

Day 0:

It wasn't yet 5 in the morning when Didi suddenly woke up to a very bright light shining through the window. She thought someone had turned on the light in her room, but as soon as she opened her eyes, the light was followed by a huge rumble, like thunder following lightning. It was so loud that the windows rattled as if an explosion had occurred right in front of the motel. She heard glass breaking all over the motel, and suddenly the windows in her room exploded into a thousand pieces, throwing her out of bed to the floor. It was the last thing she felt.

She was out for what could have been hours, days, or even weeks. In the state of unconsciousness in which she was submerged, time was a variable that made no sense. Didi began to be aware of herself, and started to wake up like she did every morning. The first thing she felt was extreme fatigue. The last thing she wanted right then was to have to move a single muscle. Her mind was beginning to restart, trying first to fulfill her vital functions. "Who am I? Am I sleeping? Is there class today? No... I don't have to get up early. Am I home? No... I wasn't at home, I was with Frank. We were traveling.. we got lost, right? We stopped to spend the night in a motel... and... shit, what time is it? At 8 am I had to be outside or that idiot would leave me here..." Her body was beginning to show signs of life. Feeling was beginning to return. First a generalized discomfort, as if he were sleeping on a pile of stones. "Why does everything hurt? And what is this pressure on my chest?" Suddenly she remembered. "Was there an explosion last night?" Vague memories began to surface, scattered as if from a strange dream, but the pain she felt every time she tried to move bothered her more. Her back was killing her. She focused on drawing enough strength to allow her to open her eyes.

The room, as she remembered it, no longer existed. The wall facing the road was gone. Instead he could see the horizon, the fields, the road, and rubble upon rubble all throughout the room. The bed was in a corner, and she was leaning against the wall, on a pile of rubble. "There was an explosion then? It was not a dream?"

She tried to move her neck, which hurt a lot, because, as it turns out, she had been using a brick as a pillow for the entire time she was unconscious. She also had a new pressure on her chest that she was increasingly aware of. She tried to move her hands, to get up, and lift her back, and suddenly she felt a very strange sensation. The pressure on her chest shifted, and she noticed something fall on her thighs as she sat up.

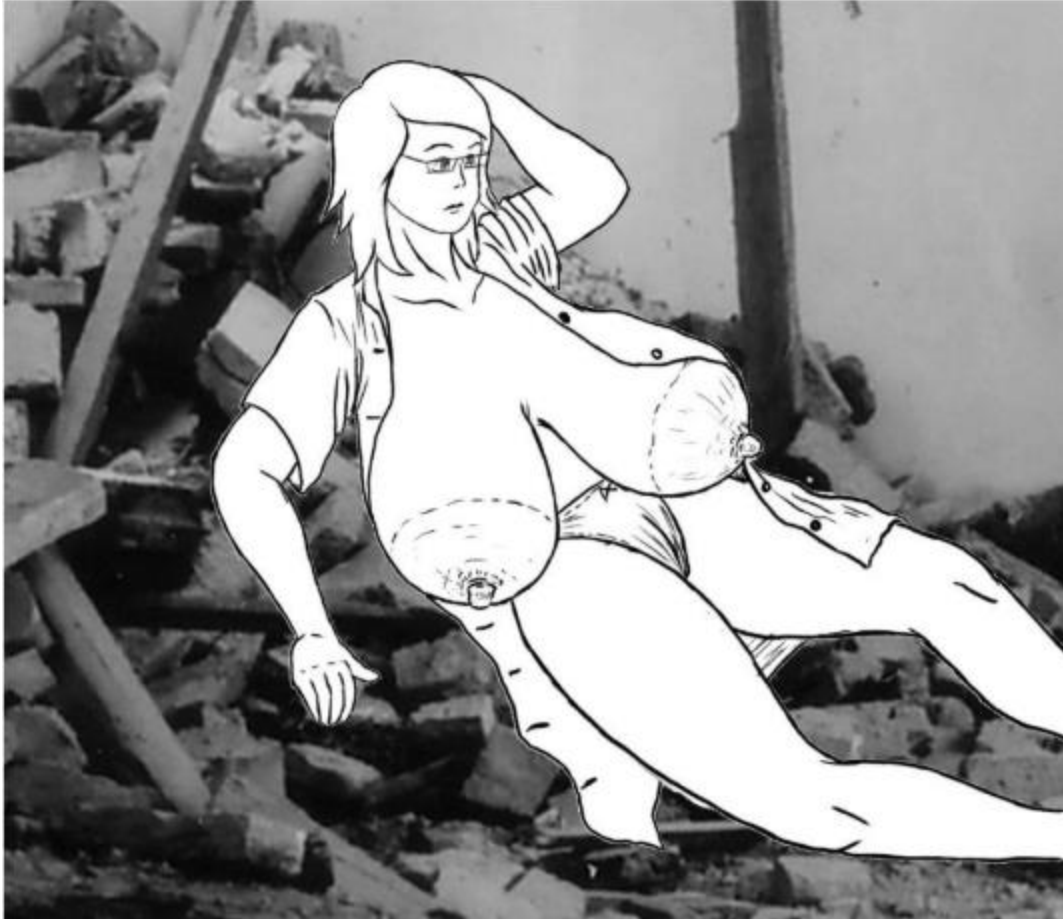
She was too stunned to understand what was happening. Too many things had happened for the feelings to make sense. She was in a motel in the middle of nowhere, there was an explosion, and now she was lying on a pile of rubble in the ruins of a room? She looked down and thought that her mind was playing tricks on her. Her nightgown seemed to be hiding a giant lump underneath, a lump that now rested on her thighs. The nightgown, dirty and ripped in several places, came apart in her hands as soon as she tried to open the buttons, leaving her torso exposed. Then she discovered something that made no sense. Two huge bags of meat were resting right now on her thighs. Two bags of meat that grew from her chest. "Oh my God!" she exclaimed. "What is this?"

