

Escape From Knockerville



BY TITLOVER - ILLUSTRATIONS BY PORTALCOMIC

Escape From Knockerville

A Breast Expansion Novella

Written by
Titlover

Illustrated by
Portalcomic

The Breast Expansion Story Club

San Francisco – Tucson – Buenos Aires – London



Escape From Knockerville
All Rights Reserved © by **Titlover**
Illustrations by **Portalcomic**
Designed by **NBK Estudio**
Edited by **Holly**

No part of this book may be reproduced or transmitted in any form or by any means, graphic, electronic, or mechanical, including photocopying, recording, taping, or by any information storage retrieval system, without express written permission from the publisher.

The Breast Expansion Story Club

For information address:
BE Story Club
P.O. Box 7361-101319
San Francisco, CA 94120-7361
www.bestoryclub.com

Any resemblance to actual people and events is purely coincidental.
This is a work of fiction.

Published in the United States of America

Escape From Knockerville

CHAPTER 11 - THE GOVERNMENT'S AGENTS

In a darkened conference room that had been set up in a temporary metal building at the base called Camp Boob Watch, five men and two women watched a video. The video showed a silent series of long shots taken from a helicopter flying low over the little town of Knockerville, Ohio. The first shots showed a normal-looking town as seen from the sky; oddly, one might have noticed that the women walking about doing their daily tasks tended to have slightly larger than normal breasts. The next series of shots showed some of the same women, but now their breasts had grown a bit larger.

“The first signs of breast hypertrophy began showing up only a day after the accident,” said Jennifer Jones, a biologist, as the video continued. “There was an abnormally large number of orders for breast pumps made by several of the stores in town as well as Internet orders made by individuals. We concluded from this and other evidence that most of the women had begun lactating after the first two days of exposure. This was later confirmed, and milk samples have been acquired.”

The video continued and showed many signs of neglect beginning in the small town. The lawns needed mowing, and some mailboxes were stuffed to the brim with mail that hadn’t been brought in. Trash in a couple neighborhoods had not been collected.


“We also have reason to believe that many of the women in the area are becoming more sexually active and aggressive,” Jennifer continued. “It has gotten to the point where it is disrupting the normal functioning of daily life in the town.”

As more shots of the town were shown, the video’s spectators saw that the women’s breasts were growing larger still, and the signs of neglect were increasing. The women, seen from a distance and through zoom lenses, had obviously started wearing more revealing clothes and were apparently sexually propositioning men quite often. In the next series of shots the men seemed slightly smaller. Then, in the next shots, it was as if they almost disappeared, except for some very small midgets that were being chased around by gangs of women that would sexually attack them and force them to suck on their breasts.

“Just how widespread could the contamination be?” asked General Stumblebine.

“Here, let me show you our analysis,” Jennifer said. A computer graphic on the video screen replaced the helicopter shots. “This graphic shows the





maximum and minimum contamination area. The contaminant spread as an airborne pathogen for only the first five and a half hours after the accident. The wind speed that day wasn't strong. We were lucky." The next computer graphic showed a blob of semi-transparent color engulfing the little town of Knockerville. "This graphic shows the analysis we used to determine the quarantine perimeter. At the time it was an overestimate, but the contaminant has since spread to the perimeter through direct contact."

"Direct contact?" asked the general.

"The contaminant can now only spread through bodily fluid exchanges, and we've contained those within the quarantine area . . . we hope. At this time, there are no signs of breast hypertrophy in any of the surrounding communities. No physical contact can be allowed between people in the infected area and those outside of it."

"We know there was a bovine growth hormone for milk production in the train's tanks, but what, exactly, was in that truck? What kind of contamination are we dealing with here?" asked General Stumblebine.

"An alien virus," said Simon Hall, a dark-suited agent of some hyper-secret government agency.

"It sounded like Jenny was describing something viral," said Paula Horne, the FBI agent.

"When did you guys acquire an alien virus?" the general asked.

"I can't tell you any more than I already have. That information is classified," said Simon.

"Well, I can tell you that your virus is replicating in these women's breasts," said Jennifer. "We've collected a lot of samples and have found some interesting stuff." She turned off the computer maps and switched to a new video. "These are microscope samples." The image of squirming cells on the video screen was only up for a second before there was a reaction in the room.

Simon knew what he was looking at and shot up out of his chair. "No!" He turned to the general and said, "General, you need to put up more fences and walls around the quarantine area. Shoot anyone who tries to escape. None of these women can be allowed out of the area. This virus cannot be allowed to spread. The results could be catastrophic."

CHAPTER 12 - THE BOY IN HER POCKET

Mary Lynnet opened the flap of the breast pocket on the shirt she was wearing, her Dad's old flannel shirt, and looked down on her tiny, naked boyfriend. "Hey, Bobby," her voice boomed. "How are you doing down there?" She admired Bobby's little cock, which, while too small to do much, had not shrunk in proportion to the rest of his body, dangling down around his knees. It looked huge on him, and so did his balls.

Bob looked up at her timidly and said, "About as well as could be expected under the circumstances." Being about two inches tall was a major inconvenience.

"Well, we got you out of Knockerville. You won't have to worry about being used as the puck in a game of breast hockey again," Mary said, with a hint of a giggle.

Mary and her two friends, Kathy Aneheim and Debbie Meril, had found the right spot to dig their way under the electric fence that surrounded their hometown of Knockerville. They had escaped the quarantine and the town full of horny women, who had shrunken all the men and started abusing them. But it's not as if the girls were innocent—the three of them had participated in some abuse themselves. It was just that Mary really liked Bobby. A lot. They'd been friends for a long time and had even dated, and she didn't want Bobby to wind up in the hands of those sex-crazed women.

The girls heard a helicopter off in the distance, so they crouched and hid and then waited until the sound of rotating chopper blades was far enough away to begin trotting off toward the highway. Bobby bounced around whenever Mary moved, and he was still trying to get his mind around the fact that he was actually lying, at a steep angle, inside Mary's pocket. He knew that the enormous, warm mass of flesh beneath the fabric that pressed against him was Mary's huge, softly heaving breast. The knowledge of what he was lying against in her pocket was arousing him, and his cock was half erect most of the trip.

As the girls reached the highway, they saw that a concrete roadblock had been constructed on the exit from the highway into Knockerville. The road into Knockerville was being torn up. Mary suspected that in the near future, it would be as if Knockerville had never been. The town would be erased from the map of Ohio along with all other traces that it had once existed.

The girls avoided people as much as possible because if anyone they met knew what was going on in Knockerville and saw them, they'd be suspicious because of the size of their breasts and their tall stature. Kathy had the largest boobs of the three girls, with her custom-made MM-cup bra. Debbie was now a double-H cup and Mary a triple J. The girls were also very tall as a result of whatever was changing them. Mary was the tallest, coming in at about 6' 10", while Kathy and Debbie were around 6' 4".

They ducked down into crouching positions as they trotted through a cornfield and followed the interstate highway until they came to a rest stop. There were picnic tables and a small building off in the distance, which they knew had men's and women's restrooms and maps in the main lobby. From their own childhood family vacations they also knew that food and other items might be stashed in the cars parked in the lot. People who used the rest stops didn't often lock their cars because many of them only used the rest stop for the bathrooms and were in and out very quickly.



They'd have to move fast. The girls cautiously headed up to a table far from the parking lot and the building and sat watching, casing the place in preparation for a minor theft.

"Watch for older cars, especially station wagons," said Debbie.

"Look for families with luggage tied to the roof," said Kathy.

Mary looked into her pocket and said, "You've been bouncing around in my pocket for a while. Would you like to get out and stretch your legs, Bobby?"

"Yeah," Bobby said, nodding his head and looking up at her.

Mary scooped Bobby up out of her pocket and set him on the table. "Thanks," he said as he walked around and stretched his muscles. It was good to be on solid ground again. Mary brought her head down and laid her cheek against the table to watch Bobby up close. Bobby's little cock was dangling down below his knees, but it was starting to perk up.

She sighed and said, "I think you enjoyed the ride," as she lightly stroked the tip of her finger down his chest, heading toward his crotch. Her finger stopped at his semi-erect penis, testing its resistance with a gentle touch. She flicked it as effortlessly as if it were a tiny light switch, forcing the semi-hardened shaft downward, then letting it snap back up on its own accord. She ran a finger up the inside of his thigh and slipped it under his testicles, exhibiting them as if they were a pair of match heads resting on a thimble. Mary pinched his cock very gently between her thumb and finger, and she felt it growing. "Oh, that's great," she said. She was consuming the full length of his manhood in a mere pinch.

Bobby was embarrassed and noted how Kathy and Debbie watched and giggled. Mary started moving her fingers, trying to masturbate Bobby. Suddenly, she pushed two of her fingers between his thighs and spread them apart, forcing Bobby's legs to open wider. Her other hand came up behind him and lifted him to her mouth, where she pressed his cock to her lips and began working it between her tongue and upper lip. Bobby soon convulsed, and his orgasm exploded, shooting a tiny burst of semen onto her tongue.

