

Jason's Stretch Test

by Selph

New Grandir was larger than Jason had expected. He was told it would be an easy city to get lost in, however, he didn't realize just how serious that warning had been. He checked his phone map frantically as he paced the research district, occasionally letting his eyes wander from the screen to marvel the skyward reaching architecture.

Compared to the residential areas and commercial areas of the city, the research district had the distinct air of science fiction he expected of a city ruled by supervillains. Some buildings were standard fare concrete and glass skyscrapers, but they were in the minority compared to the spiralling towers, avant garde shapes and irrationally sculpted forms which dominated the skyline.

"You look lost," a voice said. Jason turned around, coming face to face with a muscular figure in a lab coat. He had a soft, youthful face, which contradicted his powerful limbs. He didn't just look strong, he looked unnaturally strong. Jason wondered if he had been subjected to the same muscle-pumping formula that he inhaled in Expanse. If he had used the formula to grow his muscles, then it must have been stabilized over the last month; the man didn't seem to be in danger of bursting any time soon.

Jason tried not to stare, he realized that the man wasn't wearing anything under his lab coat except a pair of rubbery boxer shorts and boots. It was a hot day, and a trickle of sweat glistened in his cleavage. "Sorry I... yeah, no, I'm a bit lost."

The rules for public exhibitionism were laxer in the research district. This was the area where the ruling "big two," Biohazard Ben and Scalebreaker, developed everything from their costumes, to weapons, to new food items for the city and more. Because new materials, especially wearable ones, required extensive testing they had to be worn and subjected to everyday wear-and-tear. Jason wondered if the man's underwear was a new stretch-polymer, or if he just didn't like wearing pants.

"Jason, right?"

Jason blinked. "You know who I am?"

The lab coat hulk laughed. "Sorry I should probably have led with something like... hi, I'm the R&D scientist you have an appointment with, instead of just name-dropping like that." His smile was

disarming, his gentle blonde hair and bright green eyes really stood out against his herculean mass. "I'm Franklin." He extended a meaty hand, expecting Jason to shake it.

Jason shook hands with Franklin, feeling absolutely dwarfed when his own digits barely matched the size of the man's palm.

"You were running late so I started to worry. New Grandir is a safe place, safer than most. We still get a few pranksters and mean-spirited goons running around the research district, however, and I thought they might have pounced on you. Blown you up to parade you by a string, given you a literal swell head, that sort of thing. It's pretty wild the closer you get to the labs." Franklin explained, giving Jason all sorts of strange scenarios to ponder.

"I tried following the map," he tilted his phone screen to Franklin. "But it didn't help, I wound up just as lost. I guess google maps hasn't perfected its New Grandir street-map yet."

Franklin laughed heartily. His voice was higher in pitch than his size suggested. "Yeah, no, that's by design." He pointed at the phone. "Ben had his tech goons scramble the app, don't ask me how. You need to download the local app from the New Grandir network, which I guess you aren't signed up for yet. How long have you been a resident?"

"Only a week," Jason replied. "I had some trouble getting documents sent over, so it delayed a few things. No one told me the city has its own app store," he scratched his head. "But I'm starting to learn that New Grandir has a 'lot' that it does locally."

Franklin turned around and began to walk, urging Jason to follow. "Well then I'll be your big strong escort. Stick close, you don't want to end up a horny goon's plaything, or worse - some mad scientist's experiment. You could end up an actual balloon if you're not careful, and not a human-balloon."

Jason blushed at the suggestion.

"Unless that's what you want." Franklin arched a brow. "What was your introduction to the New Grandir lifestyle?"

Jason thought back. He remembered the fateful night at Expanse, where he stumbled upon Ben's research facility in the basement. Witnessing his friend blow up and pop, the gas which turned Jason himself into a sweaty, hyper-masculine muscle-bomb, and the way he avoided self-detonation.

He still remembered the way Ben's supple, supervillain suit encased skin, felt on his crotch. The way the pressure built to a crescendo so loud it rattled his brain; and how it erupted out of him, warm and blissful.

"Ben got me," he said. It wasn't a lie, he just wanted to condense the night's events. Handsome as the soft faced Adonis was, Jason didn't feel comfortable explaining the lurid details to him. Not yet, at least. He admitted to himself that he was turned on, and Franklin seemed to keep shooting him little glances out of his periphery. Maybe after the testing was finished, he could ask him out for a drink.

"Ben got me too," Franklin said with a smirk, flexing an arm.

They arrived at an unassuming silver building with chic sloped windows and a wide-open foyer. At the centre was a circular desk, where a plump secretary was busy taking calls through her headset. Franklin approached her, exchanged small talk, and walked away with a key card on a lanyard. He took Jason further into the building, down an elevator big enough to house an elephant, and descended into the subterranean depths of the island.

"Lab 7G, this is mine," Franklin said. The doors opened and revealed a clean white-and-silver laboratory with a surprising amount of aesthetic flare. There was running water suspended under glass panels on the floor, which Jason quickly realized wasn't just a feature but a carefully crafted series of windows into the ocean below. New Grandir existed in the middle of the Atlantic Ocean. "What do you think?" Franklin asked. "Usually, I'd hate being relegated to the lowest level... but here, I get a literal ocean-side view. A remarkably close, ocean-side view."

