LITTLE MAN ON CAMPUS 4

BY OHH





It had been an intense few weeks of brushing up on the full extent of Dr Cooper’s published research, then refining it into something Ashleigh thought would work. There had been a lot of late nights and stress eating cookies and junk food as she worked through the exact requirements of just how to make Phil a normal-sized man.

The whole thing would be cool as hell. Arguably way more than the Nobel Prize she’d be due at the end.

“I think that’s it…” she said, setting down her cookie and pen and picking up her phone.

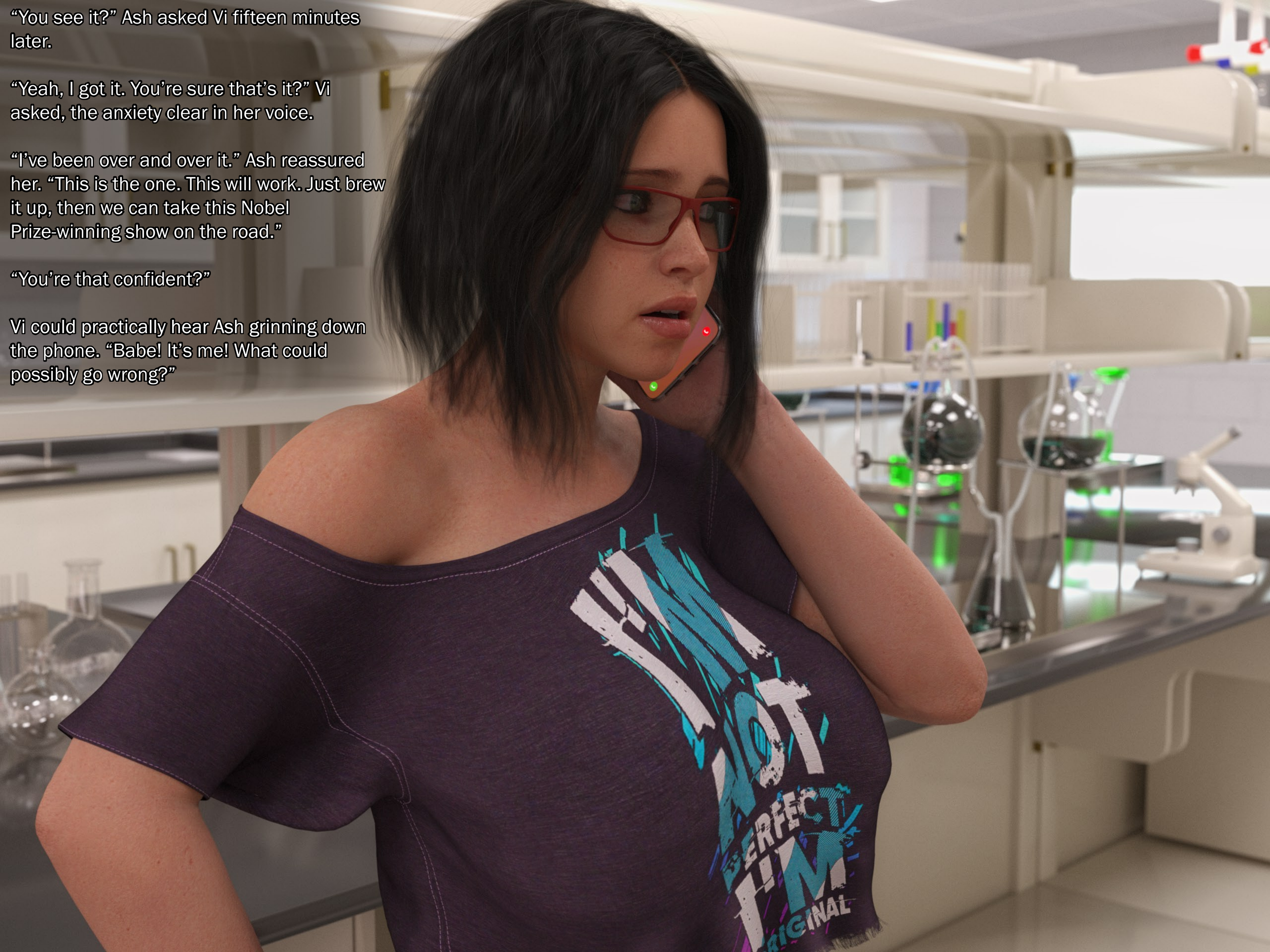
“You see it?” Ash asked Vi fifteen minutes later.

“Yeah, I got it. You’re sure that’s it?” Vi asked, the anxiety clear in her voice.

“I’ve been over and over it.” Ash reassured her. “This is the one. This will work. Just brew it up, then we can take this Nobel Prize-winning show on the road.”

“You’re that confident?”

Vi could practically hear Ash grinning down the phone. “Babe! It’s me! What could possibly go wrong?”



While Ash and Vi had been busy, so had Phil and Lorna. The pair had been enjoying getting to know each other better, in both an emotional and physical sense. For weeks now, they'd been inseparable. Often that was literally the case as Lorna was so big she could hide Phil under a loose-fitting dress if she wanted.

And she did want...a lot...

“I dunno why, but this is insanely hot.” Lorna said as she stretched her near seven-foot-tall body as high as she could on one leg.

“Because...it is.” Phil pointed out the obvious. Her slightly too small elasticated workout gear was doing a good job of holding him tightly in place as his girlfriend worked out. Holding him tightly in place with his bare skin to hers. “It doesn’t get much more intimate than this.”

“My face is literally squeezed on all sides by you. You’re doing something that is pretty personal and private, and here I am chatting away and doing most of the movements you are.”

That caused Lorna to laugh. A laugh which bounced Phil around, his face getting gently battered by her wonderfully soft and encroaching bosom. “You are NOT doing all or even half the movements I’m doing.”

“Well…I’m doing some movements…maybe not yours. But the nice ache tells me I’m getting some good from it.”

“I will agree that it’s intimate.” She said. Dropping her legs back down, she spread them apart, lowering her hips and stretching her arms wide. “And nice. I’ve always done this on my own. It’s nice to do it with someone. To not be alone.”

Phil felt the warmth in her words. It warmed him as much as her body was. “Yeah, it’s nice to be together.”

For a long minute, Phil just watched her. Looking up at her beautiful face as she smiled, looking away from him as she held her pose.

“If you want, I could live here.” He suggested.

“You couldn’t afford the rent.” She teased.

“Yeah, but I could have duties. Be a live-in servant.”

“Gonna do my laundry?” she raised a brow.

“Not sure I could…”

“You could just take me to class. I could give you all the answ–”

“Hey! I don’t need you to give me the answers! Half our classes overlap, and my grades are as good as yours!”

“Yeah, but then you could study less. I’ve got to pay rent somehow!” Phil said.

“Being a distraction isn’t going to cover it.” Lorna continued to tease him.

“Hey! I’d be more than just a distraction! I’d be the best distraction!” he protested.

“You grinding your boner on me while I sit through a class on central bank liquidity tools isn’t going to pay rent. I’m just pointing out facts.”

“I wouldn’t do that!”

“I can feel your boner there now.” She laughed. “You’d get bored in class and just grind away until you popped!”

“OK, true! But I’d be adorable while doing it!”

Lorna stood up again, relaxing a little. She looked down at her little boyfriend, his face looking up at her from between her boobs. He was right. He was adorable.

“You need to be careful or I’m going to do star jumps or something!” she grinned as she teased him.

“Threatening me with a good time?” Phil laughed in response. “Please, go right ahead.”

Lorna grinned down at him, forcing an affectionate glare. “Yeah, you’re not getting that lucky.”

Instead of star jumps, Lorna put her arms out in front of her, smothering her diminutive passenger with her chest. She bent her knees, lowering herself while holding her core.

“Ughhh...tight...” Phil grunted.

“Well then, you better move with me, because I’m going to do a set of twenty.” She threw his own words back at him.

“We need a safe word...” Phil suggested.

“How about ‘my bones!’?” Lorna laughed and carried on.

After each squat, she stood as tall as she could, bringing her hands together above her head. While it pulled her boobs apart, it had the pretty satisfying effect of tightening her leotard against her body. That had the effect of squishing Phil even tighter against her.

She could feel his little body pressing into her own. Feel his arms and legs spreading out as her simplest of movements forced his body to move with hers. She realised he was right when he said he'd done quite a lot of her poses with her. He didn't really have a choice there.

As one, she lowered herself, bringing her arms down and bending her knees, holding her core. There was a moment of equilibrium where her leotard relaxed enough that she felt Phil relax and take a quick breath.

Then she stretched the fabric in the other direction, and Phil was once again at the whim of her body's movements.

"Enjoying yourself?" she asked. She knew he was. She could feel his erection grinding into her with each movement she made. Whether he lasted the length of her set was a good question for a bet.

“So…uhhhh…much…” Phil grunted.

“Are you going to make it?” she asked, teasingly. “It feels like you might…”

Lorna thrust her hips out further and she felt Phil press even tighter to her.

“Ooooooohhhhh!” he cried out, and Lorna felt his lower body twitch.

The twitching only lasted a moment until Lorna felt the first splashes against her. The warm, wet feeling of freshly ejected bodily fluids oozing down her torso. Phil kept twitching, and she stretched her body as far as she could, heightening the sensations for him. She'd done this to him, it was only fair she let him enjoy it.

Enjoy it, he did.

“I think you made it to six...” she grinned down at Phil as soon as he looked, bleary-eyed, back up to her.

“Six squats! Out of twenty!” Lorna couldn’t help but laugh. Had she worn him out that much?

“Oh...” he smiled, sleepily. “Yeah...you do things to me.”

“And you did something on me.” She ruffled his hair, but made no move to let him out.

“Sorry about that. I am but a weak man.”

“Yeah?” she asked, rhetorically, turning to sit down on her bed. “Guess that makes me a weak woman.”

Phil’s eyes lit up. “Whoa! What’s happening!?”

She pushed the crotch of her leotard aside. “My turn!”

“Let me help!” Phil pleaded.

“Oh, you’re helping. You just stay right there.”

There was no warm-up required. Phil had already done that part. Ideally, Lorna wanted to finish her workout, then de-stress, then shower. After Phil had blown his load all over, she decided to just skip to the end. Not for cleanliness, but because she was just too turned on to focus on anything else.

