

## **As the Seed Swelleth**

*By Jay Philia*

*“Now, we will compare the word unto a seed. Now, if ye give place, that a seed may be planted in your heart, behold, if it be a true seed, or a good seed, if ye do not cast it out by your unbelief, that ye will resist the Spirit of the Lord, behold, it will begin to swell within your breasts; and when you feel these swelling motions, ye will begin to say within yourselves—It must needs be that this is a good seed, or that the word is good, for it beginneth to enlarge my soul; yea, it beginneth to enlighten my understanding, yea, it beginneth to be delicious to me.”*

The Book of Mormon, Alma 32:28 (emphasis added)

*“But behold, as the seed swelleth, and sprouteth, and beginneth to grow, then you must needs say that the seed is good; for behold it swelleth, and sprouteth, and beginneth to grow. And now, behold, will not this strengthen your faith? Yea, it will strengthen your faith: for ye will say I know that this is a good seed; for behold it sprouteth and beginneth to grow.”*

The Book of Mormon, Alma 32:30 (emphasis added)

**BRECKLER UNIVERSITY**  
**MASSIVE OPEN SELF-EXPERIMENTATION STUDY ON INFERTILITY**  
**SESSION SIGN-IN SHEET**

**NAME:** *Lexie Taylor*

**AGE:** 22

**SEX:**

Lexie paused, once again resisting the temptation to write “lots of,” or “sex is as much a construct as is gender, read some Judith Butler, nimrod.” She instead put “F.”

**SESSION NUMBER:**

Lexie paused again, adjusting her ponytail as she wracked her brain. She finally gave up on remembering and fetched her phone from her pocket.

“Ok so my biochem final was Wednesday, makin’ this my...wow” Lexie spoke to herself, stopping when she realized this was her 30th, and final, session. She had outlasted all the other assigned female at birth folks in her cohort, who had all dropped out under mysterious circumstances.

Lexie reflected on this fact for a moment. The room fell silent, notwithstanding the incessant buzzing of the incandescent lights, whose bulbs shone from the laboratory ceiling like an unmarked marquee. Digging deeper into her thoughts, Lexie absentmindedly adjusted her silver sports bra, the only top she wore during the blooms of spring.

It was at that precise moment that the door to the lab burst open.

“Oh, terribly sorry!” said Mason Owens, eyes wide and mouth agape. Several years her senior, Mason was a graduate student at the University, also studying biochemistry.

“No, no, Mason, you’re fine. Just adjustin’ my tiddies,” said Lexie, with a mischievous smile. Mason’s cheeks flushed red, as Lexie knew they would.

“I apologize for that, I should’ve knocked,” said Mason. Wearing a blue button up shirt and signature khakis, Mason stood stock still in the doorway.

“No, Mason. C’mon. Get in here. It your last session too?” asked Lexie. Mason finally entered, closing the door behind him and adjusting his glasses, square frames as black as his hair.

“Uh, yes, actually. Session number 30,” he said, parking himself in the station to the right of Lexie. Grabbing a sign-in sheet, he filled out the form both with breakneck speed and impeccable handwriting.

“So, guess it’s the last time we’ll be seeing each other for a while then, eh? I walk on Saturday,” said Lexie, referring to her graduation.

“Oh that’s right, congratulations! And you’re valedictorian, aren’t you?” said Mason, smiling sweetly.

“Aww Mason, you keepin’ tabs on me?” said Lexie, raising her bushy brows.

“No, no, I apologize for that, I just saw it in the Gazette, I don’t pay attention to you at all,” said Mason, raising his hands in protest.

“Don’t pay attention to me at all? Why Mason, if you wasn’t Mormon, I’d say you were flirting with me,” said Lexie, pretending to primp her hair.

“I–” Mason started, then stopped. He blushed slightly and unleashed a wry smile, catching on to Lexie’s teasing. “You have an interesting sense of humor, Lexie,” he said. He moved over to the blood pressure station before pausing.

“Do you mind?” he asked, looking back at Lexie.

“Oh please, go ahead. I’m in no rush. I’ve finished all my exams. Just need to finish my speech.” Lexie said as she put the finishing touches on her sign-in sheet.

Mason inserted his arm into the machine. A whooshing noise filled the air as the cuff inflated, trapping his bicep in a vise-like grip.

“Oh, wonderful. What are you going to talk about?” he said.

Without hesitation, “oh, you know. Whatever a Marxist daughter of two lesbian engineering professors talks about. Woke ideology and all that,” said Lexie.

