saying "Feeling Bonely?" underneath it. It may be the worst shirt I've ever seen.

I love it.

"Nice shirt." I say, smiling, and she does fingerguns back at me.

"Hell yeaaaaah! I knew you had good taste! Probably a good time to bring up, you're good with spinach pizza, right? Because that's on the menu soon, it's gonna expire quick."

Good taste indeed.

"Yeah! That sounds pretty good."

Then, suddenly, I am interrupted by my new friend suddenly flinching and... Well, gurgling.

GUUURGLE

“...Woop? Guess it’s a good thing I got donuts!” She say, taking another bite from the little doughy circle of cholesterol, and I just... shrug. I guess she hadn’t had breakfast yet. She swallows the donut down with gusto, and follows it up with some water... that she drinks straight from the bottle.

“Whew... Kinda hot in here too, don’t you think?”

I... didn’t really notice that.

****GURGLE BLORP****

And there it is again. Gurgling... And this time, I catch on to something else. MY eyes almost bug out of my sockets when I see it, but Elizabeth’s shirt suddenly looks just a *bit* tighter than before. In fact, the faintest bit of skin can be seen around her belly, as she puts her hands on her hips.

“Dang, I feel kinda... Off. Whew...” She clutches her head for a moment, and I can’t think of what to even say as I see her breasts slowly, gently even, grow a little more. She takes another breath, and then starts walking towards me. I flinch, stepping to the side, but she then walks past me and heads over to the television in the living room. As she passes by, I can hear something else. The faint stretching of fabric as her tits continually swell, bigger and bigger. So subtle she hasn’t noticed it... But I did.

****StrrrRRRRrrrrrrr****

She passed right by me, and when she arrived at the couch, her shirt was officially a full two inches higher up. She flopped down in her seat, and I stared as her tits jiggled, and kept jiggling. She presses her hand against them, and then reaches for the remote... only to get the emergency broadcast to play. I just kept on staring, as she said:

“Well... I guess we’re streaming.”

She switched over to her streaming service, hooking a finger against her breasts as she undoubtedly adjusted her bra. Somehow, she still hadn’t noticed.

I didn’t know what to do. What CAN I do? Hit her over the head with the frying pan? Run out of the house? Tell her that she’s turning into a titty zombie despite... Despite nothing...

Wait.

I turn around, and look at the donut she made.

The milk...

Any kind of dairy product is enough!? Even baking it isn’t enough to get it out of there?

I look down at my own chest, remembering the pizza I ate... But still nothing. Holy shit, they really don’t have cheese on there, huh? Or... Maybe it’s from out of town? Of course! They don’t make that with local ingredients, that’s why.

“Uuuuugh! Hey, Naomi? Could you go turn down the thermostat?” Elizabeth asked me, too lazy to get up... And considering the ever-expanding line of cleavage, and the way her bra is pressing into her titflesh, I understood that much. It also got my back to reality to hear her, and... I quietly ask where I could find it.

I... Was curious, at this point. The full process. I kept the frying pan in my hands as I moved to the kitchen, keeping an eye on her as I turn the thermostat down just a tad.

PLOMPK

I flinch when I suddenly hear the sound of fabric coming loose.

“YO! You don’t mind if I take it *real* easy, right? Fuckin’ bra has a deathwire... Must have torn it or some shit.

I look over to her, and suddenly get a plain white sports bra tossed on my face. I scoff, grabbing it off my face... and I could feel the little wet spot on it. Just to be safe, I quickly grabbed a towel and wiped the tiny little spot off, and then I looked back at her. God...

Her tits must have gone up two... three sizes by now. She’s too busy looking for a good show to notice, even as her free hand keeps on adjusting her tits in her shirt. I step a little bit closer, and she look up at me.

“Girl, come on... Sit down, relax a bit. We might be stuck here a long time, you know...” She says, though I can barely hear her over what I’m looking at. Too distracted by the way both her nipples begin to swell and grow. Her shirt stretches more and more as her nipples turn from the size of fingertips to something much wider and thicker... and a faint wet spot starts appearing as well.