Mary didn't release her hold. She thought she tasted a tiny something that was a little salty, but she kept moving her tongue rapidly across the base of his penis. Bobby came again and thrashed around against her lips and in her enormous hand. He tried to push off of her lips, but it was futile. He twisted wildly. "Enough! Let go. Oh God, stop. Please stop. I'm getting sore," he yelled.

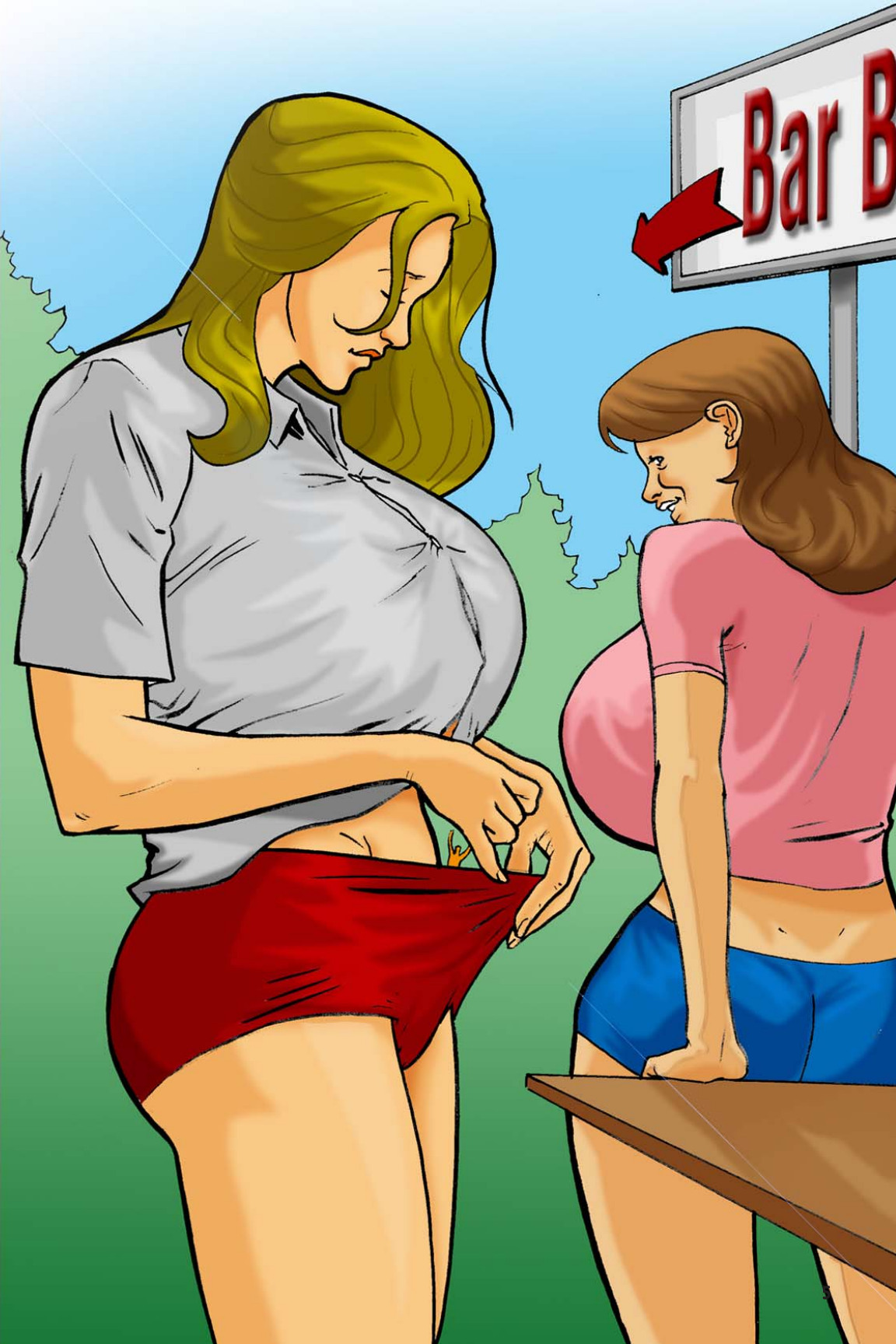
She finally released him, and his spent body collapsed into her hand. All he could do was lie there, spread eagle, while his rapid panting slowed to heaving breaths, and wait for his heart rate to settle.


"Enough? So soon?" There was no concern on her face, just a mischievous smile. She brought him closer and delicately licked his cock, stomach, and thighs clean. Then, she set him back down on the table, stood up, and wiped him dry with her skirt.

"Okay, Bobby, now it's your turn to do me," Mary said.

"What?" Bobby had no idea how he'd accomplish that.

With a mischievous giggle, Mary picked Bobby up with her right hand, while with her left hand she pulled the elastic of her pink, lacy panties forward. Then, she dropped him into the crotch of her panties. He landed face forward in a wet spot, and Mary reached in and turned him over, then she looked down on him and pursed her thick red lips and blew him a little kiss just before she let the elastic snap back against her tummy. Looking up, Bobby had seen the thick pink lips of Mary's womanhood peeking through her pubic hair just a moment before things went dark and he was pressed up against her huge vulva. She was very wet, and Bobby was afraid he might drown in her excitement.





Bobby's tiny body made a delightful little bump in her panties. She felt him shifting and wriggling in the lush tangle of her pubic hair. It was a delicious sensation, and his movement caused her to breathe a little harder and shudder. She looked down between her spread legs and watched her boyfriend squirm against her crotch while pressed snugly inside her panties. She stroked his back very gently with a fingertip and said, "Hope you don't mind if I keep you close to me for a while. You feel pretty good down there."

He did, indeed, feel pretty good rubbing his little body up against her pussy, but she also wanted him to know that her cunt was big enough to easily swallow his entire body because the idea of him contemplating that made her feel powerful. And that turned her on.

Bobby felt hot and helpless against her vulva. Her huge cunt loomed over his insignificant cock, but he could press her pussy lips together and hump her that way. However, Mary didn't seem to notice this, and with a little wiggle she pulled the panties up tighter onto her hips, and Bobby's tight place became even tighter. Then she tugged on Bobby and the material until he was wedged between her pussy lips and could no longer squeeze them together over his cock. She wanted his whole body wedged between her pussy lips. Mary dropped her skirt back into place, and the darkness was complete for Bobby. He could, however, hear the muffled conversation that Mary was having with Kathy and Debbie.

"Hey, look," Kathy said. "There, just pulling in, that old Buick, over there by the truck."

Mary started walking, and Bobby felt each step she took. Her footfalls sounded like distant thunder. She walked for a while, then stopped.

"Hey, they got shopping bags full of snacks," said Debbie. He heard a car door open and felt Mary squat down and crush him even deeper into her slit.

"Looks like Cheetos and egg salad sandwiches," Mary said as she stood up again and released some pressure.

After a while he heard Debbie's voice: "Hurry, they're coming back." Bobby felt Mary dashing around and heard metal latches clacking. They were opening the back of a truck. It felt like Mary was doing splits with him in her panties when she climbed into the back of the truck. He heard the door roll down and the latches clacking again.

The girls sat down and became silent, and Mary stopped moving. Bobby stopped moving himself and listened hard in an attempt to figure out what was going on. After a moment a very dim light appeared above his head, and he could see Mary's thumbnails as she held her panties open. Looking higher, he could see Mary's giant face gazing down at him between her boobs.

"Are you okay, Bobby?" Mary whispered. "Why did you stop?"

"I'm sorry, I was just listening. Everything got quiet. Where are we?"

"We're hiding out in the back of a truck," Mary said as she gazed down at her cute little boyfriend lying there sandwiched in her pussy lips. As she said this, there was a new sound: the truck's cab door opening and closing. A moment later, the engine turned over, and they all felt its vibration. Soon, they knew, they were on the highway, heading to who knows where.

Mary started scooting backward on her ass and bending down to get a better view of Bobby. "I think you need a little help," Mary said as she stuck a hand into her panties and pressed a finger up against Bobby's buttocks. Her pussy was dilating, and she pushed him into it and started rubbing him around against the roof of her vagina. It had gotten very dark again for Bobby as well as hot and wet. Mary forcefully pressed his body into her pussy flesh and thrashed him around. He heard her moaning quietly above. Bobby was intoxicated by the intense smell of her pussy, and the feel of his penis mashed tightly between his belly and her pussy flesh was intensely stimulating. They reached orgasm at almost exactly the same time, and Mary bucked her hips up and let Bobby slide down deep into her pussy.

She settled down and enjoyed the afterglow as she idly rubbed her clitoris. After a moment she got up on her knees and held her hand under her pussy, waiting for Bobby to slide out. He wasn't coming out. She stood up and jumped around in the moving truck, almost falling over, trying to shake Bobby loose. It felt like his feet had gotten stuck in some folds of flesh deep inside her vagina.

