



Chapter Twelve

I ran out into the yard and saw all four of them standing there, just watching the school. I turned and saw what they were looking at. From here it was possible to see Eleanor's boobs knocking through the walls and roof as they grew.

"We... We've got to go... Before the horde comes in..." I said to everyone who seemed almost too stunned to move.

The only exit was the hole we had previously covered up, we now had the issue of getting through the gap. I tried to start the car with the hopes that we could crash through the gap, but it was no use, the car was well and truly dead.

We didn't have the tools to break through the barricade, we were looking to be stuck. There was a huge crash, and the school had been mostly reduced to rubble and through the smoke we could see shadows emerging. Huge, busty shadows.

They're through...

Think...

Think...

Think...

"I'll give you all a boost, I'm tall and strong, I can get you all over and then I can outrun them, I am sure I can zip past them." Marcus said confidently but his eyes betrayed his emotions.

“Ladies first.”

He stood on top of the car and looked to boost the women over the wall. Claire went first, she was up and over, slowly dropping herself down the other side, she landed hard and hurt her ankle.

That is not good.

“Shit!” she yelped. “My ankle!” She winced and hopped aside to sit on the floor, grasping at her ankle.

Thankfully there were no infected on that side of the gate. Michelle was second and she managed to land lighter, saving herself from injury. Martin was next, the shell shocked man was back to life and desperate to get next to Claire. Landing safely, he quickly tended to his injured wife.

I was last. “Are you sure Marcus?” I asked before he looked to boost me over.

He shook his head, signalling no, before lifting me up. I sat on top of the fence and looked down at him, he was nervous and scared. He saluted me and jumped down from the car. I saluted him back. “Good luck...”

Finishing my trip over, I found myself with the three others.

“We’ve gotta get out of here, can you walk?” I asked Claire.

“No.” She looked defeated.

“I am sure we can carry you or something.” Michelle said.

“Good idea, Michelle and Martin can carry me, and Craig can lead the way.” Her voice of reason was calm and collected despite the pain she was in.

Alright then.

We all helped her onto her good leg and Michelle and Martin acted like crutches for her. We slowly hobbled through the woods and towards the main road. I was ahead of them, making sure the path was clear. We didn’t want to go further into the woods, so we were pretty close to the fence that surrounded the school. I couldn’t help but cast my eyes over the ruined building with the massive mountainous breasts of Eleanor rising high from the debris.

I could see lots of huge breasted women and how their boobs bounced off one another as

they shuffled around, they seemed to be all walking in a similar direction.

Are they chasing Marcus...

I kept moving, the others were slowed by Claire, I kept looking back and worrying about what happens if we get spotted.

Surely we can't outrun them with Claire...

The thought was dark, and I didn't want it to fester any longer in my skull. We pressed on. Getting closer to the road, I heard a guttural scream coming from the school. We all turned and saw Marcus on the floor, reaching out. There was blood covering his leg which was bent awkwardly.

Fuck... It's broken...

There was nothing that we could do. Moments later there were huge booms enveloping his body as one of the infected started to crush him, desperately trying to fuck his broken body. I turned away.

"Come on. We have to move."

Martin looked at me with empty eyes and Claire was crying. Only Michelle was remaining calm.

Not too far from the road I saw a car, it was still running. I looked around and saw no signs of life.

This is our chance...

Claire was flagging, struggling with exhaustion, Martin was too. Michelle's grip was tight on the older woman. Then I saw Martin tumble, his foot slipped on a root, and he flew to the floor, a minor scratch but with him falling, so too did Claire. Michelle tried to hold her upright, not wanting her fall to cause her anymore injury.

It was a mistake.

Michelle saw immediately, her nails were covered in blood, she had scratched Claire. She showed me her hand and I gasped.

Martin rushed to his wife who was now on the floor. She was struggling with the pain in her ankle but together husband and wife were able to get her to sit next to a tree. Martin noticed the

blood on the back of her neck.

“Oh honey, you’re bleeding...” He said concerned.

“When I fell I felt something sharp...” She looked at Michelle.

Michelle’s face had dropped, she looked mortified, and she stared at the couple on the floor, slowly taking steps backwards.

“Michelle... What’s wrong?” Claire asked, stretching her neck and feeling an itch come over her chest.

Claire wasn’t dumb. She knew what was happening.

“Martin... I think it’s time you go...” Her voice was sombre and lacked emotion.

“What? No, I’m not leaving you.”

She knew her husband best, so she knew what needed to be done to preserve him.

Tell him the truth.

“I’m infected...”

“How? Michelle must’ve scratched you, she isn’t infected, look at her, she doesn’t look anything like them.” He pointed to the mass of boob that was piled on Marcus’ body.

“I can feel it honey...” She rested her forehead against his. “You have to go... Before it’s too late...”

Martin had enough, he snapped. He stood up and turned to Michelle. “You. You lied? How? I don’t understand, you knew, didn’t you!” He was filled with rage. “And now...” He fell to his knees, the emotion getting the better of him. “And now she’s gone too...”

“I’m so sorry...” Michelle said, the words fell on deaf ears.

I wrapped my arms around my girlfriend and started to slowly guide her towards the street.

“We need to leave...” I whispered softly into her ear, and she started to follow my lead.

“I’m not gone yet...” Claire’s voice was soft and caring; she placed her arm on Martin’s shoulder.

We watched, walking backwards as Martin turned around and saw his wife anew.

“I sort of like the change... What do you think?” She said suggestively as she pulled at her button check shirt, showing the swelling mounds within her top.

“Claire...” Martin said softly.

She took his head and buried it into her forming cleavage and with each passing second her boobs grew around his head. Claire’s eyes were trained on us, looking hungrily as she teased her husband with her growing breasts. His hands slid down her torso to her wide hips and he let out a soft moan as her spare hand started to rub his swelling member in his pants.

Claire’s expression was filled with lust, her eyes were heavy, and her lips parted, in an instant she looked as if she was about to cry, and dread had washed over her.

“Run!” She yelled at me and Michelle before her face returned to its previous state.

We didn’t need to be told twice, we made a dash for the car, knowing the fate of Dave, Marcus and Martin.

Sitting in the car we sped off, the tank was near full, the onboard computer was suggesting that we had 400 miles in the tank.

Finally, some luck...

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