

Overgrowth Farms

05/27/20XX, 10:02 A.M.

Veronica: There...think I got the audio and video going right...so. Ahem. Hello. My name is Veronica Stalwell, and my uh...my purpose of this particular audio documentary is to...investigate, I suppose, for lack of a better word, uh...this place out in the middle of Wyoming called Overgrowth Farms. I'm traveling on my own because that's...really the only way you can get in to this place.

I've heard that it...uh, that its a facility that...cares and houses and feeds uh...women...of larger sizes. As we all know, with the whole...boob growing plague that occurred about four years ago, as um...as ridiculous as all that was, it definitely led to some very real consequences. The most realistic outcome from that whole event was...y'know, relatively mild. Women got maybe a cup size or two at first. But then the first year passed and nothing was really being...realistically done about it other than some half assed safety guidelines. Y'know, since it wasn't killing anybody yet, it wasn't really perceived as a threat. Until the virus went and mutated and soon women were getting tits as big as their couches overnight or even while they were at work or out driving. So you have all those little mini disasters happening all across the country, then across the world, and then all of a sudden our first uh...I guess "major" event goes down when a girl by the name of Hitomi...no last name ever given, for whatever reason, hopefully I can solve that today...but anyways, Hitomi was the first occurrence of a woman whose tits actually got so big that they broke down entire buildings. Killed people, destroyed homes and properties. Real grisly stuff, really nasty. And soon *that* started to occur more and more often. And within that second year of escalation, they finally decided to get together and *do* something about it. And within a few months they had come up with a treatment for it, and now, ta-da, no more destroyed homes.

Now, I'm not exactly sure how well this is all going to go, per se. This farm doesn't exactly allow visitors or media or anything, because they want to protect, y'know...the identity and safety of these women that were effected by this horrible event. But I...I dunno, I've read a lot of theories online about how...how this was some kind of weird government made...thing and that they knew for a lot longer than they were letting on. So I feel like...talking to these women myself and asking their stories and seeing if there's some kind of pattern of some kind...that might really help piece together what's going on. Cuz no one really KNOWS. Y'know? We're all putting together these...I dunno, fragments of information and secondhand stories and no one has really *talked* to these women after all this went down. So I feel like this could really shed some light on all this.

So...ok, I'll try to explain these places for the audio transcript the best I can. Might write it down, actually, that might work better...I'm not always the best at it. They're only giving me three hours to do this, so I'm hoping I can talk to at least...four or five women while I'm here? We've been driving for a few hours now ever since we landed at the airport, and I think we're getting close. Been nothing for miles. Wyoming, its just this...its this place with absolutely nothing in it and its just so...different than Seattle. But I think...yeah, we're coming up on the farm now, hold on...its this massive fence that looks like it goes both ways for...wow, damn I can't even see the...can't even see the ends of it...shit. This is really a whole thing over here. Like, I've seen the images on the internet, but I've never seen this...alright I'm gonna pause this until they let us in-

10:45 A.M.

Veronica: So I am here with Edgar Fulbright, the...what is it that you said you do here, exactly?

Edgar: General Supervisor, miss. I look after all the women here, tend to their needs. Make sure nothing tries to do nothing to 'em. Manage the other orderlies, give them tasks, that sort of thing.

Veronica: What kind of things are you protecting them from, exactly?

Edgar: Well, miss, I don't know if you were able to tell when ya drove in, but this place is a bit outta the way. So with all them critters roamin' around, there's always a chance of one of them sneakin' in. Not ta mention all the...ravenous media types that wanna make some sort of...whole thing outta their lives or what have ya.

Veronica: Make what sort of thing, sir?

Edgar: Bah. These women been through enough, far as I seen. Last thing they need is to be a spectacle or a science experiment or an amusement park. We're tight lipped here because we don't want these women being just another article to read, ya hear?

Veronica: I understand, of course. I don't plan on doing anything like that, sir, I genuinely just...want to talk to these women and understand what kind of life they're living.

Edgar: I know. 'swhy I let ya in. Ask 'em whatever ya like, just try not to push anything, that's all any of us ask.

Veronica: Do you mind if I ask *you* a few questions, sir?

Edgar: ...well I reckon I wouldn't mind a few questions, but at the moment, my hands are tied and I need ta make a few phone calls. If ya don't mind, maybe try again in a few?

Veronica: Oh of course, sir, yes. Now, where should I head if I wanted to-

11:06 A.M.

