

ELVII

Warning: The following is erotic content featuring *breast expansion, ass expansion, bimbofication, some weird transformations*, and other minor fetishes. You know why you're here, so don't complain to me if it's not your thing.

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- *Madam Materia*

The News

Cat let out a tired sigh, hovering in the kitchenette of her snug one-bedroom while she waited on the agonizingly slow drip of her coffee maker. "Piece of junk," she muttered, brushing the loose strands of brunette hair out of her face that had fallen from the morning's rough bun. She'd have loved to just pop through the drive through on her way to work, but with the current state of the world such a luxury was, sadly, off limits.

The blaring sound of the emergency alert on her phone had become such a commodity it barely caused a flinch. Still half-asleep she reached for the device, a dextrous flick of her fingertips unlocking the display and letting her read the intrusive announcement filling the screen.

ELVII-21 outbreak reported in the immediate area! The city has been moved to ORANGE status, please tune in to local news for the list of affected areas, and whether your district may be under quarantine.

Orange? That meant a hard limit on social gatherings, so work promised to be a light day; if not a pain in the ass one as entitled dick heads argued with her and her staff about the restrictions. Such was just life, people looked for excuses to bitch at restaurants, this pandemic was just giving them the perfect one to not even have to reign it in. Nothing she could do.

Pushing her thick-framed glasses up her nose she turned her royal blues over to her TV, took a moment to hunt down her remote, then quickly flicked it to the news to see the damage while she waited for the coffee pot to finish. The picture hummed to life, showing their familiar blonde newscaster on site, without a mask of course; sound quality meant more than safety, or common sense, after all.

It looked like Cat had missed the beginning, not a huge loss, as the field reporter went on with the story. "I'm here live on site of the most recent ELVII outbreak, where officials say an infected individual wandered into the local mall and began a public display of the..." she took a moment to clear her throat, absentmindedly tucking a lock of her golden blonde hair behind her ear. "The um... symptoms the virus is known for."

The incident appeared to be ongoing, as behind the minor celebrity men and women in hazard gear were filing in and out of the huge building. One was restraining a woman, and quite a woman at

that. She had bust a plenty, heavy, naked, tits hanging off her chest, and a pair of wide birthing hips. Even with the mildly out of focus nature of being in the background of the shot, you could make out the gleam of sexual delight running down her thighs. Most striking however was the calling card as it were of the ELVII infected: her long, pointed ears.

There wasn't even any attempt by the network to censor the sight, such things had become so commonplace at this point it was more effort than it was worth; and people needed to know what to look for.

"As you can tell from the security footage," the newscaster continued, the screen flipping over to some grainy feed from one of the stores.

The blonde narrated along, as a near-nude woman walked up to the front, the sharp knives of her ears obvious even in such low quality. She almost seemed confused, watching as a man in a filter mask and security garb stepped in her way. There was no sound, but from the jump of the man's shoulders he was barking something harsh at the infected. It had little effect. A hungry look overtook her, a grin spreading across her lips right before she pounced to tear the security guard out of his clothes.

To protect something of the rating the feed jumped to a fresh angle, a few minutes later if the timestamp in the corner was accurate. You could see the guard in the background, lying on the ground, mask removed with his pants around his knees. Squinting hard you could see the beginnings of his own transformation, the tops of his ears pinched into the smallest point. It was a roll of the dice from there, there were three outcomes for men who were exposed to ELVII.

If he were lucky, he'd be in hospital on a ventilator, but those points on his ears already ruled out that possibility. Almost half of men exposed to the virus ended up like the women, quite literally. Their bodies would bloom, changing slowly into the feminine form before developing into the voluptuous sluts that wandered out of the quarantine areas; hungry to sate their carnal desires. Only time would tell if he ended up another of the ELVII sluts, or what some argued was worse.

The footage went on, following the infected woman into the mall. She made her way to one of the clothing stores, acting as if nothing had happened, even as warm cum was dripping down her legs, and masked shoppers were fearfully trying to keep their distance. She plucked out a top, holding it up to her plump bust and giving a frown as it appeared far too small for her well-developed frame.

That didn't matter for long though, a clerk came to try and usher the ELVII out, clearly trying to keep calm as possible in her mask. The knife-eared bimbo's attention fell on the smaller woman, and within the span of a heartbeat she was in touching range. Delicate hands ran up the bare, exposed skin of the retail worker's arms, slipping into the loose sleeves of her branded polo. It was like she'd become paralyzed, just letting it happen, and soon enough the filtered mask was lowered off her face so the infected woman could press her plush lips to the girl's.

Still no sound, but the way the saleswoman's chest filled and emptied as her eyes flitted closed in the kiss, it was clear she'd fallen under the virus' spell. A hand reached up, toying with the edge of her ear to reveal it was already changing. The kiss grew hungrier, the pair openly groping one another as their tongues roamed each others' mouths.

The customers stood stunned. Some tried to flee, crossing their fingers they wouldn't catch the virus and end up with the same fate. Others it was already too late. They were staring in awe, idly rubbing their thighs together, or else letting their hands wander to the heat between their legs and the small pinching pain of their morphing ears.

The first steps, the point where people were the most contagious, and why these outbreaks were so important to contain. One ELVII could infect someone with their scent, or their sexual contact, and from there that person could go to infect a dozen more. It was a ripple effect, only ending when the virus ran out of people in the immediate vicinity.

Which was why it was so important to take it seriously. "Thankfully, authorities were called as soon as possible, and efforts have been made to round up-" the newscaster continued as the security feeds ended, returning once more to the image of her out front of the shopping mall, toying with her blonde hair over her ear.

"Uh, Deb?" her cameraman's muffled voice was picked up by her hand mic.

"What?" her eyes broke from the lens, looking past it and revealing under her fidgeting fingers that her ear had developed the telltale point of early stage ELVII. She hadn't appeared to notice.

It took her associate pointing it out for red to fill her face, her hand jumping back up to cover the obvious red flag. "C-cut! Back to the studio!" she ordered, knocking the camera down to further hide her embarrassment.

Served her right, Cat mused in her thoughts. "Should have taken it seriously, worn a mask," not that there was anyone to hear her scold the dumbass. Maybe being cooped up was making her neighbors rub off on her.

"What a bunch of bullshit! It's obviously fake."

There it was, as if on cue, the gruff voice up the hall. Just as much of an idiot, plastered to the fear-mongering news channels all day and spouting their rhetoric verbatim. Not like there wasn't the *physical* evidence of the ELVII wandering around, but no, it'd take him catching it himself to rub that point home; and even then, he'd probably still fight it with every fiber of his being. You can't argue with a fool.

Of more pressing concern was just where the outbreak occurred. Even without any direct shots of the store signs, she recognized the mall; it was up the street from her work, by about five blocks. That was pretty damn close for comfort, depending on the spread the restaurant might be next for a full lockdown. Seeing as the owner hadn't given her a call yet though, it hadn't happened yet. The brunette wasn't about to rule out half her staff calling in, and honestly, she didn't blame them.

Finally, the chime of her coffee maker rang, and already she could feel the wave of caffeine addiction relief washing over her. She hastily poured herself what would be her first of two cups, spooning in her sugar and a dollop of cream that left the pitch surface slowly spin into a warm caramel. Just a last moment of-

A loud bang echoed into her apartment, a lewd, "Oh god yes!" hot on its heels across the hall.

Nope, she wasn't allowed just one peaceful moment this morning. Another reason she missed the drive through, she could leave before mister and missus nuclear lifestyle couple decided to attend to the "wifely duties" for the morning. How long until the landlord called them out on the banging? That headboard had to be doing a number on the wall.

It was probably unlikely to get solved. The two were probably the best off in the building, what with his white-collar job. Cat had pretty much narrowed it down to purely a power thing. The man loved the control, his wife's unending loyalty, how she fawned over him, having more money than sense. They could afford to live somewhere far better than here, but then he wouldn't be the "top dog".

Not that the bespectacled manager gave half a shit. She knew if she shouted about it she was more likely to be the one get a reprimand, so instead the woman just tuned it out and sipped gingerly at her coffee. At least they finished before the end of her first cup.

With no more time to dawdle it was time to get ready for work. A comb ran through her tangled morning hair, and it was re-done into a far neater version of her morning bun. A nice pressed white blouse came out of the closet and slipped onto her thin frame, the buttons fastening one at a time up her petite chest. A nice black pencil skirt, stocking, and of course good "tipping" heels cleaned up well. Just one last thing, her name tag right above her left breast: Cathryn, Manager.

The rest of her coffee pot went into a thermos and she was out the door, crossing past her across-the-hall neighbors to the elevator and riding down. A deep breath and one more tired sigh, end of home Cat, time to put on that customer service smile.

"Normal"

As anticipated, with the nearby outbreak, none but the stupid were willing to come out. Cat arrived in to three messages on the machine from her wait staff, calling in "sick", and she didn't at all blame them. It was weighing their personal safety against their income, and much as their owner might bitch about it she wasn't about to dock them the vacation day for it. These were rough times; they were already going to feel it from the lack of tips even if they did come in.

There were a few, trying to come in for breakfast without masks and making a scene until she came out and forcibly turned them away. Thankfully nothing escalated, the brunette had had enough pains in the ass since waking to last her the week. At least the slow pace let her enjoy some more of her coffee, reheated in the seldom-used kitchen microwave.

"Um, Cat?" one of her servers, Justin by his name tag, interrupted.

So much for that, as the steam of her black brew floated out of the appliance's small door. "Another maskless 'freedom fighter'?" she questioned, turning her royal blues his way.

The young man scratched at his neck. "N-no," he answered nervously, "she's wearing a mask."

Well, that was peculiar. "Then what's the issue?" the manager pressed.

He didn't respond immediately. "I think you should just come see," he told her, pointing over his shoulder out to the dining room.

Coffee would wait she supposed, rising to her feet and coming out on clicks of her best work heels. Immediately she understood her waiter's worry. Standing in the entry, behind their hostess stand, there was no mistaking it. Blonde hair flowed down her shoulders, all the way past the curved dip of her back to the motherly flare of her hips, held back by sharp tipped ears over a hand long. An ELVII.

She lacked the vacant stares from the news, instead idly toying a delicate finger through her hair as she looked around. She was wearing a proper mask, and a well fitting, if not a tad revealing with its low v-neck over her full breasts, formal dress. Beyond the obvious signs of the affliction, she was perfectly normal.

"What do we do?" Justin asked, cowering behind his boss.

"We serve her," the brunette replied simply. The woman had her wits about her, they had to be trusting she was past the infectious period or she wouldn't be here.

The waiter was more than hesitant, frozen in his shoes. Once more, the manager understood his fear, her own heart was hammering in her chest, but that was no reason to discriminate against someone who had dealt with the infection and come out the other side. "Fine, I'll take this one," she snapped the menu from his hands, walking over to greet their customer.

The masked ELVII turned to the sound of Cat's heels, her green eyes shining like emeralds, and deep as the leaves of a forest in summertime. It was hard to tell behind her filtered mask, but the way her cheeks softly rose gave the impression of a smile beneath the fabric.

Customer service mode came into full effect. "Hey there, can I show you to a table?" the sharply dressed manager asked with a sickly-sweet tone, even through her protective facemask.

"For one please," the blonde requested, taking hold of the strap of her purse to get moving.

Cat led with a gesture; the click of her heels joined by their guest on the way to a secluded table near the wall; far from the kitchen so her staff wouldn't have to be any closer than they wanted to be. "I'll be your server this afternoon," she announced, pulling out the chair with a small dip that had her royal blues eye level with that generous chest.

With a giggle like sleigh bells the ELVII took her seat. "I'm safe to touch things you know," she teased as she got herself comfortable, scooting up to the table with just enough space that her boobs weren't squished at all. From the look of concentration on the knife-eared woman's face, this was something that had taken quite a while to get the hang of.

Realizing she was staring; the server tore her royal blues up as she straightened. "Apologies," she offered, using the woman's statement as a mask for her behaviour, and hoping the looks hadn't been too obvious. "Have you been here before?"

"Once or twice," the beauty took a moment to unravel the napkin from her silverware, laying it out with purpose, "I'm a big fan of the flank steak and your sautéed mushrooms, if it's available," she turned, the luscious curves of her body moving with her, straight locks of her golden hair flowing over them like a waterfall.

“Of course,” Cat chirped, scribbling it down on her pad, “Something to drink with it?”

“Just water to start,” she told her, flashing those forest greens. “Gotta be a little careful with sugar, I only just found clothes that fit all this,” she adjusted the neck of her dress, the edge of her bra cup visible as it pulled up with it and pressed her melons into an impressive cleavage.

It was hard not to be envious of such a body, the guilt-free way the ELVII carried it, showed it off. “Right away,” the brunette didn’t let it even scratch the façade of her serving persona.

Returning to the kitchen, Justin cut her a wide berth, paranoid to get close after she’d just interacted with the infected woman. “Seriously?” she glared at him skeptically.

He didn’t say anything, just hung his head and continued to keep his distance. “You can go home if you’d prefer,” she told him, setting their guest’s dupe on the window for the chef and preparing a pitcher of ice water.

“N-no ma’am,” he stammered out, obviously couldn’t afford to lose the day’s pay, no matter how meager. Still, it was fine to be afraid of the pandemic, it was another to discriminate against those that had gone through it. “I’ll handle the dishes.”

Slow day or not, it was good to keep in the flow of things. Pouring a single glass of water, Cat loaded it onto a tray and started out to deliver, keeping pace as if it were a usual packed afternoon, even with the ELVII as their only customer.

The woman was sitting there calmly, still in her mask and idly waiting for lunch. “Here you are,” her server dealt her cup, placing it on one of their branded coasters and slipping it close, “your meal should be ready shortly.”

“Thank you,” the blonde replied with the raise in her cheeks of a smile.

“Is there anything else I can get you?” she asked as a reflex, tucking her empty tray behind her hands.

The beauty turned those green eyes to the manager, looking her up and down, noting the distance at which the waitress kept herself, the shield of that tray between them. They then cast out to the empty restaurant, “You don’t seem too busy, I wouldn’t mind it if you stayed for a little conversation,” she told her.

Cat couldn’t help a small flinch, her heart nervously thumping in her chest. “You don’t have to if you’re uncomfortable,” the ELVII assured, relaxing back in her seat, “I understand the sight of someone like me can be nerve wracking. Promise I’m past contagion though, unless I jump into bed with someone, which I don’t see happening here,” she tried to play off with a joke and more of that sing song giggle.

“I’m sorry, I know,” the brunette replied, pulling up a second seat and sitting herself down, still at a safe distance, though it was for regulations more than anything.

The woman smiled behind her mask. “It’s a terrifying time we live in,” she said, pulling her water to where she wanted it in her little setting, “it’s been nice not to have to worry so much anymore.”

The lithe girl hadn't even considered that possibility. "What was it like?" she asked without thinking, quickly reeling back, "I-if it's not too personal."

"Not at all," the blonde woman assured her, "it's only natural to be curious."

"Thinking back on it, it was a little scary. I remember everyone going into a panic when the infected girl walked into the office. You could feel the weight of it in the air, even with a mask. It was like the smell of woods in spring, mixed with a sweetness, and the obvious: sex," she recounted, taking a moment to run a finger over one of her long ears. "These were the first sign, not uncomfortable per say, just a little pinch. They weren't this extreme of course, took about two weeks to get this long, and for my head to clear."

"That was the scary part. For a while it felt like all I could think about was getting my rocks off. I craved it, needed it. Just the sight of someone else, gender be damned, and I was drooling from my new parts. A bit in the back of my head worried that was going to be my life now, I was just going to be some sex-thirsty ELVII slut," her delicate fingers moved from her ear, floating down the length of her beautiful golden hair. "Eventually though, my head cleared. I wasn't the same, I recognized as much, but any life altering event will do that to a person. I've come to terms with who I am, even come to like it in many ways," she leaned back, showing off her magnificent body in her finely-cut dress.

There was a strange relief in hearing that. Cat, obviously, stole another peek at the display, feeling the embers of that envy behind her cheeks. Those delicate fingers of the ELVII's hand idly traced the bottom of her cup, catching a few droplets of condensation under her nail. "You can take your mask off," the manager told her.

"I didn't want to make you any more uncomfortable," the blonde woman replied, looking to ensure the offer was genuine and not simply the lithe girl sacrificing herself for her job.

Cat replied with a relaxed wave, "You said it yourself, you're not contagious outside of sex. Besides, it'd be pretty hard to eat a meal with a mask on," she joked behind her own covering.

The light laugh returned, the edges of the knife-eared woman's ears going pink. "True," she agreed, needing both hands to try and maneuver the elastic straps of the filtered garment over one of her long hearers, "Could be easier than taking it off over these things though."

As the dark cover fell away the beauty of the woman's face was revealed. A sharp, thin nose, perfect, plump, red lips with the cutest dip of a cupid's bow, all made radiant by her smile; like the sun coming out from behind the clouds. Suddenly those forest eyes sparkled, turning to the woman seated with her. "Thank you. It's nice to have someone to just talk to with everything going on."

"You're welcome," the brunette replied, hearing the ding of the kitchen bell and Justin's call for her. "That'll be yours, be back in a minute," she promised, getting to her feet.

The ELVII gingerly sipped on her ice water, even the subtle motion of her throat filled with a surreal grace. "I'll be waiting," she replied warmly.

It was a treat to have had a nice day at work, especially with everything being the way it was. Cat couldn't help wondering how long it had been now, since she felt any semblance of a light at the end

of it all? For the first time since the outbreaks began, and the news started to spread, she felt like there was some hope. Much like her morning coffee however, it would be ruined.

