

Author's Note: This story is part of the [Midas Labs](#) universe, a collaborative project set in an institute for sexual experimentation.

The Cafeteria Incident

(A Midas Labs Tale)

By SabuADT

Jamie stood at the west-side doors of the cafeteria, looking proudly at the freshly mopped floor.

Even though they were the head of the entire Midas Labs Janitorial and Maintenance staff, Jaime insisted on cleaning the facility's floors all by themselves. To Jaime, there was no greater pleasure than seeing a soapy mop swish its way over scuff marks and dust particles, leaving a mirror-like path in its wake. It was an appealing metaphor: Mistakes are not permanent. They can be erased. We can all have a fresh start.

With a contented sigh, Jaime placed the earbuds back in their ears and pressed 'play' on the latest episode of the "Echo and Current" podcast. They started pushing the janitorial trolley back down the hallway, then stopped. They rolled their eyes, shook their head, and mumbled under their breath, "Can't believe I almost forgot."

Jaime reached into the trolley and pulled out a short, yellow A-frame sign. It featured an icon of a person slipping on a wet floor, and bold black letters warning to "Watch Your Step."

Satisfied, Jaime headed back to the office to schedule the rest of the week's maintenance roster.

“Lunchtime delayed again?” asked Mira.

“Yup,” replied Tonya, her sometimes bestie and sometimes rival.

Mira and Tonya were waiting just inside the cafeteria doors, amid the other hungry lab techs, doctors, volunteer residents, and others, all waiting for the food to come out of the kitchen.

“What’s the reason this time? Another visit from some potential investor with a... huge endowment?”

“Dunno,” said Tonya, stifling a giggle. “Hey, you! Intern. New guy.” She tapped the shoulder of the young man wearing scrubs.

“Me?” the intern asked sheepishly.

“Yeah, what’s your name?”

“Kivan. I’m Kivan.”

“Nice to meet you, Kivan. I’m Tonya, this is Mira.”

“Hi. It’s, uh, nice to meet you, too.” He tried very hard not to stare at either Tonya’s or Mira’s impressive chests, which even their bulky lab coats did little to hide.

Mira nodded dismissively. “Yeah, hi.”

“So, Kivan,” said Tonya (who definitely noticed Kivan trying not to stare at her tits), “You got any inside info on why we have to wait for lunch again today?”

“No, I... sorry, I don’t. This is my first week.”

“Aww, that’s okay, sweetie,” Tonya cooed, subtly jutting her chest out. “Guess we’re all just in this together.”

The baritone voice of Reid Ashford rang out from behind the trio. Reid had joined the Midas Board of Directors eighteen months ago. He had spent twenty years overseeing a successful clothing brand, and had used his experience there to increase Midas Labs’ efficiency tenfold. “This is a board-approved delay, ladies. Dr. Carlyle is moving some sensitive material from one lab to another. Ordinarily, she would have used the secured hallway route, but apparently this stuff has a short window of viability outside of laboratory conditions, so it’s faster to go through the cafeteria. I’m sure she’ll be in and out in just a moment, and then we can all have lunch as usual. We appreciate your patience.”

Mira and Tonya exchanged a sideways glance. Kivan clasped his hands in front of his body and tilted his head downwards. He knew he was lucky to have gotten this internship in the first place, and he didn’t want to make any waves. Especially not in front of one of the Board members! Best to keep a low profile.

After what seemed like twenty more minutes, but was probably closer to five, Dr. Carlyle appeared at the cafeteria’s east-side double doors, along with a hydraulic drum cart sporting four large blue plastic barrels. It took a trio of Dr. Mercer’s clones to slowly push the cart while Dr. Carlyle supervised. She was constantly checking to ensure everything was secure and stayed upright while moving across the cafeteria’s shiny floor tiles.

No one said a word. They could sense how delicate this operation was. Even #47, with his wheelbarrow that carried his massive cock and balls in front of him, was dwarfed by the 75-gallon drums on the cart.

Mira whispered to Tonya, “Bet I get the first brownie out of the oven today.”

“Nuh-uh, that sucker’s mine.”