Notes: Gonna write a few things describing the area for the record. I was brought from one smaller building which seemed like a check-in area, before being escorted to a large hangar a few blocks down. They told me I'd be speaking with a woman named Jessica shortly.

Veronica: Ok, so...I am currently standing in one of the barns on the farm...massive building, just...absolutely huge, biggest barn I've ever been in. Very clean, very put together. No hay, obviously, kinda just feels like this...air hanger converted into a bedroom. They're going to be bringing a woman named Jessica into here pretty soon...oh! Just heard the door unlock.

Jessica: What's this all about anyways?

Veronica: Thank you, first of all, Jessica, for allowing us an interview, its really appreciated.

Jessica: Sure. What's this for, anyways? You part of a magazine or a blog or somethin'?

Veronica: Not...exactly. Just one woman who's...piecing together the events of the plague that took

place a few years back.

Notes: Jessica, sitting on a small wooden chair, had breasts that covered up her whole body. While sitting, it honestly just looked like a pair of tits with a head. Had I not seen her come in, I would've assumed as much.

Jessica: Hm. Well I don't know how much help I will be there.

Veronica: How do you mean? It was the plague that made you this big, right?

Jessica: No, not at all, actually. This happened to me years before that ever happened. Some...weird magic...or high tech, or whatever...this bra that we found in a store somewhere. Was really bizarre, we never really got any answers as to...like, where it came from or how it worked. Kyra was the one that found it, after all, and after I got tits that filled my bed, we stopped talking as much.

Veronica: I'm sorry to hear that. But...if that's true, then why are you here on Overgrowth Farms?

Jessica: Well...I mean, ever since I grew tits this big, its not like...I dunno, everything got way harder. And not all the obvious stuff, like my mobility being shot and needing assistance to get places and do things, but like...medical insurance, for the longest time, didn't give a damn about me. They just saw my condition as pre-existing, some kind of...hypermastia or whatever its called or something and they left it at that. So a few years pass and I found out about this place from some article I read on readit, in the plague event section...and like...this place that would cater to women of extreme sizes? It seemed too good to be true, especially since the process to join wasn't anything more than just showing up and like...y'know, letting them *see* you. As soon as the attendants saw me, I was in. Had my own little home and everything taken care of for me. It was this...massive relief of not having to push through this unbelievable weight all the time...

Veronica: You're very open about this.

Jessica: I'm sorry, am I rambling too much?

Veronica: No, no no no, I'm just...well I'm rather relieved. I thought a lot of these interviews would be pulling teeth...I find it interesting that this facility isn't *just* for those who have come down with GR-18, however. Are you not concerned about...being around women who have once had these...intense reactions?

Jessica: What, am I worried about it rubbing off or something? Haha. I know I'm technically the smallest woman here, but seeing all these ladies so well taken care of makes me kinda...not care about that anymore? Its like...once I crossed a line, I just couldn't care about getting any bigger. Y'know?

Veronica: I...suppose. Now, you attest to the care at this facility as being helpful?

Jessica: Oh, absolutely! Super helpful in getting me back into a community of women who actually care about one another and aren't just...bragging about their body or whatever. I saw that shit so much on social media, its why I...

Veronica: Hm? Why you...?

Jessica: ...ugh...its why I even wanted bigger boobs at all back then. I was like...waaay younger and so just...just dumb about it all. I mean, I lost my best friend cuz of it! But...I dunno, life kinda just kept moving and now...now I'm here and I haven't really had to worry about the stuff I worried about before. Y'know?

Veronica: ...well its certainly good to know that they are treating all of you well here.

Jessica: Mhm!

Notes: At this moment, the guards walked over and nodded to Jessica, who nodded back.

Jessica: Alright, well...I have to head back and help out with setting lunch up. Are we...was there anything else?

Veronica: No, I think...we're good. That was all very helpful and interesting, Jessica, thank you.

Jessica: No pro-

11:28 AM

Notes: Currently on the move during a bit of an interim while they set me up with another woman here at the farm. I decided to sit down with one of the workers, who seemed to be taking some kind of lunch break near one of the large barns not far from where I interviewed Jessica.

Veronica: Hello there.

Worker: Howdy.

Veronica: Would it be all right if I asked you a few questions?

Worker: Depends.

Veronica: Fair enough. My name's Veronica. I uh...am doing a documentary about the women who live on this farm...their lives and such. What um...what do you happen to do on this farm?