“Mmmmm...Phil...” she cooed as she touched herself and massaged her breast.

Phil’s disappointment in not getting to actively participate was long gone. He was more than happy to just watch the incredible sight that was unfolding all around him.

“Oooooh…mmmmmmm…” Lorna cooed as she touched herself.

It didn’t matter to Phil he’d only blown his load a couple of minutes before, he was rock hard again. He ground his hips in time with Lorna’s own gyrating. This wasn’t going to take long anyway. She was groaning loudly, her whole body shuddering.

“Oh…oh, Phil!” She moaned. “Oh…FUCK…Phil!”

Her whole body shuddered as she cried out in delight. It really hadn’t taken her long at all.

The pair collapsed back onto the bed, spent. Or rather, Lorna collapsed back, and Phil was carried along with her.

“That...that’s why you can’t come with me to class.” She panted. Even a couple of minutes after finishing, she still felt totally worn out. “I’d never get anything done...”

“Mmmhmm...” he agreed. “But is that such a bad thing? We can just do this...forever and ever.”

Lorna felt a little pang of guilt. She knew what Phil meant. She was going across country for a basketball tournament, and she’d be gone for a week at least. As much as she wanted Phil to come with her, it wasn’t an option.

There was a long gap before Lorna replied to agree. “If only...come on...let’s go shower...”



“Oh! Hey Lor!” Ash said, walking out of the bathroom and right into Lorna as both women closed the door at the same time.

“Oh!” Lorna almost jumped out of her skin. She’d really hoped not to see anyone else in the house. “I thought you were out!?”

“Nope! Asleep! Late night working!” Ash replied. For a moment, it looked like she wouldn’t notice, then the broad grin that drew across her face told Lorna they’d been rumbled. “Oh, hey Phil! Didn’t see you there!”

“Sorry, Ash...” Lorna blushed even more. “You weren’t meant to–”



“Oh, don’t you worry about me!” Ash beamed up at her. “You two deserve to have a bit of fun. I’m just jealous I can’t try it out.”

Lorna’s embarrassment slowly shifted to a scowl. “You want to...wear Phil?”

“No!” the redhead laughed. “I want to swap places with him! It’d be totally awesome to just be buried in you like that! The man must be having the time of his life.”

“Heh...” Lorna’s blush returned. Ashleigh had totally flummoxed her.

“Anyway, you crazy kids enjoy your shower! I’m going to find breakfast!”

The shower was surprisingly quiet. Not that surprising, once Phil thought about it. Lorna was getting ready to go. She didn't want to leave him, but she couldn't stay either. He wanted to ask her to stay, but that wouldn't work. It would only make her feel worse over going.

"I could come with you. No one would notice me hidden under your dress." He said, trying to make his voice sound like he was joking. He only half was.

"Not sure that will work during games." Lorna half-smiled, looking down at him.

"I think it would work best during games." Phil smirked up at her.

“You know I would if we could.” Lorna looked down at him, mirroring his amusement.

“We totally can.”

With a chuckle, she swept him up in her arms, lifting up so he was level with her face. She kissed him, her tongue pressing into his mouth and his pushing back in an enjoyable tussle.

“We can’t. But we can try to make some nice memories to dwell on while we’re apart.” She suggested, breaking the kiss.

“I’m game.” He shrugged.

“...and you’ll make sure he gets to the commodities class after the accounting lecture?” Lorna said, sounding more than a little anxious.

“Lor! You guys have only been together a few weeks! Vi and me have done this all before! We’ve got this!” Ashleigh couldn’t help but laugh. If she didn’t, she might actually get annoyed. Her friend’s concern for her diminutive boyfriend was more cute than irritating.

“Yeah...I know. It’s just...”

“He’s a grown man. He’ll be fine. We’ll make sure of it.” Ash reassured her.

“I hate this so much…” Lorna said, bending down to hug Phil to her.

“Don’t.” He said. “I know how much you love playing basketball. If you drop out just to spend time with me, you’ll be miserable for it. I don’t want that.”

“I could just throw all my games. Then we lose and come home early.” She suggested.

Phil laughed and hugged her tighter. “Yeah, like you would be able to lose anything.”

Lorna laughed back. “You’re right. See you soon…”

“Not too soon.” He replied.

Lorna grabbed her case, gave them both one final wave, then left.

“Phew...” Ash sighed and looked down at Phil. “You’re a pretty good liar. Either that or she just sucks at reading people.”

Phil shrugged. “Telling people what they want to hear has gotten me out of trouble more than once. I just hate lying to her.”

“Yeah, well, it should be worth it.” Ashleigh replied. “Maybe when you’re back, you’ll be able to take her on at basketball!”

“I’d settle for not needing a ladder to kiss her.”

Ash smiled and nodded. “I make no promises, but I think this will go well for you. Come on, Vi’s already waiting at the lab!”

“That’s it. We’re all set up and ready to go.” Ash explained a couple of hours later. “All that’s left is for you to get into the chair, strap in, and we load you up with the serum and a whole bunch of relaxants.”

Vi nervously glanced down at Phil, consciously reminding herself why she’d agreed to this. It was both to help her friend, and to do something that could make her career. As she looked at him, a thought hit her.

“Are we sure he’ll...you know...fit?” Vi asked.

“Even if he were fifteen percent bigger, you could take him.” Ash replied. “Look, I’d freaking love to swap places with you, but you’ve done this before. You’re much better set up to host him.”

“What do you think, Phil?” Vi asked him. “You’re ready for this? It might well be harder on you than it is on me.”

Phil couldn’t help but swallow involuntarily as he gazed up at his friend looming over him. His eyes were drawn down, to the puffy lips and slit between her thick thighs. That was where he was going. If he agreed to this, he was going to go in there.

Into her belly. Entirely inside Vi’s body. The space above her bush and below her breasts would be his home. It was kind of horrifying. But if it worked...

He nodded, stiffening. “Yeah, I want to be normal. Let’s do this.”



“How’s that?” Ashleigh asked, pulling on the straps. “We want them tight, but not enough you’re sore.”

“They’re good.” Vi confirmed. She tried to move her arms and legs, but they were well and truly stuck. She wasn’t going anywhere. If she wanted out, Ash would let her, but she wanted to see this through.

She winced as the needle bit into her skin like a bee’s sting. There were a series of injections. Hormone treatments, muscle relaxants to enable her to take Phil into her. Then there was the serum for Phil. The one that would change his genetic code and start him on his path to growing to normal human size.

“How’s that feel?” Ashleigh asked.

“I…I don’t feel anyth–” Vi stopped mid-sentence as a wave of euphoria washed through her. It felt like her muscles were turning to jelly. “Ohhhhhh…what’s in that stuff?”

Ash grinned triumphantly. “My own concoction! As bad as labour feels, this will feel like the opposite! So if you were worried about this being painful, don’t be! I got you covered.”

“Oooooh…thanks, Ash. You’re…”

“Yeah, I know. I’m the best.”



“Alright, big guy.” Ash said, bending down to speak to Phil. “You’re up! You ready?”

Phil glanced up once more, just about able to see Vi’s spread labia. He had no idea how he was going to do this. “I…I don’t need anything?”

“Nope. This is all Vi. You just get on in there, and her body will do the rest.” The redhead explained. “It’s important you do this. I don’t want to force you, so I’m going to set you on a stool, and you can push in the first part, then Vi should take over.”

He nodded and took a deep breath. “I’m ready…let’s do this.”

From atop the stool, it was an even crazier sight. He had no idea how he was supposed to do this. How he was supposed to fit into a space so small. Then he understood. He wasn't going to. Her body would expand around him. That's what it was designed to do.

"You good?" he asked.

"Yeah...more than good." Vi cooed.

"Vi?" he asked after a moment.

"Yeah, Phil?"

"Thank you."

Taking one last look at the world around him, the little man took a few more deep breaths of fresh air, then dropped his hands down to the chair below Vi. He wondered how this would feel. What it would be like to be inside another person. How long would he be in there? They had no idea. No one had ever done this before.

“OK...here I go...” he said, and pushed his head into Vi’s labia.

“Ooooooooh...” Vi moaned with delight as her body readied itself to do its thing.

At first, nothing happened. Phil felt like he was trying to force his head into a space too small to hold it. He figured that was exactly what was happening.

“Mmmmmmm…” Vi moaned as he pushed harder and harder. At least someone was enjoying themselves.

Vi’s moans rose a little louder, and he felt her shifting on the top of his head. Then the tunnel gave way. It was tight, but he was in, the warm, gooey walls clinging to his face like heavy, wet blankets.



“OOOOOOOOHHHH…” Vi groaned, fighting against the restraints as her body struggled with the incredible sensations coming from between her legs.

“Huh…maybe I overdid the cocktail.” Ashleigh wondered.

“No…noooooo…this feels so good.” Vi moaned some more.

