

Day 12:

The sun fell square on Didi's face, waking her up and forcing her to squeeze her eyes shut. "Ugh, why am I sleeping so deeply lately... it's like I'm unconscious. What time is it? It has to be after noon." It was likely an effect of the mutations, ensuring so deep a sleep that they were unaware of any changes happening. And every morning they woke up with more. It's clear the mutations only happened while their bodies were in deep sleep..

Again, Didi found new changes. As was now routine, she scrutinized herself to discover what was different. She was lying on her back, both on her back breasts as well as the breasts that were once her buttocks, which were large enough now to be a mattress that easily accommodated the rest of her body. Frank was no longer between her breasts, clearly he must have slipped down during the night and was now at the base of her breasts, but she couldn't see him clearly from this angle. Lazily, she rotated her central torso, feeling the familiar sensation of all her breasts hanging and slipping over each other.

The first thing she noticed was that the stumps she had yesterday on her two side torsos had already developed into full arms. Her brain was not yet used to them, so when she tried to move them, all four arms of each side's torso moved at once, moving in tandem with the originals. The changes did not end there. The breasts on her right torso had grown more, now hanging down level with her face. They would be huge on a normal human's chest, although for Didi's body, there were not too out of proportion. Of course, now that the nipples were right in front of her mouth, if she wanted to suck them she just had to turn her head. In fact, when she raised her torsos up, half of those breasts were right above her head, pressing on it. On her other side, the same thing happened, the four breasts of her left torso had also grown significantly, leaving her head pressed between two breasts.

The strangest thing was the tube of flesh that grew from where the necks of her torsos should have been. They had grown in thickness and length, but were currently hidden between her breasts. She separated her breasts with her arms and took the tubes out from between them, and stared in amazement as the long cylinders had developed into... "more penises?" Didi was shocked. "But I am a woman! Why do I have so many penises?" She was shocked. She was becoming a grotesque creature, but deep down, having experienced the pleasure of having a penis (well, having two actually, she thought), maybe having two more wouldn't be that bad. At this point, she noticed something strange hanging from her breasts, where her nipples were...

Using her front legs, she shifted her huge breasts, exposing the nipples. What she saw surprised her even more. The small lumps that had grown yesterday from the base of her areola, which she had previously ignored, had also mutated. Lots of penises grew from the base of her areola, around the huge central penis. And while they were small compared to her previous penises, compared to the average normal size they would have been above average.

"Now this has to be it," She said to herself. She brought her left breast closer, so as to study the strange set of penises in detail. She used the arms of her left torso to feel them one by one. She

confirmed they felt like what her nipples had felt like the day before, after she first found them turning into penises. She took one of the smaller penises, and pulled back the foreskin, revealing the glans and resulting in a pleasant sensation, although not as much sensation as with her nipple penis, as the feelings seemed to be relative to size. Still curious, she used her four arms to stroke four penises at once. Doing so, a shiver ran through her whole body. "Wow, this feels great, and I'm only playing with four of them. How many do I have?" She began to count them, at least the ones that were fully formed, since there were still lumps that still hadn't fully become penises yet. It was clear that this was only the beginning, in a matter of days she would certainly have a forest of penises around each nipple penis. "I have grown 23 penises?" She thought as she finished counting. She began to get aroused by the thought, and each of the 23 penises began to stiffen.



"Oh no... not now... I have too much work to do," she said, and quickly released her breasts, letting them fall and slap her stomach. All the penises bounced into each other, only increasing the sensations. "Concentrate Didi, you can overcome it..." Even though they were all erect, she managed to resist touching her penises. She tried to get up off her breasts and move to wake up Frank, but another new sensation made her stop, noticing that something was rolling over the top of her two giant rear breasts. She fully stood up, lowered her side torsos, and tried to stretch her head around to see behind her. It was quite difficult, since she was so big, but she could see that two bumps had grown just at the root of her two giant breasts.

"I can't believe it... I'm sure they will end up being more penises..." She said to herself. "Well, I

will have to accept it, I am a girl, but I have more dicks than a soccer team..."

When she was fully up, she went to see Frank, who was still sleeping on the floor. He had barely changed, and Didi at first thought his mutation was complete at last, except for one thing.

"Frank! Wake up! You gotta see this!" Didi said, nudging him awake.

Frank's eyes shot open as if he'd been awake all night. He was lying on the floor, his two penises stretched out their entire length, leaning slightly to his side, so that his head rested on his right breast using it as a pillow.

"What's up Didi? Have you mutated again?" He said, then looked to his left. "What is that?" Frank said, very surprised.

Next to his head was an arm, a human arm. He was completely baffled, because Didi was too far for it to be hers, and could not comprehend what it was doing there. He tried to move his head away from it, and the arm moved, hitting his face gently. This puzzled him even more, and he turned his head to follow the arm, discovering the arm originated from himself. He could not believe it. "This arm... is.. it's mine?" He said, visibly excited.



"I... Frank, I think so," Didi said happily at the change in events. "Can you move it?"