"Oh, shit! Bobby, are you okay?" she yelled down toward her pussy. Kathy started laughing. Mary thought she heard Bobby's tiny voice yelling something, but she couldn't understand the faint, muffled hollering. She felt him move around and poke at her.

Mary reached in with her fingers and even started shoving her whole hand into her pussy trying to reach him. Her pussy was a little too tight for her to get her hand up into it comfortably, and it hurt when she tried. Unfortunately, Mary had an unusually long and tight vagina, and even with her hand stuffed all the way up in her pussy, she couldn't reach Bobby.

"Could one of you help me out here?" Mary pleaded to her friends.

"No way I'm sticking my hand up your cunt, girl," said Kathy.



CHAPTER 13 - JENNIFER EXPLAINS THE VIRUS

“Gentlemen . . . and lady,” Jennifer said, with a nod to Paula Horne, “I’d like to introduce you to one of the male victims of this virus.” With those words, Jennifer set down a small box made of clear plastic. Inside the box was Ralph Aneheim, hesitantly looking out at the group of people gathered around him. Ralph was only about 4’ tall.

“My God,” exclaimed the general. “I can hardly believe this is possible.”

“The so-called virus begins to replicate inside both men and women—they both carry it and spread it. Women spread it through their breast milk, and men spread it through their semen. With men, there is no outward or noticeable effect after the first three days. Then, a gradual shrinkage begins. Consuming more of the milk will accelerate the process substantially. If a man is only exposed to a small dose, it would take up to a month for him to shrink, and he’ll spread the pathogen during unprotected sex with either men or women. If exposed to more of the viral agent, he could shrink down to this size in a matter of hours.”

“Do we have a blood test to detect the virus yet?” asked Paula.

“Almost. It’s not a virus in the typical sense, though it certainly resembles one in the early stages of infection. I have developed the beginnings of a blood test, but this thing is hard to pin down. It mutates and changes,” Jennifer said as she switched on the video.

On screen, a computer graphic illustrated how the virus worked.

“A virus does nothing more than hijack the reproductive system in living cells, while this strange organism changes living cells in other ways, without destroying them. It’s as if it were designed to change mammals into another class of creature. It does things a virus doesn’t do, and there isn’t a single viroid entity either; rather, there’s a specialized colony of viroids. They find slightly different partners and begin to join together to form new structures.”

The computer graphic showed the viroids joining together to make more complex entities.

“We don’t know what all these new structures do, but we know that some of them analyze DNA and share information with other structures that synthesize DNA, which then inject it directly into the human genome,” Jennifer said.

As Jennifer was explaining all this, she began to feel a warm, tingling sensation in her breasts. It scared her. She wondered, Could I be infected? She put the thought out of her mind as soon as it occurred to her.

CHAPTER 14 - THE GIRLS TRY PROSTITUTION

During the day, there was a dim light in the truck that shown through gaps in the ceiling and the slats in the ventilation panels, but at night, the truck was almost completely without light. The girls, Kathy, Mary, and Debbie, huddled together in the darkness and ate the last of the egg salad sandwiches. It had been dark out for a long time, hours, when the truck finally pulled off the highway and came to a stop. They waited for another half hour before they opened the door and found themselves in the parking lot of an unfamiliar grocery store. Apparently, the truck driver had pulled over for a nap.

The girls ran off into the night to explore their new location. They soon found that they had arrived in Chicago, Illinois. They walked the busy, late night streets of some sleazy neighborhood and were surprised when a man in a Cadillac slowed down and opened his passenger side window.

"Are you girls looking for a little action?"

They didn't like the sound of that or the look of the older man. They were only high school girls, after all, but even they figured out that the man must have thought they were prostitutes when they later walked up to a group of women wearing hot pants, mini-skirts, and sequined tube tops, who were trying to flag down cars and were asking the guys inside if they wanted a date for the night.

"Let's do it," said Kathy as she adjusted her clothes, trying for a more seductive appearance. "The next time some guy pulls over and asks us if we want a little action, let's tell him we'll do it and go with him."

"No," said Mary, "that's too dangerous. Besides, I've still got Bobby stuck up in my pussy."

"You don't have to do anything, Mary," said Debbie. "We'll take care of the guy."

As the girls argued, another car pulled up to the curb beside them. It was an amazing car, a futuristic concept car, and they'd never seen the likes of it before. The power window lowered quickly with an electric hum, and Saul Keey looked out and up to behold the most awesome spectacle of a woman he had ever seen: Kathy. He asked, "Any of you looking for a date tonight?"

Kathy stepped up to the car window, put her hands on the car's roof, and lowered her bosom into a position where Saul could get an eyeful. Then, she lowered her face into position. "We're lactating, mister," Kathy said. "Want to suck on some really big titties?"

"We all go together, mister," said Debbie as she stepped up behind Kathy.

"Sounds interesting," Saul said, and he hit a button that opened the power doors. "Come on in."

The girls climbed into the incredible car with its leather upholstery, lush carpeting, and advanced, computerized, digital displays. They felt



like they'd entered into the cockpit of a spaceship from a science fiction film.

"So, ladies, what's your thing?" Saul asked.

"That depends on what you want, mister," said Kathy.

"My name is Saul, Saul Keey. And you are?"

"Kathy, and these are my friends, Debbie and Mary," Kathy said, gesturing at the other girls. "So, what are you into mister, besides sucking on titties? And how much are you willing to pay?"

"You've never done this before, have you?" Saul observed.

"How can you tell?" Kathy asked.

"You asked me about money. That's amateurish on two levels. First, I could be a cop, and you'd be busted if I were. Second, you should know what you're worth and name your price, but not directly."

"How do you do that?" Kathy asked. "How would I name a price without telling someone I'm for sale?"

"Well, the way other ladies do it is they give me some sob story about how they need money for rent, a doctor, or such, and I tell them I'll take care of it. But, hey, this is Decado Avenue. Maybe you girls do things differently."

As they talked, Saul drove them downtown into the underground parking garage of an expensive-looking high-rise building. He took them up an elevator to the first floor, where he introduced them to the doorman, and then he took them up another elevator and walked them down a long hallway that was scarce on doors. He got out his key card and opened a door to a large and luxurious apartment.

"Wow, Saul, you must be rich or something," said Kathy.

"I guess," said Saul.

"How much does a place like this cost?" asked Debbie.

"It's a million five per month," said Saul. "If you ladies would like anything to eat or drink, the bar is stocked, and the kitchen is over there. Help yourselves," Saul said as he nodded toward the kitchen, taking off his jacket and throwing it over a chair. Then, he opened a pair of large double doors that led into a bedroom. The bedroom was also incredible: it had a huge circular bed and a large mirror on the ceiling. Kathy walked in and noticed that handcuffs were built into the bedposts, and whips and other devices whose uses the girls couldn't begin to guess were hanging from hooks on the walls.

"Who gets handcuffed to the bed, you or me?" asked Kathy.

"I do," said Saul.

"Great," said Kathy, "that's the way I like it. So, what do you want me to do?"

"You've never done a dominatrix gig, eh?"

"Not professionally, but I have been amazingly aggressive with my old boyfriend," Kathy said.

“So, I'll have to show you around, eh? That's okay,” Saul said. “You could start by taking off those clothes, slowly, and do a little dance and tease.”

Saul lay back on the bed and watched. Debbie watched Kathy, too, from the doorway. Mary, on the other hand, went to the kitchen and got the longest spoon she could find and started looking for the bathroom.

Saul was amazed: Kathy's breasts were huge and round and rhythmically danced back and forth with every step she took. Her long, raven hair was dark as midnight and shone in the dim neon glow as it cascaded down around her classically beautiful face. Her lightly tanned skin was flawless and seemed to have an unearthly glow to it. The closer she got, the more he became transfixed in the deep green pools that were her eyes.

“You know, ladies, with your height and bust size you could be in big demand in the S&M community . . . if you wanted to be,” Saul told Kathy.

“How much would you pay us, and what exactly do you want us to do?” Kathy asked as she continued her dancing strip tease.

“I'll give you five hundred a piece for the whole night.”

“Can we see the money now?” asked Kathy.

“You don't trust me, eh? I don't blame you,” Saul said as he pulled out his wallet.

“And we don't take credit cards or checks. It has to be cash,” said Kathy.

“Cash it is,” he said as he handed Kathy a little over eight hundred dollars. “I'll have to get the rest, so all of you, please, stay here. I'll be right back.” Saul then noticed that one of the girls was missing. “Hey, where's the really tall girl?”

“Mary? In the bathroom, I think,” answered Debbie.

Mary had indeed found the bathroom, and she was sitting on the toilet, with the lid down, gently moving the back end of a spoon into her pussy. “Bobby, there's a spoon handle coming in. Try to grab onto it if you can,” she said, with her head aimed down at her pussy. It took a few tries, but Mary finally managed to fish Bobby out of her cunt.

Bobby was now lying on the toilet lid between Mary's monster thighs, finally breathing fresh air. “I'm so sorry, Bobby,” Mary began. “I promise that next time, I'll be more careful.”

