

# **Epidemic part 1: BE**

## **Chapter 1**

A grotesque man stands at the edge of the doorway, looking into a dark room, the only light source is a monitor. The dim light illuminates a silhouette of a man. The ghoulish man trembles as he clears his throat.

“M-master... Is it time?”

“Yes. Finally, after years of failed experiments, like you, I have done it. A stable formula. Take it to the lab for synthesis immediately. We will unleash it tomorrow at dawn.” The master’s voice is deep and commanding.

The man in the door timidly advances into the dark room to retrieve the vial.

My alarm goes off, it isn’t really needed with my sleeping pattern, like clockwork I awake before the sun. I quickly go to the toilet, throw on my robe and head downstairs to do my morning workout before breakfast.

My name is Josh and I work as an administrative assistant in a local university. A fairly well-paying job that required very little in terms of qualifications, I get good perks and the job is good. It is the least the university could do for me after putting me into debt to get my degree only to not require it to make a living.

I have been working there for about six years and I studied there for 3 years prior to that, it really is a second home for me. I work with a nice team, and we primarily deal with finances for the students. My superiors are rich snobs who seem to get paid more for doing less work but that is the same anywhere you go, I guess.

My team consists of four people: Adam, Lorna, Coleen and Alice. My boss Rachel sometimes makes an appearance but that is only if she can be bothered to not work from home.

Adam is your typical nerd, through and through. Me and him do the bulk of the spreadsheet work. He is five years older than me at thirty-three. He looks frail thanks to never doing any physical activity by the sounds of it. He has thick glasses, short black hair which he gets cut every two weeks on the dot. He is immaculate on account of being a germaphobe, his desk is pristine, and I dare not touch it lest I feel his awkward wrath.

Coleen is an older woman, she is fifty-four, her wealth of experience has kept her in her role well past her use. It is impossible to teach her how to use the new programs, but I know I can rely on her to help overcome any situation that might arise. She works part time as she is cutting back in preparation for her early retirement. She is a well-off woman thanks in part

to her husband's business and her high contract thanks to her starting nearly thirty years ago. She was very nice and motherly to the team; she brings in cakes often as she bakes with her grandchildren on her days off. She does have a bit of a dirty mind; she will talk about things that for a woman of her age shocks me and the others quite often.

Despite being fifty she looks closer to Adam's age thanks to a rigorous beauty routine and regular trips to the plastic surgeon. Her age has caught up to her figure in a few ways. All the surgery in the world can't stop the few wrinkles, the few greys, and the loss of her perkiness overall. She would certainly be classed as a MILF though, at least in my book. She is fairly short and probably the closest to a size ten she has ever been in her life. She has had a few surgeries to keep things perky and even got a fat transfer to give her bigger tits when she turned fifty. Since then, I have found my eyes wandering more than I would care to admit.

She used to be a B cup, her breasts started to sag and not catch much attention anymore but after a two-week holiday she came back with a full chest that rivalled the bustiest women on the payroll. She was, I'd guess, a D or E cup and whatever doctor performed the surgery needs to get a medal. Looking at them, and I have done my fair share, nobody could even tell that they are fake. I overheard her telling Lorna and Alice about the procedure, they just lipo-ed some fat from her and put it in her tits. As reductive as that explanation might be, the results were incredible.

I myself have an appreciation for larger breasts, always have and despite my good looks, my successful career and anything else that might be going for me, I have never had a long-term relationship. I've had a few girls over the years, but we never clicked, and it never seemed to work. They weren't terribly busty, but I'd like to think I'm not that shallow as to have self-sabotaged the relationships. Something to consider maybe.

Lorna is a mother of three and was one of the women in the whole building that could stand tit to tit with Coleen. Thanks to her fertile womb she had given birth three times in the last five years and the transformation over that time was staggering. When I started here six years ago, she was a slim blonde in her early thirties, her long hair used to be magnificent, Rapunzel-esque. However, over the years she decided to cut it and now she has a bob cut.

Watching her swell up over the years was certainly very exciting to me and my perverted mind. I wasn't opposed to the belly getting bigger per say but my eyes were focused on the two filling cups resting on top of her growing orb. The office is small so it was easy to overhear the girls chatting and I can vividly remember Lorna telling Coleen about her milk production being out of control. She was producing so much that she was donating the excess to the hospitals.

After overhearing that conversation, I would find myself staring at her chest more, I swear I could see her grow throughout the day as she became more engorged. Each pregnancy only aided this flow rate. Lorna had to start milking at work more often as time went on and even though her youngest is off breast milk Lorna hasn't been able to get her boobs to slow down enough to stop. Her breasts are probably bigger than Coleen's but only just. Lorna is also very friendly, anyone can tell she is a mum with how she treats people, she obviously wasn't like that before. She looks out for people and always checks in with everyone on a regular basis, she genuinely cares about the people she works with. She is so innocent and

pure. I am so glad that she has been part of the team since I joined, on more than one occasion I thought about leaving but Lorna was a big part of why I decided to stay.

That leaves Alice. Alice is two years younger than me at twenty-six. She joined the team only six months ago and I was her trainer, as a result we bonded very well. We have a lot in common and have near enough the same upbringing so a lot of pop culture references from our childhoods resonate equally. Multiple times Coleen has made comments about us getting together much like a pushy mum who wants grandkids. If I had any sort of game I would, I don't really care about the policy that we have that forbids dating co-workers. I don't know how Alice feels about me, but I do know that we get on super well.

Alice is petite, she barely stands above five feet, a full foot shorter than me. She looks so sweet and cute that I find myself looking far too often. I hope I don't come across like a creep. Her small features on her face are contrasted by her big lips, they look so full that I dream about them touching mine way more than I should. She does have a bit of curve to her hips but not nearly as much as Lorna the breeder. Unfortunately for me that is all the curves she has. Alice is flat as a board. Purely based on looks, a deal breaker but I am not that shallow, or I still hope I'm not, I do wish she was more blessed but unlike Coleen I can't imagine Alice getting surgery and seeing as she is single right now, I don't expect her to grow milkers like Lorna.

Having done my morning routine, I jump in my car and head to work. Thoughts of the women I work with running through my head, particularly Alice.

*If only she could grow.*

I think to myself as I pull off in my car. Taking a big sip from my water bottle.

*Hmm... I might need to get a new bottle; this water tastes a bit strange.*