Jason approached. There was a glass viewing partition which showed an empty, blank chamber. Franklin sat at a console on the lab-side of things and pressed a button to open the door. "Step through here if you could."

With a cautious step, Jason obliged. He looked around, the only other thing in the testing chamber with him was something shiny on a table in the middle. He approached and blushed. "Uh, this is the um... the thing I'm meant to test today, right?" He looked back to the partition; it was dark but quickly became clear so that he could see Franklin beaming at him from the other side. "Why... this colour?"

A pair of trunks, in hot pink. Ex-Spandex, the material was called. He had agreed to inflate while wearing them to test their elasticity. If he was being honest with himself, he was dying to inflate again after his first experience in Expanse's basement. He lacked the confidence to do it on his own, so this was ideal. He felt a little odd doing it in front of a stranger, but the charismatic Franklin was as best an audience as he could ask for.

"Your favourite, according to our data," Franklin wasn't wrong. Jason just didn't expect to have to model hot pink trunks in a lab. He thought the test would be more informal. "Do you want me to darken the partition while you try them on?"

Jason flushed. "No um," he said. "You can... watch, if you like." He stripped down to nothing. The smooth, light tan skin he inherited from his Latinx heritage had taken on a slight shine ever since he first inflated. He pulled his shirt over his head and unbuttoned his pants, then removed his underwear, baring his plump, wide-set cheeks to Franklin. He was proud of how enormous his assets were... the chance to make them even more prominent made him lustful at the thought. He quickly slipped the trunks on before his thickening erection made the action difficult.

"I'm honoured to get such a strip tease on the job," Franklin said over the speaker.

"Like what you see?" Jason smiled awkwardly, feigning confidence.

"Oh, I do, you're beautiful even without being pumped up."

Jason posed. He was a slightly effeminate man. Shorter than his friends by half a foot on average, but thick in the hips and thighs with a plump chest and soft facial features. He kept his shiny black hair close cropped and combed back. His beard was light and well-groomed across his jawline, with a finely styled goatee to complete the look. "Sorry to say, but I didn't come here just to show off my body." He smirked; he was getting into it now. "Pump me up."

Franklin obliged. Purple gas shot up from the floor grates, and Jason readily inhaled it.

There was a subtle warmth which spread from his nostrils down into his gut and out to his limbs. He didn't feel the raging heat of the muscle-gas, or the tension it brought to his muscles. He felt his body changing, stretching, filling.

Deep, rubbery stretching emitted from his body. He cried out as he felt his thighs balloon at a breakneck pace. His hips followed, and his ass - oh god, his ass - he could feel it. The skin was sensitive, every time it jumped up in size and roundness an erotic blast ravaged his senses as the spandex rubbed against his skin. He felt the gas multiplying inside of him, turning him into a true balloon-man. His grip on gravity lessening, as he ascended to the top of the chamber, upside down.

“Ooooooh...” Jason cooed. Franklin was rubbing at one pectoral, as aroused by the display as Jason was. He watched the musclebound scientist enjoy himself, elated by the fact that the sight of him ballooning into a gigantic pear-shaped blimp was turning him on. “How am I doing?” Jason called out to be heard over the din of his ballooning body.

“Great. Just keep going.” Franklin was terse, probably too horny to say much else.

Jason took that advice and focused. He felt like the more he wanted to grow, the more the purple gas responded to his desire. He focused, he wanted his ass to not only be big, but the biggest in the city. Maybe the world. He kept swelling with reckless abandon, the trunks only now starting to sound out their resistance to the inflating cheeks they contained as Jason reached the size of a small hot air balloon.

“Bigger, bigger!” Jason demanded of his own body. He felt his cock stiffen and inflate, the gas finding purchase by filling it up to give him an obscene bulge. Maybe it was the gas, maybe it was being upside down which made Jason so unhinged, whatever the case he kept screaming at his body to GROW.

Franklin spoke over the speaker system again. “You can stop now if you want, I think the trunks are about to...”

Snap! In a split second, Jason felt the trunks fly off him. His bare, shiny, tan ass so enormously inflated that it was a parody. Jason didn’t care how strange, or foolish he looked. He smacked his hips with inflated fists and kept pushing. He could feel a tension, and then a spark, of something he vaguely remembered being warned about before. He ignored whatever warnings were trying to emerge from his subconscious, and kept pumping himself up until...

Bang!

The chamber glass cracked; purple gas flooded every corner. When the ventilation fans finally aired the room, Jason was laying at the centre of the blast radius panting.

Franklin entered and stood over him. "... well, you certainly gave us all the data we needed. And then some."

Jason, still a bit intoxicated by the inflation process, spoke up after struggling to sit. "So, got any other pieces of clothing you want me to stretch-test?"

Franklin laughed. "No not for today," he helped Jason to his feet. "Though a muscle-bound idiot like me could use someone to help wash his back, if you want to help with that."

The two of them walked to the lab showers, with Jason's mind still firmly locked in inflation mode.