“You wish, babe,” said Mira, and gave Tonya a small, playful shove. Ever since Mira and Tonya’s monthly Rapid Breast Growth competitions started, their rivalry had grown into all aspects of their interactions. First one out the door at night. First one to complete their lab reports on time. First one to make Dr. Young crack a smile (a goal neither of them had accomplished yet). And now this; first one to get the good brownie.

Tonya gave Mira a small shove back. Mira responded with a smirk and a slightly larger shove, sending Tonya half a step backwards. So, really, there was no other response than for Tonya to take an exaggerated wind-up step backwards and give a full playful thrust back to Mira.

Everyone was caught up watching Mira’s and Tonya’s play fighting. Too caught up to notice that Dr. Carlyle’s cart, laden with four jumbo drums of highly volatile chemicals, was passing perilously close behind the sparring friends.

Mira lost her balance.

Her body tumbled backwards into the cart, causing the heavy drums to shake and jostle.

The crowd gasped then held its collective breath. The drums shifted their balance, but eventually began to settle back into place. Everything looked like it was going to be okay.

That is, until Mira tried to steady herself on one of the still-shaking barrels, accidentally pushing it away from her.

Dr. Carlyle saw everything happen as if it were in slow motion. She watched the container knock into the other three, watched them all tip past the point of recovery, and winced in anticipation of the inevitable spill. Before the first barrel even hit the ground, she shouted a plea to anyone within earshot: “SHUT THE DOORS!”

Everyone stood frozen in shock. Dr. Carlyle was usually so composed. What was happening that could cause her to become so panicked?!

“ALL THE DOORS! SHUT THE DOORS! NOW! DO IT!”

The sharp tone of her voice snapped everyone back to attention. Anyone close to the east and west doors shut them as quickly as they could, creating a sealed room. All eyes then returned to the recently disturbed cart full of barrels. Everyone braced for the impact.

With a dead PA-TUMPH, the first barrel hit the ground, knocking its lid loose. The opalescent contents of the barrel began to ooze across the floor. The three remaining barrels followed quickly afterwards: PA-TUMPH, PA-TUMPH, PA-TUMPH, releasing more and more of the undulating goop. It spread everywhere and anywhere.

Dr. Carlyle jumped onto a table in the front of the room. “EVERYONE GET UP ON THE CHAIRS AND TABLES! GET OFF THE FLOOR. Do NOT let it touch you!”

Without hesitation, everyone did as Dr. Carlyle commanded. Dr. Banks and Rachel clambered onto a table in the northwest corner. Steve, Keshawna, Xan, and Arjun, known together as the “Tech Team,” scrambled onto the empty buffet counter, knocking over the heavy sneeze guard in the process. Reid Ashford ran to one of the high-top tables against the wall and perched on top of it, keeping his expensive shoes far away from the goopy disaster inching ever closer. #47 wheeled his cock-and-balls-barrow around as quickly as

he could manage, finding respite when Dr. Banks and Rachel helped him lift his impressively hefty genitals and the wheelbarrow onto their table. Mira and Tonya made it onto a table of their own. And Kiran, the intern, found his lonely way onto a chair off to the side of the room, barely keeping him elevated above the now foot-deep ooze sloshing just inches from his feet.

Everyone was spread across the cafeteria, occupying their own little islands.

The room fell silent, save for the rolling burble of the undulating oozy ocean covering the floor.

All eyes turned towards the table at the front of the room, where Dr. Carlyle stood, an unreadable expression on her face.

Reid Ashford took advantage of the silence. He drew a deep breath and calmly said, “Dr. Carlyle.”

She looked across the room at him, poised high atop his tall table.

“Now that we seem to be out of harm’s way and we can all breathe for a moment... Would you mind, terribly, explaining our... situation?”

Dr. Carlyle grimaced. “You mean how six months of painstaking work and slow cultivation are now completely and irreversibly ruined?”

“How about we stick to the present moment, Dr. Carlyle. What *is* this stuff?”

Drawing upon her inner strength, Dr. Carlyle resigned herself to the current situation. All her hard work was now covering the cafeteria floor, like a pearl-colored wading pool with

highlights of pink, turquoise, and aquamarine. If nothing else, she had to admit it was pretty.

She adopted the stance and vocal tone she used when presenting at medical conferences. It helped her feel comfortable in tense situations.