Frank concentrated, and it did move, but with very small, clumsy movements, and virtually no precision. He could barely open and close his hand, much less move his fingers independently, perhaps, he considered, his brain had not yet adjusted. "This is quite a breakthrough!" he thought.

"With one arm I can do many things, and I will no longer feel so useless! Finally, some good luck," he thought. He focused on the arm and kept moving it, but realized it was going to take a

lot of work to master it.

"Don't worry, Frank, sooner than you think you will be using it as if you had it your whole life," Didi said encouragingly. She thought it was indeed great news. Frank was going to be able to manipulate things, giving him much more freedom, and help Didi with some of her work.

For a few minutes Frank continued to "play" with his new addition, but then stopped and turned to Didi.

"By the way, Didi, I was thinking about what happened last night. It's clear that that thing was a survivor who was suffering the same fate as us, only in a more violent and dramatic way. Based on his reaction, I think his mind was gone, and he was completely insane, probably because of the radical nature of his mutation. But this means that the explosion has been more serious than we imagined.. "

"Yeah, you're right," Didi said. "I've also reached the same conclusion. If it has taken this long for our first outside contact, and considering his state, the effects of the explosion must have been very serious, and affected an area many kilometers around. We do not know who is out there, if there are other survivors, and what has happened to the rest of the world. We know two things, people are mutating in horrible ways, and resources are scarce. That person came looking for food. We have to start thinking about protecting ourselves."

"I agree, although honestly a lone assailant is relatively easy to fight, if they are as mutated as much as he was, but what if they organize and come to attack us in a group?" Frank was beginning to imagine the worst case scenario.

"Well, I don't know, but for now we have to continue our plan, and now include a way to protect ourselves. It's clear that those out there share our condition. It will depend on what kind of mutations they have suffered. But I am convinced they have neither vehicles nor electronics," Didi said.

"Agreed. We will have to make weapons... or at least something to defend us. I think I have some ideas." Didi and Frank were silent for a while with their own thoughts. Clearly, the incident the night before had been shocking enough to change how they saw their situation. They couldn't keep waiting for help, at this point it was clear they were on their own and had to fend for themselves. Perhaps there were other sane survivors, and possibly some newly organized communities, or maybe there were only gangs of raiders fighting for what few resources remained in the face of widespread famine. The situation was certainly bleak.

"By the way Didi, I see you have mutated again too!" Frank said, changing the subject. "Can you show me?"

Didi, now accustomed to Frank's curiosity, explained everything she had discovered that morning on her large and changing body. The sight of her new, penis-covered nipples made Frank hard, which happened quite easily. But Didi's appearance was getting more and more alluring. He found her body fascinating, and in a certain way, he was envious because he had gotten the worst of it, but deep down, and thanks to Didi's care, he was doing well.

Then he realised that he had a sensation of being empty. Like hunger, but not for food. Then he remembered the liquid transfer that took place when he was inside Didi.

"Hey, Didi... do you think we could... repeat the other day again? I have a feeling that my body... well, I'm not sure, but I feel like my body needs you. I have an empty feeling that I'm sure will be satiated if you repeat what you did to me..." Frank said pleadingly

"Well... Frank, I don't think now is a good time, we just woke up, and we have many things to do and worry about before having sex again, don't you think?" Didi said flatly. Of course, she wanted to too, but she couldn't let herself be carried away by her instincts. They had to prepare for the worst, and couldn't know when the next assailant would come. No, there were definitely more important things to do.

Frank didn't want to insist, he knew she was right, but he really felt "hungry". "Well, I guess I can hold out," He thought.

The rest of the day passed like the one before the attack, boring and monotonous, with only the maintenance Didi had scheduled. The only interesting part was using their changing bodies, and they were both more nervous and vigilant of any sign someone was coming. Frank was still learning to move his new arm, and Didi was still getting used to all of hers.

It began to get dark, and fearing what might appear, they began to block the entrances to the motel, making sure everything was at least significantly closed, so that even if nowhere near impregnable, their barriers would at least delay an assault, and alert them to someone's presence.

Later that evening, Didi began to feel sick. She felt dizzy, and nauseous, and didn't know where it was coming from. Frank, for his part, was not much better. He still had the feeling of emptiness, and not only was normal food not satisfying him, he was not tolerating it. He didn't know what was going on, but everything he ate he vomited back up.

"Didi, I think we have had significant internal changes," Frank said, feeling unwell.

"Yeah, I know... I don't know what's happening to us, and I'm getting weaker... Maybe we should sleep, hopefully resting will help us feel better, don't you think?" Didi said.

And so they did, worried, because if they were afflicted with disease, they had no means or knowledge to treat it. "That's just what we need," Didi thought, sarcastically. She was getting quite concerned, because they had adapted well to the changes to the outside of their bodies as they could see what was going on, but what about inside? How did their digestive and respiratory systems work? Everything had been altered, and they had no way to know how. Were they doing something wrong? The feelings of discomfort did not diminish. Hopefully, tomorrow will be a new day, she thought.