Davis knelt down beside a nearby car and used his reflection in the side mirror to adjust his tie and brush his wavy, brown hair away from his face. He was nervous as hell, and it showed. The rabbit's hands were trembling so bad he could barely even hold the mic.

"Dude. Relax." Davis's buddy Trey said. The fox adjusted his satchel and shot his buddy a smirk that somehow managed to be both sarcastic and reassuring in the way only a best friend could accomplish.

Davis's vulpine buddy was fairly similar in height and build. Davis appeared to be a little thicker around the middle, but neither could be considered overweight. Trey's most defining feature was his eyes. His grey eyes seemed to sparkle in the afternoon sun. Trey's jet black hair and white fur seemed to accentuate his brilliant eyes.

"How can I calm down? This could make or break my career!" David replied. His voice cracked from nerves.

"What career. You don't even have your degree yet." Trey replied and rolled his eyes sarcastically.

"If I nail this report, I can include the video with my resume and bingo bango, I've got the internship at the station." Davis replied.

"Sure. After they actually look at your resume, and after you sit down and not flub the interview." Trey sassed back.

"All the more reason to get this perfect!" Davis retorted.

"Fine. Whatever, but you could have picked a less boring topic. I mean who wants to watch an expose on cleaning." Trey scoffed.

"For your big, fat information this is a very fast growing field." Davis countered. Trey made a snorting sound as he stifled his own laughter upon hearing "fast growing."

"I think you just want to see the workers up close and personal." Trey replied. He made a playful clicking sound and shot Davis a sly wink.

Davis's face turned bright red. "Ju-Just Shut up!" He stammered. "My interests are purely professional! Now get the camera ready. Our liaison is here!" Davis turned and darted over towards a large olive green van that had pulled into the parking lot nearby. The logo on the side of the van was questionable at best. The caricature of a bear dressed in blue overalls looked borderline phallic. It was a wonder that the design ever got past the censors… but then again people had become much more lax about nudity lately.

Trey once again rolled his eyes sarcastically but scooped up the camera and trotted after his excitable pal. The van pulled up beside the two college guys. The window slowly rolled down, and an incredibly large bull peered out from inside the van. Davis's jaw dropped. He had not expected someone

nearly so huge… nearly so hot. The bull at the wheel was probably in his mid twenties. His piercing blue eyes seemed to peer straight into Davis's soul. His stubble accentuated his shapely jaw. His neatly trimmed, brown hair framed his handsome face perfectly. Davis could only stare at him in silent awe.

The bull waited a moment before awkwardly asking, "So uh… you are the guys here about the story, right…?"

"Yeah. Ingmar here just can't seem to find his voice." Trey replied lazily. He then playfully elbowed Davis in the ribs and said to his buddy, "Dude. Say hello or something."

"Oh. He-hello…" Davis stammered.

"Right. So you guys wanna see how we do business? There's room in the truck if you want to ride along. I'll take you some of the sites and show you our operation." The large man explained.

"That sounds wonderful." Davis gushed as he rushed around the van. He got to the other side and reached for the handle on the passenger side door when the driver stopped him.

"You're going to have to ride in the back. There's no room for another passenger up here." He explained.

"Oh… Ok…" Davis murmured in reply. He took his hand off of the passenger side door handle and trudged dejectedly over towards the back door. Trey was already there and had crawled into the back. Davis followed after the fox and began to take his seat, but he stopped and gawked before he could even get his seatbelt on.

The driver wasn't even kidding. There was simply no room in the front for another passenger. The huge bull occupied the entire front bench. He broad, muscular shoulders were so wide that he had to curl his shoulders in a bit just to fit into the van. It was a miracle he had managed to maneuver enough to even peer out the side window. Davis couldn't get over how huge he was. He looked like he was trying to ride in a little clown car instead of the full-sized, industrial panel van that he was currently driving.

"Oh. I never got your names." The huge bull said. He didn't even bother to turn around, but that didn't bother Trey or Davis at all. It was obvious to both of them that it would have been a difficult task for their massive guide.

"I'm Trey." Trey replied instantly.

There was an awkward pause as Davis just sat there and gawked at the enormous cleaner. The bunny was so entranced that he hadn't even comprehended the question. All he could do was soak up those fantastic, enormous muscles that bulged through the bull's button up shirt.

"… aaaand this is Davis. You'll have to excuse him. He's not the most conversational person at times." Trey eventually added.

The large driver chuckled pleasantly and replied. “That’s alright. It’s hardly the first time someone has reacted that way around me. The name’s Mel by the way. So did you guys have any questions while we drive?”

Trey took a moment to let Davis chime in, but when it was obvious that Davis wasn’t running at peak mental capacity, Trey decided to step up to the plate. “Well… I guess you could start by telling us what exactly you do.” The fox said.

“Oh well that’s an easy enough question. I run a cleaning company, but you knew that already. I suppose you want to know more about how we work, huh? Hmm… It’s a lot easier to show than to tell, so how about we skip that question until we get to our next site.” Mel responded casually.

“Fair enough, but there’s more to your business than just simple cleaners. You are known for only taking on… err… very specific types of jobs.” Trey muttered awkwardly.

The driver laughed so hard that the entire van shook. The sudden outburst was enough to even snap Davis from his hormonal reverie. “Huh… wuh…?” Davis sputtered.