By policy phones were left on silent at work, but that didn't have any bearing on emergency alarms. Her own, Justin's, the chef's, even the ELVII's out in the dining area all blared in unison, the manager being the one to first pull out and check the damage.

ELVII-21 outbreak reported in the immediate area! Please tune in to local news for the list of affected areas, and whether your district may be under quarantine.

Lockdown

"Did you call her in?" Cat hissed at her server.

Justin raised his hands defensively. "No, I swear," he stammered out, "I've been doing dishes the whole time."

Without a television nearby they didn't really have a means to find out more. News was usually on-site long before the warnings went out though, and they weren't swarmed by emergency services, so at least that was enough to settle their guest wasn't the cause. Nothing to do but keep going as usual and find out later.

And find out the manager would. As their guest was finishing her meal there was a call from the owner, specifically telling the manager to, "Shut the restaurant for the day and go home."

Not that the brunette had the power to complain, but if her tight-fisted boss was finally willing to close up she could only assume things were serious. She sent Justin and the chef off with promises of their full day's pay, but stayed with the ELVII until she was finished before locking up and starting the drive back to her apartment.

As if the day wasn't allowed to be good, only get worse, there was a roadblock stopping her on the way. Less than a block from her home there were pylons and two fully hazmat wearing police officers that stepped up to her window as she approached.

"Sorry ma'am, I'm going to have to ask you to go around," the man's voice tinny and muffled coming through the filters of his protective equipment.

Cat took a peek around, blue eyes scanning to see if there was another way in. "I can't," she finally concluded, "I live here."

The two officers looked at one another, one blanking at procedure as the other was pale, already taking a half-step back. "When were you last home Miss?" the worried one asked.

"This morning, before work," she answered with an annoyed leer, not knowing what this was all about, let alone why it mattered.

They exchanged unspoken words before stepping out of the way. "Carry on, try to keep out of personnel's way," the more composed of the pair ordered.

No sooner did she get past the barrier that the way was blocked behind her, trapping her inside as they sent away what little other traffic came by. It was like driving through suburbia, Cat keeping her pace slow as she crept towards her building, watching numerous men and women discussing and maintaining a perimeter. There was an ambulance parked out from her high rise, and all at once what was going on started coming together.

A stretcher came out the front door, carrying on it a man she didn't immediately recognize; he must have lived on one of the other floors. She tried to steal a glimpse at his ears as she started pulling her car down into the underground parking lot, though with the gaggle of people ushering her forward she couldn't get a good enough look, leaving her in a limbo of uncertainty until she got to the lobby.

There were a couple of police officers in their PPE, standing firm and preventing anyone leaving to follow who'd been carted off. "Who the hell was it?" Even without walls muffling it, Cat recognized the voice of her neighbor across the way; giving her a headache as always.

His wife stood behind him, idly fidgeting with her sandy locks, casting her chocolate eyes about almost nervously. The officers, however, didn't reply, knowing better than to respond to escalations. That just left their building superintendent to try and still the murmurs of the small crowd. "Please," he called out, trying for the room's attention.

"No," one of Cat's neighbors from upstairs, another troublemaker "party boy" who never grew out of his frat days, cut their landlord off. "Why the hell do the rest of us need to be punished for this shit? You've hauled out the infected fucker, kick the rest out and be done with it! I've got a date to get to."

He wasn't the only one with that opinion, a number of affirmative mumbles from those gathered sharing the sentiment. "I'm sorry," an unfamiliar female voice rose up, "but medical information is a private matter. We have to be under the assumption that everyone here is already infected."

It took effort for the small brunette to push her way through the crowd, her mask still on from work, along with her uniform. She was one of the few actually wearing any protection, other notable exceptions being her hump-happy neighbor, his suit probably a good indication he was fresh out of work too, his wife, of course their superintendent, the fabric stretched over his beard and matching well with his turban. The girl who'd been talking on the other hand, was not, though it was immediately obvious why.

The girl was an ELVII, short in stature but well built, with her assets stuffed into an appropriately sized, white hospital smock. Her skin was a deep caramel, her eyes a brilliant violet, and her blue-black hair kept back in a tight braid that hung to her mid-back. The woman's badge was clearly a little old, depicting her face before her infection, but it still did a fine job announcing her as Tabby, an emergency care nurse from the local hospital.

"Now please," she attempted to keep the crowd calm as she continued, "masks will be mandatory in the halls and lobby, I will insure that--"

She was cut off by yet another familiar voice, gray in his hair and vitriol in his gruff tone. “You’re not going to get me to do shit you knife-eared slut. All this hogswallop, probably to get yourself access to our homes so you can-“

After the day she had, Cat wasn’t about to let another ELVII suffer more abuse while she could stop it. “Oh, shut your racist hole!” she yelled, silencing the old fart rather effectively. “You haven’t been on the front lines, she has. She’s been through it, and wouldn’t be here, doing her job, if it wasn’t a real god damned problem.”

That seemed to turn the tides, or at least help some acknowledge the one who’d just been rolled off in a stretcher was one of their own. Others were still insistent on confrontation.

“If it were a ‘real god damned problem’, then there shouldn’t be an issue with hauling off anyone who got in direct contact, and letting the rest of us get on with our *important* lives,” her “top dog” neighbor countered, walking up to standing over her with his hazel eyes looking down through his dark bangs. “Or maybe it’s just me, and the world will be fine without another table busser.”

Oh, for all the times he’d wrecked her morning... The slim brunette was gritting her teeth, eager to take this prick down a peg.

“Now now, distancing,” their landlord broke it up, standing between the two to separate them. “We’re all in this together, turning against one another isn’t going to help anything.”

True as it was, the restaurant manager couldn’t help feeling that lick of favoritism. The “as usual” of mister nuclear getting his way for the money he could throw around. He knew it too, a smirk on his thin lips as he backed away and took a place at his wife’s side, the curvy blonde immediately hanging herself off his arm and pressing herself to him.

The nurse, Tabby, cleared her throat. “As I said earlier sir, the ELVII infection doesn’t work that way. Especially with this crowd,” she gestured to the gathered neighbors, “the odds of infection are high. From now on, I insist that masks should be worn in the halls and lobby. Elevators shall be limited to two to three persons maximum capacity, and no one should be leaving their apartments unless absolutely necessary.”

“Well, my job is absolutely necessary,” the dark-haired suit, bigger than his britches, continued on.

Time for the jab she was denied. “Pretty sure you can work from home. Or does that influence of yours only work with the smell of freshly dipped dick?” the memories from this morning were still fresh in her head, and even through her mask she could swear she smelt the sex bleeding off his wife.

What bothered her more, was it seemed to be exciting her.

Once more the white-collar king’s attention was on her, already ready to fire back. “Well, at least I’m getting some,” he gave her glasses a rough poke that pushed them up her nose and agitated the corners of her eyes. “Maybe I could let you join me sometime? Then again, you’d have to pay me to sleep with some flat chested, four-eyed, nobody.”

“I’d pay for the opportunity to bite your-“ she began, only to be separated once more.

“Please, calm down,” Tabby requested politely, even if her tone was agitated. “Such sex-first comments are a warning sign of early infection.”

Her comments weren’t sex-first, they were a natural escalation of three years of listening to him banging the headboard through his wife’s box. All while she was alone in bed-

Pink tinted Cat's cheeks at the directions her thoughts were going. The ELVII nurse could be right, them all together like this. “Right,” was all she let out, stepping away, trying to maintain the safe working distance.

Meanwhile her provocateur stepped back with a smug grin, back to where his wife could smother him with her body. “Catching it might do you good,” he gave one last shot to get the last word, “make you worth a damn.”

Their nurse cleared her throat, an unspoken warning that got the room’s attention back. “I would like everyone to return to their apartments. I’ll be making the rounds later with a list of contacts for things like groceries and other aids should they be needed,” she announced, “I’ll then be giving each of you a weekly check-up to monitor spread, until we can ensure you’re safe from spreading the ELVII-21 infection.”

“Only the spread?” the randy neighbor from up her hall challenged. “Not giving a damn ‘bout if we actually catch it?”

Tabby gave a small sigh. “I can front questions, but please, begin returning to your homes to isolate!”

The dark-haired suit turned to his wife, leaning down to at least mock a kiss through their masks. The blonde was clearly thirsty, her lips molding to the fabric as she nipped at him. “Head on upstairs honey, I’m going to stay and see if I can’t persuade things a little.”

There wasn’t much use in staying and picking fights, and with the trail of her thoughts the brunette was already worrying about the risks. Best to isolate at least to see if she could stop things getting worse, so she hopped in with the nuclear wife to join the ride up to their floor.

Cat stayed to her corner, the point which put the most distance between them as per the pandemic restrictions. Her fellow passenger didn’t follow suit. Nothing the server could do, of course the wife of Mr. top dog would feel like she owned the place.

As the door closed however, things shifted dramatically. The blonde turned, pulling her mask down under her chin as her chocolate eyes drank the slim girl in. “Keep your mask on pl-“

In a blink her neighbor’s wife was on her, fingers clawing the only barrier between them away to press their lips together. Her tongue was warm, easily penetrating through her defense to languidly and unabashedly taste her mouth.

Eyes wide Cat froze, not knowing what to do, how to react. And in the tipping of the curvy blonde’s head, she was shown something that sank her heart deep into the pit of her chest: the corners of her ears were pointed.

She was locked in with an infected girl, the overwhelming smell of sex she'd detected earlier even more powerful in close quarters; no wonder the woman had been all over her partner. "I could get Harvey to change his mind," she purred on raspy breath, trailing her well-manicured fingers down the server's chest, "we could have lots of fun tonight, if you behave."

A myriad of sensations flooded the brunette. She could feel it, the irritant pinching that made her want to scratch at her ears, the warmth in her loins at the ideas she was offering, and a tightness in her chest. It was hard to breathe, for a number of reasons, so when the elevator door finally opened all Cat could do was bolt.

She fumbled with her keys, as if her neighbor's infected wife were some sort of horror monster, and the second the bolt turned she got in and slammed the door; to the backdrop of her predator's giggling. The bathroom, she needed to see, to hope, that what she was feeling was just psychosomatic.

Kicking out of her work heels the slim girl stumbled, making it to the sink and staring at her pale face in the mirror. She could already feel it, the way her glasses were digging in, feeling different on her face, and her blue eyes confirmed it in her reflection. Her ears were pinched and pointed; she'd contracted ELVII.

Sick

Cat stood, leaned over her counter, resting on her palms with her fingers curled in tightly in agitation. Her glasses were low on her nose, leaving the telltale marks of the nose guard on her bridge on display, an angry pink from repeated rubbing. The usual lazy bun of her mornings had become more and more disheveled without the need to go out, and even so early in the day it was already leaving her bangs loose and falling out over her face. Previously straight locks were now developing into ribbon-like curls, and not only that, just above her brow the woman could see the blurry line where her normally chestnut hair was quickly growing in a golden blonde.

Her hair was the least of her transformation worries though. In the reflection on her near-empty coffee pot she could see her new ears, long and sharp, pointing behind her like kitchen knives on the sides of her head. She didn't need a mirror to be reminded of her other major change, she could see them on the bottom edge of her vision. She'd constantly been envious of girls with bigger chests, but never had she truly imagined she'd ever get her own, or so quickly.

Trapped in quarantine, the past week felt like it was all yesterday, the moments of her initial metamorphosis still clear in her memory. The manager, standing in front of her bathroom mirror, blood draining from her face at the sight of her ears' pointed tips. Every breath was coming in more and more shallow, the panic settling in, but there was more to it. Her top was tight on her chest, the buttons starting to so far she could have slid a fingertip in the gaps.

When the first one burst she'd stumbled back, watching the little clear plastic disk fly forward and ping off her mirror to land in the sink. Her rear hit the wall far sooner than she'd expected, drawing her attention down to things happening below the counter. It was difficult to pull herself away from the

foreign sight of her breasts. After a lifetime without, even just the small mounds that were developing on her brought a mixture of wonder, elation, and of course, terror from knowing where they'd come from.

Without thinking her hands rose up, her palms cupping over her petite boobs, now growing into small handfuls beneath her touch. A familiar warmth filled her, the buds of her nipples stiffening in her grasp, her legs quivering with sudden weakness. Cat found herself collapsing to her knees, one hand massaging a new tit as the other worked its way downward to sate the sensation flooding her. She couldn't help herself, and that thought alone scared her. As a pair of fingers slipped into her starving sex however, rational thought went out the window; there was just her, and needing to quell this new inferno of arousal.

Once more her breath quickened, another button bursting off her top as she roughly kneaded the doughy flesh billowing out in her palm. She bucked against her self-penetration, bouncing her plush bottom on the floor to try and get her digits deeper, to sate this overwhelming itch; it wasn't enough. Her mind was a grey haze, needy whimpers escaping her lips as her positively soaked fingers continued to futilely pump inside her. Lust-glazed eyes frantically searched, falling through her bathroom doorway into her bedroom.

Some sensible part of her brain knew she had toys for such occasions as these, unfortunately that part of her wasn't at the wheel. Her deep blues went wide, finding what would serve her needs quite nicely and crawling her way toward it like a hungry animal on her belly. She slipped into her room, tripping over herself as she attempted to squirm out of her panties, and climbed up onto her corner bedpost with an unashamed look of starved desire.

The round, wooden ball that capped it was big as a fist, and pressed against her labia far more than it spread them. The ELVII infected held all the determination of a bitch in heat though, and soon her walls spread for the smooth, polished orb. It filled her fuller than any of her playthings, than any partner she'd had either, and it was enough to have her addled brain moaning lewdly while she rode it like a proper whore.

Cat found herself staring blankly at her reflection in the coffee pot, her full lips held slightly agape, ready to drool at her recollection. It took a violent shake of her head and a full self-slap on the cheek to pull her back to reality. "Dammit, focus!" she cursed herself, finding her breath's once again heavy and laboured as she looked back over her shoulder to her room. Even from here in the kitchen she could see her poor bedpost, the dark surface now scuffed from how much she'd lost control and loosed her untamed needs upon it. "You don't need splinters in your cunt."

It wasn't even the worst of her problems. Her arms were practically trembling, still adjusting to the newfound weight on her chest. The little growth spurt caused by the virus had been steadily continuing all week. Top after top either refused to fit on her, or surrendered by the end of the day, stretched so tight over her tits she could make out the colour in her areola. It had come to the point of heavy improvisation, her current covering one of her ruined work shirts, jerry rigged into something that at least tried to support her assets by tying it under the swell of her bust.

Such abundant growth wasn't just happening in a vacuum. Looking over to her sink, the dishes were piled high, the girl unable to keep up with her new insane appetite; and that wasn't even

addressing the dwindling supplies in her fridge. Yet, her stomach was already growling with protest, starving for more fuel to continue her metamorphosis.

Reaching out the infected woman grabbed the pad she kept by the fridge, scribbling down another item for the grocery list in. Nurse Tabby would be around to collect it later today, which meant she needed to have it set in stone before then. Currently, it was just a random ensemble of random items her hunger pangs and cravings had left her with; in addition to “coffee” written at least four times between the lines and even in the margins. It would need to be trimmed down to essentials, and at that, essentials she could afford. Lockdown support payments were a fraction of her usual wages, leaving her skimping everywhere she could.

“Fucking cheapskates,” the manager muttered as she struck off one of the more expensive items in a hope to save her finances.

Her pen hadn’t even left the page when that familiar, loud, banging started through her apartment walls. “Oh fuck!” the whore across the hall, the one that had her in this damned mess, screamed; lucky enough to have her fuck boy husband around to sate the needs of their sickness.

“No,” Cat had to settle herself, feeling the warmth start up between her legs.

Even if her new thighs could get through the holes of her panties, anything even resembling underwear was out of the question. Just an ever-heightening skirt for modesty; to have anything rubbing up against her lips or clit was too much to handle. As it was, at least she wasn’t writhing about on the floor, fingering herself into a stupor. Not yet anyway.

Hearing that bed slamming the wall, the image was clear in her head. It could be her there, the blonde bitch had offered. Her fingers wrapped around the headboard, nails tearing lines in the varnish as she was thoroughly fucked by the smug bastard that felt he owned the place. *He could own her...*

“No,” she repeated to herself, thighs rubbing together, lusty streams of her juices starting to drip down her legs.

Once more the woman’s blue eyes, full of uncontrolled lust, jumped to her room, to that delightfully filling bedpost she’d ridden raw. The ELVII part of her brain pushed her instinctually to scratch the itch. Just once more wouldn’t hurt, right? Like a puppet on strings her feet started moving, the drip of her sex down to the tile nearly overpowering that of her coffee maker.

With her newest curves there was a sway to her hips, her ill-fitting skirt dancing in an erotic display as it started to ride up her legs. Long-nailed fingers were clawing at the fabric, hiking it up to be ready to take her prize. As she swung around the corner to enter her room however, a new opportunity presented itself: a knock on her door.

Cat swung around so quickly her new curls bounced, the smile on her face hungry and ecstatic. A visitor? Someone to quell her inferno with.

Her long steps were accompanied by little splashes of her liquid love all the way to the door. Her sex was so warm, so wet, she could hardly hold the anticipation, pulling open the portal and peeking around it with a lewd little giggle. It was Tabby, the cute little buxom nurse. Oh, she would be so fun.

“Cat,” the caramel skinned ELVII greeted, holding a tray of drinks in her hand.

The two-tone-haired manager didn't give a verbal reply, only coming further around the door, the thrust of her hip a clear intent to entice her guest to the bedroom. Her nurse was ready though, reaching back and pulling out a small spray can. One quick spurt on the fresh infected's right tit and her eyes went wide in shock.

