

Something in the Water

By Holo

Simon was led down the sterile hall by a pair of lab tech in white coats. The sealed door at the end of the hall was rapidly approaching, so Simon spoke up, making his gills flex open. "What exactly is this test again?" the shark asked as he tugged at the shiny, black shorts that kept him vaguely modest; it was all he had been given to wear for this test, aside from a similarly colored collar that sat on his neck, above his gills.

"The Apex Corporation is doing preliminary testing on a potential new water supply additive. You are the most... efficient candidate for testing it, as you can remain completely submerged indefinitely," one of the technicians said.

"And I'll be doing this test for how long?" Simon asked as they reached the doors.

"As long as it takes."

The doors opened onto a small metal platform that sat a couple feet above the surface of a huge, open-top aquarium. The water was clear, and through the still surface Simon could see that it had a sandy bottom, and was populated by various seaweeds and corals and rocky structures. It was a big enough tank, probably something that would suit a whale exhibit, so it was more than spacious enough for the two-legged shark.

His escorts stopped short of the metal platform and let Simon step out onto it alone. Once he was on it, it slowly lowered itself into the water. The water itself was temperate, and he felt more at ease once he was fully submerged. He allowed his body to float up off the platform, and with a swish of his tail, he propelled himself away from it. He turned and watched it as it reversed direction and lazily rose back out of the pool.

He tested the water quality as he watched, pumping water over his tongue and gills. It didn't seem any different from normal, aquarium-purified sea water. It left him wondering if the additive was in yet, or if it was just really well-engineered. In any case, he was feeling fine, and so Simon decided to explore his temporary new home.

He swam the perimeter first, near to the surface so he could see the walls all the way down. They were perfectly flat and smooth except for one, which had a metal hatch in the middle. He swam down to inspect the metal door. It looked big enough for him to squeeze through, but it didn't open from his side. Upon examining the rim of it, he found a single word that explained its function. "Food."

It was good to know that he'd be fed for the duration of this, and he grinned a bit as he swam around the tank again. One of the walls was all glass, but a special one-way glass that prevented him from seeing anything more than vague people-shapes near the glass, presumably staring in. Simon snorted, and bubbles rose from his dark-colored snout and popped at the surface. If he was going to be observed, they could have given him more to wear than tight shorts and a collar.

He got close to the glass and pressed his snout against it, cupping his hands around his face to try and see through it. It didn't help much. The images were a bit sharper, but still darkened and monochromatic. Simon admitted to himself that it made sense to be observed for an experiment like this, but he didn't appreciate not being able to see who was watching him. It

was too late to back out now though, so he pressed his feet against the glass and kicked off, drifting back to the middle of the big aquarium.

Simon hadn't thought much of it at first, but there was a growing tightness in his shorts, as though they didn't quite fit around his waist anymore. He had passed it off as them simply getting wet, but he now remembered that they were made to be worn in the water. He looked down and felt over his lower half. It kinda felt wider, as though his hips had grown, but bones couldn't change like that, right? He furrowed his brow and moved his hands around to his rear. His hands found a prodigious curve of butt stretching the rubbery material of his shorts, and he was certain that his butt hadn't been that big before he got in the water.

He ran his tongue over his teeth as he considered his situation. This was probably part of the test, so there was no reason to panic. That being said, what the hell kind of additive were they testing that made butts bigger? Maybe this was a dud batch.

"Oof!" he grunted suddenly, sending a plume of air bubbles to the surface. He felt like he had been kicked in the gut, but he was definitely alone in the tank. He looked down to his belly and ran his hands over it. It was bulging, and... squirming? He blinked and his eyes went wide. His stomach was growing out as he watched, turning into an orb with something wiggling around inside. He gave his middle a squeeze. Not just one, but two things?

His brain buzzed with confusion for a moment before he realized his situation. Somehow, he was pregnant! Whatever the hell was in the water had knocked him up, and was continuing to do so. On top of that, his body was undergoing some other changes to accommodate the growing number of shark pups swimming in his womb. His hips were clearly widening now, and his butt was expanding along with it, growing large in proportion. Another bulge crossed his pale stomach skin, and he made a bid for the surface.

His head broke the water, but there was nowhere to go to get out of it. The metal platform had folded flat against the wall, and there was nowhere to perch in the aquarium above the surface. He grimaced and his tail beat the water as his body shook with the continuing changes. He paddled to the door above the water, already feeling how much drag his body had with his big butt and swollen stomach. He reached up and was able to feel the seam where the door met the floor, but there was no opening mechanism on this side, and he couldn't get enough of a grip to pry it open.