“You don’t have to be so discrete about it.” Mel replied between chuckles. “Everyone here knows what we do. We clean cum. We scoop spunk. Hell. It’s written on the side of our van.”

“Umm… right… but that’s a very specific business model. What prompted you to pursue this… uh… venture.” Trey asked.

Mel chuckled again. Trey could practically hear the bull’s eyes rolling as he did so. “Basic business, boy.” Mel replied.

“All alliteration aside, I would like to know more.” Trey countered.

Mel shrugged. The bull’s bulging traps hit the roof of the vehicle as he did so. Davis was once again floored by his sheer size. “Well, I’ll skip the whole bit where semen became a major issue for cleaners…” Mel began.

Trey didn’t need any more information on that point. Everyone knew the story by now. It was all over the news. It had started a few months ago. No one was really sure how or why it had started. They weren’t even sure where exactly it originated, but people began growing, and it wasn’t just people getting taller. Some did, but the changes affected everyone differently. Even to this day experts weren’t sure what was causing it. Trey and Davis had not been exposed to whatever it was that was causing these changes, but there was no doubt that Mel had. What else could explain the driver’s massive, muscular physique that filled the front half of the van.

“… anyway, your average Ready Maids or whatever you would call for a clean-up just didn’t have the equipment to handle the mess. I don’t suppose you’ve seen one, but these folks can drench a room, let me tell ya.” Mel explained.

Trey couldn't even fathom what that much cum would look like, and he didn't particularly want to find out. Davis on the other hand seemed to be all too happy to imagine what it must be like. The rabbit had a stupid grin plastered across his face, and the tent in his slacks didn't leave much to the imagination about what he thought of the matter.

Troy decided to keep the discussion moving. He had a good momentum going, but there were other topics that they could cover while they traveled. "Right. My biggest question is how do you afford this operation? You don't list rates on your site. In fact it looks like you don't even charge. How does that work?" Trey asked.

"We make our money in other ways." Mel explained. "Did you know that semen is rich in protein? That goes doubly so for the stuff we clean up. Some of my buddies have a lab and they cooked up a way to distill it down and extract the base proteins from it. I don't know the specifics – too technical for me- but I can tell you that we make a killing by reselling the processed material as fertilizer. It apparently works well too. Did you see that pumpkin on the news last week? That guy used our product for his crops."

Mel sounded like a proud father as he spoke of the prize winning pumpkin. Trey had to admit that he was pretty impressed too. He didn't realize that these cleaners had diversified so well. Not only were they providing a necessary public service by cleaning up the messes caused by massive, horny, enhanced dudes, but they had also managed to turn the waste product into something that could be used to benefit society as a whole.

The numbers were already running in Trey's head. The pumpkin the size of a small house was only the start. There was potential here for much, much more. This could be the end of world hunger as they knew it, and there's no telling what further applications could be derived from the protein rich sludge.

As if to answer Trey's internal monologue, Mel began to say, "Yeah. My buddies back at the labs have all sorts of ideas for new uses. Just the other day Rich came up to me and he said to me- … hold a tick." Mel's exposition was cut short by a loud beeping coming from the dashboard of his van. He pressed a button and said, "Talk to me, Rich."

A staticy, robotic voice came from the dashboard. It sounded like their walky-talkies were reaching the edge of their service area. The voice of the man on the other side was barely even understandable.

"We've got a major spill on Hammond Street. Mel, can you go look into it?" The voice asked.

"Aww shit, Rich. I told you I'm retired from the collection biz. I'm just here as a representative now." Mel grumbled.

"I get that, but this is serious. It's the biggest haul on record, and we've received word from some of our other trucks that there's a lot of activity on the streets. GroTech and Steele Steamers are already converging on the site. If we don't get a man on the site soon we'll miss our chance. You're only

a block away. If you could just claim it for our business we could send some more equipped trucks your way to assist with the clean up,

“Fine. I got it.” Mel grumbled in reply. He then hit the button to hang up.

“Looks like you guys are going to get some hands on experience with how we do business.” Mel stated. Trey perked up. It was obvious that this part was directed and him and his buddy, but there was something that seemed off.

“Is business really that competitive?” Trey asked.

“Naw. We’re on good terms with all the other businesses that have cropped up over the past few months. It’s just that… well, I’m a little worried.” Mel responded.

“Worried?” Davis asked.

“Yeah. The guys at Steele are nice enough, but they don’t have the equipment for a large job like this. They shouldn’t even be trying it, and then there’s GroTech…” Mel replied. His voice trailed off at the end as if he was deep in thought.

“That doesn’t sound like the name of a cleaner.” Davis replied.

“It isn’t. They’re a biomedical lab.” Trey cut in.

“What he said.” Mel concurred. “And that’s what has me curious.”

Trey didn’t feel like pressing the matter further, and Davis seemed more interested in other things. Trey’s best bud was practically bouncing in his seat. The rabbit looked like a kid who was just told that they were going to Disneyland.

It didn’t take them long to reach the site. They really were less than a block away. Mel turned the corner, and as soon as he did everyone in the van could see their destination. Trey and Davis recognized the place immediately. It was the Kappa Phi Beta house, but it was better known as Masta Masta Beta by the locals. It was a relatively new fraternity that had sprung up in the wake of the mysterious growths that had begun a few months back. Every one of their members had been exposed in some way or another.