Worker: My job? I'm a carrier. I join up with a bunch of other guys and lift the women up, and carry them over to different locations. One of the highest paying, toughest jobs here...according to Edgar, anyways.

Veronica: I see. What locations do you take the women to, specifically?

Worker: Oh, you know, to the dinner hall, to their barns...that's a majority of it. We'll take them out into the fields as well, there's some nice views we set up that overlook the whole farm. So we take them there on nice days, get them some drinks, let them chat and relax.

Veronica: Seems very...simple.

Worker: Well I mean...we're working with women that can't function on their own anymore. Like, they're still people, but like...they can't drive. Can't really type on a computer all that well. Can't really

get from point a to point b. Not much internet service up here in the middle of nowhere neither. So what else are they s'posed to do? Go downtown and catch a movie? They couldn't fit in the theater!

Veronica: Right, right...I uh...I understand.

Worker: Anything else you needed to know?

Veronica: Ah, I think...the next woman I'm interviewing is ready, I see someone waving me over...we'll put a pin in this, I'll let you know if there's anything else if I see you around. Have a nice day.

Worker: Likewi-

12:05 PM

Notes: I'm in yet another barn. I've been sitting for around ten minutes now, waiting for them to bring in the next resident. Unlike Jessica, this woman didn't walk through one of the oversized doors. Rather, a bottom hatch swung open which undid the bottom half of one of the warehouse's walls. Two tan orbs draped in blue velvet were brought in by three men on either side, then turned at an angle so I could see the actual woman attached to them. She seemed so dainty, her breasts as large as two school buses. They took up a good deal of space between the two of us, so I found myself talking a bit louder during this interview.

Veronica: Thank you for joining me.

Resident B: No sweat.

Veronica: My name's Veronica. Could you tell me yours?

Resident B: Wendy. I don't know if I wanna give my last name-

Veronica: Oh, no! Wendy's perfectly fine. How um...how long have you been living here at the facility, Wendy?

Wendy: Hrm...I think about a year now? I know I was one of the new-ish ones before Jessica was let in.

Veronica: Do all the women around here know each other?

Wendy: I mean, yeah. There's only about fifteen of us here, and this is one of the smaller locations, from what I've heard from Edgar.

Veronica: Other locations, huh? I don't think I've heard all that much about other locations. This one is all that really came up...

Wendy: Yeah, I hear they're like...out in Alaska or something...

Veronica: Makes sense...erm...now then, Wendy, do you mind if I ask you a few...personal questions about yourself?

Wendy: Like what?

Veronica: Well...I suppose I just want to know your story. How you ended up here on the farms?

Wendy: Oh! Right, of course, hehe...well...I mean, before I was ever here, I guess...I was just finishing up college. Got my degree in marine biology and was ready to make my way to Australia to aid with Great Barrier Reef wildlife research. But one day...and I still remember looking down at my top one morning and being like “woah! Boobs!”, y'know? Hehe.

Veronica: It must have been quite the surprise. Did you know of other women who had gotten the disease?

Wendy: Oh, plenty of them! A few of my friends had gotten it and a bunch of classmates got it. The worst case I knew of, before me of course, was Sadie Gavin...she still only got about...I dunno, I think someone told me she was like, an M cup or something? Bigger than her head, that was for sure. Twice as big.

Veronica: So how did you feel once you realized that you had caught it?

Wendy: Well...y'know at first I was kinda scared, cuz you know that like...y'know, there's stuff in the news and there's all this stuff online about other side effects and like...how we don't know this and don't know that...but like...I was kinda...I dunno, a little...excited? I had always...y'know, I was flat chested. And like...I had always been so jealous of my sister, who got just these...big ol titties, like, massive. And I always would like...I think make fun of her for them. Nothing mean just...y'know would poke them and whenever she showed them off I'd kinda joke about them. But anyways, like, the first day with it they were maybe like...a C cup at worst. I was gonna get to the doctor, but I had a really bad headache that day so I was just gonna rest and deal with it the next day...and then...well...

Veronica: Did it progress quickly?

Wendy: I remember looking down before I went to bed that night and thinking “wait...these are like...way bigger than this morning...” I was definitely hungover that day so I was just so out of it. But yeah, they were like....getting close to my sister's size and I kind of remember thinking that maybe I was just hallucinating or something? And then I passed out, and when I woke up, I was laying chest down on top of my titties.

Veronica: So you woke up and they were this size already?

