

Written by
Titlover

Illustrated by
PortalComic



The
DOOM
of
Knockerville

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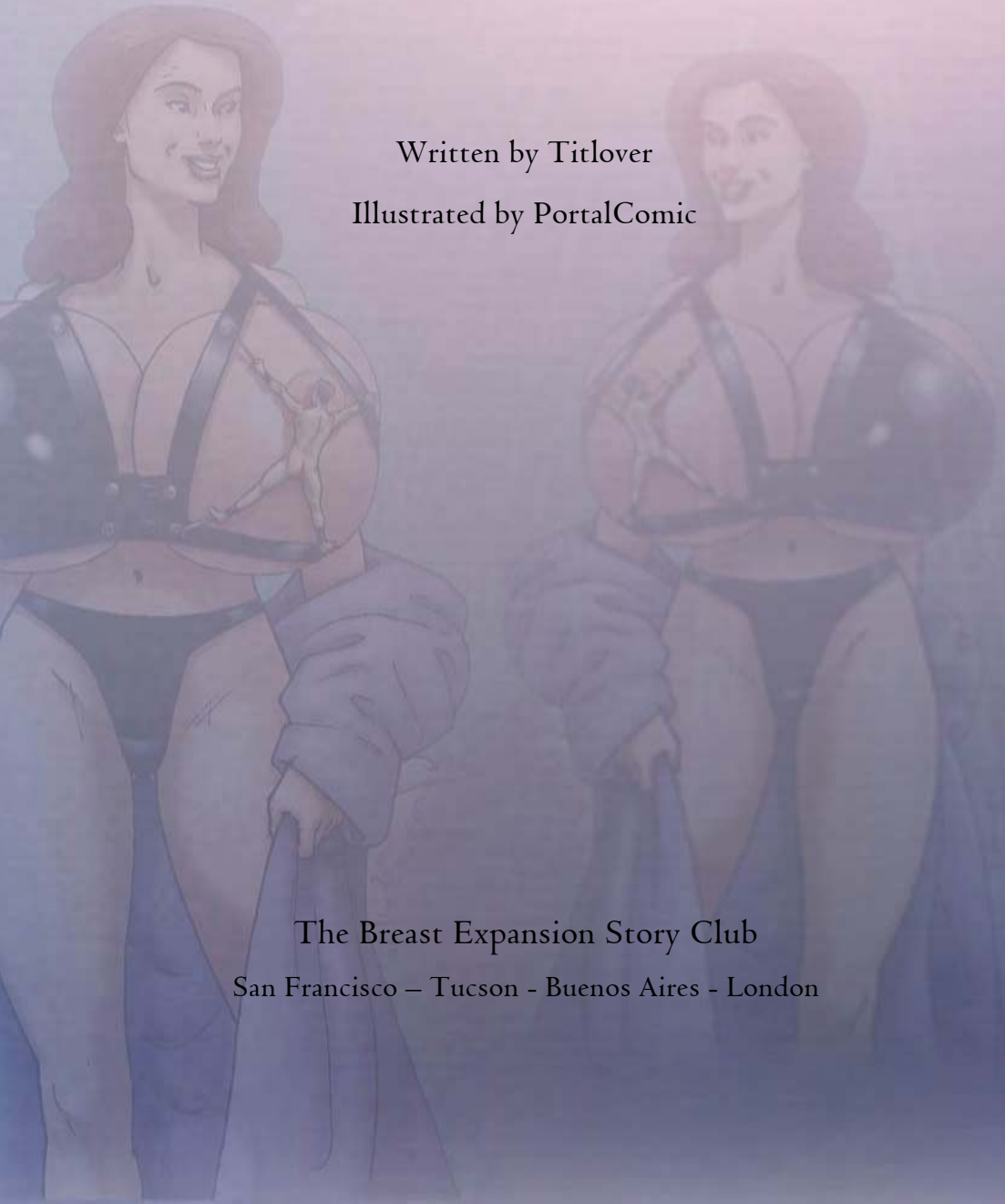
A Breast Expansion Novella

Written by Titlover

Illustrated by PortalComic

The Breast Expansion Story Club

San Francisco – Tucson - Buenos Aires - London



The Doom of Knockerville

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Written by Titlover

Illustrations by PortalComic

Designed by Digital k

Edited by Leviathan

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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.

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CHAPTER 1 – SHARON OUTGROWS HER 51 INCH MM BRA

Andy scanned the neighborhood as he got out of his car and noted the many signs of neglect that the events of the past week had brought. Almost all the lawns needed mowing, and across the street and a few houses down he saw that the Aneheim's mailbox was stuffed to the brim with mail they hadn't brought in. The trash was put out two days ago but the garbage men hadn't yet come around to collect it. Dogs had knocked over several cans and scattered trash across a few lawns, and no one had yet picked it up. Then he stepped up to the door of his house.

"Hello, Dear. How was your day?" he casually asked as he came in the door and saw his wife sitting at the dinning room table.

"Pretty full," Sharon answered while giving her heavy, mysteriously growing breasts a gentle shake. Then she adjusted the large sweatshirt that stretched and struggled to contain her huge milk-laden boobs. It was once Andy's sweat shirt, but she needed it now as none of her shirts or blouses fit over her new boobs. Her otherwise trim and athletic body only emphasized the outrageous proportions of her awesome breasts. What made the lactating, growing condition mysterious was the fact that many of the women who had been afflicted with it had never been pregnant. That included Andy and Sharon's fourteen-year-old daughter, Linda.

"Did you see the news today?" Andy asked as he laid a copy of the local newspaper in front of her. "They found out what was in those tanker cars that spilled last week. It was a synthetic bovine hormone meant to increase milk production in cows."

It had happened ten days ago when a truck's brakes failed. The truck crashed into the train the day before Sharon's breasts started lactating and growing. The truck had been carrying some still mysterious industrial chemical no one yet knew anything about. It had been a spectacular accident, and the company that owned the tanker car, as well as the one that owned the truck, refused at first to say what was in them. Knockerville was now under government quarantine, and no one was permitted in our out of the town. A huge electric fence had been erected all around the area, and often black helicopters flew low over their houses doing who knows what.

Sharon gave the article a quick scan. She wasn't the only woman affected by the strange breast hypertrophy in this little Ohio town called Knockerville. Every woman in town had the same condition, from twelve year old girls just coming into early puberty to fifty year old

women. Only menopausal women and prepubescent girls were spared.

"Is that why this... um, Boob-onic plaque, has been happening to us?" Sharon asked.

"Probably. The company, Geneafex, says it shouldn't be possible but mayor Rieter is hiring a scientific team to investigate. Geneafex may owe our little town a few hundred million for causing these, ah, handicaps."

"Handicaps? Yeah, that's what they are I suppose. So, I guess Geneafex will be picking up the tab for at least the bras and the breast reduction surgeries when we can get them." The local doctors were unwilling to perform the reductions until the breast growth had stopped.

"I hope so," said Andy.

"What about the constant horniness?"

"The paper doesn't even acknowledge that problem exists."

"I've already gotten too big for that new bra, so I just took it off," Sharon said as she casually gestured at the huge bra hanging over the back of a dinning room chair.

"So I see," Andy smiled in admiration. "Wasn't that the 51 double-M, a custom job?"

"I'm afraid so. Our bra budget is going to bankrupt us," Sharon said, pressing her two melons together and wetting the sweat shirt with milk stains.

"We need to talk to Kay Croeker. She's starting to make bras for a lot of the other women," Andy informed her.

"Oh, sweetie, I hope you don't mind," said Sharon as she began pulling down her sweat pants. "I need to masturbate again."

"Again? What if Linda walks in on you?" This new symptom had begun three days ago and at first Andy loved it, but his wife was now wearing him out with her constant desire for sex.

Sharon plopped her ass down on the couch and started fingering herself. "She already has. Remember, she has the same condition."

While Andy recalled the squeaking of bed springs and the sound of Linda's headboard knocking against the wall every night, Sharon asked, "Andy, dear, would you get my dildo?"

"Where...?" Andy didn't have to finish the question. He saw it lying on a plastic grocery bag on the dinning room table. It was wet when he picked it up. "How many times have you masturbated today?"

"I can't remember. It's almost all I can do these days," Sharon said as she took the dildo from Andy. "You wouldn't want to help me out here?"

"I'll be right with you, as soon as I get something to eat."

"I didn't have time to cook dinner."

"Oh, the hell with it," said Andy as he started taking off his pants. "Just let me have a little of your milk and lets fuck." He liked the taste of her milk; it reminded him of cantaloupe juice. He'd started bottling it in his thermos and taking it to work with him for lunch.

"Great, I love it when you suck on my nipples, but I hope my milk is safe," she said.

Andy didn't care. He shrugged off the potential danger because he couldn't resist his wife's huge breasts. He was turned on at the thought of sucking the sweet milk out of those enormous tits. She had become a breast lover's dream, like so many of the other women in town. He knelt down next to her and pulled up her shirt, grabbed hold of her left breast and started sucking on it. Andy cupped as much of her melon-sized globes as he could support, kneading, caressing and sucking them.

"They're always so full of milk these days. And they get so lonely when you're not here," Sharon said as she enjoyed Andy's sucking. The experience became more pleasurable than ever with each passing day. While she nursed him, she enjoyed a blissful sense of peace and well-being. She also experienced a new level of sexual arousal. His suckling was now beginning to trigger a deep and languorous orgasm like none she had ever experienced before.

"Promise you'll still love me even if I keep growing?" she asked.

Andy gazed at her longingly. "I promise, no matter how big you get, I'll always love you," he said just before he again took the pink nipple between his lips. This caused the nipple to pucker and lengthen. The sensitive teat swelled up and blushed like a rosebud. Teasing the stiffened nub with the tip of his tongue made it lengthen even further until it became stiff and grew to nearly an inch long. With the nipple between his lips he entwined it more vigorously with his swirling tongue and sucked it deeply into his mouth. The nipple exploded in a fountain of hot spurting sweetness, her milk glided down his throat.

"Oh, Andy, really?"

"Sharon, I love your big tits, I can't imagine them ever being too big for me to enjoy," he said as he more aggressively fondled and sucked her boobs.

"I'm going to hold you too that," She said.

"Please do."

"Alright," said Sharon as she put a hand on the back of Andy's head and forced his face deeper into her breast flesh.

Andy's words combined with his hungry fondling and sucking, as well as the dildo Sharon violently thrashed around in her vagina with her other hand, caused her pussy to convulse in deep quaking spasms. Andy had never seen her experience such an orgasm, and his tone of concern interrupted her erotic reverie. "Honey, are you okay?"