Davis was obsessed with them. He went out of his way to talk to any of the frat bros that he could. Each one was larger and more massive than the last. It seemed like they grew more and more each time he met them, but no matter how much he talked to them or how much asked, they would never divulge how they had achieved such herculean proportions.

Mel pulled the van up in front of the large, two story house. Davis and Trey didn’t even wait for instructions. They both hopped out and took stock of their surroundings, but their interests were very different. Trey began to check out the surroundings and pick the best possible location to set up his tripod, but Davis merely gawked at the devastations. Everything was drenched in cum. Spooge seeped

out of the upstairs balconies and oozed out of the doors. The excess spunk soaked into the grass reducing the entire front lawn to a sticky, slimy, off-white bog.

A noise from behind managed to draw Davis' attention away from the house and back towards the van. The shocks on the vehicle groaned as the entire van lurched to one side. Suddenly the van snapped back to its normal position. Mel groaned as he stood up and stretched. His back popped audibly as he did so.

"I'm getting too old for this…" He muttered as he turned his head from side to side to loosen his sore muscles. His neck crackled almost as loudly as his back had done.

Davis' jaw dropped. He had known Mel was huge, but he hadn't dared imagine that the bull was this massive. The cleaner was easily ten feet tall. His broad, muscular chest was almost as wide as the van itself. It was a wonder he fit into the vehicle at all.

Mel sighed and gestured towards the frat house. Frat bro after massive, hulking, cum-coated frat bro began to stagger out of the house. "I figured something like this would happen. You get that many heavies in one place and it's gonna turn into an orgy." Mel muttered.

Davis's dick felt ready to burst straight through the pleats of his pants. He had never seen anything so sexy in his life. Every dude that staggered out of the house was massive. They had muscles stacked on top of muscles. The shortest one of the bunch was easily eight feet tall and built like a Mr. Universe competitor, but perhaps even more impressive were their cocks.

The tallest frat bro had the smallest dick of the bunch, but even his cock reached down to his knees. His two, massive beach ball sized nuts hung about halfway down his thighs. Davis could barely comprehend how huge he was. He had to be even taller than Mel. Davis barely reached up to his crotch.

Davis soaked up all the nude, massive college bros that he could. He wanted to run up there and nuzzle up against all those guys at once, but he knew better than to do that. He just wished he could feel those cocks up close and personal. One of the guys there was particularly hot and especially hung. He was short compared to the others, but still had at least three feet of height on Davis. The real thing about him that caught Davis' eye though was his cock. The dude had a thick piece that was so long the head of it rested solidly on the ground. The massive, spongy tip was broader than Davis' shoulders. David could only imagine what it must be like when fully hard. He could only imagine that it would be even longer than he was tall. Davis felt his dick lurch in his pants. Just thinking about a cock that huge drove him wild. It took every ounce of willpower he had not to cream his jeans right then and there.

Trey's mind was swimming. He couldn't fathom how these guys had grown so fast. He had had a class with one of them earlier this same afternoon, and the dude had doubled in size since then. It was tough to say for certain, but it looked like they were still growing before his very eyes.

Trey felt even more lightheaded by the moment. Something about this place was getting to him. His eyes passed from one frat bro to another, and he couldn't deny that they were hot as hell. There was something else at work here though. It was hard to explain, but just being there was orgasmic. It was

like the very air itself was making him horny. His head felt fuzzy. He could barely focus on anything. The only thing he could do to keep some semblance of sanity was focusing on his camera. At least when he threw himself into his art he could tune out everything else, but even his passion for video was beginning to lose out against his skyrocketing libido.

Trey grunted and shook his head in hopes of shaking the erotic fog that was settling in on his mind. He needed to focus, but it took every ounce of willpower he had just to set up his tripod. He'd much rather scope out the tripods staggering around in front of him. Just thinking about those hot, hung college bros got Trey rock hard below the belt. Trey's own dick was pretty average by most accounts, but it was straining hard against the front of his jeans.

Trey's hand rubbed idly across the bulge in his pants. It felt huge, far bigger than he expected, but he couldn't focus on that too much. His skin felt hot. He felt like he was suffocating. He tore at his tie in an effort to loosen it. Once the knot was out he pulled at the buttons on his shirt. Before long he had the front of his shirt completely open. The cool air felt great against his exposed chest, but it wasn't enough to diminish the burning sensation that coursed through his body.

Trey's mind was so hazy that he didn't even notice the definition of his abs. He was a fairly active guy, but he had never been particularly cut. Today though he had a very nice, defined eight-pack set of abs. Even his chest was showing some remarkable definition. His pecs were firm and shapely. There hardly appeared to be an ounce of fat on his lean, toned body.

Mel rounded the corner and stepped out from behind that van. His appearance was enough to draw even Davis' hormonal gaze away from the bevy of nude, hung frat bros. Davis' eyes bugged out. His jaw dropped. He thought the bros were hot, but Mel was in another league of his own. Just the bulge in the bull's slacks was bigger than Davis was. Davis could barely fathom how much cock must be crammed into those denim slacks.