Wendy: No, that took a few days. But overnight they got about as big as I was...and I was screaming and freaking out...but at that point, Overgrowth Farms was already around and running with quite a few women, so they just...swept me up and took care of me before I even reached my maximum size!

Veronica: Huh. Interesting...

Wendy: What?

Veronica: Oh...nothing, just...the Farms' hospitality is rather impressive, that's all.

Wendy: Mhm!

Veronica: Now...do you know exactly how you caught the disease in the first place?

Wendy: Yeah...remember Sadie Gavin?

Veronica: The biggest one in school, right?

Wendy: Yeah, well...so she catches it, gets over it, comes back, then hosts a party at her place maybe...a few months after that? And guess what? She catches it *again*.

Veronica: Wait...what?

Wendy: Right?! That's what I said! But yeah, those M cups got even *bigger!* She filled her whole lap with her boobs and then some! But like...she didn't know she had it *during* the party. So me and pretty much all the other girls there came down with a case of it...

Veronica: Ahh, like one of those superspreader events they'd report about?

Wendy: Mhm! Exactly! It was one of those! At least 20 other women came down with it. I just...caught the worst case of it, for whatever reason. I've heard there's genetic reasons for why you get as big as you do, but I've also heard its just...completely random too. Its so weird...

Veronica: Its...certainly something we're all looking for answers for.

Wendy: Yeah...

Veronica: ...did you ever end up going to Australia, Wendy?

Wendy: ...no. But...I don't really care anymore.

Veronica: Really? Why not? All that school, that study, those years of education...?

Wendy: Yeah, well...I didn't really...I had to pick something, alright? And...I didn't even really know if I wanted to deal with...living out in the outside world. Especially ever since the plague happened and...what happened to me after that...I just...I dunno. I feel...safer here. Then I ever did at school or at home.

Veronica: ...I see. You don't...miss your old freedoms though?

Wendy: Of course I do. But...what else can I do but...appreciate what I do have now?

Veronica: ...of course. Well...thank you for your time, Wendy.

Wendy: We're already done?

Veronica: I'm afraid they're not allowing me a lot of ti-

12:26 PM

Notes: While I await another interview, I decide to get the attention of another worker near a small building with a red sign that read EMPLOYEES ONLY – CAUTION: ELECTRICAL STORAGE, who wore gray overalls and was as scruffy as all the other workers I had encountered so far.

Veronica: You don't mind if I have a word?

Worker: Not one bit, ma'am.

Veronica: May I know your name?

Worker: ...that I'd rather keep t'myself, ma'am. If it's alright by you.

Veronica: ...of course. Now...what is it you do around here?

Worker: Maintenance man. Think of what those guys do on apartment complexes and all that. Toilet breaks, I fix it. One of the ladies clips a building with one of her tits and takes off a tile, I replace it.

Veronica: How many people like you are on this farm?

Worker: Depends. Usually at least five at all times. Its a big property so we section it out based on...need and climate and all that.

Veronica: What's the biggest challenge you face on the farm?

Worker: Heh...well the one...there's one I can't say. One I can't say. But the one I *can* say, the one I can tell ya'll, is that these ladies...y'know they're sweet. They're sweet ladies who mean no harm and they go around being kind and such but...some of these bigger ladies, they swing around the wrong way, and you're standing in the wrong place...woosh, you're off man. You're on the ground and you're lucky if its just one bone broken, y'know?

Veronica: So this is a dangerous job, then?

Worker: What do you think, lady? These guys are lifting things that weigh metric tons. And they're attached to living people fuckin'...somehow. So yeah, it gets dangerous.

Veronica: What's the worst incident you've seen on the job?

Worker: Ooh...ooh that's quite the question...worst I saw was what happened to Jeb.

Veronica: ...and what happened to Jeb?

Worker: ...well I can't tell the full story, but let's just say...let's just say Jeb was walking in places he shouldnt've, and I was over on one of the rooftops getting some tiling replaced, and here comes Jeb...clear out his rocker, drinkin' or something...getting right next to one of the big ones, Hitomi...you met Hitomi yet?

Veronica: I have not, no. I'm hoping I can.

Worker: Yeah, well good luck with that one. Anyways, Hitomi gets spooked by some kind of critter

that snuck past the gate, and her entire zeppelin sized tit comes crashing down on Jeb as he wanders around like a fucking moron. He just...he popped like a zit. It was so quick and brutal. Nobody was the same after that one.

