

Invisible Science

By Mich Throw

Chapter 1

Before we start off with what actually happened to both me and my girlfriend on, to use a cliché, that fateful night, let me tell you a little about my hometown. It's a very small town in Southern Idaho, and it was the first one use electricity generated from a nuclear power plant. The plant is just outside of town, and is really the only reason anyone not from my town comes to visit. As you probably know, nuclear power is considered one of the safest ways of getting power, and the chances of anything bad happening from nuclear power are, well, nil. Chernobyl and Three Mile Island are the two main examples people use when saying it is a bad idea, but those are two incidents out of more than fifty years of experience. Two incidents that occurred early on in the history of nuclear power that have not been repeated. Nuclear power does not create zombies, turn people undead, mutate nearby farm animals, or cause lizards to rise from the ocean, 100 times larger than when they went in.

Scientific studies prove that living near a nuclear power plant does nothing to affect your genes.

However, before the day in question, I was still skeptical. Sure, I lived near there, and I had never known anyone to suddenly get cancer in an unexpected area, or anything like that, but you couldn't help wondering how much science really knows about. For example: we breathe air because it has oxygen, and our lungs take the oxygen from the air, allowing us to breathe. Scientists, and, as a result, ordinary people, know this. But what if that is just a by-product? What if there is really something in the air that we can't detect, that we have no way of knowing about, that actually allows us to live? There'd be no way to tell. We'd just be studying the effects of this invisible, unknowable thing, and wouldn't know the difference.

I guess what I'm trying to say is, explainable things might just have a scientific explanation that we actually cannot explain. Do you follow? Correlation doesn't mean causation.

This all brings me back to me and my girlfriend. Beth and I met in college, on the east coast, far from my home. I was interested in the fact that her father had participated in the first studies of microwave power transmission back in the 70's. Probably as a result of my home town, I've always been interested in alternative energy sources. She stated that, despite the fact that no health concerns had cropped up with animals exposed to the microwave radiation, nor in their offspring, no one was interested in microwaves as a power source. We got to talking about how people are scared of alternative energy, and it all went downhill from there.

I can guess what you imagine these two college kids look like, talking about power as if it is the most interesting subject on the face of the earth, but, to be honest, I've never pictured myself as much of a geek. I ran in track in high school, held my own in wrestling matches with my older brothers, and have had at least one attractive girlfriend a year since eighth grade. In other words, I've never considered myself anything other than average, or above-average, looking.

Beth would probably say the same about herself. True, she had the glasses and the practical ponytail that normally was a dead giveaway for a science nerd, but, other than that, she had pretty average looks, too. When she wasn't studying, she would let her dirty blonde brown hair fall around her shoulders, take off her glasses, and smile at you. She hated wearing glasses, but I always thought they made her look cuter. It's not like they were huge, or anything; small,

frameless ones, which she would raise an eyebrow over if she thought you were being too sarcastic.

She didn't make a habit of wearing anything too popular—she thought those Ugg boots were too ugly, for example—but it wasn't like she didn't dress herself up. A touch of makeup was normal, low-slung jeans, and plain raglan-style shirts were her style. She was a little shorter than usual, around five-foot-two, but I like that; pretty thin, but not obsessively so.

I guess the point I am trying to make is that she was quite the average girl.

However, on the evening in question, she was giving me an above-average blowjob.

It was the first time we had gone to third base, so to speak, so it was kind of a special occasion. I know that some people would consider dating for four months quite a while to wait for third base, but she and I enjoyed taking it slow. We were both interested in each other for reasons outside of sex, and I guess we were trying to keep it that way.

Needless to say, Beth, with her mouth around my dick, was pretty much looking at it for the first time, in an up-close and personal manner.

I was trying not to get too into it, because I know how some girls can find that annoying, but, man, she was hitting me in all the right places. Beth seemed to be enjoying herself, too, which was a rare experience (not that I had received too many blowjobs in the past). As should be obvious from the amount of time it took us to get there, neither Beth nor I were nymphomaniacs. It's just that, when we were together, we couldn't help acting a little crazy.

And she was getting *really* into it. Moans kept coming from around my member, she was massaging my balls fiercely, and, when at last I came, she didn't spit it out or pull away or anything. She swallowed it all.

"That," I said, "was the best BJ I've ever had."

Beth at last removed her head from between my legs and smiled. "Thanks," she blushed. "I thought it was great, too."

I attempted to reciprocate the favor, but Beth said she was too tired. I could guess why; she was covered in sweat, managing a full-body workout just from administering oral sex. Instead, we cuddled for the night, falling asleep watching a romantic comedy. And I didn't think anything more of it.

We didn't see much of each other for the next few days. As I recall, I had a few midterm exams coincide that week, and she had some work event. Nothing really unusual, though I would naturally pass her every once in a while, in a hall or on the quad, and we would wave and exchange greetings. It wasn't until the next weekend that we were actually able to spend time together, watching a movie with our friends.

We were sitting on the couch, Beth almost in my lap, and I was trying my best to combat a boner. You know how it is, though: the more you think about it, the less likely it will go away. Anyway, in my distracted state, I somehow brushed a hand against her right boob. It happens all the time, honestly, when you have your hand over your girlfriend's shoulder. It's just the perfect height.

After my hand barely touched her breast, Beth gave this strange shiver. It felt like one of excitement to me, but you never really know, do you? After all, they were looking a little swollen, and that could only mean one thing, with that time of the month coming around.

"Sorry," I quickly muttered in her ear, expecting a backlash but receiving surprise when she blushed and shook her head.

"They've been awfully sensitive lately."

At this my battle was lost and my erection sprang to attention. It was a doozy; I knew from the feel of it that it would be no easy-to-hide boner. This was the real deal.

Desperately I concentrated on the movie, but Beth's small, firm breasts kept popping into my mind. I imagined giving them a real feel, cupping one in my hand, tweaking a hard, small nipple—

Beth squealed and squirmed in my lap as I realized that I had acted out my fantasy and was now holding her right boob in my hand. Lucky for me the credits of the movie were rolling and my friends were getting up, gathering their things to go. My subconscious escapade had gone unnoticed.

As my penis deflated in panic I jumped off the couch and got a flushed Beth her coat and purse. By now my friends had noticed something was up, but I rushed all of them out the door, waiting until they were gone to walk Beth to her car.