“Well, Reid, and everyone. What you see here is STGM-6 and STGM-7. STGM, or Short Term Transdermal Genomic Modulator. In essence, it causes temporary genetic alterations when absorbed through the skin. Two of the drums,” Dr. Carlyle sighed, “were filled with STGM-6, which affects female adipose tissue, causing rapid breast growth. The other two drums held STGM-7, which affects the Corpora Cavernosa and Corpus Spongiosum in the penis, causing rapid penile growth. It’s the most potent batch my team and I have produced so far, and now,” she gestured around the room, “it’s all just... well, there it is, sloshing about, mixed together. I don’t even want to think about what would happen if it happened to get on anyone’s skin.”

Reid Ashford’s stomach was beginning to growl. “And how long do we have to stand up here on these tables?”

Dr. Carlyle looked dejected. She absentmindedly answered the board member’s question. “Only about twenty minutes, I’d guess. Once it’s exposed to open air, its potency diminishes pretty fast. But its effects last for about three hours. So as long as no one touches it for the next twenty minutes...”

“It smells nice,” Kivan, the intern said quietly to himself. “Like toasted marshmallows.” He knelt down on his chair, and extended his finger. It looked as if he planned to dip it into the thick liquid and taste it on his tongue.

Dr. Carlyle caught Kivan’s movement out of the corner of her eye and reacted quickly. She screamed, “No! Don’t touch—”

But it was too late. Kivan's finger had made contact with the attractive, undulating goop. Immediately, the bulge in the front of his scrubs was apparent. It grew rapidly, quickly growing from the size of a softball to the size of a basketball. Each second saw the crotch of his scrubs grow tighter and tighter as his penis obeyed the DNA restructuring from STGM-7. At first it looked like he was smuggling a softball between his legs. In no time the bulge grew to the size of a basketball, and showed no signs of slowing down. Kivan stared in shock and wonder at the impressive mound pressing ever-outward below his waist. And before he could fully register what was happening, the weight and shape of his penis, still straining below the fabric, threw his body off balance and sent him careening over the side of the chair.

With a SPLASH, Kivan fell into the ocean of STGM-6 and -7. He grasped at the air, flailing his arms, and sent drops of the substance flying in all directions. Steve, Keshawna, Xan, and Arjun backed up and huddled together on their table so as not to get hit by the drops.

Kivan stood up, covered in shiny, slippery goo. The front of his scrubs were now gone, presumably torn from his body by his penis's rapid growth spurt.

Now, plain for all to see, Kivan's massively outsized flaccid penis spread out in front of him, covered in a slick sheen, floating on the movement of the waves of opal goo beneath him.

It was, in a word, enormous.

Even in its flaccid state, it looked like Kivan could comfortably wear a tractor tire as a cockring.

Kivan looked at Dr. Carlyle. Everyone else stared at Kivan's cock.

Reid Ashford in particular seemed riveted to the sight of the oak tree-sized penis extending from Kivan's waist. In a measured tone, he said, "Dr. Carlyle, did we just permanently alter this young man's physiology?!"

“No, not permanently. Like I said, the effects SHOULD wear off in about three hours.”

Kivan spoke up, still in shock about his condition. “I’ve got to live like this for three hours?!”

Reid Ashford tried to console the young man. “It’s temporary. Right, Doctor? It’s temporary?”

“It should be.”

Mira tried to lighten the mood with a compliment: “It’s really— quite impressive stuff. And you say it works on penises and breasts?”

Dr. Carlyle was hesitant. “That was the intention. We haven’t had a full test yet.”

Mira’s eyes met Tonya’s. Both women gave each other a wicked smile. Their next scheduled Rapid Breast Growth competition was still three weeks away.

Dr. Carlyle caught their not-so-secret intentions, and warned them. “Don’t. Mira, please. Tonya. Don’t.”

Tonya took a slow step forward. One foot was on the dining table and the other on the attached bench.

She glanced in Dr. Carlyle’s direction, and said coyly, “Don’t... what?”

“Tonya...,” Reid said, issuing a stern warning.

“Hm?”

Mira moved toward Tonya, “Yeah, Tonya. Really. We should take this situation seriously. It really would be such a devastating shame if either of us were... to...”

In one swift move, Mira tore open Tonya’s blouse, exposing her cantaloupe-sized breasts, and shoved Tonya forward. She swore she heard Tonya exhale a slight “Wheeeee!” on her way down to the ground.