The machine beeped and Mason looked at the reading, writing it down after being released from its grip.

“You have an interesting sense of humor, Lexie,” he said, lips frowning but eyes twinkling.

“You sound like a broken record,” she said. Mason smiled again, gesturing to allow Lexie to use the machine. They swapped spots quickly, the shapely tits beneath her sports bra ever so slightly brushing against Mason’s shoulder. He shuddered and apologized, while Lexie laughed it off. For a split second, Lexie could swear there was something besides the lightbulbs creating an electric buzzing in the room. As the blood pressure machine squeezed at her skin, the thought left her mind.

“I suppose this might be my last chance to ask this. I already know Mormons aren’t allowed to have a sense of humor,” she said. She could hear Mason mutter “not true,” under his breath. “But the whole science thing, I never got that. And again, not trying to be ignorant or bigoted here. But why are you doing this experiment? I mean me, it’s pretty obvious, right? As the daughter of two lesbians, I’ve gotta pretty vested interest, obvious interest in helping people who can’t make babies make babies. But why you? Isn’t science a bit of a no-no in your religion? And sex! Fuhgeddaboutit, eh?” she said, gesturing with her free arm and adding an exaggerated Italian accent, which mixed rather catastrophically with her natural New Jersey dialect.

Mason paused before speaking, lips crinkling together in thought.

“My faith, which is to say, The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints,” he began.

“Oh that’s right, sorry I forgot you’re not supposed to say Mormon no more,” blurted Lexie before she could stop herself. Mason stared at her to acknowledge the interruption.

“Sorry,” she said.

“Since I assume you are asking in good faith, er, as it were...” they both laughed a bit at the unforced pun. “In my faith, we believe that faith and science can complement each other. Science is crucial, of course—it’s what I’m studying, after all. Science can tell us the what, but faith, faith helps fill in the why. And as for sex,” Mason paused. Lexie wasn’t sure if she’d heard him use the word before.

“As for sex,” Mason continued. “Obviously, people in my faith have sex.”

“Wouldn’t be more Mormons without it,” added Lexie.

“I mean, that’s partially true, yes. And yes, I got permission from my bishop to be a part of this study. We believe that the knowledge gained from scientific experiments, including this one, can help the world,” Mason finished. The blood pressure machine beeped and Lexie looked over at the reading. She detached her arm and wrote down the number.

“Well thank you,” she said. “I appreciate that. And I mean it when I say, if you wasn’t Mormon, you’d be a pretty good lay, Mason.” Lexie smiled to let him know she was joking. Mostly. Mason blushed a deeper red than before.

“Uh, thank you,” he said. Lexie blinked, if mostly because she’d expected him to parrot his line about her having “an interesting sense of humor.” Perhaps sensing a tension, Mason moved on. “Shall we?” he said, gesturing to the locked cabinet of pharmaceuticals.

“Sure thing,” Lexie said.

The cabinet had rows of digitally locked cubbies, each of which held a specified dose for a specified participant of the infertility experiment. Lexie and Mason went to their respective cubbies, entered their respective pins, and opened their respective doors. Grabbing their respective silver capsules, Lexie and Mason walked over to the sink to pour themselves a glass of water. Once again, something in the room felt electric, but Lexie couldn’t quite place her finger on why.

“Ever wonder what happened to the others?” Lexie said. Mason had just finished pouring a glass of water, which he placed next to Lexie for her to use. “Oh, thanks,” she said. He started to pour another glass.

“What do you mean?” he said, the flat timbre of his voice barely audible over the rushing tap water. “The other participants of this study?”

“Yeah. I mean, my understanding is most of the gals dropped out. But I don’t know why. And I think my moms know something—I mean, they’re faculty after all. But they wouldn’t tell me. And they weren’t too keen on me finishing the study, either. But I told ‘em I’m doing it for them. I mean, not them, they have a kid. I’m grown,” at this Lexie laughed. At 22, she felt grown. Mason nearly laughed too, but stopped himself. Closer to 30, he knew that both he and Lexie still had lots of growing up to do.

“But folks like them,” said Lexie, continuing her soliloquy. “But anyway. I was just curious. Didn’t know if you knew anything,” she said, eyes glazing over in thought.

Mason paused to let her think before speaking.

“No. I just know that science, and especially self-experimentation, always involves risk. Especially considering all those waivers that they had us fill out before we started,” he said.