She was quiet and preoccupied, picking at the collar of her shirt as I kissed her goodnight. "We'll have some alone time later this week, okay?" I half-promised half-requested, but she just nodded and drove off. I couldn't decide if she was embarrassed or ashamed, if she was mad at me or mad at herself. It drove me nuts as I got into bed.

However, as I drifted off to sleep, thanking God that I didn't have blue balls, I reflected on how Beth's chest had felt under my hand. It definitely was swollen, at least enough to make her bra tight.

Chapter 2

"Landon, would you get that down for me?" Beth asked, pointing at the top shelf. I was helping her check the expiration dates on things, a routine task at her grocery store, but had to concentrate to avoid being distracted. Even now, with the simple act of raising her hand, Beth's button-up shirt drew tighter against her massive bosom, showing off the curves of her breasts' undersides, her prominent nipples poking almost through the fabric. The letter G floated through my mind like a dandelion puff.

Beth's hovering hand came down on her hip and she gave me a sardonic look. "Honestly, can't you control yourself for five seconds?" she asked with a grin. She was looking at my crotch, and, following her gaze, I saw what looked like a cucumber outlined against my slacks.

"No," I said, returning the grin, and instantly my pants were off, my huge member pointing the way to my girlfriend. I ripped off her shirt, buttons flying, at last revealing her perfect (and perfectly huge) melons. As her jeans dropped to the floor Beth gave a groan of relief. I entered her and we became a single note, a unified theme of pleasure. Her body wracked and spasmed and I could feel my orgasm rising to meet hers, building up to... to...

I woke up from my dream just as it became a wet one. I saw the jizz darken the front of my pajama bottoms and then start squirting through, in between the threads. It felt like I was coming more than I ever had before, like I couldn't stop pumping and pumping. At last it came to an end and I flopped back onto my pillow.

"A wet dream?" I asked myself. "This is the first one since middle school, boyo." I got out of bed and dropped the soaked pajamas to the floor, making a mental note to do the laundry the next day as I slipped into some boxer-briefs. "It must have been the brush with Beth's boob," I muttered, smiling at my alliteration. "It's just her period," I further explained to myself. "They don't swell up *that* much." My returning boner, though uncomfortable in my tight briefs, told me that I wished it was otherwise.

The next morning I decided to drop in on Beth at work, half as a joke at myself, half to prove myself wrong. Sure enough, when I walked in the front door and saw Beth manning the register, I was a little disappointed not to see her tits pulling her shirt apart. Nope, they were tucked away in the nice confines of her bra. Shaking my head at my childish hopes, I gathered up a few groceries and headed to her aisle.

"Hey, babe," she said, eyes twinkling behind her glasses. "Are you free tonight?"

"Of course," I responded. "That is, if you are."

She smiled and gave me a faux come-hither wink. "You'll just have to come over and see, won't you?"

I winked back, but not before seeing what happened to her shirt as she turned to wave goodbye. That turn momentarily tightened the fabric and I saw her chest clearly outlined by it, and, all I could see was flesh slightly overflowing her cups.

*They **are** bigger*, a voice in my head whispered, and the insta-boner I had been experiencing lately was back. I hurried back to my car, bag over my groin as I tried to think of anything but growing breasts.

By the time I had gotten home my erection still hadn't subsided, so I did what any man would do: I fixed it myself. Squatting over the toilet I pumped my dick with both hands, anxious to get it over with. In a moment I was shooting my load right into the toilet bowl—or, at least, that was

the plan, but instead my shots went awry. "Geeze," I said, mopping up the semen on the toilet back and the floor. "What has gotten into me lately?" It seemed I had a boner over everything, and it would only go away after I had come. My balls looked a little swollen themselves, from all of the work they had been put through.

"Ah, well," I said. "It's not like it won't affect anything tonight at Beth's."

Sure enough, when I pulled up in front of Beth's that night, in a nice shirt with a case of beer in one hand, I could already feel a semi forming in my pants. Beth didn't help; when she answered the door she was wearing a sexy grey skirt with a matching button-up top, with the top buttons undone to show the cleavage that had definitely not been there a week before. Her hair was down.

"I bought a new bra today," she said, by way of introduction. "Care to see it?"

All I managed to get out was "all right" before we were making out on her couch.

"It's," Beth said, "a," in between kisses, "C."

"Your bra?" I asked, and she nodded. Unbuttoning her blouse I saw that it was black and lacy and left nothing to the imagination, fitting her bigger breasts perfectly. "It's just your period, right?" I asked as sexily as possible.

Beth just smiled. "Does this feel like water retention?" She unclasped her bra and brought my hand up to her chest. I gave the healthy boob a squeeze, then a pinch, and finally a lick before confirming that it did not, in fact, feel like water retention. Only after looking up did I realize that Beth was in heaven.

"Don't stop," she breathed.

"Don't stop what?" I asked roguishly. "This?" I nibbled her nipple softly and was rewarded with a low moan. Deftly I licked and sucked, never realizing how close Beth was to nipple-orgasming until I had pushed her over the edge.

"Oh, wow," she said when she had come back down. "That feels so good. I never want it to stop."

"Never want what to stop?" I asked jokingly. "The orgasms, or your boobs growing? Because I can only help with one."

Beth laughed before unzipping my fly. "Now for round two," she said, pulling my dick out of my briefs. Her small hands looked so dainty next to my pulsing red member and from its stiffness it was impossible to tell that I had already come twice that day. When I came for the third time, shooting my load down Beth's throat, it didn't feel any less good, either.

"Wow," she said, sucking her teeth clean. "That was a lot more than last time."

"Guess I've been practicing," I joked before realizing the implications, but Beth just laughed again.

"Come on, Mr. Masturbate, let's watch this movie, and maybe, if we're lucky, we can do this again at the end."

We did, and it was just as good for both of us.

As I kissed her goodbye at the door I thought it was just my imagination, but her shirt actually *did* look a little tighter. I shook my head at the thought. *Don't give yourself another wet dream.*

I realized the next morning how much of a close call it was; my erection was tenting the boxers I sleep in, feeling stiffer than ever. Thinking quickly, I hopped into the shower and turned on the water, finishing the job myself. "Better than by accident, right?" I reasoned. I couldn't imagine just trying to let it fade off, since it was so hard that my dick felt foreign in my hand. When I was done washing my problem down the drain, I finished my shower and dressed, and again was met with an odd foreign feeling: my clothes didn't seem to fit right. My boxers

wouldn't sit comfortably, my pants were too tight, even my shirt was a little odd in the shoulders. "Maybe my washer is shrinking all my stuff," I wondered. "I'll have to ask the landlord about it."

