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Esgrow

## Part 1

Gilbert had always been the quintessential dweeb. He was five foot nothing, was 100 pounds or pure spindly bone, and had always found more luck with spreadsheets than with sports. In high school he was on the chess club while others his age were tossing the pig skin. Gil had long resigned himself to being a short, scrawny, little dweeb. He even found himself following a degree plan in finance and even got an internship at a decent bank. That didn't stop him from daydreaming about something bigger though.

Gil's internship, like pretty much all of its type, paid in "experience" instead of something that could actually pay the bills. Fortunately, they didn't expect much in the way of effort. When Gil wasn't getting coffee for the main staff or printing copies of forms, he spent his time in his "office" which was little more than a folding chair and a lap desk set up in the corner

of the copy room. The only good thing about his office was the abundance of spare sheets of paper on which he could doodle during the downtime. By the end of his first week, he had a full binder full of paperwork that had all kinds of big beefy bros scrawled in the margins and on the backs of otherwise unusable forms.

On a particularly boring day, Gil found himself well on his way through his fifth page of doodles when he happened to notice the header of the form he was defacing. "Escrow" he read to himself with a slight chuckle. With a quick scratch of his pen, he added a "j" shaped mark to the C effectively changing it into a G.

"Yes, sir, Mr. McGillicuddy, sir. As you can see, we offer many enticing options for those wishing to "expand"." Gil said as if addressing a prospective client. "I have penciled you in for 15% which may not seem like much, but I guarantee you that even adjusted for "inflation" you'll be seeing gains in no time."

Gil then flipped the paper around as if he was receiving it from himself. Nodded a few times and made some customary "uh huh. Uh huh. Got it" sounds and then signed his name on the bottom of the form.

Gil's daydreams were cut short but a curt voice from behind him. "Hey, copyboy. Make some copies," the voice said. Before Gil even had a chance to look up

from his 'desk' a stack of papers was dropped unceremoniously in front of him.

Gil hadn't needed to look up to see who had dumped this workload on him. The voice was obvious. Gil looked up to see Darryl McGavin standing over him and smirking smugly.

Darryl was a grade A douche. Everyone around the office knew it, but for the most part people put up with it because douches tend to get the job done in the legal and financial circles. For every team of eggheads with pocket protectors they needed at least one dude with enough smarm and charm to schmooze his way into getting others to sign a contract, and Darryl filled his niche perfectly.

"I'll need these on my desk by tomorrow mornin', k?" Darryl said. He flashed a smarmy wink and shot Gil two cheesy finger guns before turning and leaving the room without even waiting for a reply.

Gil stared dumbfounded at the workload ahead of him. He thought he'd be able to skip out early tonight and go enjoy the Friday night with a friend, but instead he had hours' worth of work ahead of him. For a second Gil ran some numbers in his head. He wondered if he could get away with just not doing all the scanning today and instead getting some done over the weekend, but he knew better than to try that. Darryl was actually known to work weekends. In fact, weekends were pretty much the only time he got anything done. Darryl's job was such that he only

really got anything accomplished over a five-star dinner or on the putting green.

Gil sighed dejectedly and started the process of digitizing all the files. Mr. McGavin had said “make copies” but Gil had been working this job long enough to know the truth. Only a few key forms needed a physical copy. Most of it needed to be converted to a more convenient form for golf-side discussions. If it was just a matter of making copies, Gil could put the entire stack of paper in the copy machine and hit a button and be done with it, but instead Gil had to manually scan each and every page and make a digital portfolio for Mr. McGavin to take to his clients. “Making copies”? More like “make an entire PowerPoint presentation.”

Gil settled into the tedious process of scanning and filing paper after paper. The monotony slowly set in, and his actions became little more than an afterthought. His body moved as if on its own while his mind dreamed of “bigger” things. Gil daydreamed about what it would be like to be as big and strong as Darryl. Sure, Darryl was a douchelord, but he was also hot as hell. The dude was tall, thicc, and probably hung as all hell. Darryl just had that personality of someone who was slinging some serious pipe. It was in everything from the way he walked to the way he casually leaned against the doorframe when he would walk into the room to talk to Gil. Gil’s mind traced the silhouette of his boss’s beefy form. Darryl always wore tight fitting button up shirts that he could never button all the way up. His thick chest thwarted any

attempt he may have made (not that he made any) to clasp the top few buttons shut.