Davis took his time soaking up the huge cleaner's body. Now that Mel was out in the open, Davis could appreciate him more. The bull's shirt was so stuffed full of muscles that Mel had to keep the top four buttons undone. There was simply no way he could close the front of his shirt across those massive, bulging pecs. Either slab of pectoral brawn looked large enough that Davis could lay across them like a king sized bed. Davis couldn't help but daydream about doing just that. He wanted to feel what it would be like to lay across those firm, brawny slabs while the steady rhythm of the enormous hunks peaceful breathing rocked him to sleep.

"Wow… This place is potent…" Mel muttered. He looked uncomfortable, and it didn't take Davis long to figure out why. Mel's clothes appeared to be getting smaller by the second. His huge, bulging muscles pressed harder against the already stretched fabric. The few buttons he had clasped struggled to hold back the surging wall of brawn. The stitches began to pop where the sleeves met the torso.

"Wait… are you…?" Davis began to say.

“Growin’. Yeah.” Mel replied. “It’s this place, or rather this cum. I don’t know the technical stuff, but people who have been exposed to the growth hormones generate more of their own. You get too many of ‘em in one place and it could cause a chain reaction, and judging by the guys that just traipsed on out, it looks like there’s a bunch of growers under one roof.”

“Masta Masta Beta.” Davis chimed in.

“What?” Mel asked.

“It’s the frat. Or I guess that’s just what we call them. A bunch of… uh… growers you called them? Yeah well they all live here. It’s the official grower dorm I guess you could say.” Davis explained awkwardly.

“So they took all the growers and shoved them in one house?” Mel asked incredulously. He looked simply flabbergasted.

“Uh yeah. That about sums it up.” Davis replied.

“Freakin’ idiots.” Mel muttered. He stomped off across the mucky lawn. The bull’s gait started out determined and resolute, but as he got closer and closer to the epicenter he began to wobble and stagger. The hormones that hung in the air were so powerful that they were overpowering his senses. He had had months to develop a resistance, but he had never encountered a spill quite this potent before.

By the time Mel reached the front porch his shirt had fallen away completely. His bulging muscles had burst clean through the fabric leaving nothing but a hail of tattered cloth confetti. His jeans were starting to follow suit. He had grown so much so fast that his quads were straining against the tough denim. The seams along the sides popped and frayed. Large swaths of exposed thigh peeked through the tears.

Mel staggered and took another step forward. He had to struggle to maintain his balance. The fog was settling in even stronger than before. He could feel every inch of his body surging outwards. His dick strained painfully against his fly. It wasn’t just the increase in size that was causing his discomfort though. He was so horny. His cock wanted to stand at attention in its full upright and locked position, but it was trapped in a painfully curved position.

Mel felt another wave of growth hit him. His muscles surged outward, his balls swelled, his cock burst through the front of his jeans and flung upright. Mel could only stare at his own cock in dumbfounded awe. It was far larger than before. The head used to only reach to his chin when he was fully hard, but now the tip was well above eye level. The tip of his dick was also as broad as his impressively swole shoulders.

“Fuck…” Mel muttered. It was difficult to say whether the expression was an utterance of annoyance or awe. Not even Mel himself was sure. It could very well have been a mixture of the two. He couldn’t deny how fantastic his cock looked. The hormones were still doing a number on his mind. It

took every ounce of willpower he had to stop thinking about his massive, fully boned cock and his enormous, muscular bod, but he still had a job to do. The recent growth spurt had made his job far more difficult.

"shit…" Mel muttered. He was now completely nude. What little clothing he had left had long since fallen off his massive frame, but that was the least of his problems. He glanced around him and noticed that he was now eye level with the second floor windows. He had almost doubled his height in the past few seconds. There was no way he could even hope to even fit inside the frat house without bashing through the wall like the Kool-Aid man.

It was then that he noticed something else. There was a hand pressing against his exposed thigh. Mel heard a soft, whimpering, "wow…"

Mel glanced down to see Davis staring up on him with pure, unadulterated lust and awe in his eyes. Davis's hormonal state was not at all surprising, but what was surprising was his stature. Davis didn't appear to have grown an inch. His clothes still fit him just as well as they had before… all except for his pants. The tent in his slacks was painfully obvious, but given the state of everyone else in the vicinity that was hardly an issue.

"Hey. How do you feel?" Mel asked.

Davis shrugged and then went back to rubbing the thick muscles of Mel's exposed thigh. "Alright I guess…" Davis murmured softly. He was far too entranced by Mel's muscles to really focus on anything else. Mel was mildly amused that Davis was more interested in his muscles than his cock. Davis obvious knew what he liked. Mel could tell from the look in Davis's eyes that the bunny had his sights set on something bigger and better, but Mel's huge, beefy ass was just barely out of his reach.

"Wow. You're resistance is remarkable." Mel replied.

"Resistance?" Davis asked. He had an idea of where this was going, and he didn't like the sound of it.

"Yeah. Short version is everyone is affected differently. Some people get hit really hard, some not so much. I've never seen someone with your resistance before. I'd hate to think what would have happened if you were susceptible to this stuff. This is the strongest I've ever seen it." Mel stated.

Davis was a little disheartened. He had secretly wished to grow larger, but it didn't seem like he'd be seeing much gains today.

"I need you to do me a favor." Mel said. Davis perked up upon hearing this. As much as he loved fawning over Mel's massive, exposed muscles, he was eager to prove himself in any way he could. He wanted nothing more than to please the towering titan before him.

"Go back to the truck and grab the stasis module." Mel said.