The issue with my clothes bugged me all day, causing me to squirm in my seat all through my classes, readjusting my waistband every few moments to try to get more comfortable. It didn't help when I would think of Beth and the similar problems she must be having, as it just brought back the monster boner I had that morning. "But it's not the same problem," I told myself. "After all, my clothes are just shrinking, while her boobs actually have grown." But the thought placed the suggestion, subtly or no, into my head.

Chapter 3

The next day, while the landlord's maintenance guy looked at my washer, I went to the strip mall that contained Beth's grocer. The clothes I was wearing that day felt even weirder than the day before, so I figured everything must have been ruined by the errant washing machine, and I would have to get a whole new wardrobe. Lucky for me it was payday (I took pictures for the university paper), so I had cash to spend, and time to check on Beth.

I have to admit that I almost constantly was reminded of her by small, stupid things, and was popping a boner at almost everything. The day before I must've had to jack off four times just to keep my mind clear, and at that point I was almost wishing for Beth's boobs to go back to her normal, small size, just so I could maybe get this masturbation monkey off of my back.

I stopped at her store first, just to say hello, and my fears were realized: in two days I could tell that they weren't stopped growing. In fact, from the looks of it, they were speeding up. Before her work shirt had been loose enough to hide her breasts, but now it was pretty much form-fitting, showing her new, and outgrown, bra perfectly. A week for the last one, I thought, and now just a few days for this one?

Leaning on her register, bored, Beth did an almost imperceptible double-take when she saw me. "Oh, Landon, hey," she said, nonchalant. Her brows were furrowed.

"What's up?" I asked, deciding to play along, as if she wasn't sporting a pair of almost-D-cups.

She ran her eyes over me again. "Oh, you know, not much. Are you... are you okay?"

"Am I okay?" I repeated, my eyebrows shooting up. It caught me off guard. "Um, yeah, I guess. Why?"

This time I felt her eyes hover on my crotch for just a moment, but that was hardly avoidable: my hard-on had returned, just as stiff as it had been lately. "You just look strange," she said. "Different."

I laughed it off. "Oh, my clothes just shrunk a bit in the wash, the landlord's checking it out."

"Huh," was all she said. I waited for her to use it as a similar excuse, but she remained quiet.

"So..." I said, deciding to just say it. "Looks like the puppies are growing." She blushed, which I somewhat expected, but then the blush turned into a look of anger.

"Landon!" she said, shocking me. "Just because I'm... I'm... putting on a bit of weight doesn't mean you can make fun of me for it!"

My head reeled. "What are you talking about, babe?" I asked. "Three days ago you said you never wanted them to stop growing!"

She rolled her eyes. "Well, I'm sorry I don't live in 'fantasy boob-growing land' with you, but I got a rude shock this morning when my jeans were a bit tight! My chest isn't magically growing, I'm just finally getting the freshman fifteen!"

Not sure what to think of this, I cast a voyeuristic eye over my girlfriend. She might have been right—maybe her hips did look a bit shapelier, but nothing un-sexy—but she wasn't *fat*. If she was just putting on weight, at least it was going to the right places. Still, the mundane explanation left me feeling a tad disappointed.

"Look, Beth," I said, coming around the checkout counter and putting my hands on her waist, surprised she would even let me, in her angry state, "you know I wouldn't tease you, even if you did gain a few pounds. Besides, don't you think you look amazing?"

Her anger had faded as quickly as it had popped up, and she allowed herself to be cradled in my arms, where I easily scored some feels off of her soft shirt-fillers. "I guess I do," she smiled. "I used to not care if I looked good, though."

I turned her around to look her in the eyes. "Number one," I said, "you've always looked *fantastic*. Number two, you are definitely not getting, nor, I think, will you ever get fat, and number three, I think you will agree to come by my house tonight and we can forget about all of our troubles." She nodded and smirked and giggled and all was okay.

All three points were eventually proven right, some sooner than others.

"Hey," Beth called after me as I left for the department store. "You think I can't tell when you've been working out? NOW who's concerned about their image?"

Working out? I thought. Hardly.

Five minutes later found a very confused me standing naked in the department store dressing room. I had collected a bunch of jeans and the brand of boxer-briefs I liked and shirts and so forth, all of them in the same size as the ones I was wearing. After all, I reasoned, if the ones I was wearing were shrunk, then the same printed size would fit me, right?

I had been proven wrong. As I was stepping out of the new clothes, I took a moment to examine myself in the mirror and found that maybe something strange *was* going on.

First of all, it *did* look like I had been working out. Not like a gym rat, but more in shape than a photographer like myself. When I flexed my abs you could actually discern a six-pack instead of just a firmer stomach, and my pecs looked like they had a little definition. Even my shoulders looked a tiny bit broader, which would explain my confusion with t-shirts.

It was when I at last examined my crotch that I got completely confused. After all, some unexplained muscle was easy to imagine some excuse for, but your penis doesn't just *grow*, does it? Up before this point I hadn't even considered the option seriously enough to look at it for longer than necessary, but now, with my inventory of my naked self, I couldn't avoid the fact that it would easily explain my waistband problems.

I remembered in high school, talking about dicks with my classmates, all of us comparing our measurements. Naturally we didn't actually whip them out and compare in the showers, or anything, it was all talk, but it had really brought the issue to my attention. Seven inches and a couple decimal places was mine, bigger than the average guy, but not by much. I had always remembered, you know, because it was mine.

But now, looking at it, I couldn't imagine how I hadn't noticed. This thing was at least an inch longer than before, maybe an inch and a half. It even seemed to be pointing at itself in the mirror from its usual erect state. I reached down with both hands and easily wrapped them both around its length, shocked at the amount of room I had to grasp. Then I reached under and felt my balls, suspicion turning to conclusion: what I had originally blamed on all of the orgasming was probably not that at all. I had mixed up causality. My balls were *bigger*, which would cause me to have more sperm, which would make me a lot hornier all of the time. Right?

"Shit." What was causing this? And why did it turn me on so much?

Well, maybe the second question is easy to answer.