Cat stumbled back, clutching her breast in her hand, feeling her always-hard nipple quivering. "Cold, cold," she stuttered.

"Do you need another one?" Tabby asked calmly, aiming lower as a warning.

"No, no," the woman replied. Nothing quite like compressed, ice-cold, whatever to snap a horny ELVII to their senses. "You're early," she noted, remembering her incomplete grocery list.

"Just a personal care checkup," the tanned woman replied. "Those two across their way and their... lack of control," she put it lightly, "are causing everyone problems, not just themselves."

It was true. In the few times they'd passed one another, in the halls, she was blooming into even more of an oversexed bimbo. Her husband, you might be able to write it off as the lockdown, but over the week it was obvious just from his face he was losing a lot of weight.

"Yeah," Cat agreed, still able to hear them going at it.

The nurse pulled one of the cups from her tray, the steam coming off it condensing in the lukewarm air as a lovely plume. "I also know you've mentioned going heavy on the caffeine. I figured you were likely low, and remember you saying you missed your usual café."

For her? The working girl looked at the cup, an extra-large, that pink logo printed onto the side of the Styrofoam bringing back sweet nostalgia of the good times. It was hot in her fingers, and a deep breath in had the bitter scent of the coffee accompanied with just the right amount of cream and sugar. "Thank you," she whimpered, quivering like she'd received a divine visitation, "What do I owe?"

Tabby waved her hand. "It was only a few dollars, no big loss. Just remember your mask when answering the door next time," she chastised her patient, pointing to her own covered face; despite already having been through the virus start to finish. "I'll be back for your shopping list and budget tonight."

The infected woman nodded, savouring the scent of her gift once more. "Thank you," she repeated, and let the tanned girl head off for the rest of her duties.

Once the door closed Cat sank to the floor, a gleeful smile upon her lips as she took the first piping sip of her delicious drink. She could feel the wetness beneath her, letting her know she'd be mopping tonight if she didn't want the whole apartment smelling like sex. For now, though, with the banging of bed on wall interrupted by the nurse's knocking across the way, there was justice in the world, and things were good; she had her coffee.

Once more the days blended by, the weekly grocery trip at least keeping things stocked enough to handle Cat's ravenous appetite sated five out of seven days; well, one of them anyway. In less than a week her hair had grown more than an inch. Compared to a pant size and enough bras to need to count on two hands, it was the growth she should be least concerned with. Contrarily though, it was the one impacting her the most.

While she'd been envious of others for her lack of a body, her hair was something distinctly her, that she was proud of. Now, falling in front of her eyes, down to below her cheeks, were these foreign blonde curls. She couldn't even contain them in her usual bun anymore. For someone who'd grown up with arrow-straight locks, these curls were just unruly, defying her every attempt to contain them. So, they tumbled around freely, hanging her prior colour off their ends in an ugly two-tone.

Thank God for Tabby. The tanned nurse did all she could, starting with hand-me-down bras, an absolute lifesaver for the manager's ever-growing assets, even if he was outgrowing them overnight. Some support was better than the makeshift slings she was putting together before. She also offered to trim away the remaining brown of her original hair, though Cat continued to refuse; too attached to what little bit of herself she could see in the mirror every day.

Really though, her true saviour was the ben-wa balls. The hunger from her ongoing transformation was one thing, the unending cry from her loins was its own beast. The short stack caregiver knew the feeling all too well from her own experience, and seeing her patient's ongoing plight had gone above and beyond to help the transforming ELVII out.

Accepting a sex toy at her door was embarrassing, but after almost a week and a half of riding her bedpost till the finish faded, it was the lesser humiliation. All of these things, on their own, were so simple in hindsight, but they meant the world for an equally simple reason.

Having something inside of her throughout the day helped keep the urges at bay, and when things got out of hand, she could open up an app on her phone and set them to vibrate. It wasn't the most dignified release, generally leaving her on the floor, squirming and mewling in a puddle of her own juices, but it was some control amidst this overwhelming feeling of having none; and for that, she couldn't be more grateful.

That said, Cat was still adjusting to it. Sitting down on her couch she felt her unclothed sex press into the back of her skirt, her cheeks flushing red as she felt the warm wetness of her drooling folds spreading out through both the fabric of her clothes, and that of her cushions.

"Shit," she hopped up quickly, sending tits hopping up to try and escape their current restraint, and her ribbon-like curls bouncing.

No time for her to clean up however. As she was rummaging through her drawers for a clean towel, a knock on the door interrupted; Tabby with the weekly groceries undoubtedly. There were other people to get to, no time to wait, so slipping into her mask the embarrassed woman rushed to the door, only opening it a peek in order to hide her stamped skirt completely from view.

"Ah, Cat," the nurse smiled, clearly a little tired from bags under her eyes, and the frizzled locks of her blue-black hair coming out of the tight weaves of her braid. "You're not wearing your glasses."

She wasn't? Reaching up, her fingers rode up her nose to find nothing. She'd hardly even noticed, her vision seemed so perfectly clear she'd just assumed she'd been wearing them.

"No need to worry," the tanned caretaker was quick to clarify, "minor corrections like that are part of the ELVII process. A small upside when you weigh the uh, downsides," she blushed, eyes flitting between her patient's chest and eyes.

In her rush, Cat really hadn't taken the time to look at herself. Following her guest's gaze, she caught the sight, her heavy boobs overhanging her ill-fitting underthing with her nipples on full display.

Once more there was something to be thankful for, the mask covering the beet red in her cheeks as she quickly went to cover herself with an arm. "Shit," she cursed again, hiding behind the door to stuff them back into their cups.

Despite the bad bedside manner of it, Tabby couldn't help a giggle. "Don't worry, I've got you covered," she shuffled the groceries around, digging into her bag and pulling out a deep-cupped, burgundy bra and handing it over, "It's one of the bigger ones, so hopefully it'll last more than a day."

"Thank you." Despite how much it was going to pain her, Cat checked the tag. The bigger these things got, the more faded they tended to be, probably since finding proper support in these kinds of sizes was a hassle; once you found one you needed to get the most of it. This one was no exception, the pale gray lettering identifying this one as a "G".

Was she really that big? Her growth seemed exponential, each tit now more than a handful, spilling over the sides of her hands, and starting to rival the size of her head. Maybe they just seemed smaller on her since she only got to look down at them?

Shaking the thoughts away, their mix of excitement and distress over having such surreal curves, she anchored herself in reality. "Do you have the groceries?" her tummy was already rumbling in anticipation for more fuel.

"Yes, hold on," the ELVII nurse set down one arm's worth of her cargo, flipping through the tags she'd added to each of the bags to find hers.

After only a few seconds though, what was left of her cheery demeanor faded to worry. Another scan of her labels and she ended up pulling one out with flour and a number of other raw ingredients. "Oh no, I think I accidentally gave yours to Patty," she whimpered, disappointed at herself; more so when the two of them heard a thump from the floor above. "Shoot, I haven't got time for this."

"I can go get them," Cat offered, taking her neighbor's order, "and deliver this in exchange."

The gratitude in those violet eyes lacked compare. "You'd do that for me?"

The manager gave a friendly shrug, which once again had her oversized sweater puppies escaping her undersized cups. She was a manager, doing such things for her staff was like second nature. And besides, "You've already done plenty for me Tabby," she pointed out, "Lemme put on the new bra and I can make the trade real quick."

"You're a lifesaver," Tabby sighed, relief in her smile for a brief moment, before another thump from above beckoned her away.

Changing into her new support, Cat could already feel the difference. The band was a little big, maybe by an inch or two, but the deep bowls it called cups comfortably contained her ever-swelling mams rather than pressing them together. The weight on her shoulders was noticeable, with most of the stress back on the straps, but the extra wiggle room would have this one last at least a good few days. Unless she stopped growing, then it could her last; which she dared to hope it might be.

Dressed, or dressed as she could be, with a new, sex-stain-less skirt, her bra, and an open blouse worn like a jacket, the curly-haired ELVII stepped out. Two weeks staying cooped up, only answering the door, left it feeling a strange mix of taboo and nostalgia, the click of the door behind her nearly making her jump. She wasn't the only one in the hall either.

Just to her left, the elevator doors slid open, the heavy sounds of machinery easily able to draw anyone's attention. The curvy ELVII watched from the corner of her eye, stopping dead when she watched an only passingly familiar "man" exit. If not for his suit, she wouldn't have recognized him: the ever-superior ass from across the way.

The wide shoulders were struggling to keep straight, edges hanging over what was clearly a more narrow frame beneath. What was once a strong jawline had narrowed off to a round point, oversized mask outlining how his firm masculine lips were now soft, boyish, and innocent. His sharp ears were shearing through his dark locks, what was once a neat business coif now struggling to be anything but a charming and cute messy cut. His hazel eyes turned to her, having to look up as the man had lost more than a head of height.

This was it, the third option for men who caught ELVII-21. There were a few derogatory names for it: ELVII boys, dickVIIs, the one that had managed to stick most for those with the effeminate form was "sub-sluts".

Seeing it, Cat couldn't help a chuckle, covering her mouth with her slender fingers. After his wife infected her, after all the times she'd had to listen to them fucking so loud, so hard, it permeated the walls, after the bullying Tabby over the restrictions for days, he deserved it. "My my, I never imagined the day I'd get to literally look down on you."

Pink peeked up around his mask, and stubbornly he ripped his hazel stare from her. "Shut up, table busser!" His voice had become high, bordering androgynous, even as he attempted to forcibly keep it the low, powerful tone he used to have.

"Awe," the buxom ELVII leaned forward, "never thought scum like you could be adorable."

Her mock came off as a tease, and its effect on him showed. His gaze was darting to and from her, dipping into the depths of her bosom as further red filled his face. It wasn't the only part of him competing for blood either. With his oversized suit pants hiked up and belted tight near his ribs, the crotch was tight, and the rapidly growing erection he was sporting was impossible to miss.

All at once, the composure she had been re-building with Tabby's help started showing its cracks. Cat was reflexively rocking her hips, feeling the toy within her wriggling around, stimulating her walls and making hot lubricant start dripping down her thighs. It was hardly helping, her mind wandering into that haze, imagining just pinning the little sub-slut down and having her way like he so

clearly desired. She lost the race for such relief however, as his door opened before them and his wife appeared.

Much like her husband, the ribbon-curler hadn't seen her since the start of the lockdown. The natural blonde was barefoot, naked from the waist down with the puffy lips of her drooling sex fully on display, her wide, womanly hips a perfect heart shape just wider than her shoulders. What could be argued as a "top" hung loose over her breasts, nipples hard and visible through the thin fabric. It must have been her husband's at one point, but with her growth spurt it was hardly oversized, the hem hovering over her belly button, showing off the tight dip of her core.

Like everyone else, hand-long, pointed ears were splitting her golden locks. The abundant growth had carried that already enviable mane below the shelf of her ass, leaving the perfectly straight locks like a well-pressed curtain, something ripped right out of a centerfold in a prestigious smut-mag. Her face though, mask-less, was accentuated with a pair of plump, rosy lips, and the chocolate in her eyes was now a bright rich brown that practically sparkled.

"That isn't the outfit I picked out for you," the voluptuous woman curled one arm under her bust, tucking the loose shirt beneath and highlighting the all the more extremely.

No sooner than the words left her lips that her husband turned, head down, blush in his sharp ears. "I didn't want to!" he wasn't even trying to keep up masking his girly tone, tightening as his cock visibly throbbed, "It's embarrassing."

"It's cute," his wife purred, leaning down and slipping her fingers into the collar of his oversized suit, "and it's easier to see that yummy cock of yours, my little manly man," pulling him in she didn't even care for their audience, reaching down and groping his member; balls snugly resting in her fingers as she teased him with her palm.

The adorable little moan that escaped him made Cat drool, worse than she already was, leaving her wanting as she watched the slut across the wall pulling her prize in towards the bedroom. The blonde stopped though, looking over her shoulder with a smirk on those plush kissers. "Care to join us?"

Just the words had the ELVII's lower lips tingling, mouth hanging just open, ready to accept and scratch her itches. Only at the last minute did she remember just who these two were, and the problems they'd caused. "No thanks," she managed to hiss, her gut dropping in disappointment.

The housewife gave a shrug, she had what she wanted anyway, and slipped back inside where her neighbor could hear the beginnings of their play. With one less wall it was all the worse, those cute little moans, the grinding of the bed, she swore she could even still smell the musk from the hung sub-slut permeating the barrier.

With her mind starting to blank, Cat knew she didn't have the wherewithal to finish her task right now; she barely had it to go back into her apartment. Pulling out her phone she immediately set her ben-was to maximum, crying out in unabashed lusty pleasure as she crumpled to the ground as a squirming, cumming, mess.

Patty

Reluctantly, Cat stepped up to her two-down neighbor's door. Such an encounter normally wouldn't have been any bother, after so long staying cooped up in her apartment though, with ELVII running rampant, it felt almost taboo. Not helping either was the fact she looked and felt like a complete slut. "Mess" had been left behind a while ago. The stain on the back of her skirt persisted, but her little breakdown now had the already struggling garment ruffled and wrinkled, even after attempts to pat it back down.

Worse still, giving in to her needs had been little more than splashing a puddle on a blaze. Her hips were still grinding, able to hear from here as the ravenous couple were going at it. She could have been there, had that.

No, she needed to keep her wits about her. Shaking it off, the ELVII steeled herself in the truth; these groceries wouldn't wait forever. The sooner this was done, the sooner she could be back in the privacy of her apartment, doing what she needed to sate this inferno. So, with a quick knock, she did her best to slip into that smiling server she was at work.

"Hold on, just a quick sec," the voice of her neighbor chirped, the light sound of a chair's wheels escaping through the thin crack under the door. A moment of scuffling later and the door unlocked with a click, opening to a, somewhat expected, albeit still jaw-dropping sight.

Much like everyone else in the building by now, ELVII had hit the girl hard. The first thing to notice, even before her face, were her heaving tits. They were massive, bigger than her head, and nearly perfectly round; like she'd shoved a couple of bowling balls down her top, and they were probably about as heavy. Similar to the manager's own makeshift fashion, she was wearing what appeared to be a far-oversized t-shirt. The graphic on the front was faded, with cracks having appeared where, in its past, it had clearly been stretched too far over its owner. Now, it hardly struggled with the monstrous melons it worked to hide, only mildly distorted by their breadth to make the character's face look a little wide.

Cat had never really thought much about her sexuality before her affliction. Through high school she'd always pursued boyfriends. She'd been envious of other girls, sure, but never could she remember it being this near-drooling fascination. Was it just the ELVII? Or had she always been something of a bisexual, and only now, with her hormones running more rampant than puberty, was she noticing.

"H-hand me down from Tabby?" the ribbon-curl'd guest asked, tearing her blue stare away and up towards the girl's face.

Patty blinked, her eyes a dark oak that matched her chestnut hair beautifully. "Nope," she replied, making sure her mask was in place; it had a design of its own, a pair of pink swirls embossed into the filters that hovered just over where her cheeks would be. "Just lost quite a bit of weight since the infection."

Lost weight? Cat could feel the look of surprised disbelief on her face, the way her eyelids rose as she tried to imagine a chest like the one before her somehow being less than what the girl had before.

Thankfully one of them didn't have her mind currently circling the gutter. "Are those my groceries?" the brunette pointed down to the bags hanging by the scantily-dressed ELVII's side.

"Oh, y-yeah," the normally composed server replied, lifting them forward almost on autopilot.

"I figured there was some sort of mix up, but Tabby's already working so hard, I didn't want to trouble her. Do you mind carrying them in?" Patty asked, stepping aside and opening the way, "It'll take me a little bit to fish your things out of the freezer; didn't want them to go bad in case things took a while to right."

Conflicting feelings fought for supremacy in the horny blonde's mind. Her unbridled arousal wanted her to go in, to take the shorter ELVII by the shoulder and guide her to the bedroom in a frenzy of passionate kissing. It was only polite to accept such an invitation, right? On the other half, she knew better. They were supposed to stay quarantined in their apartments, trying to at least contain the spread, reduce everyone's symptoms.

A new contender settled the conflict. Through her mask, the rich, warm smell of fresh baking found her nose. "What's that?" Cat asked, feeling the moisture on her tongue, reminding her of her ravenous hunger.

"Oh, I've got some dinner rolls in the oven, scratch made," the buxom girl replied, a proud smile in her cheeks, "Lucky you've got my groceries, I was starting to run low on flour. You're more than welcome to a couple once they're finished."

No more incentive was needed than that. She hadn't had anything like fresh bread since lockdown began, when she was still able to supplement her food income with lunches and leftovers from her work. "I suppose I could stay for a little bit," she mused coyly, stepping inside, guided by her stomach with nary a thought to the issues with her attire.

A small chime drew the host's attention, her head swinging about to her desk, where a not insubstantial computer was set up. "Cool, couch is there," she gave a quick point to her sofa, "Sorry, I haven't got cable, but feel free to pick something to stream! Remote's on the table."

And with that, she was off; skipping to her desk and immediately picking up her phone to begin tapping away. Teetering on awareness, Cat did her best to hide her messed skirt, keeping her back to the wall until she could plant her wide rear into a seat; praying she didn't leave a mark. That yeasty smell coming from the unit's open kitchen was, in a good way, overwhelming; drowning out the scents of sex that seemed like the norm since the ELVII outbreak. It was pleasant, and helped her keep a clear mind to browse about the apartment.