She couldn't move for more than 5 seconds. She stood there, frozen, trying to get her mind to

come up with an explanation for why she now had breasts the size of basketballs. She reached out a hand to touch them and felt them as her own. She stroked her right breast, and tried to cup it and lift it. She put her hand under her, just above her thigh, and tried to lift it. "God, this weighs a lot!" was the first thing she thought. Indeed, they must have been around 7 or 8 kilograms each. She had never seen such large breasts, not in person, in magazines, or on television. She had not known that it was humanly possible to have breasts of this size. And she would never have imagined it was her who had them! She had always been self-conscious of her flat chest, and overnight, she had the biggest breasts she had ever seen!

"How could this be happening? How is it physically possible?" She had no answers to these questions, what she did know was that what she was seeing and feeling was real. They were there, right now, and she had in her hands the reliable proof that they were real. The reality and implications of what was happening suddenly began to frighten her. She released her chest suddenly, which fell on her thighs again making a funny noise. She tried to get up. It was more difficult than she expected at first, because when trying to bring her leg out from under her, her breasts swung up into rubble, which caused her some pain. She sat up as much as she could, realizing how stiff her muscles and joints were. It was as if he had been sleeping on that mountain of rubble for days.

Now, once standing, she could see herself fully. It was as if they had always been there. Her two breasts, previously, did not even sag. They had merely been two small lumps; in fact she had only worn bras to complement her clothes, because she didn't really need them. Even her nipples had been very soft, almost invisible. Quite the opposite of what she was seeing now. Two huge breasts, full, hanging beyond her navel, almost covering the decorative bow on her panties. Her big nipples occupied almost half of the spherical masses of meat. She estimated that her areola were about 20cm in diameter, and in the center was a nipple rather reminiscent of a cow's nipple. It was a lump of meat, dark, 3 cm in diameter, and almost hanging 5 cm by its own weight.



Gradually a multitude of thoughts came to her mind. “What am I going to do now? What will my relatives say, my mother, my friends? This is not natural, people will think I’m a monster! And at school?” She had always gone unnoticed, for better or worse, but now she knew it was going to be impossible even to arrive at school without everyone staring at her and gossiping. She knew everyone would think she was a freak! She began to hyperventilate. She was losing control of the situation. She imagined a future of eternal misfortune.

Her mind came back to the present. She needed to be practical. She was in a grave situation, and it was not time to be weak. She was still alive after all, but her thoughts inevitably continued racing.

Suddenly, she heard a noise outside. She walked to what had been the wall before and looked out as the noise of something collapsing could be heard outside. At each step, her breasts danced from side to side, pounding in her belly, and inside her arms. She had to hold them so that the shifting weight did not make her lose her balance. She looked out and saw that indeed, a wall of what had been the parking lot had collapsed. The dust cloud was still visible. She kept watching until she suddenly remembered, “Frank?”

“My God, could he be alright?” She ran towards his room, but her breasts reminded her of their presence again, and she realized that running made the balance situation worse, so she held both breasts with both hands and walked as fast as he could to Frank’s room.