After buying new jeans, boxers, and shirts (my waist size was the same, at least) I went home, not sure what to do, exactly. See a doctor? Call my brother? Jack off? That last thought made me think of Beth, which reminded me of my invitation. I looked at the clock and realized I only had an hour before she got off of work. Thinking as quickly as possible I jumped back in my car and drove to the Chinese take-out place, picked up a movie, and made it back just in time to change into a new, nicer shirt.

The doorbell rang and I answered it to see Beth there, dressed casually in some jeans and a new, low-cut top. Now I could see what I could only guess at before: she definitely wasn't getting fatter. The top showed off her tight stomach and narrow waist, seductively leading up to her bulging breasts. If they hadn't been a D-cup at work, they definitely were now. Below the waist I could see that she was right about one thing: those jeans were tighter on her than they should have been. "Maybe it *is* that puberty thing," I thought, "and her hips are just widening. Is that possible?" Then I remembered a few impossible things that had been happening to me lately, and brushed those thoughts aside.

"Let's just have a nice, relaxing evening, okay babe?" I said.

She smiled at me from the doorway. "We can as soon as I can get in," she said.

I grinned and stepped aside, my abnormal boner already raging in my pants. *Not tonight, big guy*, I thought, hoping to appease it. *Tonight we're just watching a movie.*

Surprisingly, I was right. That was all we did. I found out that, yes, Beth's bra size was now just under a D-cup, an enormous leap in just two days. I reminded myself to start measuring my own growth, see when it would jump, how quickly it would grow. I'd have to be scientific about it.

The movie was cheesy and romantic and we kissed at all of the right parts. We cuddled for a bit afterward, and, before I knew it, I was kissing her goodbye at her car. I found myself breathing a sigh of relief, but wasn't really sure why. The lump in my jeans was chafing, so I stripped out of them and found a ruler. It was cold and metal, but it did the trick: 8.8 inches. Definitely bigger than a month ago, I thought with satisfaction.

I then rushed to the bathroom and jerked myself off before I could come all over the carpet.

Chapter 4

Three days later I got out of bed with my normal morning wood and jerked myself off in the shower. Maintenance masturbation, necessary to keep my throbbing boner from embarrassing me, was becoming routine. The week had rolled around to the weekend again, but I had a meeting at work that day, which meant somewhat dressing up.

I shoved my now flaccid penis into my underwear as I was getting dressed, and noticed that what had been creeping up on me for the past few days was now staring me in the face: the boxers were already tight. Looking at my package, rolled up in that stretchy fabric, it was a wonder I hadn't realized the truth earlier. My balls were approaching the size of foosballs, and my dick about five inches just flopping. I worked up an erection again, something that was coming easier and easier even just after orgasm, and got the ruler out. Almost nine and a half inches. "Jesus," I said. It was really turning into a monster cock.

Suddenly curious, I sat down on the edge of my bed and bent over as far as I could. Nope: even sticking my tongue out I had a few inches to go before being able to blow myself. Besides, I reasoned in that oddly detached way of thinking you have before you're completely awake, I'm sure I wouldn't be half as good a blow as Beth.

After jacking off again (it stung for being so soon, but still felt amazing), I realized I hadn't seen Beth since our last dinner-and-a-movie. I wondered if she would blow me that night, but realized she was probably still weirded out by whatever was happening to her. I pondered how big her boobs were by now as pulled a shirt on. It wasn't just my underwear that was tight again; my slacks and shirt were tight, too. I looked in the mirror as I pulled the buttons together and saw new muscles flexing in my arms. Whatever was happening was strange, all right, but it was so gradual that it was hard to get upset at. Besides, who gets upset about suddenly getting a giant cock and muscles?

I found just one downside as I biked to the newspaper's on-campus office. First of all, bike seats aren't built for testicles twice the size of normal ones. Secondly, neither are shocks.

My second downside occurred once I came into the office. Janet, the stereotypical pretty-but-uninviting secretary, greeted me from her desk.

"Hey, Landon," she said. "Here to do a column?" I felt her eyes go down and up me, something really strange from Janet.

"Um, no," I responded, realizing her eyes had hovered on my crotch for a second longer than absolutely necessary. I tried to nonchalantly make sure nothing was *too* out of the ordinary, letting one hand fall down to brush against the front of my pants. "Just dropping off pictures." *Shit*. The clear outline of my swollen cock was definitely pushing against my slacks. Either my balls had swollen from all that bumping, or my pants were a lot tighter than I had thought. I still attempted to play it off cool and made a bit of a show of rummaging in my messenger bag for the manila envelope that contained my pictures.

"I'll take them, then," Janet said, and I gratefully placed the envelope in her waiting hand. After making sure there weren't any rude little notes left for me on my monitor, I turned to leave and she spoke up again. "Hey, um, what gym do you work out at?"

I turned to look over my shoulder (and was the view just a little more awkward?) and studied her face. It was an earnest question, apparently, but her expression gave her away as flirting. I tried to imagine Janet, only a few years my senior who always wore her blonde hair back in a bun, in something sexy besides that grey suit she always wore and it just made internally laugh. "Greg's," I lied.

"Well," she said, unbelievably letting her hair out of the bun. It fell onto her shoulders and made me instantly reconsider that internal giggle. "They're obviously doing something for you. Maybe I should start going."

"Uh, yeah," I said. I didn't know what else to do, so I left.

I returned to the department store that afternoon. "Too small," I said, as I plopped all of my clothes on the counter. The clerk smirked at me and let me exchange them. I was never more grateful.

I called Beth that night and she agreed to go out for dinner on Sunday. "Something fancy," I proposed, not sure what occasion we were celebrating. We agreed on an Italian place, a national chain, but who cared; I was anxious to see how she was doing.

The next evening I studied myself in the mirror before dressing up, just in a white t-shirt and boxers. Somehow, in a week, I had changed from somewhat-on-the-skinny-side Landon to looks-ready-for-boot-camp Landon, at least in terms of muscle mass. I flexed an arm and wasn't too surprised to see a fairly good-sized bicep form and stretch the sleeve of the shirt, which was also tight enough to see my pectorals through. They were defined enough to look like I benched a few every day, and really helped to broaden my torso. Even (and I had to glaze over my bulging package) my leg muscles were thicker and more defined. It was so strange.

I dressed in slacks and a black shirt, and, tying my tie, tried not to think about what Beth looked like. It would ruin the surprise. I hoped my changes were as gratifying to her as our changes were to me. After all, somehow they were tied together: it was too much of a coincidence.