Davis stared back up at him. The rabbit didn't say anything, but the way he furrowed his eyebrows said everything for him. Davis had no idea what it was he was supposed to get.

"It's this thing. It looks like a jar with things coming out the top. It's the only thing in the trunk. It should be easy." Mel explained while awkwardly pantomiming the size and shape of the contraption.

Davis wasted no time. He snapped to attention and gave the hulking goliath a solemn salute. "Yes, sir!" Davis replied enthusiastically. He turned around and sprinted across the mucky lawn. He barreled past Trey and quickly popped the rear hatch of the van. Davis was in such a hurry that he didn't even notice that his best bud now stood a good head taller than him and had long since shirked his shirt. Even the fly of Trey's pants was down to give himself more room for his swelling bulge.

Davis was pleased to find that the van was unlocked. Once the door was open he saw that what Mel said was true. The only thing in the far back of the vehicle was this large device that looked like a twelve gallon mason jar full of bluish green liquid with a strange looking domed top. The top of it had wires and dials sticking off of it that made it look like some sort of brain scrambler one would expect to see in a cheesy B movie.

Davis wasted no time. He scooped up the device and hauled ass back to the frat house. He was expecting it to be heavy, but it was surprisingly light. He barely felt the strain on his muscles as he hoisted the object out of the van. Davis was in such a hurry to get back to Mel that he didn't even notice that the entire van shifted as the immense weight of the device was lifted off of it.

When Davis got back to the towering cleaner, he shouted up at Mel, "Hey! I got it! Now what!?"

Mel glanced down and was surprised to see that Davis was carrying the device so easily. Maybe the college student wasn't as resistant as he originally thought. That hardly mattered now though. Davis was the only one who could complete the next task.

"Alright. Find the source of this mess and place that device. Then turn it on and get back out. Try not to inhale too deeply while in there, and get in and out as quick as you can. You're resistant but not immune, and once that thing gets going it'll start a chain reaction." Mel explained.

Davis tried to hide his excitement. He was going to get to actually go inside and see the site firsthand, and if what Mel said was true, the effects would be even more potent when he got deeper in. No doubt he'd really begin to see changes by then.

Davis nodded happily and hopped into the frat house. He was trying to hide his joy, but he was practically skipping as he went. The inside of the frat house was even worse off than the lawn. Jizz oozed down the steps. The entire house reeked of sex and sweat. Davis found the smell to be intoxicating. He wanted to stay there forever. He wanted to just lay back and bathe in the spunk, but he had a job to do, and the last thing he wanted to do was disappoint that sexy as hell titan outside.

Davis followed the trail of jizz upstairs and down the hall. It was pretty easy to figure out which room was the epicenter. All the cum in the house seemed to be seeping out of one room in particular.

He shifted the device over to one hand and then turned the knob. The second the door opened he was immediately struck by the musk in the room. His head was swimming. He had never felt so horny before.

Davis could feel the changes immediately. His shirt felt tighter, and his junk seemed to press harder against the front of his slacks. He was so giddy he could hardly think about anything else, but he had a job to do.

Davis slogged through what appeared to be the communal gathering room. There was a large table on one side of the room that seemed to be a pool table, but there was so much jizz plastered to it that he couldn't be sure. Everything in the room seemed to be vaguely shaped like furniture, but there was so much spunk clinging to everything that it looked more like a winter wonderland than a frat house rec room.

Davis placed the device on a table roughly in the center of the room and flipped the large switch to the on position. He didn't know what the device was supposed to do, but it seemed to be working. It hummed to life and the gel inside began to glow. A warm, blue mist wafted out of the holes in the top.

The mist permeated everything in the room, but the haze covering the frat house was nothing compared to the haze settling in on Davis's mind. Something about the blue mist made the rabbit's hormones rage even harder. Davis didn't even try to fight it. He quickly undid his belt buckle and kicked off his pants. His cock strained against his boxers. His dick was leaking so much pre that his cotton undies had become completely saturated.

Davis pushed down his boxers. His huge cock flung free and slapped against the front of his shirt. His dick was huge. The tip of it reached up past his belly button, and the thick tool was as big around as his forearm.

Davis was so overcome with how huge it was, how fantastic it looked. He wanted to feel every inch of it. He ran his hands along the length of it. His cock was so thick that he couldn't even get his hands to wrap all the way around it, and it was still swelling before his very eyes.

He was so entranced by his cock that he hardly noticed the other changes that had gone on in his body. All the fat that had clumped around his midriff had melted away and was replaced with dense, sculpted muscle. He was beyond shredded. His muscles looked like they were etched straight into his fur. The deep grooves of his abs loved like valleys. His toned, firm pecs were perfectly sculpted.

Davis flopped to his knees. His nuts made a dull splatting sound as they made contact with the layer of jizz that coated the carpet, but he didn't pay any attention to that. His cock demanded his full attention. As it grew and grew it became more and more enticing. The tip of his dick soon reached his chest, and still it kept growing.

Davis craned his neck as best he could and stuck out his tongue, but he could only just barely brush his tongue across the tip. That didn't last for long though. Soon it was tall enough that he could easily glide his tongue across the entire length of this oozing slit. He could taste his own pre, and it was

fantastic. He moaned softly as he felt the warm liquid slide down his throat. This was the horniest he had ever been before, and there was still more to come. He was so enamored with his own cock that he hardly realized that it he no longer had to crane his neck. He was face to face with his own massive cockhead, and it was still growing.