Veronica: I'm...so sorry.

Worker: It was years ago. You asked.

Veronica: Right, right...well...thank you...for your time.

Worker: Mhm. Besta luck.

1:03 PM

Notes: Yet another massive barn to sit in. They all look generically the same, with the exception of perhaps the furniture or the art on the walls. Once again I hear a thunk before the door starts to open, but this time, the whole wall starts to slide open, and the biggest pair of breasts I've ever witnessed in person gets carried in by a few dozen men who all wore different colored jackets than all the previous workers Veronica had seen. Setting her down, they all filed out and closed the door behind them. And here I was, face to tits with breasts as big as houses. They squeezed up against the sides of the hangar, and practically filled the space between us. I was handed a phone from a worker, where a face surrounded by what looked like pink cushions looked back at me.

Veronica: Hello there.

Resident C: Hiya!

Veronica: My name's Veronica. What's yours?

Resident C: Sophie! Sophie Harrington.

Veronica: Ohh, *the* Sophie Harrington?

Sophie: The one and only, hehe!

Veronica: Ahh, I've read about you. You got to your size while camping out in the Pacific Northwest.

Sophie: Yup! 'Best case scenario', as they always put it.

Veronica: Yes, I believe you're the only case I read about that didn't involve some sort of...casualty. How does that feel for you? Knowing that something...that was so awful for so many...sort of...do you feel as if you missed the full weight of what other women may have gone through?

Sophie: ...I suppose I never really thought about it. Y'know, it kinda just...to me, and I know its weird cuz its this big event in history and all, but to me, and to a lot of ladies on this farm, it was just...another moment in our lives. Y'know, like, another...another problem we gotta get past.

Veronica: I see.

Sophie: I know I'm...incredibly lucky to have been in that scenario myself, but y'know, its still...y'know, *tragic* to hear the stories I've heard from all the women in here...so like, I know I'll never *know* that feeling myself, personally, but like...y'know the idea that my boobs...that any part of me, really, could like...*hurt* people without me wanting it to, its just...that's so scary, y'know?

Veronica: Of course. Do you mind if I ask you...what the process of the disease was like for you?

Sophie: Mhm! I don't mind. I remember it...really clearly. I had just gone out to Church the other day, and me and my two best friends were all set to go out camping. We take this big trip out west, cuz I'm from Montana, and we make our way through like...I think it was near Spokane in Washington or something? Cuz like, Kaya, one of my friends that came with us, she...her father had recently gotten some land up there. So it wasn't my first time, this was like the...third time we had been up there? Anyways, we get there, and we're setting up, and Emi, my other friend that was with us, starts complaining that her chest was sore. And when she mentioned it, I couldn't help but notice that *I* also was having that, but I just blamed like...I think the seatbelt or something?

Veronica: So do you think you had come down with it before or do you think one of your friends gave it to you?

Sophie: No clue! We never really found out completely, honestly.

Veronica: Sounds about right...sorry, continue.

Sophie: Right, so...I always kinda had bigger boobs than my other friends, right? Like, before I was...this, I was like...a DD, whereas Kaya was a C and Emi was like...an A, if that. So when Emi came out of the tent like...a half hour we were done setting up, and she was topless with these...massive knockers that beat Kaya and almost matched mine, we were all like... y'know "WOAH!" at first, but then you realize, like, what's been going on in the world and then you look down and...yeah, my shirt was super tight and I was kinda just ignoring it cuz I was so involved in other stuff, y'know? And Kaya was pushing towards my old size, so that was weird to see. But like...we didn't feel safe driving back yet because we had read stories of women driving while going through it-

Veronica: I believe they called that scenario the 'Unwilling Airbag' in some circles online.

Sophie: Heh. It'd be funnier if it wasn't so true...but anyways, we decided to do the full three day trip to let it...y'know, settle. Cuz none of us believed in those treatments that were going around cuz they were apparently only making things worse while advertising it was some miracle solution. When like...I think one was used for horses or something? Anyways...um...yeah, so the next day came and I could actually see my boobs growing that day. It was freaky, it only happened to me too! Kaya and Emi were fine pretty much after day one. They didn't grow much more than what I described. But like...I was kinda just waking up, and I was super groggy, and I walked out and over to this massive tree that was overlooking this big empty field near the campsite...

Notes: In this moment, I can see a smile cross Sophie's face. It seems as if this is a memory she enjoys going back to, unlike the two other women who seemed to avoid speaking fully on the actual experience of growth.