“Maybe there shouldn't be a next time,” suggested Bobby timidly.

“Come on, Bob. Just because you fall off a bike the first time you try to ride it doesn't mean you should give up trying,” Mary replied.

Bobby shook his head sadly—he wasn't going to talk her out of using him as a sex toy again. “All right, try to be careful next time,” he said as he got to his feet. Suddenly, there was a knock at the door. Mary was startled, and her thighs slammed together on Bobby.

“Mary, Mr. Keey wants you out here,” came Debbie's voice.

“In a minute,” said Mary as she scooped up Bobby and took him to the sink. She washed him off, dried him, and then took off her shirt, dropped him in her shirt pocket, and hung it on a hook on the bathroom door.

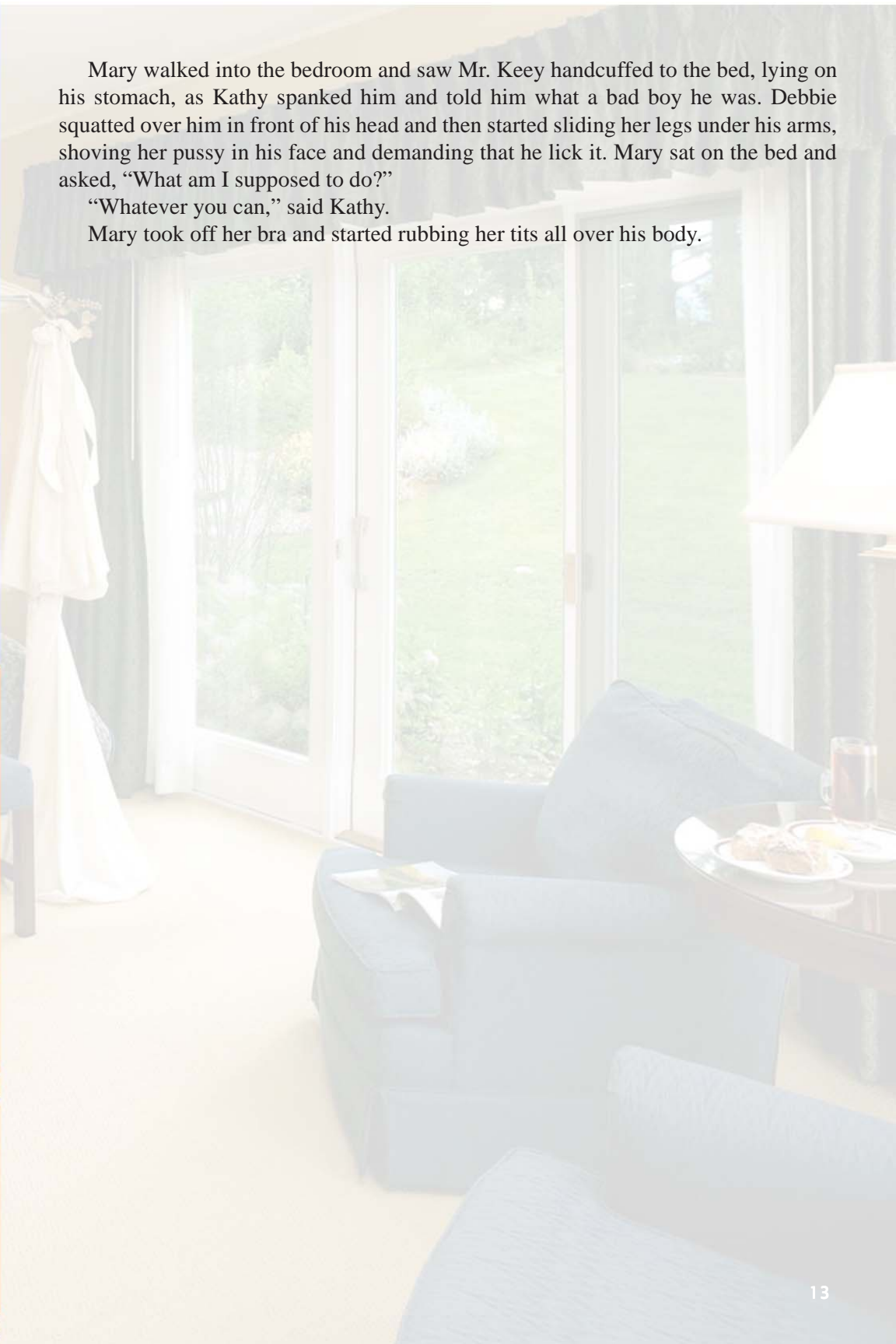




Mary walked into the bedroom and saw Mr. Keey handcuffed to the bed, lying on his stomach, as Kathy spanked him and told him what a bad boy he was. Debbie squatted over him in front of his head and then started sliding her legs under his arms, shoving her pussy in his face and demanding that he lick it. Mary sat on the bed and asked, "What am I supposed to do?"

"Whatever you can," said Kathy.

Mary took off her bra and started rubbing her tits all over his body.



CHAPTER 15 - JENNIFER DISCOVERS HER INFECTION

Jennifer could still hear George's voice in her memory as she sat in front of her computer and occasionally shoveled a spoonful of chicken-rice soup into her mouth from her cardboard cup-of-soup container. George Moltar, the shaved-headed, goateed professor once said, "The truth, whatever it is, is strange." He had said that while lecturing to a packed auditorium of 250 students on the nature of sexual orientation. Professor Moltar mixed dry academic biology and psychology with jokes to keep his students on their toes in a late afternoon "sexology" class.

He was one of her most entertaining professors back in college. The legend of his worldliness went before him, and it was reflected in his all-observing, wised-up books, which proclaimed the profane charisma of commonly kinky sexual experiences. He was, of course, accused, as a scholar, of advancing some controversial assertions such as the idea that dangerous sexual orientations like pedophilia, necrophilia, and sadomasochism were just as "natural" as normal sexual desires. According to George, none of us has a choice in our sexual orientation, and we are, all of us, what nature does to our developing brains. Our sexual desires are the product of evolutionary mechanisms that don't always work correctly, and in these strange sexual orientations are the clues to how sexual orientation itself evolved and operated in the brain.

George Moltar was also a self-confessed breast fetishist, and it was at that lecture that Jennifer remembered hearing the word "macrophilia" for the first time in her life. Macrophilia means, literally, "a love of the large." It refers to a sexual kink in a small percentage of people who have fantasies about having sex with giants anywhere from ten, to fifty, to several hundred foot tall. George taught that there was, in fact, a small but measurable subculture of people on the Internet who were attracted to giant women or men. They had Web sites and made pictures and wrote stories about their impossible fantasies.

Within that small group were smaller groups, those who also had breast fetishes, foot fetishes, or those who dreamed about dangerous women capable of and, frequently, quite willing to kill and eat the fantasist on a whim. This was not the stuff of typical adolescent pinups. It was not something people talked about with friends who weren't of the same persuasion, even friends who had kinks that they themselves might find kind of weird. Who can blame them for being reticent? It was just strange and out there and made no sense to anyone who didn't share their peculiar tastes.

Jennifer logged onto the Internet and did a Google search on "macrophilia" and "giantesses." It was quite possible that if the virus had escaped Knockerville, then news of it might first show up on those Web sites. As she scanned the Web sites looking at the pictures and reading the stories, she began to feel a strange desire welling up within her. Looking at

the women handling tiny men was turning her on. She soon began massaging her wet crotch under her pulled-up dress.

Was she a macrophile, or rather, a microphile? Could it possibly have escaped her notice until she was exposed to a certain stimulus? She began to explore the dark corners of her own imagination and discovered stimulating visions and sensations she'd never known she could respond to.

There was a grain of moist rice clinging to the side of her cup-of-soup container, and she lifted it out with the tip of her finger and began to imagine it was a tiny Brad Pitt but then switched to imagining her old professor, George Moltar. This turned her on. She imagined the grain of rice was a tiny Professor Moltar clinging to her fingertip in utter terror of her.

Her nipples were becoming erect, and she unbuttoned her blouse with her other hand and then undid a bra strap to let the cup on her left breast fall away. She then took the grain of rice and wiped it on her nipple while imagining the grain was her old professor clinging to it for dear life. Her breasts seemed to have become an intense erogenous zone, and she fondled them as she studied the sticky grain of rice wetly clinging to her nipple and pretended her tiny man was thrashing about on it.

As she fondled her breasts, she gave her left one a powerful squeeze, and what happened then terrified her. A tiny drop of milk emerged from her nipple. It could only mean one thing—she was infected!


Horried by the tiny droplet of milk that she had squeezed from her nipple, Jennifer strapped her bra back up, buttoned her shirt, and rushed to her lab to test the drop. She had indeed been infected. She had taken all the necessary precautions to avoid infection, but two days ago, there had been a minor accident: a piece of broken glass had cut through the finger of her contamination suit.