SPLASH!

Tonya’s tits began to swell immediately. They quickly grew to the size of watermelons. Then beach balls.

Mira was only a split second behind her, shedding her clothes and leaping into the wading pool of growth serum.

It didn’t take long for Mira’s tits to catch up to the size of Tonya’s. And the race was on. Using their hands they scooped up handful after handful of the substance and spread it on their naked chests, hoping to outgrow the other.

They locked eyes with each other and began to scoop more and more intensely.

“No fuckin’ way, Mira!”

“Yes fuckin’ way, Tonya! Just watch me!”

Beach balls became yoga balls. Yoga balls became double-sized yoga balls. Then triple-sized, then quintuple.

Up on the tables, counters, and chairs, everyone rolled their eyes at the shenanigans on display. They were used to this kind of behavior from these two. Everyone, that is, except for Kivan. Since this was his first week as an intern, he had never seen anything like this before. At the sight of it, his massive flaccid penis began to get erect. More and more, its length and girth increased, as his eyes remained locked on the ever-expanding breasts, which were now the size of small cars, now the size of a garden shed... and they weren't slowing down!

Rachel stood on her table with Dr. Banks and #47, and she knew what was about to happen. Her body had already begun to change.

Rachel's DNA contained a rare mutation that responded to human sexual arousal. Any time she was near someone who was sexually aroused, her entire body grew in proportion to that arousal. And when Kivan's cock began to grow, Rachel knew her body's natural response was sure to kick in. She was also pretty certain that Kivan wasn't the only person in the room who was enjoying the sight of the duo's rapidly expanding breasts.

As Rachel's body grew larger and larger, the dining table threatened to buckle and carry her, and Dr. Banks, and #47, down into the ocean of ooze below.

Trying to save her friends from the fate of falling into the growth serum, Rachel used her lengthening legs to step towards a nearby table. Alas, her shifting proportions had always messed with her depth perception. She misjudged the distance of the table she was trying to reach, and ended up stepping on the floor.

As soon as the sloshing STMG touched her ankle, her breasts responded to the DNA catalyst. Not only was Rachel's entire body growing larger, but now her breasts were outpacing her body's growth by at least twice the speed. They inflated like weather balloons.

Rachel knew from prior experience to remove her clothes quickly so they wouldn't get ruined by her rapid growth. But the isolated expansion of her breasts was a new sensation. And she fucking loved it. She looked at Mira and Tonya, still scooping the growth serum onto their bodies. "Try as much as you'd like, girls, you'll never get tits as big as MINE now!"

Mira and Tonya responded in unison: "Wanna bet?!"

Meanwhile, Kivan's cock was still growing fatter and longer. Even though he had been standing at least twenty feet away from Mira's and Tonya's rapidly expanding breasts, his erection grew directly towards them, even as *their* breasts expanded towards *him*.

Kivan was shy. He didn't know quite what to do in this, frankly bizarre, situation.

Luckily, Mira and Tonya knew *exactly* how to react. Their friendly competition suddenly seemed significantly less important. Mira knee-walked to the other side of Tonya, wobble-wobbling her spectacular chest as best as she could (what she would have given for a wheelbarrow like #47's!). She laid down behind Tonya, who leaned back into Mira's body, their four shipping-container-sized breasts pointing pertly towards the cafeteria ceiling. If Mira and Tonya could have moved their arms, they would have high-fived. Their cleavage created a giant flesh wall with a tunnel in the middle—perfectly poised to be penetrated by a telephone pole-sized cock. If only there were one of those around.

Mira shouted, "Hey, Intern! Consider this a 'welcome to the job' experience... you get to titfuck both of us..."

"Not just 'get to,'" Tonya added. "We insist. C'mon, big boy!"

"Wait! Wait for me!" Rachel wanted in on this action. Her body had stopped growing around the time that her broad shoulders hit the ceiling, but her tits were still expanding ever outward. They were almost as big as Mira's and Tonya's.

Rachel positioned herself directly behind Mira, just in time to see Kivan's cock penetrate the pair's breasts first, and then arrive perfectly nestled in Rachel's cavern of cleavage.