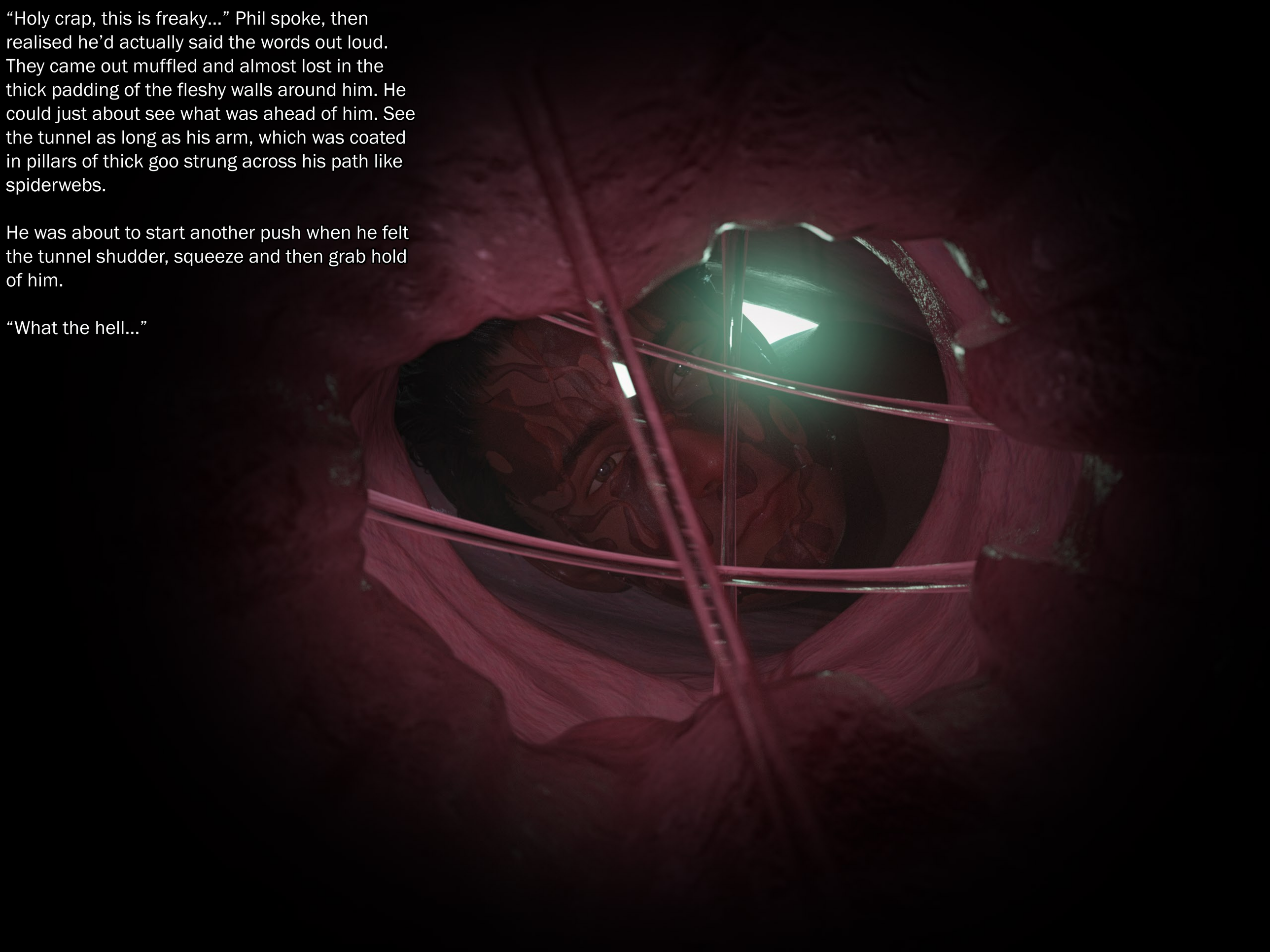
“Now I’m jealous.” Ash huffed. “How you doing there, Phil? Alright?”

Phil responded with a thumbs up. His head was busy elsewhere.

“Holy crap, this is freaky…” Phil spoke, then realised he’d actually said the words out loud. They came out muffled and almost lost in the thick padding of the fleshy walls around him. He could just about see what was ahead of him. See the tunnel as long as his arm, which was coated in pillars of thick goo strung across his path like spiderwebs.

He was about to start another push when he felt the tunnel shudder, squeeze and then grab hold of him.

“What the hell…”



“ARRRRRRRRRGGHHHHHH!” Violet groaned as something...she wasn’t sure what, surged from her belly, down her pussy and then rippled through the rest of her body. She could feel Phil now. Actually feel him inside of her. She could feel her body clinging onto him, squeezing him as natural processes took hold.

“Oh! That looks like a contraction!” Ash announced excitedly.

It was exactly as Ashleigh had said it would be. Her body was taking over, doing what it had been told to do. A natural process hijacked in the name of science. She could feel the powerful muscles straining as they pulled on him harder and harder. All she wanted was to swallow him. No, not wanted. She needed it. She needed him inside of her.

The power was incredible. For a moment, it was terrifying. Phil realised that Vi could probably break his ribs if she wanted to. The fact that she didn't want to was the only thing stopping him from screaming in terror.

He felt the pressure build and build and build. He heard Vi moaning louder and louder. He understood that they really were committed now. He couldn't back out, even if he wanted to. Vi's body wouldn't let him.

He felt another wave of pressure, and he was pulled another couple of inches deeper inside of Vi.



The waves were coming thick and fast now. Each one pulled him a little deeper. He felt like toothpaste in a tube, being squeezed from one end until all his insides came out. Still, nature had designed this process so that didn't happen. Ash had been smart to hijack it for her own ends.

"Uhhhhhh...fuuuuuuck, this is so good!" Vi groaned.

"Yeah, I totally wanna swap." Ash laughed to herself. "With either of you!"

Phil was pulled in almost to his waist. He braced himself, waiting for another unrelenting squeeze, when he heard a pop, then Vi's body let him go. Not entirely, but enough so that he slid out of her a little. He figured if he wanted to, he might have been able to struggle free.

"Oohhhhhhhhh!" Vi squealed. "It's coming! A big one!"

"Push Vi! Or pull! I dunno!" Ashleigh yelled. "Listen to your body!"

The pressure started again, and Phil was pulled deeper.

This one...this contraction was different. It was much stronger and lasted longer than the ones that had come before it. Phil was pulled in so deep his face slammed into a soft, spongy wall as almost his entire upper body was pulled inside Vi.

There was no time to rest, as the wall pulsed, expanding as it did so until Phil was pushed in through the opening into another chamber. A chamber beyond Vi's vagina.

Phil realised he was being pulled into her womb.

“Oh...oh, fuck...” Vi panted, breathless from the exertion and the pleasure.

“He’s half way in now.” Ash said. She was trying to be clinical about the whole thing. Trying to record as much as she could in her mind. She would have loved to have filmed the whole thing, but Vi wasn’t happy with that idea. It was incredible, watching Phil slowly slither inside of Vi as her lower body expanded around him.

“How you doing, Phil? You good?” she asked.

He just about managed a thumbs up.

Vi moaned loudly as another contraction started.

“Oooooh...oooooh...ooooh, fuck!” she grunted and squeezed her eyes closed. It felt incredible. As painful as childbirth was, this was every bit the opposite. She was exhausted, but she never wanted it to end. It was like orgasm after orgasm, with each one building on the one that came before it.

“You’re doing great, Vi, just keep doing what your body says.” Ash said. She noted her friend was squirting milk everywhere. She hadn’t even considered that happening. It made sense, given the amount of hormones she’d been pumped full of. She probably should have anticipated that happening.

“Think we might need a towel...”

Vi’s moans grew and grew until they became screams. Ash was getting worried something might be wrong.

“Um...are you alright?”

For a moment, it looked like Vi wasn’t going to answer. That she couldn’t answer. Her eyes rolled back in her head. She could feel Phil inside of her. Feel him filling her up. Feel her belly stretching more and more as the little man was pulled into her.

“Yes...unngghhh...so...good...” she managed to moan.

“Shit, I can see your stomach growing!” Ash said. She really regretted not filming this.

“Oooooh…ohhhhhh…I…I can’t go on…” Vi moaned. She was quieter now. Much quieter. Ash could see just looking at her that she was exhausted. A glance down between her legs, and it was obvious this was far from over. Phil’s legs were still hanging out of her.

“Are you in pain? Is something wrong?” Ash asked.

Vi slowly shook her head. “Too much…feels…feels so good. I can’t…” She paused. “…it’s just so much.”

“Too late to swap with me?” Ash asked.

Vi’s head rolled round, and she glared up at Ash. “Not on your life.”

Vi laughed. “Alright. How’s Phil? Can you tell?”

The other woman nodded lazily. “He’s moving...can feel him.”

Ash glanced back down between Vi’s legs. This whole situation was crazy. “Huh...” Ash said. “Looks like he’s come out a bit.”

“I...I can feel it...it’s building...” Vi said.

“Another contraction?”

“Yeah...” Vi winced a bit, feeling her insides tighten. “It’s going to be...be...big...”

Ash saw Phil tense too. It looked like he was about to go in.

“Oooooh...mmmmm...ooooh, fuck...fuck...” Vi’s moans grew faster and louder with each second.

“Vi, you OK?” Ash was getting concerned by just how intense this process was. It would help if she’d actually been present at a birth. This was all totally new to her. Vi had done this before, and she didn’t seem worried. That was her only real guide here.

“Yes...yes...it’s...it’s happening...uhhhhhhhhhh!”

With a last guttural moan, Vi’s entire body tensed. Ash looked back down to check on Phil to see he was already back inside Vi up to his knees, and still going.

“OOOOOOOOOOOOHHHHH!” Vi almost screamed.

She could feel him. Every little groove and bump of Phil’s body inside of her. Every move he made. Every squirm. She could feel all of it. She could feel him filling her up. Feel her body stretching, millimetre by millimetre as it made space for the life inside of her.

It felt right. It felt natural. It felt like she was Gaia incarnate. She wanted more. She wanted so much more.

“YEEEEEEEAAAAAARRGHHHH!!” she screamed as one final massive contraction hit, and her whole body fought against the restraints, the power was so intense.

“Holy shit, Vi! You’re doing it!” Ashleigh couldn’t believe it. This was working. It was actually working. As Vi screamed in ecstasy, Ash could only watch, her mouth hanging open as Phil slid steadily into her friend’s body. His lower legs disappeared between her labia, and her belly expanding as more and more of the little man entered her womb.

Only Phil’s feet were sticking out of her now. “You’re almost there! Just keep going! A few more seconds!” Ash encouraged her. She wasn’t sure Vi could hear her, she was screaming so loud.

For a moment, Phil's feet just sat there, splaying out to the side as the pressure on his small body grew and grew. Ash could see Vi straining against the restraints. Her entire body was tensing like she was trying to lift a ten-tonne truck.

"OOOOOOOHHH!" she let out one last, massive cry, and Phil was gone.

His feet disappeared inside Vi in a spray of goo.

"Vi! You did it!" Ash cried out.

“Ahhhhhhhh...” Vi moaned and slumped forward. She was absolutely coated in a film of sweat and breastmilk. She looked like she was about to fall asleep.

“You alright? Still with me?” Ashleigh asked.

Vi nodded, too exhausted to do anything more than that. “That...that was incredible...”

Ash set a hand on Vi’s stomach. It felt hard as a rock. Beneath the skin, she could feel slow, steady movements. A body shifting beneath the skin. Phil getting comfortable.