She knew she should report this, but the prospect of living in Knockerville was too nightmarish to face. She would grow increasingly horny, there would be a short supply of men, and the men that were there would be about as tiny as Ralph Aneheim. She looked down at Ralph, a small man sitting in his plastic cage on her desk, and for the first time she began to think that it would be rather interesting to feel him wiggling around inside her vagina or to squeeze him between her breasts. Thinking about it and looking at him was starting to make her feel horny again.

What is happening? she wondered silently. Her sexual orientation seemed to be taking a turn into the truly bizarre and kinky. As she began to plan her escape, she wondered if she even had free will. She knew she shouldn't be thinking of what she was planning to do, but she couldn't stop herself.

She went back to her computer and discovered that she had received an e-mail from one of the field agents. Someone had posted a few pictures of three women seen walking around Chicago, Illinois, on a girl-watching Web site that specialized in photos of big-breasted women. The women all





seemed to be over 6' tall and appeared to have much larger than normal breasts—they might or might not have been infected. She printed out the pictures, and then, Jennifer deleted the e-mail and called Simon to tell him that she had to return to Washington.

It was a lie. She would be going to Chicago and getting lost in the crowd. Her breast growth would eventually call attention to itself, and she'd be found out, but at least she'd be free for a while. The whole area around Knockerville was too well observed, and the farther she was from this base of operations, the better her chance of escaping the attention of the people who knew what was going on.

On the night before she left she took some of the Knockerville milk samples and poured them into the half-and-half carton in the refrigerator. She also added a distilled portion of the virus to the leftover beef chop suey Simon had saved for later. The more problems they had locally, the less attention they'd be able to pay to more distant problems.

Then, she packed her bags and Ralph's cage, put them in her car, and headed toward Chicago.

CHAPTER 16 - MR. KEELY PLANS A PARTY

Mr. Keely hadn't, as far as the girls could tell, shrunk at all after their night of sex play, even though he'd sucked the milk from their breasts. Talking about it later, they guessed that the men of Knockerville had been previously exposed to the same stuff the women had. There was no way for them to know if Mr. Keely would shrink, and if so, when. He had invited the girls to stay with him until they found a place of their own and then taken them out for breakfast. Afterward, he took them shopping at a very kinky store. He bought them all sorts of toys and dominatrix costumes and then took the girls back to his place and photographed them.

"You didn't have to buy us all this stuff," said Kathy.

"I know. I wanted to. I like to see you in those costumes."

"Last night, you were telling us that girls with our height and big boobs were in demand for this kind of work. Do you actually know any other guys who are into being tied up and sucking on women's tits?"

"Yeah, I do know some guys. Do you want some introductions?" he asked with a casual smile, and Kathy could sense that this had been in his mind since he first met them.

"We'd pay you ten percent of our take," Mary offered.

"And I'd give you free samples any time you wanted," added Kathy, with a wink and a sexy smile.

"Are you asking me to be your pimp?"

"I don't know. None of us have ever had a pimp," Mary said. "In fact, last night was the first time we'd ever done anything like this."

"You don't want a pimp," Mr. Keely said. "You want a manager. If you want to make some real money, you should also stay off Decado Avenue. That place is for ass-shakers and twenty-dollar blowjobs. It's also dangerous—there are some real freaks out there."

"Freakier than us?" asked Kathy, with a mischievous smile.

"I mean dangerous and demented," Mr. Keely said.

The girls exchanged guilty glances, thinking that there may not be many people out there more dangerous and demented than themselves. Poor Mr. Keely, thought Mary, the things Kathy will do with him when, or is it if, he starts shrinking will show him who the really dangerous freaks are.

Mr. Keely arranged a party, where he could introduce the girls to potential clients, and showed them how to use an Internet site to draw in business. They also learned that Mr. Keely had made a large part of his fortune in kinky "adult entertainment." He was going to make them big stars in his little kinky world.



CHAPTER 17 - JENNIFER SPENDS A NIGHT WITH RALPH

Jennifer carried Ralph Aneheim's jacket-covered cage into her motel room and set it down on the nightstand next to the bed. She removed the jacket and brought her face up close and looked down on the little man. He was terrified. She opened the top of the cage, saying, "How are you doing, Mr. Aneheim?"

"I'm getting hungry," he said.

"So am I. I'll call room service and have them bring something up. What would you like?" Jennifer asked as she picked up the phone.

"A hamburger would be fine."

Jennifer ordered a single meal, including a hamburger, coke, and fries, because she knew Ralph would only be eating a pinch or two of her food.

"You're infected, aren't you?" Ralph asked as Jennifer hung up the phone.

Jennifer was tempted to lie, but she looked down at her breasts and saw how they were now overflowing her bra. She knew he already knew, and she confessed, "Yes, I am."

"You're going to spread the infection beyond the quarantine area," Ralph said.

"I know."

"Why?"

"Because I don't want to become a prisoner in quarantine. I want to enjoy what I can of my life before they lock me up."

"You'll go insane. Just like my wife," Ralph said. "She did this to me on purpose."

"No, I don't think she did. You were infected, too. You were doomed to shrink the moment the accident happened."

"You don't understand. She tied me to the bed. She made me suck her tits, and that's when I started shrinking. I had to escape from her. She was dangerous—she almost killed me."

Will I, too, become insane? Jennifer wondered. "And that's why the soldiers found you outside the quarantine area? You had to get away from her?" she asked.

"Yes."

They soon heard a knock on the door. Their food had arrived. Jennifer covered the cage and got their dinner. After room service had left she uncovered the cage again and pinched off some of her hamburger for Ralph. Then, she dropped a couple French fries into his cage and said, "That should tide you over for a couple days."

"Thanks."

"No problem," said Jennifer, just before she bit into her hamburger. She looked over at the little guy, nibbling away at his crumbs, and thought how sad it was that he'd probably just jumped out of his wife's frying pan and into her fire. She felt a sexual desire growing in her and couldn't chase away all the thoughts of all the things she could do with the poor little guy.

She watched as Ralph struggled to eat from the bit of hamburger she'd torn off for him. To Ralph, it was a chunk almost the size of a sofa.

"Do you want help with that?" she asked, shoving what to Ralph seemed like half a car's worth of burger into her mouth.

"I got it," he said, tearing off a fist-sized chunk and chewing the, thankfully, tender meat.

"Maybe a dab of ketchup?" she asked.

"Yes, thank you," Ralph said. Jennifer tore open a small ketchup packet and went over to the cage to squirt a dab onto his little chunk of burger. However, when she squeezed the pack, the seam broke, and ketchup splashed all over Ralph. It covered him from top to toe.

"Sorry!" she said. She laughed at the sight. Suddenly, she picked up the startled little man and started to wipe him across her hamburger bun. "No reason to waste the ketchup," she said.

Then, she stopped, leaving him lying there on her bun. When he saw the look on the gigantic face that loomed over him, he could almost see the light bulb going on as she contemplated him lying there. He watched, growing more terrified,

as she removed the hamburger from the other half of the hamburger bun and laid it on top of her fries. She wouldn't, would she?

Ralph started to crawl off the bun, but before he got very far Jennifer slammed the other half of the hamburger bun down on top of him and held him down. Squeezing him between the buns, she brought him up to her face.

"Mmmm, a manwich!" Jennifer said with a short laugh and then began moving the sandwich toward her mouth.

"No! Please don't!" Ralph screamed.

Jennifer bit into the burger bun, but only into the bun. Ralph thrashed about and screamed, believing he was about to be eaten. He felt her lips brush against his flailing arms. She took another bite, but again avoided Ralph, eating up the bun around him.

"I'm sorry, Ralph. I couldn't resist giving you a little scare," she said. She removed him from the bun and brought him to her lips. She kissed his torso before she pushed him between her lips and sucked him clean. Ralph was still trembling in fear. Starting at his feet, she sucked him into her mouth up to his arm pits and used her tongue to lick the rest of the ketchup from the terrified and squirming little man. When she reached his cock with the tip of her tongue, she giggled and looked down her long nose at his little face poking out from between her lips. She started working his cock with her tongue. Her tongue was incredibly dexterous, and she tantalized the length of his cock with it. He was getting hard in spite of his fear.

"You like that, don't you?" she asked with a mumble as she tried to talk with her mouth full.

"Please . . .," he said with a trembling voice, "please, don't eat me."

"I told you, I'm not going to eat you. Don't you trust me?"

Ralph shook his head. "No."

"I just wanted to give you a little scare," she said again as she plunked the little man down into a nearby glass of water. "There, you can clean yourself off."

Her breasts were beginning to hurt in her ever-tightening bra, and she started unbuttoning her blouse.

"What are you doing?" Ralph asked as he looked up at her from inside the glass.

"I need to get this bra off. It's killing me," she said as she tossed the blouse aside and started to undo the clasp on her bra.

"You're undressing in front of me."

"Why not? It's not like you're going to rape me or anything because you saw me naked," she said as she let her breasts spill out. She got up and looked at herself in the mirror. Her breasts were bigger than she'd ever seen them. "Damn! I must be a D cup or better by now," she said. "How big did your wife get, Mr. Anaheim?"