“Yeah,” said Lexie. She suddenly felt wary about taking that pill. Her last dose. It would be foolish to quit now, of course. Surely any side effects would’ve popped up previously. Unless what she’d been taking up until now had been a placebo...

“Well, it’s been a pleasure working with you, Lexie. I wish you all the best in your future endeavors,” said Mason, glass raised.

“Oh, sure, yeah. Thanks. You too, Mason. Bottoms up!” Lexie grabbed her pill and plopped it on her tongue. Her and Mason *clink!*ed glasses, swallowing their doses and downing their drinks.

“Ahh,” said Lexie, exhaling loudly. Another *clink* as she placed her glass in the sink. Mason quietly grabbed the glass and started to wash it along with his own. For a few moments, the sound of his scrubbing drowned out the incessant incandescents.

“We’ve gotta wait how many minutes till our post-dose blood pressure thing? 15? Or was it—” Lexie stopped talking suddenly, breathing heavily. Mason, who had already washed the glasses and moved on to drying them, paused mid-wipe to look up.

“Lexie? Are you okay?” he asked, brows furrowed in concern.

For Lexie did not look quite right. Her face had flushed red and her forehead was speckled with beads of sweat. Her green eyes were wide and alert, and she appeared to be concentrating heavily on her sense of balance, something that didn’t seem to have been troubling her just a few seconds prior. Most alarming of all, her breathing had become strained and shallow. Just as Mason was thinking of calling for help, Lexie quickly snapped out of it.

“Yeah,” she said, straightening herself. “I’m alright.” The tempo of her speech was much slower than her usual New Jersey allegro. “Just got...little woozy there for a second. Feels hot as fuck in here, no?” she said, forgetting Mason’s aversion to swearing.

“Erm,” started Mason, working past his linguistic proclivities, still holding the glass in his hand. “No, I don’t think so, Lexie. I think you ought to write this down as a symptom, and I really think you ought to consider going to the nurse’s station.”

“Yeah maybe you’re ri—” but before Lexie could finish saying “right,” it happened.

Lexie grew even warmer than before and began to sweat an almost cartoonish amount. Then, her breasts began to expand.

The round curves of flesh underneath her silver sports bra pushed at the fabric, making Lexie feel more and more compressed. The globes grew up and out, but the cloth held steady. Nothing ripped, but a fleshy, sloshing sound filled the air as Lexie’s tits spilled over and under her top before the swelling suddenly ceased.

“Ahh,” Mason exclaimed. It was a loud, involuntary exhale of breath, followed by a *smash!* of breaking glass as the water container dropped from his suddenly splayed fingers. Mason’s brown eyes were as wide as Lexie’s: truly, he was gawking, mouth agape and brain momentarily offline.

“Holy shit,” said Lexie, looking down at her newly acquired expanse of cleavage.

The swear seemed to dislodge Mason from his stupor.

“Oh,” he said, shielding his eyes with his hand.

“Oh is right,” said Lexie, using her hands to squeeze her boobs. They were astoundingly soft and pliant, two massive mounds of memory foam.

“Uh, uh, I apologize for that, I’ll, uh, let you...have some privacy,” Mason said, eyes still shielded by his hands. He took a step backwards and proceeded to *scrunch!* his foot against the broken glass.

“Oh dear,” Mason said, looking down at the mess he had caused. Lexie could tell his mind was in overdrive, trying to triage his propriety: was it more respectable to leave the room, or to sweep up the broken glass?

“Better pick that up, Mason, don’t want me to trip and take a tumble in my altered state,” said Lexie, a bit mischievously. Her increase in body heat and boobage had made her painfully horny, and Mason leaving seemed outside the realm of physical possibility to her.

“Oh, uh, of course, let me grab a broom,” he said, turning his back towards Lexie and lowering his hand away from his eyes. “Let’s see, uh, there should be a broom here somewhere.” Mason’s voice sounded different, a wobbliness inflecting his usually near-monotone register. “Should be around here somewhere,” Mason was now simply repeating himself as he walked away from Lexie with astonishing slowness. “Should,” Mason started to speak again, then stopped.

Now it was Lexie's turn to worry. Mason had stopped moving entirely, and had nearly doubled over after starting to stoop. Lexie could see droplets of sweat start to form on the back of Mason’s neck, and could hear a raspiness in his breath above the din of the overhead lights.

“Mason? Ya okay there, bud?” she said, starting to move towards him.

“No I’m fine, don’t come near me!” he said, voice shrill and panicked.

