



Chapter Eight

My thoughts were not as comforting as I had hoped. We waited and waited; I didn't expect it to take so long but it was due to them discussing what to do with us most likely. The busty girls returned, and we got to see them up close. Their expression looked desperate, they were so determined to get to me and fuck me. I didn't need to guess that they were saying the words "Fuck... Cock..." over and over again. Their minds clearly turned into mush by this virus. I couldn't help but stare at their boobs, they were massive, their flesh bulging between the metal of the fence, they looked so soft that I wanted to reach out and touch them. The intrusive thoughts would eventually win if it wasn't for the door to the school opening and a man in his 40s walking towards us.

"Hello there... Don't recognise you around these parts." His voice was warm and comforting but there was a seriousness to his voice that put me on edge.

"No, we're from the village over, Maiden's Bridge. We tried going to the city but... It's lost..." I hung my head.

"Yeah, these things came out of nowhere..." He pointed to the women behind us. "We knew we could hold out here with the perimeter that the school offered... although we sort of lost that luxury when someone drove through the fence earlier."

"Still looks like you have a safe setup here." I commented looking hopeful.

"Please... Can you let us in?" Michelle burst out into tears. "We've... We've lost so

much..." She leaned into me and cried; I could feel her new boobs pressing into my side.

"We all have... Look, I have a heart, that is why we invited you in, that is why we've not killed those two there, I can't bring myself to do it. So come on in." The man smiled warmly. "Just as long as she isn't infected." He said with his hand on the lock for the gate.

I thankfully was a good liar, or whether I truly believed she was different.

"She isn't infected."

Michelle was thankfully crying into me still, so she didn't have to use her poker face.

"Alright then, in you come." The man opened the door and let us in. "The name's Martin by the way, I'll introduce you to the rest."

We walked through the gate that he locked, I glanced one last time into the eyes of the two infected at the gate. Staring deep inside those vacant eyes I could've lost myself.

"You coming?" He saved me from falling into the endless void behind their pupils.

Walking into the school I was met with some faces. The man who ran distraction, what looked to be the lady on the roof and the guy too, an older woman and a goth girl, scanning them quickly I got very little acknowledgement that I was even there.

"Everyone, this is..." He put his hand on his chin. "I never asked you your names... Sorry."

"I'm Craig and this is my girlfriend Michelle." I told the room; Michelle was still gripping me tightly.

"Welcome Both, let me introduce everyone." Martin started.

"This is Katrina." He pointed to the goth girl, she was wearing big black boots with lots of clips on, her black tights showed off her pale skin on her legs and it led up into her skirt.

Looks very prepared for an outbreak.

She had a small top on that showed off her slim midsection, but it barely contained her boobs, she was a D cup, easily. The band shirt looked like it had been cut into, so it showed off her cleavage. Her face was white with make-up and her black long hair covered some of her face. She was a goth through and through, her apathetic acknowledgement of us was enough to tell me that she barely cared about anything.

“Hey...” She mumbled, barely looking up at us.

“This is Marcus, he is the one who distracted those two outside.”

Marcus was a large lad in his mid to late 20s, not much older than me and Michelle, he looked like he should be in some contact sport, he probably was before all of this, he looked like he enjoyed the gym and gave us a big smile.

“Thank you so much.” I bowed my head to him.

He shrugged it off as if it was nothing, “Don’t mention it.”

“This is Dave.” Martin continued.

Dave couldn’t have been more opposite to Marcus, Dave was a pudgy man that you might find working in an IT firm, he was balding, and his thick glasses did very little to hide the fearful expression on his face. He leaned into Martin and kept his eyes on us, like we were a danger that he wasn’t about to let out of his sight.

“How do we know they aren’t infected?” He said under his breath.

“Dave, we talked about this.” Martin said sternly, Dave immediately shrunk back down and greeted us with a wave.

He will be very suspicious; I need to keep him away from Michelle.

“Next up is my family, this is my mother, Eleanor.”

He pointed to the short and stout older woman in her mid-60s at a guess.

“Why are we letting people in?” She said sternly.

“Mom, we talked about this. Now be nice.”

“Hello dears.” She said sarcastically.

The woman was old, a liability if my knowledge of zombie movies was to be believed, she was frumpy and had a permanent scowl on her face. She had short grey hair and was formless due to her age.

“Sorry about her.” Martin consoled us. “Finally, this is my wife, Claire.”

He pointed to the last woman, she was very beautiful, I could tell she was around the same

age as Martin but time had treated her kindly, her face was pretty, her body was in good shape, she had wide motherly hips that likely had a decent ass to carry but the only thing I found her lacking was boobs. She was flat as a board.

“Nice to meet you both, how sweet you both managed to get out together.” She said, wrapping her arm around Martin.

“Make yourselves at home, right now our plan is just to make sure we keep this place safe and secure, the barricade on the front of the building will hold them back, the hole in the gate is the only concern at the moment, thanks to your car though I am sure we can plug the gap, as long as we can distract the two outside.” Martin said warmly. “For now, though, let’s get you some food, you guys must be starving.” He gestured to the kitchen and Claire led the way. “Me and Marcus are going to be on Watch. If you need anything, just ask.” He said warmly.

We walked through into the canteen that looked like it was still functional. Claire’s wide hips led us to the food.

“It might not be the best but there is a lot of it, we should probably have enough to last us a month here.” Her voice was so positive that I didn’t even think about what that length of time would mean.

Claire served up some of the school food to us, pie was on the menu today. I sat down at one of the benches and started to eat with Michelle.

“If you don’t mind, I’m going to check on my mother-in-law, make sure she doesn’t get herself into any trouble... She isn’t quite understanding the situation.” Claire looked at us for approval.

“Sure, you’re good.” I nodded.

“I’ll set up your sleeping area too, no mattresses here but the crash mats from the gym are more than comfy enough. You two can have the physics classroom.” She smiled before swaying out of the door.

I turned to Michelle who looked shell shocked. “Are you okay?” I asked, lifting her face up by her chin.

“Y-yes...” She opened the coat, and I saw her boobs were bigger.

She hasn't stopped growing yet...

The C cup bra she had on was loosely sitting against her boobs, the band had snapped and given way. The hefty melons were looking plump and full.

My cock sprang to life.

I looked back at her face. “How do you feel?”

“Absolutely fine... That’s the weird thing.”

Strange... But good...

“I mean that’s good right?” I said optimistically.

She looked confused but nodded.

“You get the perks without the downside.” I joked.

She looked shocked for a second before she understood what I had just said.

“Oh...” She cooed. “You always did like my boobs...” She shook them side to side watching them jiggle in her top.

I was transfixed on them, watching her hefty chest wobble and shake. I almost reached out to touch them then and there. Michelle noticed my throbbing cock for the first time.

“Well... I guess you like them...” She leaned in and pressed herself against me. The fear had gone, she was liking my reaction too much to care about the events happening outside of the school walls. Before we could do anything else the door opened, and Dave walked into the canteen. I quickly covered Michelle up and we continued to eat food, a sly smirk on the side of her face.

I don't want to know what he would do if he saw her boobs...

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