I got to the restaurant before her and pretended to consult the menu, but was really just waiting for Beth to walk in the front doors. When at last she entered I could understand why she had been late.

It was a strapless black dress she was wearing, obviously something she had bought a few days ago but today caused trouble when she had tried to fit into it. Her boobs were absolutely mushrooming over the top, too much for a dress already designed with women with nice racks in mind. The shimmering fabric clung to every inch of her body, especially her chest, but also her hips and butt, which looked oh-so-slightly bigger than the few days before. Still not enough to be described as juicy, but definitely curvy, especially with that bust.

Beth sat down in a flush. "Sorry I'm late," she said in her small voice, now even smaller from embarrassment. "I had, um, issues."

"Was it your hair?" I joked. Even a blind man could see that her hair was done up perfectly.

She leaned across the table, giving me a better view of her prominent cleavage. "Landon," she hissed, "I don't know what to do. Something is happening to me!"

The waiter showed up just then and took our orders. Once he was gone, I tried to respond mildly. "And does it look like nothing is happening to me?" I asked.

It was only then that she seemed to notice the fact that I looked, well, kind of built. Her eyes opened even wider. "So you haven't been working out?" she asked. I shook my head, and she let out her breath in a huge sigh, plopping backward in her chair. It sent pleasing shockwaves through her frontal flesh, which seemed to switch her back into panic mode. Instantly she was leaning forward again.

"Do you know how big I am?" she asked. I shrugged. "An E-cup. An E!"

The waiter had returned with our food and was now eying Beth's chest, but I don't suppose he could help it, what with her shouting out her cup size. Once he had left I dug in.

"Just eat something," I said, my mouth full of orzo. "Calm down."

She blushed again. "I'm scared that if I eat anything this dress will absolutely burst off of me."

I laughed. "All right, all right, let's just go home." I signaled for the waiter, who hadn't strayed far so as to continue gawking.

Fifteen minutes later we were back on the couch in my living room, discussing our past weeks. I explained buying new clothes and discovering my muscles, then told her about my strange, fantastical new member. I didn't produce it, of course; I didn't want to kill Beth with shock, I suppose. Meanwhile, she told me about the troubles of fitting into a bra, and getting her pants over her hips, and finally just giving up and wearing sweatpants until she gets paid again.

"I guess," she said, sipping from a glass water, "it was yesterday when I finally concluded that I must be going crazy, because fat doesn't just distribute itself in 'the right spots.' At least, not for me."

"Neither does muscle," I added. "Not without, you know, actually lifting."

She stared thoughtfully at me. "Well," she said at last, "let's see it."

A playful grin moved across my mouth. "You first." She returned the smile.

"All right."

Unfortunately for her, the mere act of reaching around to unzip her dress put pressure on her breasts. They mostly popped out of the top hem before she had even started to take it off, and when the garment fell to the floor I saw what I had expected: two soft, firm globes, almost overpowering her small frame, void of stretchmarks and just barely sagging. Her ass, clad in a lacy thong, curved around into two perfect handholds, and I pulled her toward me, marveling at the new strength in my arms.

"Oh, my, Mr. Landon," she said. "I thought this was a trade."

"Then help me," I said, still grinning. She graciously unbuttoned my shirt and helped me pull off my undershirt. There was a small gasp at my lightly muscled chest and she ran her hands over it. My dick throbbed, almost painfully, as she straddled me and felt up my own bosom.

She must have felt my thick member twitch, because my pants were shucked right off, revealing that my dick wasn't just erect, but poking out of the leg of my briefs, the elastic strapping it to my thigh. A small "wow" was all she said before I wriggled out of my boxers, too, and showed her the full deal.

"How big is it?" she breathed.

"9.6 inches this morning," I said. "I've been measuring, keeping track. From the looks of it I'm getting a new inch every week."

"Oh, Landon." My balls, which had been hanging uncomfortably low of late, were drawn full up to the base of my shaft, which was flexed and ready. Beth placed her hands on my strong shoulders and lifted herself over me.

I blinked. "Are you sure about this?" She seemed so small, and I so huge, now, but Beth just nodded.

"Landon, after all this, I have to." And she lowered herself on to my cock.

It didn't look like she was in pain, as her sopping vagina provided more than enough lubrication, but a strange look came over her face. I knew she wasn't a virgin, and she had been on the pill since her last boyfriend, but, when I asked her later, she said that it felt so strange, so new, that it was almost like her first time.

I pulled her around until I was on top, a much more comfortable position, and started to move with her. A small moan that had been building in her throat suddenly burst forth, becoming a wail. "Oh," she cried. "Oh!" I lowered my head and buried it in her cleavage, feeling the softness of her great pillows on either side of my head. Her hand came up and stroked my hair. "Landon," she said, and her back arched. "Oh, Landon!" Her first orgasm took her, then her second. I soon heard her repeating those words from the week before: "I never want it to stop! Never!" I did my best to oblige.

That thing that had been haunting me for two weeks, that unstoppable need to ejaculate, now left me, and I found myself able to go on for longer than I had ever done. Beth, meanwhile, was hornier than ever, each thrust punctuating with a scream of joy from her that sounded like a mini-orgasm, and not once did I even have to resist the urge to do likewise. I just moved in repetitive motions, and, with my newer, stronger arms, helped Beth do the same as she reached that peak again and again.

Finally I realized that she was just staring up at me. She reached a hand up and ran it through my hair. "Okay, babe, you can finish it up. I think I've had enough." But I just shook my head.

"I don't even know if I can." She grinned and took it in stride.

At her guiding whisper, I flipped us around again, leaning back as Beth extracted me from her inner folds, which revealed my dick, beet red and bigger looking than ever. At last I realized my balls were aching for release, that I was going to be in major pain if something wasn't done soon. "Let me help you with that," Beth said, shifting backwards and leaning over. Her mouth fit perfectly over my swollen cockhead, her small hands stroking my shaft lovingly. I came within moments, dumping my whole super-load of cum into her mouth and filling it from cheek to cheek.

After she swallowed it all, Beth lay on my chest, which now provided an ample platform for her head. While her breathing slowed, becoming softer and gentler, I reflected on this odd habit of her. How many girls swallow, after all? I mean, that first time she had blown me, I think that was the first time I had ever had a girl swallow.

You know, back before our respective growths started.

It didn't come as a shock, I suppose. I didn't instantly know that that was the reason for all of this. But the coincidence was uncanny. I would have to wait and see.