“Mason what’s up, what’s wrong?” said Lexie, undeterred and stepping closer to Mason. Mason tried to take a step forward away from Lexie, but wobbled precariously and stopped.

“Holy shit,” said Lexie. She stood perpendicular to Mason. In an instant, Lexie saw both why Mason was having so much difficulty in moving away from her, and why he was so desperate to do so.

For Mason was sporting the largest erection Lexie had ever seen. Inches and inches of throbbing cock pressed outward, deforming the natural shape of his pleated khakis. Two blobs of roundness bracketed the base of his bulge in an impressive display of literal testicular fortitude.

Lexie’s gaze met Mason’s.

“I’m sorry,” Mason whispered, still hunched over.

Lexie could hear the shame in his voice and watched as it trickled down his cheeks from his pleading eyes.

“Hey buddy, it’s okay, nothin’ to be ashamed of,” she said gently. She took a step forward and placed a hand on his shoulder to reassure him. The second she did that, several things seemed to happen all at once. The buzzing of the lights above their



heads seemed to pulsate, reaching a sudden and swift crescendo in volume. Mason moaned, deeply and loudly, louder than even the lights above them. Most noticeable, however, was the stain. It started from the very tip of his khaki-clad throb and spread outward, darkening most of the groin area of his pants.

“Is that...cum?” Lexie spluttered. Mason stared back at her, eyes wide with panic and shame and face red as a beet. His mouth moved to speak but no words came forth, just a whimper and more tears.

“Mason, Mason, it’s okay. Let’s, we’ll get you cleaned up, it’s fine.” said Lexie, who had removed her hand from Mason’s shoulder as though it had been a hot stovetop.

“Noo, leave me alone,” Mason said, speaking loudly if clumsily, and moving forward much the same. Lexie could tell it took a great deal of effort for him to move his legs with all of his blood redirected elsewhere. Before Mason could take more than a few steps, however, another noise reached their ears: laughter.

Mason and Lexie both realized its source at the same time: freshmen. While the lab housed the materials for the infertility study the two of them were partaking in, it also by necessity played host for lab groups of the Bio 101 cohort. Lexie could hear Mason shudder in panic and chose to delve into her own form of overdrive to come up with a solution.

“Mason, Mason, I know a way out,” said Lexie, approaching the man with caution, hands at her side and far from his shoulder.

“There’s...only one entrance,” he said, voice thin as a reed. “We’re trapped!”

“No, no, remember Mason, I’ve got two moms, faculty here right? Used to let me crawl around this place growing up like the little rugrat I was, alright? I know this place like the back of my hand. If we go to the very back of that supply closet, it leads us to a tunnel, it can take us out of here, ok?” Lexie said, bringing the allegro back to her voice and trying to spread the speed to Mason.

“Oh...okay,” said Mason.

“But we gotta hurry, okay?” said Lexie.

“Right,” said Mason, suddenly snapping to. He stood up straight and started to strut towards the supply closet door when he stumbled.

“Whoah!” said Lexie, catching him by his underarm just in time. The touch kept him from falling, but it all happened again. The lights flickered and buzzed outrageously as Mason moaned loudly. This time his cock grew before her very eyes, pushing even more against his khakis as it swelled forward. The dark stain spread, getting darker and darker as it moved across the entire front of his pants. A trickle of viscous goo pooled and slowly dangled from the tip—a stalactite of semen.

“Hhuuu,” Mason breathed deeply, seemingly in a subverbal state. The laughter was getting louder, the froshes were just outside the laboratory door.

“Mason, you need to focus, ok, walk steady, as fast as you can. Remember, you’re a TA, those freshmen catching you with...like this, would not be good, okay?” said Lexie. That seemed to do the trick. Mason took a deep breath and wobbled forward, bending at the knees to adjust for his warped center of gravity and general deliriousness. Lexie made it to the supply closet door and grabbed the handle, whipping it up and down forcefully to no avail.

“Shit!” she said. “Shit! Shit! Shit!”

Mason frowned. Lexie touched her ponytail, feeling her hair traipse between her fingers as she thought.

“Aha!” she said, with more than a little bit of gusto. She streaked across the room, her now beyond-massive boobs bouncing preposterously as she ran. Opening a drawer, she rifled through it just as she heard a voice outside say something to the effect of “it’s time, bro.” Grabbing a bobby pin, she flew to the closet door and picked the lock.