Kivan began thrusting his hips, and his groans of pleasure echoed through the room. He had never experienced anything like this. Had anybody? It was an unbelievable feeling to have this preposterously massive appendage wrapped in warmth by six (six!) of the biggest tits that must have ever existed on the planet. And he got to be the one to titfuck them?! He began to thrust faster, in and out, encouraged by Mira's, Tonya's, and Rachel's voices.

"Yeah! You've got this."

"Fuck these tits, intern!"

"His name is Kivan," said Rachel, throwing a wink in Kivan's direction."

"Fuck these giant tits, KIVAN!"

Meanwhile, the sloshing from the titfucking made it impossible for the people on the other tables and chairs to avoid getting hit by stray splashes. Dr. Banks covered her eyes, unprepared for the growth that she knew was about to take over her chest. #47's cock, already the size of a medium-sized rocket, began to expand. The Tech Team were hit, and experienced the same growth as everyone else in the room was experiencing. Expanding breasts popped out of shirts. Expanding penises popped out of trousers. Warm flesh pressed against warm flesh, aided by the growth serum's slippery lubricating properties. The whole room began to fill with moans and groans of pleasure.

The only two who seemed to escape the fate of everyone else were Dr. Carlyle and Reid Ashford, whose bodies had been pushed, lifted, and pressed against the walls by the growing flesh around them.

Kivan kept thrusting as hard as he could in between the six-tit-tunnel. He felt the trembling in his dumpster-sized balls. “I’m gonna... I’m gonna... fffuuucckkk... I’m gonna CUUUUMMMMMMMMMMMMM!!!!!!”

“Yeah! Cum for us, Kivan!” Mira cooed.

“Cum for us, intern!!!”

Rachel raised her voice above the others. “Drown us in your fucking cum, Kivan!”

And he did. Pump after pump after pump of firehose-powered cum shot out of Kivan’s massive cockhead. Each thick rope contained at least five gallons of semen, and it seemed like it would go on forever.

“I’m s-s-s-stttllll.... cummmMMMMmiiinnNNNNnnGGGGG! Oh my g-g-g-G-G-ODDDDDDDDD!!!!!!”

“Keep cumming, Kivan! Fuck, this is so fucking hot!” shouted Mira.

Rachel added, “More! More cum, Kivan! Fuck our tits! Cum for us!”

Tonya said nothing at all, as her brain had been driven into sexual overload. She babbled incoherently as her body shook in orgasm—quite a feat, since she hadn’t touched her genitals even once. Nevertheless, she felt her hips buck up and down, and her pussy began squirting, spray after spray of nectar being added to the liquid pool beneath her.

And she wasn’t the only one. All around the cafeteria, the sexual haze had taken over everyone whose body had been touched by the serum. Moans and groans and “yes”es and

“more”s and “fuuuuuck”s and “cuummmmiinnnggg”s were heard from behind the walls of flesh that now filled the volume of the entire room.

If the walls had been made of glass, from the outside it would have appeared as if the entire mass of people were just one giant square of quivering flesh, with occasional fountains of semen, squirt, and even milk filling in the few remaining crevices.

This orgy of gigantic proportions continued for the next three hours. With so much aroused flesh pressing up against so much aroused flesh, inspiring more and more and bigger and bigger orgasms, how could it not?

Eventually the STMG serum’s effects began to wane. Everyone’s bodies began to return to their original sizes and proportions. In silence, they gathered up their wet clothing, opened the cafeteria doors, and walked directly towards the laundry and shower wing of the facility.

Reid Ashford, who had endured the entire ordeal pinned against the wall, turned to the only other person who had been spared the growth serum’s effects.

“Dr. Carlyle,” he said. “A word, please.”

It would be a while before anyone in the cafeteria that day could meet the eye of anyone else who had been there. Eventually, the daily research of Midas Labs continued as usual, as if nothing had ever happened. “The Cafeteria Incident” became a “we just don’t talk about it” situation.

Epilogue:

Obviously, lunchtime would have to be delayed even further. Jaime donned a Hazmat suit and called in a few other members of the cleaning staff to join them. This was going to be a big clean-up job. Maybe not the biggest they'd seen at Midas, but still high on the list.

Everything would be okay, though. Once Jaime and their team got the situation under control, the cafeteria would look exactly as it had before. Spotless. All mistakes erased and forgotten, just as it should be.