Sophie: It was just...when I finally opened my eyes I kinda just...I just watched my nipples get further and further away. It felt like a dream for a minute, because...I mean, what all the stories say are true, it

feels really, *really* good. And from other things I've read, it feels better the bigger you get. And uh...when I talked to Kaya and Emi, they basically confirmed this. Cuz I just had this...experience of watching my boobs just...grow and grow and *grow*...there was really a moment in my head, I think, when they started to cover my legs, where I was thinking 'just how big can I get?' All those stories I read online of extremely rare cases where women got as big as their torso...and here my boobs are, growing past my toes and ripping right through my nightie like it was tissue. It went on for hours, and they just got bigger and bigger. I started feeling all the little grass blades tickle the bottoms of them and my feet would just curl up...Kaya said she heard some of the horniest screams of her life, and lemme tell you, this girl watches um...wait, no, anyways...I shouldn't...say that...

Veronica: You're fine, hun, I can edit the bad parts if you want.

Sophie: Oh, could you? I just...I don't wanna seem like some kind of freak cuz...well, cuz I liked it. I actually really enjoyed getting so big. I never put thought into it happening to me except for this one dream I had...and its weird to think about that dream cuz that one dream I had one time when I had first learned that there was some...weird virus going around making your breasts swell...it feels so prophetic, y'know? I hate using that word cuz its...y'know, overused and kinda dumb...but it was as if my brain took that info and went 'hey, here's what it might be like. Be ready!' And cuz of that I could just...sit in that field and watch as my tits blotted out the horizon and not have a complete mental breakdown.

Veronica: That's...I think I understand, yeah.

Sophie: Sorry, have I been talking too much?

Veronica: No such concept in an interview, Sophie. Thank you so much for your time, but I think they're gonna start rushing me out of here now. Take care, ok-

1:25 PM

Notes: With my time on the farm just about up, and with the workers seemingly taking a lot of time for prep between each girl, I was determined to get a word with the leader of the farm, Edgar.

Veronica: Mr. Fulbright, please, just ten minutes of your time-

Edgar: Alright, alright, I suppose I can do that much. What's your questions?

Veronica: Just some very...basic history kind of stuff. There's no official record of when this farm was founded, so I was wondering if you could give us some insight as to exactly how and when this farm was made?

Edgar: Well...when we saw the first example of massive growth back in...I believe it was...around three years ago?

Veronica: two or three, yes. Hitomi being the first known case of GR-18 induced extreme hypermastia.

Edgar: Right, right. So a team of people that are waaaaay above my head, organized by a private company, as well as some government sectors, came together and decided that if this situation should get bad, which with what they knew at the time that was all it was gonna do, they decided that it was best to set aside land for the women that came ill to these cases. It was a miracle most of these women

lived from this, but that's a whole medical mystery that I can't even dream to get into right now.

Veronica: Is Hitomi on this farm still? I heard from an employee that she lives here and that there was...an incident with another worker? Is that true?

Edgar: ...the workers round here get real bored, ma'am. Real bored. They sit around and...weave tall tales and scary stories to spook one another all the time. And I reckon they ain't got no problem doing the same to visitors, too. Take what they're sayin' with a pounda salt, ma'am. As for Hitomi, we did have her here for a bit...but she requested transfer up to the Alaska farm a few months ago. More space out there for her in her...condition.

Veronica: What condition would that be, sir?

Edgar: The places up there have even more open fields and spaces for women to...to grow. Hitomi was...she experiences flare ups every so often and those flare ups resulted in her being a bit too much for my staff on hand here. That and we received quite the surge of smaller-sized women in comparison, and we're trying to gradually shift this location to one that caters more to that than every size possible. Little bit more fair that way.

Veronica: I see...are there any other cases like Hitomi that you know of that are still experiencing growth years after their initial infection?

Edgar: Its a very rare case. As far as we're aware, Hitomi has the only known mutation for that style of growth, and we try to keep her by herself as much as we can until we have a better idea of what's happening.

Veronica: I see...and Edgar, if I may...does the name...Tanya Barnes mean anything to you?

Edgar: ...how's that?

Veronica: Tanya Barnes? Pharmaceutical developer? She was rumored to be on site where patient zero contracted the original-

Edgar: I ain't know nothing 'bout no damn conspiracy, no damn...this shit didn't get made in no lab, okay? No lab.