Chapter 5

We woke up around midnight, and I sleepily got Beth dressed up and out the door before retiring to my real bed. My dick was so exhausted that it didn't even get erect at the sight of her trying to squeeze back into the dress. Finally I told her not even to zip it up, just to drive slowly so that she wouldn't get pulled over and she would be fine.

I stumbled into bed, pulling on my now tight pajama pants, and set my alarm for early classes the next morning.

I slept right through the alarm, of course, only waking when I realized how blue my balls were. My dick was poking straight up in the air, saluting the ceiling. I blearily connected that it wasn't contained in my pajamas, and only mild surprise went through my head when I finally realized that my monster dick had managed to rip itself right through the thin fabric.

Nearly falling out of bed, I peeled the stretchy down my thighs and off my body, then wondered how to dress. I tried to focus on my member, and realized I would have to get it tamed before I could possibly wear anything. I wrapped both hands around my throbbing boner, and the thought that it was even bigger than the night before wandered in and out of my mind.

Like a car backfiring, I was awake. *Bigger than last night?* I grabbed the ruler, now on my nightstand, and measured from the hip out. Oh, yeah. Ten and a half inches, almost exactly. *Way* bigger. Nearly one inch in a single night.

I stroked it with both hands again, and suddenly was shooting off, all over my bed. Hips pumping uncontrollably, I spurt gobs big enough to look like loogies. My balls were knocking together underneath, swollen up enough to remind me of the plums I would get sick off of as a kid.

My arms, still trying to jerk every last bit from my huge erection, were changed, too. Clearly defined triceps, and not just noticeable biceps, but *big* ones. I looked in the mirror and saw a guy who would try out for football on a college team and get accepted, easily. My pecs were no longer flat plates, but were starting to bulge out over my abs, which were all clearly visible. And my legs, well, no wonder my pants had torn so easily: my thighs and calves were positively ripped. Letting go of my soft member (it sagged down like a stubby elephant's trunk, probably about the size of my erect cock a month before, but looking so small), I struck a crab flex and saw muscles bulge in places I hadn't imagine I could bulge in before. Where each muscle ended another began instantly, creating hills and valleys all across my body.

"And I'm getting bigger, probably." I whispered. "I have to talk to Beth."

She didn't pick up the phone at first, so I hoped she was still asleep, but then her perfectly-awake voice answered my call. "Landon?" she asked.

"Yeah, it's me," I said. "How big are you?" We needed to get down to business quickly.

Her voice was steady, at least. "Well, pretty big. I can't fit into any of my bras, or my panties."

"Shit," I said, "I haven't even tried clothes. I bet I could find something for me to wear, though. You want me to swing by with something for you?"

There was a pause. "I guess. Do you think you could get here in an hour? I have to go to work."

Work? How could she think of work at a time like this? She must have read my thoughts, because she suddenly got a defensive tone. "Look, Landon, just because weird stuff is happening doesn't mean I have to give up on my rent. School can wait, but work can't." She was right, of course. I hadn't written a column for my work in weeks, just submitted pictures! Trouble was just around the corner.

"First things first," I said. "What sizes should I pick up? I'll get there as soon as I can."

She told me, and I tried not to think too much about it. I tried not to picture a G-cup, or the honeydew-sized breasts that would fill one, nor the bigger sizes she told me to get, "just in case."

My closet had almost nothing that would fit me, but at last I found some extremely old, extremely big sweatpants. They probably could have fit two of the old me, but now they just left me with the question of "how long will these fit before my thighs rip out of them? Before my dick bursts through like Porky fucking Pig?" I looked at a pair of my boxers for a moment then realized that, even if I were able to fit my legs into it, it wouldn't hold my dangling junk very well.

One XL sweatshirt later and I was heading to the department store. First I picked up the lingerie for Beth, since I knew what size that would have to be in (although I have to admit, it was difficult to find the thin-yet-stacked sizes she requested). Then I hesitated in the men's department. Huge sweatpants seemed to be the key, and really, really big shirts. Underwear, though... if I continued growing at this rate...

I finally grabbed the three biggest sizes of bikini-style briefs I could find. I tried to get ones that were narrow in the waist and really, really big in the groin, but one can only do so much. Besides, who knew how much muscular I would get; maybe my abs would start thickening to the point I would need bigger waist sizes.

The bikini-style, I told myself as I walked up to the register, was absolutely necessary. They offered the most volume in groin-area, while still keeping it tight around the legs, thus holding onto my balls and dong the best. Almost (I choked at this thought), almost like a bra for my groin.

I shook off the strange look the checkout woman gave me and rushed into the bathroom. I was correct about the underwear, thankfully. The smallest one was a bit loose, but who knew what condition it would be in by the end of the day. I looked at the biggest one I had bought and almost fainted at the thought of using it: it would hang more than halfway down my thigh. Of course, if it was full, it would hang less far, but I didn't want to think about it.

The car bounced my groin around something awful on the way to Beth's. I tried my best to get used to it.

I rang the doorbell and waited, bags in my hands. Noone came to answer.

"Beth?" I called. "It's me, Landon!"

Silence. Then I heard soft footsteps, and caught a glimpse of a bespectacled eye at the window. Finally, the door cracked open, and a strand of dirty-blond hair fell out. "My God, Landon." The eye was open huge in surprise. "Quick, inside!"

Her apartment was hot. That was the first thing I noticed when I went in. She tried to stay out of my sight, behind the door, but after she closed it and I dumped her bags on the table, she couldn't keep away from me, and I took her all in as quickly as possible.

She had managed to squeeze into a camisole, apparently, and when I say squeezed, I mean squeezed: the cleavage caused by that thing ran up to her neck. Her boobs were so squashed out of shape that I couldn't tell their size or even estimate, but they were bigger than any hand could ever hope to grab. The straps of her top looked painful as they dug into the soft flesh. Despite the heat (but probably due to the tightness of her top and, logically, my appearance) her nipples were completely hard, and they couldn't be described as nibs any more, more like tiny Coke cans, the width of one of my thumbs.

It wasn't just her top, either. Her panties (and they must have been the ones she slept in, because there was no way she forced herself into those) were tighter than skin tight, trying to contain was what now a bubble butt. I don't know measurements, but Beth had had me pick up

some 42-inch hip clothes, requiring me to consult some sizing guides, because girl clothing is stupid—and she used to be a 28!