Mel noticed the blue fog wafting out the door. “Aw, hell…” He muttered. He hadn’t told Davis anything about how to operate the machine. He had just said to turn it on without even thinking about what it was set to. If it was pumping out enough fog to fill the entire house it had to be running at full power. Mel had just wanted to salvage the one room, but the mist was renewing more than that. Every ounce of spunk the fog touched would soon be restored to full potency, and the mist would soon flood the front yard as well as everything in the house.

Mel pounded on the roof. The entire frat house shook from the force, but Mel didn’t let off. He knew they needed to get out of there quick. He was already so tall that the roof of the two-story frat house only reached his chest, and he was still growing.

“Hey, kid! Davis! Can you hear me!?” Mel shouted. “Davis! Get out of there!”

Davis heard Mel’s voice. He wasn’t at all interested in following his orders, but he slowly staggered to his feet. The man’s deep, baritone voice reverberated through the entire house and struck a chord with Davis’s dick. Davis’s mind was flooded with images of how hot and sexy the hulking cleaner was. He needed to see more of the massive bull.

Something seemed wrong to Trey, but he couldn’t quite place it. He had long since ditched his jeans and was now standing completely nude beside the van, but he couldn’t care about that. He was more worried about his friend than anything. Mel seemed worried, and then there was that blue mist seeping out the door. What was that stuff? Davis was in there too, right? The blue mist that was now wafting over to him seemed strange, but it felt so nice. He inhaled deeply and let the mist warm and soothe his lungs.

Trey needed to clear his head more than anything. He just could not seem to focus. He just kept thinking about how horny he was and how hot his skin felt. He had pulled off every last stitch of clothing, but he still felt like he was burning up.

Trey sat down on the van. The vehicle was little more than a stool to him now and creaked in protest against his immense weight. Trey didn’t seem to notice or care about that though. He just kept thinking about what was playing out before him. The frat house was easily three hundred feet away, but it looked far closer. The size seemed way off too. It was the same frat house he had seen earlier, but it appeared to be the size of a garage.

Trey idly stroked his dick as he tried to piece together his scattered thoughts. His cock was far too large for him to wrap his hands around. It wasn’t just that it had grown longer, which it had done quite a bit, but it was far, far thicker than before. The tip of his dick only reached up to his belly button when he had been standing, but it was easily as thick as his dense, sculpted quads.

The van creaked louder. Trey tried to shift his weight and get comfortable, but it was no good. His ass was spilling over the sides of the van. The vehicle was just too small to serve as a decent bench.

Trey noticed Mel getting more and more agitated. Something was definitely wrong, but what could he do? Trey tried again to clear his head. He had to do something. He couldn't just sit there jacking off while his best pal was trapped in there.

Trey tried to get up, but his legs felt weak from the sheer intensity of his arousal. He fell forward and landed on his hands and knees. His balls filled up every inch of space between his legs. His huge nuts even scraped the ground as he knelt there and tried to work up the will to move. The blue fog was even denser down closer to the ground. With each breath he took, he inhaled lung-fulls of the soothing mist.

Trey slowly crawled forward. The haze in his mind got heavier with each foot he crawled. His destination seemed to be getting closer by the second even when he wasn't moving. Finally he reached his goal. He tried to call out to Mel and ask what was going on, but it only came out as a horny, pleading moan.

Mel heard the noise and turned around. His jaw dropped. Trey's face filled his entire field of view. The fox was simply massive now. The cameraman had grown so much so fast that even on his hands and knees he towered over Mel.

Davis awkwardly staggered out the door. It was getting to be tough for him to move around. His body hadn't grown much, but his cock had swelled to an enormous size. The shaft itself dwarfed the rest of his body. His nuts were the size of bean bag chairs and rested solidly on the ground, and as more and more of the blue mist filled his lungs, his cock and balls continued to creep up in size. There was no telling how much longer he'd still be able to move, but that was the least of his worries at the moment.

Davis couldn't even comprehend what he was seeing before him. There was a massive hand filling much of the front lawn. The fingers on the enormous extremity were larger than Davis's entire body. Davis's jaw dropped as his eyes slowly traced a path along that powerful hand, up the massive, muscular forearm, past the massive, bulging bicep, until he finally was staring straight up. The dense, sculpted pecs filled the entire skyline. The sheer size of the guy left Davis speechless. He had never seen anything so hot before.

Davis slowly became aware of another form to his side. The other guy seemed tiny compared to the godly titan that towered over the both of them. Davis couldn't help but think how strange it was that the guy next to him would ever be considered small. Davis barely came up to the dude's ankles. Even the two story frat house didn't even reach up to his waist. The dude's massive ball sack alone rivaled the size of the house.

As Davis's lurid gaze slowly made its trek to the very top of the mountainous beefcake, he quickly recognized that chiseled jaw line and that sexy stubble. The massive, muscular behemoth beside him was none other than the cleaner, Mel, but that didn't make any sense to him. There had been no one even close to Mel's monolithic size earlier. So who could this new titan possibly be?

It took an extreme amount of willpower for Davis to pry his eyes off of the massive hotty's fantastically handsome face, but once he did he began to take stock of the even larger titan towering above the two of them. The colossal dude had nowhere near the bulging, musculature that Mel had, but he was by no means scrawny. Even had he not been large enough to put Godzilla to shame, his dense, toned muscles would have been enough to draw Davis's lusty gaze, and then there was his cock.