The door was half open, and inside the situation was very similar to her room. The entire wall of the building had fallen leaving the room open to air. Frank's bed was standing against the wall opposite the hole, and there was rubble on the floor. In one of the corners, she saw Frank. Still unconscious, or sleeping, because Didi heard him snore. At a quick glance, she noticed something strange about him. He was lying on the floor, but his legs were in a very strange position. They curled unnaturally. She wondered if he had broken bones.

Didi approached, and tried to wake him up.

"Frank! Are you ok?" She shook him by the shoulder. It took time for him to react, but he finally moved a little, enough to instinctively push Didi away from him, as if he didn't want her to wake him up. "She's an idiot," he thought.

"Frank! Wake up, are you alright?" She asked.

"Leave me alone, I had a horrible night," was the first thing he said.

"He must be better off than me," Didi thought. Then Didi pushed him again, and this time Frank reacted quickly.

"Didi! We were supposed to meet at 8, what time is it?" Frank said, opening his eyes and shutting up suddenly as he noticed the state of the room. It took a few seconds for him to react, as his mind suddenly had to get used to a totally new situation. "The explosion... I didn't dream it?" He said quietly. Then he looked at Didi and almost jumped. "My God, Didi?"

Didi suddenly blushed, and tried to cover herself as best she could, but the more she pressed her breasts against herself, the more they overflowed between her arms. It was impossible to hide such a large amount of meat. She hadn't realized she was naked from the waist up.

"Didi? What happened to you? Are those... are they yours?" Frank asked.

"I... I... I don't know what happened," She said, totally ashamed trying to cover them with her hands, an impossible task. She wasn't even able to hide her huge areola.

"But... What happened here? I remember the explosion, but you... oh my god, I have never seen such big breasts... are you alright?" Frank asked.

"Yes, well, everything hurts, but given the situation I think I'm fine..." Didi replied, staring at his legs.

"My whole body hurts as well..."

"Frank, your legs..." Didi said timidly.

"What?" Frank asked.

Then he looked at his body. Frank was lying between the floor and the wall, and tried to roll a bit to get a better look. Indeed, his legs looked very strange. They seemed to bend very unnaturally.



"What the hell happened to me? My legs!" Shouted Frank.

"Does it hurt?" Didi asked.

"No, not really... but I think... I think I can't move them," said Frank. He ineffectively tried to move his legs without success. Just pulling his hips to the side, he saw that they moved as if dragged along by the rest of his body. As much as he tried, he couldn't move them.

"My God, Didi, have I been paralyzed?" Frank started saying. His tone was already beginning to change to despair.

"I... I don't know, Frank," Didi said with some compassion.

"Shit, Didi... I can't move them... I've become a cripple! Help me, I have been hurt by the explosion... take off my pants!" Frank said almost desperately.

Didi had no desire to take off her cousin's pants, but the situation was quite exceptional. She hoped he was wearing underwear. She approached the end of his limbs, knelt, and still not getting used to what was on her front, her breasts ended up touching Frank's feet. Realizing, Didi backed up in shame, in disbelief of the huge size of her breasts now. They were able to touch the ground even while kneeling. However, Frank's face suggested that Didi's big breasts were not where his attention was focused. Frank's life had been radically changed. He could no longer play football, he could no longer be the successful guy he had been. He felt his life was going to end, he would be a social outcast.

Ignoring the interference of her breasts in whatever she did, Didi pulled the edge of his pants until both legs were in the air. It seemed that there was no superficial damage, but indeed, something strange had happened. The first thing that drew their attention was that his knees were simply no longer there. And both legs were swollen. Didi touched them. "Do you feel anything?" She asked.

"Yes, I can feel them, but I can't move them..." Frank replied.

Then Didi tried to move his leg by bending where his knee should be, but something very strange happened. She could fold it, but it bent over right where he had grabbed it. And it wasn't exactly where the knee should have been. Above, it was very soft to the touch and did not have the normal stiffness of a leg, and was bending around halfway through where the tibia should be.

Didi was very impressed. "Really it doesn't hurt?" She asked, shocked.

"No, not at all, I don't notice any pain..." he said as intrigued as his cousin.

Then Didi tried to force the situation, began to bend his leg, until it bent over on itself, and he was touching his own thigh with his foot.

"My God Frank, you have no bones. Your legs don't have bones!" Didi said.

"How do I have no bones? That's impossible!" Frank said in dismay.