"Yes, dear, I'm fine," she smiled demurely. The experience triggered something new in her. The most intensely maternal instinct she'd ever felt towards Andy.

Andy studied her breasts admiringly. The dark flesh of her areolas had thickened into saucer-sized domes and emerging droplets of milk glistened like pearls on the richly pebbled surface.

Sharon suddenly needed him to suck more milk from her. She struggled just trying to express the desire with words, saying, "More... more." When she couldn't get her message across that way she grabbed Andy's head in both hands and rammed it down on her breast. "More!" she cried.

Andy sucked more milk from her. He was beginning to fill up on it. He shifted positions, his erection now fully hard, and he pulled the dildo out of her and then mounted her. When Andy could drink no more, she supported as much of her erupting breast as she could and took over sucking on them herself. Soon she had another powerful vaginal orgasm. After her tremors subsided and she had recovered her breath, Sharon switched breasts and started again.

Andy was no longer hungry and he had worn himself out trying to ejaculate in Sharon, she just wasn't as tight as she used to be. He wore himself out in about an hour and a half but Sharon kept on going without him. Andy went upstairs and fell asleep in bed.

CHAPTER 2 – KATHY TAKES HER BATH

The next morning, a couple houses down the block and across the street, Kathy Aneheim was taking her Saturday morning bath. Kathy was a seventeen year old high school senior who had also been affected by the same mysterious breast growth and lactation so many of the women had experienced. Her breasts were a new source of great pride and pleasure, she loved them.

Kathy enjoyed lying quietly in a warm bath and using her hands to squeeze and caress her swollen, milk-filled breasts. The pressure had built up during the night and she needed to relieve her engorged tits. They'd become swollen and sore because of the load of milk in them. She loved squeezing, caressing, or sucking her own voluptuous flesh. She loved to hoist a hot quivering melon up to her lips and surrender to wave after wave of pleasure.

She was turning the bathwater opaque with her milk flow now as she thought about Paul, a boy who sat next to her in History class. She looked down at the great globes of her breasts and continued to lift and fondle, alternately separating, rolling, and squeezing them as she remembered how Paul kept looking over at her tits with that hungry expression of his. Her enormous milk-filled breasts covered her entire chest. An intricate network of pale blue veins encompassed each massive globe like a lacey undergarment stretched to the bursting point. She pinched a thick nipple between her fingers and imagined Paul's lips sucking on it. Her nipple stems grew outward from the thickly textured surface of her areolas as her enormous throbbing breasts surged and heaved with the power to launch a thousand wet dreams.

Kathy lifted her two melon-sized globes up and out away from her chest and then let them drop, tumbling down to bob and sway, wildly at first, but then more slowly and hypnotically. The lower curves nearly rested in her lap. When she bent forward she could put a breast between her legs and rub it against her pussy. Her majestic breasts swooped down and outward like heavy, ripened fruit, wobbling and pulsing with an inner life of their own.

Then her mother knocked on the door and said, "Kathy, I have to go and find your father. He escaped last night. So, take care of the house while I'm gone. I should be back tomorrow night." What was this about her father wondered Kathy? He escaped? From what? She didn't understand that part, but she did understand she'd have the house to herself tonight. She had to call her friends and get Paul to come over.

CHAPTER 3 – SHARON GETS FRISKY

When Andy awoke the next day he found Sharon sitting, naked, on top of him. She must have mounted his morning erection while he was sleeping. "Andy, last night, was the most incredible night I've ever experienced," she told him. Andy noticed that Sharon's breasts had grown even larger. In fact, she seemed larger overall.

Normally, Andy liked it when his wife got sexually aggressive, but at the moment he was very hungry and not in the mood. "Sharon, can I leave you to your own devices for now? I'd like to get some breakfast," he said as he tried to coax her off of his hips. She was heavier than he remembered and he couldn't budge her.

"I've got your breakfast right here," said Sharon as she quickly bent forward and swung a breast smack into Andy's face while grabbing and holding down his arms. Andy turned away from the milk-dripping breast at first. "Come on, baby, I know you like it," Sharon pleaded. Andy gave in and started sucking her tit. "There, that's better." Sharon felt the blissful feeling return to her as she nursed her husband. "From now on, dear, I want you to suckle me for breakfast, lunch and dinner."

"Are you serious?" he asked. It was worth a try, he did like it, but he wasn't sure how healthy a diet of nothing but breast milk would be.

"Very." Sharon produced a prodigious amount of milk, much more than Andy could have consumed even if he did nothing else for food and drink. She produced more than she could conveniently store in the refrigerator. The hospital maternity staff had never seen so many cases of such phenomenal lactation and they were afraid to use the milk under the circumstances.

Sharon had regarded pumping as pleasant stimulation but recently it had become a bothersome nuisance that produced quarts and quarts of milk, but less and less pleasure. She stored a fraction of the excess in the refrigerator, but wasted large amounts of milk down the drain. She often used two high capacity electric pumps at the same time, one for each breast and didn't even bother to save the milk, but simply discharged it into the kitchen sink and washed it away. However, the feel of her husband's warm lips wrapped tightly around her nipple as he sucked was a feeling she was intensely determined to have more of, as much as was humanly possible. As Sharon was mashing a breast into her husband's face she heard her fourteen year old daughter call out, "Mom!" Sharon turned and saw Linda standing in the doorway to their bedroom. Sharon quickly covered herself and Andy with a blanket. "Linda, please," Sharon

protested.

"But, Mom, look. I need to borrow one of your old bras," Linda said as she gestured at the overflowing bra cups on her chest. "I think I grew a couple cup sizes during the night."

Sharon noted just how much her daughter overflowed her bra. Linda must have become an F-cup by now. She probably could wear one of her old bras. "Alright, dear, there's a box of old bras in the closet. Please, just take the box and go."

Linda walked to the closet and found the box, and then she asked, "Can I borrow a pair of your jeans too, mine are getting tight around the ass."

"Yes, yes. Take whatever you want and go," Sharon said impatiently. Linda grabbed more than the bra box and jeans; she also walked out with some of Andy's shirts and one of Sharon's sexist dresses. After Linda was gone, Sharon went back to breast feeding her husband.

Sharon held Andy down until he could suck no more and then finally let him up. As Andy sat up and proceeded to put on his slippers, he noticed that they were oddly loose. He pushed a slipper back towards his heel and observed that there was about a quarter of an inch play between his foot and the slipper. When Sharon tried on her shoes, Andy noticed that she was having difficulty fitting them on her bare feet. "What's wrong, honey?"

"I don't know, these shoes seem tighter than they used to be." When she put on her shorts, she struggled to get them over her hips and Andy found it stimulating watching her try to fit into her newly tight shorts. Andy chose a pair of old blue jeans and was surprised to find the fit rather baggy.

For years Andy had been accustomed to looking Sharon in the eye when they both stood up and faced each other, but today he could swear her head and shoulders felt higher than normal. He put the experience out of his mind because he didn't know what to make of it.

Linda would be spending the rest of the day with friends, and Andy and Sharon stayed inside all day and to enjoy more lovemaking. As the day progressed they noticed that their relative height difference was increasing. Sharon stayed by his side and made sure that he ate or drank nothing but her breast milk. She refused to miss a second of having his lips caressing her nipple and sucking her milk from her.

When lunchtime came around he was transfixed on her breasts and suckled her hungrily. Then they rolled on the carpet as they made love.

Her breast milk was becoming an addiction for him. "Come here, darling. Please relieve the pressure," she had pleaded. When he suckled her nipple, awaiting the heavenly nectar to flood into his mouth, he felt like he was out of control. He swallowed every precious drop. Again, the familiar orgasm raged through her body. When they stood up Andy noticed that Sharon must have stood at least two to three inches taller than before. His forehead was now at her eye level. She also noticed this and a look of puzzlement came across her face. However, neither of them yet thought it was a serious problem.

Her breasts were slowly but surely enlarging during the day. She also developed a new habit of fondling his genitals as well as her own whenever she could.

CHAPTER 4 – KATHY'S SEX PARTY

Meanwhile, Kathy Aneheim had called up several of her friends for a little party. Her school friends Debbie and Mary had just arrived. Both of the girls had large breasts, Debbie was a triple-E at least and Mary a double-F. Kathy told the girls that her mother had bras their size that she couldn't wear any more, as her mother now needed an N-cup. So the three girls headed to Kathy's parent's bedroom.

"Your parents must be really kinky," observed Debbie as she stepped into the bedroom. Kathy herself was surprised to see ropes and handcuffs locked and tied to the bedposts. Was this why Kathy hadn't seen her father in the last few days, because Mom was keeping him tied to the bed? Is this what he escaped from? The bedroom smelled of sex. The bed was crusted with dried milk and semen, as was the carpet around the bed.

The girls shrugged it off and headed for the dresser drawers and shopping bags where Kathy's Mom kept her bras and sexy clothes. Mary found a nursing bra that was her size and then a pull-over blouse with two slits in the side. "What's that?" asked Debbie.

"A nursing bra," Mary said as she put it on and then slipped on the gown with the two slits near the breast area. "This is a nursing gown," she added. Mary demonstrated how she could push her tit out of the slit in the blouse and open the front of the bra to expose her nipple. "I can't wait to try this on David," she said.

Debbie found a sexy little number that fit her fairly well though she over-flowed it slightly. The bra was probably from before the accident. Kathy opted for one of her mother's more recent custom bras, a job Kay Croeker specially made for her mother. It had thick, inch and a half wide shoulder straps and featured a quick release clasp in the front. It made her breasts stick out a foot and a half from her chest.

Soon the doorbell rang. The boys, Paul Kirk and David Sarny, had arrived. The three girls rushed to the door, Debbie and Kathy only in their bras and skirts, as they ran down the stairs. Kathy threw open the door and there they were, Paul and David, smiling nervously and obviously hoping to get lucky.

"Hi, Kathy," Paul said. "I hope you don't mind us showing up a little early."

Kathy grabbed Paul's hand and started pulling him inside. "Not at all. Come on in," Kathy said as Debbie and Mary each took one of David's hands and started dragging him over to the couch in the living

room.

"Hey, what's the rush?" David asked, startled by the girls' aggressiveness.

"Come on, Dave, we know what you want. Why beat around the bush or play games?" said Mary as the girls pushed him down onto the couch.

"You mean we're going to do it just like that?" David began before he was suddenly silenced by Mary who had pulled one of her tits through the slit in the blouse. She jumped on top of him and slammed her breast into his face. Debbie then started unzipping David's blue jeans.