The tip of the titan's colossal cock reached up all the way to his chest and was impressively thick even for its monumental size. The fat, fully boned cock was as thick around as even the titan's broad, barrel chest. By this point the colossal college stud was practically laying atop his own dick as opposed to propping himself up on his hands and knees. His massive cock shuddered. The mountainous head flared up. Pre oozed out the tip like water cascading down Angel Falls. It was obvious that the titan was getting close to creaming, and Davis couldn't wait to see it happen. The entire city was sure to be coated in spunk once the monolithic cock unloaded its glorious load.

"We've got to move!" Mel bellowed. He reached down and effortlessly scooped up the hormone addled rabbit – monster cock and all.

Davis was overwhelmed. He was so ecstatic, but he wished he could see more. The cleaner's powerful hand was wrapped around his whole body and pining him against his own cock. Pre cascaded freely down his enormous cock and washed over him. Davis was quickly laminated in his own juices. It felt so wonderful and tasted even better, but he still wanted to see. He had to see more of that godly titan from before, and there was something else weighing on his mind.

Davis fidgeted and thrashed as best he could in the tight enclosure. Eventually his motions got through to the towering stud that held him, and Mel loosened his grip enough that Davis could peer up at him.

"Trey! Where's Trey!" Davis shouted up at the hulking bull.

Mel seemed baffled and first, but soon his confusion gave way to something else. It was as if he was trying to think of the best way to break the news. Davis's heart sunk. For a brief moment he feared the worst until Mel lifted his hand up and gave Davis a clear view of the towering titan.

Davis's jaw dropped. His cock lurched. His heart leapt for joy. Not only was Trey alive and well, but the fox currently dwarfed the both of them. Davis had always though his best bud was pretty cute, but now Trey had evolved into something so fantastic, so stunning, that Davis had no words for how hot he truly was.

Trey's massive, hunched over form now loomed over the entire campus and the surrounding residences. The frat house had long since vanished under his swelling cock. Trey didn't seem to notice or care. He was so lost in his hormone enhanced ecstasy. The monolithic titan moaned orgasmically as he ground his mountainous cock against the earth below. The fox's constant gyrations had worn a deep crevasse into the once flat terrain. The pre flowing freely from his gargantuan schlong had drenched the city below.

Trey's moan were so load that they caused the very earth around him to tremble, but Davis had never heard a more tender, sensual sound. Trey's soft, pleading whimpers echoed in Davis's ears and reverberated through his fully boned cock. The bunny felt like he could bust his nut just from the erotic moans of the hot as hell titan.

Trey sensually chewed on his lower lip. Davis couldn't help but marvel at the giant's expression. Despite his size, Trey managed to look so sweet and innocent. Davis wished he could fly up there and kiss Trey right on his lips, but of course such a thing would be impossible. Trey's lips were now as wide as a major freeway. Even if Davis managed to get close enough to kiss those full, luscious lips, how would Trey ever feel it?

Trey's eyes fluttered open for a brief second. The gigantic, piercing grey orbs scanned the horizon. The titan's gaze fell upon Davis for a brief, fleeting second, and his eyes once again fluttered shut. Some small part of Trey's mind that could still function rationally had resisted his own hormones. He had resisted the powerful aura that had transformed him into a sex-addled colossus. The fox had summoned forth superhuman levels of restraint to hold back his load for as long as possible, but now that he knew his pal was safe, he had no reason to fight it anymore.

A small smirk crossed Trey's titanic lips. A sensual moan split the air. Trey's entire body shuddered, and the earth below followed suit. Trey's monolithic cock lurched and trembled. The enormous, spongy head flared up.

"Shit…" Mel muttered under his breath. It was clear what was about to happen. Davis wanted to watch his titanic friend for a while longer. He wanted to listen to Trey's orgasmic moans. He wanted to watch those colossal muscles ripple and flex. He wanted to watch that monolithic cock shudder and shoot, but it was not to be. Mel clasped both hands around him and clutched Davis to his chest to shield him from the blast.

Trey cried out in ecstasy. His orgasmic roar echoed far and wide. His cry of release could be heard across the country, but the effects were even more far-reaching. His cock lurched hard, and an enormous, sticky rope of jizz launched forth from his cock like water shooting from a geyser.

Mel couldn't move in time. The cum crashed against him and soaked into his fur, but he managed to keep his grip on Davis. Mel could already feel the changes setting in. His muscles surged. His cock swelled. His balls inflated even more, but all his growth was nothing compared to what was going on between his hands.

Mel opened his hands and glanced down. It was tough to make out what was happening at first. Davis was completely engulfed in cum. Mel could barely make out his tiny form thrashing in the thick layer of spunk that coated his hands, but soon it became apparent that something was different.

Whatever resistance Davis may have had to the growth effects seemed to have vanished. Davis's once tiny form expanded before Mel's very eyes. Davis's growth far exceeded that of Mel's own. In a matter of seconds Davis went from being able to rest comfortably in the palm of Mel's hand to

being large enough that Mel had to cradle the rabbit in both hands. Before long Mel was holding Davis in his arms as if he was carrying his blushing bride across the threshold, but even that didn't last long.