But it was obvious. No one could have folded their legs like that. In fact, Frank tried to reach his own leg. Didi helped him by bringing his foot closer. He took it and pulled it, and indeed, Frank got the impression that it was a lot of muscle without any rigidity. He could get his foot close to his face, twist it, and bend it over himself. It was a really chilling and disconcerting sight.

"What happened to us Didi?" Frank began to sob.

"I don't know, but the explosion had something to do with it..." Didi was also baffled.

"My God, Didi, we have to seek help..." Frank said, almost crying.

"You're right. Perhaps there are more survivors, we have to get to a hospital quickly," Didi said.

Didi got up, and the sudden weight forced her to grab her breasts again with both hands. She walked down the hall of the motel in search of a survivor, but found no one. She went down to

the ground floor, and she didn't find anyone there, either. Frank's car was in the same place where it was left, but it was under the wall that had collapsed. It was totally destroyed. Didi was increasingly desperate. There were some other cars, but they looked like they hadn't moved in some time. In the hotel lobby, where the old man had been, there was no one.

She picked up the phone from the reception and tried to call, but there was no dial tone. The phones did not work, the explosion must have damaged the repeater. "Great..." She thought.

She went around the motel three times looking for survivors, but she found no one. It was as if they had all evaporated. Didi was already close to despair, but she had to be strong. Her own personality made her familiar with desperate situations, and this was one of the worst she had faced. In addition, Frank had been affected worse, and as little sympathy she had for him, "Hell," she thought, "He is family." Frank was also in a desperate situation, he would not walk again, and that for him was going to be a very hard blow.

She tried to gather her thoughts and plan what they were going to do now. So she returned to see Frank to explain what they were going to do next.

On the way Didi passed her own room, and from her suitcase, under some rubble, she took out some clothes and tried to put them on in an unorganized way. Her shirts did not come down below her armpits, it was impossible to get inside her clothes with such a large pair of breasts. So what occurred to her was to take a bathrobe, and tie it with her belt, trying to hold her bumps as best as possible.

When she entered the room, Frank had practically not moved as if he was in shock.

"Frank... Frank!" Didi said, to get Frank's attention, which seemed completely absent.

"Didi, it's over, this is hopeless. I don't want to continue living like this. I will be a cripple all my life..." Frank said through tears.

"Frank, I don't know what happened to us, but we can't stay here. We have to seek help and there is no one left here. We have to leave here now." Didi said.

"But how am I going to move from here? I can't walk!" Frank shouted.

"I will help you. Our car is under a collapsed wall, but there are other cars out there..." Didi said.

"My car is under a wall?" Frank interrupted, "What else could happen to me? This is the end!"

"Calm down, and try to relax, please. There are other cars parked and they seem to be in good condition. This is what we are going to do. I will try to find the keys of a car, and try to start it. Then I will get out and help you out of here, we get in the car, and we return to the town we passed on the way here, I think it is the closest urban center. There we will call a hospital and our parents," Didi said.

Frank nodded wiping his tears.

Didi toured the hotel and the rooms again. All rooms except for one more were empty. The night

of the explosion there was only the two of them and another person staying there. But there was nothing left of that person. She searched through their suitcases and found no key. She went down to the hall, and looked on the counter and through the shelves at the reception, and finally found a key to a vehicle. It was from the GM brand, so it wouldn't be hard to find.

She ran to the parking lot, next to the gas station, and saw a parked pickup. She opened the door with the key, "Luckily, this is the key," Didi thought. She got in, turned the key, and nothing happened. The car did absolutely nothing. As if the battery was dead. This did not help. They were trapped, the nearest town was more than 30km in any direction, the phones didn't work, and the only vehicle she found didn't work. Now the situation seemed much more desperate.

She almost screamed, but she could contain herself. She was an adult, and she had to cope with the situation. She remembered telling her family that they were going to spend the night in a motel, so if they didn't show up, her family would look for them. In addition, the explosion was very large, so the authorities will investigate and look for survivors. It's just a matter of waiting for help to come.

What to do with Frank? He needs moral support and being stuck here is not going to help, but he will have to accept it.

"It's getting dark already?" Didi thought, "They had woken up just an hour ago, how long had they been sleeping?" It occurred to her to look at her watch for the first time since she woke up, it said 4:45 am. "It can't be... it must have been the time of the explosion? Has the clock stopped? Are there no phones or vehicles working?" An idea began to go through her head: an electromagnetic pulse. "All the electronics are blacked out... the blinding light, the destruction... Has there been a nuclear attack?"