As Gil fantasized about Mr. McGavin's dense pecs, he was unaware that his own pecs were starting to press at the front of his polo. As his pecs inflated, his formerly loose polo began to steadily grip and shape to the contours of his swelling musculature. As Gil scanned form after tedious form, his biceps slowly bulked up to the point that the cuffs of his short sleeves were digging into his biceps. Even with the discomfort around his arms, Gil was too lost in his daydreams and the monotony of his job to notice.

As Gil scanned form after form and loaded it onto his laptop to create a media presentation, his body began to grow and swell ever so slightly with each passing moment. His chest grew thicker. His arms grew beefier. His beefening butt filled out the back of his slacks more and more. Even his calves began to press against the back of his slacks.

Eventually, Gil managed to finish scanning all the documents. All that was left was to arrange them a folder, transfer it to a jump drive, and leave the whole finished presentation on Mr. McGavin's desk. It should have been an easy enough job, but as Gil sat back down in his chair, he noticed something odd. The back of his slacks strained against his ass in a way he had never felt before. It was as if his slacks were several sizes too small! That made no sense. Gil's clothes were always far too loose on him. Clothes were never designed with his wiry body in mind! To make matters

worse, it wasn't just the back of his slacks that were packed to the brim. His slacks and underoos dug into his crotch and constricted his family jewels.

Feeling his cock and balls get smooshed between his thighs was such a surreal experience for him. The pressure wasn't enough to actually hurt, but it was definitely a wake-up call. Gil had never been blessed below the belt. The mere thought that he could somehow be too big down there for his clothes caused his brain to short circuit. All he could do was sit there and try to parse what the hell was happening while his body steadily expanded in all directions.

As Gil's brain buffered. The stitches on his clothes began to pop and fray as his embiggening body. The sound seemed to snap Gil from his trance. There was no doubt about it. He was growing! But how!?

As Gil pondered this, he noticed the Esgrow form lying on the floor nearby. Could it be? Could the joke have come to life? Sure, these forms were legally binding, but he didn't think that the laws he could bind were the very laws of *nature*!

Gil didn't have time to think too much on it. If things continued the way they were going he'd soon Hulk right out of his clothes. He had to take action before that happened which left him with very few options. He could amend the document to stop his growth (NOT going to happen) or he could get the hell out of dodge and get home before he had one helluva wardrobe malfunction.



Gil hastily transferred the files and slapped the drive down on the boss's desk and beat feet to the exit. He was in such a hurry that he completely forgot his briefcase. He only barely remembered to grab the Escrow form and take that with him as he hauled ass to the subway station a few blocks from work.

Gil hated working so late, but one of the silver linings was that there were very few people out and about in this part of town. All the late-night traffic was in the party district. As such, he only encountered a few people, but even with such a small crowd, the sight of a big, beefy stud in ill-fitting clothes tended to get some attention. Gil wasn't sure what to do with himself. Should he hunch over and try to hide his size? Should he stand tall and proud for all to see? The first option was more in line with what he normally did, but he no longer looked like he normally did. He was huge. He was hunky. He was hot!

Gil got to the turnstile leading to the subway and found another unexpected issue. His pants were now so tight that he couldn't get his hands into his pocket to fish out his wallet. He struggled to force his fingers into the opening of his pocket and eventually managed to get his fingertips in. Emboldened by this new development, Gil shoved his whole hand in which caused a reverberating rrrriipp to cut through the din of the subway. Gil glanced down to see that he had torn his pocket clean open! This was an issue, but perhaps it was a blessing in disguise. With his pocket now opened, he had easy access to his wallet.

Gil fumbled awkwardly with his wallet for a moment. His wallet felt so small in his hands. This just served to reinforce the suspicion that he had that he was not just growing beefier but bigger all over! Gil was curious about how tall he had become now, but he didn't dare stand up to his full height and find out. It was a strange feeling for him. He was at a sort of tipping point. On one hand, he was so excited by his new size and wanted everyone to see how huge and hunky he was becoming, but on the other hand, he had always been so small and meek. The thought of intentionally drawing attention to himself didn't sit right with him. Still... the bigger he got, the bolder he got. Gil could feel he was on the verge of something huge – both literally and metaphorically. It wouldn't be long before he outgrew his old inhibitions as well as his clothes!