The first thing she noticed, after managing to peel her lecherous gaze from Patty's bare legs, peeking out below her too-big top, was a photo set up beside her. Obvious signs of it being a digital print were there, the lack of a gloss coating, the obvious faded colour, but most striking were the subjects. "Was this you?" the curious guest couldn't help herself, eying the plus sized girl in the frame, covered in lanyards and buttons with a huge grin on her face as she hugged a scrawny-looking boy with one chubby arm.

"Yeah," the now-model-esque ELVII replied with a tint in her cheeks, finally looking up from her phone. "Like I said, I've lost some weight."

No kidding. She looked to have had far more of a pear shape before, with her shirt's main point of tension in the picture being her waist. Now, well, it looked like someone had just squished all that fat up into her tits, with more yet just having melted away to reveal her true self underneath. Even her face had lost weight, with her plump cheeks and chin having slimmed down to reveal her rounded, cute features.

"Who's this with you?" Cat followed up, to get her mind off the girl's amazing body and continue to enjoy these moments of clarity.

There was an immediate reaction, the brunette's delicate hand coming close, rounding over the swell of her bust to rest over her heart, "Jayce," she answered, her pinky idly petting the sensitive flesh on her chest in subtle little circles.

One didn't need to be an expert to recognize such obvious body language. "Someone special?"

The flush in her face deepened. "N-no," Patty stammered, her touch roaming down, hovering past her nipple which had grown hard within her top, outlining the swell of her breast before slipping down to the curve of her waist. "Just a friend, and neighbor just up the way," she nodded in the direction of the manager's place, indicating he was probably the apartment next to hers.

Once again, the curvy ELVII's phone chimed, and she was quick to answer. "That's him now, we're just setting up for a raid. When the buns are done," she explained, typing away as fast as her fingers could fly.

Cat couldn't help a chuckle, hiding her smile. The girl couldn't be more obvious, "Don't let me keep you," she teased, her tone edging on flirting as her mind wandered just a bit.

"You're sure?" the brunette was clearly eager, thumb hovering the send button on her next text. An affirmative nod from her guest, and it was enough to send her into an excited little hop that made her massive melons jump up and land back down with a soft slap. "Thanks," she chirped, immediately flying across her digital keyboard to edit her message.

No sooner was it sent than she was plopping into her chair, picking up a small earpiece mic and slipping it into her ear as she made a few quick clicks to start up a voice call. Her crush was quick to answer, his voice still in the range one would consider a man.

"Stupid headset... I can't fit the muffs over these fucking unrealistic ears," he cursed, the sounds of fumbling coming out over the audio.

It didn't bother the ELVII baker at all. "I could give you the link for the earbud mic I bought," she replied calmly, her voice sweet and soothing, "The quality's alright, and you haven't mentioned any echo from being on speaker."

"No," he replied, dour and still shuffling things to get comfortable. "I'll get over this, no need to waste money."

There wasn't any "getting over it", the lot of them knew as much.

"So, what's up, we're starting? I thought you had buns in the oven?" Jayce questioned, as the pair started opening the game.

"I do," Patty replied, a shy note in her tone. "They'll be a few minutes yet, time to set up and be ready in the lobby."

She started opening up the game, a flashy splash image and loading bar filling her screen for Cat to see. "Patty," she chirped, confident the tiny mic wouldn't pick her up from this far back, especially if it couldn't get the girl's speakers, "why don't you tell him the real reason?" she suggested coyly.

"What?" the woody-eyed brunette blurted, her cheeks growing red.

"Something wrong?" her crush was quick to step in over their call.

All at once she was growing flustered. "N-nothing," she replied quickly.

It was adorable. "You wanted to talk to him," the helpful manager pointed out, "just tell him as much."

Her face like a beat, Patty mulled it over, visibly nervous as she twiddled with her thumbs, thighs rubbing together. "So, um..." it was clear such talk wasn't as natural to her as their game, "h-how have you been?" she shyly stammered.

He let out a sigh on the other end. "Well, the last wisps of my goatee fell out today. As well as... other hair," he grumbled.

Clearly it put an image in the ELVII's head, her hands dropping into her lap. Treading new ground she looked over her shoulder to her guest, anxiously awaiting what she should do next.

"That sucks to hear," Cat prompted her, recognizing the disappointment in the man's voice from years of customer service.

"That too bad," the girl replied, "but, I mean, like my weight loss, it'll save on a few things, right? No more shaving," she tried to offer lightheartedly.

"You lost weight?" Jayce asked on the other end with startled surprise.

Patty again looked for guidance, and the ribbon-curved blonde prompted her on with a roll of her hand. "Yeah," her ward replied, stopping it there for lack of any road to go down.

It was clear they needed a little more pushing. "Tell him you'll send him a pic later."

The red moved down her neck, and she quickly spun around. "I-I've never-" she started, before her crush interrupted with a small, curious, hum.

Steeling herself, one hand rubbing up and down her thigh, as the other played with her chestnut hair, she spoke in a broken string of words. "I-if you'd like," a thick swallow as her fingers got close to her womanly bits, "I could send you a pic after the raid."

There was a stunned silence, followed by an equally nervous stammer from the other end. "I-if you want to," he replied.

Cat couldn't keep from chuckling. The two probably had it bad for one another long before any of this.

A loud ding from the oven thankfully broke the tension. “Oh, that’s the rolls,” the curvy ELVII was quick to hop to her feet, headed over to the little kitchenette and fetching her oven mitts.

Watching her go, her guest briefly regret trying to push the two together. When Patty knelt down into that oven, legs perfectly straight, the baggy top she wore rode up her thighs. It was a mouth-watering sight, as it rounded up over her hips and showed off the perfect heart shape of her ass. Peeking between her legs, through the lightest gap, her cute little lips were damp, likely from her flights of fancy.

She had to contain herself, rolling her own hips, making the balls inside her stimulate what they could to settle down her raging libido. Soon enough the baker was coming back up, hiding her unthought-of shame and letting that warm, fresh bread smell waft out across them.

“There we go, they should be cool enough to eat soon,” the brunette smiled, preening her shirt back into place.

Rising to her feet, Cat finally saw to get her groceries out of the freezer. “Think I could just get a few to go?” she asked.

“You’re sure?” the shorter girl looked to her guest, though was already getting a baggie ready for her.

“Who’re you talking to Pat?” her player two asked out over her computer speakers.

Wearing her best waitress grin, she nodded to the PC. “I think someone else deserves your attention more,” she teased.

Patty gave a nod, blushing warmer than her buns. “Just have Catherine over, there was a mix up in our groceries,” she told him, handing over the to-go bag and skipping back to her computer chair. “Maybe, when the lockdown’s over, you might want to visit?”

Good girl, the buxom blonde thought to herself, stepping out to give them their privacy. It was improper, but she found herself slipping down her mask, her fingers diving in for a piping hot bun. The heat on her fingers was nothing to that of her loins, but as she bit down, it was bliss; letting her calm and just focus on filling her belly with something it had long missed now these past weeks: proper food.

Dreams

Cat laid upon the floor, her curled, blonding hair splayed about her in a great fan. She could feel the warmth, her needs, flooding over her, making her squirm and writhe, desperate for relief. Her hands started on her thighs, feeling the fire under her skin as her fingertips roamed upward. Two fingers played in her sex, her lips drooling with excitement as she spread them to open. Her other hand moved up the dip of her waste, to the swell of a bust that challenged her head for which was bigger, and pinched a nipple like a thimble between her lithe digits.

It was ecstasy, the nub swelling in her grasp from its sensitivity alone. A low, lewd, moan escaped her, beckoning out like a siren's call; one which would be quickly answered.

Another pair of hands found her, holding her by the arms, pinning her to the ground as their owner loomed over her. She couldn't see their face, only the sharply pointed ears jutting from the sides of their head, and felt their powerful thighs against her own as what she knew to be their cock slapped around her entrance.

"Yes," she purred aloud, opening her legs to let him in.

Those hands quickly shifted place, grabbing her ankles and holding them up over her head. She'd never really been so exposed before, her soaking canal on display, and yet, she held no shame; not even a sliver of embarrassment. No, she craved it, lifting her arms and draping them over her mate's shoulders with a needy whimper, nibbling on his elongated ears and peppering him with kisses along neck and chin to urge him forward.

The cap of his dick pushed into her, and with a wet slap sank to the hilt inside her in one fell swoop. At once, the buxom ELVII's mouth fell open, singing out in raw, sexual, pleasure. Her legs up high, there was little Cat could do but take it, and revel in it.

The faceless man began dragging out of her, the empty feeling leaving her to dig her nails into his shoulders to beg him back in. He complied with a powerful thrust that had her mewling, quivering in unabashed delight. That satiation was short lived, her mate pulling out once more, waiting for her unspoken plea before slamming back into her. It was a strange battle of control, he held her down, ravaging her with each drive of his cock into her, and yet she at the bottom was pulling his strings like a puppet. She wanted him in, and so he would give it.

Their rhythm improved, as the blonde ELVII flexed her growing power over him. His pelvis was batting against her clit, making it swell as the fires within her continued to be stoked. Her breaths were so hot she could see them as clouds of condensation when they left her lips, lapping over the sweat-sheened skin of his neck. She craved this, needed it, and here it finally was, pushing her closer to the edge.

With a shrill cry her head tossed back. The folds of her womanly flower tightened, wringing the intruding dick inside her and refusing it escape as her fluids gushed around it. He quickly came with her, and the wonderful feeling of his hot, sticky seed filling her was a euphoria she didn't know she'd been longing for.

Slowly she started to cool, to drift into afterglow. Her feverish kissing slowed, and her senses sharpened to catch the faint sound of clapping close by.

Turning there was a woman, more accurately, an ELVII, sitting and watching her with a smile upon her full lips. Much like Cat, long, ribbon-like blonde curls hung down behind her, pooling about her as she sat. Unlike the manager though, she was a step beyond even her ELVII-enhanced form. The woman's body was barely covered, her "dress" a pair of thin straps that concealed, but did not truly hide, her magnificent nipples, flowing down her body in a V before splitting into a pair of elegant tails.

Her curves were otherworldly. Her hips were side as her shoulders, leading to thighs that were soft, powerful, thick, and yet still had that all too sought-after gap that showed the smooth mound of

her sex. Her breasts were massive, a beacon to her femininity, held up by a pair of attendants whose hands disappeared to the soft weight pouring over them. Every inch of her was perfection incarnate, from her flawless skin to the supernatural grace with which her slender fingers clapped into her palm. She was above, and she knew it.

In a blink, lost in admiring this goddess before her, Cat's bedmate had vanished. She was alone, with the queen's full attention upon her. The woman didn't say a word; her lips moved, but no sound came out, but with a simple gesture of her hand the transforming ELVII knew what she was saying.

"M-my name is Cat," she replied, rolling her way up to a position on her knees before the divine creature.

That displeased her. She waved the answer away, posing her silent question again, insisting on the proper answer.

And the young blonde knew what it was. "Catherine," she corrected, somewhat embarrassed to be using her full name, "I am Catherine."

The queen smiled, gesturing for her faceless servants to depart. It was impossible to focus on them, even were it not for their eye-catchingly beautiful sovereign, and they seemed to simply disappear into the aether as she rose to her feet.

Without its support, her heavenly bust dropped. The window in her dress widened as they fell down and apart, her stiff nipples holding the fabric in place by their own accord as her tits bounced hypnotically. There was no denying it, as Catherine gaze was drawn in, her still sticky legs pulling together as her arousal sparked to life again. It didn't go unnoticed, the supreme ELVII silently laughing behind the back of her hand.

Her mouth moved, giving an order only the blonde at her feet could hear; and obey. The once manager got to her feet, standing before this otherworldly creature, her eyes downcast as if looking into the woman's own were somehow above her. Despite this, she could feel that royal gaze looking upon her, appraising her head to toe as she stood nude before the woman's majesty.

She watched the woman's steps, gracefully circling around her as a delicate hand reached forward. Soft fingers caressed over Catherine's hip, around the swell of her rear. The touch was electrifying, the blonde shuddering as her sparks were once more stoked into a lustful fire. A slow pattern, the tickle of the queen's nails dragging across her skin, then a pause of her warm fingertips while her feet moved to carry her around once more and resume the ticklish rake.

By the time the divine ELVII had finished her round, the blonde was panting; her folds hot and dripping once again over her thighs. Those teasing digits continued along her skin, tracing the dip of her waist up to the round underside of her bosom. Their path was titillating, tingling every inch on the way to her nipple; puckered and practically twitching with anticipation.

She'd been so focused on the attention the horny girl hadn't even noticed when the royal's other hand had touched her, slender fingers on her chin, silently urging it to lift. Once again, Catherine couldn't help but obey, looking up and getting lost in the smile of the woman's verdant green eyes. Her rich lips moved, their mute words enrapturing as if sung by a siren.

"Yes, you are perfect," her fingers splayed, spreading across the surface of the ex-manager's tit and holding it firmly, *"You will succeed us, Catherine, my child."*

"Succeed?" the blonde was confused, trying to rationalize what was being said through her burning desire.

"Yes, the new mother; to bring our people back to our old prosperity."

Gently she squeezed Catherine's breast in her hand, the ELVII letting out a sharp moan that left her eyes squeezing shut. Something new, there was a wetness on her chest; warm, unfamiliar. Still quivering, she forced herself to look, her brilliant blues catching the thin stream of alabaster white running from her stiff teat.

The fingers beneath her chin once again applied the lightest pressure, forcing her to look back up at the mother-queen. *"Now now, hold your head high my child. This is a moment of pride for you, for our kind,"* she purred, looking into her "daughter's" eyes.

She was in a haze, one thought pushing its way through her lust to come out of her lips. "What if it's not what I want?" she asked.

The very notion struck the royal with confusion, her brow raising before that near-mocking laugh escaped her once more. *"My child, this is a great honour, a privilege, you have been chosen for. You will be grateful,"* she told her, leaving no room for doubt.

"N-no!" Cat replied indignantly, "I didn't ask for this. I behaved, followed the rules, and I've been riding my bedpost raw like an uninhibited slut because of-" she felt rage inside her, the image of her whore neighbor accosting her in the elevator more than a week ago now still able to come fresh; right before the more recent view of her as the buxom ELVII she'd become in just her oversized top.

Her cheeks reddened, as that anger was shifting into arousal. It took a violent shake of her head, breaking away from the queen, to put herself back on track. "I can't even keep my mind straight without sliding into the gutter.

"I can't have clothes that fit more than a day, I'm always starving," she groaned onward, her fists tightening along with her posture, practically ready to stomp her defiance, "I don't even know what way I swing anymore; craving cock," she looked down, to where there was still gooey cum dripping down her leg, "but ready to shove my face between the thighs of any cute girl I pass. I never wanted any of this! I want to be myself, to *know* myself, again, and to go a fucking hour without breaking down into a wet mess."

The woman let out that chuckle of hers behind her hand. *"Such language is not befitting royalty,"* she commented, stepping forward.

The queen's very presence was enrapturing. Even as she took the rebellious ELVII's jaw in her fingers once again, in spite of her efforts, it was impossible to resist her. *"You will learn,"* she promised with a loving grin, *"and you will be grateful, Catherine,"* her face came in, and their lips touched in a spark of electricity.

Shooting up with a start, Catherine was in her bed, sweat-soaked sheets ruffled about her waist. She could feel her curled hair matted to her, and a dull throbbing between her legs. She'd come in her sleep; not unusual since her transformation had begun, but it still made things uncomfortable.

"Just a dream, Catherine," she told herself, catching her own odd vocal tick as she buried her face in her palm. She was Cat, not Catherine; what was she, her mother? No, her mom would still call her Cat.

"Mother". The very term had her shuddering, the image of that royal ELVII still vivid in her mind. It was only a dream, but she swore she could still feel the woman's fingers on her body, squeezing her tit, and the warm stream running down her-

Peeking between her fingers she saw her breasts, unbound for sleep, and was stricken with shock. From her stiff nipple hung a drop of white, swelling up until it grew too heavy and fell daintily into her lap with a light "plop". It wasn't sweat she was covered in; it was milk.

Laundry

God, the embarrassment running through Cat at this moment. Her fingers were curled into the far end of her laundry basket, the close tucked under her tits, the scent of milk overwhelming beneath her with clothes, sheets, and body alike having been covered in the stuff. She was only covered in a stretched, long-sleeved, tee that was serving as little more than a tied top to cover her nipples.

Beneath the stale smell of lactation however was worse. She hadn't had the chance to slide into the shower, and so still reeked of her own post-masturbation, internally continuing to cuss that she let her benwas fall out. It wouldn't take her long, it was late, not like she would run into anyone; she was proven wrong the minute the elevator doors opened.

The milky ELVII wouldn't have recognized him were it not for the distinctive nature of his headwear. The telltale turban was wrapped tightly atop his head, hiding his hair, but leaving his new, pointed ears quote on display. The building super, "Mister Baqir," she greeted, taking in all that had happened to the poor man.

Much like her neighbor, he'd lost quite a bit of height, his eyebrows level with her barely-covered nipples. His face was covered by a mask, but just the shape of his chin and the roundness of his eyes were good evidence it had changed significantly. Scrapes of his neck were visible revealing his beard and facial hair were likely no more too, leaving the tan-skinned man looking much, much younger.

As her royal blues continued down however, one thing clearly hadn't receded; and the sight nearly had Cat's eyes bugging out of her head. She could see it, his cock, clear as day, bulging in his pants and running at least a half-foot down the man's leg. Immediately her mind was swimming, her empty box wetting at the very thought of it erect, stuffing her full and making her squeal.

"Careful," he warned with a jovial chuckle, recognizing that look all too well since all of this began, "My wife has been known to attack with whatever's available whenever someone tries."