****GUuuuUUUrrrgle****

She sighs as she grabs a second donut she evidently brought along and takes a bite.

“Dude, this is the best time to still eat some of these... You sure you’re not hungry?” She says, even offering the donut she just took a bite out of to me. As she moved her hand away, I heard more gurgling.

****RRrrmrm****

“Aaaggh...! I’m feeling really... Nnngh~”

She groans, but guessing from the way she’s blushing and sweating... It’s not because of any kind of pain.

“...Hey, uh... Naomi? So... Wild shot, I know, but... You, uh... Wouldn’t happen to like girls, right?” She asks, with a little awkward grin as she pulls at her ever-tightening T-shirt again. It kept creeping up, and now that she pulled the stretchy shirt forward and back, it’s only covering her ever-swelling tits. I look at Liz’s belly for a moment, while I can still see it. A

navel piercing, and a charming little belly fold. She's not chunky in the slightest, but the way she's lying down made it inevitable.

It looked as if her tits were shaking slightly, and even now, I can still faintly hear them gurgling. They're not getting bigger in quite the same way, though... Before, they were just gaining mass, drooping down just a tiny bit, but now... The "top" was gaining some mass. It's not more tissue, it's... Swelling.

"U-uhh. I... T-think I'm... O-on the Kinsey scale?" I admit. Frankly, I'm bi, but I have trouble admitting that to anybody. But when you've been leering at a girl's tits for about five minutes, trying to ignore how looking at her swelling, heaving chest is making you feel really funny inside... A little honesty helps.

"...Cool. I'm, uh... I don't think I'm gay but, dude, I don't know. I think it's that... You know how scary stuff makes people horny? I think I'm... I'm kinda... feelin' that. Do you mind if I... Man, whatever it's my home."

Without warning, she reaches down for her shirt... And stops when all she feels is her belly. She kept moving up her finger... and her eyes bug out when her wrist is stopped by her ever-expanding titflesh.

****GUUURGLE!!****

The second she touched it, I saw the slowly increasing wet spot surge in size, as her nipples hardened on the spot. She moaned, pressing her thighs together as she looks down at the huge line of cleavage, and the fraying fabric of her shirt.

"Oh my GOD!! I NEVER... T-THEY NEVER TOUCHED ME!!"

I gasp, taking a step back as she moans again... Grabbing the ever-expanding V-neck of her shirt, and pulling. With the damage that was already done, the shirt gives up easily, freeing her tits and making them spill out. They're even bigger than I thought, her areolae serving a almost a spire as her tits finally let themselves be subjected to gravity... and milk begins to spill on her lap.

"Oh my god... O-oh my God!"

****GUUURGLE!!****

Moaning, she presses both her hands against her breasts. The droplets that were forming on her nipples increasing to a dribble as she does so.

"W-why does it... Feel sooooo good!?"

She squeezes again, moaning, as she stands up... and quickly makes one hand dash to her groin, quickly opening up the button and then slipping a hand inside.

“Oh my god, oh my GOD! I’ve... N-never felt this good. It’s like... Fuck! I’m cummnig from my tits alone!”

She shudders, her knees buckling, as I see her breasts grow even more, finally passing her belly button in size as she takes another step towards me.

“MMmmm~... Those... Donuts, huh? Didn’t think... Ahhh~! I’m so glad! This is the best... F-feeling... Naomi?”

Her eyes seem to glaze over as she takes a step closer to me. I was just... Standing there, both in shock and... D-due to being a horny idiot. I’m blushing myself, and I take a step back as I see this titty monster approach.

“Naomiii... Pleeease... Can you play with my tits? I’m so horny... I can’t think. Just... G-get the milk out.”

She raises her tits, letting them jostly around, and every time they do, they release a little stream of milk. The stench of it is filling the house as I keep backing up.

“S-stay back!” I say, raising the frying pan.

“Come on... You know you want too~.” She says. “It feels even better than it looks, I sweaaaaar!” She says, biting her lip as she speeds up her hands... Before sending one back down to her panties. Her pants are falling off, and with her shoes on, they’re just bunching up.

