

## Unexpected Results

The two of them should have known better than to think that their experiment would have been smooth sailing. It was spring break, but neither of them could leave campus with how hands-on it was.

Matt looked at the two glass cases of grass, one of them with a tube running out of it to a CO<sub>2</sub> tank. Him and Shaun decided they would test how high concentrations of carbon dioxide affects grass growth to show how greenhouse gases affect the environment. Keeping the grass watered without much hassle was simple enough, but to make sure that the CO<sub>2</sub> level stays constant, the only thing they could think of was to just take turns adjusting the CO<sub>2</sub> every half hour or so.

"Ok, Shaun, it's your turn." Matt impatiently looked at the clock, 20 minutes after noon, then back at the CO<sub>2</sub> meter. His foot tapping grew louder until he heard the door click open.

"I know, sorry!" Shaun rushed into the room, tossing his duffel bag onto the bed. Matt eyed the bag a little confused.

"Were you at practice? I thought it was optional during break." He quickly loaded up his own bag ready to finally leave.

"No, I stayed up playing that game you told me about instead of sleeping. These are just snacks and a couple of cans of Monster I grabbed on the way."

"I told you League would ruin you!" Matt slung his bag over his shoulder and handed the lab notes he recorded so far to Shaun and gave him a quick peck on the cheek. "You're cute, but you better stay on top of this for our grade," he said with a jokingly stern look. "Now, I need some sleep. I'll visit after I die for a few hours."

"Ok, babe!" Shaun barely got the word out before Matt slipped out the door. With a crack of a Monster, Shaun's shift started, ready to keep a close eye on their experiment.

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It was barely four hours, and Shaun was asleep at the table. The two Monsters he downed did nothing to keep him from the sleep he put off all night, and, now, he was deep in dreamland and not watching their experiment.

As he slept, he adjusted his position a bit, nudging against the tank that sat behind him, feeling the nozzle push at his backside. He spoke in a mumble, but what he said was probably along the lines of, "Sure...you can top me this time..." Moaning dreamily, imagining the fun he could have with Matt, he continued grinding against the tank nozzle and nudging the hose loose from it, setting off a chain of events. In his head, he imagined grinding back into Matt, his cock helping to work his pants down as he pushed back, trying to help the warm member find its way. With a moan of satisfaction, he completed his task, the tank immediately starting its work.

A sustained gurgle came from Shaun's stomach as it slowly pushed out, his shirt clinging to its rounding form. Shaun lazily rode the tank's nozzle as he enjoyed his time with Dream Matt. He was completely

unaware of what was happening to his body, even as his belly was squeezed by his pants button. The tension was short lived, though. New noises joined the symphony of gurgles: the hem of his shirt let out a few pops before sliding up his gut; a low groan resonated inside him as the air found new places to fill; his pants button began to let out a crescendo of creaks; finally, the button flew off with a resounding POP. With his belly no longer being restrained by the button, it was able to distend further, the zipper opening and allowing his dream fueled boner fresh air.

The symphony fell on tired ears, however. As Shaun's belly expanded, he was still lost in his dream, amazed at how virile Dream Matt was proving to be.

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"S-Still?! You've been cumming for at least 10 minutes now!" Shaun was a hot mess, grabbing Matt for dear life. It was the best sex he has ever had as a bottom, but he is beginning to reach his limit.

"Just give it more time! I've been pretty...pent up!" Matt's orgasm has stayed strong for some time, showing no immediate signs of stopping, which Shaun only half-minded. He has never felt anything like this before, and he was not eager to have it stop.

"I feel like you're filling me to the brim, babe! I don't know how much more I can take!" The concern in his voice was barely noticeable through his moans, but he still feels that something is wrong, but what?

"Shaun?!"

It sounded distant, but he could hear Matt calling out to him, suddenly distant.

"Shaun?!"

It was growing louder and closer, but he had no idea how. Matt was right behind him. It feels like he has stopped cumming at least.

"Shaun?!"

Matt suddenly appeared right in front of him shaking him violently, and Shaun was back in the lab.

"Shaun, are you okay?! What the fuck happened?!"

Shaun rubbed the sleep from his eyes, groaning a bit, feeling bloated from the two energy drinks he downed before accidentally falling asleep. "Shit...the project...I can't believe I fell asleep."

"Forget the project! What happened to you?!"

Shaun was confused until he looked down and realized that he could not see his feet. He snapped right out of his groggy state and stood up, feeling something come out of his ass as they heard the tank wobble behind him. He could tell now that he could not see his feet because his stomach was now the size of a large beach ball! "H...how?..."

Matt hesitantly reached a hand out to touch Shaun's belly, giving it an exploratory rub and sending shivers through Shaun's body. "You...I...I guess you...blew up." His other hand joins in, giving a few question pats before lightly squeezing the orb that was his boyfriend's firm, flat stomach.

Gasping a little, Shaun's hands fly to his gut to soothe it from the slight pressure from the squeeze. "I can't believe I got so...big."

"Yeah..." Matt shook himself a little, and with a heavy gulp tried to assess the situation. "Does it hurt?"

"No...no, just a little...full." Shaun began to rub soothing circles into his gut, blushing a little. "What should we do?"

**\*SNAP\***

"Matt?!"

Matt looked at his phone, having just taken a picture. "Well, uh, we definitely need to get the gas out of you. I guess we can do that the...natural way."

"But why did you take a picture??"

"Do you think Dr. Brainard will take, 'My lab partner blew up,' as an actual excuse? I need to show him we're not bullshitting." Matt studied the picture a little and opened the camera back up. "I need to take a different picture. Hide your boner, balloon boy," Matt said with a laugh.

"You hide yours first!" Matt blushed furiously, wiggling his legs a little to adjust his boner, while Shaun did what he could to hide his.

**\*SNAP\***