Right, he was married. “S-sorry,” the ribbon-curved blonde, at this point her old brunette was little more than her tips done.

“It’s alright, we’re all going through a rough time of it,” he stepped aside, offering her room in the elevator with him without violating the distance rules.

Could she handle it? Her mask was working well enough, she couldn’t smell its musk, but God damn if she wasn’t imagining it. Perhaps against better sense, she made her way into the small lift, tapping the basement button with her knuckle and doing her best to keep her composure; without any of her usual assistance.

“So, what has you busy this late?” she managed to ask as they started down, agonizingly slowly.

He let out a tired sigh, ““Same things as usual. Addressing noise complaints and peeling people off one another in Tabby’s absence,” he turned to her, “And you Cat?”

Catherine. The correction popped into her head, like a minor annoyance that needed shaking off. “R-rough night,” she managed, not wanting to reveal too much of her milky problem, “and cannot avoid laundry as a result.”

Cannot? What was wrong with “can’t”.

“I see,” the ELVII Baqir replied as the doors opened to the lobby. “Well, I do hope it gets better,” he offered, “And that you maybe consider wrapping a top around your waist too next laundry issue,” he gave a light nod to her before stepping off.

Around her waist? She looked down, flushing crimson as the doors closed and she saw her skirt. It wasn’t covering anything, the plump cheeks of her ass having ridden it up to bunch around her waist. And, of course, she wasn’t wearing any underwear. A panicked hand shot down, trying to pull the undersized covering into place, only for it to just drag back up over her fat bottom.

It was late, no one else would see. Rationale that would again be proven wrong as she was let out in the laundry room and immediately heard the sounds of someone else down here with her.

Cat’s mind still hadn’t completely crawled out of the gutter yet from her short ride with a packing sub slut, so already she was at a disadvantage as she walked in and tried to keep her composure. It wasn’t anyone she immediately recognized, then again, feminine ELVII features were increasingly common. Whoever it was, she seemed to be pretty light in her affliction.

Her blonde hair was lingering between her shoulder blades, tucked behind her knife-like ears to hold it back, and highlighting the dip of her back as it weighed on her top. Her breasts were modest, though still visible in the baggy tee she was wearing; notably all she seemed to be wearing with her bare legs shown off and displaying a tattoo of a woman just curvier than herself; though a twig compared to the buxom goddess Cat was becoming.

Really, those were the girl’s only identifiers, running up her arms in sleeves, and barely visible on the sides of her neck. They were enough though to spark familiarity within the more buxom woman. She, or he, was the party boy from the third floor.

“Come on,” he, she, it was so hard to distinguish. Regardless they grumbled, reaching forth towards the setting dials with difficulty, and pulling their baggy covering up in the process.

Cat was transfixed, watching the hem rise and reveal they were wearing panties. Panties that were tight against not only the beginnings of the transgender ELVII’s wet, feminine folds, but also the cute little package they were still sporting. The icing on the cake though, as the top came up over their hips, was the provocative tramp stamp that read boldly “come get it”.

All sense of self control slipped away, the ribbon-curl'd blonde’s eyes glazing over with pent up lusts, her fold drooling over her thighs. She dropped her laundry basket with a thud that drew the party herm’s head around, in time for the predator to be on them.

“What are you-“ they stammered as Cat’s hand found them, gliding her nails up their hip and curling into the waistband of their underthing. Red embarrassment filled their cheeks, visible over the edge of their mask as they realized what was happening. “N-no, don’t!” they gave one final plea, before the hungry slut stripped them away.

It wasn’t very big, a few inches, already erect and weeping droplets of desire that made it glisten. Despite their words, they weren’t fighting, submitting fully as the bigger girl clawed her own mask off, the strap snapping over her unrelenting ears to fall to the ground, and reveal the starved beam beneath. It was so cute, she could probably take the whole thing, balls and all, into her mouth at once. That virgin sex beneath though was calling her just as much. So, why not both? She dipped down, taking those little seed sacks and sucking them between her lips, before sliding her tongue out beneath them to get her first taste of another girl’s tunnel.

The tattooed troublemaker let out a moan, continuing their empty pleas of “N-no,” as their little dick was jumping excitedly, spurting a rope of clear pre over the bridge of Cat’s nose and her forehead.

Just the sight left the sugar baby’s eyes glazing over. Not that they’d been putting up much of a fight before, but all remnants of it washed away in an instant. They reached down to collect the dollop off the happy rugmuncher’s face, peeling their mask away and bringing it to their lips to lap off their slender digit.

Cat could feel it in their folds, as they quivered delightedly around her tongue. The herm was already reaching back down, lithe fingers ready to wrap around their little rod to get more of their own bitter nectar. The girl between her legs wasn’t about to have it. That was hers, and she let as much be known as her own hand leapt up like a snake to bat the attempt away with a full-mouthed growl.

The prior party boy let out a pathetic whimper at the glare those royal blues gave, withdrawing their attempt obediently and letting the divine oral-work continue. The ribbon-curl'd blonde truly got onto it, pressing her face in deeper, letting her chin split those walls and feeling the hermaphrodite’s fluid love drip over her neck. Her tongue went deeper, swallowing those cute little seed sacks deeper, massaging them as the tip searched around for the familiar parts of the feminine sex she knew would set them off. Meanwhile, she was nuzzling into the dick resting on her features, using her nose to great effect in giving it soft strokes along her cheeks.

They were at the mercy of the ribbon-curl blonde. Another guttural moan passed over their lips, as feminine depths they didn't know they had were hit. Their balls tightened in Cat's mouth, and with a steady flinch their cock erupted with a long line of sticky jizz that landed across the woman's face.

A change started underway at once. Cat could feel it on her tongue, their sack starting to pull away, gliding over her roughness as it receded towards its owner. It took a blink to notice, but the rod she'd wanted so much had dropped an inch as well, slowly shrinking away from her sight.

Were they going soft? Her blue eyes widened, looking up to their playmate and witnessing their transformation. The herm slut seemed oblivious, a finger coming down to collect the spilt semen from the woman's face, snagging that oversized top to their body in the process. Their nipples eere clear, hard and tenting the fabric, as their breasts were slowly swelling, growing in size with each hot breath they were taking.

A dollop of salty cum went into their mouth, their moan a soft giggle around their digit as they bloomed to proper ELVII proportion in seconds. What were once modest little boobs were now proper tits that wouldn't be out of place on a stripper, stretching their cloth prison taut over their girth. Their hips widened, tightening around Cat's cheeks, and their dick.

The girl between her legs let out a whimper. "No," she pouted, as it disappeared into a new hood, the slut's transition fully completed and leaving her with only a nice, virgin pair of lips with a pretty little clit.

Any worry the tattooed bimbo had before had been washed away. She looked down, whining that her source of yummy seed was now gone. There was still some left, and she took the ribbon-curl blonde by the cheeks, to get it; lifting her so they were face to face. Her tongue out lazily, lapping her last male load from her generous partner, every last drop, with happy little moans.

The tongue bath helped level Cat out; somewhat. Her disappointment diminished along with her lusty haze, as their mouths met and they shared a bitter kiss. In two blinks the newly minted slut was pulling back, smiling at her, licking her lips to make sure she'd gotten it all before letting her go. She started wandering off towards the elevator; leaving her laundry behind without a care, and leaving Cat on her own, half-naked, to recover.

What had she done? The question briefly popped into her head, fighting with the remnants of debauchery glazing her sense over. And where was that sexy thing going?

Different

There was quiet and darkness in Cat's apartment. They were ten days now into the renewed lockdown, since the attempted escape of the prior party boy gone full ELVII slut, and there had been no word from the manager to anyone else, even to accept her groceries; not until a written request arrived to Tabby that morning.

The nurse would never turn down the call of one of her patients, and so arrived curtly at the requested time, knocking on the door to announce herself. "Cat?" her voice came through the door.

"Catherine," the apartment's resident corrected, her voice coming from deep within her room. "Enter," she ordered calmly.

The handle turned, unlocked in preparation, and the caramel-skinned ELVII made her way inside. Lights were off, but what little was coming in from the hallway highlighted the myriad of toys scattered about the floor. Even through her mask, the nurse could smell the lingering sex on them, intoxicating, bringing a tint to her cheeks. She was always prepared, pulling the little pressurized spray off her belt and ready to use it if Cat had an episode.

Used sex toys wasn't the only surprise either. Passing her patient's bathroom on her way in, she caught something in the sink out of the corner of her eye. Her concern had her take a closer look. Even in the dark, she could make out the dark strands hanging out over the edge of the counter; Cat's brown locks.

"Catherine," the ELVII made sure to abide by the correction, "are you alright?"

There was a pause, as the woman in the dark contemplated it deeply. "We are not sure Tabi-" she struggled, catching herself and starting over. "I'm not sure Tabby."

Following her voice, Tabby came into her room. "Can I turn the light on?" she asked, already reaching towards the switch.

"You may."

A short click, and both needed to adjust to the sudden flood of brightness in the room. As things came into focus, what had become of Cat was revealed.

She was laid out over her bed, her blanket wrapped about her body from her absolutely enormous breasts down. Despite her attempt to cover up, there was no hiding the size of her curves. Each breast... they were the largest part of her by some margin. Three times her head, stuffed into each feminine globe, or else the whole of one of her ass cheeks; which were respectable in their own regard, as the sinuous dip of her waist rose up to a hill that was her hip, jutting more than two feet from the surface bed.

Her royal blue eyes were poised, her face practically unrecognizable from the woman she was. Her cheeks were high, her lips full, parted the tiniest bit as if beckoning those who saw them for a kiss, or more. All of it framed by the beautiful golden curls, pinned back by her long, sharp ears, that tumbled over her shoulders, pooling around her in her reclined position like some sort of throne.

Tabby spent a moment stunned, standing in the doorway to the woman's bedroom, eying nipples capped on mounds like a fist and half-visible through the milk-dampened fabric of the sheets.

"M-mask," the nurse finally managed to collect herself, touching her own for emphasis.

Catherine's hand came up, mirroring the action, her slender fingers touching down on her plush lips, pressing the tender, sensitive flesh down. "Apologies, I can't recall where I've left them," she mused.

"I carry spares," Tabby fetched one from her pocket, tossing it to the reclined beauty and looking about for how she could take a seat of her own while keeping safe distance.

The blonde plucked up the bit of cloth, getting it over one ear and reaching it across with a struggle. "Thank you," she managed once it finally snapped into place, leaning hard on her headboard.

Her guest had also managed to situate herself, pulling in a chair from the other room and plopping her own respectable rear into it. Where to start? There was so much to address. "Mister Baqir says you were on your way down to the laundry just before the outbreak," she prefaced, putting her hands in her lap where they were visible, "Were you exposed to what happened?"

Again, the buxom beauty paused. "It has been on our mind," she admitted, a hand trailing over her waist, moving towards her simmering sex. "Yes, we witnessed the transformation. We... may have been responsible."

"We'?" Tabby pressed, "Was there someone else with you two?"

Catherine's eyes widened, her fingers coming away from her sex to rest on her forehead and help her focus. "No, I'm sorry," she blurted, clearly pained by her expression. "It was just him and I. It's been... hard to think. I haven't been..." she stalled, finding herself, "I've been changing so much."

The shortstack ELVII nodded. "Are you comfortable with taking the blanket off?" she asked calmly, keeping her professional demeanor.

The curvaceous woman gave an accepting nod, pulling the sheet aside and revealing her naked form. Her nipples were puffy, pink, hard with arousal, and leaking droplets of pale cream. The lips of her sex were swollen as well, glistening, hungry to be filled despite the seemingly level demeanor of their owner. She was a goddess given flesh, pristine and unblemished, a body made for all that is sex and pleasure incarnate.

Once more her nurse needed a moment, to recover from the sight before her, the waft of pure sex trying to fight its way through her mask. "Have you taken a pregnancy test?" she asked, struggling to rationalize some of what she was seeing.

The massive ELVII was clearly distracted for a moment, Tabby's fingers twitching readily on her icy spray. "We haven't had sex in such a way as to become pregnant, not in a long time," she answered, clearly contemplating the prospect of it. "This started after we-" she caught herself, shaking her head and jostling her bouncy curls. "Sorry, this started after I had a dream. The milk, the..." how did she even describe it? "The need for us to speak differently. It's like a compulsion."

But it feels so good. Those words wanted to escape her, tinting her cheeks, and the on-display lips between her legs. All of it, this transformation, had been like euphoria. Her body felt amazing, the very brush of her thick thighs against one another a delightful tingle. What had started as panic about her lactation had become a wonderful experience as she unabashedly milked herself into the tub while letting a fat dildo go to work on her.

"Keep calm Cat," the tanned nurse tried, catching the sideways glance those blue eyes gave her. "My apologies, Catherine. It's the ELVII, though..." she bit her lip, drinking it all in, "I've never seen a case like this before."

Shifts in facial structure, body, even the transitioning of sex was common. To these extremities however was something new, to say nothing of the hair, the lactation, even this strange behavioural change. Being overwhelmed by lust was one thing, but this out of place formality she seemed to be experiencing.

“Why do you think you were responsible for what happened?” the medical professional went on, trying to get every bit of information she could to develop a diagnosis.

Catherine turned away, her hand roving over her form as she recalled. “We watched him change. He still had a penis when we started,” she licked her ruby lips, making them glisten. “When the first load of his cum touched our face, we could feel him starting to shrink. Then, we watched her bloom into one of our children.”

“Your children?” Tabby questioned the odd statement.

The royal ELVII paused, a moment from her dream coming back to the forefront of her mind. *“The new mother; to bring our people back to our old prosperity.”*

She shook it away, determined that it was only a dream. “What do you recommend, Tabitha?” she asked, still clinging to her self.

Tabby tried to think. “Well, it would probably be best to-“

There was a loud bang from across the hall, rattling the apartment. “Oh yes!” her slutty neighbor screamed; the sounds of her sex obvious from the groan of the springs to the slamming of the headboard against the wall.

The nurse paled. Cat was already in a vulnerable state, something like this would only exacerbate it.

One of the hyper-busty woman’s hands was already moving down, ready to tend to her burning desire.

Halfway, she stopped, a flinch that had her fingers curl, her nails tickling across her skin. The half-glazed lust in her eyes was blinked away, replaced with annoyance. Her naked form rose, her bed protesting with a creak, and her enormous curves setting into motion that didn’t stop for seconds. Each step she took was a massive sway of her matronly hips, bouncing her rear so hypnotically it was impossible to ignore.

It even distracted her guest from the responsibilities of her job. Her patient was halfway to the door by the time Tabby got to her feet, well aware of her own state as she stumbled on wobbling legs. “Catherine!” she tried to appeal to her reason, before it was too late.

The blonde had already torn her way through her door, marching across the hall and doing the same to the couple that had her in all this mess. It was unlocked, the slut having probably scooped her little cock slave out of the hall without thinking about it.

Shoes were kicked to the sides as she stormed her way in, rounding the corner to the entryway of their bedroom. “We’ve had enough of your constant coitus, so quiet!” she hissed the order.

The little sub slut was on the bottom, face flush and his eyes squeezed shut as his diamond hard length was buried balls-deep in his wife. She, practically twice his size, and more multiplicative of his diminutive weight, was on top, riding him like a sex toy with her squeals of delight and a hefty bounce to her prominent chest. The moment Catherine's words found their ears though, both stopped dead in their tracks.

They seemed almost in a daze, the buxom whore getting off her husband's dick without hesitation and moving to sit on her knees, legs closed before the goddess in her midst. No longer pinned, her normally snarky boy toy followed suit, his cock still wet with her juices, practically purple as it remained swollen to the whole of its respectable size. Neither said a word, waiting and looking towards their "mother" expectantly.

The ribbon-curved blonde was no less in shock, one hand still gripping the door frame. She hadn't expected them to listen, hell, at best she had expected maybe the wife might proposition her again. Just running through the scenario in her head, she found her gaze dropping to that turgid rod. She could smell it, her mouth watering and her sex quivering with want at the idea of finally scratching that itch.

No, she was better than that, stumbling back out of the doorway and covering her masked face with her hand. *What's happening to me?* The thought terrified her once more, briefly breaking through the veil of euphoria to appeal to her senses for a moment.

Tabby finally caught up, her spray at the ready, and caught sight of the scene. She'd managed to somehow stop an ELVII pair going at it? That of its own right seemed like a miracle, but their odd trance, as the pair waited on something from their busty queen.

"We should get you to the hospital Catherine," the nurse swallowed, the thick scent of sex coming off Cat even bothering her in her post-transformed state. "We need to find out what's happening to you."

Help

Finding clothes to fit the hyper-sexed "Catherine" was no easy task. The best Tabby could think of was asking the previously overweight Patty, but even then, the blonde ELVII's proportions were too extreme. An oversized top hardly made it over her nipples, and if it did, her plush thighs and fragrant sex were still exposed. Wrapping the milky "mother" in a blanket was the best that could be done, the woman wearing it something like a flowing dress until the ambulance arrived; which brought with it its own troubles.

The nurse did her best to keep a quarantine, trying to disperse the crowd of nosy neighbours from getting in the way. What was once a diverse bunch, the infection had seen most become the same, near carbon copy of buxom ELVII beauties. They seemed more like a gaggle of young "dancers" backstage than a collection of neighbours.

“Please, back away and allow the paramedics through!” Tabby was trying to keep her cool, but it was obvious the gravity of things was weighing on her.

It didn’t help when the four got in, draped head to toe in full hazmat and bearing with them a stretcher. “One side,” they pushed their way through, even past the tan-skinned nurse, and into the blast zone.