"My God, if so, soon there will be a radioactive fallout!" Didi was beginning to think quickly. They had to take cover, or they would be in real danger.

She ran inside, as fast as her new attributes allowed. Halfway, with her wobble, one of her breasts slipped out of the bathrobe ... she had to stop to put it back in. "God, this is going to be very complicated..." she thought.

As soon as I got to the room, Frank asked, "Have you got anything?"

"I'm afraid I have bad news. Everything electronic has stopped working. The phones, the cars, even the light doesn't work." Didi started explaining.

"Wait, wait, what are you saying, what cars don't work?" Frank interrupted. "Let me explain," Didi tried to gather patience. "You see, a consequence of a nuclear explosion is an electromagnetic pulse, it is radiation that burns all electronic circuits..."

"You mean the explosion has been an atomic bomb?" Frank was horrified.

"It's just a theory. Everything seems to indicate that, but it could be something else. If I'm right, after a nuclear explosion, the next thing that happens is a radioactive fallout. So it is best that we do not go out for a week at least," said Didi.



"A week? I wasn't even planning to stay here for a day. They have to come to rescue us anyway..." Frank was already tired of the situation.

"Frank. I understand your situation, and I will help as I can, but we have to be realistic. We will wait for them to come to help us, but I don't know how long it will take. So I would get comfortable, just in case they take time to arrive." Didi thought as he spoke, as if a survival instinct emerged at the right time.

"Ok, I think you're right, but I'm not going to be able to do anything..." Frank said, totally defeated by the situation.

"I will help you, don't worry. I will try to make you as comfortable as possible," Didi said. Deep down, she felt some grief and compassion, as well as some guilt for Frank having taken the worse part.

Didi tried to move Frank to a room that was intact. He was now a 85kg deadweight, which made things quite complicated. She moved him to a blanket and tried to drag it down the hall to one of the rooms facing the other part of the building. These rooms had not suffered structural damage, only the windows were broken, but the walls were whole, as was the furniture.

Once in the room, Frank crawled as he could to the bed and quickly settled down. Didi then went to the motel kitchen to find supplies.

Frank, already calmer, was beginning to accept the situation. His legs didn't work anymore, but if Didi was right, the situation was much more complicated. "A nuclear attack? Really? And his parents? His friends, the town, would everything have disappeared? Would there be more survivors?"

Now that he was more comfortable, he began to examine himself more closely. What had happened to him was really strange. He still had the usual sensation in the legs, but lacked any mobility, from the hip down. And even more, the muscle had no stiffness. He took his right foot and brought it closer, as Didi did before. It reminded him for some reason of an elephant's trunk, as it bent over itself, easily. The sensations were very strange, he could compress the muscle and fold it as he pleased. He spent a while experimenting with his legs.

Meanwhile, Didi arrived at the kitchen. What he saw reassured her a lot, the pantry was quite full, with many cans of pasta, rice, juice, and water. Also, at the gas station there was plenty of food, mostly snacks and chocolates, but it was still food. She did not intend to stay here for a long time, for help should soon come, but it was reassuring in case things got ugly.

It began to get dark, and Didi went to see Frank with some food.

"How are you?" Didi asked.

"Well, a little better. I've been... well, trying to adjust to all this," Frank said. "And you, how are you? What happened to you was also quite significant, wasn't it?"

Didi instinctively covered up a little more.

"Yes, I still don't understand any of it. Scientifically, what has happened to us is practically impossible. And less so in such a short time," Didi said.

"But... god, they are huge aren't they?" Frank asked. "In fact they are by far the biggest I've ever seen."

"Thanks for the information, that puts me in fine company. I'm sure your biggest breasts record is huge," Didi said, annoyed with the comment.

"Surely you will now have the attention of all the boys at school," Frank teased.

"Very funny. I'm going to my room. If you need anything, tell me," Didi said. She then left the room.

When she got to her room, a new one next door from Frank's, she had time to think about herself with a little privacy and, above all, to assess what her options were. She took off her bathrobe to put on a new nightgown, and looked down. Frank was right, they were really huge. As much as she stared at them, she still didn't believe it, and she couldn't see her feet anymore. There were her breasts, giant and defiant. She went to the bathroom and stared in the mirror for a while. She looked so strange, so grotesque, so... erotic, she realized, but he had other things to worry about. She went to bed to bed, as tiredness overcame her.