Kathy, in the meantime, dragged Paul upstairs to her bedroom and practically threw him on the bed. "What are you looking at?" Paul asked as he contemplated Kathy standing over him and looking down on him with her intense and hungry look.

"I just can't get over how hot you look right now," Kathy said.

"Really?" No one had ever said that to him before. "Thanks, and you're looking pretty hot too," he said, checking her out. Her ass jutted out from her thighs like a rock outcropping. Then his eyes grew wide and locked on the thumb-sized nipples poking through her bra. She looked at him, then down at her own body. She ran her hands up her thighs, around her ass, waist, and ribs, finally placing them on her breasts, holding them as if they were a Christmas gift for him.

"So you like looking at my new boobs? You should taste them," she said.

Then she jumped on the bed and quickly climbed on top of him and started kissing him furiously. She cradled the back of Paul's head with her left hand and undid the clasp on her bra with her right. She released her breasts, and they flopped down onto his chest. The move startled Paul and he started to scoot away, but Kathy grabbed him, rolled him over and then pulled him onto her and jammed his face into a mammoth tit. Her panties were already getting wet. She lay beneath him and wrapped her legs around his torso as she pushed his head down tight on her breast.

Hesitantly, Paul touched her nipple with his lips and the feeling shot straight to her cunt. Paul also felt himself getting hard. Paul sucked a few drops of milk from her. He liked the taste and the erotic feel of her nipple and started suckling her more intensely. He then placed his hands on her boobs and squeezed. Milk came running out all over his hands. She then rolled them both over and positioned her breasts over his face

and milk began dripping into his mouth and all over his face.

He pulled her down and began sucking her tits and drinking the sweet milk that flowed from them. He rubbed his hands all over her soft, young body and would then squeeze more of that nectar out of her huge melons. Kathy removed her panties and Paul then unzipped his fly and pushed his cock up in her and began thrusting. Something didn't seem right though. He quickly pulled back. He was dizzy.

Paul tried to stand up and Kathy stood up with him as she helped him.

"What's wrong, Paul?"

"I don't know. I feel strange."

She gave him a comforting hug. That's when he noticed his clothes seemed baggy. Kathy didn't seem to notice anything at first, but then asked, "Paul, what's happening to you?"

"I don't know...."

"I think you're shrinking!"

Kathy was genuinely concerned. Paul was slowly and subtly getting smaller. Before he knew it his eyes were even with her mouth. She tried hugging him to comfort him. He continued to shrink. He saw her face slowly rise above his. At this point she had to actually look down at him. Soon all he could see were her enormous breasts right in front of his eyes. He looked up at her in panic as his clothes started falling off. She hugged him closer.

"Paul, I can actually feel you shrinking in my arms. I kinda like this. It's so strange to look down at you, but I do like it."

"I think I need to see a doctor."

"Right now? Let's just have some fun and we'll call the hospital when we're done. We may not be able to finish if you go now," Kathy said as she pulled him back down onto the bed.

"Good point," Paul said as they got back into bed and resumed his sucking and fucking. Sex with Kathy was an opportunity he couldn't pass up. He seemed to have stopped shrinking anyway, so maybe no more harm would be done. He also couldn't help but notice that her breasts looked even larger than they had a few minutes ago. Was it just his new relative size, or were they larger on her? Her breasts looked too inviting to ignore either way. Kathy's milk was coming out of her nipples even when not sucked on. Her tits felt enormous and engorged and she noticed they had seemed to grow slightly when Paul shrank.

Paul was kneeling between her legs and rubbing his growing erection across her stomach while kissing her nipples. Kathy was

begging for more of his skillful attention. He kissed his way down to her stomach and abdomen, planting his hot wet lips on her sensitive skin and working his way lower with each movement. He was discovering sensitive areas on her body, dwelling on them, carrying her to a new height of sexual arousal before moving on to another undiscovered erogenous zone. His tongue danced around the rim of her bouncing navel on his slow journey towards the bushy forest between her legs.

Her body was responding like never before. Melting under his gentle touch and now he was going down on her, diving between her long legs, burying his face in the most sensitive place on her body. No one had ever pleased her like this before. Her eyes felt like they had rolled back into her head. She felt so vibrantly alive her body was tingling all over. When he lifted his head to ask if she was enjoying it she screamed out loud, "Yes!" and wrapped her legs around his head to hold him in place.

Her hands were clutching the sheets. She spread her legs wide. She wanted him to take her, to ram his cock into her hungry pussy but she was so busy moaning she couldn't find the words to tell him. She lifted her hips off the mattress with her legs, inviting him in with a passion she'd never experienced before. Overcome with desire, begging him to do as he pleased, asking for more without uttering a single word.

She placed her hand on the back of his head and pressed his face firmly against her hungry pussy. She was prepared to hold him there with both her hands if she had to, but his head felt so small it seemed to fit in the palm of her left hand. She held him there, crossed her legs behind him and kept her hand firmly on the back of his head, grinding his face into her pussy and bucking her hips. She thought she heard a muffled moan of pleasure from him and hoped he was enjoying himself as much as she was. She could feel his body wiggling passionately between her legs, his little hands rubbing frantically along her thighs, his tongue probing deep into her pussy. His moaning continued and sounded more urgent, something had changed, it didn't feel the same.

Something was wrong. She leaned forward to get a better look down between her enormous tits and gazed down between her legs. Paul looked smaller. Her ankles were crossed all the way down around his feet. Paul wasn't even as long as one of her legs. She was still pressing his head to her pussy, gyrating her hips and fucking his face with her smothering wet cunt. She held him there with her powerful hand, her fingers so long they wrapped more than half way around his skull. He was kicking his legs and thrashing and pulling at her hand on the back of

his head. Little Paul was struggling with all his might. At first she didn't understand why, then she realized he needed to breathe.

So, she let go. Paul screamed at her. So she mashed his face back into her pussy to shut him up. She decided to keep him there. Paul, his head imprisoned by her long powerful fingers, was still trying to scream. Kathy spread her legs out wide and forced his face tighter against her bush to keep him quite. It felt so wonderful, she had no intention of letting him go.

He was trying to fight his way out of her grip, but he couldn't. His fists pounded desperately against her thighs, making a loud smacking sound each time he hit, but it didn't hurt, it felt good. It even felt good when he tried to bite her. She rubbed his face all over her pussy, twisting his head from side to side and forcing his nose into her hot wet groove. She smiled down at him and laughed as he struggled to escape. He wasn't going anywhere, no way he could possibly get loose and she wasn't even trying very hard.

His little skull soon felt smaller, like an orange in her hands. Any smaller and she could force it completely inside her pussy. She thought about that for a moment while watching him struggle. The idea of stuffing a Paul's head up inside her huge cunt turned her on even more as she imagined the sight. She spread her legs as far apart as she could and tried to get his head inside her hungry pussy. It didn't quite fit.

Kathy realized he was growing weaker by the minute from lack of air. She didn't want to kill him. She let him breathe and then she lifted him up and held him out in front of her, face to face, grabbing him round his rib cage with both of her hands.

"You did this to me," he roared while brandishing a tiny fist. It looked ridiculous, like a baby imitating a speech from Hitler. She just laughed at him. "Put me down, Kathy, I'm getting too small for this. We have to stop," Paul pleaded.

"I'm so sorry," she said as she swung her legs round and wiggled her buttocks forward to sit on the edge of the bed. She then lowered Paul's body to the floor between her enormous legs. "I didn't mean to get so carried away." She leaned forward and kissed him passionately. "Let's try something different, something safer for you."

"No, lets just got to the hospital. I need to see a doctor," Paul said.

Kathy slammed her giant thighs around his chest. "Don't be absurd. No doctor would understand this." What a sight, she thought, to see her big shapely legs squeezing threateningly his little imprisoned body. "You're not going anywhere until I'm finished," she said as she squeezed

her powerful legs together slowly, applying just enough pressure on his chest to give him a scare. She'd had to be careful with little Paul, she thought, or she might break him. She didn't want to crush him to death, she just wanted to feel her power over him.

She reached beneath her legs with her right arm and grabbed his little ass and squeezed it, then she slid her finger between his cheeks as she lifted him off the floor. She loved the sensation of holding his entire body in her hands. He was helpless and she knew that he probably hated her for this even while it was obviously turning him on. He hadn't, after all, lost his erection yet. The combination of his fear and sexual arousal made her feel doubly powerful, and she enjoyed it all the more.

With her hand still clamped tightly on his ass she turned him over and laid him on her closed thighs. Then with his little pecker trapped between her big thighs she pulled his butt back up near her stomach so his balls would hang in her pubic hair and brush against the top of her pussy. She held him there, squeezing his tiny cock between her thighs while his legs wrapped helplessly around her torso, and gave him a gentle back rub.

"Come on, Paul, relax," she said. "I don't want to hurt you, so don't make me. Just relax and try to enjoy it." She then started grinding her thighs together and tried to make him ejaculate between her tightly clenched thighs. She leaned forward and started rubbing her huge tits along his back as she massaged his shoulders. Paul was beginning to relax and enjoy himself, soon she felt him jerk and spasm as she felt a hot little load of cum squirt between her thighs.

She lifted him up and set him down to sit on one of her thighs. Then she wiped the cum off her inner thighs with a corner of a blanket from her bed. She smiled at him and examined him closely. She could see he was angry and scared. She also instinctively knew if she made him drink more of her milk he'd get smaller and she really could fit him inside her pussy. She lifted Paul up to her face again and gave Paul a hungry and determined look as she said, "Listen, Paul, you don't want to fight with me. I'll hurt you if I have to."

Paul's anger turned to pure terror. Staring directly into his frightened eyes she set him back down on her lap and stroked his hair. "There, there. I don't want to hurt you. I just want to have a little fun," she said as she slid a hand under his ass and gripped his little ass cheeks. Then she wrapped her other hand around the back of his neck so she could squeeze it with her fingers. "Relax," she said as she rubbed his buns in the palm of her big hand and squeezed the back of his neck to

see if she could force him to open his mouth. His eyes opened wide with terror as she squeezed again. "Open your mouth, it's time for my little man to suck my boobies again," she said as she began forcing his head toward her breast.

"No, not again," Paul said as he struggled. He had begun to realize it was her breast milk that was making him shrink.

She slammed Paul's face into her breast and forced, what was to him, a shot glass sized nipple into his mouth. He began to diminish again. She felt him growing smaller and her boobs growing larger. Her huge, growing, erect nipple was stretching his little, shrinking mouth to its limits. She could feel the back of his throat with her nipple as it pinned his little tongue to the bottom of his mouth.