Cat sat on her bed, one arm holding her makeshift dress up over her milky bosom. All this attention, these people, her flock of children; it was taking a good bit of restraint to contain herself.

At once, her majestic gaze drifted to the device the medical professional dragged with them, to the heavy straps hanging off the sides. One of them already had one ready, loosening the buckle that would go across her chest.

“We are not resisting,” the ribbon-curved blonde pointed out, her voice calm and commanding.

The quartet looked between each other, around the room for another ELVII to quantify the “we” statement. Eventually, their head spoke to address her. “Procedure ma’am. Now please, if you’d lay down we can get going.”

Cat paused, looking them over, then out into the hall where her friendly nurse was still doing crowd control. “We would like Tabi-“ she caught herself, backing up with her statement, “I’d like Tabby to come with us.”

“Tabby is a personal care nurse for the quarantined area. She needs to stay here,” one of the paramedics stated, their face shielded by the sheen of their suit’s mask. “Now please ma’am, get on the stretcher!”

A twinge of annoyance struck, the blonde ELVII lifting her chin, prepared to unleash a piece of her mind. The better part of her, the human part, managed to rein herself in. She rose, her bare feet gracing the carpet with her presence, her blanket pulling back as she moved and threatening to show off her beautiful form. The paramedics seemed to flinch, one going to their belt to where one of those compressed cold sprayers was waiting. As she said though, she wasn’t resisting.

Cat sat her plump rear on the stretcher, idle hand grazing her thigh through her makeshift covering. “There,” she stated flatly.

“Please lay down,” the paramedic chastised, co-worker still hovering over that abhorrent spray.

She was cooperating, but fine. With an annoyed sigh the blonde tipped back, her curly waves pouring over the sides, pooling on the floor.

At once, they got to work. The fabric straps were quick to dig into her thighs as they were stretched over their great expanse, up top however, there was an issue: her breasts were just too big. One of the paramedics was trying their best to connect the buckle, pinching her massive assets in the process and making her squirm uncomfortably.

“A hand?” they called to one of the others, who’s hands sunk into the billowing bust, trying to push things up, down, in; any direction that would work.

It was a rough handling, only making things worse. At once milky beads were beginning on her fist-sized teats, the blood starting to run to the obvious places. Cat's squirming intensified, her hungry sex pulsing with each fervent heartbeat.

The sound of her first shallow moan perked every ear present. Nostrils flared, taking in that sweet smell of sex being released. Tabby spun like lightning, having already seen the effects of the "royal" ELVII'S presence. "Stop!" she dashed over, batting the paramedics' hands away from her patient's bust.

It helped. The blonde let out her breath as a hot sigh, trying her best to calm herself, even as the caramel cutie's ripe bust hovered just within her field of vision. A delicious temptation that had the buxom queen's lips watering.

"Nurse, step back!" one of the quartet demanded.

"She's not resisting," Tabby snapped right back. "She's not a normal case, manhandling her like some kind of animal is going to make things worse."

One of the hazmat clad paramedics stepped up, towering the short ELVII. "We know what we're doing, now step back!" they ordered, and their compatriots resumed their attempt to finish strapping the oversexed bimbo down.

Again, rubber-clad hands touched down, pressing into the blonde's copious tit flesh, pushing her milk to the surface; wasting it. The blanket that covered her began to wane, the makeshift hem sliding away and revealing her form as her handlers tried everything to force her into bondage. Her legs started to writhe in their bindings, her thighs rubbing together, agitating her plump sex.

Cat couldn't take it anymore. Another desperate moan erupted from her throat, calling out to her children like a siren song. All attention was on her, as her eyes glazed over, her scent radiating from her starving sex. She only spoke a single word, inciting them into action.

"Help!"

The words reached the caramel ELVII's ears first. A quick breath and her pupils dilated, chest rising and falling as desire unabashed filled her. Tabby pushed her way through the heavy-handed workers, climbing up onto the stretcher with her patient and pulling the blonde's mask off.

She could hardly straddle below those massive tits, each milky orb, even spread, rising up past her belly to her own chest. Nothing was going to stop her though. A desperation to please was taking over, worse than when she was first infected with the virus. She leaned herself in, soft boob squishing about her both ways, and pressed her lips to the hyper-buxom blonde's own with a delightful moan.

How much had ELVII rewired her brain? Time had blurred together in the isolation, but at one point, Cat would have called herself straight. It felt like a lifetime ago, because all she could think now was how many times Tabby had shown up at her door, and how much she wanted her each time more than the last.

If only it were under better circumstances. The blue-eyed beauty's wrists were pinned to her hips by her straps, unable to properly embrace the exotic cutie now that she had her. All she could do was coo, admire the softness of the girl's lips against her own in their impassioned embrace.

The nurse knew what her queen really needed though. Once satisfied with her first offering, she pulled away, her eyes glazed, telling the bound woman where she was going without a word. The shortstack disappeared beneath the expanse of Cat's bosom, though that didn't stop the blonde feeling the girl's legs shifting, the heat of her muff even through her dress against her abs, and the pressing of that juicy rear up into her tits as she knelt forward.

Her own sex was so hot she didn't even feel Tabby's breath against her swollen lips. When her mouth touched down on the other hand, the blissful release made the royal ELVII see stars. Her flower opened in an instant, letting the lithe muscle of her child's tongue into her depths. Her moan of relief was a sweet note, her body trying with all her might to arch in its prison, to press her snatch closer and smother the object of her desire's face in it. She was at the mercy of the caramel cuntmuncher, only able to plead for what she wanted.

"More!"

A fire lit in Tabby, her face pressing deeper in, coating her cheeks with Cat's sweet spunk and she complied with the woman's demand. Her chin rubbed the blonde's clit, the tip of her delving lap hunting for one of those bumpy little ridges to make her queen cry out again. The way the body beneath her squirmed, it was like the whole of her channel was an erogenous zone. That wouldn't be enough though, wouldn't do for the angel which had called for her. Her nose buried into those folds she was tending, muting all but her loudest sounds of pleasure as she gracefully continued her diligent search.

There was a moment where all those present sat stunned. The bimbo-fied residents felt the embers within them starting to burn. The paramedics could barely move, hardly believing they'd just seen a final phase ELVII lose herself like a freshly-turned slut; let alone one of their own, a nurse who knew better.

Worse still, one of them could feel it. The warmth growing inside them, the itch. One gloved hand came up to scratch at an ear that couldn't be reached through the layers of protective gear. They could feel it though, stretching just that subtle fragment of an inch longer, as each breath grew a little more taxed from the increasing weight on their chest.

Seeing it, the other three moved into a mad scramble. "Take them both!" their head ordered, "We need them out of here before they start a damned orgy!"

The trigger happy member of the team pulled out their pressurised spray, taking aim at the sweet spot between Tabby's mouth and Cat's drooling honeypot.

"Don't worry about them!" the orders continued, "Just hold them to the table, they'll be easier to move distracted, then we can get the extra straps in the ambulance."

A quick nod, and the makeshift defence was turned on the onlookers, catching the tent in the short ELVII male's pants and firing a spurt at the buxom wife ready to strip him right there in the hall. The remaining two paramedics threw their arms over Tabby's back, pinning her down to the blonde.

"Jade, get your sense about you!" the head shouted to the member of the four exhibiting symptoms.

She blinked behind her hood, shaking off the beginning haze. “R-right,” she managed, starting to push them out to the elevator.

Cat could tell they were moving. Her cascade of blonde hair had been shoved up to stop it getting tangled with the stretcher’s wheels, shielding her vision. She didn’t need it; the blindness only allowed her to focus more on the expert talent between her tightly compressed thighs. They were earmuffs on those caramel knives, trapped against her and fulfilling her duty without a care in the world.

“So skillful,” her radiant voice praised the rug-hungry nurse, able to feel the delighted coo that emanated from the girl’s throat into her folds. “We are about to-“

The apex was reached, a singsong cry coming from Cat, just as the elevator doors started to close. What would happen to those residents that heard, none of them would know. But, from the way the infected member of their team’s legs were quivering, pressing together in her suit to try and sate the need starting to burn inside her, there was a pretty good guess.

Hospital

The transfer from the ambulance to the exam room was heartbreaking. Tabby had kept tight into Catherine’s royal muff, lavishing her with attentions that kept the blonde ELVII at her peak for minutes. A long-awaited ecstasy that had the radiant creature squirming in her bonds, begging for more, for that finish. She had a few, her womanhood splashing liquid love across her happy lapper's caramel cheeks. Once they were within the hospital compound though, the grace by which they allowed her nurse, her friend, to continue pleasing her came to an end.

Four became eight, prying the cunt-hungry shortstack off of her despite protest. “Get her into a quarantine!” the order rose up over the commotion, and just like that, her relief was whisked away.

Catherine let out a soft whine, but she knew she needed to behave; things would be easier if she did. She curled and uncurled her toes, biting into her lip as her sex quivered. A starving beast that had gotten a taste, just to have it taken away. She felt each little bump along the way, face stuck looking at the ceiling as the sea of her hair covered her modesty. It felt like an age, but soon she was rolled into a heavy plastic room, and her bonds were released.

Immediately she sat up, the fully-clad EMTs taking a cautious step back, like she was going to pounce on them any moment. “We are cooperating,” she reminded them, though could feel the heavy rasp of her own voice. “Would you return Tabitha to us?”

“No,” one of the heavy-suited professionals answered, “she’s been taken to her own quarantine. Now please, put this on, a doctor will be with you shortly.”

A huge blue smock was tossed into her lap, and without another word the group parted. Catherine could hear it once they were on the other side, the zipping of the plastic tent walls to shut her into her new cell. Nothing she could do really but continue to cooperate. Step one, actually putting something on her sensuous form.

Getting to her feet had her flowing locks caressing her curves, pouring over her like roiling waves. Another sensation, another reminder, of what her body was crying out for. A look around the room and there were not the same amenities her home nurse had provided. No toys, no anything but sterile medical equipment, a bed, and the stretcher she'd been brought in on.

The blonde pressed her thighs together. Perhaps she could ask when the doctor arrived? Feeling Tabitha's spit, and her drying juices, on her thighs, it became apparent just how chilly the room was. Her nipples tightened, growing stiff, the new pressure forcing a few pearly beads to the peaks of her mighty tits.

The zipper separating her from the rest of the building rang out, drawing her sharp ears. She wasn't even dressed yet. Did she even care?

Another was pushed in with her, a doctor from her coat, a mask covering her face and looped behind ears that were just starting to show points. "I'm not-" she went to protest, only for the way to be closed behind her, locking her in.

"Are you the physician to see to us?" Catherine posed, her voice catching the woman off guard.

The fledgling ELVII spun around, her eyes going wide at the sight of the radiant blonde before her. Her gaze kept dropping, trying to stay up on those ocean-like blues, only to lock onto her milky breasts, the swell of her hips, and her sweet flower waiting between them. The inevitable was happening, her own buds beneath her shirt stiffening, and the scent of her sex growing between her legs.

Resistances were dwindling. Catherine could see her warm breath on the cold air. The two of them shouldn't have been out in such proximity, but they were, and the royal was still hungry.

The buxom ELVII sat on the bed, leaning back on one hand and spreading her legs. Two fingers of her free hand opened her drooling lips, showing off her passage to her guest. "Come," she invited, her voice laced with her shuddering need.

The words reached her ears, along with the flowery scent of the curly haired queen. Something stirred within her. Before Catherine's very eyes her condition accelerated. Those little points on her ears stretched out, her features softened, and when she gasped, a wet spot visibly appeared on her mask, and in front of her pants.

Like a creature possessed she leapt forth, falling to her knees between her queen's legs. One hand desperately clinged to one of the blonde's meaty thighs, digging in with a desperation like she might get away, that she would lose this feast presented so freely to her. The other clawed at her mask, the bands snapping from the force by which she tore it away from her face.

Her lips were soft pillows, parted and drooling in anticipation of tasting the divine fruit before her. The curvy royal couldn't help a shudder of anticipation, giving up her display to run her fingers through the doctor's hair and pull her in.

The connection elicited a soft moan from her child, and she took in another heady breath of the queen's musk. The woman's jeans began to drop as her waist thinned, barely caught by a sudden swell of her hips. From her proverbial throne, Catherine looked down, catching sight of her thin-stretched

panties over a growing abundance of rear. A delicious sight, even as the sensation of the girl's tongue diving into her hot muff started to demand attention.

Once more, the royal let out her siren cry of ecstasy, driving the one serving her to more fervent action. Her sharp little nose was rising up and down with each desperate lap of the queen's juices, rubbing it up and around the blonde's hood, teasing her stiff bud. Her thighs started to close in, squishing about the ELVII muff muncher to lock her in place.

At once, she could feel it. The doctor was still changing, her boxed ears continuing to elongate into the final form they would take. The hems of her coat were pushing aside with each deep breath she took of the royal's scent, her supple breasts pumping up with each rise. Eventually her top gave up the ghost, and above the sounds of Catherine's euphoric moans a small hole tore open that jumped towards her neckline. The queen could feel them, bouncing unrestrained against her shins as the girl pushed herself forward to please her sovereign.

The effects of weeks of exposure, overtaking her in minutes and leaving the once professional reduced to a proper slut; or ascended, to a perfect child.

Another short peak that filled the blonde with warmth that tinted her cheeks. Yes, that did it, satisfied the primal desire in her. "Such a good girl, pleasing us," she purred, riding down her high and opening her legs once more.

Freed from her spell, and her prison, the woman pulled away, threads of Catherine's love still clinging to her lips. Her gaze rose, to the bust eclipsing the light from her. A hand came up, gingerly running along the length of her extended ear. "W-what happened?"

The queen pat her lap, and at once her subject crawled herself up; pants practically falling off, and leaving the heat of her mound to press against her "mother's" thigh. The royal did not even think about it, the words coming naturally to her. "You have awakened, our child," she purred, wrapping one arm about the girl and pulling her into her bosom. The other came forward, pushing aside the last barrier of elastic between them and slipping two fingers into her simmering sex. "Now, you have given us a fine gift. Let us return the favour."

She didn't need to be told twice. The newborn ELVII let out a satisfied cry, collapsing forward into the embrace of the radiant royal. Her hands came up, sinking deep into the doughy bed of tit flesh before her. Catherine couldn't help a gasp, clinging tighter to her lover as the added pressure beckoned sweet droplets of her cream to the surface.

They were warm, trickling down the undersides of her massive swell of bust. Always she had drained herself, stuffing her hungry box full with her vibrator while she did the deed. This was the first time it was another, and at once desire filled her. She wished for a third, to resume tending her, or perhaps...

Her teeth raked over her thick lip, the sheen of her spit on it. No, it was this child's turn. With a soft gasp, the royal began moving her fingers, doing as she would herself: a gentle pump, and small circular motions that had the soft pads of her fingertips massaging the girl's inner walls. A subtle search, this was not her passage which she was intimately acquainted with, she needed to listen, to find what would make her little guest squirm and release.

A small twitch of her digits, the lightest change, and the doctor cooed such delights into the ribbon-curl'd blonde's ear. Another and her foods quivered, squirting her love into her palm. A curl, and the fledgling ELVII did the same, sinking her claws into the woman pleasing her.

Catherine couldn't help a giggle, her warm breath caressing the girl's forehead. "So adorable," she whispered, "and such a beautiful song you sing for us."

"Tha-" her voice pitched, catching in her throat. There it was, that little ridge indicating her sweet spot.

A grin crossed the royal ELVII's lips. The treasure she sought was found, not to tease it, to gift her subject with release. Her nails went forward, her touch delicate to mix the lightest pain with her delights as she dragged them over the spot. It broke the girl, her moan lewd, guttural, as she collapsed into the queen.

The tantalising tickle continued. The fledgling ELVII couldn't contain herself, squirming, grasping and releasing her radiant lover's soft flesh, burying herself deeper into that glorious bust. Soon her cries of ecstasy were muffled by a wall of tit.

Catherine embraced her, holding her through it all. "Come, our daughter," she urged, retreating only a moment to add a third of her dextrous fingers to the mix, allow her thumb to get in and press into the safety of her hood and stroke her twitching clit.

She didn't need to be told twice. Her voice reached a crescendo, her every muscle tightening, attaching herself to the royal as she rode out the throes of a climax. The hand pleasing her flowed over, pouring her finished over the queen's lap, and the bed beneath then to soak the thin white sheets through.

"There, good girl," the supreme ELVII purred, gently stroking the brunette locks starting to mat to the girl from sweat.

The praise left her quivering, melting into the embrace as her strength left her. She was exhausted from such attention. Catherine though, once again, found herself with an itch.

This one wouldn't do. With all the care of a mother she laid the newly minted slut on the sheets, and rise to her feet. Her hand still glistened with the girl's juices, earning each digit a languid lick to clean them. It would hardly do for the wasted milk now tricking down her core, or the mess made between her legs, across her thighs.

Did she even care to clean it? They were a badge, that she was capable, looking for another lover; and she knew which one she wanted. Go give her a gift, she thought, hefting a swollen, milky tit in need of relief.

Another disruption. The zipper was moving, less controlled than last time, the hand on the other side clearly shaking in its attempt. Still, it rose, opening the portal to a half-dressed EMT. Without her mask, the points of her ears were showing, the glazed lust in her eyes telling. She had need as well, and fir releasing her, queen Catherine would deliver.

Harem

Alarms were going off throughout the building. "Code orange," was repeating over the building's speaker system, with more staff appearing in their heavy Hazmat gear. There wasn't stopping her though.