“Come, come, come,” she waved over to Mason, regretting her choice of words. Mason wedged himself into the supply closet after Lexie and closed the door with a slam just as the outside door to the laboratory opened.

“Dude is there someone in here?” said a loud male voice, hopped-up on adolescence and immaturity.

Lexie toned out whatever the response was and turned to face Mason. The only light in the supply closet came from the sliver between the door and the floor. Lexie could see that her chest was millimeters away from Mason’s own, and that it was taking everything he had to stop himself from moaning and cumming.

“Mason, listen to me. We’re going to get out of here. But you have to stay calm and in control, okay? You’ve denied yourself for almost 30 years, just can do so just a little bit longer. We are going to very, very quietly walk to the end of this supply closet, behind a secret panel that’s actually a tunnel, okay?” said Lexie. She could just barely make out Mason nodding. “Okay. Follow me. And don’t make a sound.”

The two made their way to the back of the closet as the boisterous bio bros settled into the room. Lexie found the particle board that she had marked back in middle school, and made to lift it.

“This is going to make some noise, so once I move this, we’re going to have to scam into the tunnel and hoof it, okay Mason?” said Lexie.

“Okay,” she could hear him mumble.

Lexie ripped the particle board from the wall, wood screeching against the floor of the closet like a cat getting its tail tugged.

“Dude I told you there was someone in here,” said the same voice from before.

“Go, go, go,” said Lexie, shooing Mason into the blackness that was the other side of the hole.

“It’s coming from the supply closet, bro,” roared another bio student.

Mason squatted and crawled into the darkness, with Lexie crawling close behind. She turned to try to readjust the particle board back into position, but stopped. She could see the light growing from the opening of the supply closet door.

“Run!” Lexie whispered loudly, before realizing her stupidity. Not only was it nearly pitch black in the tunnel, but Mason was clearly still in no condition to run.

“Dude I don’t see anything,” said a now dim voice.

“Told you you’re fucking stupid,” said another. A slamming of the door left them in total darkness.

“Shit,” said Lexie. Mason sighed. “Our phones! Duh!” she said, quickly pulling hers out and opening her flashlight app. The tunnel stretched out before them, and was made all the creepier by the flashlight’s glow. Walls and ceiling both seemed to be

made out of a cheap corrugated metal, while the floor was nothing more than terrazzo.

“More things change, more things stay the same,” said Lexie.

“Huh?” said Mason.

“Nothing, quick, let’s go, walk as best you can.” And they did. The pair fell silent for several steps.

“Where does this lead?” Mason asked after a while. Lexie looked over. His cock was still fully erect, but he seemed to have gotten the hang of walking around with it, and wasn’t in as catatonic a state of guilty horniness as before.

“The old operating theater,” said Lexie, running one hand through her hair as she held her phone flashlight in the other.

“I didn’t know we had one of those,” said Mason.

“Yeah well, they keep it locked up. Problem is, this is the only way in and out of there that I know of,” said Lexie.

“Oh,” said Mason.

“Oh is right,” said Lexie.

The two made it to the end of the tunnel and reached a decrepit doorway. Lexie pushed at it.

“Nothin’,” she said. “Here, help me push.” Lexie stood on one side and let Mason sidle up beside her, leaving enough room in between them for Jesus—or at least, to prevent Mason from cumming uncontrollably.

The two heaved at the slab of disused metal, until finally...

“Shit!”

“Ahh!”

The door burst open and Mason and Lexie fell into the other side as the door reverberated and slammed shut behind them.

They found themselves in a massive space, at least the size of a high school stadium. The floor was made of concrete, and both Lexie and Mason stood up stiffly, lucky to have not hit their heads. Most of the room was empty, but rows of amphitheater style seating abutted the far wall. Lexie spotlighted the walls until she found a switch. Much to her dismay, she found that flicking it turned on a grid of lights that were just as noisy as those in the lab.

“We’re safe here, Mason. We can rest a spell then go back once those nimrods are outta there,” said Lexie. She started to walk towards the chairs when she realized Mason wasn’t following her. She turned to find Mason shedding more tears.

“Aw Mason, your waterworks are back. What’s wrong?”

“I’m sorry, Lexie. It’s so...wrong. I’m not supposed to...” Mason mumbled, crying quietly but voice quaking with pain.

“Not supposed to what, Mason? Getta huge erection? Well I’m not supposed to grow huge boobies but it’s what happened. And guess what, I kinda fuckin’ love it. Makes me horny, matter of fact.”