For a couple of minutes, Ash just watched Vi as she lay back on the chair, breathing hard and eyelids fluttering. If something was wrong, Vi's physical state would be the first indicator.

"How're you doing?" Ash asked eventually.

"Mmmm...exhausted." Vi replied. "That...that was incredible, but it was tiring. Could sleep for a week."

"I bet!" Ash chuckled. "What about Phil?"

"I can feel him. He's moving...like...shifting here and there. He feels OK."

Ash nodded and pulled over a wheeled screen. "You mind if I take a look with the endoscope?"

"Knock yourself out..." Vi sighed. "I'm not going anywhere."

“Alright, pretty sure this will be a little cold and tight.” Ash explained. She used her hand to grip the cold metal tip, trying to warm it up a little, then slid it inside Vi. “You should be able to see him on the screen once I get in there. See him...inside you...”

“It’s so totally crazy. I can feel him in there. I wasn’t sure he’d fit.”

“Well, given he’s only two feet tall, curled up he’s likely under a foot high and deep. Plenty of room, given he’s pretty slight as well.” Ash explained, mostly trying to distract Vi as she guided the probe through her cervix.

Then Vi’s eyes lit up. “Oh my God! There he is!”

“Oh, wow! Hey Phil!” Ash couldn’t help but laugh at the absurdity of it all. “Can you hear me?”

“Um, yeah...wow, this is freaky.” He said, his voice sounded distant and muted from the screen’s speakers.

“How’re you doing? You’re alright?” Ash asked.

On the screen, they saw him nod, not entirely convinced. “No injuries. Just cramped and hot. It’s really, really hot in here.”

“In me...” Vi said, then was repeated deeper and muffled on the screen.

“Well, get comfortable in there. It’s your home for a while. Kick if you need us...” Ash laughed, and Vi rolled her eyes.

After a couple of minutes of back and forth, they confirmed Phil was settled in and as comfortable as he was going to get. There wasn't much more they could do other than finish up and head home.

"I can't believe he's in there." Ash said, running her hand along the curve of Vi's swollen belly. "I'm not sure who I'm more jealous of, you or him."

"You're nuts is what you are." Vi chuckled. "I just want to get home and sleep for a week."

"One second." Ash said. "We need to check something."

"Oh?"



“Hey, Phil.” Ash spoke loudly and toward the bump. “Kick test. Wanna try kicking out as hard as you can.”

A moment passed with nothing, then... “GAH!” Vi yelped.

Ash saw a small bump appear on the belly, wiggle, then come out even further. “Oh yeah, I think we can confirm that test as passed.”

“I will never get used to that.” Vi shook her head. standing up.

“I thought you’d done this before?” Ash said,

“Yeah, just that time I had months building up to it. An hour ago, he was out here, and I wasn’t eight months pregnant!”

“God, I feel so huge!” Vi said. She was waddling. She hadn’t done that since her last pregnancy. She then realised she was thinking of herself as pregnant. Was she pregnant? This was really confusing. There were definitely several philosophy PhDs worth of debate in just what she and Phil now were to each other.

“I mean...you ate a dude. A little dude, but still a man.” Ashleigh said. “What did you think would happen?”

“I know...I know...” Violet sighed. “For some reason, I thought it would take time to get to this part. I just want to get home, have a shower and a lie down.”

Ash grinned. “I think you’ve more than earned it. You’re a machine, Vi!”

Vi stopped and her smile faded. “Actually, scratch that. We need to make a stop...”



“Really? You want to eat here!?” Ash asked.

Vi’s glare was so powerful it could have melted steel. “I don’t think I’ve ever been this hungry!” She tapped on the menu, adding item after item to the basket. “I…I don’t know what’s going on in there, but I want to eat EVERYTHING!”

The smile shifted from amused to curious, and Ash nodded. “Well, you’re rebuilding a person in there. You get what you like. No judgment from me. Just order me a soda.”



“Oh…oh…so good…” Vi said between chews. She was on her second extra-large burger. That was on top of the family pack of chicken nuggets she’d already demolished.

“You want me to get you some more?” Ash asked. She took a sip of her soda, then grabbed a few of the fries from the basket Vi had ordered.

“Hey!” Vi scowled. “They’re mine! Get your own!”

“You can’t possibly eat all of this! There’s no room! Especially with Phil in there!”

“Watch me!”

Phil's world had become very small and very, very strange. It now stopped mere inches from his body, surrounded on all sides by gooey walls of firm, pink flesh that held him in place. Vi's body holding himself in place. It felt like he was walking. He could feel himself swaying from side to side, the distinct feeling of gravity shifting every few seconds.

Being upside down really didn't help. He'd tried to turn himself around, but there just wasn't the room. Even once he felt Vi stop walking and settle down, he still wasn't able to shift himself around.

"Guess I'm stuck like this..." he said. Above him, he could hear the distinct sounds of gurgling. It got louder and louder with each passing minute, until it felt like he was standing next to an industrial laundry machine.

Back home, her hunger satisfied, and warm water washing away the grime and sweat, Vi was starting to feel a little more like herself. Well, like herself and someone else. It was hard not to notice the extra ten or so pounds of weight she was now carrying on her front. She could feel the other life inside of her. Feel him moving and shifting, presumably trying to get comfortable.

As uncomfortable as it was for her, she felt good. Part of her subconscious was elated that once again she was filled up with another life. That her body was once again home to another. It released nice, soothing hormones that kept her calm and content, despite the insanity of the situation.



“Well, I hope you’re grateful, Phil.” She said, reaching down and stroking her swollen belly. Beneath the half inch or so of skin and muscle, she felt him shift against her palm. She couldn’t help but smile as the warm glow spread through her again. “My back aches, my feet ache, I’m bloated and I can’t see where I’m stepping. I hope it’s worth it.”

“Hey, it could be worse!” Phil replied. He could hear Vi’s voice as she spoke. Sounds from the outside made it through to his cramped living space. They sounded muffled, muted and distant, but he could hear. Vi was different. Vi was everywhere. Quite literally. He could hear a constant stream of noise from her body. Whether it was the constant, reassuring thumping of her heartbeat or the gurgling of her guts, she was always there.

When she spoke, he could hear her voice through the walls of her womb, louder and clearer than any other voice. It reassured him to know she was there. That no matter what happened, she would be there.



“Ugh…I feel like a goddamn beached whale.” Vi shifted on the sofa as she tried to get comfortable. She’d always like the soft, yet firm sofa. She could lie back and sink into it and just relax. Not anymore, she couldn’t. If she did that, the weight on her spine felt like it would snap into two.

“Well, you look awesome.” Ash said. “So natural.”

“Really? I look ridiculous! My tits have exploded too! They’re so swollen I can’t find any tops that fit!”

“You keep talking like this is a bad thing.” Ash teased her friend.

“Yeah…” Phil grunted, shifting as he tried to take the weight off his neck. “You have it so bad.”

It was hard to feel sorry for Vi when his entire world wasn’t much bigger than a soccer ball. Hot, humid, gooey, and all of it feeling like it was focused on the base of his neck. He knew why he’d agree to do this. The fact he’d made it this far gave him hope that it might just work.

“But I’m not going to be able to lie like this much longer. Feels like my neck is gonna snap.” He said.

It really wasn’t just a matter of being a little bit uncomfortable. Lying upside down with all his weight pressing down on just a few bones in his neck was becoming a serious issue. Phil realised he was going to have to sit upright. Going head down was something that happened towards the end, and he was just at the beginning.

“I’ve no choice...got to roll over.” He told himself, grimacing with discomfort once more. He took a breath, pulled his legs in and braced his arms, then pushed all at once as hard as he could, trying to buy himself just a couple more inches so he could turn himself over in the impossibly cramped space.

“I’m supposed to teach a class tomorrow. Same class I had three days ago. Do you think they’ll…GAH!” Vi yelped, stopping mid-sentence as she felt…something.

“Vi! You alright!?” Ash leapt up from her lazy spot on the sofa. She could see what had startled Vi so much. Her belly…it was moving. A bulge had formed and it was slowly shifting.

“Shit…what…what the hell is he doing in there!?” Vi winced. It wasn’t sore, but it sure as hell felt strange to feel so much movement from her body that wasn’t her body.

For a moment, Ash was a little concerned, then she understood. The bulge on the top of the bump shifted lower and lower and lower.

“Fuck, this is so weird!” Vi looked terrified, like she wanted to run away. There was nowhere to run to. Her bump would always be with her.

“Try to relax.” Ash said. “I think he’s just turning over.”

“Yeah!? Well, I wish he wouldn’t!” Vi said. “Hey, Phil! Stay still, would you!? This feels really, REALLY weird!”

All at once, the bulge disappeared, and the bump settled down, the shape noticeably different.

“I think he’s done.” Ash said. “He was probably just turning over. He went in head first, so he likely was head down.”

“Ahhhh…” Phil sighed to himself. “Yeah, that’s much better.”

He was still hot, squeezed and coated in a constant stream of bitter-smelling goop, but with his neck now free, he felt infinitely better. Not only that, he could feel gravity was now in the right direction, down by his feet.

“Please, don’t do that again.” Vi’s voice rumbled through the walls.

Phil replied by elbowing her hand.

“Gah! Stop that, you little shit!”

“Come on! Let me talk to him!” Ash said, kneeling on the ground in front of Vi. Reluctantly, the round-bellied woman heaved herself to her feet.

Ash fell upon Vi’s belly, affectionately rubbing it with her hand and pressing her ear to listen. “Hey Phil, it’s daddy...”

“What!?” Vi half yelled, half laughed.

“You may be carrying him, but I put him in there. So I’m the father.” Ash explained.

“This is so ridiculously fucked-up.” Vi groaned.

Beneath the stretched skin, Ash felt something, a small bump moving against her face. It was Phil, the man inside Vi’s body, reaching out in the only way he could.

“Oh, this is so freaking cool.” Ash felt her heart swell. “I can’t believe we did it. We really did it...”



It had been a long day. Draining and exhausting, but just as satisfying and exciting. She was making history, and hopefully helping her friend in the process.

Sleep came easy for Vi, despite the ache in her hips and back and the extra weight in her body.

For Phil, the day had been equally as exhausting. The process of being unborn was one of the most tiring and stressful things he'd ever done. Surrounded by the reassuring warmth of Vi's body and the constant beating of her heart, it was impossible not to drift off as she settled down in bed.