"Landon!" she cried. Her eyes were going all over me, and I could tell she was taking the same inventory. They hovered the longest at my dick, which had come to full attention at the sight of the beauty before me. "What is *happening* to us!?"

I didn't really know what to say. "Well," I said, "we're, um, growing."

"Growing?" she gaped. "**Growing**!? Look at these!" She grabbed her breasts in each hand, her fingers sinking in through her top.

"Oh, don't do that," I moaned, almost feeling my balls swelling at that sight.

"I'm **huge**!" she screamed. "And my ass..." She turned around and pointed, as if it were necessary. "Did you **see** it?"

"Babe," I admitted, "I *love* it."

She came to a dead halt. "*What?*" she asked.

"Well," I reasoned, "I'm not saying that I don't want it to stop, and I'm not saying that you weren't drop-dead-gorgeous before all of this, but, well, in case you can't tell, your huge tits and your really, really sexy butt only make me want you more!"

Her face turned red. "I guess you *are* just Mr. Huge Boobs-Fantasy Land, aren't you? Do you have any idea what kind of problems I am going to have because of this? Back problems, people looking at me, I'm going to have to work off these pounds, too! Now, if you don't mind, I have to go to work!"

In a huff she grabbed the bags and stormed to her bedroom. I watched her butt bounce away and sighed, before rushing to the bathroom to jack off. The feeling of grabbing my throbbing dick in both hands and rubbing away while pumping what felt like gallons of cum into the toilet was too much for me, and I almost blacked out. When I was done I sat down on the can (flushed it, of course), and pondered. About life, about work, which I would have to show up for today, probably, and about my girlfriend.

I was answered from my ruminations by a knock at the door. "Can I come in?" Beth asked softly. I grunted.

She entered, fully dressed in her new clothes, a perfect hourglass figure. The bra I had gotten from her self-measurements seemed to fit well, the top over it completely covered her chest while tapering down to her tiny waist, and her peasant skirt hugged her big, round curves while still flowing elegantly in the breeze. She had her hands clasped behind her back and a sorry expression on her face.

"Look, I guess I didn't take into consideration how much this is effecting you," she started. "I mean, at least I don't have to walk around with constant notifiers to everyone around as to how turned on I am. And I guess it's true, that I've never felt sexier or better about myself than ever before, and I absolutely cannot wait to repeat what happened last night tonight." She looked up. "It's just that, well, I think I can feel myself getting bigger, right now. Already this shirt feels too tight, and my bra is getting uncomfortable."

I nodded. Those feelings were all too familiar to me. The sweatsuit that had been too baggy when I bought it now only a little big. Soon it would be far too tight.

"I think," I said, not getting up, "I think it started that night when you gave me a blow job." She didn't immediately reject the idea, a great first step. "And," I continued, "I think it's been speeding up each time you blew me since then."

She nodded. "That makes sense," she said. "But what does it mean? Will it stop?"

I shook my head. "I don't know," I said, finding my feet, "but I do know that I haven't written anything for my work in weeks, and you need to get to yours." Beth nodded, gave me that smile that made me fall in love with her, and stood on tip-toes to kiss me. When her soft chest pushed up against mine my erection started yanking at my waistband again, and I felt something flit through my brain: something wild and crazy. I reached around her and sank my hand into that pillowy ass and pulled my girlfriend even closer to me, making my boner slide up against her.

"How about we find out, right now, if the blowjobs are causing it?" I felt that, deep down, she would hate me forever for those words, for that possible damnation. But then I saw a returning crazy look in her eyes, and her mouth formed her response.

"Let's find out, then."

Chapter 6

Beth pushed me back onto the toilet and pulled down my sweatpants and briefs. My member popped up like a big, veiny jack-in-the-box, and she marveled while wrangling it in both hands. "Holy crap," she said. It looked like a summer sausage, and I knew it was even longer than it had been that morning. A foot by now? Very possible. My balls, drawn up underneath, looked like pink avocados.

When Beth's lips went over my cockhead, my eyes rolled up in ecstasy. It slipped between her teeth, filling her mouth so completely I didn't think she'd be able to go down, the sensations so strong that my rippling legs flexed and my taint bulged and soon I was shooting off again, sending a white hot stream pulsing down Beth's throat. It's amazing, really, how I had come only moments before, but now was going again. A tribute to my new balls, I suppose.

For the last time, Beth sucked all of my semen down. She even pinched her fingers up my shaft, one manicured thumb pushing up the length, as if trying to squeeze every last drop out. At last she smacked her lips. "Tasty," she said, drolly. "Now let's see what happens."

We waited.

And waited.

No clothes bursting off. No seams ripping, no buttons popping, nothing.

"Huh," Beth said, standing up and dusting herself off. "Well, I guess I'll go to work, then."

"Yeah, that was rather anti-climactic, don't you think?" I punned.

She rolled her eyes and we walked to our respective cars together. "Hey," she said, her hand on the door handle, "I wasn't kidding about tonight. I want to see what else that fantastic cock of yours can do."

"Gladly," I grinned, and we both drove off.

I got to work a half-hour later. On the drive there I noted that, while this last event hadn't seemed to speed us up as I had hypothesized, my new sweatsuit was definitely getting to be a better fit. I would be changing before the day was done, to be sure. And I would be praying that it would all stop soon.

I walked in the door and was greeted by Janet, who did a double-and-then-triple-take. "Landon?" she asked. Disbelief was everywhere. "What happ—" and then her look changed. She went from open-mouth-gape to composure with a tiny growl in her voice. "I mean, what have you been doing over at Greg's Gym?" As she spoke, she let her hair down again, and I realized that growl was flirtatious. "I haven't seen you over there, but obviously you're doing everything right."

As cheesy as her pickup line was, my stupid horniness would not wear off. I found myself realizing that Janet was actually very pretty, that her hair was a nice rich auburn and smelled like honey, and that she probably had a nice body under that unassuming outfit...

But I shook my head vigorously. "Oh, I, um, have been trying this new thing. I really can't talk about it, I have to work." I hobbled over to my workstation, praying that my boner wasn't too visible (but who was I kidding?). I logged on, opened up the word processor, and dug into my memory. What was my column supposed to be on?

Oh, yes. "Sex on the College Campus". Wonderful.

Trying not to think of huge breasts, or huge penises, or growing, or blowjobs, or deliciously welcoming vaginas, or orgies, or semen, I wrote about sex.