As Lexie spoke, she stepped towards Mason, mere inches from his cock, which protruded far beyond the rest of his body.

“You’re so...free,” Mason said. “You don’t feel shame.”

“You don’t have to feel shame either, Mason. What if it’s like you said, huh? Your faith and science? Can’t it be the same with sex?”

Mason exhaled and balled his hands into fists.

“I have such urges,” he said. He stood there in his blue button-up shirt and stained khakis, staring at Lexie, eyes wide and glistening.

“Yeah Mason? What sorta urges?” she said, inching ever closer. The lights started to buzz louder, and Lexie could see beads of sweat start to spread across Mason’s forehead.

“Ugnnn,” Mason moaned, louder than before. His cock swelled again, this time growing not just longer, but thicker too. His balls, already the size of golf balls, swelled further as well, causing tufts of pubic hair to poke out from the top of his pants. The stain didn’t seem to spread across his pants any further, but it did grow darker, and the glob of semen at the tip of his khaki’d dick dripped steadily.

“Mason that is so fuckin’ hot,” said Lexie.

“Ow, ow, ow, ow,” said Mason, seemingly in response to Lexie’s comment.

“I know, I know, shame can be painful,” she said.

“No! My pants, it hurts, the fabric. It’s too tight!!” Mason eye’s were bugging, voice wobbling again.

“Oh! Ok, um. Let’s see. I think we need to take them off, ok? Is that ok?” she asked.

“Please!!” Mason was begging, eyes again watering, though this time from sheer physical discomfort.

Lexie assented and reached forward to tug at Mason’s belt, when her hand accidentally grazed one of Mason’s testicles.

“Ugnnnn!” Mason moaned again, and the lights flickered and buzzed. His cock stretched forward and swelled outward, growing more forcefully than before. His balls ballooned outward with a heavy, sloshing sound, and then, finally, his genitals overpowered his khakis, ripping and tearing the fabric at odd and awkward angles until the shaft of his penis was loosed entirely, more than two feet of cock bobbing turgidly up and out. Great globs of translucent pre-cum streaked down his shaft.

“Fuuuuck Mason that’s so fuckin’ hot!” Lexie practically screamed. She had jumped backwards, startled, during Mason’s growth, but eagerly stepped back towards him. She’d always been a bit of a size queen, but a cock of this size? Unbelievable!

“I’m...so...horny...it hurts,” said Mason, breathing heavily.

“I’ve got a solution for that,” said Lexie, eyeing his massive member. Mason breathed even more heavily before assenting with a nod.

Lexie stepped forward. Mason's cock was so large she barely had to stoop for her face to reach its tip. She certainly couldn't fit the whole thing in her mouth, but she could have fun trying.

The second that Lexie placed her parted lips against the slit of his bulbous cockhead, Mason groaned again, unleashing a liter's worth of jizzum. Lexie gasped in shock and nearly choked. She adjusted quickly, holding onto the cockhead with both hands and relaxing her throat. *Gulp! Gulp! Gulp!* Mason's torrent of hot, sticky substance necessitated swift and sizable swallows. By the time she finished her flat stomach had distended noticeably.

"Ahh!" Lexie exhaled loudly. She could think of no other word to describe Mason's seed than *delicious*.

"Fuck that was hot," she said, speech slurred by the semen still stuck to the roof of her mouth.

Mason, meanwhile, seemed to have regressed to a state of shameful shock. Eyes wide, mouth fumbling at speech, he took a deep breath before spluttering:

"I...I.I'm sorry," said Mason "I didn't know I was going to—"

"Shh shh shh," interrupted Lexie. "It's what I want, Mason. It's what I've wanted for a real long time. I've always found you hot, buddy. I knew I didn't have a chance. You were Mormon! But now..." Lexie gave Mason another mischievous grin.

Mason blushed but then spoke, surprising Lexie with his lucidity.

"I...I've always found you attractive too, Lexie. I mean. I was always ashamed. You were so young. You weren't in the Church. But...you were so smart. So clever. And kind. I mean, a biting sense of humor. But so kind."

"Aw Mason, that so sw—" before she could finish saying sweet, the lights flickered and buzzed again. Lexie moaned. Then she started to grow, and not just her breasts this time. She rose up, growing taller and wider in proportion. The growth was swift but short lived; Lexie was drenched in sweat and now towered at least three feet above Mason.

“Oh my,” was all Mason was able to say, staring up at the tallest woman he had ever seen. His gaze turned from awe to curiosity to lust, an intense, unblinking lust. Drool started to pool on the side of his mouth when Lexie suddenly yelled out in pain.