Veronica: Sir, I wasn't saying-

Edgar: See, its this sort of behavior, right here. This is why we don't let people in. Be on your way ma'am.

Veronica: Edgar, please, can I just-

Edgar: Out!

Veronica: Just one more question, Edgar-

Edgar: OUT!!

1:32 PM

“Well...shit, lemme just...set up the camera here...” Veronica adjusted the lens as she set it on the dashboard of her car. It captured from her lap up, a frustrated look apparent on her face. “So...that was...I mean, I won't say it wasn't enlightening to...to talk to those women in there. But...” She exhaled, putting her face in her hands before looking out the front of her car, turning the key and driving away from the farm. “...that farm leader Edgar...was definitely incredibly suspicious. Just...the look on his face when I said Tanya's name...didn't even bring up who she was yet, just said a name. And its not like...she's famous or anything, its that sort of like...deep internet kind of shit. But like...out of all that conspiracy bullshit floating around about this whole...disaster, Tanya Barnes is a name that is like...plastered on all the documentation referring to 'gene therapy' and 'body modification experimentation' and like...I dunno, I feel like there's a lot that's just been...kept under wraps and...I know I'm not there *yet*...but I feel closer, at least.”

As she made her way back out into the middle of nowhere, she shifted in her seat, her shirt bunching up in the chest. The camera ran for this full duration of her ride, Veronica going silent for a moment before speaking again.

“Kinda wild...talking to so many women that seemed like...so not bothered by what happened to them. Y'know? Its like...what Wendy said about...about how where she ended up being ok because she wasn't happy anyways...damn, I wish I could've talked to more of them in there. That fucking...prick...” She pulled at her top, the white cotton long sleeve pulling up her wrists a pinch. “...couldn't imagine getting so huge out of nowhere...Sophie really made it seem like a really...fun experience. How she did that, I have no idea, but...” Self consciously, Veronica looked down at her own bust. She slammed on the brakes as soon as she saw what she did.

“...the fuck?!” She could feel her heart beat getting quicker, her pulse going nuts, sweat already forming on her forehead. “No. Nonono, no way, no they...there's no way...” She undid her seatbelt, letting the new orbs that she now sported reach their full perky form. Teardrop in shape, what were once modest, average C cups were as big as her head now, and only pulsating bigger and bigger by the moment. “...the fuck was I thinking?!” There was a reason women didn't go to Overgrowth Farms – she had read story after story of it being one of the most dangerous places in the country to go if you hadn't already come down with GR-18. She may have...fibbed a bit to make it past the screening. But now, she realized the consequences of such a fib, and prolonged exposure in a place that catered to women with extreme cases of a boob-growing plague.

“Ok, I better...” Just as she tried to reach the handle on the door, her breasts surged forwards in a massive push of growth. The car let out a long, blaring honk as her breasts inflated quickly to beach balls in size, squeezing against the doors and seeping onto the dashboard. “Holy shit! Fuck, fuck, this is bad-” Another massive surge hit, her tits bloating quickly and squeezing up against the glass of the windshield. Veronica gritted her teeth as she felt herself pushed into the driver's seat, flesh filling up every available space between her body and the rest of the car. She felt warm, pliable flesh squeeze across her legs, her calves, even the tops of her feet, until she heard cracking and creaking. The windshield popped first, little bubbles of flesh escaping before metal began to bend and rip at the weak points near the edges. Gradually, her car was reduced to a convertible as the top was wrenched from its base, two orbs gradually pushing up and up into the sky and spilling all over the car until the axles gave weigh, the car sinking down onto the road with a loud groan as it continued to get consumed by growing breasts. Gradually, slowly, they stopped, Veronica's breasts now each as large as the car she once owned, before it was reduced to a pile of scrap on the road. How it didn't explode, she had no

clue.

In the distance, coming from the farm, sirens wailed. Veronica heard them, struggling in place for a moment, before hearing the sirens get closer and closer. After a few minutes of her calling for help and writhing in place, the sound of screeching tires stopped right beside her, before she felt several hands grabbing each side of her new tits. She moaned out loud, then screamed, when she finally realized who was taking her away.

“No! No stop, let me go! No please, I...I...”

The doors shut on the massive truck, walls slightly bulging as it struggled to contain the two massive orbs of flesh stashed in its reserves. Without another word, the truck began to move, away from the scrap pile remains of Veronica's car, right back to Overgrowth Farms.

TO BE CONTINUED...