The day had just been too much for him, and it wasn't like there was anything to do to make him fight against sleep.

“Huh…”

Phil willed himself to fall back to sleep, but between one moment and the next, it was lost. Surrounded by the warmth of his bed, he just wanted to go back to sleep. He was still worn out. Exhausted. He needed to sleep more, but he could hear noise and felt himself moving.

Then, like a gunshot, it hit him. He wasn’t in his bed. He was inside Vi. This was his first wake up inside his new home. The first of how many, he had no clue.



“Wh…what the…” As he wriggled to life, he felt something. A weight that shouldn’t be there, slowing him down. He reached down and felt a rope under the pool of fluid he sat in. The pool was new. It felt like a thick, warm bath. It sloshed around from side to side in rhythm with Vi. It felt like she was walking.

His hand grasped something under the water. Something like a rope. He lifted it and felt it tug tight as it ran out of slack. It was a rope. One that went from Vi’s body to his. He was connected to her now, not just surrounded by her.

He’d wondered how he’d be fed in here, and now he had his answer. Her body was sustaining his, giving it everything it needed to survive. And presumably starting the job of rewriting his genetic code as well.



“Shit...shit...shit...” Vi huffed as she waddled as fast as she could. She had a class to teach. A lesson that started ten minutes ago.

She’d been so exhausted she’d overslept. Then she tried to find clothes and couldn’t find anything that fit. Not even her largest bras fit. All her maternity wear was boxed up at her parents’. She’d been so focused on the science behind getting Phil inside of her, she’d forgotten about the practicalities that came after.

Inside her belly, she felt movement.
“Morning, Phil...” she said as she hurried. “Try not to distract me too much until this class is done, please?”

“Good morning, good morning.” Vi said as she rushed into the classroom, finding her class of undergrads already waiting at her. She tried to pretend like everything was normal. That she didn’t look like she was about to give birth at any moment. “Sorry I’m late, I was unexpectedly delayed.”

“Um…Doc…” Craig in the front row spoke. She knew what he was going to say. He was staring. They were all staring.



“Yes, I know.” She sighed. This was the moment she had been dreading. And now it was here, she just felt too tired and annoyed to deal with. “I’m pregnant. Let’s just move on. I don’t want to answer any questions about that.

She turned around and started to write on the board.

“Now, let’s find out who actually did the reading.” She turned back to her class and gestured to the board. “Who can tell me how mRNA editing works?”

“But you weren’t pregnant last week.” Craig carried on as if she’d not said she didn’t want to talk about it.

“So, you didn’t do the reading?” Vi countered with an accusation.

“Did you just, like, pop?” Trisha, the girl behind asked. “My aunt did that with her last one. Was really thin, then a week later looked like she’d swallowed a bowling ball. No offense…”

“Did I or did I not say I didn’t want to talk about it?” Vi asked.



Phil could feel himself getting annoyed. Not just annoyed, actively angry. He could hear Vi talking, but he could only hear muffled voices in response. It was like they were underwater trying to speak to him. He supposed he sort of was.

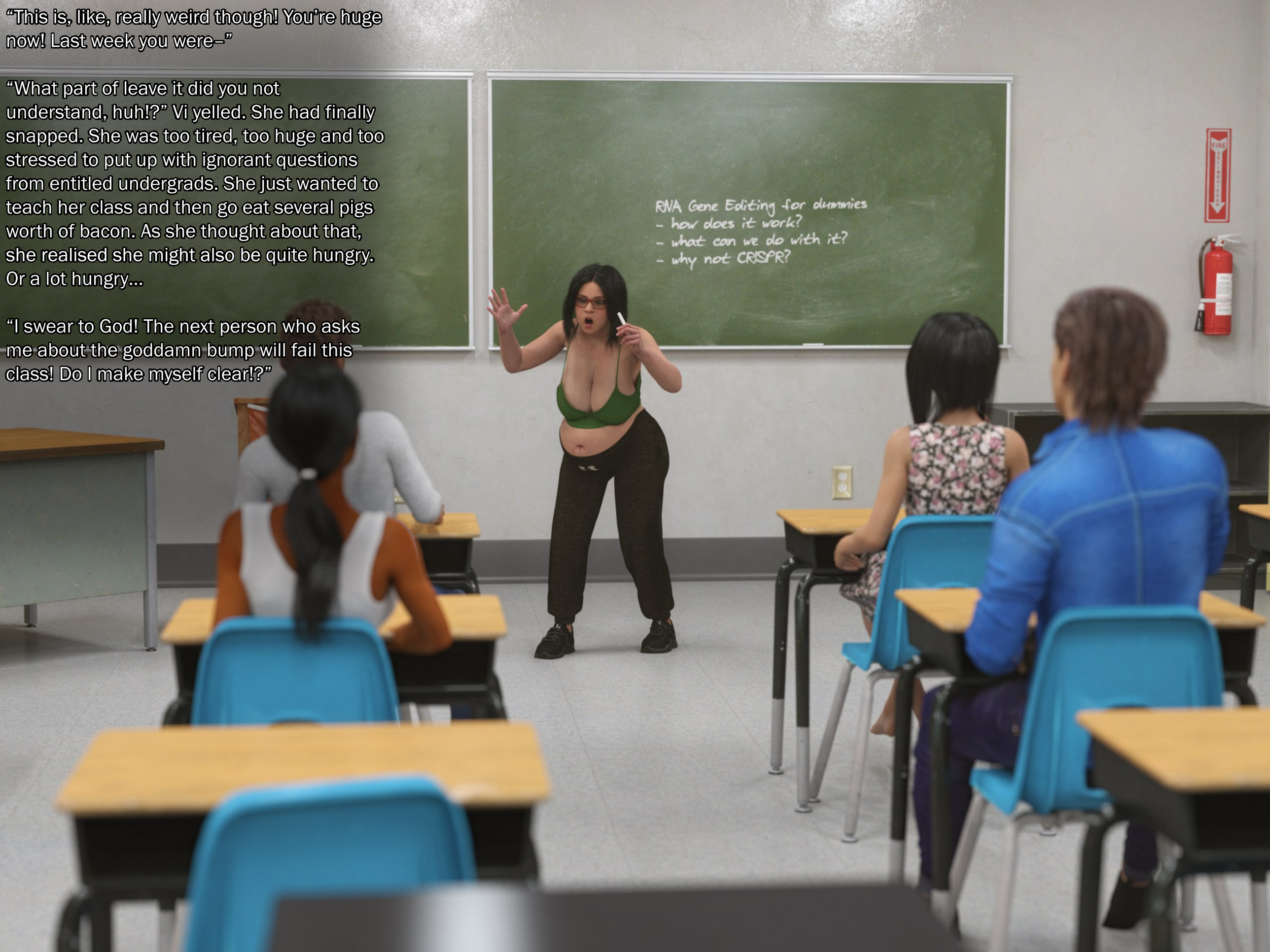
“Let’s just focus on the lesson.” Vi’s voice spoke, the strain in her tone evident, despite the warping from the layers of flesh it had passed through to get to him.

Someone else replied, a girl he thought, and Phil felt a flush of anger, like a needle injecting ice into his veins. He had no idea why he was angry, but he really was.

“This is, like, really weird though! You’re huge now! Last week you were–”

“What part of leave it did you not understand, huh!?” Vi yelled. She had finally snapped. She was too tired, too huge and too stressed to put up with ignorant questions from entitled undergrads. She just wanted to teach her class and then go eat several pigs worth of bacon. As she thought about that, she realised she might also be quite hungry. Or a lot hungry...

“I swear to God! The next person who asks me about the goddamn bump will fail this class! Do I make myself clear!?”



“Yowza…” an amused voice said, and Vi wheeled around ready to bite the face off of whatever student had dared to speak to her like that. When she looked round, she was surprised to see Ashleigh standing in the doorway, her usual smirk on her face.

“What do you want?” Vi asked, taking a breath before she spoke to calm herself. She hadn’t intended to shout in the first place. It had just happened.

“First, don’t kill me.” Ash said. “We gotta go. We got a thing. It can’t wait.”

“Really? Now?”

“Can’t wait. It’s for Phil.” Ashleigh explained.

“Fine…” Vi grabbed her bag and stormed out. She was too pissed off with the class to bother with them.

“Hey! What the hell!?” A girl stood, clearly pissed that Ashleigh had just stolen their teacher. “I need to pass this class! You can’t just walk in and take our teacher!”

“I’m an undergrad that’s not even taking this class, and I just used a bunch of math and genetics to put a little dude into your teacher’s belly to rewrite his genetic code. It’s not that hard. Read a book and figure it out.” Ash turned and waved the girl off. “Bunch of dummies.”



“So, where are we going?” Vi asked. “And why is it so important that I ditch a class? I could get into a whole world of shit for that.”

“Oh, this is WAY more important!” Ash grinned. “Dr Cooper is back. She’s doing a consultation for a couple of weeks. I sent her an email, told her what we did. She didn’t believe me. I said I could prove it.”

“Are you fucking nuts!?” Vi gasped. “We don’t want to bring her in on this! Do we!?”

“First, I think it’s well-established my sanity varies by how hungry I am. Second, yes we do. We need someone independent who can verify this. She’s external to the university and an expert. So she fits.” Ash explained.

“I hope you’re right.” Vi sighed.



“Oh...my....God...you can’t be serious!” Dr Cooper gasped the moment she saw Vi. “I remember you...you weren’t pregnant then. Were you? You had that baby boy!”

“Um, no...I wasn’t.” Vi said. “And he wasn’t my baby. He was my roommate, Phil. He’s...well, you saw him. He’s only two feet tall. He didn’t have an invite, but we wanted him to come to see the presentation. To show him that there was hope he could grow to a normal size.”

“I put him inside her.” Ash’s grin was triumphant.

Phil could hear voices talking outside. Muffled and distant voices. One he didn't know, but one he could tell was Ash. He was pretty sure this conversation was about him.

"I used your research as a template, created a serum. We then used a whole bunch of relaxants and hormones to get Phil into Vi's womb and get the serum into him via Vi's body. It should resequence his genetic code to allow him to grow to a normal human height."

"Yup...definitely talking about me." Phil said to himself. "Wonder who they're talking to."