“Haha... Milk me. Please? Pleaaaase?” She asks... and I lose my nerve entirely. With a scream, I dash to the side, to the entrance hall, and quickly open the front door, Elizabeth still walking behind me as I run. I outpace her easily, and when I slam the door shut, I look to the sides of me... And see another one of those girls in front of me. Another infected, but... She was a mutant.

A big udder, horns coming out the sides of her head, and even spotted fur along her limbs. “Miss!” She cried out, her voice low and husky. She was quite chunky, now, not helped by the udder, though her thighs were packed with muscle. “Miiiss~ Do you wanna milk me? Please? Moooo...”

She actually did moo. And not like a human being going “moo”, no, she bellowed like a cow really would. Gasping, I take a step back at the confusing sight... Right into soft, moist flesh.

“Gotcha~!” Elizabeth says, having opened the door while I was just staring in shock like an idiot! I panic, and then slam my elbow against her, inevitably hitting her breasts. Instantly, she screams, and I hear the splatter of fluids behind me as I wrench myself free... And start sprinting.

Rushing forward, without thinking, I slam my frying pan against the human cow that was trying to block my path. A resounding ***CLANG*** confirms my efforts, as she stumbles back.

“Heyyy~ That’s not very nice.” She says, as I run down the road. I

HAD to keep running. Why was I so stupid!! I just stood there!? I should have started running the second Liz mentioned feeling warm! Stupid stupid stupid!!

I sprint, on and on, not even knowing where I'm headed. As long as it was away from them. I pass by more and more infected, too, but I'm too fast for them to catch, their attention too focused on their tits... Except for one.

“LITTLE SQUIRT!” I hear, and when I turn around, I see a horrorshow. A titan of a woman, nearly seven feet tall, breaking into a dead sprint. Rippling muscles and tits the size of her head make her a hell of a lot faster than anybody else.

...I was already exhausted.

In my panic, I had only adrenaline left in me by the time she noticed me, and when I suddenly ran into the steel bar that is her forearm as she grabbed me, I winded myself, knocking the air out. It turned a desperate situation hopeless.

Every part of me hurt. Every muscle was screaming for me to stop doing what I was doing... And, as I looked at the bronze-skinned titan that was gripping me in her hands, I shuddered. Big, frizzy hair covered her eyes, and she had some really big horns that stuck out almost a half-foot on each side. I could see her heartbeat from the way her chest jiggled. It was slow... She barely had to try to catch me.

“Cutie~” She said, as she adjusted her grip, grabbing me by the back of my head, and pulling me in closer.

Her plush lips pressed against my cheek, and when I tried to pull away, she just used two fingers to redirect me. Another kiss, this time against my lips. She was so soft, and... in a messed-up way...

I guess I was glad she was gentle, at least.

“Mhhh.... Come baby.” She says, starting to walk away as the other infected begin to crowd around, asking for me to suckle and squeeze their tits. She put me on her shoulder, and... considering what’s below, and just how exhausted I felt... I couldn’t resist.

“Heehee... Gonna... Have fun with yooouuuu...” Her word slurred into a moo, and I tried to see if there was a better way out. Any kind of way out... But even if I were to break free of this titan, I’m too tired to run anywhere.

I even lost the frying pan at some point... I can’t even remember when I did. Gasping for air, I try to catch my breath, though I quickly get that same breath stolen from me when the titan, seemingly done walking, suddenly leaps up, higher than any olympian I had ever seen, and grabs a windowsill, before pulling herself up.

I gripped her horns in fear, looking at the horde below, as she hopped inside of the apartment. Guessing from all the damages, such as horn-shaped holes in the doorframes... I suppose this was her apartment.

I saw a picture of her. Looked like she was a track runner, and built lithe. A complete opposite to what she looked like now...

She took me off her shoulders, holding me around my waist, as she hopped inside, and tossed me into the couch as she entered, closing the window, and then moving towards me.

“...Little calf. Drink. Drink up!” She said, as she straddled me on the couch, and pressed her tantalizing, leaky nipple to my face. The brown little pleasure nub dribbled milk slowly, and the smell of it was strong... But I still looked away, forcing my lips shut, pushing them inwards and even biting down. I didn’t want to do this. I didn’t want to turn.