"They were hanging down around her belly button when I left."

"Oh, my," Jennifer said as she contemplated her coming fate. She then noticed that Ralph was eyeing her breasts hungrily and started taking off the rest of her clothes. "Don't you ever miss her, Ralph? Don't you sometimes think about your wife?"

"I miss my whole life."

Jenny got down close to Ralph's water glass and let her breasts dangle down near him. Looking down into the glass, she could see he was getting scared, but he also couldn't take his eyes off her breasts.

"You poor dear, she must have really mistreated you," Jenny said as she reached into the glass to scoop him up. Ralph backed away and tried to avoid her, but she easily cornered him and scooped him out. "There, there. Don't be afraid. I'll be gentle," she said as she stroked his head with her finger.

It was an amazing experience to hold a little, living and breathing man in her hand. It was getting her excited. It would be hard to be gentle with the fire raging in her loins. Ralph was only 4' tall, and he could sit in the palm of her hand. He was trembling in fear, and for good reason—she could hurt him if she played too rough. But play she would, and he'd just have to get used to it.



CHAPTER 18 - WHY MR. KEELY WOULD MISS HIS OWN PARTY

In a few hours Mr. Keely's guests would be arriving for the party. That's when the girls started to notice that their clothes were feeling tighter. When Mary was heading out of the bedroom toward the kitchen, she bumped her head on the doorframe—a doorframe that was 7' tall.

"What the hell," they heard Mr. Keely say as he noticed that his pants were beginning to fall. Mr. Keely came walking out of the kitchen holding his pants up and bumped into Kathy's breast. His eyes didn't even reach the same height as the nipples on her gravity-defying breasts. He had to look slightly up at them. Kathy, now standing 7' 8", dwarfed his 5' 1" frame. She was wearing one of his T-shirts, one that was oversized on him, but it fit her like a second skin. Her luscious breasts jutted out through the cotton material and stretched it so that the circular emblem on the front of the shirt actually became a wide oval. The bottom of the shirt, which usually hung comfortably down below his waist, stopped right above her belly button. At that instant the reality of their comparative sizes finally dawned on him.

It had begun again. "You look taller, bigger," he said. Even scarier was the fact that the girls didn't seem as shocked by this as he was. In fact, they looked like they were ready to pounce on him.

"I know," said Kathy. Her body language seemed to have changed in a way that he really couldn't describe. This was a different Kathy—she was sensual and intimidating and sweet and predatory, all at the same time. Her nipples, at his eye level, were hardening and poking out and stretching the fabric of the T-shirt. As her eyes locked onto his, a nervous, achy feeling of both fear and arousal washed over him. He remembered feeling the same way before he got his first kiss in junior high.

Kathy stayed in a position in front of him, looking like she was ready to grab him, while Mary and Debbie seemed to come up from behind. Kathy then gracefully placed her lovely *derrière* onto the vinyl seat of his couch and looked up at him expectantly, while Mary and Debbie moved in closer.

He just stood there, completely mortified, as he contemplated his strange situation. He felt a large, warm arm wrap around his midsection. He struggled, but Kathy's strength was irresistible. As his feet helplessly slid across the carpet, he realized for the first time how incredibly strong this girl was. "Come here and sit on my lap, Saul, and I'll explain everything," Kathy said as she picked him up and set him on her thigh. He just gave up and submitted to the overwhelming power of her arm. Before he knew it his posterior was resting on top of her huge thighs, and his feet were dangling inches above the floor.

Kathy looked down at him, stroked his hair, and, with a faint smile forming on her lips, said, "Yes, you're shrinking, and we're growing. You need to accept the inevitable, sweetie. There's nothing that can stop it. We aren't going to hurt you. In fact, I intend to give you the most incredible sexual experience you've ever dreamed possible." He felt small and helpless as he was conformed to the muscular body of this giantess—every time she shifted her weight, he felt her large quadriceps flex and bulge underneath



him, causing his entire body to rise and fall ever so slightly. He realized how small he was in comparison to her. And he seemed to be getting smaller, his clothes baggier.

As he settled into his warm, feminine throne, he felt her chin come to rest on top of his head. Behind his shoulder blades, in the center of each of the two large, fleshly mounds that protruded from her chest, he could feel her nipples becoming as hard as steel.

"I'd like to call my doctor, if that's okay," he asked bashfully as he turned his head and glanced up into her dark eyes.

"No, sweetie, it's not okay," she said as she reached underneath his armpits with her huge, strong hands and, without any visible strain or even a change in facial expression, plucked him off her lap and spun him around so they were face to face. She held him out at arm's length and looked at him predatorily. Having never been lifted like that before by anyone, let alone by a girl, Saul instinctively freaked out and started kicking and screaming. He couldn't believe what was happening.

She started softly to reassure him, telling him, "Everything is going to be all right," and that she would never hurt him. He came to his senses as the melodic tone of her sweet voice brought a sense of warmth and security where there had only been fear. She set him back down on her lap, but this time facing into her breasts, and then started to lift the tight T-shirt. Before he could even react she slammed his face into her breast and ordered him to suck, while she lay back on the couch. He did. Soon he felt like he was lying on top of an expanding balloon.

"It's your breast milk! It's making me shrink!" Mr. Keey exclaimed when he finally realized what was happening. He was about 2' tall when he jumped off Kathy and ran for the bedroom. He ran right between Mary's legs, and she missed when she tried to grab him. The girls headed into the bedroom and started to look for him.

"Come on out, sweetie. Please. You don't want a big old girl like me getting angry at you, do you?" Kathy said as she poked her head under the nightstand. They looked under the bed, under chairs, and every place they could think of, but they couldn't find him anywhere.

Then, a knock came to the door. The party guests were arriving.



CHAPTER 19 - MEANWHILE, BACK IN KNOCKERVILLE

Sharon, now almost 9' tall, was sitting with one buttock on a too-small chair in her kitchen, thrashing her little husband, Andy, around inside her pussy with one finger. She reached yet another orgasm before she finished. When done, she plucked her tiny husband out and gently dropped him into a shallow bowl of water so he could clean himself off. She left the bowl on the kitchen table as she got up to leave, turning back to say, "Clean yourself off, dear. I'll be back in a few minutes to take you shopping."

Andy leaned his back against the wide rim of the bowl and blinked his eyes as they adjusted to the bright light. No sooner did Sharon leave than Linda, his giant daughter, walked in. Her hair was a mess, and her eyes were barely open. She was wearing a robe, untied, and Andy caught a view of Linda's enormous breasts. She didn't notice him as she went about her habitual morning routine and opened a cabinet to pull out a box of cereal. She put the three-and-a-half-story-high box of cornflakes down next to the bowl in which Andy was bathing. Then, she got a bottle of milk and fished a spoon out of a drawer.

She sat down in front of the bowl and picked up the box. Andy suddenly realized what was going to happen. "Wait, Linda! No! I'm in here!" Andy screamed and waved his arms frantically. But his half-awake daughter didn't hear him and started pouring cereal on top of her little father. Andy was bombarded by the monstrous cornflakes. His sleepy daughter picked up the milk and poured it over the cereal.

"I'm in here!" Andy yelled at the top of his lungs, but she still didn't hear him. Andy struggled through the milk and cornflakes, trying to climb over to the side of the bowl, but a spoon dropped down right in front of him and started plowing through the giant cornflakes. He was almost scooped up. Andy rolled off the side of the spoon before she lifted it to her mouth. Next, he was pushed underneath layers of cereal as she scooped up more cereal and shoveled it hungrily into her mouth, noisily crunching it between her teeth. Again, he tried to climb over the side of the bowl, and again, the spoon came at him as it scooped up a load of milk and flakes. It was directly under him when Linda started to lift the spoon toward her open mouth. This time, he grabbed what he could of the handle and swung over the side as she slid the spoon between her lips. He dangled there as she chewed noisily. When she moved the spoon again, Andy dropped and bounced off his daughter's boob and then landed on her thigh.

"Help! Linda!" he screamed as his daughter continued eating. She scooted the chair closer to the table, and Andy fell and tumbled down the warm fabric to the bottom hem lining the inside of his daughter's oversized robe. He was lying there in the soft terry cloth when he heard the low, distant, thunder-like approach of his wife's familiar footsteps.

"Good morning, Linda," he heard his wife saying somewhere above. "Where did you put your father?"





“Huh? I haven't seen Dad yet this morning,” Linda responded, sleepily.

“He was taking a bath. I left him in a bowl on the table . . .” Sharon looked at Linda, and then they both looked at the bowl in front of Linda and screamed.

“No!” Sharon said in horror as she realized her daughter was eating out of the very bowl in which she had left Andy lying. “Don’t tell me that you ate him!” Sharon yelled.

“Daddy!” Linda screamed as she started looking through her cereal. Sharon grabbed the bowl and dumped out the contents on the table, hoping to find her little husband.

“How could you not to notice a 2? tall man in your cereal?” Sharon yelled.

“I feel sick,” Linda moaned as she grabbed her stomach and started for the bathroom.