“I’m sorry, but this all sounds a bit crazy. The simplest explanation is that she’s pregnant and this is a practical joke.” Dr Cooper said, sounding more than a little irritated. She was a professional. She wasn’t used to being pranked.

“No joke.” Ash said. “Watch the bump. Hey, Phil!” Ash raised her voice and projected it towards Vi’s swollen belly. “Give us a kick!”

The bump moved, a smaller bump forming on it and wiggling as if something small on the inside was pressing into it.

“Huh...well, it could just be responding to outside stimuli.” Dr Cooper said.

“You do it yourself then, Doc. Ask Phil whatever you want.”

The scientist still thought this was insane, but she remembered talking to both women weeks ago. They both had a good understanding of her research, and the redhead even seemed to understand details that her team had just worked out.

“What is two plus two?” she asked the bump.

“Easy...” Phil replied, and kicked four times.

The professor gasped. “What...what is this?”

“Phil can count. He’s studying finance or something. Economics?” Ash shrugged.

Ash was entertained as Dr Cooper stood back up, the colour draining from her face. Vi only grew more anxious.

“This...this is a lot.” The older woman eventually spoke. “I’m still not entirely convinced. I have an ultrasound machine here, if you’d allow me to scan you, it would help me to verify your claim.”

“Yeah...that’s fine.” Vi said.

“Scan away, Doc. Someone has to gather evidence for my Nobel Prize.” Ash added.

Dr Cooper glanced back over her shoulder. “I’m not sure it works like that...”

Vi undressed and sat down as Dr Cooper set up the equipment. She noted Dr Cooper also had started her computer, recording the room. Presumably as evidence.

“Comfortable?” Dr Cooper asked.

“No...” Vi stated the obvious. “I feel like I’ve swallowed a bowling ball. But I’m as comfortable as I’m going to get.”

Dr Cooper nodded. “Alright, I’m going to squeeze some gel onto your stomach. It will be cold. Are you OK for me to proceed?

“Yes, that’s fine.” Vi said, very aware she was being recorded. “This isn’t my first ultrasound.

“Alright...let’s see what we’ve got here...” Dr Cooper moved the probe over Vi’s belly. “You should be able to watch on the screen, but try to keep still.”

Vi looked up over her shoulder, watching the moving blurs of black and white form and reform, until eventually a coherent image started to form on screen.

“There he is...” Ash announced. “Ha! You see!? I did that!”

“Hey, I was kind of involved too.” Vi frowned at her friend.

Dr Cooper paused, staring at the screen. She'd performed dozens of ultrasounds on pregnant women as part of her research. Probably hundreds. She had never seen one that looked...

"My God..." she gasped.

"Hey Phil!" Ash spoke loudly. "We see you! Give us a wave!"

On the screen, the outline of a person moved, waving one hand.

Ash turned to the scientist. "See? Told you we did it."

Dr Cooper just kept staring, wide-eyed at the screen.



“Can I cook, or can I cook?” Ash smirked, gesturing at the screen.

“We cook! You did the calculations, I made it work.” Vi pointed. “Also, HE’S INSIDE ME!”

Ash laughed. “Yeah, sorry. My ego has exploded since this worked. It’s fifty-fifty. Plus, Phil probably should get some credit since he’s…you know…in there…”

“This…this…this is incredible. You…you actually made it work.” Dr Cooper gasped. “You have to tell me how you did it!”

Ash’s grin widened. “Well, we’ve made a lot of changes. It’s based on your research, but we won’t share until legally we’re cut in.”

“Whatever you want. Our legal team will reach out to you.” Dr Cooper said, turning her attention to the belly below her. “Phil? Please, this is Dr Cooper. How is it in there? How do you feel? This may be hard to answer, given we can’t hear you.”

On the screen the human-shaped blur shrugged, then gave a thumbs up.

“This...this is incredible.” Dr Cooper said. “If we could replicate this...”

“It only worked because Phil was so small in the first place.” Vi said.

“Still...it’s incredible.” Dr Cooper continued. “Phil, one last question, and I need an honest answer to this one. I am recording this interaction, so please be clear. Did you consent to be a part of this process?”

On the screen Phil gave another thumbs up.

“Let the record show, this dude is cool.” Ash pointed to the screen. “No way I would do anything unethical. Well...beyond whatever ethical lines I’ve already blown through.”

An hour later, Dr Cooper was holding a chart, reviewing a whole battery of test results ranging from blood to pee and amniotic fluid.
“Everything...everything is normal. It’s like a normal pregnancy. Your body is sustaining him, and we can see the protein markers for the resequencing in there. How did you figure it out!?”

Ash shrugged. “Wasn’t hard. It’s just code. That’s just math.”

“How do you feel, Vi?” Dr Cooper asked.

“Fine...pregnant. Very pregnant! My emotions are all over the place.” She said with an unconvincing smile.

Dr Cooper nodded. “In all likelihood, your emotions and Phil’s emotions are probably linked. He makes hormones he sends to you, you do the same to him. I would try to keep as calm as possible, just in case.”

“Ok...ok...that explains a lot.” Vi breathed out. “I’ll...I’ll try to remain calm...despite my roommate living inside of me as part of an experimental procedure that has never been done before with no determinable length or outcome...”

“That’s not keeping calm.” Ash put an arm round her shoulder. “We’ll need to work on that.”

“How am I supposed to stay calm!? Phil is inside me!” Vi half yelled, clearly struggling to control her emotions. “Every minute I feel him moving and wriggling around. A constant reminder I am not alone! What if he keeps growing!? What if he grows to six feet tall while he’s still in there!? What happens then!? Huh!? I could pop like a friggin grape!”

“Vi...Vi...calm! That’s not going to happen!” Ash pulled her friend in tighter.

“She’s right.” Dr Cooper agreed, sounding sure of herself for the first time since the two women arrived. “Your body decides when this ends, not his. It will likely take many months, maybe a few years for Phil to attain his new size. Your body will expel him after the re-sequencing is complete, and he starts to grow. Once he hits a size too large for your body, it will trigger labour. Nature had built failsafes.”

“Ok...ok...” Vi breathed, trying to relax. “How long do you think that’ll be?”

Dr Cooper’s smile was sympathetic, but unhelpful. “You’re forging the path here. I have no idea. I suggest you just try to go about your life as normal. I’ll keep in touch so we can monitor you and gather as much data as possible.”

After a few more questions and some polite small talk, they left and headed home.

“Come on, you’re calling out of work ill. We need to get you relaxed.”

“You realise me calling out sick will just stress me out more, right!?” Vi replied.

“Nope! Cuz I’m going to relax you!”

A nice meal, a shower and a nap later, Vi was not feeling very relaxed. She still had a deep, unsettling feeling like something wasn't right. Like this was going to come back to bite her. That the man in her belly shouldn't be there. That had caused Ash to break out the big guns.

Beer. It helped that Phil was an adult, even if he was living inside Vi and feeding off her bloodstream.

"I mean, we've no idea how long I'm going to be like this! I'm stuck here! I can't go home to my own kid with Phil still inside me! My parents are going to ask questions. They were pissed at me enough when I was pregnant the first time..." She stopped, replaying her own words in her head. "The first time!? Am I pregnant again!? Is Phil my child now!? He's only like a year younger than me or something!?"

“I know, just try to keep calm. This will pass. I would totally swap places with you if I could.” Ash said, putting her hand on her friend’s.

“You would?” Vi stared at her blankly. “We could have...”

“You were always the better candidate. Believe me, I am insanely jealous. I would love to feel what you feel. To have a guy, a man, crawl up inside of me. To feel that level of intimacy. To carry him around under my skin and feed him with my own life force. And think how hot I’d look!”

“Hot...” Vi blinked. “You’re joking!?”



“No! I’m insanely jealous!” Ash said, pausing to take a swig of her beer. “Vi, you look like a fucking fertility goddess. Like, stupidly, amazingly hot. I want to try that. I want a guy inside me, surrounded by me. His entire world is just ME!”

The redhead’s eyes were wide, and her grin almost feral with envy.

“I could jerk off, him inside me doing the same, worshipping me from the inside. Seriously, have you not said to Phil to try that? Has that not even crossed your mind?”

Vi once again blinked, trying to process her friend’s words. She had assumed Ash had volunteered her, given she’d already had one kid. It turned out that Vi really was the best choice.
“Um...no...”

“Ash...I don’t really know what to tell you. It’s not that fun. I’m nauseous all the time, my feet hurt, my back hurts. I constantly need to pee. Standing is sore. Sitting is sore. Lying down is sore. Nothing about this process is dignified or sexy! I am two people in one body, and boy oh boy, do I feel it.”

“C’mon, you must enjoy part of it!” Ash grinned back at her.

Vi sighed, blowing a strand of dark hair out of her face. “Fine…the only enjoyment I’m getting, other than helping Phil, is that my stupid biological urge to be pregnant is filled. I don’t want to be…” She stopped as she felt a wetness on her chest. “Goddammit! And I’m leaking again! Add that to the list! My boobs keep inflating! Nothing fits, and I get soaked fifty freakin’ times a day!”

“Holy shit! That is so freaking hot!” Ash gasped, leaning closer.

“No! It hurts! They’re so full all the time!”

“I could help.” Ash said, shifting closer still. “Drink up. Empty them a bit.”

“We...shouldn’t...it’d be...weird...”

“Nah!” Ash grinned. “It’s just milk. You’re sore. I did this to you. I owe you.”

Vi slipped off her dripping wet top. “Are...you’re sure? You don’t–”

Before she could finish, her redheaded friend leaned down, mouth wide and latched onto her swollen right tit.

“Ooooooooooooohhhhh...” Vi groaned with relief as she felt the pressure in her tit starting to ease as Ash greedily guzzled from her overflowing breast.

Vi couldn't help herself. The relief was palpable and instant. She lifted a hand, running it through her friend's thick red hair and cupping her head. It was both a sign of affection and also a sign for her to stay put.

Not that Ash needed to be encouraged. She was really going for it.

"Is...this isn't weird, is it?" Vi asked, feeling a little unsure. They were friends. Should a friend really be feeding from her?

Ash looked up at her, then shook her head. She opened her mouth to speak, pausing between guzzles.