She let him go, and he started complaining again. So she gave him a stern look as she said, "Be quiet or I'll shrink you again." He was quiet now. The ease with which she was able to manipulate him made her feel so powerful and horny. It drove her wild. She intended to take advantage of his helpless, diminutive size and her growing desire to do what she wanted with him. She playfully licked his face and kissed him.

He was so cute and cuddly sized, she thought, yet sill perfectly formed, down to his little cock. She repositioned him, with one hand behind his head and the other gripping his little ass as she smiled reassuringly at his frightened face. Then she gently placed him between her enormous tits, into the deep valley of her cleavage and tightly squeezed his little body between her breasts. She wrapped her long arms completely around all three of them, her boobs and Paul. The sensation of him rubbing against the sensitive skin on her stomach and chest was more arousing than before.

She held him firmly between her huge tits while she gently rocked him from side to side. She felt him shrinking and she knew that Paul belonged to her now. She was going to do whatever she wanted with him no matter how hard he resisted her. She wiggled his head deeper into her tight cleavage, enveloping him, forcing her mountainous tits together with her elbows as she looked down at the top of his head. "I could smother you completely with my breasts now," she told him as she squeezed him between them teasingly, threateningly. Then she squeezed her breasts even tighter and flatter together and Paul disappeared between her smooth white breasts, completely enveloped from head to toes.

She let him go after a moment and then massaged herself with his little body, lifting him high in the air with her hands under his armpits

and them slamming him firmly against a breast, poking his stomach with her hard erect nipple while rubbing and twisting his body against her skin. She mashed him against her breasts again and again and gave herself a frantic titty massage, keeping his body pressed firmly against her giant boob. She relished the stimulating sensation of his hard cock moving against her sensitive nipple.

He still wasn't quite small enough for what she really wanted. He needed to drink some more milk. Paul knew what she intended to do and screamed at her and struggled to get away. She got angry and held him down on the bed and yelled, "Just shut up and suck, you little twirp!" Her breasts quivered with indignation, her massive tit-flesh rippling. She slammed her body down on Paul and pressed her breast harder into his face. He found it hard to breath. "If you don't suck my tits, I'm gonna hurt you," she threatened. She held his nostrils together, which forced his mouth open. At his first gasp for air she pressed her immense nipple against his mouth. It was too big for him to take it in now, but he could still suck it. "If you bite, I swear I'll kill you. Now suck!" Again, he tried to resist, but her milk was so incredible, erotic and delicious he couldn't stop once he tasted it again.

CHAPTER 5 – DAVID LOSES HIS VIRGINITY

Downstairs on the couch, David was in such ecstasy he didn't grasp what was happening to him. Debbie and Mary noticed his body dwindling but said nothing. Mary even knew it would happen because her mother had reduced her father to a tiny doll-like size last night. When Debbie wanted to say something, Mary put her finger to her lips and shooshed her. David shrank far faster than Mary's father had. He was only three feet tall by the time his shrinking dawned on him.

"Hey! What's going on here?" He screamed and thrashed about in a pile of clothes he used to wear.

"You're shrinking. Don't worry about it," said Mary as she and Debbie stepped back to look him over. "It's normal."

"It is?"

"You've obviously never done this before," said Mary.

"Sure I have," David lied.

Mary reached down into the pile of clothes and extracted the almost baby-sized, naked boy and then set him down on her lap. "You have?" she asked. "Really? You grew back?"

"Sure, people do this all the time," David assumed, trying to hide his inexperience.

Was he lying or did they really grow back? Mary wondered, though she didn't care that much at the moment. But it would be nice if David and her father could grow back so they could do it again instead of risking getting shot trying to escape quarantine to find new victims as her mother planned.

"I just never shrank this much before," added David.

"Now I know you're lying. You're hardly small enough to fit inside me," Mary said because she knew her mother had to shrink her dad down to eight inches before he fit inside her mom's vagina.

"What are you thinking, Mary?" Debbie wondered. This wasn't normal at all. "Are you planning to use him like a dildo or something?"

"Aren't you?" asked Mary.

Debbie nodded an excited "yes," because it sounded like a great idea. David sat quietly on Mary's lap and wondered what a dildo was.

Mary then cradled David like a baby in her arms and grabbed the back of his head and then forced his face down on her nipple. "You know what to do..." she said. David was no match for her strength and he was nearly suffocated by the massive amount of breast that his head was engulfed in, but he didn't want to fight her and seem inexperienced

and frightened. Besides, he could hardly hold back anymore. He had to suck and admire those pale mountains. He latched on and began sucking like a little baby in her arms. "There you go, suck mommy's big tit. Get all the milk you can," Mary said as David sucked powerfully and was rewarded with a sudden flood of warm sweet milk. Mary's breast quivered with pleasure, a deep sinuous pleasure that rolled through her. David's cock, which had gone limp, began to swell and thicken again. Mary smiled down at David and sighed contentedly. She was treating him like he was a little baby.

Soon he began to shrink. Mary loosened her grip and watched. David saw Mary's nipple sliding upward and felt the skin of her thigh seemingly expand under his buttocks. After a moment Mary again cradled the now smaller boy's little head in her lap while he nursed comfortably on a long fat nipple that was starting to get too big to fit in his mouth. Mary supported her breast with one hand and caressed David's face with the other and again sighed deeply and smiled down on him. He was willingly giving himself to her for her pleasure.

At that moment, upstairs in Kathy's room, Paul, now a little less than a foot and a half tall, jumped off the bed and ran towards the bedroom door. Out of the corner of his eye he saw Kathy taking slow giant strides after him. "You come back here little fellow, and let me feed you," insisted Kathy.



"No, Kathy, I'm not gonna let you tell me what to do."

"We'll just see about that."

Paul ran out the door and Kathy's huge legs made long strides that were just too much for him to outrun. He knew she was almost on him so he ducked under the bed in her parent's room. He saw her feet standing by the bed and heard her say, "Fe Fi Fo Fum, where's that boy with the tiny bum?" and a moment later she got down on hands and knees and began reaching for him. He was too far back for Kathy to reach him, especially with her huge boobs getting in the way.

"Okay, Paul, you can't stay under there forever and the longer you do, the more pissed off I'm going to get," Kathy said. Then she started clearing out some of the junk that blocked her view of Paul. She pulled out some very strange items from under her parent's bed. She found a black leather bra made of mostly straps that had a little Ken doll harnessed into it. What was this for? Kathy, taking occasional glances at Paul cringing in the corner, fitted the cups of the leather bra over her own breasts and saw that, in spite of the fit being a little loose, the Ken doll was strapped into the bra in such a way that his face was forced up make this bra so that mom could wear dad on her breast? Poor dad, and poor Paul, thought Kathy because she knew she'd have to try this and show Debbie and Mary.

She also found some leather panties with another, smaller, doll strapped in so that he'd have his face on her clitoris if she wore them. Then Kathy found a very long double-headed dildo. It was made of some translucent and rubbery plastic material. She started whipping the dildo around under the bed trying to chase Paul out. She smacked him hard a couple times as she randomly flailed the dildo about. It worked; Paul rolled out from under the bed and took off running.

Paul ran for the door hoping to get out before Kathy could get up and start chasing him again. Before he reached it Kathy kicked it shut. He wasn't fast enough. Paul turned around and slowly looked up at Kathy who was peering over and between her huge tits. Her hands were on her hips and she had a sly grin on her face. "Just where do you think you're going, Paul?" Slowly Kathy began squatting down and leaning in towards him. Paul's eyes grew wide as he saw those gigantic melons heaving towards him. Then she looked dead at Paul with a hungry intensity that sent a chill up his spine.

Back down stairs on the couch, Mary had shrunken David down to a size that would fit nicely into her pussy.

CHAPTER 6 – SHARON'S GROWING PROBLEM

The next morning, Andy and Sharon awoke in each other's arms. Andy hugged her tightly, feeling her warm body against his. That's when he noticed that his feet were only reaching down to her knees and his head was sandwiched between her breasts. Her hands seemed much larger than his. When she turned he felt the weight of her body affect the mattress. Slowly her eyes started to open. "I love you so much my dear," whispered Sharon. Andy noticed that either she had grown or he had shrunk during the night, if not both. She was now clearly taller by more than a several feet. He was embarrassed, but also incredibly turned on by his big wife. "Sharon, something is wrong here. You look taller, bigger."

"That's impossible," she replied, but it was obviously true.

They got out of bed and both noticed that Andy's eye level was about as high as her nipples, nipples that hung down near Sharon's navel. "My god, you're tiny!" she said in disbelief. "Up against the wall, little guy," she commanded. She made a mark at his head level. Then she measured the distance between the floor and the mark with a yard stick. "You're only four feet and two inches tall!"

"Oh, shit. I've become a midget," Andy declared. "What's going on here?"

Then she measured herself and was shocked to find that she now stood six foot-eleven inches. "Honey, you've gotten smaller, and I have gotten bigger."

"How can this be?"

"I don't know."

"You've got to get me to a doctor right now so they can run some tests or something."

"We can see a doctor tomorrow. In the mean time let's just enjoy ourselves," Sharon said as she knelt down and draped her long arms over his shoulders and kissed him on his forehead.

"But what if I keep shrinking? What will be left of me?"

"I've got some tests to run of my own first, dear. Tests the doctor can't do," she said as she began moving toward him, backing him up against the wall with nowhere to go. She looked very intimidating and had an almost evil grin on her face.

"What?"

"I think I know what is causing you to shrink." She pressed him against the wall and smothered his face with a massive tit. He tried to resist, but he couldn't. Part of him wanted her milk so bad. "There, that's

better... you drink my sweet milk."

Like an addict, he sucked desperately. She stooped down and started massaging his crotch as the milk started flowing into his mouth. He had never felt such ecstasy as the warm milk filled his belly with heavenly pleasure. Sharon was astonished. He was now actually shrinking right before her eyes, and she had to lower herself to keep her breast at his mouth level. He had to stand on his toes to reach her nipples. Then he couldn't reach them anymore. He looked up and all he could see was the underside of her breasts. Then he saw her face peer over them. Then she stooped down and picked him up by the armpits. His feet dangled in the air. He couldn't believe it as she carried him to the living room that way, sat on the sofa and then sat him down on her thigh.