“These clothes, they’re too tight!” she said. “Take off my pants!” she instructed Mason. Mason promptly grabbed hold of the gray lycra that was digging into Lexie’s flesh. He tugged mightily at it, unfurling it slowly down the length of her thighs and exposing her red panties. The panties themselves were digging into the massive lips of her labia, and had practically disappeared between the humps of her rump. Mason exhaled with a shudder at the sight. Lexie smiled.

“Ya really wanna go inside there, doncha’?” said Lexie, rubbing her pussy lips.

“Y...yes,” said Mason with a swallow.

“Then hurry up and undress me, Mason. I need your massive cock in me. I’m thinkin’ it’ll fit now too, now that I’ve grown.”

Mason wrestled with the lycra, stripping Lexie’s legs in long, forceful thrusts. He was panting, and Lexie couldn’t tell to what extent his primal gasps came from his back-breaking task or nut-busting lust.

“My shoes, take off my shoes,” Lexie commanded, plopping her near-bare ass down onto the cold concrete. Her feet had doubled in size, and though Mason grabbed hold of both heel and tip and tugged, the task seemed Herculean. He grunted and groaned with physical exertion. Lexie could smell the sweat leaking from his pores as he hunched over her. She imagined him making the same noises, but while thrusting his overgrown cock. Every second he wasn’t inside her felt like an eternity.

Mason finally succeeded in stripping off her shoes. Lexie closed her eyes in relief, twirling her toes as she let her giant feet breathe.

*Riiip!*

With a gasp, Lexie looked down to see that Mason, unprompted, had ripped her panties straight off, notwithstanding the clump of cloth clamped between her ass cheeks. A fiendish smile spread across his face. The engorged, panting, wide-eyed Mason that stood before her hardly resembled the mild-mannered Mormon that had greeted her in the lab mere minutes ago. That Mason had shrunken away modestly at



the site of her then humble chest. But not this Mason. This Mason gazed with unabashed glee at the sight of Lexie's swollen breasts.

Indeed, her breasts were the only part of her body still covered—if you could say as much. Each of Lexie's boobs were now larger than Mason's head, and her sports bra barely capped her areolas, with the rest of her titflesh exploding out the sides.

"I...don't apologize for that," Mason stated, before proceeding to hold her freshly ripped strip of panties to his nostrils. He inhaled feverishly and moaned.

This new Mason drove Lexie wild. She moaned as well, wetness gushing out of her and onto the bare concrete.

"Never apologize Mason. Just fuck me. Fuck me now!" she screamed.

"Ugnnnh," Mason grunted in response, and, getting down on his hands and knees, positioned himself to enter her. His dick, a thriving, throbbing, two foot mass of cum covered flesh, slowly, hesitatingly, entered her pussy.

Every inch entered increased the ecstasy that both of them felt on a visceral level. For Lexie, it was a vital filling of an unwelcome emptiness. For Mason, it was a warm, welcome enclosing of hot, sticky flesh around hot, sticky flesh. It was overwhelming for them both, all the more so since they were experiencing their union at heretofore unimaginable sizes.

Lexie shuddered and squealed. "Fuuuuck," she managed to say, with a breathy urgency.

"Unnngh," this new Mason had little need for words. He did, however, have a need to thrust. And thrust he did. He started slow, then stopped when Lexie began to shriek.

"Are you OK? I apolo—" Mason started to say.

"No!" Lexie screamed, placing a finger against Mason's drool-coated lips. He was an animal, but a kind animal. But that's not what Lexie needed.

"Don't apologize! Don't stop! It feels so GOOD!" said Lexie, who moaned, dousing Mason's cock with more juices.

“Uggn, gooo’!” said Mason, dropping the “d” off of “good” and receding back into a subverbal state, thrusting harder and faster. They moaned louder and louder, voices reverberating throughout the operating theater in a symphony of slowly synthesizing screams. They orally unleashed their joy with wild abandon, numb with pleasure and existing as sheer flesh, not thought.

“Ummmm muhhh,” Mason spewed out, and Lexie could tell what was about to happen. The cock inside her seized up. As it did so, Mason roared, a guttural bellow of unearthly strength. Then, a furious explosion of cum so hot it made Lexie spasm in shock and delight. It shot into her with such speed and force, she thought for sure a fire hose was filling her.

