



Chapter Two

Needless to say, the stream was recorded by someone and redistributed around over the next few hours and with my night not being filled with much fun I did keep close to the story. As horrific as it was, it was still just as arousing to watch the good bits.

I was alone for the night, I didn't care.

"Fuck!" I jumped nearly out of my skin.

There was a bang from downstairs. I was already on edge because of the live stream but this was enough to make me grab for my bat as I walked across the landing towards the front door.

It was late, there was no light on, there was just banging.

I stood atop the stairs and looked down to see the door wide open. I slowly took a step down the stairs, hoping not to make a noise that would alert a potential home invader.

Fuck... Fuck...

My hands gripped the bat tightly and I could hear my heart thumping in my ears. There was a rustling coming from the living room and some strange sounds, sounded like muffled groans.

Peering slowly around the door I could see legs on the floor, a body on the sofa.

Be brave.

3.

2.

1.

I took a sharp breath and turned the light on, readying my bat.

The light illuminated the room, and I was about to swing before I saw the body turn around, it was my mom.

“Mom?!” I screamed.

She wasn't threatened, she just burst into laughter and handed me her shoe.

Great. She's drunk.

“I thought you were going to Richards tonight.”

Still laughing, she started to babble “I gotsh too drunksh”.

“Right, let's get you to bed then.”

It wasn't the first time I had done this, since dad left I was doing more around the house but helping mom after a date night was par for the course, although since she had met Richard she was usually not an issue.

“Wheresh Beth???” My mom said, panicked.

“She's over Abbie's tonight, remember?”

Beth was my little sister; she had just turned 19 last month whilst I was just about to turn 21 in a few weeks. My mom had us both when she was in her early 20s. She had met dad at a party and fell pregnant pretty quick, she raised us whilst my dad went out working, it wasn't much past my 15th birthday that he walked out on us, he met someone at work.

My mom took it pretty badly, but she was strong for us. I always reminded myself of that strength when I was carrying her drunk ass to bed.

I don't know why she did it to herself, but I guess being so young having two kids does sort of take away your youth a bit. Mom still looked great, especially for her age. She was a redhead who was very thin, she always ate very little and in the past few years took up the gym to make her look a bit more toned rather than emaciated.

That extra muscle mass just made it all the harder to get up the stairs. Truthfully, she still

wasn't that heavy, but I would always wind her up for it the morning after.

Guiding mom into her bed, I tucked her in and noticed a red mark on her wrist, there was some dried blood.

Probably doing something stupid...

It wasn't the first time I had found her coming back with marks on her, like some sort of accident-prone kid.

"I'll have to have a word with Richard if he can't take care of you." I said jokingly.

"Wheresh Richard??"

"Probably at home, in bed." I replied.

She started to resist being put to bed, she started thrashing against me.

"No. No." She looked like she needed to cry. "Where? Where did he go?"

I hadn't seen her like this.

"He's not here, come on, look, we can message him in the morning."

The words didn't seem enough but thankfully she gave up the fight.

Exhaustion took over and she fell asleep before she could say another word. Relieved, I slowly walked out the room and retreated back into my room, looking at my screen there was another video, this time it wasn't from the same guy, it was another girl.

I only saw the clip of this second girl growing, it was short and quick but enough to get me to wank again before bed.

The next morning, I was woken up by the familiar voice of Beth.

"Wake up, wake up!" Frantically she tried to wake me up.

"Ughh... What is it?"

I shot up and followed her, groggily.

"Did you have a nice sleep over?" I asked.

"Not now. Look." She showed me the TV and the news channel was on.

"This is not a drill; we're asking everyone to remain indoors. This is not a drill, please

remain indoors. We're experiencing an outbreak of some kind that poses a significant threat to life. Please Remain inside, we're working on what the next steps are."

The news anchor read from the teleprompter and stared dead pan into the lens.

"What is this?"

"They're saying there is some sort of virus going around..."

"Are you okay?" I asked my sister, looking at the tears forming in her eyes.

Beth was a sweet girl, one of the nerds in her year, she struggled to fit in, she was as lithe as Mom had been before her midlife crisis that sent her to the gym three times a week. Like our mom, she had red hair too, she was very pretty and clearly took after mum.

"I'm fine, but what about Mom?" She was almost crying.

"She came home last night. She had too much to drink and she stumbled in."

I could see the relief wash over her face, she looked at me like I had just told her that she was cured of an incurable disease, her emotions ran over, and she leapt into my arms and gave me a big hug.

"Look, come with me, why don't you." I led her to our mom's room.

Opening the door, I was only half shocked that she was still asleep. Usually Mom would still wake up super early even if she had been in town the night before.

She did have a lot to drink...

Giving her the benefit of the doubt, I made my way to the other side of the bed and opened the curtains slowly.

Mom was on her front, snoring.

"Mom... Time to get up..." I prodded her shoulder; she grunted back at me. "Just because I did this when I was a teen, doesn't mean you get to do it now." I joked, making the emotional Beth laugh.

"Yeah Mom, time to get up."

"Come on lazy bo-" I stopped.

Mom had turned over in her defiance, but I noticed something I had never seen before. Right where mom's chest was, there were two mounds. I noticed it immediately, feeling my face blush, I looked at Beth and saw her eyes at the exact same points.

"Uhh... Mom?"

"Yes? Argh... My head..." She groaned as she sat up, her back leaning against the backboard, her boobs bulging out of the dress she fell asleep in.

"Your..." Beth realised I was with her, and she blushed and turned away.

"My what?" She replied, looking at her daughter.

"Dress..." I chimed in with rosy cheeks.

"What about my..." Mom's eyes looked down and she saw the bulging of her breasts and seemed to pay little mind to it. "Well, what's wrong with your mother showing off some skin..."

She's in denial?

It was clear to both of her children that she had grown boobs, something that she was devoid of prior to yesterday, I don't even recall seeing them last night. but here she was, flat out denying them.

She didn't even seem to care they were there, like she knew they had been there the whole time or something.

"Okay, out, Mom needs to get ready, what time is it?"

"It's half ten and there is something you need to see on the news..."

We took mom downstairs before her shower, and she listened intently for a few seconds before asking us to just stay inside. It almost seemed like she wasn't fazed.

She struts out of the room, and me and Beth heard the bathroom door close.

"What's wrong with mom?" Beth grilled me, as if I might be able to answer her question.

"I have no idea..."

"What's wrong with the town?"

"I have no idea..."

“Will we be safe?”

“Everything will be okay.”

I have no idea...

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