She rubbed his infant-sized body across her breasts, his belly sweeping over her mammoth mammaries, her fat motherly nipples erect and rubbing against his chest. Then she proceeded to place her tit in his mouth again, and with a hand on the back of his head she forced him to suckle her. He tried to resist at first and she began to laugh out loud as he wiggled and struggled to get free. He was helpless against her. She pressed his lips against her swollen nipple. He eventually latched on and began sucking uncontrollably. In her hands he began to shrink again.

Sitting there on her lap, he saw her nipples rise higher and higher. "I can feel you getting smaller," she said. He was shrinking again, faster than before. Soon she had one hand around his waist, and her thumb was pressing his head against her nipple. She was huge compared to him. She then pulled her thumb off his head, as he jerked back for a deep breath of air. "It looks like I've got a little doll."

"Why are you doing this to me, Sharon?" He asked as he looked down to see himself in the palm of her giant hand. Oh God, he thought, she could wrap her fingers around his waist. He felt one of her fingers slide from on his ass to between his legs. She began to rub his balls and erect cock with it. She no longer needed her hand on the back of his head. She could hold his body in the palm of her hand. He could no longer get his mouth around her entire nipple. He struggled to suck against the huge boob flesh. He guessed he was about ten inches tall. He was indeed like a doll.

His life was simply in her hands. Sharon intimidated and frightened him. She forced him to look up at her... "It looks like I was right about the milk."

"I can't believe you did that. Sharon, please, you have to stop. I

can't afford to shrink anymore," he cried.

"You know, this could actually be a lot of fun," she said as she started to lift him up and look him over. Her hand, with Andy in it, rose up to her face. He pulled at her fingers with all his might. She squeezed harder, making it harder for him to breathe.

"No! We need to hold off on the hanky-panky until we can see a doctor."

She placed him between her breasts and started squishing him between them and leaving only his little head sticking out. "You mean to tell me that you are going to resist making love to me?"

"Honey, we've got to stop this, or else we'll have to hire ourselves out as circus freaks." Her breasts were enormous. His field of vision was completely covered by her gigantic tits.

"There's something I have to try before I'm finished... I want to see if I can get your whole body stuffed up into my pussy," she said as she continued to knead and jiggle her huge breasts around with Andy squeezed between them.

"What?!"

"I bet it will feel fantastic. But I've got to make you just a little bit smaller first." With that she parted her breasts and let him fall into her lap. After that she squeezed her breast and nipple to let a few measured drops of her milk fall on his face. He couldn't help himself, he licked them up and started shrinking and was soon a mere eight inches tall. Then Sharon opened her thighs and let Andy fall down between her legs.

Andy sat up slowly and found himself staring up at his wife's gargantuan pussy, her thighs walled him in on either side. The dark, wet and cavernous passage that opened before him frightened and excited him at the same time. Standing up now between her opened legs he looked up at her and pleaded, "please, Sharon..."

Sharon brought her huge hand up behind his back and started pushing him forward, gently, toward her dripping, opening vagina. "Come on, Honey, start playing with it. Lick it, pull on my pussy lips..." She pushed him forward again and he tried to run. She slammed her thighs closed on him. "Damn it, Andy, behave." Opening her thighs again she reached down and pushed him violently up against her cunt and started rubbing him around. She let up on the pressure slowly and kept her hand near his back. "Come on, you've done this before, it's just a little bigger now."

She was right. Andy started kissing it and rubbing her pussy, stroking and licking her clitoris. Soon he was sliding his whole arm in

and out of her and letting his body rub up against her huge vulva. She moaned appreciatively and he started getting into the task of pleasing his giant wife – in more ways than one. He could feel her flesh quiver with the pleasure that he produced in her. She was getting more excited and craving more from him as he worked his head and body along her immense opening. Finally, she could stand it no longer; she reached down between her legs and began rubbing him against the hot flesh of her pussy again. Then she grabbed his feet and pushed him over on his back. She started guiding his legs between her labia and sliding him deeper into herself. The feel of his legs and then his hairy little ass sliding into her vagina was exquisite. She slid him in up to his armpits and then with thumbs and forefingers holding on to his shoulders she slid him out slowly feeling his body moving against her labia repeatedly, then faster, then faster yet. Poor Andy was now being shaken about violently. He could feel the great pressure of her giant fingers holding his shoulders tightly as his world was rocked.

Simply rubbing him against her pussy-flesh wasn't enough, so, with one swift push, she swallowed him up completely in her pussy. She put her fingertips on his head and shoulders and pushed him into herself as far as she could reach. His little body felt so good going into her that she moaned in pleasure. She felt him slide all the way up inside herself. She had completely swallowed him with her pussy like she once swallowed his cock. The idea of it made her feel powerful. She wasn't using just a part of him in her vagina she was using all of him. Her deep inner muscles were fondling him, her massive vaginal walls hugging every inch of him and holding him helpless, squeezing and pressing him, subjecting him to her every whim. His terrified squirming and writhing felt terrific.

The outer world had suddenly disappeared for Andy as he slid into her and he soon realized that he was completely engulfed in the hot wet softness of his wife's gigantic cunt. He couldn't believe how easily she had taken him into herself, hugged from head to foot in the soft elastic grip of her prodigious vagina. He felt the soft slippery walls, so hot and wet, giving him no grip, his hands slipped and skidded on the hot gelatinous masses of soft spongy flesh that enfolded him. He felt the hot velvety sheath of her inner flesh, soft and warmly erotic, slip over his thighs, hips, chest and shoulders. Terrific warmth enveloped him.

She had never felt anything as wonderful as he squirmed and wriggled around way up there inside her. She lay there enjoying the fantastic sensation. When he started to quiet down she squeezed her

vaginal muscles on him and then shivered in ecstasy as she felt him renew his wonderful squirming again. She had squeezed with great crushing muscles, and what had been soft spongy masses of warm softly yielding flesh was suddenly crushing pressure. His arms were pinned, his chest squeezed tightly, he could barely breathe or move. His trapped body was at the mercy of his insanely horny wife and the enormous pressure she exerted over his entire body. He thrashed about inside the depths of her colossal vagina. It was causing her to orgasm, writhe and moan in absolute ecstasy.

Soon the great muscles relaxed and she slid him partially out, up to his armpits. She rested his head on two of her fingers and looked down at her husband as he lay gasping for several minutes. He looked up at her with utter terror in his eyes. She sat there looking down on him and was finally beginning to feel some pity. He tried to push himself out, but Sharon gently pushed him back in up to his armpits again.



"I'm so sorry, dear, please don't be frightened," she said as she sat there on the couch looking down at her poor frightened husband and pondering his fate while he was still partly immersed inside her pussy. "I don't want to hurt you. Would it help you to know that you feel wonderful inside my pussy? Just let me hold you there awhile."

"Sharon, please call our doctor," was all he said.

"Okay, I will," she said. She wadded up a shirt and stuffed it between her legs so her husband's head was propped up and cushioned. Then she reached around behind her and picked up the phone off the end table and placed it between her legs. Andy started to push himself out of her vagina again, but she gently pushed him back in up to his armpits again.

She then dialed Doctor Smythe. Andy watched her as she idly played with her clitoris using one hand and listened to the phone with the other. "They put me on hold, dear. This might take awhile."

"Sharon, can I get out of here now?" Andy asked as he placed his hands on either side of his wife's cunt and started to push himself out again.

"Not yet, dear. I like the way you feel in there," she said as she grabbed one his shoulders between her thumb and forefinger and slid him back in again, up to his armpits. This time she held on to his shoulder and moved him around gently in slow circular motions as she waited for someone to answer the phone. Eventually, someone did.

"Hello, I need to see Doctor Smythe, this is an emergency," she said into the phone. "He's busy? Can I make an appointment?" She listened again for a moment. "This is going to sound crazy, but it's my husband... he's, ah, he's shrinking." She listened for awhile and then gazed down between her humongous breasts at her husband and said, "Honey, you're not the only one. This has been happening all over town." She listened a little longer. "They can stop the shrinkage... I think. We can go to the hospital in another hour and a half to see our doctor. They're bringing him in later today and it seems they know what to do."

Andy was elated. "Thank, God!" It sounded like they could help him. Sharon smiled down on him and started moving him around in faster circles. "Honey, are you sure you want to get bigger?" Sharon asked sadly.

"Yes, I'm sure. How can I live like this?"

"I'd take care of you."

"Sharon, please, will you take me to the hospital?"

"Of course," she said as she stroked his face gently. She would miss the feeling of having her husband shoved up into her pussy, but it was making life difficult and dangerous for him. "But, we do have a little time before we should go..." with that Sharon pushed Andy back up inside her pussy.

As Sharon was moving Andy around inside her pussy, she heard footsteps running up to the front door. She suddenly remembered her daughter, Linda, would be coming home from her music class about now. Sharon left Andy shoved up inside her cunt and threw Andy's housecoat over her lap just as Linda threw open the door.

Linda was crying pitifully as she ran into the house, she was carrying something in her right hand but Sharon couldn't make out what it was. "I've done something terrible, Mom," Linda said as she came running up to her mother. She showed her mother what she was carrying in her hand and said, "Look what I've done to Randy, he's become a doll or something." Sharon, even after what she had just done to Andy, was shocked. There in Linda's hand was Randy, now about three and half inches tall, semi-wrapped in a handkerchief.

"Good Lord! You shrunk your boyfriend," Sharon exclaimed.

"Mom, what am I going to do? I can't take him home like this. How would I explain it to his parents?"

"Let me see him," Sharon said as she held out her hand.

Linda handed her tiny boyfriend over to her mother. Sharon examined the poor, horrified boy closely. She noticed that Randy's hair was damp and tossed about messily. As she held him between her thumb and forefinger she felt his tiny erection under the handkerchief, under her thumb. Sharon became indignant and asked, "You made him drink your breast milk, didn't you?"

"I didn't make him, not at first. He wanted to," Linda objected.

Sharon became angry and accusing, saying, "Then you used him, you used him like he was a dildo or something!"

"What, no!" Linda acted horrified at the accusation.

"Then why," Sharon began as she unwrapped the tiny boy clothed in the handkerchief, "does Randy have this little boner, huh?" Sharon held the naked boy up to her daughter's face.

"Okay, I did. But... how did you know?" Linda asked.

Sharon was quiet as she looked at her daughter's accusing expression and remembered her own husband wriggling about inside her own vagina.

"I mean you've been letting Dad drink your breast milk, I've seen

you, remember? Dad didn't shrink." Then something began to dawn on Linda. She noticed her father's housecoat lying across her mother's lap. "Where is Dad?" Linda asked her mother.