She just chuckled in response, and I barely resist the urge when a powerful finger reaches down into my pants, and pushes. Being held down by an amazon had been one of my fantasies, so... She didn't need to do much, to my shame.

"Little calf *wants* this. So... Go ahead."

Again, she presses her tits against my face. More milk runs down my cheeks, and she moves a finger against my mouth. I couldn't stop her, not a chance.

She pushed my mouth open, and I taste that sweet, delicious liquid, to my shame. It was over. Had to be. I was doomed already, but now it's sealed... And, frankly, I was so damned thirsty from running I might as well just... go for it. Using my exhausted arms, I adjust myself, grabbing the titan's boob and suckling on it. I wasn't even sad, if anything...

I was just hoping Liz was serious when she said it felt good. The titan lovingly stroked my hair as I kept going and going, the stream never letting up as the amazon coo'd, clearly loving every moment of this, and...

I loved it too. It did feel great. Feeling the warm milk go down my gullet, and feeling my achy muscles turn considerable less achy. My nipples began to itch, but only for a moment. Before long, it turned to pleasure. Like a throbbing, delightful pleasure, dancing over my nipples as they hardened, and my pussy began to moisten in earnest.

I drank and I drank, and I almost cheered when I heard that telltale...

****GUUURGLE****

It came *fast*. Maybe it's because I was so small to start with, and whatever this disease is supposed to do is trying to catch up. Maybe it's just because I'm lucky, but in just a second, I felt my skin stretch, and my bra and shirt strain.

****Stttrrrrrrtt****

I didn't waste time. I unhooked my bra, but the interruption from the stream of the purest ambrosia stopped my from removing my shirt. Frankly, it's not going to be needed. From what I could tell...

My body would do that *for* me.

****GLORP!****

Another surge of growth... It's going a lot faster for me than it went for Liz. Perhaps it's because I'm getting it straight from the tap. But... there's something else about this. I don't just feel my boobs changing and growing, but all of me. My guts tingle, my pussy aches and my arms and legs... They don't quite *ache* anymore, but I feel this sort of throbbing. My muscles feel like something's painted daisies on it, or something like that. It's the feeling

after a good workout, like a *really* good one, where your muscles don't ache, but you still feel it.

I release myself from the nipple I was sucking, and look at my arm for a moment... I had a hunch, but... Yes.

There were biceps there that weren't there before. I was *growing*, in every direction, and ever throb of my heart made me feel stronger, bigger and better.

"MMm!" My milky patron says. "Little calf not so little anymore!"

The affirmation was, evidently, all I needed. I shuddered as my muscles grew more, my skin turning taut as my muscles creaked like leather. A harmonious collection of sinew, bone and flesh coming together, resculpting me into an ever-greater being. Something I would call a goddess had I seen it online. And, at the same time... I felt like I was less.

Thoughts were leaving me as pleasure entered me. All I could think about is the milk I could suckle from the bronze goddess before me... And the desire to share the milk from my own body.

I felt like something else. Something more. Something... *BIGGER*.

****GLRRRrrrrRP!****

Another gurgle, and my milk production begins. Simple, at first. A few drops appeared, as my chest began to swell ever onwards. Feeling tighter, bigger, fuller! The giant that gifted me all this leans back, depriving me of her milk... but when she began to drink of me... I realize quickly that this was a sacrifice on her part.

Drinking it felt great, but being *drank*...

It was as if everything was right in the world. As if I had attained a nirvana I wasn't aware I should be striding towards. After who knows how long, I finally stepped away from her. There I stood, reborn, molted by newfound knowledge and the ministrations of a creature that once seemed so alien to me.

Or, in a less fantastical way:

With tits twice the size of my head and biceps big enough to crush cans with, I figured I was down to fuck whatever I'd like... First and foremost, though, I needed to find somebody else... both to share this gift, and to do something about this pressure in my chest. I knew I had to get milked, and soon.

I kissed my partner, and with no words said, she joined me.

On the hunt.

I still remembered where the evacuation center was.