Queen Catherine walked with grace, her bare feet patting lightly on the cold linoleum as she made her way through the building. Any unprotected soul was overtaken and swept up into the entourage as she asked the question.

"Tell us, where is Tabitha?"

Her words carried an unspoken power, the scent of her sweet sex radiated from her. "I-I could be Tabitha," some even answered, desperate to please the ribbon-curved royal; to be the one she was looking for.

No, there would be no exception. She wanted her nurse, who had been with her, who had pleased her so, and deserved reward. And so, the group of fledgling ELVII in her orbit grew as she made her way through the halls.

Just the rounding of another corner had everyone on edge, eyes turning her way, shuddering with fear before the words of command left her lips. "Tell us, where is Tabitha?"

Eyes glazed over, lips puffing up and ears starting to stretch out. As the infection took hold, one of them had her answer: "The nurse?" she asked, eliciting the queen's attention, "She's being kept in the D-wing, I can take you!"

A loving smile spread over Catherine's lips. "Please do, our child," she purred, and it was so done.

The epicenter of an outbreak levels above anything they had dealt with prior. She would not be stopped, the only options were to get out of her way, or be caught up in her aura. There had to be almost twenty in her retinue by the time they made it to the wing in question, all stopped by a single raised hand from their sovereign as they came to the sealed door.

One of the prior hospital workers hopped to the front, her clothes half-fitting from the curvy growth spurt being around the royal ELVII had spurned, and unzipped the barrier to let her queen through.

At once, the blonde stepped through, her radiant blue eyes witnessing her poor friend there. They had strapped her down to keep her from leaving, the caramel beauty staring at the ceiling as the lust that had overcome her had faded. Still, she turned to the intrusion, her eyes going wide.

"Catherine," the nurse chirped, her tone level, straddling between worry she had been wandering the hospital alone, and excitement that she had found her.

The queen stepped forth, her folds wet once more, her teats stiff and beading with her motherly milk. "Tabitha," she whispered softly, kneeling down and handling the bonds herself to release her friend, "We've been looking for you."

The moment the rough straps came off her skin, the curvy shortstack sat up, rubbing at the points of contact to get some circulation back. There were obvious marks from the roughness, which only sparked more anger from the royal blonde.

“Are you okay?” the caramel cutie asked, looking down at the bordering goddess at the side of her bed.

The last of the bindings released, Catherine returned to her feet, setting her plump rear down on the bed next to her companion. “We are better now,” she told the girl, patting her naked lap invitingly, “Now come, let us reward you for your service to us.”

Her words were like sweet honey, and so, even if she had wished not to, they drew the ELVII nurse into position. The royal’s slender hand cupped her child behind the head, fingers sliding beneath those tightly-woven blue locks. Then, gently, she guided the girl to her leaking nipple, and issued another soft command.

“Drink, our child.”

Tabitha’s lips quivered, her mouth watering before at once leaping forward and latching on. Her seal was tight, plush kissers soft on the bigger girl’s pebbly teat, and she filled her cheeks with the first sweet mouthful of the queen’s cream.

Catherine could feel the nurse’s moan against her sensitive skin, the greed as her suckling intensified and she began smushing her face into the soft mound of femininity before her. The need to hold her diminished, and so the ribbon-curved blonde put her hand to better use, stroking the soft locks of her child. It was like instinct, and it felt good in ways she couldn’t describe; for both of them.

The caramel beauty was already ELVII, and yet, change was overcoming her. The deep breaths she took through her nose, refusing to let go of the tap in her mouth, seems to be filling her full. Her chest was spreading her smock, stressing the buttons. There was a creaking in her bottoms, the waist moving down over her hips. More obvious, visually, was her ankles stretching out and away from the hems of her pants.

More and more sock was coming into view, until being made way for those tanned calves, hugged tight by seemingly shrinking clothes. Her arms were experiencing the same. Her sleeves were already short, but the additional bicep coming out of them was obvious. Her wrists were pushing forward, sinking deeper into the dough boob she was feeding from and increasing the pressure.

It started to flood her cheeks. Fervent attempts to keep up with heavy swallows wasn’t enough, and small rivulets started from the corners of her mouth as it overflowed. How much had she already drank? And yet, the nurse was still ravenous to fill herself with as much of Catherine’s warm milk as her body would take.

The previous shortstack’s core was extending, pulling her top up until it started showing off her midriff. What had once been a plush softness now had only a thin veneer over tight core muscle. She hardly seemed to notice, not until it had her head pushing up. Her hands were helping, pushing things up, hoisting the royal tit in her mouth, but eventually the dam burst. Her lips were pulled away with a soft pop, spilling her latest mouthful over the front of them as the queen’s heavy breast was released to fall against her chest once more with a gentle slap.

That seemed to snap Tabitha from her reverie, blinking and looking down at her body, barely fitting in the lap of the radiant creature that had invited her. "Ca-Catherine?" she questioned, getting to her feet and getting a sense of vertigo from just how high she was; maybe a hair over six feet?

The overblown ELVII queen didn't quite have an answer. Some part of her was surprised as any would be. Another, something more primal within her, knew it was natural. Mother's milk was good for her children to help them grow; and another idea was forming in her head.

"Ascended daughter of ours," she addressed Tabitha, the other ELVII at the door watching, jealous, "would you have our children fetch a basin? There is still so much of our milk left, and after such a meal as yours, we would like to have one ourselves."

The caramel amazon blinked, her head much more clear than it had been in a long time. She turned to her friend, her sovereign, and realized that compared to the prior orders emitted from the blonde's lips, she had a choice; and she knew her response.

"Of course, mother," she dipped, her outfit looking like she had squeezed herself into a child's costume on her new body.

The once nurse turned to the gaggle at the door, the lot of them jumping to attention she was unused to. "You heard her, a basin," she issued the command, and the smaller ones jumped, "there should be some in the supply closets. Only ones from the green shelves."

Enough of them had been doctors and staff, they knew where to go. All the while, the blaring alarm was starting to wane. What could they do? There were so many infected now, at her whim, wandering the halls. Anyone with the right gear couldn't get close, not unless she let them; and queen Catherine was done listening.

Her servant-children returned, carrying with them a large square tub, as requested, which Tabitha looked over. Yes, it was the right kind, and so the amazon beauty turned to the royal with a short dip. "Will this do, Catherine?"

Those ribbon curls rolled forward, brushing the queen's thighs as she leaned forward and let her heavy breasts hang free. "Yes," she purred, a soft smile on her lips, "Now, come! Get it into place, and see to the milking, our children!"

The fledgling ELVII watching were eager, but it was her caramel chosen who had first say. "Yes, mother," she motioned for a couple to carry the basin, then took a place on her knees before those bountiful beauties.

Her hands were strong, her touch tender, as she took her sovereign's teat in one hand. The other moved to Catherine's chest, resting a moment to feel the excited flutter of her heartbeat before wrapping around the base of one overburdened udder. In a long pull, the nurse pulled all that warm bounty to the front, keeping her aim true as the pink nipple in her grip swelled before letting out a heavy spurt that tickled the bottom of the container in a cacophony of droplets.

The soft moan of the queen rattled the room, making legs press together from her unabashed bliss. Her fingers tightened against the bed edge, her legs spreading to show the glistening sex between

those plush thighs. If only there were room, she would have invited another of her followers to please her, but her chosen child needed the space to work.

Another long milking of her tit, and already the harsh sound of liquid on plastic had been replaced with the trickle of her stream joining a growing pool. Those watching, that had seen the effect on Tabitha, were licking their lips for their chance at their queen's milk. No though, this batch was for her.

Soon enough, her flow slowed to a few sad drops, her breast tinted pink from the semi-rough handling. The other had already fed a daughter, yet still what little it had left was added to the collection, leaving the basin half-full with sweet cream.

How much of this had she wasted in fear? It seemed such a pity, as the container was lifted for the royal. She would finally partake, turning the corner to herself and pressing it to her lips. A gentle tip, and the warm, thick drink came to her. There was grace in every long swallow she took of her nectar, her breaths hot through her nose as she suppressed the desire to indulge like an uncultured child.

Even a step above as she was, her cream had an effect. Her legs lengthened, her toes managing to touch on the ground before she was finished. Her own arms needed to take over holding the container as she started to grow away. Where Tabitha had blossomed from her short demeanor to that of an amazon, Catherine was growing high as a great tree. Her muscles strengthened to carry her body, as she surpassed human norm into the realm of divinity.

Each gulp became deeper, as the god-queen ascended over eight feet, her proportions growing as much as they could in kind. Soon enough, even the great container that had held her bounty was little more than a dish in her hands, empty as the last drops were caught by her lithe tongue.

Her children looked on in awe, as the beauty they followed became impossible to turn away from. "Mother," Tabitha whispered to her, slack-jawed at the sight.

The blonde licked her lips, setting the now small to her basin on the bed. Despite her drink, the change had left her stomach rumbling in protest, for the energy to finish the job. "We hunger," she told them, her voice lower, booming in its address, "bring us food, and let us feast!"

Pleasure

They were still in a hospital, even if it was slowly becoming the ELVII god-queen's realm. The food brought before her by her children was meager, simple. Plundered from the kitchens of the residential floors, the restaurants dotting the visitors lobby, and the vending machines peppered throughout the building.

Catherine accepted it all in equal measure, devouring it for now as little more than fuel and sending her servants back out until she was satisfied. They moved out like the tides, reaching to the far corners of the building and returning to her with their gifts, and more followers as they spread the infection. The gathering throng was seeing diversity, those touched instead by the meek feminization

that let them keep their implements, instead of the full blown bitch-ification. And as more of them came to her service, her appetite was beginning to shift.

A bagel and soup swallowed down her gullet, the royal licked her plush lips, and rose to her feet.

“What would you have next, mother Catherine?” Tabitha asked with a deep bow of her head that poured her bluish locks over her shoulders.

“Our belly has been satisfied,” their queen stated, her oceanic eyes falling upon her throng. Those among them still bearing bulges were twitching in their ill-fitting bottoms, eager to please. “It is time to fill us in another way.”

The royal ELVII stepped between her subjects, towering them in her ascended form, leaving them in her shadow both quivering in anticipation and terrified. “Lay down!” she ordered a bitch boy thrall, her voice struggling between staying level and clear, and the deep rasp of unanswered need that had been stewing in her since that whore first infected her in the elevator.

Her command was not delayed. The endowed ELVII dropped to his back so quickly there was a brief moment of fear he may have hurt himself. It was a short-lived moment, as his new position made quite the display of his rock-hard prick in what were once nurse’s scrubs.

Catherine lowered to her knees, her golden ribbon curls falling around the boy like a curtain. One dextrous hand of hers slipped into his waistband, her nails vigorously cutting through and tearing them to shreds off his body. His neat was dark, throbbing, calling out to her with sight and musk alike. How many times has she ridden the bedpost raw, wanting this; and now, it was all hers.

A cat-like grin upon her lips, the sovereign got into position. Her sex was at a boil, bloomed and drooling with anticipation. She hardly needed her fingers to spread herself, but the satisfaction of it. Her hips bore down, her weight crashing into the poor boy’s pelvis as she let out a deep, satisfied moan.

His own was buried beneath hers, voice hardly able to compare with that of the giantess taking her pleasure from him. Unspoken in word, her desire was made known to all of them, and he, beneath her, was going to give his god-queen all she demanded of him. He thrust up, and the royal broke with a delighted squeal.

He could be better, more. Right now however, he was a cool drink after months in a desert. His cock filled her, its head plugging her and dragging along her inner walls with each fervent pump he made. Compared to him, it was just a light raising of her thighs to have his tip almost falling out of her.

Oh the pathetic whimper from him, as he kept his radical motions going, shallowly plunging her depths in desperation. After so long, she wasn’t about to let him out, not till she had her fill. “Our child, do not fret,” she whispered on husky breaths, “Relax, we shall see to our pleasure. You need only last for our satisfaction.”

His voice was a wavering whine, the challenge of appeasing the queen now replaced with one more difficult. By her command however, he was going to do his best.

One of her large hands pinned him down by the shoulder, doing her best to not drop the whole of her considerable weight down on him. Everything was controlled, as she slowly dipped herself down

the rod beneath her. Her hips swivelled back and forth, savouring every inch with a horny chitter in her throat.

Taking her breath in, there was more than the smell of her own sex on the air. No, a familiar one joined her in the dredges of carnal desire. She turned to Tabitha, red in her face, a wide grin belying the jubilation of finally having her itch scratched. The nurse was there, staring in wonder, her toned, caramel legs trembling as she held them together, one hand hovering over her plush lips, as the other dared to be near her own simmering box.

“There is no need to deny yourself, our daughter,” the god-queen purred to her. “Take a mate! See to your needs as our blessed child!”

The very notion scared the dark-skinned amazon for a moment. So long she’d been pushing those feelings down to behave per expectations, ashamed of them. Then, when she thought about it, she realized she wanted Catherine herself most.

For now, that was not an option. Nor was she going to go against the wishes of her sovereign. “Yes, mother Catherine,” she dipped, her voice a hot rasp. Pure, carnal, satisfaction would do, and her gaze drifted through the crowd until she found the one she wanted. Or rather, ones.

All the built nurse did was point, a bitch, and a slut standing close. At once, they pushed their way through the others, eager to please and be pleased as the sweet scents of their royal saturated the very air around them and left them riled and eager. Though, for that moment, it seemed it, Tabitha did not have the authority of their god-queen. Catherine’s aura had the cock before her twitching and half-hard, but it would take coaxing yet to have it ready.

The tanned amazon lowered to her knees, one delicate hand reaching out to cup his balls, the seed factories still heavy even in his feminized state. At just that touch, there was already a bead of pre at his tip, a clear and shining pearl ready to drip down. His heart was obviously quickening, each beat twitching the meat in the ascended ELVII’s grasp, until it was solid enough to begin flicking that musky lubricant at his attendee.

A long stripe landed across her cheek, just under her eye. So lewd, so provocative. It broke what was left of the barrier, Tabitha taking hold of that delightful shaft in her other hand, propping it up towards her mouth and opening wide. Her tongue touched down first, catching a taste of that potent ambrosia, before with a moan she dipped forward and filled her cheeks and throat with bitch dick.

Catherine could not be more pleased at the sight, riding her chosen mate harder, milk-laden chest bouncing and violently forcing the last droplets of her bounty to the surface. “Take hold of her,” she ordered with a raspy whisper to the other her child had chosen.

The girl perked, her mother’s words making her nipples go stiff. At once, she circled, getting on her knees behind Tabitha and reaching around. Her hands slipped into what was left of the nurse’s uniform, coming up and taking a firm hold of those caramel tits and hugging them close, leaving their doughy flesh spilling through her fingers.

The amazon moaned, choked on the cock she was tending. Her nipples became obvious through the fabric of her top, the ELVII holding them kneading, rolling them up and down lovingly. Her hold was a tad tight, leaving the task of polishing the bitch’s rod difficult.

Clearly he noticed too. As he stood rigid, continuing to harden in her mouth and be stricken with growing desire and need. When her shallow dips stopped being enough, it overwhelmed him. Without prompting, he reached forward, his hands entwining through the ascended ELVII's blue-black locks and holding on tight. Then, secured as they were, he started desperately thrusting.

Control out of her hands, Tabitha's eyes rolled back, a muffled moan making it out of the space between her plump lips and the masculine meat pumping in and out of her throat. No longer needed, she let her hands fall to her sides, and just savoured having two of her god-queen's thralls tending to her.

On the topic of, much of the ribbon-curl'd blonde's restraint had been tested. She was bearing a bit more weight down on the bitch she was riding, her legs quaking as she was starting to get there. Unfortunately, he would not be able to heed her earlier order.

With a pained grunt, his cock began jumping within her, its tip swelling as the inevitable was happening. His sack tightened, the whole of his effeminate body flexing to unleash the load of his lifetime and flood her channel with hot, sticky seed.

It felt good, Catherine's cheeks flushing, her lips falling open in a delightful O. It did not complete her though. She rose up off him, his cum dripping through her moist lips, and paid him no further heed.

"You," she pointed to another hung bitch in her service, sitting herself down with her legs spread open and invitingly, "finish what our first son could not!"

He did not need telling twice. Her next bitch practically tripped over himself pushing through the throng, his erection already so complete it was slapping on his tummy and leaving behind shiny dots of his arousal. Quickly he was in position, bracing himself on his sovereign's legs, looking down with hungry eyes at her silken honeypot.

Not fast enough. Catherine's arm swung around him, her large hand encompassing his feminine rear in the process. At her size, he was like a toy, and so he was treated as she pulled him in, tilting his tool and leaving his face, hell, most of his upper body, smothered in her cleavage.

"Yes," she purred, feeling hot meat inside her again.

The god-queen's fingers sunk into his hips, pulling him out by the groin and slamming him back in so hard his thighs slapped on her plush ass. She had complete control, and god, it was intoxicating. He had no complaints, buried in boobs nearly as big as he was. With the primary job in her hands, he put himself to use groping and squeezing at the glorious tit around him.

A good job, eliciting one of those sweet moans from the royal blonde. Her teeth raked her lip, her efforts manhandling her newest lover pivoting to shift him and target his swollen tip at her sweet spot. She was rising towards the peak, her hips starting to buck, her posture weakening as she used her bitch for her satisfaction.

There it was. Catherine threw her head back, pressing her toy tight to herself as her walls collapsed in on him. After so long, she was gushing, coating him in her feminine love to go with that of the first that had reached his finish in his queen.

There was a moment of silence among her children, the temperature in the room having reached a crescendo. Her lover was not done, meaning there was still a ride along this peak for the EVLII queen. Hers was not the only scent on the air though anymore.