"He's at work," Sharon said, lying to her daughter.

"No he's not. I called there before I came home. He was supposed to pick me up," Linda said.

"Don't worry about your father. You just take Randy upstairs and put him in an old shoebox. Punch some holes in it so he can breathe. I'll call the hospital and we'll make an appointment with doctor Smythe," Sharon said. Sharon felt Andy thrashing about wildly inside her, trying to get out. It was taking her to the verge of another orgasm.

"Okay," Linda said, relieved that her mother had a sensible plan to help Randy.

Sharon felt Andy poking an arm out of her cunt and grabbing on to some of her pubic hair. He was starting to pull himself out. Quickly, she thrust her hand under the housecoat and used a couple fingers to push her husband back in. As she did she couldn't resist the impending orgasm and began to moan and tremble.

"You're disgusting," Linda said as she watched her mother start to masturbate in front of her. She turned away and marched upstairs to her room to prepare a shoebox for her boyfriend.

CHAPTER 7 – MARY LOSES HER DAVID

Meanwhile, back at the Aneheim's house...

Mary and Debbie had shared and used David like a dildo all night long and then had fallen asleep naked. Debbie on her back on the floor with a throw pillow under her head and Mary curled up on the couch. When Mary awoke she wasn't too concerned about the fact her breasts had grown another cup size and a half. No, she was worried about David. She immediately started looking around for him. Where had he gone? "David? Where are you?" she called out. Debbie began to stir and wake as Mary started looking around, under the couch, between the couch cushions...

"If you're looking for David, I've still got him," said Debbie as she reached between her legs and grabbed her pussy.

"You left him in there all night? Is he okay?"

"I think so. I can feel him breathing," Debbie said as she poked her fingers into her pussy and fished David out. She sat up and laid David on the floor between her legs and checked him out. He looked a bit dazed and freaked out, and his chest and shoulders were a bit bruised but other than that he seemed okay.

Mary brought her head over him and looked down on him smiling broadly and saying, "Good morning, Dave. You were incredible last night, thanks."

"Thanks," David said smiling proudly before he moved and winced at the pain. "I'm glad you enjoyed it." David wasn't entirely sure that what happened last night wasn't normal sex; his fundamentalist parents hadn't ever explained sex to him. It certainly wasn't what he expected. However, it was a turn on and he knew what an orgasm was because he masturbated every night, and he did have an orgasm when he was inside Debbie. She'd gotten two fingers under his ass and pressed him up against the roof of her fleshy cavern and started sliding him around. That pressed his erection tightly between her cavern roof and his belly and he ejaculated. If this was what sex was, it wasn't all that bad, though it took a lot of trust and it was kind of scary. It just wasn't what he imagined it would be like.

"I think we should get you cleaned up," said Debbie as she lifted him up off the floor in her hands. She took him to the bathroom and set him down in the sink, then started running water. Mary walked in behind her and started running water into the bathtub.

“I hope Kathy’s parents don’t mind,” said Mary.

“Where are they any way? We could be in big trouble if they walk in on us,” said Debbie.

Mary just shrugged her shoulders while Debbie placed a washrag and a bar of soap in the sink for David.

“Why are you putting David in the sink, Deb? Wouldn’t it be more fun to have him bath with us?” Mary asked.

Debbie liked that idea. “Yea, it would...” Debbie looked down at David, “Are you up for it, Dave? It’ll be like a swimming pool for you.”

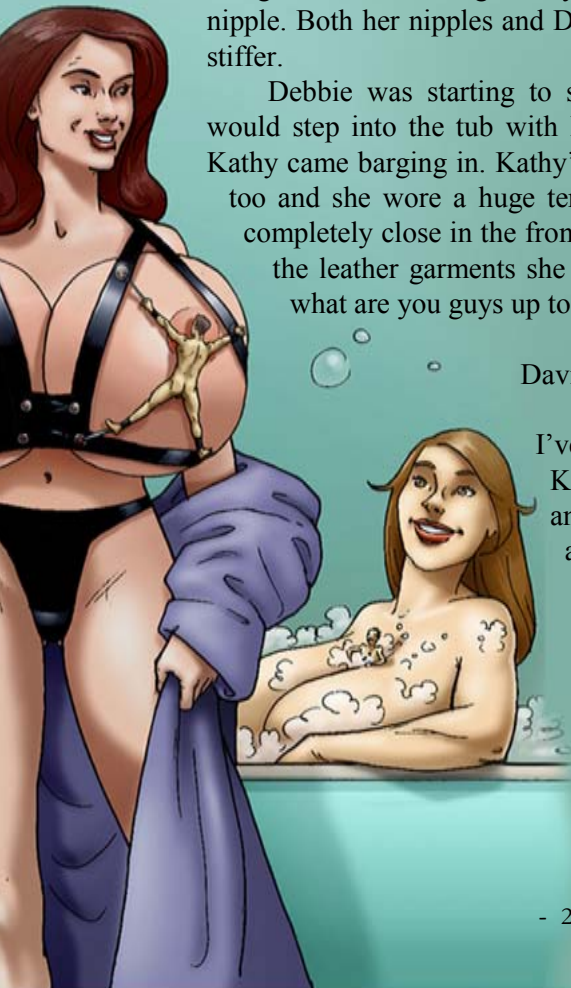
“Okay, why not,” David said.

Debbie shut off the water in the sink, picked David up and then handed him to Mary who was now sitting in the tub in the shallow water. Mary laid David in her lap and started squirting liquid soap all over him. Then she picked him up and started rubbing him across her body as if he were a bar of soap. She loved the feel of his slippery, soapy skin sliding along her boobs and vigorously rubbed his little cock around on her nipple. Both her nipples and David’s cock started to get larger and stiffer.

Debbie was starting to shut the bathroom door before she would step into the tub with Mary, but before she could shut it, Kathy came barging in. Kathy’s boobs had grown during the night too and she wore a huge terry cloth bathrobe that she couldn’t completely close in the front. Beneath the robe she was wearing the leather garments she found under her mom’s bed. “Hey, what are you guys up to?” Kathy asked.

“We’re going to take a bath with David,” said Debbie. “Is that cool?”

“Yea, it’s cool. But, hey, before I go I’ve got to show you something,” said Kathy. Then she threw open her robe and showed her friends the leather bra and panties she was wearing. “Check it out,” she said as she modeled the costume for her friends, doing a slow spin, a couple poses and a model’s walk around the bathroom. “Isn’t this the sexist getup you’ve ever seen?” Kathy had Paul strapped in to the bra, his face smashed up against her nipple.



Poor little Paul didn't look too happy about it thought Debbie. "Hurry up with the bath, okay. I want to go out and find more of the boys. I need at least two more for my underwear," Kathy said as she walked out and shut the door behind her.

"It might not be as easy to find any more guys as she thinks," said Debbie as she stepped into the tub. "I'd bet most of the boys are already claimed and the ones that aren't in some other girl's possession are probably in hiding."

"You're probably right," said Mary as she mashed David around between her slippery, soapy breasts. "We may have to get out of the quarantine area to find them."

CHAPTER 8 – SHARON FINALLY SEES DOCTOR SMYTHE

It was getting time for the doctor's appointment and Sharon was now over eight and half feet tall. Her daughter, Linda, was still in her room and Sharon could hear the squeaking of bed springs and the headboard knocking against the wall. Sharon knocked on the door, loudly. The headboard stopped knocking against the wall, but the bedsprings only slowed and quieted slightly.

"Linda, we have to be at the doctor's in fifteen minutes, so, get ready. Okay?"

"Okay, Mom," came Linda's voice, trembling, from behind the door.

As Sharon headed to her own bedroom she heard Linda's headboard start knocking against the wall again. Sharon examined the clothes in her drawers and closet. None of her old clothes would fit, certainly none of her bras. However she found a pair of old spandex pants Andy's big-assed overweight mother used to wear and she was able to cut the legs and crouch off thus making them into a workable tube top that fit over her enormous boobs, though rather tightly. For a skirt she just cut a sheet in half the long way and wrapped it around her hips a couple times.

After she had dressed she grabbed Andy and stuffed him down securely into her tight cleavage leaving only his little head poking out. Then she went down stairs where her daughter was waiting with a shoebox under her arm. It would be the first time Linda would see her father at his extremely shrunken size.

As Sharon approached Linda saw her father's head sticking out of her mother's cleavage. "Dad!?" Linda exclaimed.

"Hello, Sweetie," Andy said to his daughter's huge, shocked face. "Don't worry. I'm sure doctor Smythe will have a cure."

"I hope so," Linda said. "How are you going to pick me up from school when you're that size?"

The two ladies headed out the door and got into the car. Sharon had to tear the driver's seat out and jam it way back against the rear seats in order to drive the car in an extremely squatted over and uncomfortable position. Linda who had also grown in height had her knees pressed up against her breasts on the passenger side. On top of that Andy kept struggling and wiggling around in Sharon's cleavage and as a result was sinking deeper down into it. She had to keep pulling him up.

As the mother and daughter approached the hospital they saw that

someone had set up a huge circus tent on the parking lot. There was a large crowd of huge breasted and extraordinarily tall women gathered around it. The women came in various sizes of tall and many of the women carried bird cages with little men in them or had pickle jars with holes punched into the lid or shoe boxes with holes punched in them. Sharon couldn't get close to the hospital by car because the other women had abandoned their cars on the streets around the hospital.

Sharon did the same. She shut off her car and left it in the street, and then she and Linda trotted up towards the hospital. They soon came up to a woman who was almost as tall as Sharon and who was sobbing pathetically while clutching something in her hand. "Look at what I've done to my poor Jerry," she said as she opened her hand and showed it to Sharon and Linda. There lying in her palm was a tiny naked man only an inch tall at best. "What am I going to do with him?"

A woman nearby offered her advice, "You can rub him around on your clitoris," she suggested. Linda then stepped up and suggested, "You could tape him to a dildo and rub him against your G-spot." That seemed to stop the poor woman's tears. "Yes, I could do that," she said as she looked down upon her terrified husband lying there on her palm. She smiled as she contemplated this.

Sharon had nothing to add so the two women walked on towards the hospital. Finally a topless woman with her saggy breasts hanging down around her thighs and a clipboard approached them. "Do you have an appointment?" Asked the saggy-breasted lady.

"Yes, we're here to see Doctor Smythe," Sharon said.

The woman checked her clipboard and said, "Ah, yes, Sharon and Linda. Follow me." Then the woman led them into the tent and introduced her to a twelve foot tall woman, "Margaret, this is Sharon. Sharon, this is misses Margaret Smythe."