“Don’t throw up in the toilet! You might flush him,” Sharon screamed as she grabbed her daughter and forced her head over the sink. “Stick your finger down your throat,” she commanded. Linda puked in the kitchen sink. They searched again, but it was no use.

His daughter unknowingly carried little Andy in the hem of her housecoat as she ran up the stairs to her room, crying. Andy was suddenly thrown onto the bed when Linda tossed off her housecoat and started pacing around her bedroom, accusing herself of being stupid and unobservant. Andy crawled out of the hem of the housecoat and started trying to get his daughter's attention again, hoping he could make her feel better. Still, she didn't notice. Andy began to wonder if he should really try. Pleasing a giant wife is hard work, and it gets harder as you get smaller and she gets bigger. Maybe it was time to try to get out of Knockerville. He started walking toward the edge of the bed to see if he could climb down when suddenly, his daughter threw herself down on the bed, still crying. Andy was bounced into the air and landed on his back.

Andy was just starting to get up when his daughter decided to roll over. He saw a huge breast, as big as a weather balloon, coming down at him. He tried to scramble out of the way as fast as possible, but he wasn't fast enough—Linda's breast rolled over on top of him and pinned him down, smashing him into the bed. He was now trapped under his daughter's boob, barely able to breathe as he was squeezed and sandwiched between the bed and the warm flesh of Linda's tit. The tit flesh moved and rippled with each of his daughter's sobs.

He heard his wife poke her head into his daughter's room and say, “Don't beat yourself up, dear. It was an accident. Something like this was bound to happen sooner or later. I'm just as much to blame as you are. I should never have left him there unwatched.” Then, his wife told her daughter that she was going shopping and leaving her home alone for a while, and she left.

He lay there, trapped, for a few more minutes, while his daughter cried. She finally rolled over again, and he was free. He started crawling and then running for the edge of the bed. Alas, just as he reached the edge, he saw the shadow of his daughter's leg swinging over him as she got up to sit on the edge of the bed.

Andy was now trapped on a tiny triangle of bedclothes, walled in on two sides by his daughter's gargantuan thighs, and in front of him, the edge of the bed dropped off toward the floor below. When Andy turned around, he was confronted by his daughter's gigantic vagina. His daughter was leaning forward, sitting on the edge of the bed and searching for something in her nightstand drawer. Andy considered slapping her thighs and calling for her attention, but if he startled her, it could get dangerous. He also couldn't help noticing how much his daughter had matured in these past few years. From where he stood she looked so much like her mother. She even had the same musty smell.

Andy watched as his daughter extracted a gigantic dildo from her nightstand drawer and began lowering it toward him. It was time to try to get his daughter's attention again, no matter how embarrassing the situation was, because being trapped there while his daughter masturbated would definitely be too dangerous. He started slapping her thighs and yelling, "Linda!"

Linda finally noticed him as she was sliding in the dildo; she had him trapped between the edge of her hand and her thigh. She screamed, "Daddy!"

Linda quickly plucked her father up between her thumb and forefinger and held him up close to her eye to examine him. "How in the world?" She held him close to her ear as he explained what had happened.

"Thank God you're all right," Linda said as she hugged her father against her cheek. "We have to find Mom and tell her you're okay."

Linda placed her father on the nightstand and pulled on a beige sundress. Then, she picked up her father and ran out of the house, carrying him in hand.



CHAPTER 20 - JENNIFER ARRIVES IN CHICAGO

Jennifer had been monitoring the Web site that Mr. Keey owned, and she knew about the party that would be happening that night. She wore a sleeveless, button-down shirt tied under her braless breasts, short denim shorts, and sneakers. She tied Ralph Aneheim securely to a makeshift necklace made of a long shoestring and then stuffed him into her cleavage and grabbed her car keys.

“Where are we going?!” Ralph yelled up at the giant woman.

“To Chicago, to see your daughter,” answered Jennifer.

She stuffed him down far enough into her cleavage that he was hidden from view and then paid the motel bill, after which she headed for her car.

Jennifer drove down the interstate for almost an hour before she saw the Chicago skyline ahead of her. It wouldn't be long now before she found the three young girls who had escaped from Knockerville.

She still had Ralph tied to a makeshift necklace, and the little man was sleeping comfortably in her cleavage. She had never felt so satisfied in her life, using the poor little guy as a dildo last night. She wanted, now, to savor the feeling of his warm little body comfortably hugged between her breasts. A living, breathing man with feelings and a soul. He needed her, and that's what mattered the most to her at the moment—a man who needed her for his survival—but it would be better if he wanted to be with her, and she suspected that in time he'd get used to the situation. She realized that she was beginning to think of him as a pet. He'd have to be trained.

She pulled Ralph out of her cleavage and let him dangle like a paratrooper caught in a tree a few inches beneath her ample bosom. This woke him up. Having him struggling just below her boobs gave her an erotic feeling of diabolic control. He wasn't a piece of jewelry; he was a living, breathing man, but if she wanted to treat him like a decoration, he couldn't do much about it. It was nice to feel his little naked body between her breasts, but, of course, the repetition of anything allows it to diminish in its erotic effect. Still, it wasn't a sensation she would mind getting used to.

She glanced down at him and told him, “Wake up, Ralph. It won't be long now, and I think I'll find your daughter for you. Are you ready to see her?”

“Not really,” Ralph said.

“I didn't think so, but it's best that you confront her. What she's doing is very dangerous. I'm going to take all of us to a place where we can hide, where I can fight this virus on my own terms without spreading it farther.” Her voice sounded uncomfortably grave to Ralph now that it was absent the giggling gaiety and sexual wickedness of the previous night.

She couldn't blame him for feeling unprepared to meet his daughter, Kathy. He was quite upset to see her dressed in a dominatrix outfit and selling herself on the Internet. Kathy was no doubt spreading the alien

infection. However, in truth, Jennifer didn't care about that. In fact, she couldn't resist her own urge to spread the virus. When she ate dinner along the road, she would spike the coffee creamer with a small vial of her breast milk. What she really wanted was an answer to the one question that dominated her mind: Why? Why would someone or something design such an advanced biotechnology, or was it nanotechnology, if not picotechnology, and change the human organism in such a radical and perverse way? It was monstrously sophisticated, changing the human body in ways that seemed impossible and seemingly changing her very desires and challenging her notion of free will. How could she be enjoying these feelings and spreading this virus willingly? Yet, some sane part of her brain watched in horror as she became almost another person.

After Jennifer pulled into the underground parking garage under the apartment building where Saul Keey lived she pulled her necklace up and stuffed Ralph back down into her cleavage. From the parking lot she took the elevator to the lobby and had the desk clerk call up to Mr. Keey's room. A woman answered and asked for a password.

"Kathy? Kathy Aneheim?" Jennifer asked. Judging by the way Ralph squirmed around in her cleavage, she assumed the voice belonged to Kathy.

"Do I know you?" Kathy asked.

"I'm a friend of your father's. I need to talk to you."

After a moment, Kathy nervously said, "Okay . . . come on up." The desk clerk then pressed a button and opened an elevator for Jennifer.

She felt Ralph wiggling around, seeming to struggle, as she entered the elevator. Did he want to say something? Maybe not—he had a tendency to slide down into tight places, where he had a problem breathing. After the elevator door closed she pulled open the top of her low-cut sweater with a finger and glanced down at Ralph, asking, "Are you okay, Ralphy?"

"I'm getting squeezed to death down here," Ralph complained as he gasped for air.

That's when Jennifer noticed that her growing breasts were overflowing her bra. No wonder the little guy was getting squeezed. Jennifer tugged on the necklace and pulled Ralph up enough to stick his little head out of her cleavage. Then, she knocked on Mr. Keey's door.

Kathy felt her long eyelashes brush up against the peephole as she stooped down to looked through it. There was a woman standing on the other side of the door, a rather tall and bosomy woman. She opened the door and saw her father's head sticking out of the strange woman's cleavage.

"Daddy!" Kathy screamed as she instinctively covered herself with her hands, trying to hide the kinky dominatrix costume she was wearing.

Jennifer pulled Ralph out of her cleavage and slipped the necklace from around her neck. "Ralph, you need to talk to your daughter," she said as she handed the necklace to Kathy. Ralph lay in the palm of his daughter's hand and started angrily lecturing her, ". . . this isn't how I raised you . . ." Then, Jennifer pushed her way into the room.





The CD player was playing loudly, Dinah Shore singing "Whatever Lola Wants," and Mary was dancing almost naked in the middle of the room as four men hungrily watched her. Debbie had another man bound up with handcuffs, rope, and a red plastic ball strapped into his mouth, while she held him down on her lap and spanked him. Jennifer knew that each of these guys had paid seven hundred dollars apiece to be treated this way. They were going to get more than they bargained for when it came to female domination. The girls had no doubt at least spiked their drinks if not directly suckled these guys already.

"Stop!" Jennifer yelled as she hit the power switch on the CD player. "You guys need to get out of here."