Davis soon became so huge and so heavy that Mel couldn't even hold him anymore. The layer of jizz that coated the two of them didn't help the situation at all either. Mel's grip slipped, and Davis landed in the lake of spunk with a resounding plop. The impact sent shockwaves through the city and ripples through the spooge.

Davis was stunned at first. The standing pool of spunk made it impossible to tell where he was or even how large he was. A seemingly endless layer of white stretched out as far as the eye could see, but soon he began to recognize shapes and places. The weird lump to his left had to be Madison Hall, the largest building on campus. The whole structure could easily fit in the palm of his hands, and it was dwindling before his very eyes.

As Davis continued to grow, Trey continued to cum and cum again. The fox's massive cock caused the ground below him to shudder as it erupted like a volcano. Warm, sticky white jizz gushed forth and poured out onto the ground below. Even had Trey been able to keep his eyes open long enough to look around him, he wouldn't have been able to see anything other than the vast expanse of sticky whiteness.

The fox finally reached his limit. His cock gave a few last weak, watery spurts of jizz and began to soften. Trey rolled over onto his back and just laid there basking in the afternoon sun, a goofy smile plastered across his face. He didn't even think about any damage he might have caused or about the lasting effects of his growth spurt. All he could think about was how great he felt.

The fox continued to lay there for what felt like ages as the fog of lust and hormones steadily faded from his mind. He was vaguely aware of someone else nuzzling up beside him, but it took him a while to clear his head enough to check and see who it was.

Trey wasn't surprised to see his best buddy Davis curled up beside him. Trey ran his fingers tenderly through Davis's jizz-soaked hair. Trey was still having trouble believing everything that had happened, but he couldn't deny what he was seeing. Davis was barely even half his height. If not for the light dusting of a treasure trail and the neatly trimmed patch of pubes, it would have been easy to mistake Davis for a young child. The massive chubby nestled between Davis's legs didn't hurt either. Even soft, Davis's cock was as big as the rest of him. His almost twice as thick around as his toned, muscular chest. On a regular sized person, Davis's balls would have appeared to be the size of couches, but there was no way for Trey to gauge just how massive they must be now.

Trey brushed Davis's hair aside and gave his smaller pal a soft kiss on the forehead. Davis chuckled softly and curled up closer against Trey's chest. Trey wanted to stay there with him and cuddle some more, but as the fog cleared from his head, his curiosity began to get the better of him. He gently pushed away from his pal and sat up. He looked around him and took stock of the devastation. On some level he knew he should be worried, but he just couldn't seem to care. It wasn't just the afterglow that was still clinging to him after that titanic orgasm. It was as if every cell in his body was coursing with

cosmic energy. He felt so alive and invigorated. He felt so powerful. It was hard for him to worry himself with the ants that scurried down below.

As Trey surveyed the horizon he saw many small figures slowly rising from the white expanse. The ground beneath him was dotted with people of various shapes and sizes. Each one was steadily growing. It was fascinating to watch. It was like a time lapse video of flowers breaking through the snow, but these weren't plants. These were people. Even the largest of these new sprouts was barely as big as Trey's thumb, but they had to be gigantic to the average person down below. Trey couldn't help but feel pride at the new race of giants he had brought into existence with his mere presence.

Trey heard some talking off to his side and glanced over to see who it was. He saw Mel holding the bent and battered Skeeter's Cleaners van to his ear like a tiny Bluetooth ear piece. Mel was now absolutely titanic by all normal comprehension, but even he didn't even reach up to Trey's knees.

"Yeah. Rich. I need you to send every guy we've got. … Yeah. Call in everybody. Get the guys at Steele on the line too. Better call up every contact you've got while you're at it. … Big? Have you seen the news? This spill is freakin' ginormous!" Mel grumbled into his makeshift cellphone. "… Don't worry about other people getting some. There's gonna be more than enough for everybody. You can run all the tests you want on this stuff, and you'll still never run out. I swear. It's that fuckin' huge!"

Trey smirked as he glanced around at the scene below him. He could see large tanker trucks slurping up as much jizz as they could carry to be hauled off to various labs and storage facilities. The massive trucks were designed to hold an Olympic swimming pool's worth of liquid, but Trey could have easily held one atop the tip of his pinkie.

As he watched the tiny men in hazmat suits struggle to clean up the mess, Trey couldn't help but chuckle softly. His monolithic cock stirred to life. Even in its flaccid state the enormous tool was as wide as his hips and as long as his legs. It would be truly a sight to behold once it got hard again. He was half tempted to drench the city in his seed once more, but he figured that they had more than enough to clean up for the time being. There were other cities out there that could benefit from his gift.

Trey scooped his groggy, little friend up in his arms and set off for new horizons. He had always wanted to travel, and at his new size he could walk to neighboring cities in a just a few paces. It wouldn't take long at all for him to reach the next state or even to cross the country. He could travel wherever he wanted, and wherever he went he could drench the land in growth.

As Trey trudged through the cum-coated city he could still feel his size creeping steadily upwards. He had no idea when or even if his growth would ever stop. Maybe he'd outgrow the whole planet with his best buddy at his side. Maybe they would eventually stop growing and live out their lives as a titanic couple. Maybe someday the scientists would find a way to reverse the process and shrink them back down, but for the time being Trey was going to enjoy his new life.