"Hello," said Margaret as she offered Sharon her hand. "What can I do for you?"

"I'm here to see your husband, Doctor Smythe," Sharon said.

"Okay, here he is," Margaret said as she pulled down the sheet wrapped around her boobs and lowered her right tit down to Sharon's face. There was something tapped to Margaret's nipple with a Band-Aid. At first Sharon didn't understand, but then she realized who the tiny man, about an inch tall and tapped on to Margaret's tit with his head smashed up against her nipple, was.

"Doctor Smythe!?" Sharon exclaimed in surprise. The little man was saying something, probably yelling it, but his voice was too

squeaky, high pitched and faint to make out what it was.

“Wait, I was told that you could help me and stop the shrinkage of my husband,” Sharon said.

“We can help and there is a way to stop the shrinking,” said Margaret.

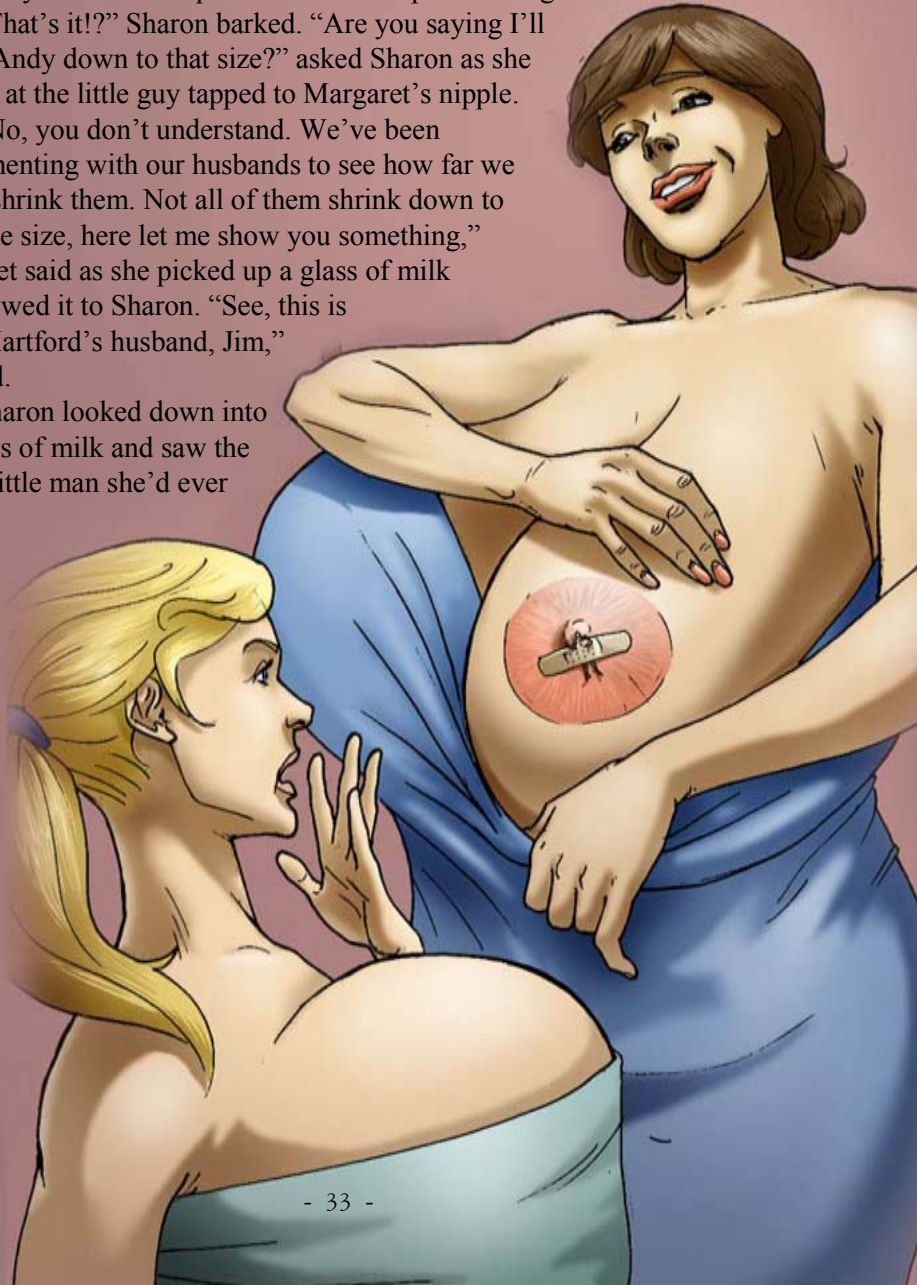
“How?”

“All you have to do is keep making him drink your breast milk. Eventually he’ll reach a point where he stops shrinking.”

“That’s it!?” Sharon barked. “Are you saying I’ll shrink Andy down to that size?” asked Sharon as she pointed at the little guy tapped to Margaret’s nipple.

“No, you don’t understand. We’ve been experimenting with our husbands to see how far we could shrink them. Not all of them shrink down to the same size, here let me show you something,” Margaret said as she picked up a glass of milk and showed it to Sharon. “See, this is Betty Hartford’s husband, Jim,” she said.

Sharon looked down into the glass of milk and saw the tiniest little man she’d ever



seen lying on a scrap of paper and floating in the milk. He couldn't have been larger than a grain of rice. He was so small it was hard to make him out as a man without getting up extremely close.

"Jim has been floating around in that glass for two days now with nothing else to drink or eat except Betty's milk and he's stayed exactly that size. While my husband here has been tapped to my nipple for the past day and a half and he's remained at his size." Margaret then pinched her nipple to make a little drop of milk appear. Sharon watched as Doctor Smythe lapped it up hungrily with his tongue.

"So, how is this supposed to help me?" asked Sharon.

"Well, you don't have to worry about shrinking Andy down to nothing. He will stop shrinking eventually on his own. We can also show you interesting sexual techniques to use with men of any size."

"How could you do that to your husbands?" Sharon asked.

"Come now, dear, we all know men not only think with their cocks, they're motivated by them too. Nearly everything a man does, every achievement he makes, it's all to get them in a better position in life to attract a more desirable female, often the one with the biggest boobs they can find. We're giving them what they've always dreamed of, whether they'd admit it or not," Margaret said.

Sharon and Linda started backing away from Margaret in horror. Then they turned around and ran back to their car. All the women had gone as crazy as they had been and maybe still were. She did still want to shrink Andy further somewhere down deep in the darker corners of her mind, but she had to resist... she had to try to stop herself. But, damn, it would feel so incredible to experience Andy shrinking while he was squeezed in between her breasts like he was... "No! I must not think like that," she said.

"Think like what?" asked Linda.

"Never mind," Sharon said as she turned to look down at Andy. She smiled down at her husband and said, "Don't worry, dear. We'll take good care of you." Andy just shook his head sadly, his last hope of returning to normal seemed dashed. Sharon looked down at her poor husband and wondered what if Andy was already shrunk to his final size? How would she ever know what that size was if she didn't keep making him drink her milk? What if he just slipped from her cleavage and landed in front of a nipple, thought Sharon. Then it would be his own fault if he drank the milk, she rationalized to herself as she leaned forward and tugged at her tube top.

CHAPTER 9 – GAMBLING FOR BOYS

Kathy, Mary and Debbie had been scouting around all over town for any males yet to be found. Alas, there didn't seem to be any left that weren't jealously guarded by the women who kept them close. They rang the doorbells of the homes of all the boys they knew from school and only found their mothers and sisters. Carl's mom chased them away with a baseball bat thinking they'd come to steal her husband, Bob's mom didn't seem to know or care where Bob was and Fred's mom called the girls evil bitches and squirted her breast milk all over them. All the women seemed to have gone crazy and none of the boys they knew could be found. There were no men anywhere to be seen in Knockerville except for the occasional little head poking out of some woman's cleavage or the vague form of a tiny guy struggling and thrashing around in a woman's panties.

They heard a rumor about some man who'd only been shrunk down to two feet tall and who'd locked himself in his car. But by the time they got there a couple dozen other women were busting out the windows trying to get at him. The other women were bigger than they were and acting rather violent so the girls moved on.

As the girls walked along the main street of town they noticed a lot of activity going on around Jackson's bar. Women were standing around chatting, laughing and going in and out of the bar. Our girls gathered from bits of overheard conversation that it was possible to win a guy playing something called "Boob Hockey."

Inside they saw that some of the ladies had just recently invented the game and they were still arguing about the rules. They had glued a plastic sheet down on the bar's pool table and poured corn oil over it. Then two ladies would square off against each other, one each on opposite sides of the pool table. They held their hands behind their backs and only their breasts were allowed to touch the table. The object of the game was to try and slide a little man along the oil slicked surface into a pocket on the opposite side of the pool table using only their breasts. This was Boob Hockey.

They could move and twist their torsos and swing their breasts around but that was the only legal moves allowed, no hands, no mouths, no heads or any other body parts could legally touch the table surface or the little guy being used as the puck.

Kathy and Mary knew one of the girls playing the game, Alicia Zelnick, from their junior year English class. Apparently Alicia had just

won the game and her prize was the little man she had just shot into the pocket. It was a gambling game, you score you get to keep the guy.

"Hey Mary," said Alicia. "Want to give Boob Hockey a try?"

"Just a practice game. I don't want to bet," Mary said.

"Sure, I'll show you some of my winning moves," said Alicia as she started sliding her prize back and forth between her breasts showing off her skills.

"Okay," said Mary as she stepped up to the table. Alicia then slid the little guy, the prize she'd won, towards Mary with a forward thrust of her hips and a lifting up of her torso. Mary dropped a boob onto the table and caught the guy underneath it. When she lifted her breast and saw who it was. She was shocked.

"Mister Corette!?" Mary exclaimed, surprised to find out the Alicia's prize was Mary and Alicia's old junior high English teacher, Jim Corette. Alicia's new toy was one of Mary's favorite teachers, She'd had such a crush on him a year ago.

"Mary? How have you been?" asked Jim Corette.

Mary lowered her face over him and said, "Not bad, considering how bizarre things have gotten around here. How about you?"

"Well, I've been better."

"Yea, I imagine you have."

"Are we going to talk or are we going to play?" asked Alicia.

"But... it's Mister Corette," said Mary.

"I know," said Alicia. "And he's mine now. I'll let you talk to him later, but now we play. Just try sliding him over to me."

"Mary, please don't," pleaded Jim.