“The only things that’s weird...” Ash said, then paused to swallow another mouthful of sweet milk. “...is that I don’t get to try this at Phil’s size!”

“You’re joking me.” Vi replied.

Once more, Ash shook her head, mouth still firmly secured to the swollen tit and sucking on the nipple in her mouth. After another minute, she stopped to breathe. “This is incredible, Vi. I’m so jealous of Phil. I want to feel your boob smothering my face as I feed, to feel your nipple filling my mouth. To barely be able to keep up with the flow of milk. This is, like, the hottest thing ever...”

“You realise the reason Phil is inside of me in the first place was because he hates being so small? We went to a lot of effort to make him grow, and you’re jealous of him!?” Vi seriously didn’t understand her friend.

“Yeah...” Ash said as she came up for air. She spoke like it was obvious. “I’m a girl and I’m hot. I’d be some guy or gal’s little toy. I could ride cocks thicker than I was or get fucked by just a finger. I’d so be up for that. Just to be used and have, like, zero control!”

“Um...right...” Vi wasn’t sure how to respond to that.




“I’d love to try it though...like I’ve dreamed about it...” Ash carried on, unprompted.
“Try what? Being Phil’s size?” Vi asked.
“Yes, but I meant swapping places with him. Going into your womb.” Ash explained. “I watched your pussy eat that man whole. Like he pushed himself in the first inch, but you ate that dude. I would give anything to try that. To feel your pussy slurping on me, dragging me in like I’m a bit of spaghetti.”
“Remember when I said I didn’t want this to be weird?” Vi replied.

“It’s not weird! It’s natural! Just let your mind explore the obvious!” Ash laughed, still half hanging off her friend’s engorged boob. “It’d be like the ultimate fuck. Going into someone else. Feeling their body taking over yours. Like being eaten, and your souls merging together. Only instead of being digested and absorbed, you’re loved and protected.”

“We seriously need to get you to the psych department. There’s whole research projects in your mind that need funded.”

“God, don’t I know it…”

“Just think of the boredom. Think of how uncomfortable it would be. You’re stuck, in a space half the height of your body, curled up, squeezed with no control over your own movements, no entertainment and constant heat and sounds and goo…”

“Seriously, you don’t need to sell this to me any more.” Ash let out half a moan. “I am super turned on as it is. If I were in there, I’d be going at it all the time. Phil probably is. Hell, I hope he is…”

“You...you think?” Vi asked.

For a moment, Ash closed her eyes, felt the warmth of Vi’s breast pressing into her face and the sweetness of milk in her mouth. She imagined what it would like to be like Phil. To feel the thick nipple stretching her mouth, to feel a milk-filled tit that weighed more than she did on her chest. To be held by the huge, loving arms of her friend.

“Vi...” she said, opening her eyes and staring into her friend’s. “You are insanely fucking hot. It is taking everything I have not to make out with you right now.”



“You mean it...” Vi said, gazing down at her friend.

Ash pulled back, unlatching and standing up so she was looking her roommate straight in the eye. “Let me answer your question with a question.”

The redhead leaned in, pressing her lips to Vi’s. For a moment, Vi was still, almost frozen, then she kissed back. Kissed back eagerly. Ash reached up, caressing a weighty tit, and Vi wrapped her arms around her, pulling Ash into her.

“What was your question?” Vi asked between kisses.

“You already answered it.” Ash grinned back.

“One other side effect of this…I am super horny…all the time…” Vi explained. “Can we…just do whatever? Pretend it never happened after?”

“I mean, you can try to pretend it didn’t happen, but I intend to leave you very, VERY satisfied.” Ash’s stare was intense.

“Fuck yes…”

Before she'd even realised it was happening, Vi was on her feet, arms intertwined with Ashleigh's, and tongues in each other's mouths. Vi had never been with a woman before. The softness of the lips and skin surprised her, pleasantly so. She didn't know if it was the hormones, her desperation or the fact Ash was really into this, but she couldn't remember being this turned on before.

"Hehe..." Ash giggled, breaking their kiss. "I can barely reach you with Phil in between us. Does this count as a threesome?"

"Um...we can ask him later." Vi said, pulling Ash down onto the bed with her.

They fell onto the bed, still wrapped up in each other. The change of angle allowed more of them to press against each other, flesh to flesh. Vi could feel the softness of Ashleigh's breast melting into her own, and she found she liked it.

She kept expecting to have a moment of understanding and stop, but it never came. Only more and more desire and the urgent need to satisfy it.

Phil had heard half the conversation. He was pretty sure that Vi had been talking to Ashleigh, but given the cooing going on above, and the now rapidly pounding heartbeat, he was pretty sure there was a guy there now.

That concerned him a little. Especially when he fell right on his side, and Vi quickly changed inclination. What was more, he felt insanely horny. He was pretty sure that was coming from Vi.

“Hey! Vi! No fucking some guy while I’m here! Not cool!” he yelled, punching up into her rib cage.

Vi was used to things rapidly progressing on to the guy rolling on top of her and sticking his thing in her. That wasn't Ashleigh. She took her time, her kisses changing with intensity and meaning as their embrace continued. She could feel fingers exploring her. Caressing her. Checking for what made her gasp and what didn't.

She was lost in it. Lost in a haze of lips and moans and fingers. Lost until she felt a delicate touch between her legs, and all of her mind focused on that singular spot all at once.

“Oh...” Vi squeaked and was almost embarrassed by how unlike her it sounded. She shuddered, cooing uncontrollably. “How...how...ooohh...how are you doing that?”

“Years of practice...” Ash said, marvelling at the look on her lover’s face. “Just enjoy it. Let me take care of you.”

“Nnhhhhgggg...yes...I can...I can do that...” Vi panted.

“Hey Phil! If you can hear me! This is a threesome! Have fun!” Ash said, projecting her voice towards the bump where her roommate was encased.

“Holy shit! Ashleigh!?” Phil couldn’t believe it. Actually, no, he could definitely believe it with Ash. It was Vi that he didn’t believe.

All around him, he could hear Vi’s moans reverberating through her body and the fluids he sat in. It was an ethereal sound, almost like divinity. He was already hard as a rock, though annoyed because he thought she was with a guy when she already had one inside of her.

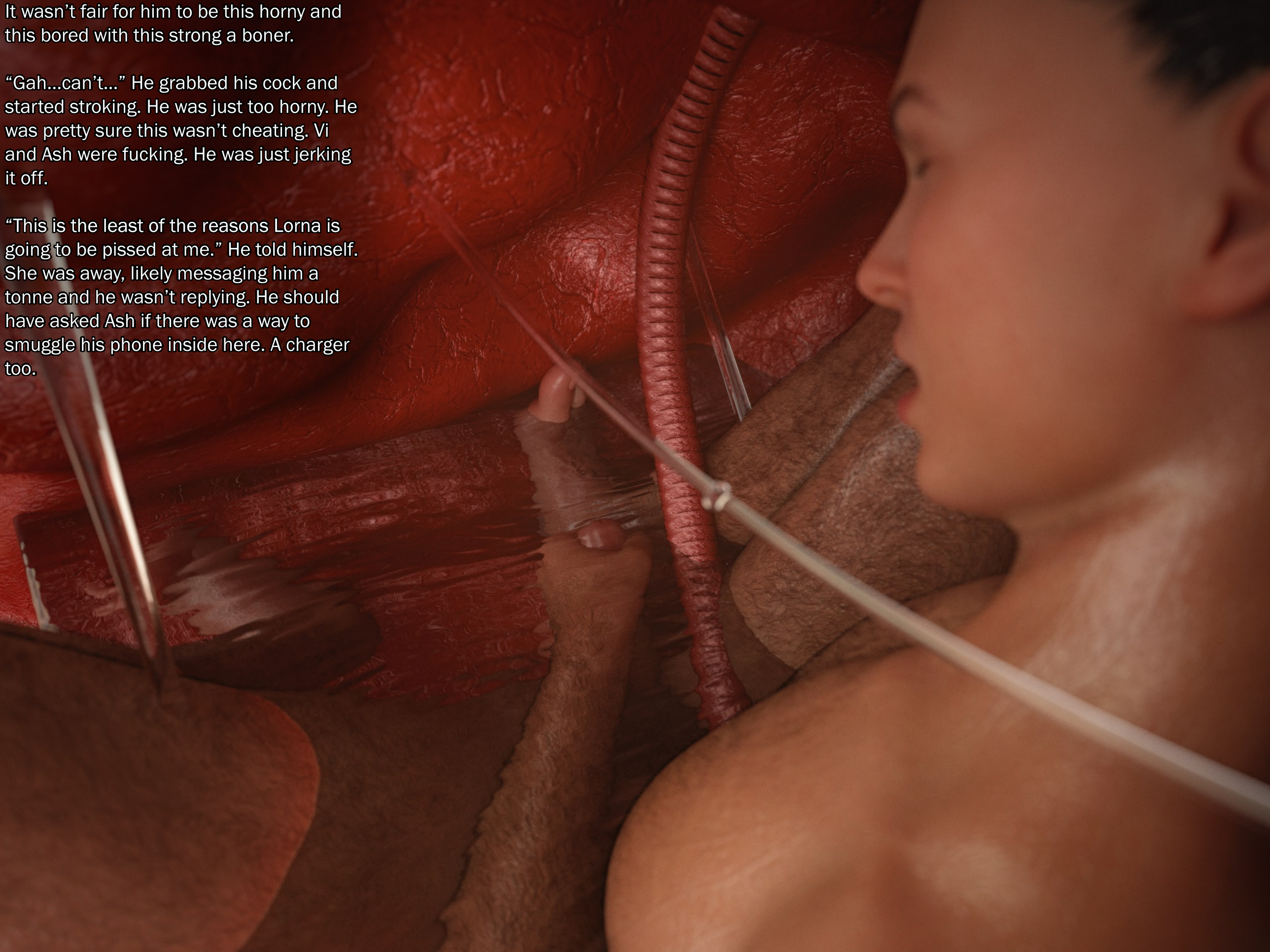
“Yeah…this is too hot…” he said. He wondered if he jerked himself off would that count as taking part? He really wasn’t actually involved. He was just along for the ride.



It wasn't fair for him to be this horny and this bored with this strong a boner.