Once Gil managed to swipe his subway pass, he forced his way through the too small turnstile and onto the platform. Gil was a little relieved to see that the subway was currently waiting for new passengers. At least this meant he wasn't going to be stuck biding his time on the platform. He'd be home before he knew it at this rate. This was good news, right? So why did he feel a tinge of sadness? Could it be that he was actually hoping to outgrow his clothes in front of an audience? Gil shook the notion from his head and stepped onto the subway car. The car was nearly empty when Gil entered – not surprising considering how late it was. Still, there were plenty of stops before his home.

Gil once again had to parse his own reaction. He felt a tinge of sadness at how abandoned the car was and a bit of excitement at the thought that others may soon join him. He had never wanted to stand out before. He had always survived by making himself as small as possible and sinking into the background, but now he wanted to be the center of attention! The very notion of it was exciting and foreign to him.

With each stop the car made, a few more people would trickle on, and as the crowd grew so too did Gil's excitement and his body. His clothing was audibly snapping, crackling, and popping as the stitches and threads strained against his swelling mass. Large gaps had begun to form along the sides of his slacks as his thick, sculpted quads bulged out from beneath his slacks. The cuffs of his short sleeves were digging so deeply into his biceps and triceps that it almost hurt, but there was no doubt in Gil's mind that the cuffs were going to give before his muscles did.

As more and more people shuffled on and off the car, Gil continued his silent debate with his old and new self. His old self still wanted to hide and slink in the shadows, but that self was steadily losing ground against the self that wanted to put on a show and bask in the adoration of his fans.

A few stops into his commute, a trio of dudes swaggered into the car. Judging by their attire and the sheen of sweat, they were fresh from the gym. The trio were laughing and roughhousing as they came into the car, but upon seeing Gil, their demeanor changed. One

of the guys who seemed to be the leader of the pack gestured over towards Gil and started to whisper something to his friends. The other two glanced in Gil's direction and nodded, but they didn't make any moves at first. They just stood on the opposite end of the car and kept to themselves.

It wasn't long after the arrival of the gym bros that Gil's clothing started to finally succumb to his steadily increasing size. The side seams of his over-stressed polo popped and shredded, reducing his polo shirt to little more than a dickie and a small cape. His quads Kool-aide-manned through the seams of his slacks. In his shock, Gil tried to cover himself up even more and moved his hands and arms to block view of his chest and crotch. The motion just served to cause his already massive muscles to flex even more causing the last remaining stitches in his sleeves to burst and the backside of his pants to bust under the onslaught of his swelling ass. Gil was left sitting there clad in little more than tattered ribbons. If not for his boxers which were now barely holding back his super-sized sausage and eggs, he would have been effectively nude. Some of the passengers were shocked at what they saw, but some, such as the trio of gym bros, seemed quite pleased by this turn of events.

The leader of the trio once more gestured to his comrades and the trio made their way down the center aisle until they stood directly in front of Gil. Even seated, Gil was now so massive that the trio only reached his collar bone. They were so much smaller than him, and yet the way they were staring him down

was somehow intimidating, and the smirk that was on all three of their lips... just what were they planning?

“Heh. I thought you looked familiar,” The leader said with a chuckle.

“F-familiar?” Gil stammered.

“Yeah. I’ve seen you on this line before, and I KNOW you’ve seen us,” The leader said with a wink.

Gil couldn’t deny it. He had ogled this threesome from a distance many a time in the past. He had always thought he had been careful in his lusty gazes, but the look on the trio’s faces made it clear they were keen to his glances.

The leader waited a moment for Gil to respond, but when it was clear that Gil was just going to sit there, the leader made his next move. “So, the question becomes how did you go from Shrimps McGee to THAT in the span of a week?” He asked and gestured towards Gil’s new and improved beefy bod.

“I-it’s nothing. Y-you’re mistaken!” Gil stammered and instinctively clutched the Esgrow form to his chest.

Gil reaction just made the leader’s smirk even wider. The dude made a quick nod towards one of his sidekicks, and before Gil could even respond, the sidekick bobbed and wove his way towards Gil and in one clean, fluid motion, grabbed the paper from Gil’s grasp and returned it to his leader.

The leader unrolled the paper and smirked as he read the contents of the form. "Esgrow? How cute..." He mused out loud. He then handed the form to his other sidekick.

"You're a numbers guy," The leader said, "Take a look at this."

The second sidekick glanced over the form briefly and nodded to himself as he did so. "It's a pretty standard form. Regular installments with recurring growth," he said.