He sank back into the water with a frown that was tinged with concern. A hand stayed pressed to his side, feeling it expand. His skin was plenty stretchy, and probably made moreso by whatever was in the water, he guessed. It was no wonder the tank was so big. It was already starting to feel small.

As a last resort, he swam over to the one way glass. There were more silhouettes crowded around it now, doubtlessly observing him. His stomach bumped against the glass and flattened slightly against it as he got close. He tried to shout, but his words just turned to bubbles, so he took to pounding on the glass instead. It gave a few dull thuds, and he could swear he saw heads turn to look at the sound, but if they were going to do anything to get him out, they were certainly in no rush.

Clearly the additive was meant to be some sort of fertility aid, but as his growing stomach bounced him away from the glass, he could only think that this was excessive. His formerly slim and hydrodynamic form was now sporting hips twice the width of his shoulders,

butt cheeks that looked like half beachballs, and a gut that looked like a yoga ball. He could feel small sharks wiggling around inside his womb, and it was creating a pressure on his more sensitive bits.

The black shorts he had been put into were creaking audibly even underwater. The rubbery material was stretched tight over Simon's lower half, offering no real modesty as the shiny surface squeezed around his hips, thighs, and ass. If anything, the sheen of it made his butt stand out more, as the deep black contrasted with his gray and pale skin tones. He grabbed at the hem of the shorts and tried to pull them down, but he was already too big to manage much. He shoved, but the hem couldn't stretch over the width of his rear.

It hardly mattered though, as the material was already tearing and letting shark flesh squeeze through. It split like rubber across his cheeks and tore around his thighs, shredding until only the hem of it remained. The nonstop growing of his hips put an end to that as well though, as moments later the hem snapped like an overextended rubber band. The shreds of clothing floated to the bottom of the aquarium and got tangled up in the corners of a rock formation.

His stomach was big enough to cover up anything incriminating, but he still felt his face flush with embarrassment. His middle was now nearly as wide as he was tall, and the bulges on the surface from sweeping tails and kicking arms and legs were becoming more obvious as the sharks within him grew. He was displacing a measureable amount of water, and it rose to the top of the glass and started creeping up the walls to the base of the door.

Simon groaned and started to hiccup from the growing pressure inside of him. It was a pulsing growth, somewhere on the border between pleasureable and uncomfortable. His hands rubbed his sides to try and soothe the feeling of morning sickness that was overtaking him. Having a bunch of overgrown pups swimming in your distended womb would make anyone queasy.

Simon's buoyancy left him floating in the middle of the tank, equidistant from the bottom of the tank, and the surface of the water. The stretch of his stomach was making the front of his belly start to blush pink from the strain, especially around his navel. The sheer size of that knocked-up mass was pushing against his now huge hips and thighs, making them bend back to the point that his overblown butt cheeks were almost touching his lower back. It wasn't a comfortable contortion, but he almost couldn't feel it under the strain of dealing with all of the sensation he was getting from his gut.

Every bump from his insides bulged his outsides and made him shudder. The pressure and tightness only made the squirming of the young sharks more intense, sending shocks of confusing signals through his nervous system that generally worked out to "strained pleasure." His face was twisted into a grimace that was graced with a blush, and his fingers twitched at every wave of sensation.

He grit his teeth harder and harder as the tension in his middle reached a peak. His skin was trembling, and then all at once, his navel popped out, inverting into a puffed-out little orb at the front of his stomach. He gasped, feeling a wave of relief that left him panting under the water. His tense limbs went limp, and he slowly rotated in the water until he was belly up, with his tired limbs dangling down under him. He couldn't see up past his stomach anymore, it completely took up his view.

Simon was too exhausted to try and right himself, and so he resigned himself to floating upside down in the tank for the time being. His eyes idly scanned the colorful kelp and corals that decorated the bottom of the tank, trying to use the sights as a distraction from his predicament. At the very least, it felt like the growth was slowing, but it could very well be that it simply felt less significant now that he was so large. He couldn't tell, as he couldn't see all of his body at once anymore.

He blinked a few times and swallowed, trying to regain some of the energy his body had burned up in getting so knocked up, but the shark was totally burned out. He tried to stay conscious, fearing how much bigger he would be when he awoke, but he could feel his eyelids drooping and getting heavier. He didn't even have the strength to ball his fists or swish his tail through water. A yawn slipped from his jaws, and he shut his eyes, promptly passing out where he floated. This was only the beginning of the experimentation Simon had unwittingly signed up for.