"I'm sorry," Mary said as she plopped her breast down on top of him and slid him towards Alicia. Mary found she didn't have to apply a lot of pressure, the little man slid across an almost frictionless surface quite easily.

Alicia caught him under a boob and slid him back towards Mary.

"Girls, please, you're not being very nice," complained Jim.

Mary and Alicia played a gentle game of catch for awhile until Alicia started sliding Jim around between her breasts, catching him under the right tit then sliding him along and catching him under her left. "Let's see how well you can block now," said Alicia as she continued moving Jim around between her breasts.

Then Alicia suddenly took her shot at a corner pocket. Mary slammed her tit down hard on Jim to make the save. She hoped she hadn't hurt too badly.

"Good save!" Alicia yelled. "Now try to score on me."

Mary started sliding Jim around from breast to breast, then she faked a move towards one corner pocket then quickly twisted around and shot Jim at the other corner. She scored. Jim zoomed right into the pocket.

"Too bad we aren't playing for real. You'd own him if we were," said Alicia as she extracted Jim from the pool table's pocket. She then started sliding Jim around between her breasts. "If you've got a guy you'd like to bet, I'll bet Mister Corette against him."

Mary suspected she might be getting hustled, but she was feeling rather confident in her ability to play the game. "Maybe, I've got David Sarny with me, but he's bigger than Mister Corette by a couple inches."

"You want to play for inches? I'll throw in Bobby Riener, he's about two inches and not shrinking any more. That's two of my guys to one of yours."

Bobby Riener was the first guy Mary ever dated. She couldn't let Alicia have him.

"No," said Debbie. "What if you loose?"

Mary thought about it. Maybe this wasn't a good idea.

Then Alicia picked up Jim and dropped him in her glass of beer. "Are you sure you don't want to bet, Mary? Who knows what I might do with Mister Corette," she said before she took a sip of the beer. Jim thrashed about in the foamy beer and tried to stay afloat.

When Alicia started drinking Jim started sliding towards her open mouth. He kicked against her lips and screamed.

"Alright! I'm betting David against Mister Corette and Bob," Mary said.



"Great," Alicia said and then she nodded at a friend. "Carol, bring my collection over." Carol walked over carrying a large hat box with holes punched into the lid. When Alicia opened the box Mary saw that Alicia must have had a couple dozen guys in there. She'd probably won them all playing Boob Hockey.

"We'll let Mister Corette swim around in my beer while we play for Bobby," said Alicia as she extracted the boy from her box and laid her beer on a table. Alicia set Bobby on the pool table and started sliding him back and forth between her breasts getting ready to take her shot. Then she took the shot.

Mary slammed her breast down hard on Bobby and blocked the shot. It was her turn now.

"Mary, is that you?" Bobby asked in his faint squeaky voice.

"Hi, Bob," Mary said as she slid Bobby slowly from breast to breast. "Long time no see."

"Yea. I missed you."

"Really?" asked Mary. Did Bobby still like her? Suddenly it felt really nice to have Bobby pressed against her tit. "It's been awhile I guess. What happened between us? Why didn't you ever call me?"

"You were going out with Mark Pekar."

"I broke up with him months ago."

"You did? First I've heard of it."

"You didn't know? Wow, I'm sorry."

"You could have called me."

"I didn't know you were still interested," Mary said as she felt her nipples get longer and her pussy warming up.

"I was interested... at least a couple weeks ago. Now it's too late."

"Maybe it's not too late." Mary could feel Bobby's tiny little cock getting harder under her sensitive nipple.

"Are you kidding? Look at me."

Mary gazed down appreciatively at the little guy she was passing from breast to breast. "You look really hot to me, what are you talking about?"

"I'm only two inches tall!"

"Size isn't everything. You're still a really cute guy."

"Hey, are you two going to start dating again or are you going to take your shot," interrupted Alicia.

"When I'm ready," Mary yelled. Mary just kept slowly sliding Bobby around on the oil slicked surface between her tits. He felt really good sliding around against her nipples.

"Well, good luck," said Bobby as he glided back and forth between breasts.

"Thanks," Mary responded as she got ready to make her shot.

Mary made her fake and then attempted a shot. Alicia lunged forward and slammed Bobby with the underside of her breast before he'd slid anywhere near the pocket. Then Alicia started sliding Bobby between her breasts, occasionally slamming a tit onto him hard just to taunt Mary.

"I've got Mary's boyfriend. I've got Mary's boyfriend," Alicia chanted as she tried to enrage Mary. After a few more slides between her tits, Alicia made her shot and she almost scored. Mary slammed her tit down on Bobby less than an inch from the pocket.

Mary had another nice little chat with Bobby while gently sliding him from breast to breast. She made Alicia wait for the shot. When she took it she scored, catching Alicia when she wasn't expecting it. Bobby was hers now.

Alicia wasn't happy about losing and she took it out on Jim Corette. She fished him out of her beer and made him hang on to her nipple and then she started spinning the poor guy around like he was a stripper's tassel. It wasn't long before Jim lost his grip on her nipple and went flying up into the air. Alicia caught him between her tits as he came down between them, making a loud slapping sound when she slammed them together on him.

Unfortunately Mary eventually lost both David and Paul gambling them away on the Boob Hockey game.

CHAPTER 10 – ANDY EXPERIENCES A BREAST QUAKE

Sharon dropped Linda off at friend's house and then made sure that Andy slipped out from her cleavage and landed with his face pressed against a nipple. She hadn't fed him in awhile and he was hungry, so eventually he drank. Okay, it wasn't entirely his fault. She had to admit she was as lust crazed as the other women, and poor Andy had to suffer for it. However, the experience of Andy shrinking while he was squeezed in up against her breast was too delicious to pass up.

Sharon did some shopping and left Andy there in her tube top pressed against her nipple and enjoying the sensation. She found out that the grocery store was giving away food, cloth and breast pumps. The breast pumps came with large glass jars with serial numbers pasted on to the side. The women were expected to turn in their breast milk when they came in for food. The government was shipping in their supplies and giving it to the town in return for the milk. No one was expected to work for food and other perishable items under these conditions. Rumor was that their town was secretly being kept under observation by some super-secret government agency and every night the milk was shipped out to who knows where.

Phones would no longer dial out of town, mail would not be delivered out of town either, nor could they send email out or post anything on the internet. They'd been isolated from the world, cut off.

The women were learning to take care of themselves for the rest of life's necessities. Kay Croeker had several dozen women working for her making their clothes, and she no longer asked for money in return for them, instead she accepted breast milk and help in trying to get all the new clothes made.

What were their lives going to be like now, Sharon wondered as she carried her bags back to the car.

When she got back to the car she laid back on the car seat and leaned her head against the door, she slid her tube top down and looked in on Andy lying there. Unbelievably, he was about as big as her little finger. She picked him up and examined him. He looked not quite three inches tall lying in the palm of her hand.

He also looked pissed off and scowled at her. She couldn't blame him, but what to do with him now? He couldn't satisfy her sexually as a human dildo now. He was so tiny he didn't seem much good for anything, except to look at. She was afraid to pick him up with her fingers again, fearing she might accidentally pinch off an arm or leg with

her fingernails. She stared at him as he sat in the palm of her hand and thought about how puny and helpless he looked.

She propped up her left breast and then tilted her palm and dropped Andy on her tit near her nipple and smiled down at the inconceivable sight. Andy was so small her hugely grown erect nipple was bigger than he was, when he moved and stumbled around trying to get his footing she felt a twang of pleasure vibrate through her entire body. He crawled across her areola and held on to her sensitive nipple trying not to roll off her tit. The sensational tickling feel of his movements was making her horny. He wrapped his little body around her erect nipple and hugged it tightly.

She lifted her right tit to her lips and started sucking on it furiously while keeping her eyes on Andy curled around her left nipple holding tight as if experiencing an earthquake while her breast wobbled about.

Eventually she felt a need to work on both her nipples at the same time. She grabbed her left breast and shook it trying to dislodge Andy so she could suck it. She shook it again and sent his body rolling into the tight crack of her cleavage. She lifted her breasts up squashing Andy between them. Then she whipped her tongue across both her nipples. She pressed her enormous tits together and as she licked and sucked and felt Andy squirming down in between their solid fleshy mass.

She sucked her swollen nipples long and hard, jumping from one to the other as fast as she could move her head and tongue, twisting her head from side to side, feverishly flicking her tongue across her erect nipples. Her hips were moving in unison with her dancing tongue, the car was shaking, the shock absorbers were squeaking and Andy was squirming. Then she mashed her tits together, squeezing them tight and rubbing them savagely back and forth while alternately forcing her giant swollen nipples into her hot sucking mouth. Her orgasm was monumental and it was just from sucking her nipples and feeling Andy squirm in her cleavage.

The sensation was so erotic. It was one she would have to have again. She separated her monstrous tits to see if Andy had survived. She saw his little body was pasted to the side of her sticky, sweaty left breast, he struggled for a moment trying to free himself from her sticky boob and then he rolled down directly into the narrow valley between her breasts. She watched as he grabbed his erect cock and started jacking off.

It was true, he really would love her huge boobs no matter how big she got.

CHAPTER 11 – THE GIRLS ESCAPE FROM KNOCKERVILLE

Kathy and Debbie threatened to make Mary share Bobby since she'd lost Paul and David gambling on the Boob Hockey game. However, Mary was so protective of Bobby they didn't push her. They feared it would cost them their friendship. Kathie and Debbie needed men of their own, but it seemed it was no use trying to find a man within the quarantine area. All the men were jealously possessed by some other woman.

They heard tales of men who would escape and head for the fences trying to get out of town. The girls decided to scout along the fenced areas looking for escapees they could claim. They never found any. No doubt there were escapees, but trying to find them was like looking for a needle in a haystack. They did, however, notice that the fences and walls around town were not consistently well built and guarded. In many areas if they got too close to the fence the guards would fire warning shots into the ground in front of them. At least they hoped they were warning shots. In other areas the guards would talk to them and it appeared the guards believed the women were infected with a plague and all the men dead. But in other areas, it seemed the guards were just dummies that had been propped up in the towers. They could get close to the fence and no one shouted at them or fired shots.

They decided then that they had to get out of the quarantined area and it might be possible.

It took them three days of sneaking around by the electric fences and walls before they found a section of the fence deep in a wooded area that was unguarded and which they could dig under without being watched by guards. Eventually, they did, indeed, dig their way out.

They were free now, out of the quarantine area and out in the world where they could easily find some guys who dreamed of sucking on their huge, milk-laden breasts.

The End