"Recurring? So, you're going to keep getting bigger?" The leader asked. There was a tinge of excitement to his voice that surprised Gil.

"Uh... maybe?" Gil replied.

"Oh, this I GOT to see." The leader said. He was grinning from ear to ear as he did so.

Gil was just about to protest when he heard a familiar sound of the doors sliding shut. He glanced over at the door and caught a brief glimpse of the platform – HIS platform – as he did so.

That was his stop... The subway would return eventually, but until then he was along for the ride alongside this trio that seemed keen to watch his swell even larger... and truth be told, Gil was keen to watch that too.

## Part 2

The leader seemed to catch on to Gil's glances at the rapidly fading platform. "That was your stop, wasn't it?" He asked with an impish smirk.

"Y-yeah..." Gil murmured.

"Well, looks like the three of us will have plenty of time to get to know one another," he said. He then gestured to himself, then to the guy on his left, and then to the guy on his right who was still looking over the Esgrow form.

"Tom, Dick, Larry," the leader, who was named Tom, introduced the trio. He pointed to himself and then to his two sidekicks to indicate which was which.

"G-gil..."

"Lookin' a little green in the gills there, Gil," Tom teased.

Gil couldn't bring himself to look Tom in the eyes. He nervously averted his gaze as his skivvies strained audibly against his swelling bulk.

"No need to be shy. We'd like to get to know you better," Tom said. He gestured to his two pals who nodded in agreement.

This piqued Gil's interest. They wanted to know him? At first Gil thought their end goal was just to figure out what was making Gil grow. Could they really be interested in him and not the form?

"The thing is..." Tom mused out loud, "... I'm a pretty big guy, but you. You're something else."

Gil was something else, all right. He was so massive that the bench strained under his bulk. His was easily as wide as two of these muscle-heads put together, and yet despite his incredible bulk, he felt like he was under the microscope. The way Tom looked at him in a bemused, almost clinical manner made Gil even more nervous, and the fact that Gil was now nearly completely nude didn't help his nerves at all. With each passing moment his swelling meat and manhood threatened to burst through the last vestiges of his clothing.

"S-so... you want a form of your own?" Gil asked skeptically.

"Not as much. I'm a self-made man, as they say," Tom replied. He gave his impressive pecs a playful pop to emphasize his point as he did so.



“That said... I’ve always been interested in pushing the limits of the body’s potential, and your body has LOTS of potential.” Tom said. He reached forward and planted a hand on either of Gil’s exposed pecs, gave the thick, meaty slabs a sensual squeeze, and then traces a path with his fingertip up along the dense mounds of Gil’s enormous delts and up his bulging traps before placing a hand on either side of Gil’s face. Tom cupped Gil’s cheeks and guided Gil’s gaze so that the nervous, muscle-bound stud was now staring directly into Tom’s intense gaze.

Gil had been struggling to keep his “growing” libido in check, but the physical contact from such a hot specimen was more than he could bear. His cock gave a lurch of delight which proved to be more than his long-suffering skivvies could handle. With a reverberating rip, his cock tore clean out of his underoos, causing his massive rod and hefty nuts to spill into view.

Even before his briefs busted, Gil was more than a little obscene. His shorts had been so thoroughly stuffed that his bait and tackle barely even entered the front pouch. Much of his shaft had been left exposed to the elements. The sheer weight of his cock and balls pushed down on the front of his briefs so much that his waistband now rested at around his thighs, leaving much of the flesh of his hefty sack exposed for all to see, but now that his briefs were a thing of the past, his massive nuts were not free to dangle down to nearly Gil’s ankles! Each enormous orb was bigger than a basketball! His cock was as thick as

Tom's sculpted midriff! Gil's now nearly-rigid rod now pointed directly at Tom's defined pecs.

"Dick." Tom said as he stared down Gil's massive cock.

Gil at first thought that Tom was addressing his rod, but the lackey with the for quickly responded.

"Yes?" Dick replied.

"What's the word on this form? Does it have any exit strategy?" Tom asked.

"Nothing I can see. It seems fairly bare bones. Regular installments. Standard interest." Dick explained.

"Anything we can do to speed it up?" Tom asked devilishly.

"Not that you or I can do, no..." Dick mused out loud.

"But let's say the initial signee agreed to... modify the terms..." Tom said with a devious tone.