It was about halfway through the column, I think, when I first noticed that my arms were moving differently. Normally when I type they are slightly at angles, with my hands coming in to

reach the keys, but my elbows were getting tired, as if I was holding them out further than usual. I looked down from my screen.

My sweatshirt was about bursting with muscle, and it was gradually tightening.

I stood up, knocking over my chair, and felt my balls thumping against my thighs, trying to escape from the huge bikini briefs that were squeezing the life out of them. My dick was uncomfortably squashed against the front, and I could see it clearly outlined against my sweatpants, which were drawn horribly tight by my massively muscled thighs.

The blowjob, I thought. It was a delayed reaction! Then that meant that Beth—

"Oh shit, oh shit, oh shit, oh shit, oh shit." I scrambled for my things and rushed for the entranceway. I had to get to the grocer.

"Where are—oh, my—where are you off to?" I heard someone ask, and I turned to see Janet, only it wasn't the normal Janet: this one was dressed in spandex boy shorts and an athletic bra, showing me everything I had never noticed before: a more than ample bosom, a tight ass, and everything sexy in between. "I thought we could work out togeth--"

"OHSHITOHSHITOHSHITOHSHIT" streamed out of my mouth as I rushed even faster for the door, my dick sprouting from my waistband like magic. It reached up and up and UP, right between my pecs, as thick as my arm. Well, as my arm before all of this started.

I slammed the car door shut, squeezing myself into my tiny Honda, and stamped on the pedal. I got to Beth's work in under five minutes, I think, but it felt like hours: my balls were even bigger and heavier, approaching the melon range, when I rolled through the door, and they demanded release.

There were a bunch of people scattered across the dingy linoleum, looking dazed, so I knew what had happened: Beth had been manning the cash register when this surge hit. I followed the eyes of the crowd to a storage room. The door was locked, but that was no match for me: I bashed it in, then immediately turned around and slammed it shut as hard as I could, which turned out to be hard enough to make the door sink in on its hinges as aluminum and steel crumpled.

"Babe?" Beth's voice came from behind me. I turned around to find her with her back against the wall, tears on her cheeks. Her wrecked top was strewn around her, her bra merely unclasped. Her skirt, thankfully, was only just tearing.

Her breasts, of course, were lying in her lap.

"It just suddenly started, I didn't know why, one of my buttons nearly shot this guy's eye out..."

"Shhh," I said, moving a finger to my lips, and feeling all of the muscles in my arm move strangely, flexing, pulsing. My sweatshirt was stretched to its limit, had already torn in a few places, so I did something I had always dreamed of doing: I flexed and ripped it right in half. My arm muscles had become wrapped columns of muscles, thicker than the average joe (the average joe that I used to be) when I flexed, and the sweatshirt was no match for them, nor for my chest that wasn't just barrel-shaped, it was like two barrels. Below them was my steel-like torso, my abs no longer a six-pack, more like a twelve-pack of living metal bricks.

Below that was the red-hot, two-foot beam that was my penis, long enough that, if I wanted to, I could lean over and suck myself off. But beyond it I saw that I wouldn't have to.

Beth had heaved herself to her feet, holding one breast in each hand so that they wouldn't sag to below her waist. They were giant, beautiful things, and I could tell that in the future, besides needing a bra the size of a kitchen sink, Beth would never be seen as more than a chest with a pretty face and a nice ass attached.

"Oh, Landon," she said. "I want you in me. And I'm still growing."

In her? Was she serious? But then, like a prophecy, her skirt gave up the ghost and popped at the sides, revealing the fact that her growing bottom had already ridden itself of its panties.

I conceded to fate. Grabbing her shoulders in my hands, I picked her up. She felt no lighter than a baby, despite those giant weights on her chest contributing to half of her body weight. I sat down, my back to the wall, and slowly lowered her toward me.

The head of my dick nuzzled her pussy, encouraging her slick lips to open up, and I felt her stretch, and stretch, and streeeeeeetch...

And I was inside her. Beth slid down my length, gently, gently, silently writhing in pleasure. When I was deep enough that she could be supported by the strength of my member alone, I let go, and let her rest against me, her soft, globular chest resting against my firm, enormous one. Her knobs of nipples brushed mine and I shuddered in pleasure with her.

Beth ran her hands over my arms and chest, and I ran mine through her hair. I couldn't have been more in love. Within moments, for the first time, I was coming inside her, pumping as I gasped and tensed, my ramrod of a cock pulsing. My coconut-sized testicles were pumping all of their stored semen for at least a minute before I stopped orgasming, and it was like her pussy had vacuumed all of it right up.

Beth was a little busy with a few of her own orgasms to notice, but I did, right then: my muscles weren't clenching anymore, my dick wasn't tightening, my balls not inching further and further on the concrete floor.

The growth had stopped.

We fell asleep there, on the storage room floor, wrapped in each other's arms (and other extremities). I woke up first and saw that my dick had gone soft for what felt like the first time in years, but was still the size of a dachshund. I fished around the sweatpants I had ruined and found, in a pocket, the extra-extra-large pair of briefs I had bought earlier that day. Putting them on, I saw that I had been right: they were the biggest pair of underwear I had ever seen, and they didn't leave anything to the imagination. I had a feeling that neither of us would have anything left up to the imagination ever again.

As I was the only decent one, I left and returned a few minutes later with the only clothes I could find for Beth. At least, that was what I told her; I loved her new body too much to let her hide it under a muumuu. Instead we walked out of the grocery store as the strangest looking couple ever: a man with more muscle than any body-builder, his testament to lack of steroids staring you in the face, and a woman in a huge spaghetti-strap tank-top, her six-inch-wide areolae the first of several things poking through the thin fabric. Close inspectors could probably see the small hands sinking into the bottoms of the bathtub-filling rack as she fought to hold her tits up, and I doubt few noticed the ghetto-booty flouncing around in its short plaid skirt. After all, when you can see Beth's breasts from behind, you don't really notice her butt.

That is, unless you're me.

In the end, the only question that we answered was "How do we stop this?" There is no explanation, no solution, and no probable way to reproduce what happened to us. It was most likely a freak chance, a dumb mutation, an interaction between our genes—something of that nature. Something inexplicable. Something invisible.. All I know is that the universe is an awfully big place, and some pretty crazy stuff happens in it once in a while.

Then again, maybe some things will be answered when Beth and I have a kid.