“Our children,” she purred on hot breath, grinning ear to ear, pink in her cheeks, “you need not sit and watch. Satisfy your needs!” she ordered, and like that, the dam was broken, and her kingdom was filled with the sounds of an orgy underway.

Purpose

The queen Catherine let out a pleased sigh, reclining into her makeshift throne of mattresses, built personally for the larger than life divine beauty. Her golden curls cascaded about her, only barely kept from touching the floor and tarnishing their tips. There was still much to do, before this place was a proper kingdom befitting her, but it was getting there.

“Tabitha,” the royal’s voice was a note-like murmur, and even so, drew the attention of all those around. “Bring us your next selection to partake of our bounty,” one arm curled beneath her monumental bust, beads of white turning to shallow streams that rolled down her expanse, “we are filling again.”

The caramel amazon dipped, a series of blankets having been fashioned into a robe for her to allow her some modesty, to show her position. “Of course, Catherine,” she preened with reverence, with love she did not openly express with the differences in status.

There were six of them now, ascended children of the god-queen ELVII, in charge of gentrifying this place to be more fitting for their mother. Five more women, tall and beautiful, buxom, with shining locks and hungry lips to tend to the bitch boys as they sought their own satisfaction. One, a male, lifted from the petite feminine form to one that more suited the perpetually half-hard rod between his legs. He had been the one to see to Catherine’s pleasure personally, and so, had been gifted to stand in her inner circle.

Their seventh was brought before the queen. Tattered remains of a white coat and blue-green smock hung off her frame, patches of rich chocolate flesh poking through the holes, her dark nipples hard and excited. A badge was still attached to what remained of her coat, stating as much she was once a man, and a doctor.

It did not matter either way. Now, they were hers. “Come, our child,” Catherine pat her lap, leaning back to allow space with her great bust, “drink.”

Her sweet words tickled the once doctor’s pointed ears, and she wasted no time in obeying. Her plush legs fell on either side of the queen’s thigh, the warmth of her sex pressed tight to the blonde goddess as she got into position.

And in kind, the deity assisted her. One hand cradled behind her head, mingling with her wavy locks to hold and guide her towards her breast. Lips touched down, soft and squishy around the queen’s

leaky teat. A moan erupted in the smaller ELVII's throat, as mouthful after mouthful was greedily swallowed back into her tummy. It didn't contribute to a bulge. No, like her siblings before her, her legs began to lengthen, her curves filling out, muscles tightening as her mother's milk did its work.

"Your majesty!" another of the ascended interrupted the ritual.

The giantess's deep blue eyes drew upon her daughter. Not a word needed to be spoken, the modest disdain on her face as she released her grip on her newest elder child telling all that needed to be said of this interruption.

The ELVII's breath stopped, as she swallowed her nerves. "There is someone to see you, mother," she stated, dipping low that her chestnut hair poured over her shoulders.

Catherine would have invited them in, but it seemed the guest was intent to simply enter as if she owned the place. And indeed, perhaps it was warranted, as the ELVII queen's eyes widened in surprise.

Her guest's hair was the same golden blonde, its ribbon-like curls tumbling down her body and hanging low, acting like a curtain to silhouette her expansive form. A step beyond even her ascended daughters, with otherworldly hips as wide as her shoulders, and massive breasts it was a wonder she could carry on her own.

Her attire was definitely helping, a tight-fit women's suit, the buttons of the blazer stretching to try and keep things contained. Dark blue suited her well, matched her eyes, and gave every impression of the woman's perfection. No, not just a woman, just an ELVII, this woman was another queen.

"We see you have been indulging in your milk, Catherine," she spoke with a voice like songbirds in early spring. It drew the giantess royal's heralds to her, a challenge, a second voice that stirred their very beings into action.

The once manager would have asked how she knew her name. Deep down though, she knew. "We have seen you before, in a dream?"

The smaller royal gave a laugh behind her hand, light as sleigh bells and filling those who heard it with warmth. "Yes," she replied, looking up to her "daughter", "Our chosen child to succeed us, to return our kind to prosperity."

She took a moment to look around, at the throng of ELVII around them. "You have done well so far, even if you have strayed from the intended path," she mused. "We had hoped for you to take the mate we made for you back at your hovel."

Catherine had grown more than physically since her last meeting with her royal "mother". She leaned back into her throne, one hand on the small of her newest child's back. "We told you then, we did not want this," she stated firmly.

"And yet, as we told you, child," the buxom visitor smiled softly, "you are grateful. Basking in the gift you have been given."

She did not appreciate being told how she felt. Nonetheless, the ocean-eyed goddess could not deny the truth of the sentiment. She was a queen, sitting above her subjects, her children, with all she had desired since the beginning of this ordeal and more.

“And if we are?” she challenged, leaning upon an arm, resting her dainty chin on her knuckles as she looked down at her predecessor.

“Whether it was what you ‘wanted’, it was your need, Catherine,” the radiant blonde told her, “as it was ours. Now, it is time to fulfil your purpose. You must become the mother of our people’s return.”

More orders, more growing disdain for this intruder to her queendom. “We ‘must’ not do anything. Why would we? Why not you, old queen? You certainly seem all that we are.”

That gave the woman pause, her gaze drifting away, even as she still smiled. “We would, but time has taken its toll. Our womb will no longer accept a mate’s siring.”

“So you are infertile,” Catherine didn’t pull her punches, “and want us to do it for you. Why would we?”

“It is your destiny. Already you have accepted the role, spoken of your children, it will be instinct to use your ascended to continue the line,” she looked to the male prince in her company, his rod half-hard already with the second beauty beside his queen-mother. “Though, you have proven to be more one for agency, reward. That is why we came to see you, my daughter.”

Her “daughter” continued to lean back, letting her newest child off her lap that she might cross and uncross her thick legs. “Go on,” she mused, veiling her interest to the best of her ability.

The guest smiled, clearly having baited the hook appropriately. “This throne is but a stepping stone, my daughter,” she preened the giantess queen, “this throng but the beginning. Our kind deserve greater, as once we had in years long passed. This disease was no virus, it was the awakening of ancient genetics deeply buried, brought back to the surface.

“The milk of a matron, a queen,” the ribbon-curlled blonde hefted one of her great tits as she spoke, looking upon herself with an almost narcissistic delight, “sees it to completion. Use it to choose your mates,” she let her gaze drift to Tabitha, still sitting, watching, keeping her thoughts unspoken in the presence of royalty, “and those who will share the burden with you, Catherine.”

It showed as much on the god-queen’s plump lips, she was interested, lifting a hand to rest her chin across it. Her oceanic gaze drifted in kind to her caramel chosen, expressing affection for her, even as her body craved exactly what her supposed “mother” said; to breed. “We have chosen our mate,” she stated, bringing a shy redness to the robed amazon’s cheeks, “but, we suppose there is room to take a sire. Not here though, we would have this greater throne first. How would you suggest, ‘mother’?”

The old queen smirked, taking a moment to run her fingers through her golden hair. “This place is yours, all in it your subjects,” she waxed, “There is one who will make for a grand herald, and allow you to make your will known to the world.”

Catherine looked to those gathered, each one perhaps hoping they were the one of which she spoke.

“She is not here, not yet,” the royal ELVII informed her prodigy.

“Then why did you not bring her?” the larger queen challenged.

“She is not to be our herald,” the sly blonde replied. “Her awakening has been ravenous, she is held on another floor. She needs the attentive care of her mother-to-be.”

Coy. Catherine got to her feet, towering above those gathered and turning to her firstborn, Tabitha. “Do you know of whom she speaks, Tabitha?”

The once nurse pondered the question. “I believe so, if she has not been gathered on our searches, I believe I know where this queen is referring to.”

“Then take us,” the golden goddess ordered, walking past her predecessor, ducking her enormous frame through the entry and out into the halls.

Tabitha was close on her heels, her strides double time to keep up with her sovereign. They outpaced the rest of her congregation easily, and once alone, the caramel beauty dared to speak.

“Do you truly consider me your mate, Catherine?”

The giantess smiled. “You have always been there, selfless in your giving. We would not have another child over you, Tabitha,” she stated as they squeezed into the elevator together.

The robed amazon could not contain her joy to hear it. As the chrome doors closed, she dared an act, leaning to lay a kiss on her queen. It was quickly returned, as they rode up the floors to the fourth.

The doors open, and the state of the rest of the hospital since her ascension was lain bare. The halls were empty, storages rummaged through and left overturned, as those either flocked to the change, or fled leaving much behind. The rooms here were locked from the outside, meant to keep patients in more than anything else.

They could not hold back scents though. Raw desire, sex, was on the air. On her long, graceful steps the god-mother followed, letting her deep eyes look into each room they passed for this supposed herald. She was at the end of the hall, where the smell was most potent. Catherine took the handle, turning it in her fingers and hearing the one-way lock click free.

Immediately there was movement within. The door pressed in, revealing a blonde ELVII, whimpering with need as she attempted to ride the chrome post kept there to hold equipment for vital monitoring. Dishevelled as she was, her blonde hair a matted mess that seemed like she’d only been sprayed down not properly washed, she was immediately recognizable when her head swung to see her visitors.

“Deborah,” Catherine spoke the newscaster’s name.

It seemed to spark memory in the ELVII, though she had other needs, currently leaking down the insides of her thighs.

“Come,” the queen ordered, her words able to pierce the lustful haze possessing the girl. The royal dipped her way in, taking a seat on the remnants of the bed that left its parts creaking. She pat her lap invitingly, the feral creature starting her hungry crawl over, “Let us tend to you, child.”

New Reign

Deborah let out a pained groan, her hand on her forehead, still sorting out the haze of her thoughts after her awakening at queen Catherine’s hands. Her body was voluptuous, not to say she had ever been a slouch in those departments, but more so than she had once been as a local newscaster.

“I can’t believe how bad I got,” she whispered softly, still quite the mess, smelling of sex as she looked about the broken room she had been confined to.

“It was not by your will,” the royal informed her, having experienced the rough handling of those that believed her a threat herself. “You were locked away and denied your needs.”

“More than that,” the newswoman interjected, “they treated me like an animal. Sub-human,” her arms curled under her bust, a shudder running through her body. “The station sent me here for ‘priority care’. If I’d known this was what it meant...”

Tabitha’s head dropped at the notion, her bronze ears drooping with her mood. She had done her best from the beginning to be better, having gone through similar in her initial transformation. It did not remove her from that system, however.

“That is over now, our child,” Catherine told her, reaching to reassure her mate with a gentle caress down the amazon’s back. Just that small touch was able to lift the once nurse’s spirits once more.

Deborah pursed her lips. “Partially,” she mused in her newfound clarity, “I’ll admit, I’m still craving.”

“You are our herald,” the queen informed her, “ascended from the rabble. Wash, then see to your needs, child. You will need to be clear headed and presentable for the next step.”

The smaller blonde looked to the towering goddess, acceptant of the order, but confused to its meaning. “Of course, your majesty,” she dipped softly, her matted locks falling in clumps akin to dreads. “What is it that you wish of me?”

“Once you are well of body,” the royal rose, towering her subjects once more, “we will be leaving this place. It is unbefitting of us, or our kind. The first step will be returning to your place of employ, our child,” she turned to the woman, a self-satisfied smile on her lips. “From there, our herald, you will announce how things are to change for our reign.”

Deborah’s eyes widened. “Y-your majesty,” she stumbled over her words, a mix of feelings inside her. “You’re suggesting taking the city?”

Catherine took a moment to muse it. "If that is how they choose to appease us," she replied, dipping through the doorway, "but we will not be staying here in the dredges any longer. Our kind will thrive."

It took some hours for the gaggle of ELVII to make their way across town, none wanting to fall off the heels of their queen. The outbreak at the hospital had reached outside ears, leaving the path half clear as those who feared "infection" fled as far as they could. That did not mean there was no resistance.

Heavily clad officers, shaking in their protective equipment. Their warnings blared, though fell upon deaf, pointed ears. Catherine had already proven her reach stronger than their gear, and as her words fell upon their transforming ears, they fell into line behind her. News reporters arrived, intent to cover the chaos, only to end up coerced by their former newscaster into giving the royal ELVII and her direct entourage the lift to the station they desired.

Across the city the alert was going out to phones, to ensure all knew to tune in.

The old queen was no exception, a soft smile upon her lips as she sat at an ornate table. Her eyes moved to the screen, her delicate hands cradling a knee to hold it up, pushing her milky bust together in her suit to the point of stressing buttons.

Deborah was there, roughly dressed in an ill-fitting blazer; presumably one of her own from before her myriad of transformations. The buttons hardly held beneath her burgeoning bust, and clearly an undershirt had been forgone in favour of a deep line of cleavage.

"This is a public announcement," she declared, leaned over the desk with the mic in her hand, "concerning the future of the ELVII.

"Our treatment at the hands of those who we relied on for help, our very communities, our friends, has been inhumane." The newscaster's face showed the pain she'd experienced, the tight grit of her teeth, the shallow wetness in the corners of her eyes. "We're people, we were human! Not anymore though. We are ELVII, and we have a queen, a mother to ascend us to a place of dignity, respect."

Catherine stepped forth, still stark naked, for not a thing they found short of a sheet would fit her. Not that she wanted it. The sensation against her skin would send sparks through her yet.

"Thank you, child," she whispered, putting a hand on the smaller blonde's shoulder, "we will take it from here."

Deborah turned, dipping her head. "Of course, your majesty," she surrendered the floor, stepping into the background.

The camera rose up, to show the whole of the ribbon-curved royal. Her face kept even, looking into the lens, to the half-infected subject behind the camera. "Our herald has said it, the treatment of our children has been unacceptable. We are ELVII, a race of old, meant to take this world once more," she declared with her chin high, her royal blue gaze downturned at the lens, to those watching.

There was awe in the eyes of those sharing the studio with her, their mouths half-open. "We will have-" she began, only to pause. There was more there too, a feeling that even through everything, the manager Cat remembered: fear.

Her plush lips parted, as if to resume speaking. Everyone around came to a halt, ready to drop everything and tend to their queen at the first syllable's drop. She said nothing though.

No, Cat was still there. She looked about the room, to the small throng that had followed her here. What was she doing?

"Catherine?" Tabitha came up, resting her hand on the small giantess's arm.

The royal blonde turned to her friend, her lover, who had treated her well this whole time, who only ever had her best interests at heart. "We," she started, catching herself as she once had and shaking off these delusions.

The once manager took hold of the mic, pulling it up to speak. "What happened at the hospital was inexcusable. Deborah is right, we're people, and will be treated as such," she started, the authority that was once dripping from her voice in every word now but a whimper. "I am going to return home," she stated, much to the shock of those present, "and I will be taking my partner with me."

She wrapped an arm around the small of Tabitha's waist, making the caramel amazon blush. "Things will change. We-" she had to catch herself again, "I am mother to the ELVII, the queen. I just want for my children and I to prosper, to live in peace and have our needs tended to. We, the ELVII, are a part of life now, and we will not be further denied or dehumanized."

There was a pause, something of that power returning to her, though kept tempered by her reason. The deity-like royal handed the microphone back to her herald, a soft smile on her lips as her next words were barely captured. "I trust you to speak for me," she told the newscaster.

"Yes, your majesty," Deborah dipped her head, setting the broadcasting tool back on the desk and taking a seat. "Moving forward..."

The old queen continued to watch in silence, her plush lips pursed at the news.

"I'm sorry, your highness," a second voice joined her in the sitting room, drawing her attention from the screen.

A blonde ELVII entered, her straight hair cascading down her curves like a waterfall. Verdant green eyes like the spirit of the forest in summertime shone with both affection, and sadness at the news. With her she carried a tray with steaming tea, held just under the v-neck cut of her formal dress that her cleavage was properly outlined.

"I really thought she'd be the one to be your successor."

A smile graced the royal's lips. "You did wonderfully, our child," she told the woman, as their drinks were laid out.

Her child laid out the cups, pouring a steaming one for her mother, then herself, adding but a spot of cream to each before gently sliding the sugar bowl to the queen's side, leaving her own without.

“This wasn’t your plan though,” she stated, taking her seat, leaving herself just enough room that her bust wasn’t eclipsing the table. “You wanted the ELVII reborn.”

“We will be, in time,” the old queen assured, gingerly plucking the lid from the fine china to reveal the pale grains inside. “Destiny will not be halted forever. We have a new vessel, and whether by accident or intent, Catherine will be a mother.”

As the royal gently scooped a pair of spoonfuls into her drink, her ascended child sighed. “I will miss that flank steak,” she mused, picking up her drink and blowing on it gently. “A small price to pay though.”

Looking up at the screen, it seemed Cat and Tabitha had already departed for the trip home, leaving Deborah listing the changes and demands that would be forthcoming.

“It’ll be nice to be able to go out freely again.”

“We mothers do want naught more than to see our children run free and play,” the ribbon-curved goddess replied, finally satisfied with her beverage, and taking a small sip. A mistake, as the heat on her tongue left her recoiling and setting it back down to cool.

“Do you really think Catherine will be a mother like you, your majesty?” her child asked one last time, still holding that look of concern that her choice had been a mistake.

The old queen simply smiled to her. “We have already seen it,” she assured, reaching out a hand, running it along the woman’s thigh in such a way that sent a shiver up her spine and left a quiver in her loins. “She has already selected a partner in her endeavours, just as we did with you.”

The ELVII’s breath became a whimper, those emerald greens half-lidded, drawn into the deep oceans of her matron-sovereign. A puff hotter than their tea escaped her lips, and invited in, she pulled herself into the bust of the divine beauty to press their mouths together in an impassioned kiss.