"That would work, but of course we'd need something a little more official than a verbal agreement." Dick explained.

"Larry." Tom said.

"Sir." The second lackey responded.

"I want you to be our witness. You're a notary. This shouldn't be any problem for you." Tom said.

“Sir!” Larry replied in agreement.

Tom’s gaze once again focused on Gil. “I’m asking merely as a formality since we both know the answer...” Tom said as he stared intensely into Gil’s eyes. “You agree to these changes, right?”

Gil stammered as he stared into Tom’s eyes. Tom was tiny compared to him. How was it that this guy had so much pose, so much swagger? Gil was the biggest, beefiest guy any of these guys had ever seen? How could Tom reduce him to a quivering mess with just a smirk!?

Of course, there was another issue aside from Tom’s sway over Gil. Gil still hadn’t come to terms with his size. He was so huge, so hung, so sexy... Even just thinking about how huge he had become made Gil weak in the knees. Gil knew on some level he should back down. He knew this was his chance. He could renegotiate the contract! He could make it so he was huge but not so freakishly massive! There’s such a thing as too big, right? Surely if there was such a thing, he had hit that a ton ago!

As the thoughts rushed through his skull and the blood rushed through his steadily boning cock, Gil’s mouth formed the words as if on their own. “I... agree...?” He said as if in a daze.

Tom shrugged at the response. “Does that count?” He asked his lackeys.

“I don’t know,” said Larry.

“One way to find out,” said Dick.

Tom gestured to Dick and handed a pen to Larry. The exchange was quick and wordless. Before Gil could really determine what was going on, Larry had scrawled a signature onto the form.

“So, now what?” Tom asked.

“Assuming everything worked as intended, the growth rate should increase,” Dick said.

“And when will we know if it worked?” Tom asked.

“Well, from what I could tell as I watched our friend here, he was having fairly regular growth spurts every couple of minutes...” Dick replied.

“So, he should be due for another one any time now,” Tom said with a smirk.

“Correct,” Dick said as he checked his watch. “in fact, if my calculations are correct, we should be seeing one right... about... now!”

The previous growth spurts had been intense, but nothing like this. Gil could actually feel himself expanding in all direction. His muscles strained as if trying to outgrow his very skin! His cock surged in size! His nuts sunk lower and lower until they rested on the floor of the subway car and continued to grow. Gil’s heart was pounding. His whole body was shaking, but there was no pain or even fear involved. He was just so excited! He wanted to hide his glee from the trio that now watched him swell rapidly before them, but the

large beads of pre that rolled off the tip of his now rock-hard rock betrayed him.

As Gil grew and swelled the whole subway car groaned in protest at the sheer mass it now housed. The bend bent and buckled beneath his massive, meaty backside. Gil landed with a thud on the cold, metal floor beneath as the bench crumbled into shrapnel beneath him. The impact was enough to jostle the entire subway car, causing the emergency lights to kick on and the entire train to start to grind to a halt.

By the time the growth spurt had passed, Gil found himself so massive that his enormous, bulging traps and delts now pressed against the ceiling of the subway car even though he was seated on the floor. His body was now wider than the trio of gym rats that now ogled him appreciatively. Even Gil's cock was as thick as two of the studs combined and quite a bit longer! Just his rod dwarfed Tom, who was by far the beefiest of the entourage! Either of Gil's enormous orbs now crested at the trio's pecs. His balls were now the size of sofas!

Gil's mind was racing as he took stock of his sheer size. Another spurt like that and he'd completely outgrow the entire subway car! Truth be told, the thought excited him to no end, but he wasn't thrilled about the possible pain and injury involved in exploding through a layer of solid metal. Not to mention the property damage that he would cause.

The train screeched beneath Gil's bulk as it slowly limped along to the next stop. His considerable mass had caused the car to tilt so far in one direction that the corner of the car now scraped along the ground and the wheels on the opposite end could no longer touch the rails. Had it not been a straight shot to the next station, the train would have undoubtedly tipped clean over as soon as it hit a turn. Fortunately, the train managed to drag itself to the next platform. The doors soon swung open for the trio and their new enormous test subject.

"I should get out of here..." Gil murmured.

"I agree. Let's get you somewhere where you can explore the space." Tom said. Then after a moment of silence that was so heavy with dramatic tension that Gil could have cut it with a knife, Tom added, "After all. Your next growth should be even bigger."