"Gah...can't..." He grabbed his cock and started stroking. He was just too horny. He was pretty sure this wasn't cheating. Vi and Ash were fucking. He was just jerking it off.

"This is the least of the reasons Lorna is going to be pissed at me." He told himself. She was away, likely messaging him a tonne and he wasn't replying. He should have asked Ash if there was a way to smuggle his phone inside here. A charger too.



Vi was putty in her hands. The other woman's moans grew higher and faster. Not louder, but sharper. Each breath becoming no more than a gasp until...

"Ooooooooooooooooooohhhh..." Vi moaned, a long, low sound as her body shuddered. "Fuuuuuck...I needed that..."

Ash grinned at her friend/lover, lowering herself down between her legs. "Oh, you did. And we're just getting started."

"We are!?"

Vi's question was answered by Ashleigh's tongue doing...something incredible between her legs.

She shuddered once more, her exhaustion from the first orgasm already falling away as the second one started to build.

"Oh, fuck...Ash...fuck...oooooh, God...ooooooooooooh..."

Ash couldn't help but feel just a little satisfied with how well it was going with Vi. It had barely been a half hour, and she'd gone from boob sucking to an orgasm. She was curious to see how far this could go.

She couldn’t help but think of Phil, inches from her face, curling up into a tight ball, entirely within Vi’s womb, jerking himself off. She wanted to be him. She wanted to be Vi. She wanted to be inside Vi, fucking him. All of this, it was just so fucked that it drove her mad.

As much as she wanted her Nobel Prize, she much preferred this work, so she got try it out for herself one day.

A chorus of moans brought Ash back to reality. Maybe she could get there in the future, but there were pleasures to be enjoyed now.

She started to lap a little faster, coaxing Vi slowly onwards with her. Slowly building her up toward a second, larger orgasm. She could feel it, it was almost there.

‘A little too easy...’ Ash thought to herself. It almost felt like cheating, Vi was so frustrated and horny already.

She wasn't wrong. Only a couple minutes of tongue lashing later, Vi was grabbing the blankets with her fists and squealing her lungs out.

"Oooooh, fuck...you are too good at that..." Vi collapsed back down on the bed, starting to feel sleepy from the effects of two consecutive orgasms. She had to admit, she could get used to being the focus like this. She was waiting for Ash to tell her it was her turn. She'd never been with a girl. She had no idea where to start.

Then the sleepiness faded as Vi realised she was still intensely horny.



“You seem like you’re having fun!” Ash beamed triumphantly. “What would you like now? Anything you want.”

“I mean...what I want next you’re not equipped for. While this has been awesome, at this point I just want bent over and fucked animal style.” Vi explained, thinking that would be the end of it.

“Oh! I can do that! Give me one minute!” Ash bounced off towards her cupboard.

“You can!?”

A minute later, she was back.

“Ta da!!!” She showed off her side profile with a long, thick strap on phallus poking out from her waist.

“Oh...oh, wow...”

“It doesn’t pop early and it doesn’t get tired!” Ash grinned. “Well...it has a vibrate function, and it can run out of batteries, but I don’t get tired! You wanna?”

“OOOOOOOOH…” Vi’s arms shuddered. It wasn’t the weight of her belly or her aching, swaying, overflowing tits. It was just how good it was. This was what she’d wanted. A thick, hard cock, deep inside of her, filling her up and pounding her.

She’d left moaning behind a while ago. She was roaring now. She was also pretty sure this was the best fuck of her life, and it was with a woman. As much as she’d told Ash she wanted this to be a one-time deal they never talked about again, it was too good to just forget.

SPLAT SPLAT SPLAT SPLAT!

Vi’s pussy was now so wet that juice was spraying out of her with each thrust Ash made into her. She was just so insanely horny. So tired, so sore, so uncomfortable, so done with this, but so insanely horny.

It overrode everything else. All she wanted to do was be the animal she was and carry life in her womb and get fucked over and over again.

Ash was more than happy to oblige her.



Phil wasn't sure exactly what was going on out there. He was as curious as he was horny, and he was furiously horny. Inside Vi, the pool he sat in sloshed back and forth. He was pretty sure she was up on all fours, and at the base of the womb, he could hear loud squelching sounds over and over. Not just hear, but he could feel the pounding in the base of his feet where they pressed against the sealed entrance to her womb.

Vi's deafening moaning, combined with those other data points, told him she was being fucked pretty hard, and she was very much enjoying it. He really hoped it was Ash doing the fucking and he wasn't about to get coated in goo. He was pretty confident that would be something Ash was capable of.



It was incredible. Beyond incredible. Like a frog in water, slowly brought to boil, Vi had no idea what was happening until it happened. Her roommate-turned-lover had used her already heightened hormonal state to slow cook her in her own hormones. Letting her have small, satisfying orgasm after small, satisfying orgasm until the need for a bigger, more powerful release was as pressing as any biological need Vi had ever had.

Now, Ash had dropped any pretense of finesse or skill and had resolved to raw animalistic fucking.

It was exactly what Vi needed. Her whole body tensed and shuddered and screamed as the release came. It felt like an explosion inside of her, and Vi roared as every muscle in her body tensed as one.

Deep in Vi’s belly, Phil felt every bit of his host’s overwhelming need to just be an animal for a few moments. As he sloshed back and forth in his cramped, wet cell, he couldn’t help but touch himself, listening to the howls of delight, distant and changed as they were, and imagining that he was there. That he was the one with just his cock inside of her, and not his whole being.

That he was the one making her scream.

His dick twitched, firing a thick load up onto the inner walls of Vi’s body, his own small sample of goo getting lost in the lake of Vi’s own fluids. He sank back into the warm amniotic fluid, spent and exhausted.

A deep, almost bottomless sense of satisfaction and belonging settled in Vi, tinged with a little melancholy. She had just enjoyed an hour or so of some of the most incredible sex she'd ever had. Part of her worried that she'd never feel that way again.

She lay back, her eyes feeling heavier and heavier with each passing moment, and felt that all was right in the world. She could feel Phil, gently shifting in her belly, her body feeding and protecting and nurturing him. As unnatural as it was to have a man inside of her, it felt more natural than anything she'd experienced in her life. She glanced down to Ash, just a shock of red hair from Vi's perspective, and felt the other woman lazily suckling from her tit.

Vi wasn't the only one who was satisfied and worn and just trying to recover. It was nice to know she could give back to Ashleigh after what she'd just given her. It all felt so right and so perfect. She didn't notice when she drifted off to sleep.

Neither did Ashleigh.



They slept, a deeper and more satisfying sleep than either had experienced in a long time. Wrapped up in each other’s arms, neither body willing to give up the closeness of the connection it had just formed with the other.

They both slept, and they both dreamed.

Vi was all around her. She was in her mouth and her nose and against her skin. When Ash opened her eyes, she found herself deep inside her friend, the walls of her friend's womb surrounding her like eggshell.

Phil was there. She knew he was there because he was inside Vi. And of course, that meant Ashleigh had to fuck him. She couldn't not. She was inside Vi, and she'd always wanted to know what Phil would feel like to fuck if he were the size of a full-grown.

Pretty good, it turned out.

Vi's body moved around them, shifting unnaturally and changing as the amorous pair inside of her writhed and shifted as they enjoyed each other's bodies. Enjoyed her body.

Ash felt Phil falling away from her. When she reached for him, she found the small man she was used to, sitting on her knee. Not just small, but getting smaller.

"Phil! Why are you getting smaller!?" she asked.

"Because you told me to get smaller." He replied as if the answer were obvious.

"You're supposed to get bigger!" Ash panicked, she could feel something was wrong. Very, very wrong.

"Why would you think that?" Phil asked her.

Ashleigh woke with a start. One moment, she was asleep, the next, she was awake with nothing in between. Phil had been trying to tell her something. Phil, who wasn't actually real, but a construct of her unconscious mind.

Her mind was trying to tell her something, and it had been so important it had kicked her out of a very pleasant dream to make sure she got the message.

Gently, she unwrapped herself from the soundly sleeping Vi and crept out of bed.

She turned on her desk lamp, briefly looking over her shoulder to make sure Vi was still asleep. Pulling apart her papers, she arranged them in order, looking over her calculations to confirm they were correct. And they were...except.

A dot...a dot that didn't look quite right. She pressed her finger down on the dot, and it came away, stuck to her finger. The dot she thought was a decimal point was actually a cookie crumb.

She was going to be sick.

It changed her calculations by an order of magnitude. Several orders of magnitude. Everything that came after the cookie crumb was wrong. Which meant...

"OH, FUCK!"

“Vi! Vi! Wake up!”

Vi was already starting to stir, disturbed by the light and the swearing.

“Ash? What...what is it?” Vi was confused enough to not wake up in her own bed. It took her a heartbeat to remember why she was here and why Ash was naked. “Ash? What’s wrong?”

“I fucked up the calculations.”

“What!?” Vi jumped out of bed.

She JUMPED out of bed.

“Oh, fuck!” she gasped, looking down to where her bump had been only a few hours before. It was almost totally gone now. “What did you do!?” She looked up to Ashleigh.

“I think...I think I made Phil smaller...lots smaller...”

To Be Continued...

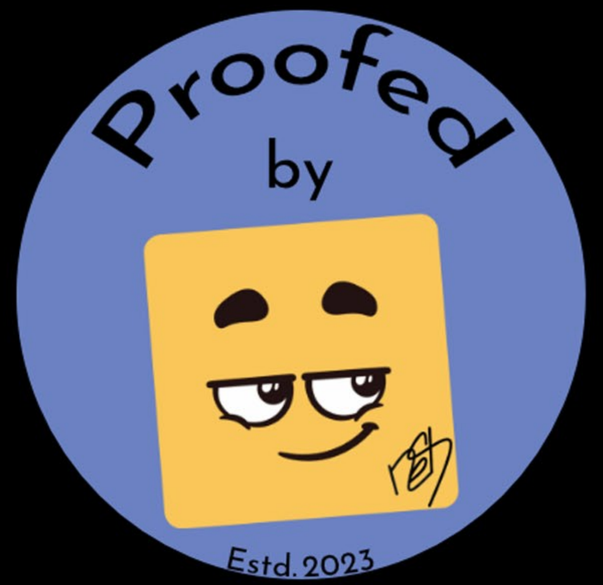
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