"Who are you? What is this?" one of the men asked.

"You need to get out of here now or deal with the police," said Jennifer.

The men didn't argue, they just left, except for the guy Debbie was spanking.

"But who are you, and why do you have my father?" Kathy asked after the men had gone.

"My name is Jennifer Jones. I am, well, I was a biologist hired by the U.S. Army to investigate what happened in Knockerville. Your father wound up in my lab when he escaped," she told her.

"You're not going to take us back to Knockerville, are you?"

"No. I want to take you to a place I have out in the country where I can work on a cure."

Mary was skeptical. "Why?" she asked.

"Because I'm infected too."

The guy lying across Debbie's lap was getting worried. He didn't understand what they were talking about, but he didn't want to be infected by something the U.S. Army was researching. He tried to squirm out of Debbie's grip, but he couldn't. That's when he saw the 5' tall man running for the door.

He couldn't believe his eyes. Mary caught the little guy in her hand and said, "Mr. Keelys! Where have you been? You shouldn't hide from us or run around on the floor at your size, or you could get stepped on." Mary put the little man in an old shoe box and introduced him to someone else in the box named Bobby.

The man on Debbie's lap fainted.

After a brief huddle, the three girls decided that they would go with Jennifer, but Debbie insisted she take Brian, the guy who fainted in her lap, because all the other girls had little men to play with, and she wanted one, too. Jennifer agreed, and Debbie hefted Brian over her shoulder, and the women headed out.

CHAPTER 21 - THE ESCAPE FROM KNOCKERVILLE

Linda, her father still in her hand, had run all the way downtown looking for her mother to tell her the good news: Dad was still alive. Her mother, she had figured, was probably “shopping” at the grocery store, picking up free food the government doled out to the “boobonic” plague victims. Along the way, she saw a gang of bigger women assaulting Laura Flinn, her old geography teacher, and trying to steal her husband. Linda decided to hide her father, so she dumped his little naked body into her cleavage and gave the assaulting gang a wide berth.

As she continued walking down the street, she heard what sounded like distant thunder. It was a low, rhythmic pounding that shook the ground. Then, she heard a deep female voice booming out, “Has anyone seen Ralphy?” But even these clues didn't prepare her for the sight she encountered as she passed from behind the building that blocked her view—it was Betty Aneheim, Kathy's mother, and she must have been over 40' tall. Her head was higher than many of the buildings. The low, rhythmic pounding that shook the ground was the sound of her footsteps.

Linda ducked into a building because the giant woman was coming her way. Betty walked by, but there was another set of Earth-quaking footsteps coming now. Peeking out a window, Linda saw that it was Margaret Smythe, her family doctor's wife, now taller than Betty. What had been happening? Why are they so big? she wondered.

A crowd of about eighty women followed behind Margaret. “She's going for the fence,” said one. “We're going to make a break for it,” said another. More women were joining the crowd. Linda followed along.

There were guards in towers just outside the electric fence, and one was using a megaphone to warn the women away, or they would shoot. Neither Betty nor Margaret was afraid of bullets. They kept marching toward the fence. The guards fired. That only made the giant women angry. Margaret grabbed her left breast and squeezed, shooting a fire-hose-like stream of milk at the guards. She almost knocked one guy out of his tower. The guards panicked and ran, some of them screaming, knowing her milk could shrink them.

Helicopters could be heard coming in out of the distance.

Margaret ripped a big branch off a tree and started pounding on the electric fence. Sparks flew and generators blew. Betty started kicking down the fence. A crowd of smaller women flowed over the fence, climbing in a crawl-like manner over the wire grid before it hit the ground. Linda was pushed forward by the crowd.

Sirens began to blare. The sound of helicopters was getting louder.

The women ran for freedom, Linda among them. Their boobs bounced and flopped around wildly as they ran. Linda could feel her father being tossed around in the top of her summer dress. Many in the crowd of women escaping from Knockerville were chasing after the guards, who had taken

off running a minute before, but Linda was more interested in freedom and headed in a direction few of the others were taking. She knew her potential captors would be chasing after the larger crowds.

The helicopters were coming in. Margaret and Betty started throwing rocks, cars, and bits of torn-up guard tower at the helicopters, which kept them at a distance for a while. The huge rocks and cars were landing in town and smashing through roofs and walls. Luckily, most of the women were at the fence, and no one got hurt.

Having run out of things to throw at the helicopters, Betty took off running. Margaret threw a few handfuls of dirt, but the dirt wouldn't fly far and dispersed in the air. The tactic was so ineffective that the helicopters braved a charge at her and dropped a giant net on Margaret.

It looked like they got her, but Linda wasn't going to stick around to find out. She ran and ran and kept running until she could run no more. It was dark when she found an old barn in which to hide, and there she fell asleep.



CHAPTER 22 - AN INTELLIGENT VIRUS

Jennifer drove the girls to Camp Summerlake, an out-of-the-way, abandoned summer camp that had been set up as an environmental lab by the government a few years before. The old presidential administration had planned to fund it, but the new administration had cut the program. The result was an abandoned but well-stocked lab about which few people knew.

Jennifer knew that no one would be around. The girls could swim in the lake and live in any of the cabins they chose. She got milk samples from the girls and then let them do as they please. Jennifer had work to do.

She found the building that had been set up as a lab and began looking at samples of Mary's breast milk under a microscope. The virus, as she had suspected, had continued to mutate and change. As the women and their breasts grew larger, the viral, or viroid, as she liked to call them, structures also grew larger and more complex.

She decided to see how the viroid colony would react to a chemical attack. She dropped a small drop of hydrogen peroxide into the milk and watched the viruses react to it. Cells and viruses dissolved, and the viroid colony was in temporary chaos, but it soon adapted. The viruses grouped together in a sturdy, protected, spherical structure and managed to survive.

A pattern was beginning to form on the surface of the microscopic sphere. Jennifer increased the magnification and began to study it.

However, before she could make much sense of the pattern, Kathy came barging into the lab, shouting something about her mother. "Miss Jones, please help, my mom is on the news—the army is trying to hunt her down," Kathy yelled as she grabbed the car keys off the table on which Jennifer had laid them.

"What are you talking about?" Jennifer asked.

Kathy dragged Jennifer to the cabin where the girls had set up and showed her a small, portable, battery-operated television that Mary and Debbie were still watching. On the TV a news special was covering the sighting of a giant woman that had been videotaped somewhere in Ohio. Kathy insisted that the woman was her mother. Jennifer watched the TV and saw the giant woman trying to run through a small suburban community as helicopters chased after her and then dropped nets on her.

"We have to rescue her," insisted Kathy.

"How? I don't think there's anything we can do," Jennifer said.


"I'll think of something. Are any of you coming with me or not?"

Mary and Debbie joined her, but Jennifer decided to stay. She had a more important, if a seemingly equally impossible, task to do. She wanted to find a cure for infection before the virus changed all life on her planet. She had to study the viroids and, if possible, learn how to defeat them. She couldn't stop the girls from going after Kathy's mom—they were bigger than her, and they'd do what they wanted.

Jennifer went back to the lab, while the girls drove off in her car. She was now stuck at the camp with no transportation and miles from any town.

Jennifer sat back down in front of the microscope to see how the viroids had finally adapted to her chemical attack. What she saw shocked her. The pattern on the





microscopic sphere was one she recognized. She realized she was looking at prime numbers in a simple digital format.

The viroids were intelligent and were trying to communicate with her!

Jennifer remembered something from Carl Sagan's science fiction novel *Contact*, in which astronomers at SETI, the Search for ExtraTerrestrial Intelligence, detected a radio signal of extraterrestrial origin. The signal was a sequence of beats and pauses, representing prime numbers: 2, 3, 5, 7, . . . , 101. Each prime number was represented by a sequence of beats equal to the number, with consecutive numbers separated by a pause. Converting the beats to ones and the pauses to zeros, the signal could be represented by a sequence of binary-digit bits, beginning "11011101111101111110 . . .," and that was exactly the pattern she was seeing on the surface of the microscopic sphere.

The fictional astronomers in Sagan's novel finally recognized their signal as having an intelligent origin. Could Sagan have been wrong? Could theirs have been a naturally occurring phenomenon that produced a pattern of prime numbers? Only the first fifteen prime numbers were on the microscopic sphere. And what was intelligence anyway? Did these viroids purposefully produce this pattern to advertise their intelligence? To say, in a sense, "Please don't kill us because we're smart, too?"

But how could something so small have any intelligence at all? How much intelligence could one possibly pack into such a tiny object? Then, Jennifer remembered some things she'd read about quantum computers and the limits of computation. Yes, one could, in theory, pack a lot of intelligence into such a small object. The whole plan for the human organism and its human brain was packed into a package even smaller, the DNA inside the human genome.

Perhaps now, if she could find a way to really communicate with it, her questions could be answered. Why would this viroid entity want to change human biology? Was it the work of a mad genius or of an alien civilization? And what exactly were these little things inside her doing to her mind and body?

TO BE CONTINUE