For fill her it did. So enraptured had they been in their humping, that neither of them had seemed to notice the continued swelling of Mason’s balls. From golf balls to tennis balls to baseballs, they had in the interim swollen to something approaching volleyballs, and were swelling further still. From his great globes and through his awesome shaft shot a ceaseless stream of semen. Deep, deep inside Lexie went Mason’s seed. The warm, no, *hot* sensation of filling, of embiggening, of growth, caused Lexie to shake involuntarily, which only further stimulated Mason’s phallus.

“Sooo...GOOD!” Lexie yelled. Soon the semen—so many gobs of it—caused a swelling for Lexie’s innermost anatomy. But it didn’t stop there.

“MUUUHHHH! MOOORE!” roared Mason with a lustful, goonish rage that filled Lexie with glee. Onward he thrust, and onward he came, more and more and more. His sac spread awkwardly but greedily behind him, ballooning outward with a sloshing sound, reaching threatening proportions: exercise balls, bean bag chairs, upward and outward with heavy, heaving weightiness.

“Guh,” said Lexie. Barely able to focus his vision, Mason could see that Lexie’s breasts had started to swell again. Her gray sports bra strained desperately as more and more boob gushed from all sides. The bra no longer held her tits or even her areolas—it was just barely covering her nipples, both hard as a rock and roughly the shape and size of a water bottle.

*Fwa-ping!*

As if launched from a trebuchet, her sports bra split across her left shoulder and flew across the operating theater, leaving Lexie completely exposed. Her breasts spread up

and out, easily rivaling Mason's balls in size. They landed with a pair of *fwaps!* on either side of her and grew across the concrete of the room.

And her breasts weren't the only roundness of Lexie's that was growing.

As Lexie tit's burst free, her belly swelled at an even more alarming rate. A squishy, *glosh!*-ing sound became louder and louder, as more and more of Mason's seed filled her. Mason had to keep adjusting his position, as the belly he was pounding full of cum accreted size and encroached on his person. Pushing against the doughy, sloshing flesh, he thrust with even greater ferocity, moaning all the while. It was gallons now, gallons of cum that he spewed every second, filling Lexie's pussy with the force of a Greek god, and darn if he didn't feel like one. Lexie, more cum-bloat than woman now—and certainly more slut than scientist—started to approach not just outlandish, but horrifying sizes.

Her breasts had stopped swelling, each of them matching the mass of a college dorm room. But her belly, that belly that was now an encased, globular lake of Mason's goo, that belly didn't stop. It sprouted outward, defying all reason and pertinence, surpassing the size of a starter home. Lexie could feel the walls—as high as they were!—start to encroach on her sense of space. She could also sense that Mason was beginning to tire, but not before...

“Guhhhh!” It's not that he had stopped cumming. It seemed now that he had always been cumming, that there had never been anything to exist besides Mason's cumming, and the hot, filling feeling of her enlarging. But with Mason's groan, just like before, the tempo changed, and his penis seized up.

It was unparalleled. Mason was now seemingly having one orgasm *at the same time* as his impossibly long, pre-existing orgasm. Lexie could feel herself—no, the entire operating theater—start to shake as her giant mass of cum-bloat wobbled and rippled on impact. What had been a firehose was now a flood, a tsunami, a hurricane-force gushing of hot, sticky Mason-seed, filling her with a violent degree of pleasure like she knew she needed. The rate of her growth doubled as her belly-flesh first grazed and then touched and then *smooshed* against the upper walls of the operating theater, flattening as it pressed against the ceiling and spreading outward to fill the entire space. Soon, Lexie the cum-bloat blocked out the ceiling lights, causing darkness to descend on the pair of them.

“Yeaaaah,” Lexie could hear Mason say, their heads on opposite sides of the cum-bloat.

He finished.

Lexie was nearly all cum now, nearly all Mason's cum. The filled-ness was unlike any fuck she'd ever had or any feast she'd ever eaten. She felt whole. Pure. Good.

"Lexie?" called out Mason from the darkness. He was still inside her.

"Yeah Mason?" she said, breathing deeply yet calmly.

"Thank you," said Mason.

"Oh no, thank you, Mason," said Lexie.

"No," Mason said, more forcefully. He spoke without a hint of irony, with all the might of Mormon sincerity.

"Thank you, Lexie. Thank you for helping me grow, and for showing me the light." He leaned forward and gave the small patch of cum-belly that he could reach a loving embrace. At that, Lexie fell asleep, with Mason still inside her, feeling more whole than ever before. 💜